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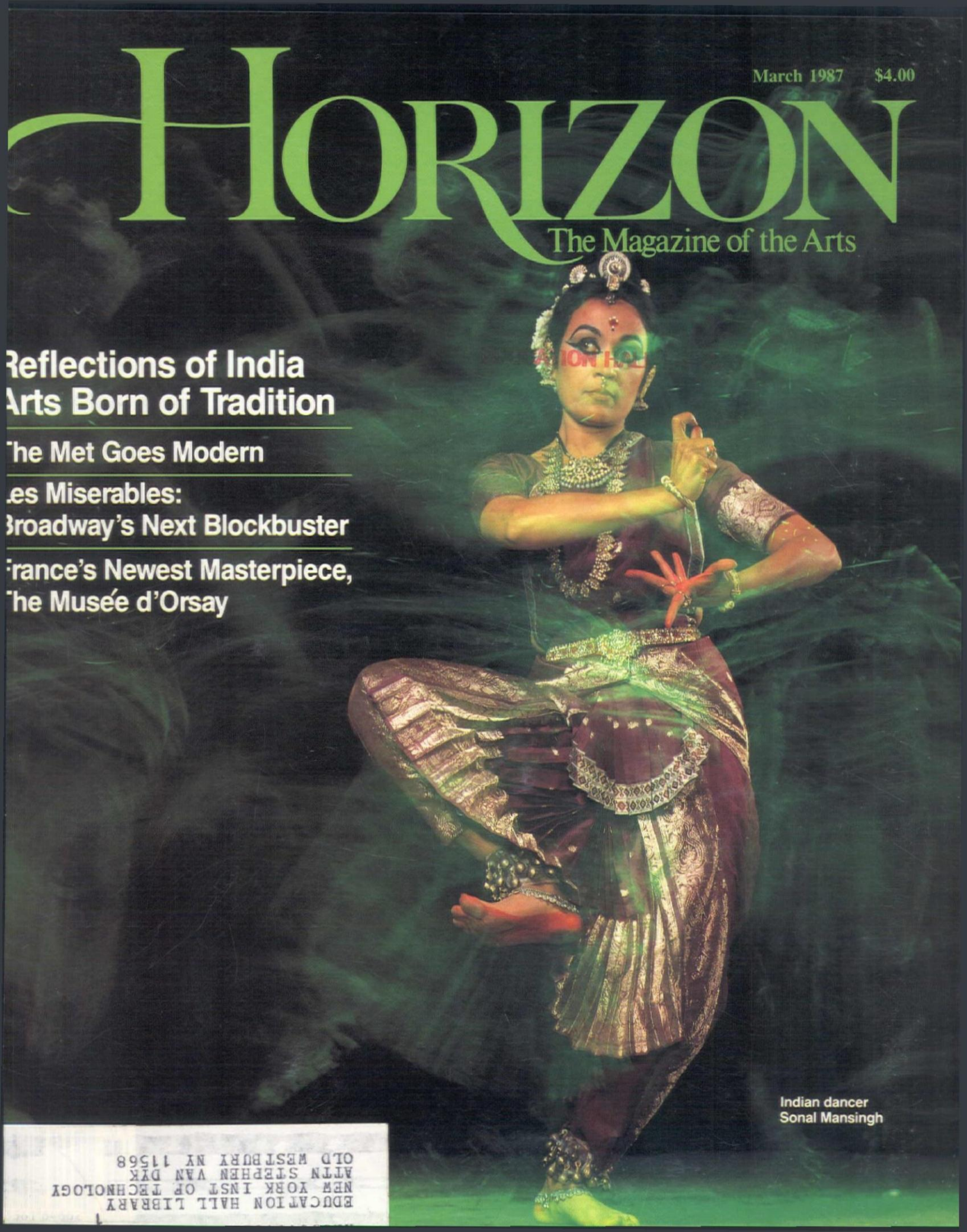
The Magazine of the Arts

## Reflections of India
## Arts Born of Tradition

## The Met Goes Modern

## Les Miserables:
## Broadway's Next Blockbuster

## France's Newest Masterpiece,
## The Musée d'Orsay



Indian dancer
Sonal Mansingh

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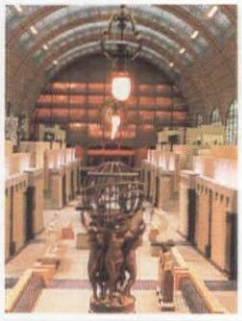

# HORIZON

*Volume 30* *Number 2* *March 1987*


*Cover: Indian dancer Sonal Mansingh. Read about her in our special section on India, between pages 16 and 33.*

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# Passage to India

Reflections of India: The title of our travel section this month has literally dozens of meanings for me and everyone who has traveled the country in recent years. It is that mesmerizing reflection of the Taj Mahal at sunrise, and the shimmering vision of the floating Palace Hotel. But, today, India also reflects a strong tradition of artistic excellence that pinpoints the best from the country's legendary heritage and interprets it with contemporary perspective. The result is an almost hypnotic cultural experience that travelers are discovering in a myriad of ways.

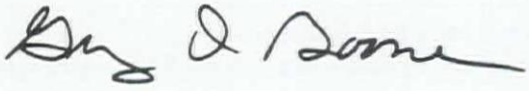
My Indian excursion two years ago provided a unique opportunity to explore the concert halls, theaters, galleries, and the studios where artists are creating an extraordinary range of work. Our section, which you will find in the center of the issue, captures some of those memories and the work now produced there. But, there's so much more to be seen, heard, and discovered. You must make the trip as well.

HORIZON magazine, in cooperation with Trade Wings, Ltd., will conduct an arts odyssey through India this fall. Participants will see the country from a very personal vantage point—along with visiting the museums, galleries, and concert halls, you will meet the country's well known figures in dance, music, theater, and the visual arts. You will partake of the hospitality, the accessibility, and the talents that characterize the Indian people today.

The itinerary spans the full range of creative output occurring across the vast country. From the wonderful folk arts of puppetry, mime, and native dance, you will also see major works by important contemporary artists who draw on their past but shape it with a strong modern palette. And, along the way, you will talk to these professionals about the sources of their inspiration and the creative process.

You will also meet important classical painters. In one great old studio, I handled the grinding stone that had passed through the artist's family for nine generations. Used to make ink by grinding semi-precious stones such as lapis and malachite, it is one of the artist's primary tools today. The tour will also take you into the workshops of Indian craftsmen, who adapt traditional methods in metal, textiles, pottery, and wood to make sleek modern pieces with great flair and style.

The Festival of India, which dazzled America in 1985, marked the beginning of my own relationship with the country and its artists. Even two years later, those events have left a major impact on communities both large and small. Thanks to the festival, our knowledge has increased, even surpassed the original goals of the festival's organizers. Too, our guide inside this issue of HORIZON will become your personal reference to create your own itinerary for a holiday in India—or to complement the HORIZON fall tour. Look for additional information on that trip in the April issue of HORIZON.



