

HORIZON

January/February 1986 \$4.00

The Magazine of the Arts

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Benefactors: Broadway's Next Blockbuster?

Maurice Hines . . .
He's Hot!

OK Mozart:
Music and Magic
in Oklahoma

Wayne Thiebaud
Paints America

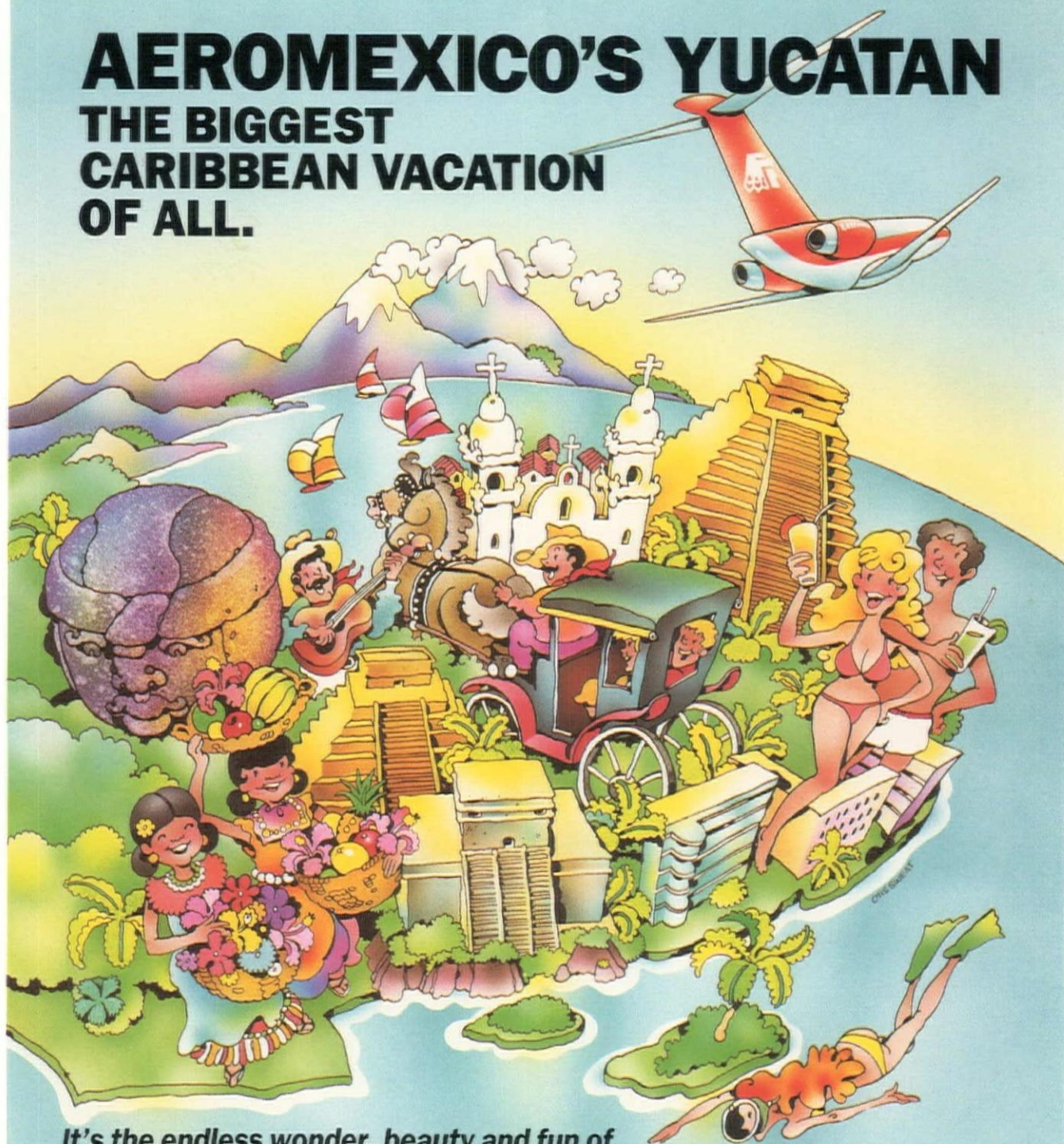


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Glenn Close and Mary Beth Hurt

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around them by a small group of French artists just over a century ago.

A sarcastic critic called them "Impressionists," but the name soon became a term of admiration. The works those Impressionist artists created and showed in eight exhibitions between 1874 and 1886 changed not only the history of art, but also the ways we see and understand the world around us.

Now, on the 100th anniversary of the last of the original Impressionist shows, an exhibition bringing together a selection of those paintings chosen by the Impressionists themselves for public display during those momentous years has been organized by The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Made possible by AT&T, *The New Painting: Impressionism 1874–1886* includes 150 works from 94 collections around

the world, with more than 40 coming from France.

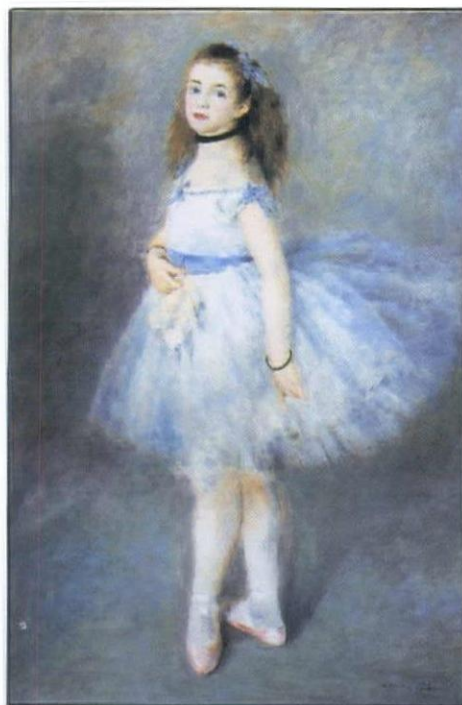
The New Painting includes among its masterworks paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, Pissarro, Renoir, Cassatt, Seurat, and perhaps most important of all, Claude Monet. It also includes superb works by many of the lesser-known artists who exhibited with the group.

These gifted young painters were dismayed by the opposition to artistic innovation expressed by the government-sanctioned Salon exhibitions. In 1874, rather than suffer rejection at the hands of conservative Salon juries, they chose instead

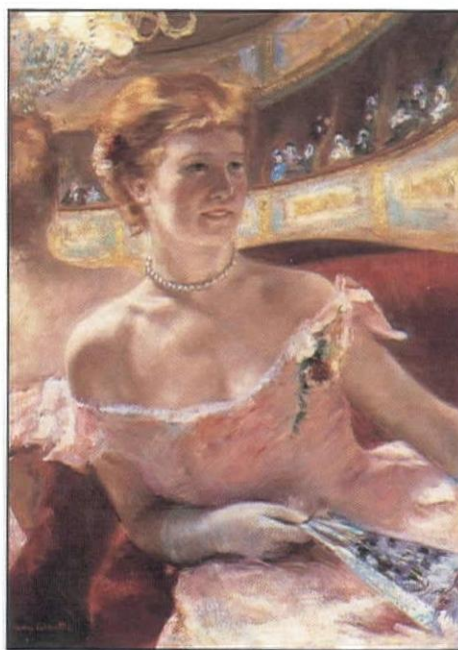
to show their works independently, incorporating themselves as a body and modestly calling themselves "a company of artists, painters, sculptors, and printmakers."

Though that first exhibition met with hostility, many observers soon recognized that a true movement was emerging. In 1876, the respected novelist and critic Edmond Duranty wrote an essay in praise of what he called "The New Painting." Duranty's phrase has been incorporated into the exhibition's title in recognition of Impressionism as a radical departure in the history of modern art.

In the United States, Impressionist works entered public collections before the Louvre and other European museums would accept "the new painting." In addition, American artists were among the earliest followers of the Impressionists, who had welcomed into their company the young

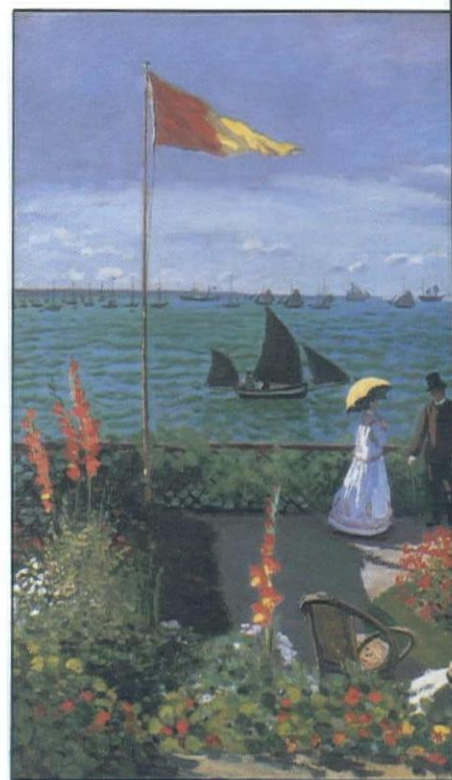


Dancer, 1874. (above)
PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR
National Gallery of Art, Washington.
Widener Collection.



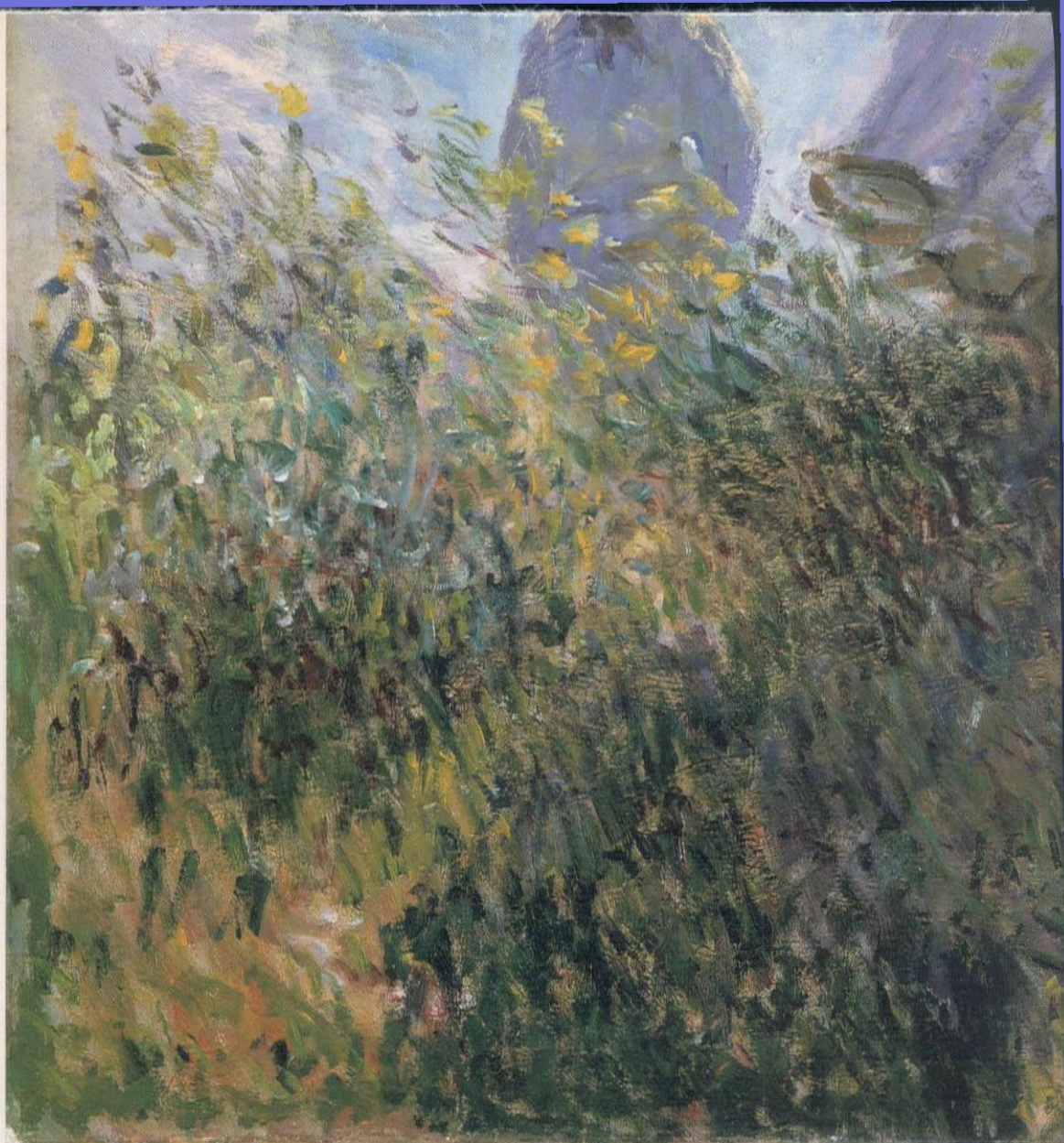
Woman in a Loge, 1879. (above)
MARY CASSATT
Philadelphia Museum of Art.
Bequest of Charlotte Dorrance Wright.

Garden at Sainte-Adresse, 1867. (right)
CLAUDE MONET
The Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Purchased with special contributions and
purchase funds given or bequeathed by
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Madame Monet and Her Son, 1875. CLAUDE MONET. Na



THE NEW

IMPRESSION

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JANUARY 17-APRIL 6, 1986

THE FINE ARTS
M. H. DE YOUNG
APRIL 19-JULY



THE NEW PAINTING

IMPRESSIONISM 1874-1886

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D.C.
JANUARY 17-APRIL 6, 1986

THE FINE ARTS MUSEUMS OF SAN FRANCISCO
M. H. DE YOUNG MEMORIAL MUSEUM
APRIL 19-JULY 6, 1986

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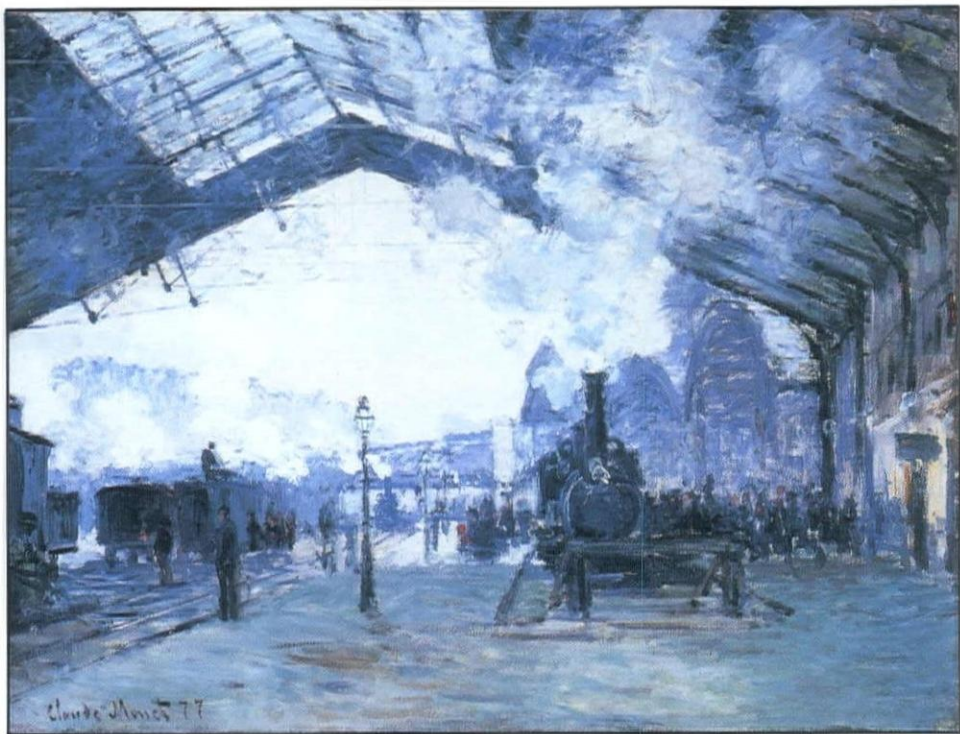
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station, ainted from the world

rom Philadelphia, Mary Cassatt.
erica will welcome *The New Painting*
00th anniversary of the last original
onist show.

Seeing this selection of paintings
together for the first time, we will
o imagine the impact of these
onary artists on the development of
ern vision. The Impressionists' struggle
gnition was eventually to result in
iming success; their art is now prized
out the world for its freshness, its
nd its celebration of the very act
ng.

The years 1874-1886 were not only
or artistic innovation; the world had
o change rapidly. The Impressionists
painted these changes in a way
s daring and innovative. Their "new
g" captured a vibrant time of



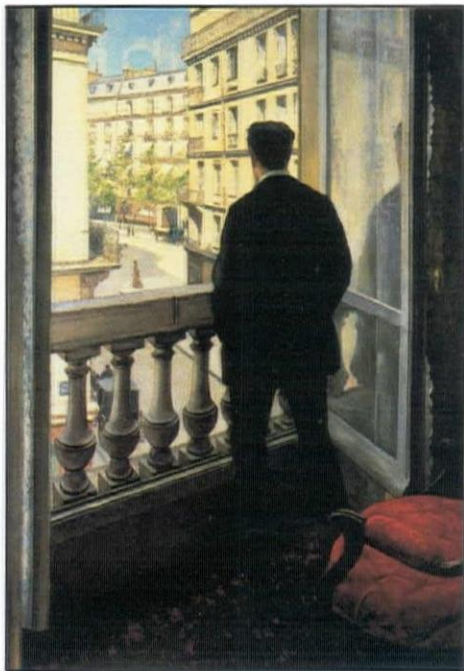
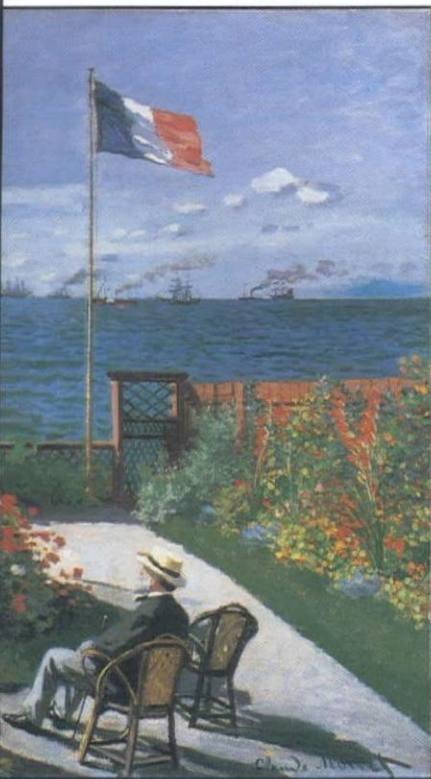
development and change. During those
momentous years, Alexander Graham Bell
introduced his telephone at the Centennial
Exposition celebrating technological prowess
in Philadelphia, while Edison invented the
phonograph and created the first modern
research laboratory in Menlo Park. The electric
light was perfected and illuminated the streets

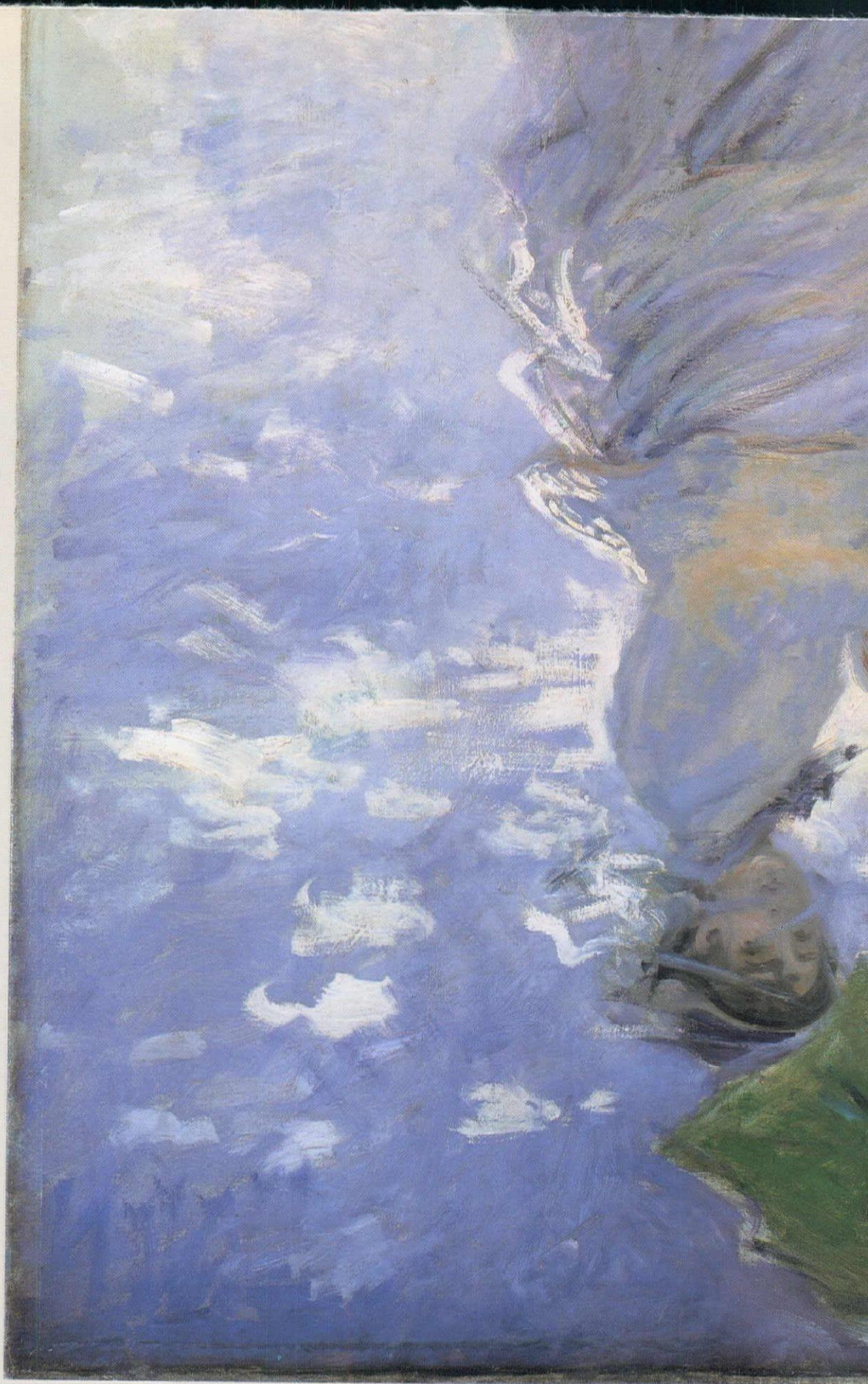
of London, Paris and New York for the first
time. Carnegie built his first steel factories
in Pittsburgh and the first electric tram was
displayed in Berlin. The first skyscraper, ten
stories tall, rose in Chicago while in Paris
Pasteur developed a vaccine for rabies.
Railroads, canals, electricity, and all the
other miracles of the nineteenth century were
changing everyday life forever. AT&T takes
special pleasure in sharing in the celebration
of the achievements of the daring artists
of that period whose paintings we see in
Washington and San Francisco.