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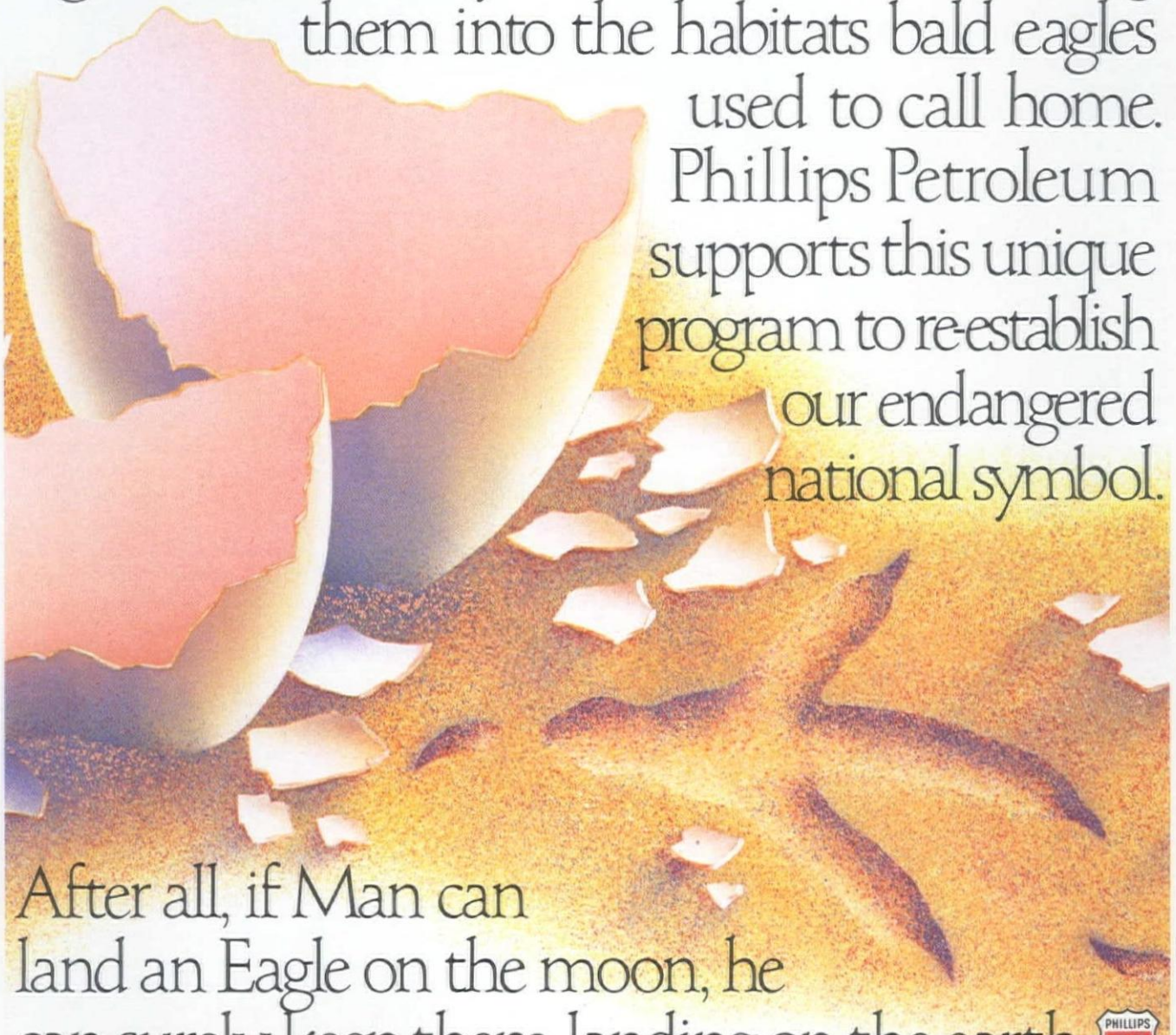
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For more information, contact the George Miksch Sutton Avian Research Center Inc., P.O. Box 2007, Bartlesville, OK 74005, (918) 336-7778.

# ACA: A View From The Field

## The Richer Language

There are speakers and there are speakers. Then there is Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. When the authority and the sheer persuasiveness of Boyer's ideas and style meet an audience of educators, the result is nothing less than magnetic. Listen for yourself: "In the early dawn of civilization, our first parents used sticks and stones and grunts and groans to convey feelings and ideas. Then words were formed. A vocabulary took shape, followed by written symbols, making it possible to send messages from place to place and transmit them from one generation to another.

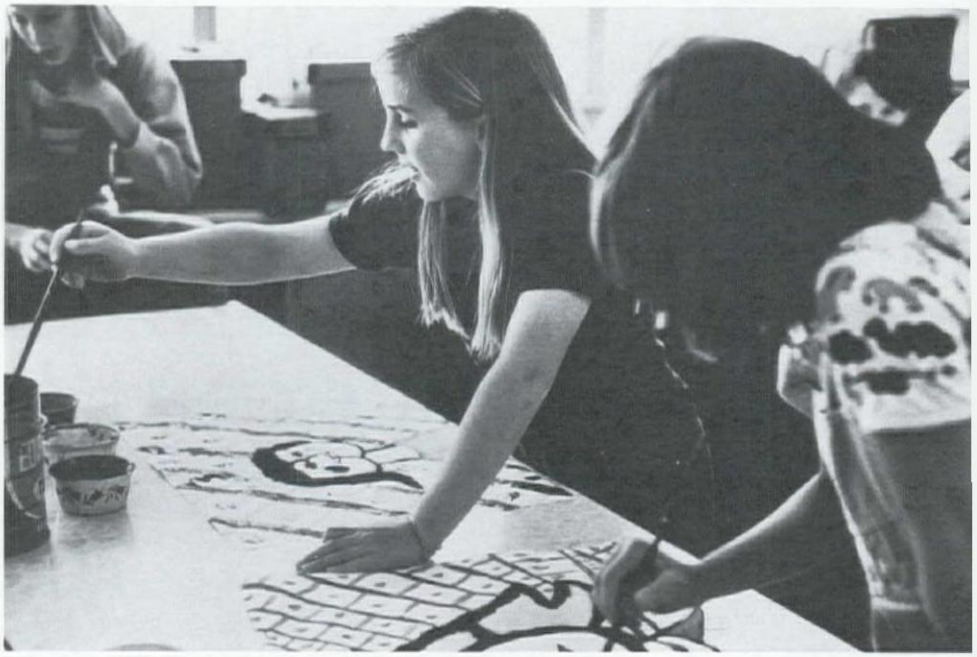
"At some moment in that dawn of time, the written and spoken language was extended and enriched. Poets began to use words to create metaphors, forcing us to view familiar things in unfamiliar ways, while the rhythm of the words carried another kind of meaning.

"But even with the beauty and the power of the written and the spoken word, our miraculous use of language was incomplete. There remained buried in the bosom of the human spirit those experiences that could not be captured by the sounds and verbal expressions we call words." Boyer concludes, "For the most intimate, most profoundly moving universal experiences we needed a more subtle, more sensitive set of symbols. And this richer language we call the arts."

Boyer's address (on "The Arts, Language, and the Schools") was the first national invitational conference hosted by the Getty Center for Education in the Arts to address the question: "Discipline-Based Art Education: What Forms Will It Take?"

Ernest Boyer was not the only one in L.A. to drive the message home. Stanford University Professor Elliot Eisner, Education Secretary William J. Bennett, NEA Chairman Frank Hodsoll, and an unlikely-looking firebrand named Graham Down, the executive director of the Council for Basic Education—all reinforced the point that a comprehensive program of arts instruction is basic to a good education.