*Arrival of the Normandy Train
at the Gare Saint-Lazare, 1877. (above)*
CLAUDE MONET
*The Art Institute of Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson Collection, 1933.*

Young Man at His Window, 1876. (left)
GUSTAVE CAILLEBOTTE
Private collection, New York.

Portraits in an Office (New Orleans), 1873. (back cover)
EDGAR DEGAS
*Musée Municipal de Pau, France.
Purchased by the City through the
Noullobis Bequest, 1878.*





of Art, Washington. Collection of Mr and Mrs. Paul Mellon.



PAINTING

M 1874-1886

MUSEUMS OF SAN FRANCISCO
MEMORIAL MUSEUM

86



The exhibition catalogue

includes excerpts from a great number of previously overlooked documents, including contemporary reviews, which have allowed us to identify for the first time many of the paintings that were included in these historic exhibitions.

Every painting in the exhibition is illustrated in color in the catalogue, which contains essays by such leading authorities as Richard Brettell, Hollis Clayson, Stephen Eisenman, Joel Isaacson, Charles Moffett, Ronald Pickvance, Richard Schiff, Paul Tucker, Martha Ward, and Fronia Wissman. In addition, the catalogue includes the full texts of Stéphane Mallarmé's essay "The Impressionists and Edouard Manet," and Edmond Duranty's controversial pamphlet "La nouvelle peinture" (The New Painting), 1876.

THE NEW PAINTING: IMPRESSIONISM 1874-1886
Published by The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.



Over 200 illustrations in color, and 100 in black and white
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IMPRESSIONISM 1874-1886

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HORIZON

Volume 29

Number 1

January/February, 1986

Cover: Glenn Close and Mary Beth Hurt stars of Michael Frayn's new play, *Benefactors*. Photograph by Thomas Victor.

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Wayne Thiebaud By Barnaby Conrad III

6

From lollipop trees to San Francisco cityscapes, painter Wayne Thiebaud is constantly searching for fresh ideas. The result of that odyssey is an unforgettable splash of color and imagination.



Mozart in Mid-America

17

One of America's best Mozart festivals tunes up in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Our commemorative section spotlights the festival and artistic director Ransom Wilson—plus a travel guide to the city and its arts.



The Frayn Refrain By David Kaufman

33

Michael Frayn wows audiences with his new hit play *Benefactors*, again bringing a pungent brand of British insight to America's shores.



Mr. Tap By Peter Buckley

37

Apollo Club veteran Maurice Hines has created a new song-and-dance extravaganza, *Uptown . . . It's Hot!*

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A Fine Shakespeare Season

William Shakespeare has an impeccable new Southern address, and it was a very special privilege to be part of the welcoming party that ushered his arrival to Montgomery's Alabama Shakespeare Theatre. The December 10 gala was a warm, elegant celebration of art and patronage that underscored the astonishing vision and commitment of benefactors Winton "Red" Blount and his wife, Carolyn. As the weekend's festivities unfolded, the Blounts' generosity and their unrivaled hospitality created an ongoing series of magical moments (assisted by the professional touch of Shirley Miller at Blount Inc.). Stars fell on Alabama that weekend, as well, with the arrival of Tammy Grimes, Tony Randall, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Dalmyle, Michael Learned, and other friends from the film and theater worlds who joined arts patrons in christening the stunning new theater.

Every detail of the theater—from its setting to the top-flight professional staff—works together to create a world-class facility devoted to the dramatic arts. In the words of Tony Randall, "It's a glorious day for the Bard with the opening of this best-I've-ever-seen Shakespeare theater." It was a great thrill to really *feel* the interplay of talent and energy that come from artistic director Martin Platt, general manager Jim Volz, and the ASF staff. During its inaugural Montgomery season, ASF will present more than four-hundred performances on two fine stages, entertaining hundreds of thousands of ticket holders from across the United States. I hope you will have the opportunity to join that audience in the years ahead, and partake of the Shakespeare celebration underway in the South.

Red (newly named National BCA chairman) and Carolyn Blount are to be commended (yes, and applauded) for the magnificent way they have made their dream come true. And accolades go to the entire arts-and-business community of Montgomery, headed by wonderful Fran Jones, executive director of the Montgomery Business Committee for the Arts. Fran is exploring new ways for the city's burgeoning cultural resources to benefit all who live and work in this historic state capital, along with dozens of other civic leaders such as Margaret Carpenter and Truman Fitzpatrick, chairman of the local BCA.



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ACA: A View From The Field

After the Summit, the Symphony?

When California Institute of the Arts president Robert Fitzpatrick concluded his speech to the assembled participants at ACA's conference this past fall, there was a split second of silence, followed by thunderous applause. More than any other speaker, Fitzpatrick had struck a chord of surprising resonance, and the subject of his address immediately became the topic of the day. That subject was international cultural relations.

Having spent a good part of the year preceding the conference traveling around the country and meeting with artists, arts supporters, and others, I was not surprised that Fitzpatrick's speech was well received. In an age that has grown more and more conscious of living in the shadow of the bomb—an age of dangerously strained relations and strong nationalistic passions—the prospect of improving the global climate for understanding through cultural relations is indeed compelling.

In his address, Fitzpatrick focused largely on the effects of neglect in this area: inadequate budgets, limited opportunities for exchange, frustrating restrictions, and the confusion of informational versus propagandistic aims. How we got where we are, what the major issues are, and what we might do about them will be the subjects of ACA's next *Vantage Point* supplement in *HORIZON*.

What are some of these issues? Certainly the infrequent presence of the United States at major international arts events and competitions is one. Other countries routinely underwrite such representation, and our country is the more noticeable for its absence because the arts are so lively here and so influential abroad. Similarly, finding ways to help more American artists to exhibit, publish, or perform abroad without government sponsorship is also of pressing concern, as is the sheer administrative and logistical complexity of an active international cultural-relations program.

Good cultural relations work both ways, and we need to look closely at the opportunities that foreign artists have to present their work to the American public. What role does our own federal government play in encouraging such cultural "traffic" and what role should it play? (I might add that the full spectrum of cultural relations should also include opportunities for *scholarship* and not just performance events.)



International cultural relations: Kuniko Kisanuki, one of Japan's leading modern dancers and choreographers, performed in New York's Joyce Theater in November.

Perhaps one of the most controversial issues is the question of cultural property and rightful ownership. Many artifacts from Greece and Egypt, for example, have been housed in the British Museum for years. Now those countries want the remnants of their ancient cultures returned to them. But if art is truly a universal language, can it "belong" to anyone? Should it be housed where it is likely to be cared for best and most widely seen? Or are those considerations secondary to the overriding matter of cultural heritage, identity, and pride?

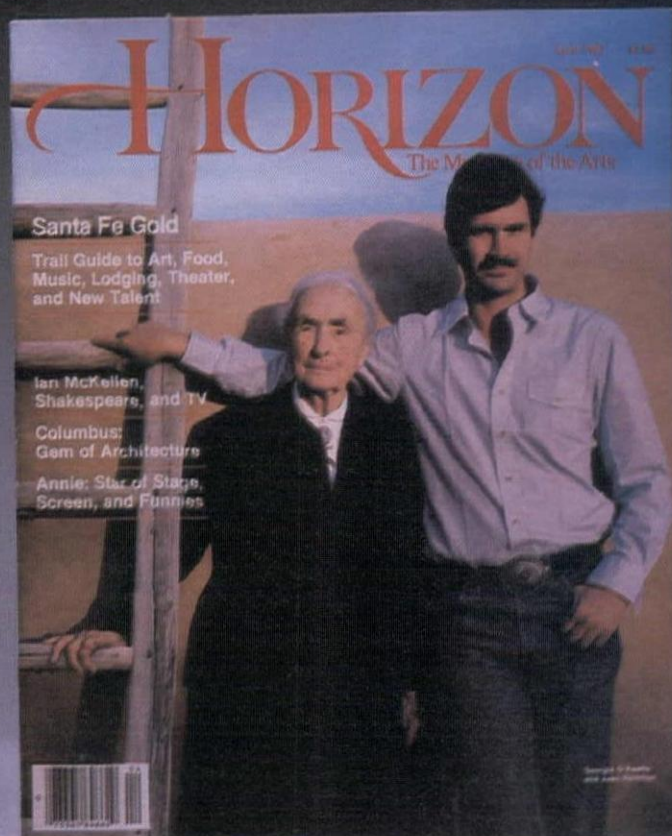
Finally, what agency in the United States should be responsible for overseeing our international cultural relations program? Are those relations best served by locating this authority in the United States Information Agency, as is the case now? Or is the USIA's mission inevitably in conflict with a cultural policy that seeks to be separate from propagandistic considerations? And once this issue is resolved, what level of funding should such a program have and who will fight for it?

No single publication can cover all of the issues that confront us nor answer all of the questions that the arts community is raising. But more than a beginning has already been made with the work of such people as Robert Fitzpatrick, whose organization of the Olympic Arts Festival in 1985 provided one model of what we can do if funding and support are available. Many other people, of course, are active in the area of international cultural relations; and, together, they represent an invaluable resource for both the artistic and the political communities. We need to call upon them, listen to them, and promote the discourse that can ultimately inform all our efforts to advance the issue of international cultural relations.

—Milton Rhodes, President
American Council for the Arts

Vantage Point: Issues in American Arts is ACA's special supplement in *HORIZON* magazine and is available only to members of the American Council for the Arts. Why not join today? To find out more, write Membership Director, American Council for the Arts, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10018. □

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Wayne Thiebaud's house on Utah Street overlooks a quiet neighborhood of San Francisco called Potrero Hill. It's a cozy Queen Anne cottage, and the studio in the upstairs bedroom doesn't seem grand enough for one of the best figurative painters of our times. But it is here, and at his garage studio in Sacramento, that Thiebaud paints his haunting still lifes, confabulated

Newport, California, through February 16.

Some people who visit this show may wonder why anyone would pay six-figure prices for paintings of gumball machines, a phalanx of hotdogs, or a brilliant club sandwich (with trimmed crusts). The subject matter is so *ordinary*, you'll hear murmured, even if beautifully painted. They might even wonder why *Connoisseur's* editor Thomas Hoving

WAYNE THIEBAUD

cityscapes, and human beings isolated by fluorescent light. Unlike most modern bigshots, Thiebaud doesn't need a giant loft space with aerobically fit assistants to handle wall-size canvases. He's an easel painter, and proud of it. He also doesn't need the hype and promo-glitz that many artists and their dealers cultivate. Fame is pretty low on his list of priorities, today or tomorrow.

"I don't see myself as famous; I don't even like to entertain the word," he says in a thoughtful voice with a hint of a western drawl. It would be a good voice for an airline pilot or heart surgeon. Enviously lean, friendly in the face—he looks like what he is: a college art professor who wears bowties and enjoys tennis (ranked twenty-ninth in California for sixty-five-year-olds). He's looking forward to a sabbatical from teaching at the University of California, Davis—his job for the last twenty-five years. He's happily married and has four kids who occasionally amuse themselves by singing the cowboy songs that Thiebaud picks ("badly," he says) on a guitar.

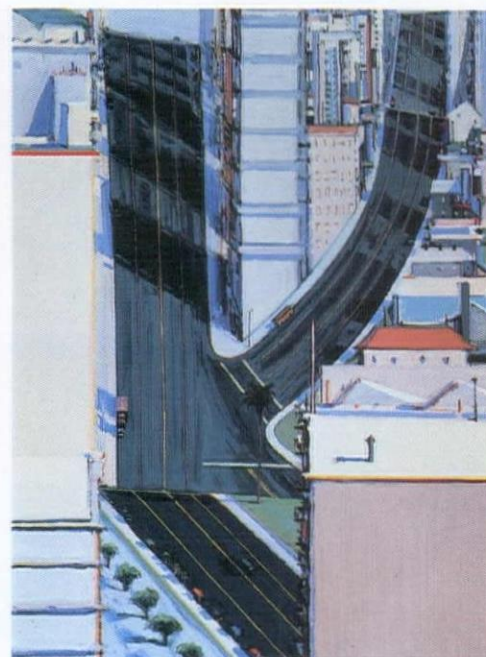
Last fall a Thiebaud retrospective of seventy-four paintings and fifteen drawings opened to fanfare and salivation at the San Francisco Museum of Art. Curated by Karen Tsujimoto and funded by the Wells Fargo Foundation, the show is touring four cities in the west and midwest for a year and is currently at the Newport Harbor Art Museum,

somewhat recklessly called Thiebaud "America's Finest Painter" in a recent cover blurb.

Thiebaud says modestly, "I'm always astounded by the positive reaction I've gotten. My work has always been a disappointment to me. I'm just thinking of the next painting."

In the last two decades, Thiebaud's still lifes of quintessentially American food have become icons of our time: we are, to a certain extent, what we eat. As a chronicler of our culture, Thiebaud said in 1962, "I try to find things to paint which I feel have been overlooked. Maybe a lollipop tree has not seemed like a thing worth painting because of its banal references. . . . We do not wish it to be the object which essentializes our time. . . . It seems to me we are self-conscious about our still lifes without good reason. . . . We don't want our still lifes to tattle on us."

Thiebaud deliberately chose the everyday object to get away from labored art notions. "Hierarchies have always disturbed me. I'm interested in the dignity of the thing, the object, so long as it has some sort of genuineness. Making it special in some way. When my students worry about what to paint I tell them what James Joyce said—that any object deeply contemplated may represent a window on



Some of Thiebaud's cityscapes combine different points of perspective within a single canvas—such as *Curved Intersection* (above), painted in 1979. Opposite page: Thiebaud at work in his studio located on San Francisco's Utah Street.

California artist Wayne Thiebaud is a chronicler of our culture, painting everyday objects as American icons. His pictures make you think you've been there.
By Barnaby Conrad III



the universe. There's really only one study and that is how things relate and interrelate."

To categorize Thiebaud as simply a Pop artist is to limit his sensibility to a level of sly hipness. Thiebaud's still lifes continue to tantalize in a way that transcends social commentary, even verging (ambiguously) on the metaphysical. In Louis Malle's film *My Dinner With Andre*, Wally Shawn

of California Street—but completely from memory," he says.

"Everyone's got an idea about what it means to be an artist—mine might be a pedantic one. I believe in the traditions of art, and I steal from history all the time—Velazquez, Eakins, Degas, Morandi, Balthus, even de Kooning." Thiebaud's charcoal drawings of nudes bear a resemblance to Edward

Hopper's drawings. "I like him a lot, and he's been a major influence on my work. Even to his way of working—he'd do lots of watercolors and drawings of landscapes and then combine them. They're indelible, American icons. People say, 'Oh, I know right where that is,' yet many of the scenes Hopper painted, like *Early Sunday Morning*, never really existed." The

same is true for Thiebaud's hybrid pictures—you think you've been there.

The late San Francisco art critic Thomas Albright once called Thiebaud's landscapes "button-down Diebenkorns." (HORIZON, "Bay Area Art: Time of Change," July 1980.) Thiebaud chuckles good-naturedly at this side-swipe. "Well, he's right in a way. It's no secret that I like Dick Diebenkorn's work a lot. I've been very influenced by his landscapes and have great admiration for him. I also respected and liked Tom Albright. In his book on Bay Area artists he said that I did pretty well until I over-resolved things. One thing I don't want to be preoccupied with in these paintings is high-grade pictorialism. I mix into the structure of the picture some of the energies, pressures, and tensions that one feels in real life. You have to risk disaster or ridiculousness to avoid boredom. I have to confess that I'm not that convinced by everything I've done—but it's the best I can do."

Thiebaud has been called a Pop artist, a "kitsch," a "realist," a "commonist," and any assortment of labels over the years. "But I suppose an artist should be thankful when he's called anything," he shrugs, amused at how categories and vogues dictate what's in and what's out. "It seems like every year they're talking about a New Realism. I remember about twenty years ago telling this pretty good abstract painter that I liked Diebenkorn's figurative painting. "'Diebenkorn!' he says, 'Geez, you've got a real death wish.' I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'Diebenkorn's out of it. Abstraction's in. Read Freud, man. You've got a death wish.'"

Thiebaud began life as Morton Wayne Thiebaud (pronounced Tee-bo). Born November 15, 1920, in Mesa, Arizona, he spent the first ten years of his life in Long Beach, California. Thiebaud's father, a devout Mormon, was an inventor and engineer who worked as a Ford Motor Company distributor and once built the largest electrical truck in the world to run between San Francisco and Los Angeles. But in the depths of the

In *Untitled (Six Balls)*, 1967, Thiebaud recreates the phenomenon of halation by circumscribing the objects with intense complementary hues. He says it is a way "to give a little bit of vibration, so the eye will accept the form as not being so pasted on."

"If you looked at all the things in a cigar store—I mean really looked at them—they would blow your mind."

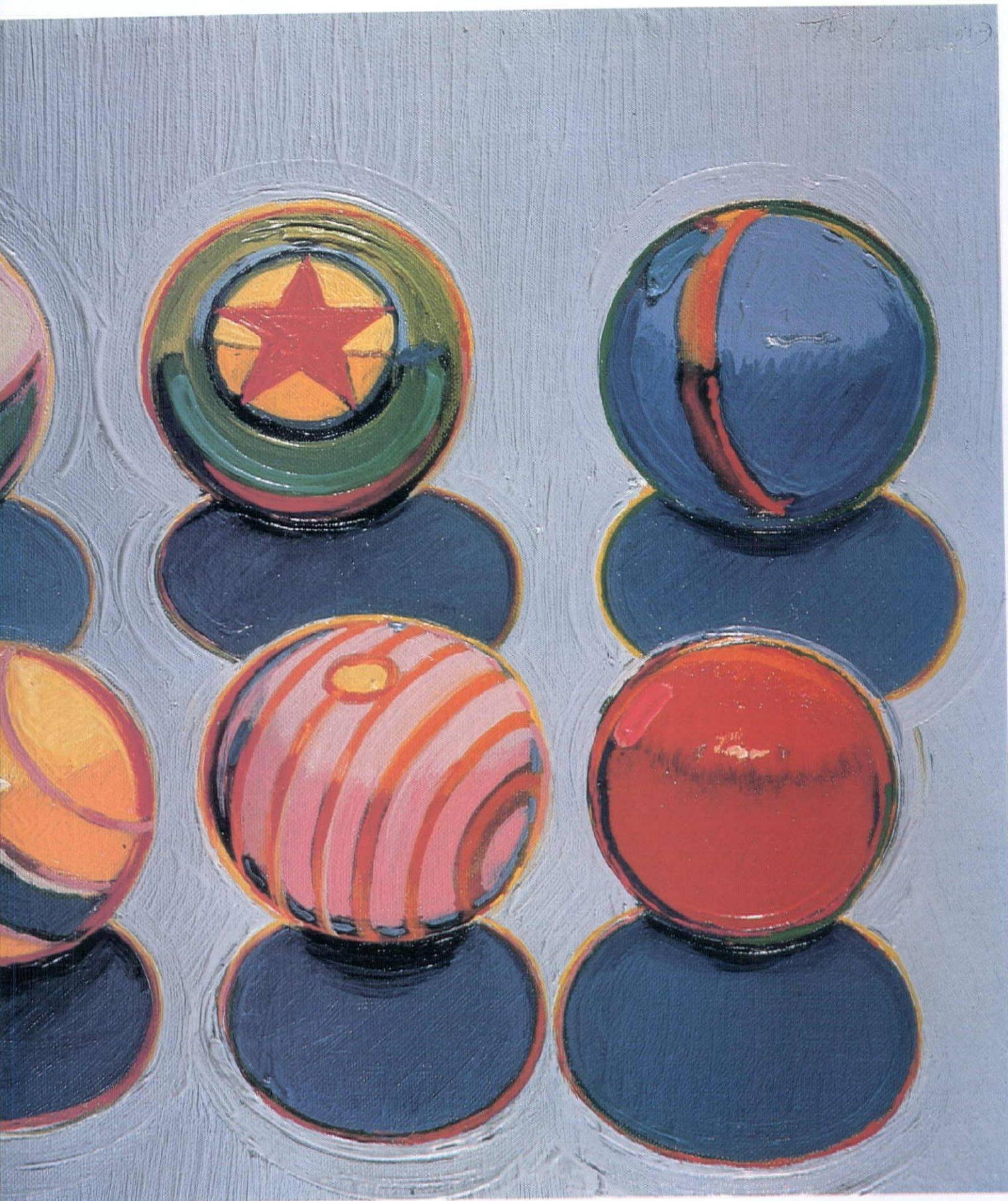
says (as best I recall), "If you looked at all the things in a cigar store—I mean really looked at them—they would blow your mind." Most of the time we don't look at such mundane things. Who wants to stare at a cigar or a candy apple for an hour or two? Who's got the time? Or the *courage*? Facing eternity or the lack of it in a real cigar store might be the scariest thing in the world. But to contemplate eternity through one of Thiebaud's painted cigar-store objects might be one of the most pleasurable things in the world.

Thiebaud himself says that many of his still lifes, such as *Penny Machines*, 1961, are based on childhood memories of buying candy and admiring the opulent window displays at Woolworth's. Painted entirely from memory, his pictures are distillations of past observation. The objects murmur things whose precise meanings elude us and, possibly, elude even Thiebaud himself.

Another artist might comfortably have settled for churning out these signature still lifes forever. But in the early seventies, Thiebaud began the first of his San Francisco cityscapes. His hills, skyscrapers, and cockeyed intersections look like backdrops for axle-crunching chase scenes in Steve McQueen's *Bullitt*. Like the city they depict, they're a brakeless driver's nightmare—driving up a Nob Hill street, you reach the top and see nothing but sky before plunging down a 35-degree angle. The pictures are also dazzlingly well painted, rife with cubist quirks and zany perspectives, serious work sometimes giving off whiffs of humor.

Thiebaud's kitchen window overlooks the warehouses of the Mission district, and beyond to residential avenues mounting Twin Peaks—a hilly view that he has painted numerous times. Just fifty yards out the front door, across Utah Street and behind a cement wall, roars Highway 101. The main artery into San Francisco, 101 is the inspiration for a number of his gorgeous freeway pictures (though most people think of L.A. when they see the maze of overpasses and on-ramps). Thiebaud made other pictures looking south from Potrero Hill to Highway 280, on Russian Hill, and at Hyde and Lombard streets. The landscapes are both real places and composites—some made up entirely. "I did this one





Private Collection, Courtesy Allan Stone Gallery, New York

depression, the elder Thiebaud moved his family to southern Utah and took up ranching. (That's where the young Wayne learned to sing "Little Joe the Wrangler.") Two years later they were broke and back in Long Beach. Despite the hardships, Thiebaud remembers his upbringing as loving and supportive. Never a loner, Thiebaud was a Boy Scout and active in church-related activities. In high

graphic tradition which people tend to leave out because it's not considered 'serious.' And they're missing something. Good painters have always enjoyed cartoons. Picasso was a great cartoonist. Philip Guston loved cartoons—he used to talk about *Mutt and Jeff* all the time. It vitalized his late work, too, taking it into another dimension, giving it some grit."

His pop colleagues painted with a detached, dehumanized air, but Thiebaud's canvases were juicy, wet, even seductive.

school he was on the basketball team, played the guitar, and sang in a musical trio.

Thiebaud's Uncle Jess was an amateur cartoonist, but the idea of becoming an artist himself was alien to his upbringing. "In terms of what I do now, my childhood seems like a completely separate experience." Working on the stage crew of the school theater had perhaps the most formative effect on his mature art. As quite a few critics have observed, Thiebaud's still lifes retain certain aspects of theatrical staging—the dramatic lighting of an object or person on a white ground, and the deep blue shadows.

At sixteen, after breaking his back in a sports accident, Thiebaud began to draw cartoons. He was talented enough to become an "in-betweener" in the animation department of Walt Disney Studios. The principal animator would draw the beginning and ending poses of Pinocchio or Jiminy Cricket and Thiebaud drew the intermittent action frames.

But tired of working a sixty-hour week to earn fourteen dollars, he went on strike and was fired. He took commercial-art courses in Los Angeles, worked as a free-lance cartoonist, as a cinema usher, and did film posters for the Rivoli Movie Theater in Long Beach. He tried college but, aside from the pleasures of fraternity life and sports, he found little there to interest him.

In 1941 he joined the U.S. Army Air Force with the idea of becoming a pilot. Instead, he ended up as an army artist, creating a cartoon strip called *Aleck* for the Mather Army Air Field base newspaper. He also worked in the Air Force Motion Picture Unit commanded by Ronald Reagan. There he was assigned to a secret project producing large-scale map models of Japan to assist pilots for bombing runs. One can still see Thiebaud's eagle eye for detail today in his intricate cityscapes.

After the war, Thiebaud tried to establish himself as a cartoonist, first in New York, living out of the YMCA, then back in California, where he did movie posters for Universal Studios. He married his first wife in 1943. In 1946 he landed a job at the Rexall Drug Company as an art director and cartoonist. "I still love cartoons and collect them," Thiebaud says. "Cartoons are really part of that rich

At the Rexall Drug Company Thiebaud began to entertain the idea of becoming a painter. His principal influence was a fellow artist named Robert Mallary, a sculptor and self-taught intellectual who had studied with Orozco and Siqueiros in Mexico. Mallary bombarded Thiebaud with the ideas of Shakespeare, Sartre, Marx, Freud, and Jung. "He tore

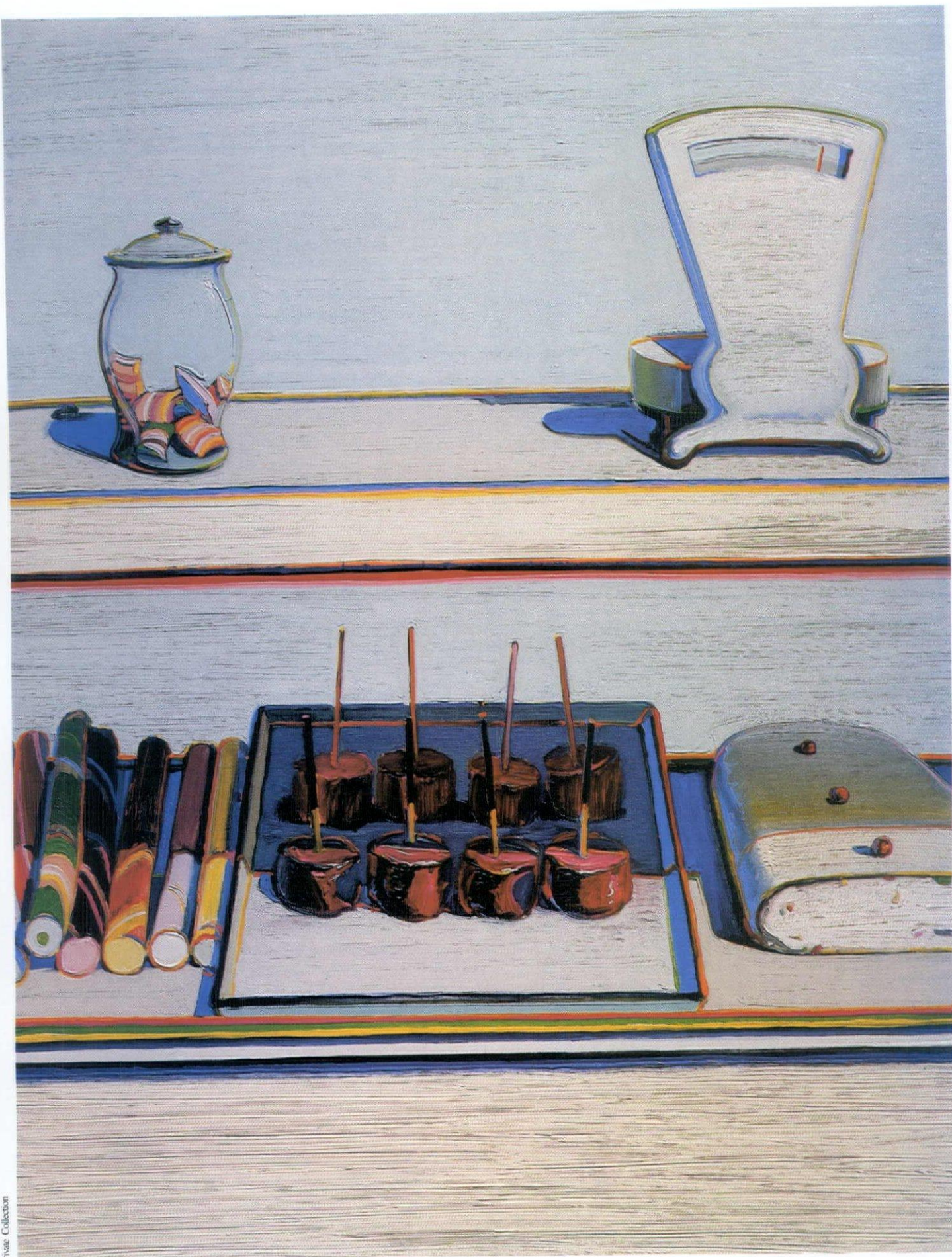
apart what I did," recalls Thiebaud. "I welcomed it because I needed his criticism desperately." (Thiebaud later named his daughter Mallary Ann, after this friend.)

Soon Thiebaud was painting cubist-expressionist works reminiscent of Lyonel Feininger and John Marin—pictures too full of Art with a capital A and not enough of Thiebaud. At twenty-nine he went back to school, completing his undergraduate degree in 1951 at California State College in Sacramento. With his skills as a commercial artist, he waived many of the studio courses to concentrate on his art history, theory, and education. He started teaching immediately.

Sacramento was an artistic backwater in those days, but Thiebaud

Below: *Cake Window* (Seven Cakes), 1970-76. Opposite page: *Candy Counter* (1969). "We don't want our still lifes to tattle on us," says Thiebaud.





threw himself into civic activity: designing sets for local theaters, painting public murals, even making films on art history for junior-high-school students. From 1950 Thiebaud designed the annual art exhibitions for the California State Fair—right alongside the booths of 4-H heifers and prize-winning pickles. Despite these various commitments, he managed to paint and show—often in

“You just get a notion and you carry on a dialogue with the painting, one that educates you as you paint.”

restaurants and furniture stores. Fellow painter Gregory Kondos recalls that Thiebaud once negotiated an exhibition in the snack bar of the Starlite Drive-In Theater in Sacramento, for four free passes.

Constantly searching for ideas, in 1956 Thiebaud went to New York to find abstract expressionism in full swing. Jackson Pollock had died in a car crash just months before, but Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning, and Barnett Newman gathered at the Cedar Bar or in the Tenth Street cooperative galleries, and had formed the Club, a loose group of artists and supporters. Thiebaud took a job with an uptown advertising firm and hung-out downtown. Drawn to the new ideas, he did some abstract paintings himself, but found that he could never fully relinquish realist imagery. His growing conviction about representational painting coincided with his personal discovery of the nineteenth-century Spanish painter Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida and the Italian *I Macchiaioli* group, both famed for their wet, direct brushstrokes.

Thiebaud was also aware of contemporary activity around San Francisco—the Bay Area figurative painters like Elmer Bischoff, David Park, and, most significantly, Richard Diebenkorn. In 1958, back in California, Thiebaud and other Sacramento artists started a cooperative gallery in a shopping center, where he continued to show into the sixties.

Though Thiebaud was still painting in an eclectic array of styles, by 1953 he had focused on food displays, trophies, and slot machines. The first works were still lifes with an almost byzantine flair—a plate of hors d'oeuvres highlighted with gold and silver leaf for example. But *Meat Counter*, 1955-57, was a picture with the ham-fisted punch of an image out of Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. Relinquishing the dizzying heights of art-history books, Thiebaud rediscovered the humble world of American dime stores and supermarkets—much the way Edward Hopper returned from Paris and tuned into American themes.

From 1960 to 1962, Thiebaud produced hundreds of sketches and paintings of pies, cakes, club sandwiches, hamburgers, and candy machines working exclusively from memory. His training as a car

toonist and commercial artist gave him the skills to draw from imagination. For the first time he felt at ease with his painting, and it flowed.

Why lunch-counter foods? “I’m interested in foods generally which have been fooled with ritualistically, displays contrived and arranged in certain ways to tempt us or to seduce us or to religiously transcend us,” Thiebaud explained in 1978. “There’s something I find fascinating about making a circle of butter, hollowing a cantaloupe. Fish, laid out on a plain white surface, are very moving, a kind of tragedy, actually.”

In 1961 he had his first show in San Francisco. He sold nothing, but a short review in a local paper



California's unique urban landscapes have preoccupied Thiebaud since the mid-seventies. Above: *Corner Apartments (Study)*, 1979. Opposite page: *Urban Freeways* 1979-80.



EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY



described him as looking like "the hungriest artist in California." Thiebaud sent slides of his work to New York, hoping for a better response. In a city where abstract expressionism was the thing, Thiebaud's sandwiches and ice cream sundaes must have looked completely (forgive me) out to lunch.

Except to art dealer Allan Stone. Stone had looked at slides of the work on the recommenda-

as a predecessor for Thiebaud's lone hotdog dribbled with mustard).

Thiebaud's vision was only partly a commentary on standardization and the mass media. In her catalog for the current Thiebaud retrospective, curator Karen Tsujimoto compares Thiebaud's object paintings to the point of view expressed by such French *nouveau roman* writers as Francis Ponge and Alain Robbe-Grillet, who limited themselves to the unheroic, unemotional, even clinical description of objects as an attempt to represent a perception of reality.

Isolated on a stark background, the objects appear out of scale and context, set apart from the real world. They lose their subservient role.

Thiebaud's bright paint transforms a

gumball machine into a gem-filled temple of expectation; a row of cakes looms as large as oil storage tanks. There is a sense of magic, but also a disturbing stillness. In celebrating the ordinary of our time, Thiebaud's work recalls Chardin, of whom Proust said, "Chardin has taught us that a pear is as alive as a woman, a kitchen crock as beautiful as an emerald."

Scientific studies show that the human eye is rarely stable, constantly vibrating. Thiebaud found that staring intently at something under bright light for long periods revealed a kind of pulsating colored aura or halo around the object. To push color and

Opposite page: *Girl with Pink Hat*, 1973-76. Oil figure painting,

Thiebaud says: "I think it's the most important study there is and the most challenging and the most difficult."

Below: *Dark Candy Apples*, 1983.

The objects seem to murmur mysterious things whose precise meaning elude us and, possibly even Thiebaud himself.

tion of Thiebaud's friend Robert Mallary. "At first Stone didn't like my work," Thiebaud remembers. "A few months later I drove cross-country with Mel Ramos, looking for a New York gallery. Mallary's wife said I should call Stone. I did, somewhat reluctantly. Stone asked me if I had any more of those pictures of pies and cakes. I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'Where are they?' I said, 'Rolled up in the car; I'm heading back to the West Coast tomorrow.' He asked me to bring them by again. I said, 'Mallary said you thought it was terrible stuff.' He said, 'Well, I did. But I can't forget it. And anything that I can't forget, I want to have another look at.'"

The 1962 Thiebaud paintings shown at the Allan Stone Gallery sold like the hot cakes that they were. MOMA and high-profile collectors bought works, while *Time*, *Life*, *The Nation*, *Art News*, and the *New York Times* saw Thiebaud not only as a talent but as a social critic. Brian O'Doherty dubbed Thiebaud the "wordless poet of the banal" whose work, like Hopper's, pointed to the "comfortable desolation of much American life." In *Art News* Thomas Hess claimed that Thiebaud "preaches revulsion by isolating the American food habit."

Thiebaud, not the kind of guy to preach anything, much less revulsion, says that wasn't exactly his intention, but he was grateful for the press. "I was fortunate enough to arrive in the context of what people were talking about at that time. Pop Art. They paid attention to the work in a way they wouldn't have done if I'd been on my own." He was linked with Lichtenstein, Warhol, Oldenburg, and Rosenquist—understandably, since his first subject matter was mass-produced foodstuffs.

But whereas his Pop colleagues painted with a detached, dehumanized air, Thiebaud's canvases were juicy, wet, even seductive. Early on a critic suggested that "by some alchemy . . . Thiebaud does not seem to be working with oil paint at all, but with a substance composed of flour, albumin, butter, and sugar." Thiebaud called this painting trick "object transference"—making the medium mimic the surface qualities of the object depicted. Only a few critics realized he was working in a tradition connected to Chardin and Manet (whose painting of a single elegant asparagus might be seen



Private Collection

sculptural concerns in a still life, Thiebaud encircles an object or figure, and even the shadow it casts, with lines of bright color, a technique called "Halation." The halo of colored lines gives the object a heightened presence against the stark background. The light Thiebaud depicts is particularly of our time—bright fluorescent lighting which sets up rich shadows.

"I find I don't like much realist painting unless it has quite a few abstract properties to engage my eye. Halation was a way to lift the picture a little further out of normal perceptual preoccupation. The lines of color I use as a kind of abstraction, to abstract the object, to remove it from a system of inquiry. Sometimes it doesn't work—you can't do it as a formula. The picture sometimes tells me I can't put a color in that area—even if that's where I wanted it to go."

In the current museum show, the only weak pictures are a still life of a pile of striped ties painted in too facile a manner, a series of flowers from 1983, and a recent landscape of Sacramento which groans with post-impressionist murkiness. In a world where few artists can draw well, the rest of Thiebaud's exquisitely rendered drawings and paintings might appear to be the work of a painter tap-dancing through art history with the ease of Fred Astaire. But Thiebaud says modestly, "Technical ability can be an asset or a liability. Painting's always a tightrope walk." He paints in long stretches, sometimes ten hours at a time. "My batting average is low—about one out of twelve work out." He burns the rejects.

For Thiebaud, the most difficult subject to paint is the human body. To meet this challenge, for the last ten years Thiebaud and a handful of San Francisco artists—Theophilus Brown, Beth Van Hoesen, and Mark Adams—have been meeting weekly to draw from the model.

"To me, drawing represents an act of responsibility. I once read an account of a conversation between Delacroix and Ingres. Delacroix was saying that if you start a drawing, make a few mistakes, just wing it, because it might turn out okay. Ingres didn't subscribe to that at all and replied, 'Drawing is a point of honor, sir.' For me drawing is the tell-tale test of what an artist can and can't do. There's no way to fake it. That applies to abstract painters as well—Mondrian, Gorky, de Kooning—all great draftsmen. The extrapolative means of drawing can be carried quite a ways. But it's like a rubber band: if you stretch it too far, it snaps, and you end up in a kind of fantasy land where you're not accountable.

"I think that is what has happened, unfortunate-



ly, to a lot of younger artists today—some of the neo-expressionists for example—who end up as untrained, inept painters. On one hand you can say it's enchanting, like some primitive or naive painting, but for me that wears thin compared to painters working within a tradition. Even Rousseau copied from paintings in the Louvre. Think of van Gogh, who went back to drawing plaster casts because he knew he needed to know more about drawing. I know artists who went to school in the fifties and sixties and are back in school now because they just didn't learn how to draw."

As if feeling he has been too critical of his colleagues, Thiebaud adds with a laugh, "I still think someday I'll go to art school myself. I never had enough study. What keeps me in painting is that it is such a live discipline—you never know how a painting is going to turn out. You just get a notion and you carry on a dialogue with the painting, one that educates you as you paint." □

In Freeways, 1978,
Wayne Thiebaud
captures the essence of
the California commuter
lifestyle.

Barnaby Conrad III is a contributing editor to HORIZON who lives in Paris. He writes frequently about arts for several national publications. He also is currently working on his first novel.

"I mix into the structure of the picture some of the energies, pressures, and tensions that one feels in real life. You have to risk disaster or ridiculousness to avoid boredom."

MOZART IN MID-AMERICA

By Ruth Fulton Tiedemann



Charles Kittrell

Bartlesville, Oklahoma's OK Mozart Festival is the offspring of a love affair between a talented artist and a beautiful new performance hall.

"We love that place, we love that town. Have you ever thought of having a music festival?"



In the winter of 1982, Ransom Wilson (acclaimed as one of the world's foremost flutists) was touring with the chamber orchestra he had founded, Solisti New York. It was an exhausting schedule as they performed on a Community Concert Tour throughout the Midwest. They careened from town to town, playing in gymnasiums and high-school auditoriums. Their music rebounded from concrete walls and basketball backboards, the notes shattering around them in disarray like shards of broken glass. "The tour was not dazzling in terms of concert halls," says Wilson.

On a particularly cold day, Solisti New York finally arrived in Bartlesville. It was the end of their

Previous page: The Bartlesville Community Center (background) features a twelve-foot-high bust of Mozart (inset). Above: Dr. Heinz Klier (center), Salzburg Commissioner of Culture; Nan Buhlinger (right), OK Mozart Festival director; and Brigitte Lindner, assistant to Dr. Klier, meet in Salzburg. Above right: Festival artistic director Ransom Wilson conducts the chamber orchestra he founded, Solisti New York. Below: Austrian representative Franz Weisbauer and Bartlesville Mayor Arch Robbins exchange flags at the first OK Mozart Festival.



tour. Tired, discouraged, they anticipated another dingy stage at best, or perhaps one last echo chamber.

What they saw was the splendid new Bartlesville Community Center, the flowing curves of its sweeping architecture blending harmoniously into its surroundings.