The Getty Conference demonstrates, once again, the widespread national interest in arts education—an interest that includes arts advocacy groups, education associations, and arts service and cultural organizations. The concerns for more "serious" arts education has been evident in print as well. In his report on elementary education, *First Lessons*, Secretary Bennett asserted that "The arts are an essential element of education, just like reading, writing, and arithmetic." The College Board's publication, *Academic Preparation for College: What Students Need to Know and Be Able to Do*, includes the arts as one of six basic curriculum areas for secondary students. And the concern is apparent in the new guidelines of the Arts in Education program being promoted by NEA Chairman Hodsoll.



*Students making art in Palo Alto—one of seve districts studied by the Getty Center.*

Also at a national level, the American Council for the Arts has co-convened, with Music Educators National Conference, the Ad Hoc National Arts Education Working Group. This group, which will meet again this month, has discussed current trends and issues in the field and has formulated policy documents that reflect these deliberations.

Among these policy documents was "The Philadelphia Resolution," a statement of support for arts education endorsed by a cross-section of national arts organizations. The text of the resolution appeared in the December 1986 issue of *Vantage Point*, but the list of those who participated in its creation is reprinted here as a demonstration of how widespread the effort has become:

Alliance for Arts Education; Alliance of Independent Colleges of Art; American Association of Museums; American Association of Theatre for Youth; American Council for the Arts; American Dance Guild; American Symphony Orchestra League; The College Music Society; Dance U.S.A.; High Fidelity/Musical America; Interna tional Council of Fine Arts Deans; Maryland In stitute College of Fine Arts; Music Educators Na tional Conference; National Art Educators Associa tion; National Assembly of Local Arts Agencies National Assembly of State Arts Agencies; Nationa Assembly of Jazz Educators; National Ban Association; National Dance Association; Nationa Guild of Community Schools of Art; Nationa Music Council; National Office for Arts Accredita tion in Higher Education; Opera America; Stat Arts Advocacy League; Very Special Arts; Youn Audiences.

But the arts education "movement" will only b broad enough when it includes each of *you*. An what cause could be more worthy than wanting eac child to learn, as Ernest Boyer described it, "thi richer language we call the arts"?

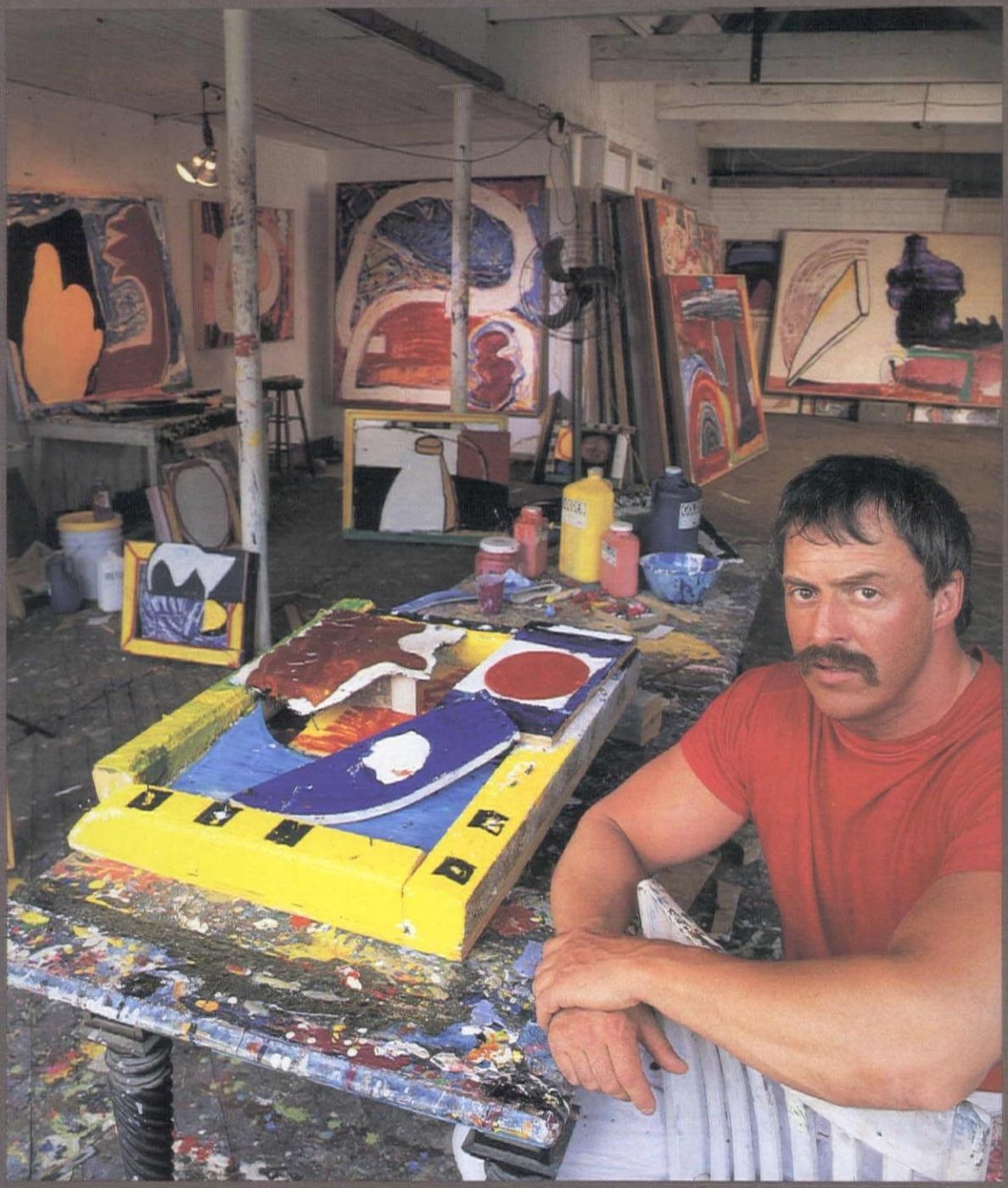
*—Milton Rhodes, Presiden American Council for the Art*

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Ken Morgan

*"I once heard a college professor lecturing about one of my pieces. He gave an elaborate, philosophical reason why the picture plane extended beyond the frame. Afterward, I said to him: 'There's another possibility. The artist may have measured the wood incorrectly.' There are no deep, hidden meanings in my pieces. I just want people to find pleasure in them."*

*Ken Morgan enjoys his work. Ætna supports him, and many artists like him, so more of us can enjoy it, too.*



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—*Gold Medal*—XX Anniversary of the "Premiere Salon d'Art Européen," Académie Européenne des Arts (Paris)

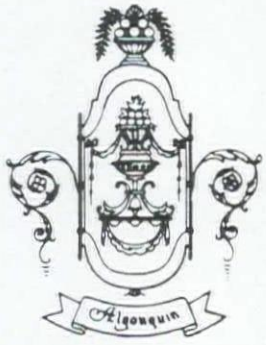
1984—*Silver Medal*—Royal Association of Professional Artists in Belgium—"Cycle les Arts en Europe." Conseil Européen d'Art et d'Esthetique (Belgium)

1983—*Grand Prix International*—XIII Salon "Grand Prix International" of Plastic Arts & Literature: Académie Européenne des Arts, Charleroi (Belgium)

1979—*Gold Medal*—Académie Européenne des Arts (Belgium)—Palais des Beaux-Arts, Charleroi

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# Exhibitions

## NORTH

**Fogg Art Museum** (Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts), "New American Photography," through March 29. Seventy-five prints by Georgia McInnis, Ken Miller, and others.