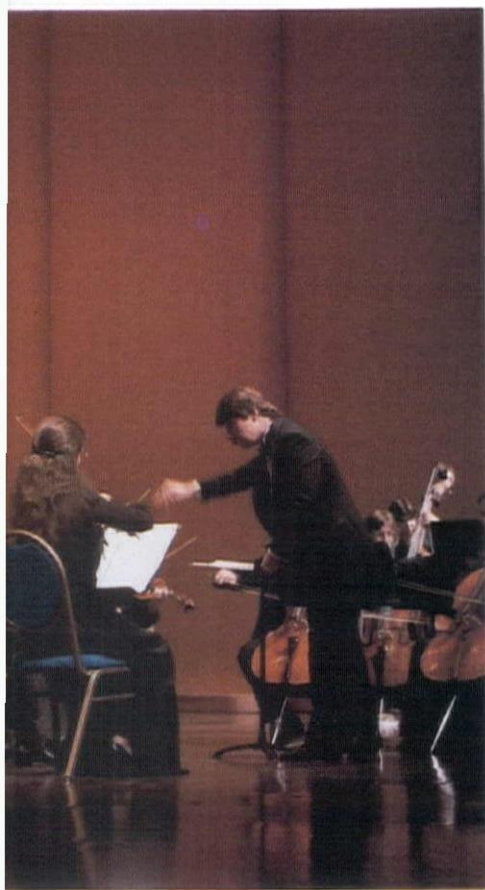
It was love at first sight for Wilson. The wandering hallways reminded him of a play he had seen when he was eight. "There was an entrance to a cave on stage. It curved out of sight—into the wings, of course—but in my imagination, I thought of many wonderful things hidden, wonderful surprises. The Bartlesville Community Center building awakens that kind of fantasy in me. I expect delightful surprises around every bend. I haven't been disappointed."

Playing on the stage of the comfortable performance hall that winter evening three years ago—hearing the full, round tones of their music—Solisti New York was delighted and astonished.

After the performance, the group stayed in Bartlesville while Wilson took a side trip for an appearance in San Antonio. On the way to the Tulsa airport, he and Nan Buhlinger, now festival director, discussed developing a major music festival—not just a local amusement, but an occasion fit for such a hall—a celebration of exquisite music; a festival with international flavor and an emphasis on world-class artists; a national event.

"That wonderful concert hall," Wilson says. "The crowning glory of it. It is one of the best performance halls in the country. I got as far as the Dallas

Louann Buhlinger



Louann Buhlinger

outstanding quality—most notably the international stature of the musicians who come for the OK Mozart Festival. And it is a community-based facility, meaning that people can participate—they perform, work backstage or in the ticket office, they usher. Volunteers make the center go.”

This volunteer spirit has enormous appeal to artists. Wilson says that there is a glow that people get when they give of themselves. “The people of Bartlesville are into that glow,” he says. “Any time a concert hall is run with such cooperation, teamwork, and sense of purpose, the feeling is transmitted to the performers. Because of the warm acoustics and the warm people, we look forward to playing there.”

Sutherland adds: “It’s extraordinary to find that kind of hall anywhere. Bartlesville is the perfect place to nurture something like the OK Mozart Festival.” And praise comes from Oklahoma governor George Nigh: “The new Bartlesville Community Center, with its architectural magnificence and

brilliant acoustics, is the ideal place to host such an exciting new state event.”

Located in the center of the United States, halfway between Kansas City and Dallas, Bartlesville is a vital and energetic city. Fifty miles north of Tulsa, Tulsa’s International Airport is less than an hour from the door of the Community Center. Bartlesville is home to the corporate world headquarters of Phillips Petroleum, one of the largest employers in the state. Always interested in the arts, the company was recently recognized by the State Arts Council for its leadership and philanthropy that serve as a boon to state and regional arts organizations—and as a model for other corporations in Oklahoma and throughout the United States. The company has provided generous support to arts, education, youth, science, social concerns, and athletics. It is also a national sponsor of the United States swimming and diving programs, works closely with the Olympics, and encourages participation in gymnastics, exercise, and other

airport. Between flights, I found a phone and called Gary Moore, managing director of the community center. I said, “We love that place, we love that town. Have you ever thought of having a music festival?”

The OK Mozart Festival was thus born.

“The support in the community was fantastic, and combined with the spirit of the people who run the community center, it’s a wonderful thing for us (as performers) to be around,” Wilson says.

Designed by Taliesin’s William Wesley Peters in the architectural style Frank Lloyd Wright described as “organic,” the simplicity of the modern, five-story center provides a perfect background for art and sculpture (it houses the largest cloisonné mosaic in the world). In addition to an acoustically superb 1700-seat auditorium, a 150-seat studio theater, and a 500-seat banquet hall, the ninety-thousand-square-foot building also has a gallery for traveling exhibitions.

The community center has been host to a variety of performers, from Itzhak Perlman to Doc Severinsen. Scheduled in months to come are, notably, the Chicago Symphony and Jean-Pierre Rampal. Artists are lavish in their praise of the concert hall. “Absolutely one of the most extraordinary halls I know of,” says Robin Sutherland. “I can’t wait to come back.” (Sutherland, principal pianist for the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, played at the premiere festival in 1985 and will return for this year’s festival.)

The community center, run by volunteers, contributes to community life in two important ways” Moore says, “It brings in professional events of

Passionato

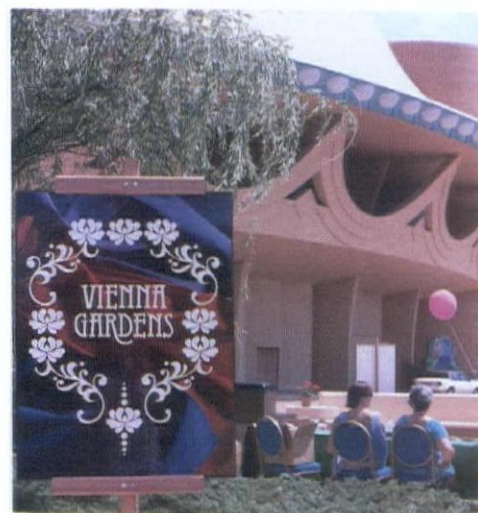
The OK Mozart Festival is more than music in Bartlesville—it’s an ambience. Concertgoers are greeted at the door of the community center by young men dressed in fitted waistcoats and knickers (their patent leather shoes gleaming with shining buckles), who bow formally as they open doors and present programs. Young ladies rustle about in ruffled and beribboned gowns, charming in their powdered wigs. Inside the center, halls are hung with festive banners and flags. Flowers are everywhere.

For a snack before or after a concert, the romantic Vienna Gardens offers light and luscious Austrian delicacies served at bright umbrellaed tables amid the murmur of water tumbling from fountains. Another restaurant, Cafe Mozart, is a garden setting on the community center balcony, with flower-bedecked trellises and an Austrian castle background. The cafe menu features *Così Fan Tutte* . . . *Fruite* (brie, provolone, and colby cheeses served with fresh fruits) and various Pastries *Passionato* such as Amadeus Cheese Cake with Amaretto.

Providing a pleasing contrast to the old Austria atmosphere of the cafe is the city beyond. The cafe

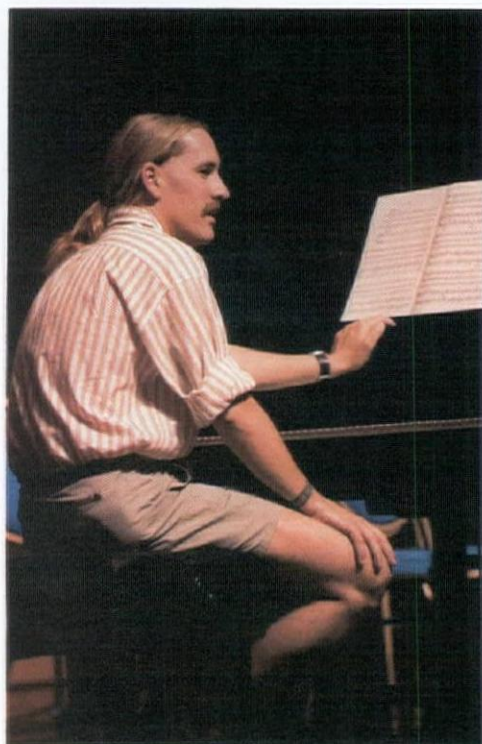
overlooks the architecture for which Bartlesville is famous. Less than a block away stands the Price Tower, a favorite design which Frank Lloyd Wright called “the tree that escaped the forest”; not far away is a “filling station,” one of Wright’s early works—modern designs that provide a wonderful backdrop for the classic Old World ambience of the OK Mozart Festival. □

The Vienna Gardens in the Bartlesville Community Center offers a taste of Austria.



Louann Buhlinger

The festival brings the Old World romance of Salzburg to a city with a steel-and-glass skyline.



Louann Buhlinger

Robin Sutherland, pianist for the San Francisco Symphony, will return for this year's festival.

health benefits to its employees. Phillips Petroleum's support of the OK Mozart Festival was vital to the birth of the event, as was support of the other community business leaders.

"Businessmen of the community are supportive because they know they are making an investment in the future," says Buhlinger. "Our affiliation with Salzburg and our OK Mozart Festival, and naturally the Phillips headquarters, give Bartlesville an international and cultural posture that is unique."

Ms. Buhlinger recently took a tour group representing the festival to Switzerland, Germany, and Austria. The highlight of the trip was their visit to Salzburg. Bearing a letter of introduction from Oklahoma's lieutenant governor, Spencer Bernard (which praised her efforts in making the festival "an outstanding cultural event not only for Oklahoma but for this part of America") Buhlinger found a warm reception in Salzburg. The group was honored with a wine reception at Mirabell Palace, where officials presented gifts and accepted her invitation to attend the opening of the 1986 festival.

The OK Mozart Festival brings the romance of Salzburg, where Mozart's genius was nurtured, to

the midwestern American city with its steel-and-glass skyline and Frank Lloyd Wright architecture.

"OK Mozart is an American phenomenon," says Ransom Wilson. It is also a study in contrasts. Even the commemorative poster reflects diverging concepts—its dominant feature is a modern graphic representation of the Horse Fountain in Salzburg. In this festival, baroque marries modern, with the contemporary architecture of the community center providing a simple and effective backdrop for the color and drama of eighteenth-century dress, decor, and music.

Binding it all together and speaking with incomparable perfection through the centuries is the eternal appeal of Mozart's music. The program is a celebration of "the language of mankind" in performances of symphonies, concerti, and chamber music—in addition to masterclasses and workshops.

The premiere festival series was enthusiastically acclaimed. "Beyond question, Bartlesville's first OK Mozart Festival was a success," one critic wrote, "and to no small degree, it was due to Wilson's excellent programming. Large audiences were enthusiastic." Listeners were charmed by violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg's incomparable performance of Mozart's *Turkish* Concerto. Pianist Sutherland was acclaimed as a "superlative chamber music performer" with "extraordinary finesse, technical prowess, and sense of balance." A reviewer wrote, "The concert hall is ideal for such an event, and the many added touches—such as costumed door attendants and ushers, as well as colorful banners—gave luster to the occasion."

In June of 1986, the festival will be expanded to ten days, and political and cultural dignitaries from Salzburg are planning to attend. In the opening ceremonies, to the accompaniment of fanfares, flags will be exchanged, symbolizing the friendship between Salzburg and Bartlesville; visiting dignitaries will be honored with pomp and circumstance.

The festival's ambience will also be expanded, with fruit-and-vegetable carts and multicolored umbrellas creating a "Marketplatz" setting. An ongoing chess game will challenge all takers with life-size chessmen on a giant board.

Also new to the festival will be an outdoor concert held at Woolaroc, a ranch in the Osage Hills—an experience similar to Tanglewood in performance quality, but uniquely Oklahoman in setting.

In developing the OK Mozart event, Wilson has insisted on certain artistic policies. The most important one is the focus of the festival on young artists. "We're bringing the very finest world-class artists to this festival. The quality of our guest artists as well as our orchestra musicians simply cannot

Festival Brushstrokes

An eagerly awaited event new to the OK Mozart Festival is an exhibition of works by the internationally celebrated artist, Evan Wilson, the brother of artistic director, Ransom Wilson.

Like his brother, Evan Wilson studied at the North Carolina School of the Arts. He has also studied in Baltimore, Maryland, and in Italy. Wilson's training focused on the painting techniques of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries (though he is greatly influenced by the American impressionists). "My work is very traditional," he says. "I prefer to paint the pretty side of life, the elegant side—as opposed to the seedy, which a lot of people are doing today." His works have been shown in Florence, Italy; the Dominican Republic; New York; London; Washington, D.C.;



his birthplace, Tuscaloosa, Alabama. or the OK Mozart Festival, Wilson is preparing an exhibition of portraits, landscapes, still lifes, interiors around a theme of "New York: People Places"—a series of paintings celebrating "the gance and the beauty of the city," he says. My still lifes have always been very popular ause "they're extremely realistic and they're ally elegant things—a little silver, some vers—very classical with a bit of brushstroke, ich adds a zest of life," he adds. But Wilson is best known as a portrait artist, and se works will make up about a third of the ex- it, including charcoal sketches of some musin- s well known around New York. One of his latest projects is a portrait of Denis vens, a prominent Monteverdi specialist who was ently made Commander of the Order of the fish Empire by Queen Elizabeth. "I did a por-

e 1986 festival will feature an exhibition by claimed painter Evan Wilson (right, on top of rnegie Hall, where his studio is located) that 'll include his Intermission: Cafe Carnegie (low left) and Washington Park (below right).



trait of him sitting and looking very pensive with an original part-book of music from the sixteenth century. I definitely will have that in the show."

Wilson is most interested in the beauty of the world about him. "I think, as a traditional artist, that the only way of making a coherent and legitimate statement as an artist—of continuing the tradition of this sort of painting—is to paint contemporary life. But I must be a little choosy about it—pick out the best part—as it was always done."

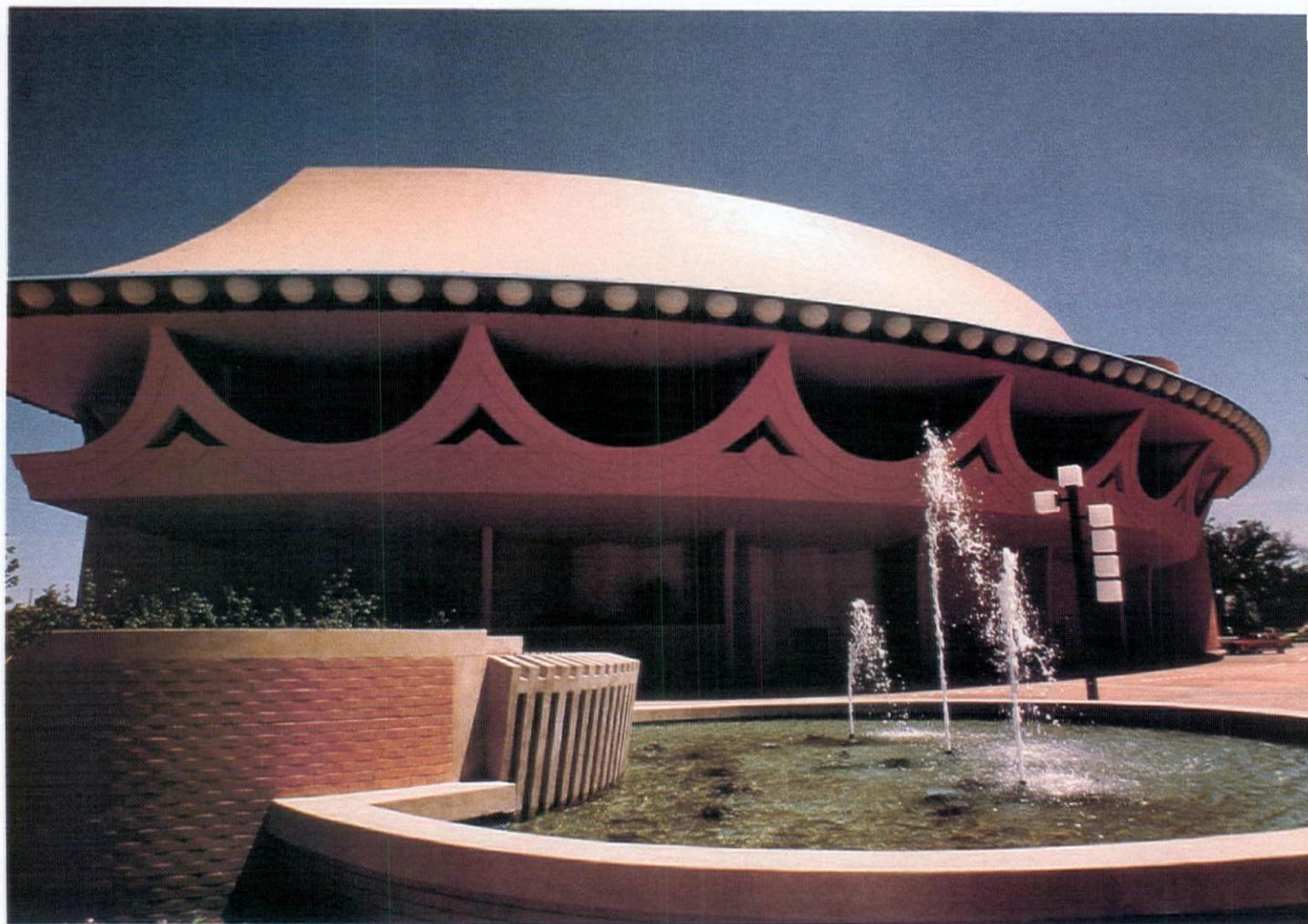
Another current project is a painting of Cafe Carnegie in Carnegie Hall. It is an interior depiction of the bar subtly lit by chandeliers, with patrons in formal dress drinking and chatting during intermission. Wilson says this will be included in the Bartlesville exhibit, "as well as some others of people doing different things, and also little scenes of New York in the snow—the Brooklyn Bridge and other famous places."

The traditional style of Wilson's work will lend added grace and charm to the 1986 festival. It is the perfect complement to the modern simplicity of the community center and to the traditional elegance of Mozart and Salzburg.

—Ruth Fulton Tiedemann



The community center's sweeping architecture blends harmoniously into its surroundings.



be surpassed anywhere in the world," says Buhlinger. "We want involvement with young artists who are on the threshold of great success,—" Wilson says, "artists who are still enthusiastic and excited by what they are doing. They give a special, sparkling quality to a performance."

As plans firm for the 1986 festival, that quality becomes evident in the schedule of events planned and in the list of artists who will perform. Though the performers are young, all are tops in their field and have, in various combinations, several recordings currently available on major labels.

Elmar Oliveira—hailed as a musician's violinist, the first American violinist to win the Tchaikovsky International Competition, and the first recipient of the Avery Fisher Prize—will perform, as will clarinetist David Shifrin, a recipient of top honors at the 1977 International Competition in Munich. French hornist David Jolley, win-

ner of the Concert Artists Guild Award and the Heldenben International Horn Competition, will appear in several concerts. He has recorded the Mozart concerti with Solisti New York and Ransom Wilson. Sutherland was selected as the United States' competitor in the International Bach Competition at Lincoln Center.

Those who decide to attend the opening-night concert on June 13 will experience a rare treat—the world premiere of a new work commissioned by the OK Mozart Festival: *Ballet Pieces* by Handel, performed by the New York Baroque Dance Company. Also on the program will be Mozart's seldom-produced ballet *Les petits riens*, using the original eighteenth-century dance steps.

The New York Baroque Dance Company has recreated eighteenth-century choreography and dances in authentic costumes. Their combination of baroque music and dance is unique in the United

The Bartlesville Community Center, designed William Wesley Peters of the Frank Lloyd Wright Taliesin Foundation, includes an 1800-seat concert hall, a studio theater, a 500-person banquet hall, and an art gallery.

States. Because of the unusual nature of their performance, they will be presenting workshops only to the public, but to members of the orchestra.

Sunday afternoon (June 15), all of the soloists will be appearing together in various ensembles. Wilson and Sutherland will be joined by harpist Nancy Allen, who won the fifth International Harp Competition in Jerusalem and is hailed by the *New York Times* as a major artist, and clarinetist David Shifrin. They will play works by Mozart, Ravel, and Peter Schickele, among others.

A highlight of this year's festival will be an outdoor concert at Woolaroc, fourteen miles southwest of Bartlesville. The name—which means woods, lakes, rocks—aptly describes the setting. Buffalo, elk, and deer roam its wooded game preserve and graze along the roadway. A rustic lodge, nestled amid blackjack oaks on a sandstone bluff, overlooks a natural lakeside amphitheater. There, and on the hillside, picnic suppers will be spread on the cool grass to the pulsing strains of Mozart's music, beckoning across the water and across the centuries. As the summer darkness deepens, Handel's *Royal*

Fireworks Suite will close the evening, accompanied by fireworks bursting above the trees.

In a majestic Grand Finale on June 21 (the last day of the festival), there will be a multimedia extravaganza. Buhlinger describes it as "the alpha and omega of Mozart's art—some of his earliest as well as his last work."

The award-winning film *Amadeus* will also be shown, and selections from the composer's published correspondence will be presented in a live dramatic presentation.

To celebrate the "crowning glory" of Mozart and

of the concert hall and the performers, the festival will end with a performance of Mozart's last work, his *Requiem*—a composition of overwhelming power and grandeur.

The OK Mozart Festival, a resounding success in its inaugural season, strives for perfection in this year's event. Ransom Wilson says, "Every dream for this festival is being realized." □

Ruth Fulton Tiedemann is a free-lance writer living in Bartlesville. She is currently working on her first novel.

Mozart in Ten Days

Thursday, June 12

7:30 PM Patron Gala Dinner Party, honoring patrons, visiting dignitaries, and artists.

Friday, June 13 (Opening Day)

Morning Cafe Mozart, Vienna Gardens, and Marketplatz open to public daily throughout the festival.

7:45 PM Opening Ceremony: Ransom Wilson and Delegation from Salzburg exchange flags and greetings.

8:00 PM Opening Concert: The New York Baroque Dance Company performs with Solisti New York in the world premiere performance of *Handel Ballet Pieces*, original choreography commissioned by the festival. Other works are Mozart's ballet "Les Petits Riens," and Mozart's Symphony No. 31, the "Paris" symphony.