**Galerie St. Etienne** (New York City), "Folk Art of This Century," through March 28. An international survey of Henri Rousseau, Grandma Moses, John Kane, and many others.

**Kennedy Galleries** (New York City), "Paintings by Millard Sheets," through April 4. Representing exotic locales such as Tahiti, India, and Portugal.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art** (New York), "The Prints of Pieter Bruegel," through March 15.

**Montclair Art Museum** (Montclair, New Jersey), "The Spirit of Fun: Art of the Toymaker, 1815-1915," through March 29.

**Museum of American Folk Art** (New York City), "Catch a Brass Ring: Carousel Art from the Charlotte Dinger Collection," through March 28.

**Museum of Modern Art** (New York City), "Jacques Lartigue," through March 24. Breathtaking photographs by the late French artist.

**National Academy of Design** (New York City), "Oil Sketches from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts: 1816-1863," through March 15. Including then-students Flandrin, Guerin, and Scheffer.

**New York Academy of Sciences** (New York City), "The Beauty of Physics: Photographs by Berenice Abbott," through March 27. The aesthetic qualities in the processes of nature.

**Pierpont Morgan Library** (New York City), "The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," through April 5.

**Whitney Museum of American Art** (New York City), "David Salle," through March 29. Forty paintings demonstrating Salle's use of multiple images, surfaces, and painting styles.

## SOUTH

**Birmingham Museum of Art,** "American Masterpieces from the Warner Collection of the Gulf States Paper Corporation," through March 29. Includes Whistler, Cassatt, O'Keeffe, and Childe Hassam.

**Georgia Museum of Art** (Athens), "Forty Years of Collecting: Georgia Museum of Art Paintings, Watercolors, and Drawings," through March 15. Realism, impressionism, and abstraction.

**High Museum of Art** (Atlanta), "Treasures from the National Museum of American Art," through March 29. Paintings, sculpture, and a watercolor from some of America's most famous artists.

**Jacksonville Convention Center** (Florida), "Ramses II . . . The Pharoah and His Time," through March 15. Seventy treasures from the Egyptian Museum.



Richard C. Carter

*Lead carousel horse (circa 1912), from the Museum of American Folk Art exhibition.*

**North Carolina Museum of Art** (Raleigh), "Mary Cassatt: Color Prints from the Collection of Saint John's Museum of Art," through April 12.

**Norton Gallery of Art** (West Palm Beach, Florida), "In Nature's Ways: American Landscape Painting of the Late-Nineteenth Century," through April 12. Post-Civil War "poetic" paintings.

## CENTRAL

**Cleveland Museum of Art,** "Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Masterpieces: The Courtauld Collection," through March 8. Manet, Cézanne, Degas, and others.

**Indianapolis Museum of Art,** "Ice and Green Clouds: The Tradition of Chinese Celadon Wares," through March 22. Ceramics dating from 1766 B.C.

**Minneapolis Institute of Arts,** "Photographs Beget Photographs," through March 29. Exploring the tendency of many photographers to borrow images, themes, and styles from photographic history.

**Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art** (Kansas City, Missouri), "Robert Cottingham Prints," March 1 through April 12. Tracing Cottingham's development as a printmaker since 1972.

**Taft Museum** (Cincinnati), "Skating in the Arts of Seventeenth-Century Holland," March 5 through April 19. In conjunction with the World Figure Skating Championships, to be held in Cincinnati.

## EAST

**Corcoran Gallery** (Washington, D.C.), "Views and Visions: American Landscape Before 1830," through March 29. Featuring the artists who laid the foundations for the Hudson River School.

**National Gallery of Art** (Washington, D.C.), "Henri Matisse: The Early Years in Nice, 1916-1930," through March 29. Focusing on this important period of the artist's career.

**Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts** (Philadelphia), "Jack Tworkov: Paintings, 1928-1982," through April 5. The first retrospective of this abstract expressionist.

**Philadelphia Museum of Art,** "The Prints of Hendrik Goltzius (1558-1617)," through March 22. Prints by the Dutch engraver.

**Phillips Collection** (Washington, D.C.), "John Graham and His Circle," through March 15. Avant-garde paintings from the Russian-born artist and contemporaries Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Arshile Gorky, and others.

## WEST

**Amon Carter Museum** (Fort Worth), "The American Print: 1890-1950," March 7 through April 19. John Sloan, John Marin, and others.

**Contemporary Arts Museum** (Houston), "The Architecture of Frank Gehry," through April 6. Drawings, models, photographs, and full-scale constructed forms.

**Fort Worth Art Museum,** "Morris Louis," through April 12. Forty paintings tracing the artist's preoccupation with combining drawing and color.

**Gilcrease Museum** (Tulsa), "John Clymer, Tom Lovell, and Donald Teague at Gilcrease," through April 24. Contemporary masters of Western art.

**Long Beach Museum of Art,** "The Dictatorship of Swiftness," through March 22. Modern, three-dimensional art by Francesc Torres.

**Museum of Contemporary Art, "Temporary Contemporary"** (Los Angeles), "Francesco Clemente," through March 29. Drawings, pastels, watercolors, and other media.

**Museum of Photographic Arts** (San Diego), "William Klein: An American in Paris," through April 5. Photographs of Paris, Rome, New York, Tokyo, and Moscow.



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# Theater on the Shelf

If theater is indeed dying, publishers haven't gotten the message. Or, if it is true that fewer people are going to the theater, then more must be reading about it. A complete list of books published this last year about the theater—not even including plays—would probably fill this page.

My favorite of the year is Simon Gray's *An Unnatural Pursuit and Other Pieces* (Saint Martin's Press, $15.95). It tells the tortuous but frequently hilarious story of the trip of Gray's newest play, *The Common Pursuit,* from typewriter to the British stage under Harold Pinter's direction. The book is of greatest interest if read after seeing the recently opened hit version of *The Common Pursuit* with a deeply felt, intelligent performance by Kristoffer Tabor, directed for New York by Simon Gray himself with Michael McGuire.

It's that rare evening in the theater in which truths are acknowledged by laughter and a tangled plot is not merely manipulative but organic and relevatory in its endlessly unexpected turns. Therefore, don't read *An Unnatural Pursuit* until having experienced the play in its gloriously finished state. (Incidentally, the British version of the play was published by Methuen and is available in good book stores. One hopes that the superior American version will also soon be available.) In his chronicle of the play's birth, Simon Gray candidly reveals his insecurities and secret terrors. Even his joy at completing the play is tinged with the inevitable sadness from knowing more, harder work lies ahead: " . . . I've finished the first version of the last draft. If this one goes as the others went, I'll be correcting and revising from about tomorrow night to the first public performance, or even through to the official first night. This isn't because I'm a perfectionist, but because I get so many things wrong that it takes me the length of the rehearsals to to notice them. I wish I wrote plays as Harold (Pinter) does, complete . . . when the ink is still wet . . . . Or had the panache of Tom Stoppard, who virtually writes his plays in rehearsal . . . ."

Not exactly a "theater book," the *Collected Stories* of Tennessee Williams (A New Directions Book, $19.95, also available in paperback) is the best opportunity to glimpse the workings of William's creative genius to date. Far better than any of the recent biographies, the stories give clearer indications of his theatrical mastery and a far more insightful look into the man and into the actual composing of his plays when one reads the early story versions of *The Glass Menagerie, The Red Devil, Battery Sign, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* etc. The stories written in his adolescence are, of course, awkward, but reveal the same themes with which the artist was to struggle for the rest of his life. One may be surprised at the large number of short story masterpieces our great playwright has left, even though there may be more about hustlers and bleak homosexual encounters than some readers may want.

The majority of the new theater books are biographies or autobiographies that allow us into rehearsals, dressing rooms, and, when they are truly good, into the sources of theatrical creative genius. The pick of the biographies is not truly a biography, but rather a study and appreciation of the man's creations. The revised, picture-book format *Sondheim & Co.* by Craig Zadan (Harper & Row, $27.95 and worth every penny) ranges from Stephen Sondheim's writing secrets ("The true function of rhyme is to point up the word that rhymes—if you don't want that word to be the most important—don't rhyme it."), right up to the creation of his not-yet-opened *Into the Woods.*

Two books about acting demand attention. Laurence Olivier's *On Acting* (Simon and Schuster, $18.95) is chatty and comes closer to telling what everyone wanted to read in Olivier's first book, *Confessions of an Actor*—namely, how he went about creating his roles. Olivier's astute assessment of his accomplishments and understandings is greatly illuminating. He says of directors: "It's not a director's job to teach actors to act. It's his job to make the most of the talent they already have; to make actors feel relaxed and happy in their work." The passions and inner workings of an actor are more felt in Simon Callow's *Being an Actor* (St. Martin's Press, $13.95). Actors, what they do, how and why they do it, have always been a mystery to me. Callow, who created the role of Mozart originally in *Amadeus,* made me understand, because he is able to make me *feel* the confusions, the ecstasies of creation, the aggressions. "There's no getting away from the fact that the theater contains an element of hostility. Standing on the stage is an aggressive act. It says: Look at *me.* Listen to *me.* It says: I'm interesting, I'm talented, I'm remarkable. Oh yeah? says the audience." Callow's book proves he's all of that.

Two books about directors are rather disappointing—in different ways. The late Alan Scheider's *Entrances: An American Director's Journey* (Viking, $25) leaves one feeling that Schneider was a second-rate person if a celebrated director. He quotes way too often from his good reviews (hardly ever from bad ones) and credits himself for hits and blames others for flops. I tend to underline in my books the things that I want to remember. Everything I underlined in Schneider's book were quotes from other people. I would prefer to remember the man himself not by his book but his fine productions, most especially the landmark *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"*

Charles Higham's *Orson Welles: The Rise and Fall of an American Genius* (Saint Martin's Press, $19.95) is a standard biography chronicling marriages, hits, and flops with little insight. However, one does come away from the book feeling that Welles's flight from Broadway was not forced by hostile critics or studio politics as much as it was by Welles's lack of discipline and inner devils. It's easier, if untrue, to think that money-mad producers destoyed Welles . . . but he seems to have been his own worst enemy. □



*Michael Countryman, Nathan Lane (standing), Judy Geeson, and Kristoffer Tabori (seated) in Gray's critically acclaimed* Common Pursuit.

*Milan Stitt is the author of* The Runner Stumbles, *which he is currently directing for the Carpenter Square Theater in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*



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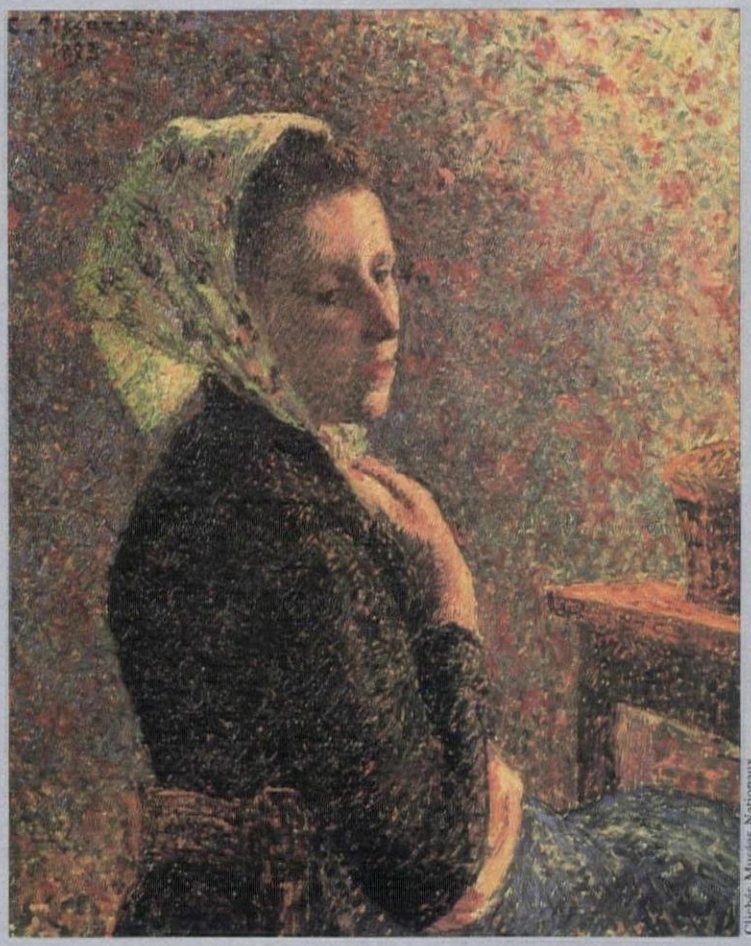
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# MUSÉE EXTRAORDINAIRE



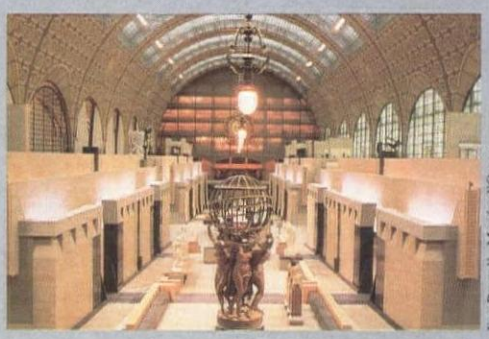
Clichés Musées Nationaux

*The Musée d'Orsay houses such impressionist masterpieces as Camille Pissarro's 1903* Woman with Green Scarf *(left). Below: Jean-Baptist Carpeaux's* Four Parts of the World Holding Up the Celestial Sphere *(1872), in the museum's central gallery.*

## A white elephant on the Seine is a new home for masterpieces.

By Priscilla Buckley

Paris, 1900. The previous decade had produced the telephone, the incandescent light, and the automobile, and the new century loomed even brighter with scientific promise. An exuberant Paris ushered it in with a World's Fair on the Champs de Mars where the Grand and Petit Palaces were raised, along with Eiffel's audacious tower at one end of the fairgrounds. Not far away, on the site of the old Orsay Palace across the river from the Tuileries, a brand new train station was built, giving access to the heart of the city for the first time by rail.