Saturday, June 14

8:00 PM Gala Concert featuring Elmar Oliveira, violinist, and David Shifrin clarinetist, both performing Mozart concerti, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 by Solisti New York.

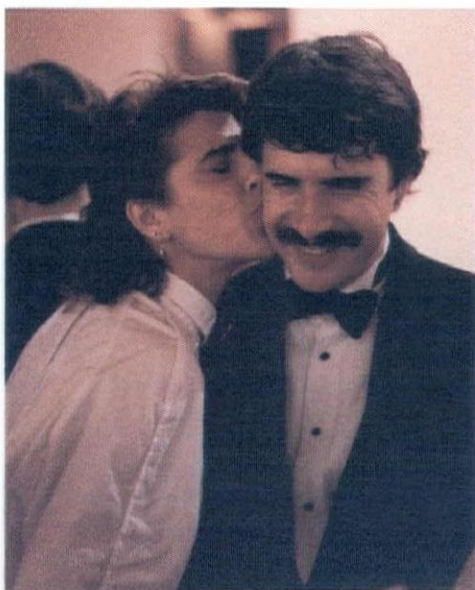
Sunday, June 15

2:00 PM Chamber Ensemble Concert including works by Mozart, Ravel, and Schickele performed by Ransom Wilson, flute; Robin Sutherland, piano; Elmar Oliveira, violin; Nancy Allen, harp; David Shifrin, clarinet; and principal players from Solisti New York.

Monday, June 16

7:00 PM Ransom Wilson Masterclass.

7:15 PM Masterclasses in various instruments



Louann Buhlinger

Violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg congratulates artistic director Ransom Wilson during last year's inaugural OK Mozart Festival.

given by the principal players of Solisti New York. Professionals and students on high-school and college level will participate. Audit admissions available.

Tuesday, June 17

8:00 PM Brass Ensemble Chamber Concert featuring ensembles from Solisti's brass section in rousing fanfares and repertoire from baroque to contemporary.

Wednesday, June 18

8:00 PM Premiere Woolaroc Outdoor Concert. Pianist Robin Sutherland performs and Ransom Wilson conducts Solisti New York in a performance of Bach's Fourth Suite, Mozart's Piano Concerto in F Major, Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, and the

Royal Fireworks Suite by Handel. A highlight of the evening will be a fireworks display over the lake.

Thursday, June 19

8:00 PM Chamber Musicale, featuring a variety of woodwind and string ensembles from the soloists who are members of the festival's resident orchestra, Solisti New York.

Friday, June 20

8:00 PM Concerto Virtuosi Concert. Features Ransom Wilson as flute soloist and harpist Nancy Allen performing the Mozart concerto. David Jolley, French hornist, will play the Mozart horn concerto he recorded with Solisti New York. Concludes with Mozart's Symphony No. 38, the "Prague" symphony.

Saturday, June 21

3:00 PM Film, *Amadeus*

8:00 PM Festival Finale Concert. Theatrical dramatic presentations from Mozart's letters and correspondence and a performance of Mozart's *Requiem* by Solisti New York and the festival chorus.

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1986

Subscription Royale—All eight concerts (\$88 value) \$75 or two for \$150.

Subscription Majeure—Both weekend Friday and Saturday evening concerts plus Woolaroc concert (\$62 value) \$55, two for \$110.

Subscription Chambre—Chamber concerts only (Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday) (\$26 value) \$22, two for \$44.

Subscription Primo—First weekend concerts plus Woolaroc (\$45 value) \$40, two for \$80.

Subscription Finale—Last weekend concerts plus Woolaroc (\$43 value) \$40, two for \$80.

For subscription information write or call OK Mozart Festival; P.O. Box 1027; Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74005; 918/337-ARTS. For ticket and hotel reservations, call 800/331-0717 (in Oklahoma dial 918/336-0868). □

RANSOM WILSON

Flutist and conductor Ransom Wilson makes things happen in the music world.

By Allan Kozinn

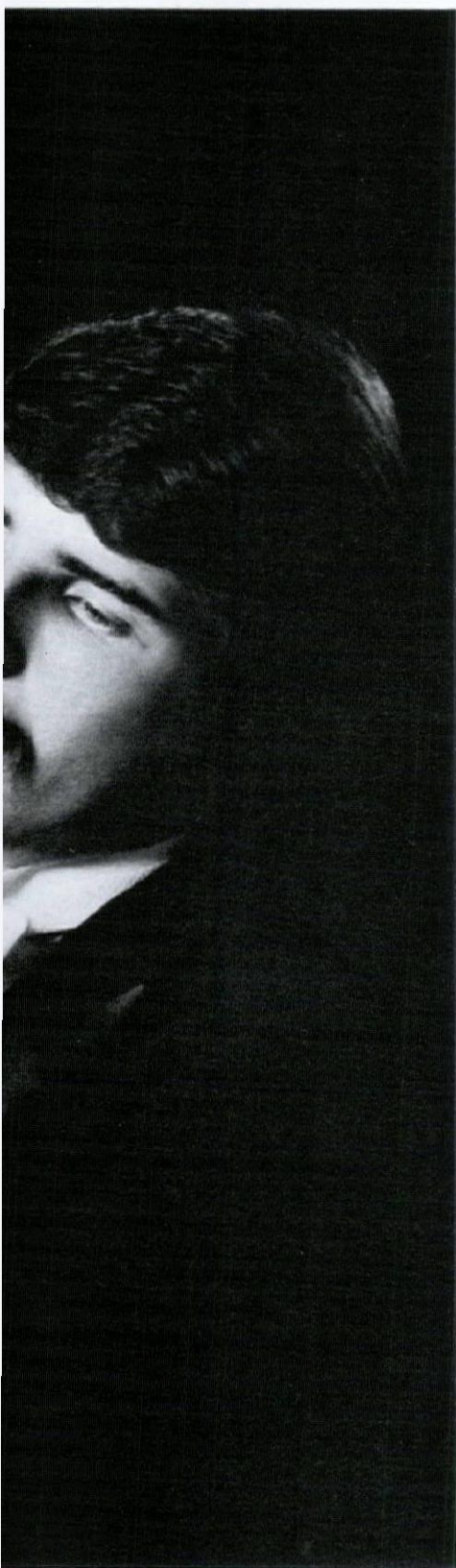
Ransom Wilson, artistic director of the OK Mozart Festival, has long been one of the music world's more enterprising young performers. Born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, he says that he realized early that he was born to be a serious musician and that to pursue that goal, he would have to move to New York. But he moved northward gradually, initially entering the North Carolina School of the Arts when he was fourteen. His first year there, he was part of a student orchestra that went to Europe on tour. This summer, starting after the 1986 OK Mozart Festival ends, he will be returning to his alma mater as a faculty member, and now when the school's orchestra travels to Europe, it will be with Wilson on the podium.

From North Carolina, Wilson moved on to New York's Juilliard School—where, it turned out, his goals clashed with those of the school's administration: at Juilliard, students who play orchestra instruments are encouraged to develop their skills as ensemble players, since their function in the real world is much more likely to be as an orchestral musician than as a soloist. Wilson wasn't interested in orchestral life at the time—although now that he has started conducting, he says, "I'm glad they forced me to have the orchestral training I didn't think I needed." Rather, he wanted to be a soloist, and it occurred to him that the only way to further that aim was to study with Jean-Pierre Rampal. Rampal was the guru of the flute, and back in the early 1970s, he was the only true superstar. Wilson's extracurricular studies with Rampal irked the school's faculty, but in 1973 he completed his studies and took his degree.

So, temporarily, he was doing what the Juilliard faculty had said he'd be doing: orchestral freelancing. He also began playing recitals, though; and

Conductor Ransom Wilson.





Photograph Christian Steiner

in the mid-1970s, he made a handful of recordings for the Orin and Musical Heritage Society labels. Then his studies with Rampal paid off more tangibly: when the French flutist decided to record an LP of works for two flutes, he invited Wilson to join him. He also provided some glowing endorsements of Wilson's work, and by 1978, the young flutist from Alabama had signed an exclusive contract with EMI/Angel and was playing as many recitals and concerto engagements as his schedule could bear.

That, however, was not enough for him. "I was beginning to feel that I had reached the end of the flute repertoire," he explains. "Sure, there are always new pieces being written, and I look forward to each one with relish. But in terms of music with a certain—well, depth—there are very few great works. There are the Mozart concerti, the Prokofiev sonata, and the Bach sonatas, and not a lot more. So, on one hand, I was very turned on by the flute from a visceral standpoint, and I still am. It's a sensual experience for me to play, and I still get a kind of satisfaction from it that I get from nothing else. Yet, as much fun as it is to play the flute music of composers such as Devienne or Blavet, the fact is, they're not works that say a lot. And I began to realize that unless this was all I wanted to say as a musician, I'd have to find another means of expressing myself."

It was around 1980 when Wilson came to this conclusion. At the same time, he had started to study orchestral scores—not with an aim to conduct, but simply out of interest. "That started when I fell in love with Mozart's Symphony No. 29," he says. "It's a crystalline creation, really perfect. I was captivated by it." He was also becoming captivated by both the art and the technique of conducting, and when he visited orchestras to play flute concerti, he watched closely as the conductors led the works he was not playing in. He also began studying conducting formally—with Roger Nierenberg, James Dixon, and Otto Werner Mueller. He also coached with Michael Tilson-Thomas, and he continues to attend the rehearsals of other conductors he performs with. (This past year, in fact, Wilson went on a five-week tour as flute soloist with Leonard Bernstein and the Israel Philharmonic—he played Bernstein's flute work, *Halil*. During the trip, Wilson and Bernstein spent hours discussing their approaches to various works.)

Never one to waste time, Wilson put the things he was learning into practice almost from the start. In 1980, he decided that he knew the Mozart 29th Symphony and a few other works well enough to conduct them, so he gathered a band of players (thereby establishing an embryonic Solisti New

York) and gave a concert in a Greenwich Village church. Wilson and his players worked together several more times over the next few years, and in May 1983, not long after it had returned from its twenty-stop tour of the Midwest, Solisti New York made its "official" New York debut at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center. The program included works by Rossini; Hindemith; Barber; and, for old times' sake, Mozart's Symphony no. 29. The *New York Times*, on that occasion, praised Wilson's conducting as "adept and sensitive" and noted that in the Mozart, the conductor "shaped each phrase lovingly," turning in a performance that was "the high point of the evening."

From there, Solisti has progressed steadily. During the 1983-84 season, the group gave its own series at the 92nd Street Y, the first installment of which was an unusual concert devoted to works of the "minimalist" composers—Philip Glass, John Adams, and Steve Reich. A few days later, Wilson and Solisti recorded their first LP together—a pairing of Adams and Reich works—for Angel. A second recording, featuring the Mozart horn concerti (with David Jolley as soloist), was released by Sine Qua Non, and during last summer's OK Mozart Festival, the group recorded Mozart's 40th and 41st symphonies. In 1984, Solisti presented its series at Carnegie Hall, and next year, it returns to Lincoln Center as part of the Great Performances series.

Meanwhile, Wilson has cut down the number of flute concerts he gives—if only as a way of preserving energy. He has no intention of putting down the flute; in fact, he's recording the Mozart concerti this spring in London. But he is also now taking on guest conducting engagements with full-size orchestras. Solisti, though, will remain an orchestra of around thirty players. "With a chamber orchestra," Wilson says, "you get that electricity and articulation you can't get from any larger group."

The chamber-orchestra size is also perfect for the repertoire that the OK Mozart Festival focuses on, and last year's success will bear fruit in the form of a more ambitious program this summer. Rather than a single weekend, the festival will present eight concerts over ten days featuring several soloists. Wilson is clearly looking forward to all this, but he's also looking beyond this summer's performances and sketching out ideas for the 1987 edition.

From flutist to conductor to artistic director of a major music festival, Ransom Wilson is always looking to the future, finding new ways to bring his music to the world. □

Allan Kozinn writes about music for the New York Times and other national publications.



HOME ON THE RANGE



From roaming wildlife to great art, Woolaroc preserves America's past.
By Sallie Turcott

Instead of strict warnings about speeding, the signs on the road to the Woolaroc Museum say Take It Easy. This is not hard to do, especially when you are driving behind a very pregnant buffalo—one of the many unexpected events that can happen on the way to Woolaroc.

The wildlife preserve, ranch, museum, lodge, Indian Guide Center, and nature preserve cover thirty-five hundred acres in the Osage Hills, fourteen miles southwest of Bartlesville. Driving from Bartlesville, you get a sense of what the great American prairie was like, the many vistas interrupted only by oil wells.

Osage County was where Frank Phillips, founder of Woolaroc and the Phillips Petroleum Company, made his money in numerous oil leases. But Woolaroc, Phillips's weekend retreat, was where

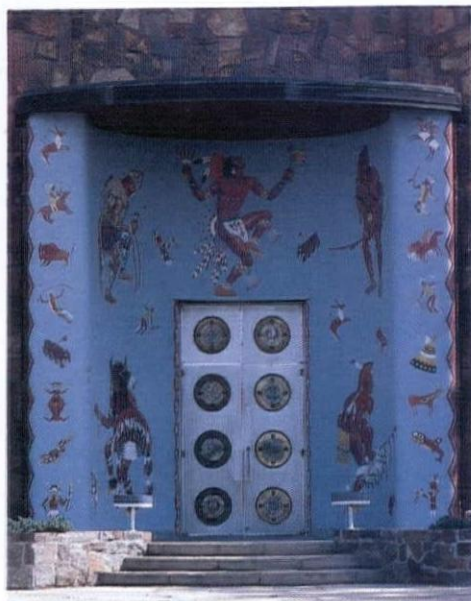
he made most of his deals, according to Robert Lansdown, the museum's director.

Phillips was known for impressing his guests by having Osage Indians in war-dance garb jump out from corners of hallways, and by serving guests "buffalo milk" for breakfast. "The idea was to give those Eastern bankers something to tell the folks back home," Lansdown says. Since it opened as a museum in 1929, thousands of visitors have had something to tell the folks back home, too.

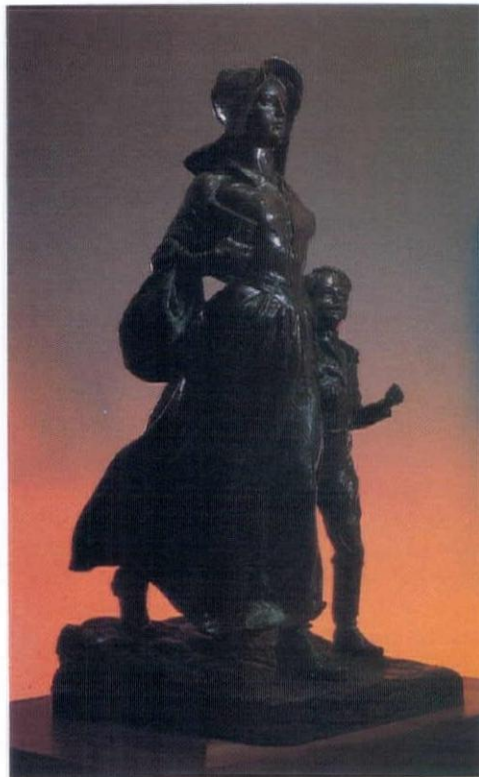
The drive from the highway to the museum takes you through the woods, lakes, and rocks which gave Woolaroc its name. Visitors are asked to stay in their cars because of the one thousand wild animals grazing near the road—Woolaroc is probably about the best place in the country to see the native American buffalo. You can also see elk, deer, brahma cattle, and Texas longhorns. A solitary camel, ostriches, and several zebra can also be seen in fenced areas.

After parking, you will probably want to start at the Indian Guide Center, where exhibits on American Indian culture are displayed. You will also want to see the multimedia production Arrows Skyward, introduced by an Indian dancer who uses sign language to interpret "God Bless America." You can also hike on the many nature walks which wind around lakes and an occasional tepee.

In the museum itself, which is home to fifty-five



Left: American Indian culture comes alive at Woolaroc. Above: Entrance to Woolaroc Museum. Right: Bryant Baker's Pioneer Woman.



The celebration of the great American West takes many forms at Woolaroc.



thousand items, you'll find a substantial collection of Western art, including works by Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington. There are also beautifully colored George Catlin lithographs, boldly graphic Indian blankets and striking bronzes from turn-of-the-century and contemporary Western artists. The museum also features one of the finest collections in the country of Southwest Indian art.

Woolaroc boasts many fine paintings and bronzes that illustrate the Western history of the United States. Perhaps the most stunning of these, and the most popular with visitors, is William R. Leigh's *Visions of Yesterday*. The painting depicts an elderly Indian dressed in a combination of white-man's clothing and Indian beads, plowing his forty acres; visions of the old buffalo hunts appear in the clouds.

Three of the most critically acclaimed paintings in the museum are Russell's *Return From the Hunt*, *The Stagecoach Attack*, *The Buffalo Hunt*. These works are hung together so the viewer can appreciate the artist's growth in landscape painting.

Remington's *Last Stand* is one of four paintings depicting Custer's Last Stand. The museum also has two other Remington paintings and three Remington bronzes. An inspiring bronze statue collection in the museum is a memorial to The Pioneer Mother. In 1927, Governor Marland initiated a nationwide competition to determine which artist would sculpt a large memorial in Ponca City. Twelve leading sculptors, including A. Stirling Calder, F. Lynn Jenkins, and Bryant Baker, were commissioned to submit models depicting their



The Last Stand, considered by many to be Remington's finest work (top) and Pueblo Indian pottery (above), both in the Woolaroc Museum.

concepts of the pioneer mother (Bryant Baker won). Woolaroc displays all twelve models.

Many beautifully executed portraits of Indian leaders also hang in Woolaroc and are by such artists as J.H. Sharp, Robert Lindneux, H.C. Balink, and E.L. Waldo.

Works by O.E. Berninghaus, Bert Phillips, and E.I. Couse make up the collection of paintings from

the Taos school. "The mood painter of the West," Frank Tenney Johnson, is represented by several works, including *On the Santa Fe Trail*.

The Southwest Indian culture comes alive with artifacts such as Pueblo pottery with geometric, naturalistic, and pictorial designs; colorful Navajo woven blankets; beaded works; and jewelry. A model village gives you a point of reference for the Southwest Indian way of life.

Though the Western art collection at Woolaroc is large, many other items from all over the world can also be found. Some of these include an Oriental ivory carving, a mineral collection, a bicycle from the Gay Nineties, antique dolls, a dinosaur egg, a stagecoach, Buffalo Bill's revolvers, finely crafted saddles, and three cases of Colt firearms used in World War II. The art of taxidermy reigns strong here too, as you notice a stuffed armadillo peering from the top of a case, a stuffed bongo, among others, and mounted heads of buffalos, an elephant head, and a tiny antelope head.

The number of exhibits at the museum is astonishing. Recently, three new exhibit halls have been added to house contemporary Western artist Joe Beeler's bronzes, more graphic works, and the airplane *The Woolaroc*. (The exhibition of this airplane, which belonged to Frank Phillips, was actually the beginning of the Woolaroc Museum.)

After your tour of the museum, be sure to walk over to the nearby Lodge, a log cabin graced by a large front porch overlooking the lake and meadows. The Lodge is the building in which the Phillipses entertained guests visiting Woolaroc. Inside you'll discover a Steinway grand piano, covered with natural bark (as are all picture frames in Woolaroc). Also look for Mr. Phillips's "million dollar" chandeliers, all he ended up with when he bought a New York hotel for a million dollars. There is also a fine collection of animal heads in the lodge, including one of the largest collections of longhorns. It's interesting to note that Phillips never shot any of the animals on display at Woolaroc; they all died of natural causes.

The dining room in the Lodge is still used to serve country dinners to visiting dignitaries and is an exact replica of the log cabin which was Phillips's childhood home in Kansas.

Frank Phillips created a legacy when he started Woolaroc and dedicated the museum to the nation's youth. But, whatever your age, here you'll rediscover a sense of wonder in the past. □

Sallie Turcott is a reporter for the Tulsa World who also has written for the Wall Street Journal, USA Today, and the National Law Journal.

As they soar, so do hearts.

Without voice, their bodies sing songs. Without words, their movements tell stories. Using only motion, ballet dancers can move others. Now, in

our state, the Bartlesville Civic Ballet is lifting this art form to even greater heights. As a community ballet company, its members enrich the lives of thousands of Oklahomans. By achieving what most find impossible, they make the heart soar. Phillips Petroleum is glad to help fund them because they lift the spirits of us all.



BARTLESVILLE

Bartlesville, Oklahoma, located in the Osage Hills on the edge of the prairie, is a city in which the arts thrive. The corporate headquarters for Phillips Petroleum Company, Bartlesville has an enviable pool of highly educated, highly motivated citizens who have come to this town of forty thousand from anywhere from Brussels to Borger, Texas. These people have not only a wealth of ideas, but the time, energy, and resources to make them a reality. (The area code for Bartlesville is 918.)

LIVELY ARTS

The \$13.5-million **Bartlesville Community Center** (the corner of Adams Boulevard and Cherokee Avenue, 337-2787) was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright protégé William Wesley Peters. The jewel-like, earth-toned auditorium provides unusual warmth and acoustical quality and seats seventeen hundred. The center is staffed by eight employees and several hundred volunteers, some of whom lead tours of the center (10 A.M., Monday-Saturday). All of the organizations listed below can be reached through the center administrative office, 337-2787. (The box office number is 336-ARTS.)

The **OK Mozart International Festival** is a project of the Bartlesville Community Center and features flutist Ransom Wilson conducting Solisti New York, resident orchestra for the international ten-day festival. Featured guest artists for this year's festival include Elmar Oliveira, violinist; Nancy Allen, harpist; David Jolley, French horn; and David Shifrin, clarinetist. (June 13-21, 1986).

Arts Encounters, another community center project, is a three-week, summer, multi-disciplinary arts workshop for secondary students and features national faculty.