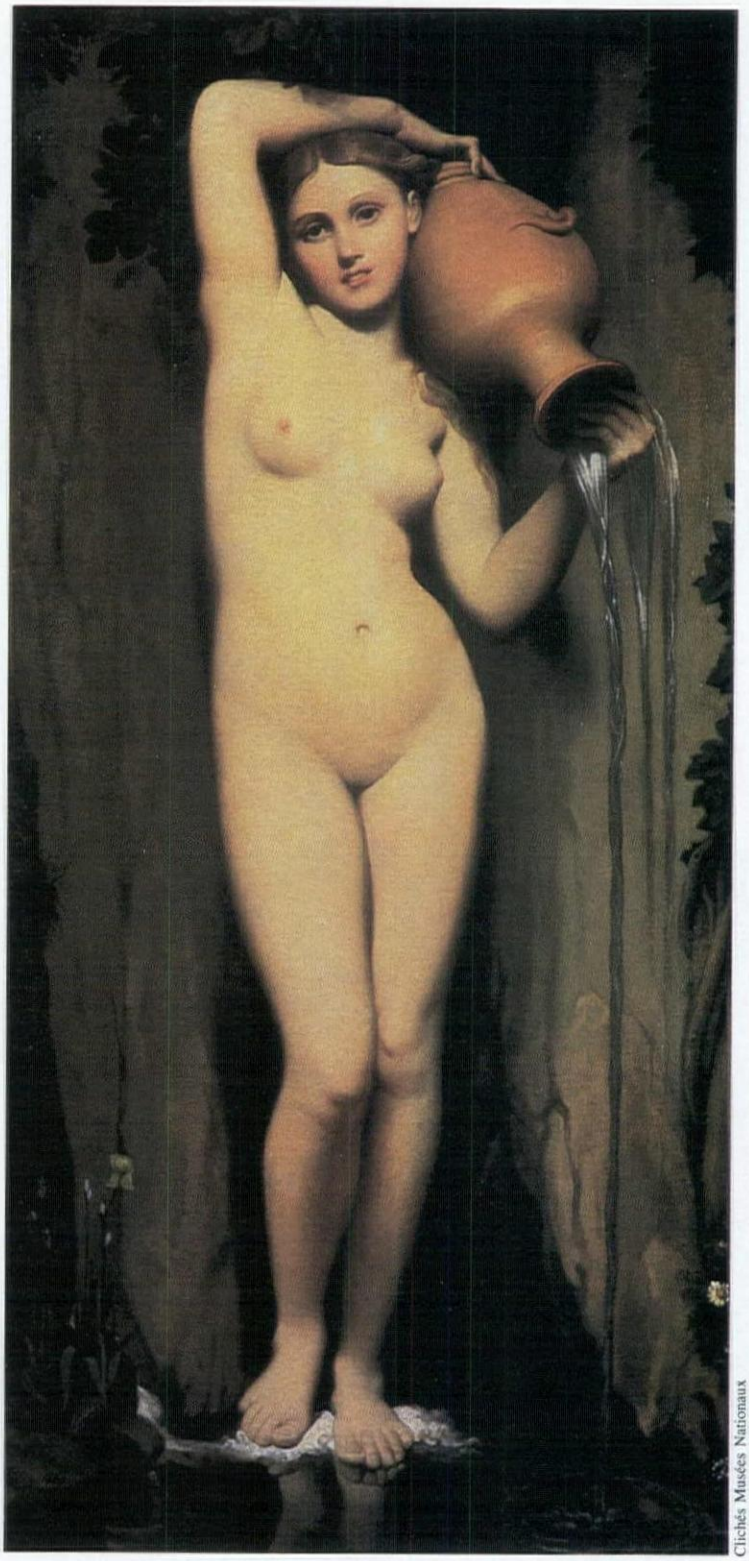


Jim Purcell, Musée d'Orsay

The Gare d'Orsay was controversial from the start. Critics considered it heresy to disrupt the sacred precinct of the Louvre with a train station. But, in that science-drunk year of 1900, railroads were just as sacred, and the architect Laloux built a spacious cathedral to the new technology. Its nave peaked at thirty-two meters, and the iron-and-glass lacework that shaped it weighed more than twice the whole Eiffel Tower.

This winter after many years and many changes, the train station has opened as the fabulous Musée

## The old Gare has become France's nineteenth-century treasure chest.



Clichés Musées Nationaux

d'Orsay. With 17,200 square meters of exhibition space, it houses a collection of 2,300 paintings, 250 pastels, 1,500 sculptures, and more than 1,100 additional art objects from the period 1848-1914, when old Europe, feisty and festive, was emerging into the modern era.

Everything from *art pompier* through post-impressionism, art deco, and photography is represented, missing none of the masterpieces along the way. The impressionist treasures from the Jeu de Paume now belong to the Orsay, along with the post-impressionist and Nabi paintings from the Palais de Tokyo, and an impressive nineteenth-century selection from the Louvre, including works by Courbet, Delacroix, and Ingres. The old Gare has become France's nineteenth-century treasure chest, a function that will be, at last, permanent.

Since its construction, the Gare has played many roles. Only three decades after the closing of the 1900 World's Fair, its fortunes began foundering. With the advent of powerful electric locomotives, the Gare's platforms were soon too short for the newer, longer modern trains. In 1939, the station was closed, and the splendid hall was left to decay and occasional use by off-beat artists. Orson Welles shot his adaptation of Kafka's *The Trial* there in 1962, and the theater troupe of Jean-Louis Barrault played to audiences in its echoing space. For a brief stint, the Gare served as a temporary space for the Drouot, the city's premier auction house.

Finally, in 1971, the French national railway decided to put the white elephant out of its misery. Plans were made to level it, and build a high-rise hotel-convention center complex on the site. Money was raised and an architectural competition held among thirteen ultra-modern projects—including a proposal from le Corbusier for a hundred-meter-high, gridded clone of the United Nations.

Plans were headed off by the single-minded efforts of then Minister of Culture, Jacques Duhamel, who was determined that Orsay not go the way of the old Halles and Montparnasse *quartiers*, now mediocre modern developments. Just as the wrecking ball was about to swing, he succeeded in blocking permission to build. In 1973, the old station was registered as a national monument.

The French National Museums had long been wanting to establish a new nineteenth century museum, since there was chronological gap between the classi collection at the Louvre and the Pom pidou Center's *art moderne*. The bell epoque Gare d'Orsay was a perfec solution. In 1977, President Valer Giscard-d'Estaing officially commit ted the French government to trans form the building into a museum.

Difficulties in converting th building were enormous. The water of the Seine had to be prevented fron seeping in; vibrations from the ex press subway system that runs direct ly underneath one part of the buildin had to be muted. Light that poured i through some three hectars of glas had to be effectively channeled Temperature-control, comfort, an security were also considered.

ACT Architecture, a firn comprised of architects Renaud Bar don, Pierre Colboc, and Jean-Pau Philippon, was selected to oversee structural and exterior renovations o the Gare. They began work in 1979 placing the museum's entrance at one end of the building so that Laloux's long axis down the nave would be respected. The spiderweb of metal framework was reinforced and shattered glass replaced. The stone facades were sandblasted to a gleaming manilla.

Italian architect Gae Aulenti was charged with designing the interiors. A woman with a powerful vision, Aulenti was already internationally known for her dramatic opera set designs and her daring, minimalist interiors at the Pompidou Center.

On December 9, 1986, eight years of work and more than 13 million francs later, the new museum was opened to the public—and immediately generated controversy over Aulenti's contemporary interior. "We worked with Laloux," she explains, but it was "a rapport of love but also opposition. The nave is monumental and we had to diminish that monumentality to make it work."

To bring it down to size, Aulenti placed an entire substructure within the voluminous nave, inserting walls of fawn-colored Buxy limestone to form corridors and exhibition halls. She created an



Clichés Musées Nationaux

*Every school of art that emerged from 1848 to 1914 is represented in the Orsay's collections. Left: Ingres's* The Source *(1856). Right:* The Little Fourteen-Year-Old Dancer *by Edgar Degas (circa 1881).*

Egyptian necropolis with her stark stone textures and her understated monumentality, and, in the Orsay tradition, it has kindled a storm of controversy. Yet, against the modern counterpoint, the great architectural strengths of the original edifice are freshly evident and, from terraces and walkways around the central courtyard, you can view Laloux's awesome space from every angle.

Never is it more impressive than as you enter. After you pass the ticket booths, the vast, glass-ceilinged courtyard greets you in a dizzying sweep of space. Light floods in from the long archways of glass and highlights repeating patterns of stucco. Directly ahead, the central *allee* sweeps down the length of the building, framed by Aulenti's monoliths and punctuated by sculpture from 1850-1870. Awash in the strong, natural light, neo-classical works like Pradier's *Sappho* (1852) meld into neo-Renaissance then realistic works, ending in Carpeaux's *La Danse* (1869), the triumphal assemblage that, until recently, adorned the Paris Opera House.

This variety of style is typical of the museum, for every school that emerged between 1848 and 1914 is represented. Through exhibition hallways that flank the courtyard in intimate corridors, you follow the eclectic evolution that distinguished the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. Artists like Bougereau, who were heroes in their day but subsequently forgotten, make their comebacks alongside legends such as Delacroix, Manet, and Rodin. For the first time, you see artists in their contemporary context.

Classicism, naturalism, and the Barbizon; symbolism, impressionism, pointilism, and nadism—they are all here, spiked with breathtaking masterpieces. In ground-floor galleries, Bougereau cedes to Ingres's sensual *The Source* (1856), introducing a series of works by younger painters who took Ingres's classicism and carried it toward the new realism of Courbet and Millet. A large hall is dedicated entirely to some of Courbet's monumental works brought over from the Louvre, such as *Burial at Ornans* (1849-50) and *Fight of the Stags.* Daumier is here, with his acute political caricatures, and Whistler with his mother, along with early Manet, Monet, and Renoir. After 1870, impressionism began to take shape, and that is where the heart of the Orsay lies. On the third floor, in a long gallery running along the riverfront, is a veritable temple of impressionism. Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Degas—all the greats—are dramatically presented amidst Aulenti's slashing stone angles. The paintings are spaced individually, finally freed from their over-crowded moorings on the Jeu de Paume walls. Spectacularly reunited is a trio of Manet's masterpieces: *The Balcony, Olympia,* and *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe.*

On the second floor is the tragic self-representation of *Old Age* (1889-1903) by Camille Claudel, a talented young sculptress who loved too deeply and was finally spurned—ending her days in an insane asylum. Her lover, Rodin, is prominently featured nearby, in a selection that includes a plaster of *Balzac* (1897) and the original *haut-relief* for *The Gates of Hell*—commissioned for a museum of decorative art that would have been built instead of a train station on the ruins of the Orsay Palace.

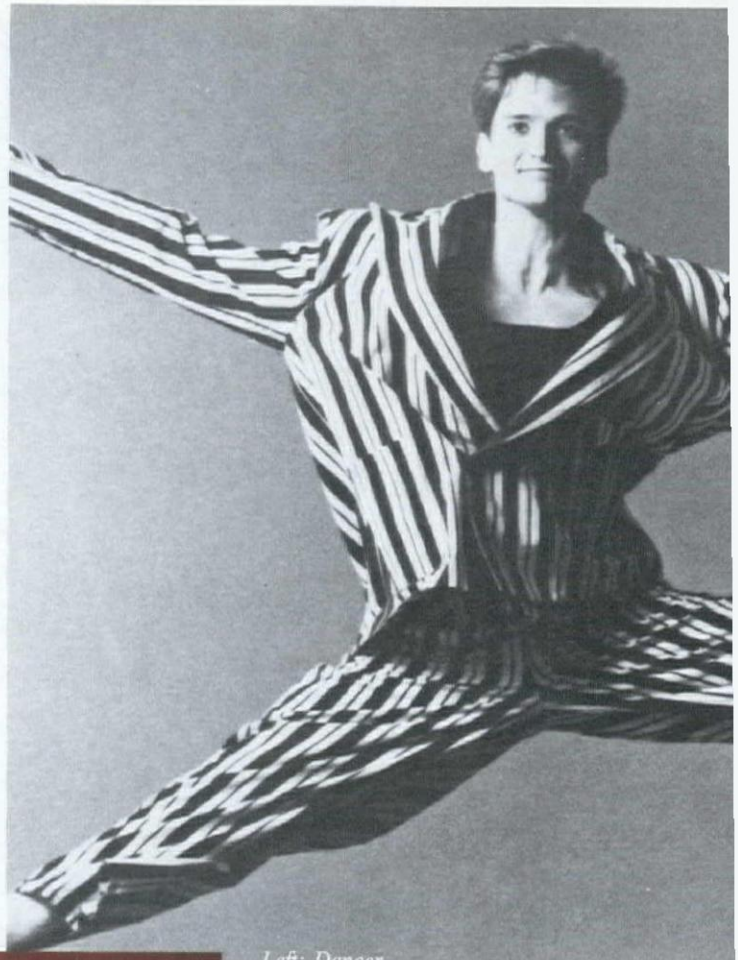
Decorative art, nonetheless, has found a place here, featuring art deco and works by Guimet, who elevated Paris's subway entrances to works of art. An entire hall on the second floor is devoted to art nouveau, with a special exhibition on Vienna, Glasgow, and Chicago. In an astonishing small exhibit, Paris's Opera House, built in 1875 as the piece de resistance of Baron Haussmann's remodelled Paris, is reconstructed in miniature underneath a thick glass floor.