The center is home for the **Bartlesville Theatre Guild**, which highlights local talent in several productions a season. The Theatre Guild's **Harlequins** produce adult fare in the center's intimate studio theater. The **Bartlesville Civic Ballet** annually presents the *Nutcracker*, featuring local and guest artists, and also presents an annual spring performance.

The **Bartlesville Symphony Orchestra**, in its twenty-eighth year, has brought local audiences internationally known guest artists as well as symphonic favorites in orchestra-only performances. There will be shows by Mel Tormé, Shirley Jones, and Alexander Peskanov this spring.

Subscribers to Bartlesville's **Community Concerts** series have enjoyed performances by Leona Mitchell, soprano with the Metropolitan Opera;

In the Osage Hills of Oklahoma, you'll find Bartlesville—a city in which the arts play a major role in enriching the community.



Originally built for the H. C. Price Company, and now owned by Phillips Petroleum Company, the Price Tower is the only office building Frank Lloyd Wright designed and constructed.

Ferrante and Teicher; the Canadian Brass; and the Joffrey Ballet. The series, forty years strong, has sold out for the past four years.

The **Bartlesville Choral Society** produces two major choral works a year, including the *Messiah*. The **Bartlesville Community Singers** perform popular works in numerous appearances throughout the year.

Audiences have thrilled to Hitchcock, laughter at Chaplin, and marveled at Coppola in films shown by the **Bartlesville Film Society** in the center.

The **Bartlesville Allied Arts and Humanities Council**, affiliated with the state council, serves as an umbrella for sixty organizations. The council's most popular programs are providing artists in-residence and "Picture Persons" for area schools and sponsoring free summer Concerts under the Stars. The council also gives grants and finds matching grants for arts organizations.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

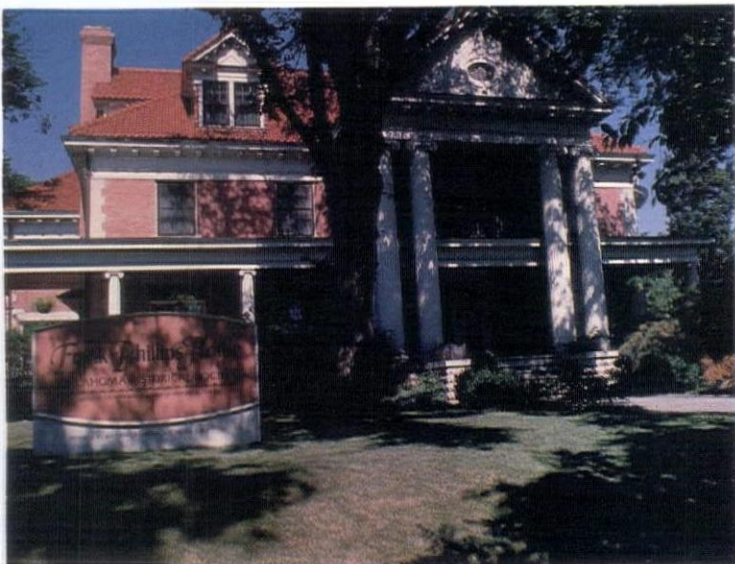
The **Community Center Art Gallery** serves as an exhibit hall for the **Bartlesville Art Association** and for individual local and regional artists and traveling shows. Visitors to Bartlesville are often amazed at the professional quality of works shown in the association's juried and unjuried shows for artists from a three-state area. The association also exhibits and sells members' works in the **Johnstone Park Art Center** (Hensley Boulevard and Cherokee Avenue, 336-9685).

The **Talisman Gallery** (115 Southeast Twelfth Street, 336-1786 or 336-6069, open by appointment) features Chicago impressionist painter Richard Schmid and top watercolorist Charles Reid. Owner Jody Kirberger, well known in the art world, also has a good mix of paintings by young American artists—as well as sculpture, weaving, and jewelry.

Down the street and around the corner from the gallery is the **Frank Phillips Home** (1107 South Cherokee, 336-2491; open 9 A.M.-5 P.M. Tuesday-Friday, 2-5 P.M. Saturday and Sunday). Phillips, the founder of Phillips Petroleum, and his wife Jane set the standard for turn-of-the-century luxury in this house built in 1909.

A walk down Cherokee Avenue past the community center will lead you to the **Price Tower**, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, named for pipeline-construction pioneer H. C. Price, and owned by Phillips Petroleum.

The **Phillips Exhibit Hall** (Keeler Avenue and Fifth Street, 661-6600; open 9 A.M.-5 P.M., Monday-Friday) displays everything you'd ever want to know about oil exploration and production, from a bottle of crude oil to products made with



Phillips Petroleum Company



petrochemicals.

What started as Frank and Jane Phillips's weekend hideaway is now **Woolaroc**, a thirty-five-hundred-acre ranch and museum of Southwestern culture with fifty-five-thousand items (located southwest of Bartlesville on Oklahoma Highway 123, open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily, except Thanksgiving and Christmas. Closed Mondays except during the summer).

The **Dewey Hotel** was a center of activity during the early part of the century and has been restored by the Washington County Historical Society. It is five miles north of Bartlesville in a town which bills itself as Dewey, U.S.A. (open 10 A.M.-5 P.M. May 15 to October 1; closed Mondays).

Across the street from the Dewey Hotel is a must-see for early-day Western-movie fans: the **Tom Mix Museum**. Mix was a crusading Dewey marshal before he hit Hollywood as the original "good guy in the white hat" (open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Tuesday-Friday, 1-5 P.M. Saturday, and 2-5 P.M. Sunday).

HOTELS AND DINING

Visitors will most likely want to stay at the **Hotel Phillips** (821 Johnstone, 1-800-336-5600 in Oklahoma for reservations or 1-800-331-0706, nationwide). It is a short walk away from the community center and downtown Bartlesville.

The **Holiday Inn** (Washington Boulevard and State Street 333-2100), the **Ramada Inn** (1410 Southeast Washington Boulevard, 333-8320; reservations 1-228-2828), and the **Stratford House Inn** (211 Southeast Washington Boulevard, 335-1122; reservations, 1-800-336-8000) also offer convenient accommodations.



Top left: The Frank Phillips Mansion was built in 1909. Top right: Student dancers participate in the Bartlesville Community Center's "Arts Encounters" program. Above: A volunteer conducts a tour of the community center.

The Hotel Phillips's **Georgian Room** offers gourmet entrees for breakfast, lunch, and dinner daily in an elegant setting. Its Italian chef also prepares sumptuous Northern Italian specialties.

The **Cafe Mozart**, located in the Community Center, serves home-cooked soups, salad specialties, and dessert delicacies from 9:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.

The **Chatelain Supper Club** (in the Quarters, 4100 Adams Road, 335-1422) offers Continental cuisine and a fine Sunday buffet. The Ramada Inn's **Brittania Restaurant** features "sizzling" specialties prepared at your table.

Diners who want a little local color with their meal can't go wrong at **Marie's Steak House** (at the corner of Adams Boulevard and Silver Lake Road, 333-8700), where beef and catfish rule, and puri bread (a delicious fried bread) disappears by the basket.

Marie's and **McDuffy's** (2933 Southeast Frank Phillips Boulevard 335-2522) are popular watering holes and serve hot hors d'oeuvres with drinks. Almost next door to McDuffy's is **Dink's Pit Bar-B-Que** (2929 Southeast Frank Phillips Boulevard, 335-0606), which offers barbeque so tasty, it's said to be addictive.

The **Barbeque Place** (128 Washington Boulevard, 333-9803) also offers delicious barbeque and a little atmosphere for lunch and nighttime dining. The **China Garden** (3401 Southeast Frank Phillips Boulevard, 335-0022) serves hot, sweet, and spicy Mandarin and Szechuan specialties. Patrons say the Peking duck is well worth the effort of ordering a day in advance.

—Sallie Turcott



OK MOZART

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

Ransom Wilson, Artistic Director

Second Season • June 12-21, 1986

Featuring

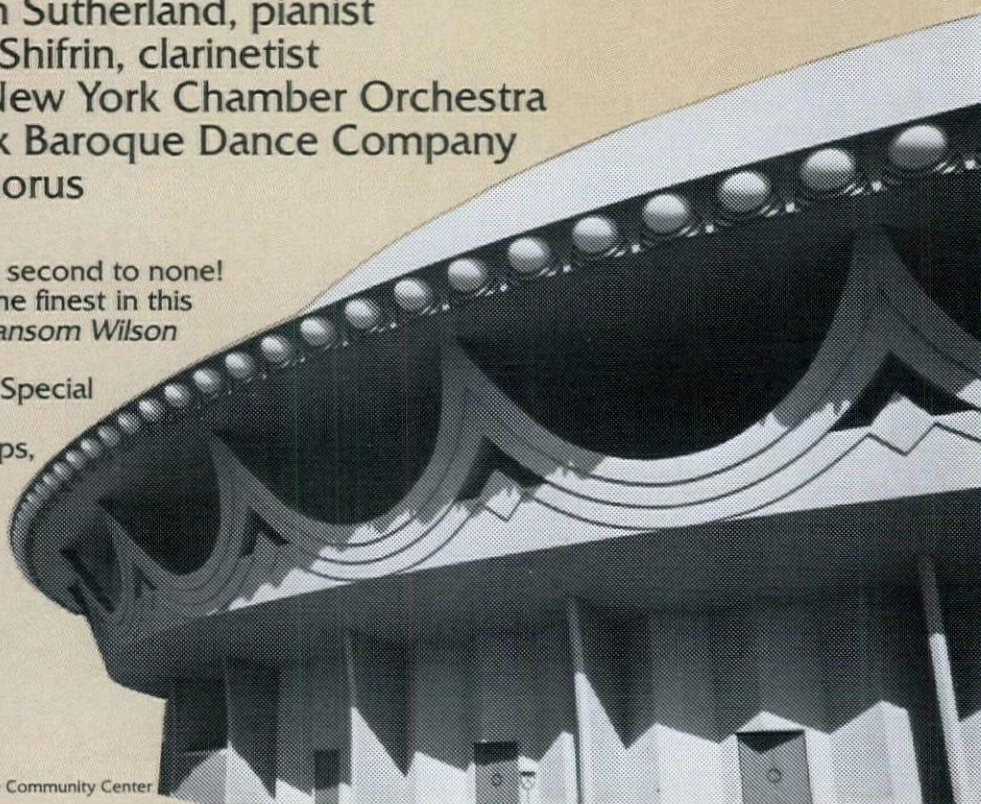
- Ransom Wilson, flutist/conductor
- Elmar Oliviera, violinist
- Nancy Allen, harpist
- David Jolley, hornist
- Robin Sutherland, pianist
- David Shifrin, clarinetist
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Bartlesville Community Center



Michael Frayn mixes
a stellar cast with
a play of ideas to
create a hit.

By David Kaufman

The Frayn Refrain

Last year, when his farce *Noises Off* was still the toast of Broadway, Michael Frayn "found" himself at a dinner party in New York. The woman next to him started talking about "this program on television I saw the other week about this Englishman going across Australia on a train." When he turned to her and suggested that *he* was that Englishman, she looked rather perplexed as she exclaimed, "Gosh! It was you. Sorry I didn't recognize you."

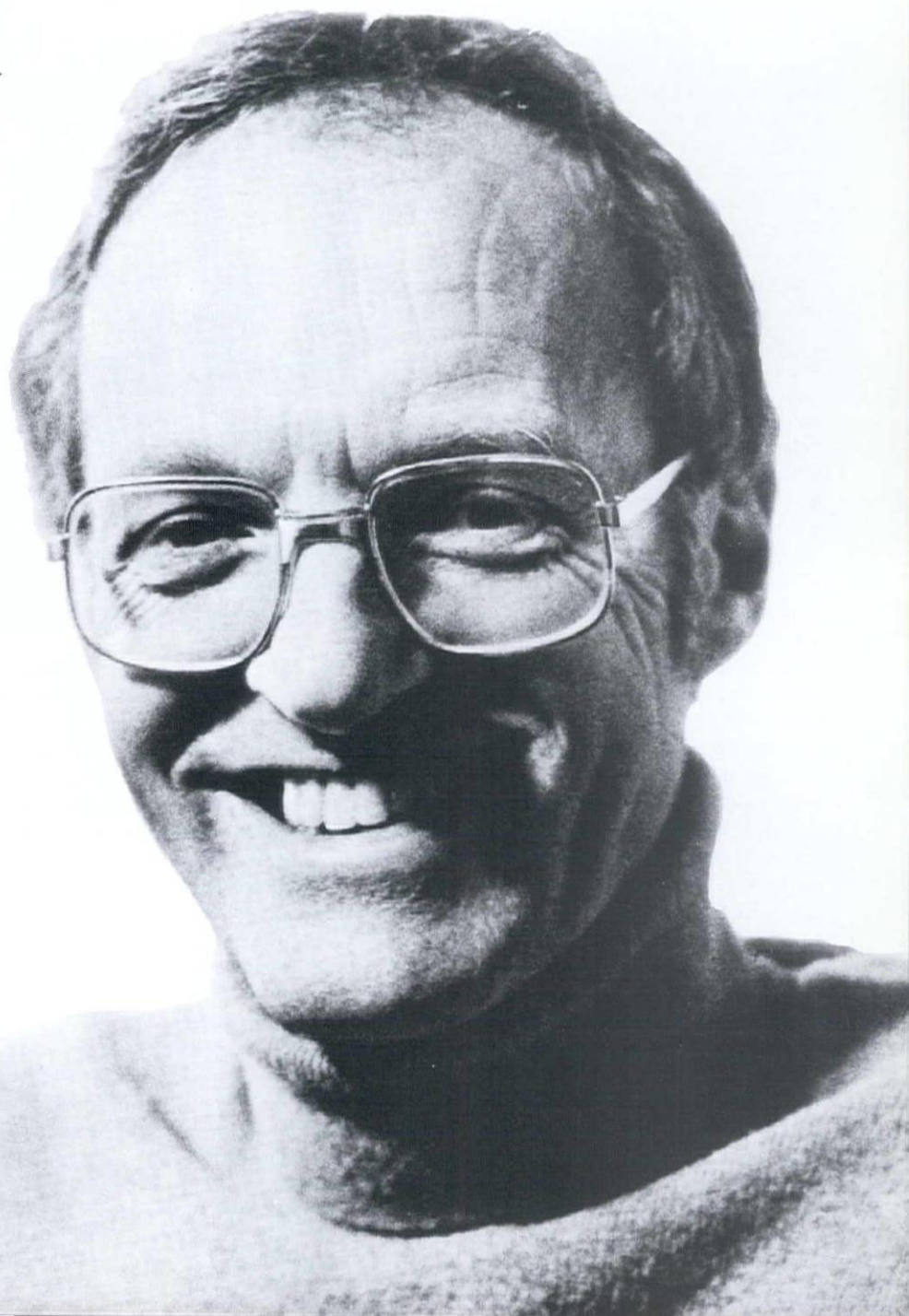
Michael Frayn is not exactly a household face or name—yet. An accomplished journalist, columnist, novelist, playwright, and scriptwriter in his native England, *Noises Off* was the first of his works to receive any substantial attention in the States. His newer work, *Benefactors*, was the critical hit of London's theatrical season after it opened there last year; and it went on to win three major British awards as Best Play of the Year in 1984.

"Surely the most provocative drama I have seen in years," responded John Simon to the British production. "Ingeniously constructed. . . , Mr. Frayn's new play is a bleak, icy, microcosmic exploration of such serious matters as the nature of good and evil, the price of political and psychological change and the relationship of individuals to the social state," explained Frank Rich, also in response to the British production.

During an extended period when critics on both sides of the Atlantic are bemoaning the lack of meaningful dramas, *Benefactors* emerges as the rarest of theatrical events—a thought-provoking play-of ideas—all the more remarkable since it works. With a stellar cast that includes Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and Simon Jones, the Broadway version is apt to advance Frayn's reputation considerably.

Although his modesty would probably incline

Playwright Michael Frayn is also an accomplished novelist, columnist, and scriptwriter.



him to disagree, Frayn himself is one of those increasingly rare individuals—a Renaissance writer. His range of work encompasses newspaper columns, novels, scripts, plays, and even a relatively recent book called *Constructions*, categorized as philosophy and described by Frayn as being “mostly about perception, but also about language and time.”

As he elaborates on the theme of *Constructions*, he could just as easily be discussing the motive behind most of his work. “It’s about the change in perceptions, the change of ideas which are often largely unnoticed by the people who have them. One can’t help thinking of oneself as a relatively stable element in a changing world. One thinks, well here I am with the ideas I’ve always had, and the world is changing around me. But if you could actually see yourself as you were on a day ten or twenty years ago, you might be surprised to find that you had very different ideas in your head, different things that you took for granted, different assumptions about the world.”

The fifty-two-year-old writer began his career as a reporter for the *Manchester Guardian* in 1957. Two years later, he started a “humor” column for the paper which appeared three times a week, a column he describes as having been “not totally unlike what Russell Baker, or Buchwald, does.” But his more detailed description reminds one even more of Armistead Maupin’s column for the *San Francisco Chronicle* (published as the popular *Tales of the City* collections).

According to Frayn, “I had a cast of characters who moved in and out of the column. Some were simply representations of politicians or advertising people. But there were two regular couples who were friends of each other. Christopher and Lavinia Crumble knew much more about the world than I did, and they had all these new ideas which they understood very quickly. They patronized me as they explained these ideas to me which they were amazed I hadn’t come across. They very kindly set me straight in the current thinking, whatever it was—sociology or television. And then there was this other couple, Horace and Doris Morris, who were far more stupid than me and knew even less than I did. I patronized them, in my turn, and kindly explained to them the ideas that the Crumbles had so kindly explained to me.

“I was very struck at the time by most of my friends identifying either with the Crumbles or the Morris and thinking suspiciously that I had based these characters on them. I was always very interested to see which friends identified with the Crumbles rather than the Morris.”



The original Broadway cast of *Noises Off* (left to right): Paxton Whitehead, Victor Garber, Amy Wright, and Linda Thorsen.

Frayn’s *Guardian* columns were subsequently collected and published in book form as *The Day of the Dog* and *Never Put Off to Gomorrah*. But after three years of maintaining the column, Frayn decided to pursue his ambitions as a novelist. As he explains it, “I just couldn’t do it if all the ideas and creative energy were disappearing into three funny columns a week.” So in 1962, he “shifted” to the *London Observer*, the Sunday paper, where he continued a column on a less rigorous schedule, or once a week, for the next six years, while he proceeded to write four novels: *The Tin Men*, *The Russian Interpreter*, *Towards the End of the Morning*, and *A Very Private Life*. (Frayn’s *Observer* columns were also collected and published in *On the Outskirts* and *At Bay in Gear Street*.)

Feeling that he had become “predictable,” Frayn

terminated his *Observer* column in 1968. But he simultaneously contracted with the *Observer* to write occasional pieces of “more serious reporting.” During the ensuing years, he wrote numerous articles, on Cuba, Japan, Sweden, Israel, and various other places. “Then I adapted that journalism for television, and over the last ten years I’ve made a series of films for television about a variety of places, sort of personal essays or what they call ‘presented documentaries,’ where one walks around looking to left and to right in some street in a historic city, talking apparently to oneself—in fact, to a camera—about the historical significance of what one is seeing.” It was a segment of the BBC’s “Great Train Journeys of the World” series that Frayn’s unwitting dinner companion had seen without realizing it was he.

A number of Frayn commentators consider an early journalism piece called “Business Worries” as one of the germinal ideas for *Noises Off*, his brilliant farce which focuses on a play-within-the-

There is no predicting what medium he will use next to convey his perception of the world.

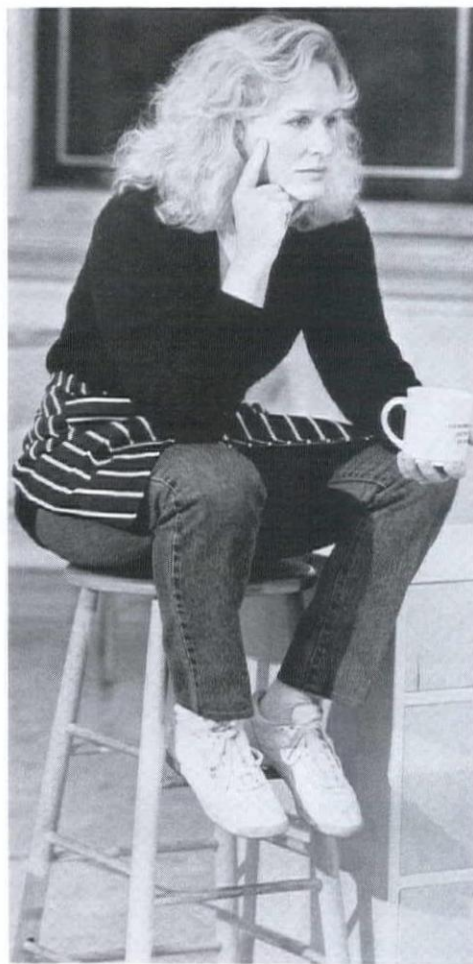
play called "Nothing On," and a hapless acting troupe for whom everything goes wrong. Frayn concurs, "Business Worries" was about the anxieties of the audience who become easily embarrassed by the prospect of things going wrong. At the time when I wrote it I had no interest in the theater whatsoever. In fact, I had less than no interest. I hated the theater. I hated going to it. And a lot of the pieces I wrote for the *Guardian* and the *Observer* were pieces sending up or putting on the theater, either parodying particular plays or writing about how awful it was to attend the theater in general.

"Well, with hindsight, I suppose I was resisting conversion. I was like someone that comes to mock the religious meeting because secretly they know that they want to find God, and they become converted in the course of attending the meeting."

Still in a humorous mood, Frayn traces his first dealings with theater back to when "I had been a remarkable Marc Antony in some grammar school production of *Julius Caesar*. It never transferred to the West End, though." In the early fifties, he "did a lot of 'review' in the army," where he also learned Russian as part of his training for intelligence purposes. That skill allows him to translate Chekhov and Tolstoy today, in adaptations which have been highly praised over the past few years.

Frayn's first work written for the stage was *The Two of Us*, a collection of four one-act plays premiering in 1970. (Five years later it enjoyed a brief American tour commending in Ogunquit, Maine and starring Lynne Redgrave.) Like his earlier newspaper columns, Frayn's first full-length play, *The Sandboy*, told its story by contrasting two couples, one fortunate and happy, the other unfortunate and miserable. Although there were nine intervening plays (only three of which came to the States: *Alphabetical Order* to New Haven, *Make and Break* to Washington, D.C., and the ubiquitous *Noises Off*), Frayn admits that *Benefactors* is "not the son of, but the grandson of, *The Sandboy*. In fact, I subsequently wrote another version of it called *Up*, which was never performed.

"But *The Sandboy* was much more static in conception than *Benefactors*," he continues. "It was about the difficulties the fortunate have in finding some philosophy which will encompass their fortune in the midst of the misfortune that they plainly see surrounds them. In *Benefactors*, I moved on to a slightly more dynamic idea about the mutual relationships between the fortunate and the unfortunate, and how they affect one another. It's also about the ambiguity of the notions of fortune and



Glenn Close stars as Jane Kitzinger, the strong, dutiful wife in Michael Frayn's *Benefactors*, which is currently running on Broadway.

misfortune, and about how what might seem like an attempt by the more fortunate to help the unfortunate might come to be the converse—that, in fact, it's the other way around, and it might be the people who are unfortunate who help the people who are fortunate. So it's gotten a bit more complex over the years."

On a simpler level, *Benefactors* is about David Kitzinger, a liberal, golden boy architect who is redesigning a slum area into a mass-housing project for the city of London (making him reminiscent of Phil, the city planner and main character in *The Sandboy*). His wife Jane is an anthropologist who initially helps David by interviewing the prospective tenants, before she goes to work for a housing agency which undermines David's plans. But the real complexity and the overlapping themes of

Benefactors are elicited by the Kitzinger's relationship with their less fortunate neighbors, Colin and Sheila Molyneux. On the premise that it will lift Sheila out of her housewife doldrums, Jane persuades David to hire her as a secretary. Though Sheila eventually falls in love with David without David reciprocating the feeling, and though Colin, who was a university friend of David's, effectively crusades to halt David's plans for the redevelopment project, those are the least of the complications which occur. *Benefactors* is mostly about reversals and alterations of perceptions and convictions.

As summarized by John Simon, "*Benefactors* is not about plot, but about ideas and counterideas, theories and countertheories held, consciously or unconsciously, by its four characters. Consciously or unconsciously, they help to hinder one another, never quite knowing which is, or will turn out to be, which."

Regarding the critics' reaction to the play, Frayn reports, "When it was first done in London some of the London reviews suggested it was just some kind of satire on the lifestyle of the middle classes, which seemed to me a rather stupid thing to say about the play."

Since he's a British playwright who has been neglected for the most part until recently in the States his admission that "the review written by the New York critics were far more interesting and perceptive about the play than the original reviews" is rather surprising.

Even more surprising is his willingness to confide that he learned things about the play from the critics. "There was a very remarkable review of it by John Simon which told me things about the play I hadn't quite seen myself. He got hold of what was going on in the play, and although I think he rightly criticized it by suggesting there was too much going on, still there's nothing more that could be said about the play than what John Simon said."

To return to the source, John Simon's review dated September 3, 1984: "Most plainly, *Benefactors* is about change, about how people, circumstances, and history change, or don't change, or both do and don't with everyone evaluating this differently, contradictorily, and being both right and wrong, though exactly how nobody knows—not the characters, not the audience, not the author. It is also a play about good and evil, about what people want or do not want, and about whether they have to be told what they want before they can start wanting it. It is about the way private and public issues intermesh and interact, about how there are at least two bedeviling sides to absolutely everything, about

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“There’s something a bit ‘dodgy’ about writing plays, isn’t there?”



©1985 Martha Swope

what (and whether) happiness is, and about the sadness or funniness of it all, if one only knew which. . . . Finally it is a play about everything, by a man who undertakes to be Heraclitus, Thomas Love Peacock, Shaw, Chekhov, and Anouilh; if he is a bit less good than any of them at his specialty, he is a match for all of them in this pentathlon.”

Despite the evidence that *Benefactors* is one of the more important plays to emerge in years, certain questions arise. Will an American audience, historically noted for preferring diversion to serious drama, welcome and patronize this play of ideas? According to Frayn, before the American cast was even assembled in early November, “We already made some changes, though they’re not very radical.” In what one construes as a concession for the American audience, “We very slightly shortened the play since we thought it was a little overlong in London.”

Clockwise from lower left: Glenn Close, Sam Waterson, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt portray the two couples in Benefactors.

But ultimately Frayn shares his uncertainty: “Several people have asked me how I think *Benefactors* will go in New York. I haven’t the faintest idea. I hadn’t the faintest idea how it would go in London either. All I can do is write the plays, and then these people, the producers, come into play. Their skill is to make some estimate as to how long a play will go and act on it.”

Then there’s the matter of what Frayn will do next. He wrote a new film, working title *Clockwise*, which was shot this summer under Christopher Martin’s “Jewel in the Crown” direction and has already had a successful sneak preview in London. He is currently at work on another film, but he’s only in the “very, very early stages of it” and un-

willing to jeopardize the mysterious creative reservoir by talking about it. (One notes incidentally that Steven Spielberg owns the rights to the film version of *Noises Off*, but there’s no further information available on its progress at this time.)

Like his work, for which he is well respected abroad and likely to become more celebrated in the States, Frayn is finally a paradox. There is no predicting what medium he will employ next to convey his message about change and perception to the world. “I don’t really have a preference for one form or another,” says Frayn in an adamant tone. “I feel quite helpless about it. Ideas come into one’s head and they always have stamped upon them the form they should take. Because that’s what the idea is. Because you suddenly see that you could say something about anything in a certain way, whether as a novel or as a play. And you don’t have any choice in the matter. But I wish I did. I mean I feel very stupid about it.”

And then, without missing a beat, he subtly contradicts himself, “I would very much like to write more novels actually. I feel bereft that the ideas that have come to me in the last ten years or so have been ideas for plays and not ideas for novels. I mean there’s something respectable about writing novels. I think well brought-up citizens write novels, not plays. There’s something a bit ‘dodgy’ about writing plays, isn’t there?”

But within less than ten minutes of such strong remarks, speaks of an admiration for the process of theater. “I suppose when I went into the theater I went into it with a slightly patronizing attitude, thinking that actors were people who had terrible personality problems; and that directors and actors, between them, were likely to destroy a writer’s work. Now having worked with actors and directors for a long time, I have a completely different perception of it. The more I see actors at work, the less I can understand the courage and the spontaneity they have in going on to do the performance. So my view of the theater has changed absolutely the other way around. I’m more and more amazed by the skills that it involves.”

Frayn ends his interview on a paradoxical if sensible note: “When working goes well, it’s ridiculous one should be paid for it—it’s such an immense pleasure. When it goes badly, one earns every penny of the royalties. So it’s really back-to-front. One really earns the money the days one is doing it badly.” □

David Kaufman writes frequently about theater for several publications. He is also the theater editor and critic for the Aquarian Arts Weekly.

Mr. Tap



Tap dancing is more than just a career for Maurice Hines—it's his life.

By Peter Buckley

If, in the summer of 1956, you had gone to Harlem's legendary Apollo to see the equally legendary Ruth Brown, you would have found that the supporting bill listed a couple of dancing dynamos called the Hines Kids. I went, I saw, and although I don't remember seeing the duo Hines, Maurice Hines assures me I did, and he should know, since he and his younger brother Gregory were tapping the bill that summer. But I was there to check out Miss Ruth Brown, and I wasn't much into tap. Back in the 1950s, nobody was.

"Tap went right out of fashion in the fifties," says Maurice. "and that meant that we were out of work. But for Gregory and me, that gave us the chance to have an almost normal childhood in Brooklyn, and it taught me the street smarts that I live by to this day—that and my dancing, of course."

Tap, in or out of fashion, is Maurice's life and

Maurice Hines in rehearsal for his Broadway-style musical, Uptown . . . It's Hot!

has been for thirty-seven of his forty-one years. He loves it, talks it, lives it, and *is* Mr. Tap. It was that way even in the years when he was selling shirts, which is where he found himself some fifteen years ago when Gregory decided that he'd outgrown the act—which by that time included their father as a drummer and was known as Hines, Hines & Dad—and wanted to go out on his own.

"We had done everything together as a team, and when we broke up, I just didn't know what to do. I got a job selling shirts, just trying to survive like everybody else. And it was important to me to get out into the real world. Up until that time, all I knew were blocks of people like the audience or other performers, but I didn't know anything about the real world, and selling shirts, you get to know real

people real well real quick.”

It was also the first time in his life that Maurice wasn't working with his body, and as his confidence in himself dwindled, his weight ballooned up to 225 pounds. “I was totally at a loss of what to do and completely out of shape. And then I started studying with Frank Hatchett, and he completely redesigned my body and my mind. It took five years of going to class every day, and when I thought I was ready, I put together a showcase at that little club that used to be here in New York—Reno Sweeney's.

“I'll never forget that night. I'd never been on stage without my brother, and I was so scared, I couldn't even remember my second song. I was only out there for three numbers, and I couldn't even remember the second one, so I started talking and the audience started laughing. I'd never been funny before. Gregory was always the funny one, and suddenly I was the performer. I *loved* it.”

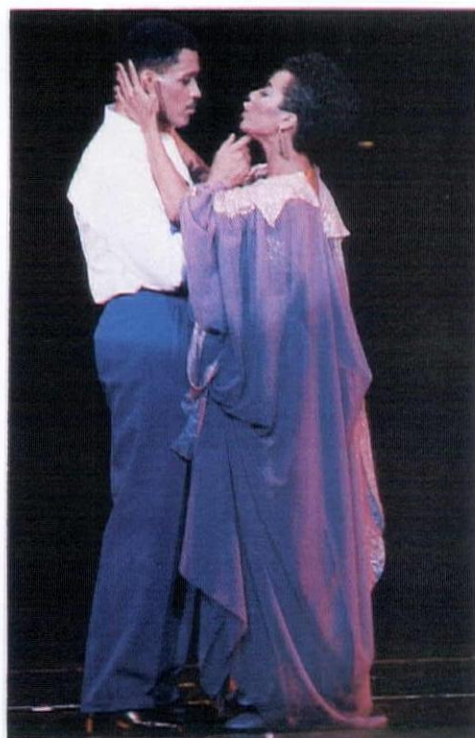
Maurice admits that he wasn't an instant success by any means, but through trial and error in the clubs around Manhattan, he honed his craft until he had the confidence to audition for the theater. On his second try, he auditioned for a road company of *Guys and Dolls* and (to his amazement) was cast as Nathan Detroit opposite Debbie Allen. “Let me tell you, I was spectacular! I learned the show in a day and a half; and on opening night in Saint Louis, I was so nervous, I don't even know what I did, but I was smoking!”

Eubie, a musical tribute to the late Eubie Blake, came soon after and reunited the Hines brothers onstage. “When we previewed the show in Philadelphia, at the end of our first tap number together, Gregory and I just looked at each other and started hugging and kissing. It wasn't planned or anything, because another number was supposed to start right away, but we hadn't danced together in so long, and it was so emotional, that we just did it naturally. Of course, they kept it in the show because the audiences loved it.”

That same scene, more or less intact, provides one of the more moving moments in Francis Coppola's *Cotton Club*. In an otherwise busy but lifeless film, it's the one scene that seems real, perhaps because it is real. “That film was cut a lot, you know—about forty minutes, most of it us. Originally, the story was equally balanced black and white, with the Cotton Club at the center, but, with all of the singing and dancing and our emotional roles, we outweighed the movie. To be frank, we didn't know about the problem until we were snatching the show, and they didn't want a black movie. So we disappeared, and in the end, it wasn't



"Tap went right out of fashion in the fifties, and that meant we were out of work."



Uptown . . . It's Hot! dancers jitterbug to Count Basie's "Jumpin' at the Woodside" (left) and slow down for "Stormy Weather" (above) in the musical that celebrates the contributions of black and Hispanic performers. Top: Maurice Hines (center) with the male cast members.

about the Cotton Club after all. They should have renamed it *The Mob* or something. Still, it was a joy to do, and our on-screen emotional reunion brought back all the old good feelings."

In spite of their on-screen and onstage reunion—and an obvious closeness that exists between them—Maurice is following a very different professional path from his younger brother. While Gregory is currently on view trading quick steps with Mikhail Baryshnikov in *White Nights* and filming a comedy (*Running Scared*) with Billy Crystal, Maurice has little interest in pursuing a movie career.

"I don't like the movie mentality—all the sitting around. The first month I was on the set, I was Gregory's brother, so right after we did our big breakup scene, all of a sudden everybody knows my name and they're trying to bring me coffee. That's the wrong time. I got my coffee yesterday and it's the same coffee. I don't need a chair with my name on it. The movie world has everything to do with all that outside *stuff* and nothing to do with work."



"My whole life has been geared to pleasing an audience, and what I like, they like."



Giuseppe Bergami

The "work" that most occupies Maurice's time these days is twofold: his new dance company, Balletap U.S.A., and his revue, *Uptown . . . It's Hot!* The former started by accident soon after *Sophisticated Ladies* (in which he replaced Gregory) closed. "I was fooling around in the studio one day, tapping to the music of Al Jereau, and one of the dancers looked in and said, 'Gee, I didn't know you could tap to that kind of music.' So I tried to show him the style I do. It's close to the ground and enlarges the vocabulary so you can dance to any kind of tempo and not just the old Busby Berkeley style, which is limiting because it's all on the toes. So the dancer came in and I showed him how to do it. By the end of the week, I had nine dancers, so I thought to myself, This is working and nobody's doing a company like this, so why

Maurice (left) and Gregory Hines in a scene from *The Cotton Club*. Above: Maurice Hines.

not give it a shot?"

Two years ago, Maurice and Mercedes Ellington formed Balletap U.S.A. and with a company of twelve dancers opened in April 1984 at Philadelphia's Academy of Music. "We tap to everything from Erroll Garner to Duke Ellington's version of *Peter and the Wolf*, and the critics and the audiences seem to go for it. We usually stay for three nights, sometimes a week, and go everywhere—the University of Massachusetts, Omaha, Chicago; wherever they want us."

For years, Maurice had been thinking about doing a tribute to the great black performers of the twentieth century. "It's probably because of my

grandmother. She's in her eighties now, but she was an original Cotton Club show girl, and when we were kids, she'd talk about all the great people she knew—Florence Mills, John Bubbles, the Nicholas Brothers. But when I started touring around, I found so many—especially the black kids—didn't know who these people were. Some of them didn't even know Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters—even Lena Horne. I was flabbergasted. They seemed to be losing their history, so I thought that if I ever got a chance, I'd put together a tribute to some of the greats."

The chance came last spring, when producer Allen Spivak and Larry Magid asked Maurice to come up with a big revue for the Tropicana in Atlantic City. The result, *Uptown . . . It's Hot!*—a live, multimedia, action-packed, nonstop revue of black music from Louis Armstrong to Tina Turner—opened without much expectation on July 3 and quickly became the summer hot ticket along the Boardwalk. "It was all word-of-mouth, because they didn't think it was going to be all that successful, but in no time, they were turning away over two hundred from a seventeen-hundred-seat house. And on Monday night yet. Atlantic City is the hardest place to entertain—more demanding than Broadway, because they just don't want to sit there that long. They want to get back to the tables, and after an hour, they're gone. They used to walk out on Wayne Newton, Diana Ross, I don't care. But I've kept them. My whole life has been geared to pleasing an audience, and what I like, they like. And if I'm bored, I leave, so I don't blame them for doing it too."

Maurice hopes to bring the show to Washington; Philadelphia; Detroit; Chicago; and, by spring, to New York. But not to Broadway. "The tickets there are too expensive, and that's insulting to an audience. Where this show belongs is in the Apollo, and that's where I'm aiming."

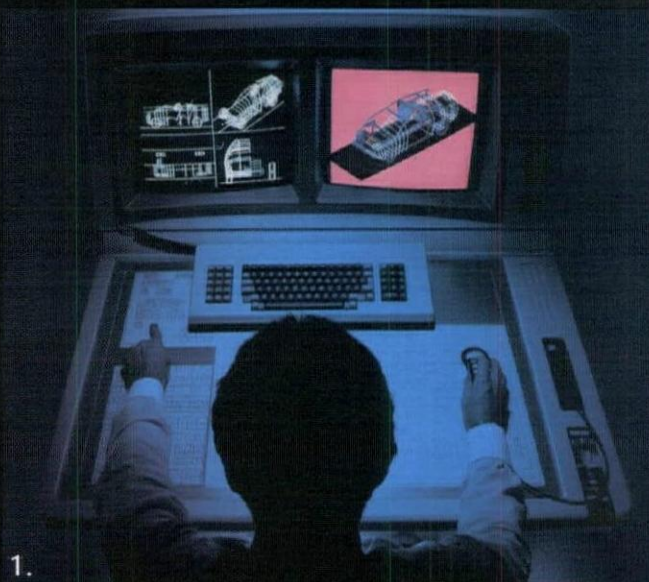
When he's not touring, the bachelor lives in a Manhattan duplex—but the stage is Hines's true home. And, he's making the most of it.

"Right now, I'm at my peak as a working dancer, and I figure I've got six more years while my legs are there; but Balletap was the first time I choreographed for others, and that prepared me for *Uptown*, and my life right now is with those young dancers. They're inspiring me. I'm discovering myself at forty-one, and to feel like a little kid is amazing." □

Peter Buckley writes about theater for HORIZON and other national publications. He is also a contributing editor to Vanity Fair.

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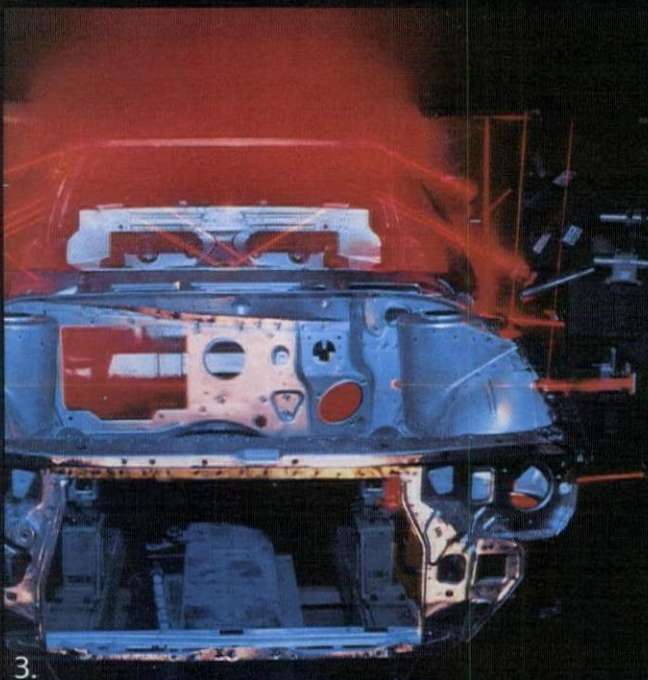
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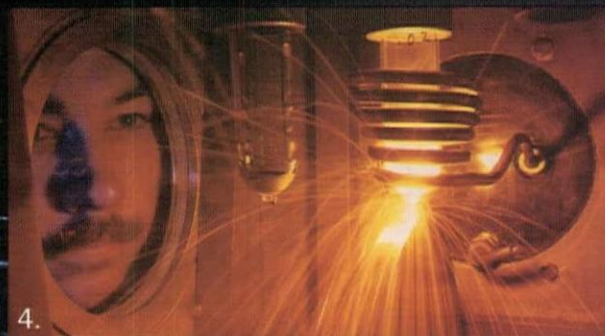
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Roundtable



Clockwise from left (all photos, left to right): Carole Southall, Robert Herring, Rita Moreno, Philip P. Puschel, and Moira Bennett; Robert Macdonald and Samuel T. Burneson; Morgen Rasmussen and Michele le Menestrel; Sheila Walker and Jan Miner; the El Rio Grande Restaurant.

International Cultural Relations

"I can't wait to do it again. The choice of people was truly interesting and stimulating. It was just great, great fun. I think it is an inspired idea." These words of praise are from actress **Rita Moreno**, who attended the most recent Roundtable luncheon. A tribute to the culturally rich nation of Mexico and to *HORIZON's* special section on the country in the May 1985 issue, it was held at New York's elegant El Rio Grande Restaurant. Hosted by *HORIZON* publisher **Gray Boone**, Roundtable luncheons have been forging bridges between the arts and business worlds for nearly two years—providing a unique opportunity for representatives from these spheres to meet and discuss issues pertinent to both.

Moira Bennett, development director of the

Aldeburgh Festival in England, echoes that philosophy. She says, "In the course of these freewheeling conversations, it is interesting to observe that arts and business people are generally fascinated with and admiring of one another." She notes that she knows of very few forums where people from the arts and business worlds talk freely and openly with one another, something **Philip P. Puschel** (president and chief executive officer of F. Schumacher and Co.) calls "cross-pollination."

The topic of international cultural relations and American corporate support dominated the luncheon discussions. **Michele le Menestrel**, founder of the Friends of Vieilles Maisons Francaises, says, "American corporations supporting international arts projects and preservation efforts (such as in France) improve their image by protecting the roots from the past—not just the stones, but the art of the craftsmen who created these historic structures . . . the moral values related to them and the style of life."

Carole Southall, owner of the Southall Group and appeal director for the Aldeburgh Festival, comments, "While corporate commercial sponsor-

ship is common in the United Kingdom, it has certainly not reached the mega-proportions of American involvement."

Other guests from the arts and business worlds who attended the luncheon were **Sheila Walker** of McCaffrey and McCall; **Margize Howell**, curator for the Donaldson, Lufkin, and Jenrette Collection; **Morgen Rasmussen**, vice-president of public affairs and development for the Wolf Trap Foundation; actress **Jan Miner**, currently starring Off-Broadway in *Gertrude Stein and a Companion*; **Robert Macdonald**, director of the Museum of the City of New York; **Maria Luz Longria**, consul at the Consulate of Mexico; **Robert Herring**, executive vice-president and director of advertising for F. Schumacher and Co.; **Marvin Pertont**, public-relations director for Krystal Hotels; **Samuel T. Burneson**, senior vice-president, Donaldson, Lufkin, and Jenrette; **Etell Wachs** of Krystal Hotels; **George Soter**, vice-president, creative, for Lord Geller Federico Einstein; **Dr. Leonard Gordon**, Rita Moreno's husband; and **Samuel Garrido**, the deputy consul general of Mexico; and associate publisher of *HORIZON* **John-Peter Hayden, Jr.** □

Cross Country

Art

At Home with Picasso

What does an heir to Picasso, one of the most prolific artists of the twentieth century, do with all that art? The artist's granddaughter had an idea. Marina Picasso has lent over 150 paintings, ceramics, drawings, and graphics (spanning his entire career) from her private collection to the Center for the Fine Arts in Miami. "Picasso at Work/At Home" will be on view exclusively at the Miami museum through March 9 and marks the first time these works have ever been shown in the United States.

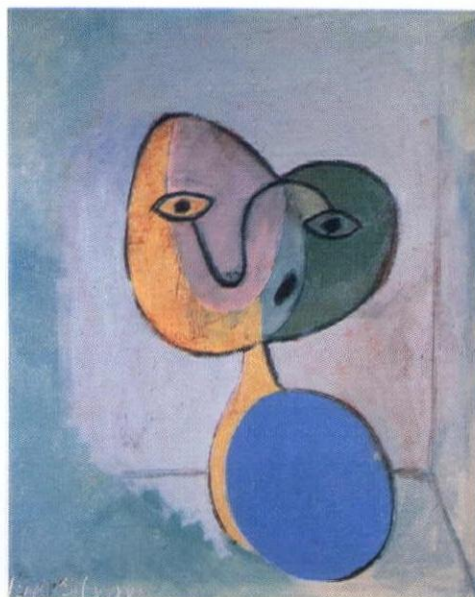
Also on view at the museum (just until January 19) is "Picasso: Linoleum Cuts from the Metropolitan Museum of Art," an exhibition of the artist's linoleum-block prints. The 70 works show how Picasso used the blocks first for posters, then later for other works such as portraits and still lifes. Both Picasso exhibitions are sponsored by the law firm of Shutts and Bowen, Southern Bell, Equitable Life Assurance Society, Pan American Banks, and NCNB National Bank—a corporate partnership that creates a one-of-a-kind "Picasso in Miami" extravaganza.

Fort Lauderdale Art

The new \$7.5-million Museum of Art in Fort Lauderdale officially opens January 18 with an exhibition of the most important artists of postwar American art—"An American Renaissance: Painting and Sculpture since 1940." The outdoor Sculpture Terrace opened earlier this year with the exhibition "With a Little Help from Our Friends." Large-scale sculptures by Anthony Caro, Barbara Hepworth, Jacques Lipchitz, and James Rosati, among others, are still on display. There will also be some interesting series to complement the museum, beginning with the Fall Lecture Series (in which art critics and historians from around the country will speak on art). Robert Hughes, art critic for *Time* magazine; Barbara Rose, contributing editor of *Vogue* magazine; and artist Vito Acconci will be among the guest speakers.

It's in the Genes

The Wyeth family just can't help producing great artists. For three generations, Americans have been touched by paintings that have that unmistakable Wyeth stamp. Now, the Arnot Art Museum in Elmira, New York, offers a rare opportunity to



Bust of a Woman (1936) by Pablo Picasso, now on view at the Center for Fine Arts in Miami.

compare and contrast the work of N. C. Wyeth, his son Andrew Wyeth, and grandson Jamie Wyeth in an exhibition through February 23. "The Wyeths: Three Generations of American Artists" exemplifies the special sense of place all three painters are known for, particularly in works depicting Maine and Pennsylvania. This exhibit, underwritten by the Chemung Canal Trust Company of Elmira, will not travel, so if you're in the area, be sure to stop by. N. C. Wyeth's paintings from the *Last of the Mohicans* alone will make it a trip well worth your while.

Film

Burstyn on the Scene

"One reason I wanted to do *Twice in a Lifetime*," says Ellen Burstyn of the film opening nationally this month "is that it allowed me to play a woman who experiences real growth. She's one of those women in her forties or fifties who has invested all her energies in a marriage, and then when her husband (Gene Hackman) leaves her for someone else (Ann-Margret), she is faced with the problem of what to do. She can either fall apart or she can pick herself up, dust herself off, and go on with her life. Screenwriter Colin Welland and director Bud Yorkin wanted to explore the second option—to show that the end of a marriage is not the end of

the world, to show how it spurs the woman to become more of a person in her own right."

While rehearsing the film, Burstyn (who won an Oscar for playing another woman-coming-into-her-own in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*) found ways to make her character "less forgiving and stronger" than had originally been the case. "For example, I came up with the idea that she talk about enrolling in a computer course." The character also becomes more physically attractive after she is dumped. "Usually," Burstyn laughs, "I get in shape before a film. Here, I was out of shape at the beginning and then, through dieting and working out, lost fifteen pounds during the shooting, as the character paid more attention to her appearance."

—Donald Chase

Music

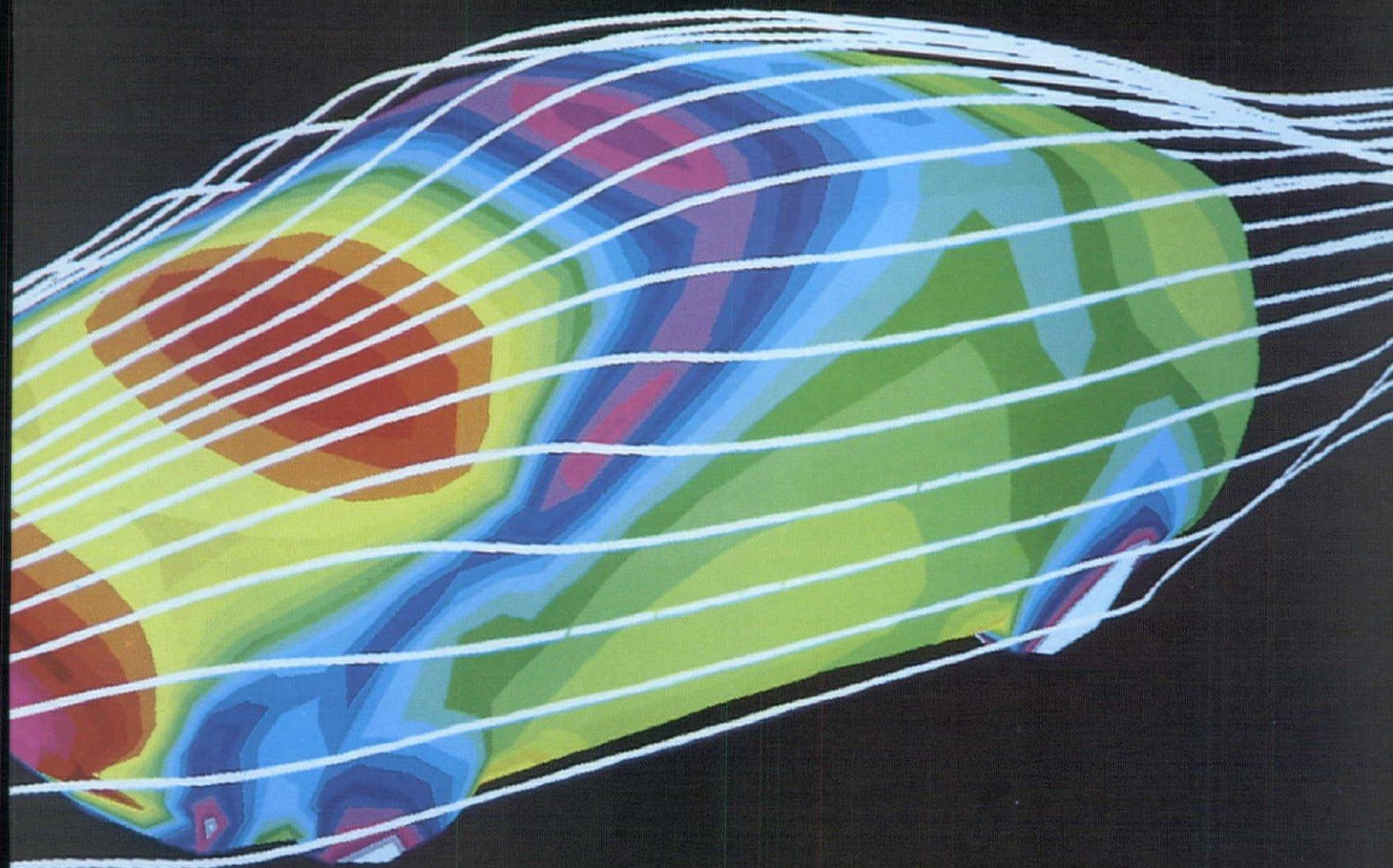
Wild Things Rumpus

Where the Wild Things Are is an opera for everyone—including children! Maurice Sendak's famous story of a naughty boy sent to bed without his supper has been translated into a fantasy opera, which had its American premiere in Saint Paul's Ordway Theatre in September. The Minnesota Opera Company and the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, in Pinchas Zukerman's opera-conducting debut, mounted the production. Oliver Knussen, a thirty-three-year-old dynamo from Glasgow, composed the music for the opera—collaborating with Sendak, who wrote the lyrics.

The forty-five-minute *Wild Things* was preceded by the forty-minute American premiere of another Sendak book, *Higglety Pigglety Pop!*, again with music by Knussen, libretto by Sendak, sans set. Knussen also conducted this opera, which starred Mary King and Camille Rosso. It whetted your appetite for the *Wild Things* to come.

Karen Beardsley, who appeared in the original Glyndebourne production of *Wild Things*, starred as the willful child Max, who wears a white wolf's suit. Her performance was simply superb—she was totally believable as a young boy. She gets an A for singing and an A for athletic ability as well. As Max, she is all over the stage—rolling on the floor, jumping on the bed, bending backward over the boat. She is naughty!

After young Max's mother (also played by King) sends him to bed without supper for being a bad boy, Max's thoughts turn to revenge. His imagination takes over, and the wonderful sets designed by Sendak come alive. The bed sprouts trees, a sea



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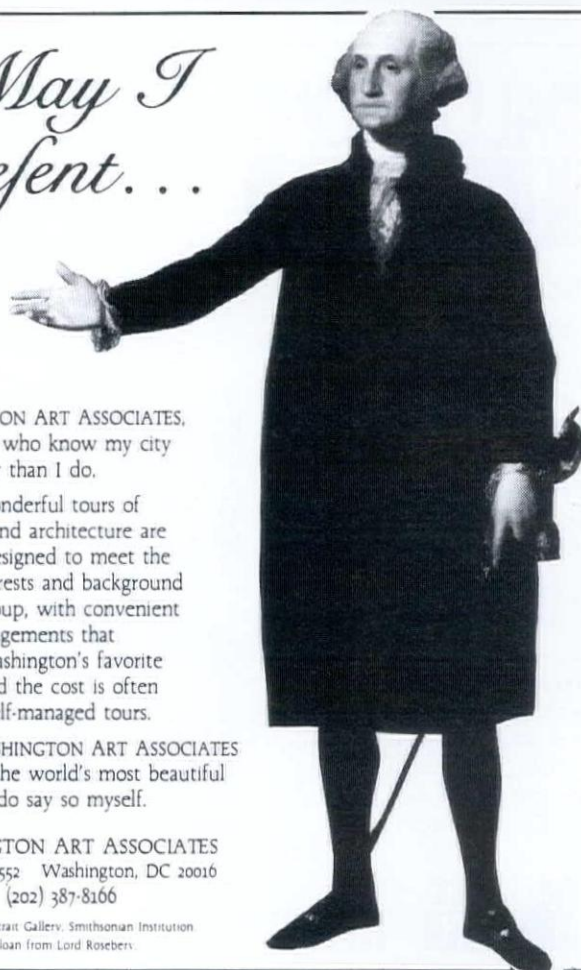
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circa 1835

Cross Country

of smoke covers the floor, a boat floats in. E the Wild Things—giant, nine-foot creatures (created by Sendak).

Constructed in England especially for American premiere, the creatures' eyes, noses, horns were radio manipulated by controllers sit in the audience; the actors inside the bod members of the Heart of the Beast Puppet Thea also operated parts of the monsters. A singer each Wild Thing performed from the orche pit—a masterful collaboration, resulting in the cl and lovable Wild Things.

Throughout this lively opera, children in the dience openly, and sometimes loudly, express tl wonderment. This is not to be minded indeed is a part of the whole experience itself.

If you weren't lucky enough to see the Minnes Opera production of *Where the Wild Things A* Beardsley reprises her role as Max this summe Glyndebourne and again this fall when the Ly Opera of Kansas City mounts its production of opera. Don't miss it!

Reading Opera

The Opera Omaha Festival season opens Janu: 22 with Puccini's *Turandot*—but with a decide: new twist. While *Turandot* is being sung in Itali a new electronic subtitling system will present opera in English to the audience. The system v project the English translation in white letters a long, black screen above the stage. This n technique, also used by other opera companies st as the New York City Opera, will be used ag: in Omaha with the presentation of Donizetti's *Lu di Lammermoor* on March 5, 7, and 9.

Dance

Ohio's New York

The Ohio Ballet brings its New York to New Yor On February 18 the renowned ballet company h its Manhattan debut at the Joyce Theatre with pe formances involving New York artists. Ellen Kog: will make a guest appearance as a solo dancer, pe forming *Tristeza*, by Ohio Ballet's artistic direct Heinz Poll. Also, Laura Dean has choreograph a work for the company, *Patterns of Chang* Molissa Fenley has created a work to a commi sioned score by Julius Eastman. On top of all tha the company will perform a Balanchine work to Tchaikovsky score played by duo pianists.

The Ohio Ballet was the first company to pe form *Untitled* other than Pilobolus itself, and th work will be featured as well. Four works by th company's own Heinz Poll round out the two pro grams, which will run every day from February 1 through February 23.

Cross Country



ren Beardsley and two creatures in the Minnesota
era's Where the Wild Things Are.

Television

A Stroll Down Memory Lane

BS rolls up the rug and goes rock 'n roll when ree teen idols from "American Bandstand" perm together. Last summer at Wolf Trap, veteran ick and pop promoter Dick Fox put together the lents of Frankie Avalon, Bobby Rydell, and Fa-an. "Dick Fox's Golden Boys of Bandstand" was ped and will be aired on PBS's "On Stage at Wolf rap," hosted by Beverly Sills, on January 29 (check cal listings). Bobby Rydell thrills the crowd with Wild One" and "Volare"; Fabian sings "Turn Me oose" and "Like a Tiger"; and beach-movie king rankie Avalon sings "De De Dinah" and "Venus." o, polish your saddle shoes and roll down your obby socks—you're in for an unforgettable evening.

Etcetera

Saint Paul Ice Palace

rom snow castles in Switzerland to intricately etailed pagodas in Japan, ice has been used for enturies to build architectural masterpieces that porize with the first glimpse of spring. Not a ommon art form in America, the ice palace ssumes a splendid form in the city of Saint Paul. or the second time in a century, a glittering marvel f ice takes shape in the Minnesota capital for the aint Paul Winter Carnival.

The first ice palace was the centerpiece of the 886 inaugural festival, a colossal ice palace, com-lete with a skating rink, curling, and an encamp-

ment of Sioux Indians within the palace walls.

One hundred years later—and barring any unplea-sant spells of warm weather—a fifteen-story, centen-nial ice palace will once again demonstrate Saint Paul's knack for celebrating the cold in style.

Three shifts of workers will cut fifty-five thou-sand ice blocks from the frozen Lake Phalen on the east side of the city. Each block will measure fourteen by twenty-four by forty-two feet and weigh over four hundred pounds. The palace will be erect-ed according to plans submitted by the architectural firm Ellerbe Associates (of Bloomington, Min-nesota), winner of a statewide design competition. And because ice has little in common with modern building materials, medieval construction tech-niques must be used to raise the glittering palace.

At its base, the palace will spread out over a quarter of a city block and accommodate twenty thousand people at a time. With spires shooting almost 150 feet into the sky, it will beat the local record for altitude held by the Arabic fairy castle of the 1888 winter carnival. Outside the modern palace, a labyrinth of ice will wind its way to a giant ice head, jaws embedded in the lake. Colored lights and a toboggan slide will add to the festivities, which will run from January 22 through February 9.

—Jim Thornton



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Exhibitions

NORTH

Dayton Art Institute, "For the Floor," January 18 through March 9. Forty-eight handmade rugs designed by artists from Australia, Denmark, England, India, Japan, Sweden, and the United States. All pieces are functional and were selected for their innovative designs.

Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York City), "Francois Boucher," February 22 through May 4. Portraits, landscape and pastoral subjects, religious and mythological compositions, chinoiserie, and genre scenes by Boucher represent the quality of French art during the reign of Louis XV. Related drawings, prints, tapestries, and porcelains illustrate his influence upon the decorative arts.

Museum of the City of New York, "Saving Faces: Collecting Images of Broadway's Brightest," through March 17. This exhibit focuses on recent acquisitions of the theater collection of important performers. Featured are Richard Barthe's terracotta portrait of Rose McClendon, John Singer Sargent's painting of Ethel Barrymore, and Victor Hecht's life-size portrait of Otis Skinner.

New York Open Center (Soho, New York), "Conscious Evolution: The World at One," through January 20. Featuring the work of Angela Manno, this exhibit focuses on a new body of work in mixed media, which combines batik painting and color xerography to present images of earth as seen from outer space.

SOUTH

Huntington Museum (Huntington, West Virginia), "Bob Timberlake," through January 26. More than twenty-five works by American realist Bob Timberlake, including the popular *Christmas After Christmas*.

Walt Disney World Epcot Center (Lake Buena Vista, Florida), "Feather on the Wind—The Art of Japanese Kites," through summer of 1986. Located in the Bijutsu-Kan gallery of the Japan showcase, this exhibit features handmade kites from over a dozen regions in Japan. These include colorful, unusual kites, some even smaller than a credit card.

CENTRAL

Joslyn Art Museum (Omaha, Nebraska), "Dutch Masterworks From the Bredis Museum: A Connoisseur's Collection," January 25 through March 9. Drawn from the extensive collection of Abraham Bredis, the Rembrandt scholar and art historian,



One of the colorful contemporary kites displayed in the Bijutsu-Kan gallery at the Epcot Center. Kite making is an ancient Japanese tradition, holding its own today.

this exhibit offers a view of the Golden Age of Dutch art and features works by Rembrandt, Aelbert Cuyp, and Jan Steen.

Walker Art Center (Minneapolis), "Selections from the Ileana and Michael Sonnabend Collection: Works from the 1950s and 1960s," through March 9. Major works by seminal artists from 1954 to 1968, including Robert Rauschenberg's *Hymnal*, Jasper Johns's *Gray Target*, Roy Lichtenstein's *Little Aloha*, Andy Warhol's *Campbell's Soup Can*, and Christo's *Le Diable*.

EAST

Museum of Art (Providence, Rhode Island), "The Eden of America: Rhode Island Landscapes, 1820-1920," January 24 through April 27. A celebration of Rhode Island's 350th anniversary begins with this exhibition of American landscape painting concerning the state. Early topographical painters, the luminists, the American Barbizon artists, and American impressionists are featured with approximately fifty works. Such artists as John Kensett, Martin Johnson Heade, Edward Mitchell Bannister, John LaFarge, and Childe Hassam are included.

National Gallery of Art (Washington, D.C.), "The New Painting: Impressionism, 1874-1886," January 17 through April 6. One hundred and fifty French impressionist paintings, including works by

Cézanne, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Cals, and Rouau represent the eight controversial and legendary Paris exhibitions between 1874 and 1886. This exhibit inaugurates the new suite of daylight galleries recently completed. The show travels to San Francisco.

WEST

Amon Carter Museum (Fort Worth, Texas), "Enduring Grace: The Photographs of Lau Gilpin," January 24 through April 13. The Amon Carter Museum celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with this exhibition featuring the portrait landscapes, and still lifes representing Southwestern life. Drawn from a collection of 20,000 prints and 27,000 negatives bequeathed to the Amon Carter Museum upon Gilpin's death, the exhibit explores the Indian past as well as the native culture of the present. The show travels to New York, Denver, Saint Louis, Santa Fe, and Tucson.

Santa Barbara Museum of Art, "The Elegant Brush: Chinese Painting Under the Qianlong Emperor, 1735-1795," February 11 through March 30. One hundred paintings from the reign of Qianlong, fourth emperor of the Manchu dynasty will be displayed. The paintings, which appear on silk, paper, scrolls, and albums represent the work of scholars, court artists, and even a Jesuit missionary, Guiseppe Castiglione. The show travels to New York and Hong Kong.