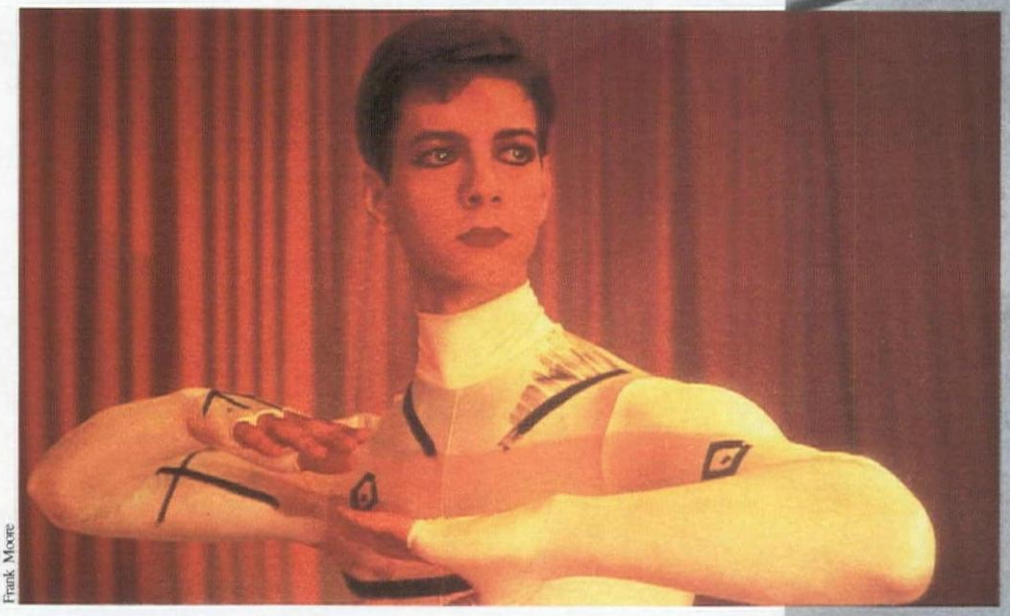
If anything, the museum has been criticized for including *too* much. But it is difficult to say no to the excitement of the nineteenth century, and at the Orsay Museum we relive it: that time when the world was on science's threshold, and anything seemed possible. When life had its full quotient of wit. When painters rebelled against the salons, and Sara Bernhardt set the stage on fire. When even railroad stations, the most functional of buildings, were built to look like Beaux-Arts palaces. □

*Priscilla Buckley is a freelance writer living in Paris. This is her first story for* Horizon.

The enfant terrible of postmodern dance has come of age.
By Gabby Hyman

# Self Made Man





Frank Moore

*Left: Dancer-choreographer Jim Self in* Uproots *(1977). "Certain mystics have said that when one dances it is the soul trying to escape the limitations of the physical body," says Self. His dance company tests its limitations in works such as Self's 1986* Urban Glance *(right).*

He has been called the enfant terrible of postmodern choreography. Jim Self is willing to admit to an eccentric modality in his work and, yes, at thirty-two, he's still growing as an artist. But there is little doubt that he has come of age. This month the Boston Ballet premieres Self's *Beehive* and, a few weeks later, the Boston Shakespeare Theatre will feature Self and Company.

It is a mature, almost sage Self—not the raw upstart who fled the confining grip of the Merce Cunningham school so many years ago—who com-



Louis Greenfield

"Dance's function and value is that it allows us to experience man's basic purpose in life."

ments on the function and value of dance in contemporary society. "It wasn't until I really came to understand the value of the soul that I could see dance's position more clearly. Certain mystics have said that when one dances it is the soul trying to escape the limitations of the physical body. Dance represents spirit—a transformation of the mundane, the physicality of the body being pulled apart by gravity, and the altered state achieved by man's constant attempt to transcend his condition.

"Dance's function and value," Self says, "is that it allows us, with immediate accessibility, to experience man's basic purpose in life—the elevation of the spirit. With that in mind, there are many things which are attractive in dance: the discipline, the beauty, physical mastery and articulation, the poetry of expression. Seeing these qualities achieved by another is a basic need—it rubs off on us."

For years now, Jim Self's invention—controversial in form and content—has been rubbing off on the world dance community. Born in Alabama, raised in Illinois, Self began dancing in junior high school, quietly, alone, "like a madman" around the house, dancing at church and school productions, studying modern dance later in high school in lieu of taking gym classes. "I had been interested in art and architecture," Self explains, "but I did not have the drive to seriously pursue either. Choreography provided a means to combine those disciplines with a physical expression that suited me."

Even as a teenager, Self was drawn to Merce Cunningham—to his clarity, to his collaborations with visual artists and composers. But Self was unwilling to submit himself at such an impressionable age to the volatile dance environment of New York City. He lingered in Chicago—where he explored a wide range of movements and performance qualities which were not available in the specialized, rarefied studios of Manhattan. Eventually, he could no longer resist Cunningham's artistic tides, and he moved to New York to dance with the company, where a personal creative crisis developed.

"How could I bridge the major gap between the technical, step-filled, abstract forms of Cunningham's influence, and the more personal, expressionistic, and theatrical forms of my earlier work," Self remembers. "Actually it took a long time to understand that Cunningham's concerns were drastically different from mine. I am still struck by the unique power of his work and perhaps this is what drew me to him.

"This conflict in styles became the source of a new creative tension in my work of the last eight years. The conflict of extremes—spirit-matter, nature-artifice, evolution-civilization, dark-light—has more than anything else consistently moved me to create the work I'm doing today. Understanding the proper balance of these qualities presents the greatest challenge in creating work."



Frank Moore

*The film version of* Beehive, *created in 1985 by Self and artist Frank Moore, features Self (left) and Teri Weksler.*

Self's tag as outworlder among dance contemporaries was first suggested when the *Village Voice* termed him "one of the most eccentric young choreographers working today." If so, his eccentricity has not become a liability. He has choreographed pieces for the Centre Nationale Danse Contemporaine D'Angers of France, for the Rome Opera, the American Dance Festival in Naples, the Holland Festival, and Chicago's Mo-Ming Dance Troupe. His creations recently left an audience awe-struck at Jacob's Pillow.

During the past few years, Self has collaborated with visual and theater artists, most notably Frank Moore and Robert Wilson. "Finding my place within their visual landscapes has required extreme, sometimes dangerous experimentation with my methods of structuring movement and energy," he says. The collaborations are symbiotic, Self says. "Instead of having design become a decorative adjunct to choreography, it has actually come to determine the structure of the work."

## Self Discovery

| | |
|---|---|
| **March 4-8** | Premiere of *Beehive*, a ballet by Frank Moore and Jim Self, commissioned by the Boston Ballet. Wang Center, Boston. |
| **March 27, 28** | Company performances of repertory. Boston Shakespeare Theatre. |
| **April 24, 25** | Company performances of "The Alabama Trilogy." Bama Theatre, Tuscaloosa, Alabama Works to be performed: *Tuscaloosa* (1974), *The Phoenix City Story* (1982), *Camellia*, premiere. |

It was Moore who first suggested the concep which grew into *Beehive*. "That bees communicat through dance, and that they have a unique visua and architectural sense revealed a lot to me," Sel explains. Organizing movement around a beehiv established a metaphor through which Self coul comment on the human condition. Self develope the choreography and directed the production whil Moore wrote the storyboard and constructed th set. In 1985 the two created a film of the work

He believes that his development of particula movement vocabularies has opened a wide rang of possibilities in dance, but he's determined now to make a stylistic statement that "is broader an ultimately more useful" over the long run. "The look of much new work is very classical, and too similar for my taste," he says. "I have been trying to develop a technique which will train postmodern dancers to do postmodern work. Teaching technique has not been a hallmark of postmodern choreographers. The current imbalance is due to the fact that classical dancers rarely study anything else, and postmodern dancers are attracted to 'stylistically neutral' ballet. In my mind, ballet is anything but neutral."

While Self's choreography on the global stage dominates the spotlight, he is also a quiet ambassador of postmodernism to the small dance provinces of rural America. Last year, Self took a small troupe to his native Alabama, where he performed and conducted workshops with university and high school students. He describes this work as a form of dance outreach. It is wrong, he suggests, to give an audience the sense that they're viewing something deeply mysterious and impenetrable. He believes there is "something universal" in experience, accessible to everyone. Next month, Self and company will return to Alabama, performing a trilogy about his native land: *Tuscaloosa*, *The Phoenix City Story*, and *Camellia* (a premiere).

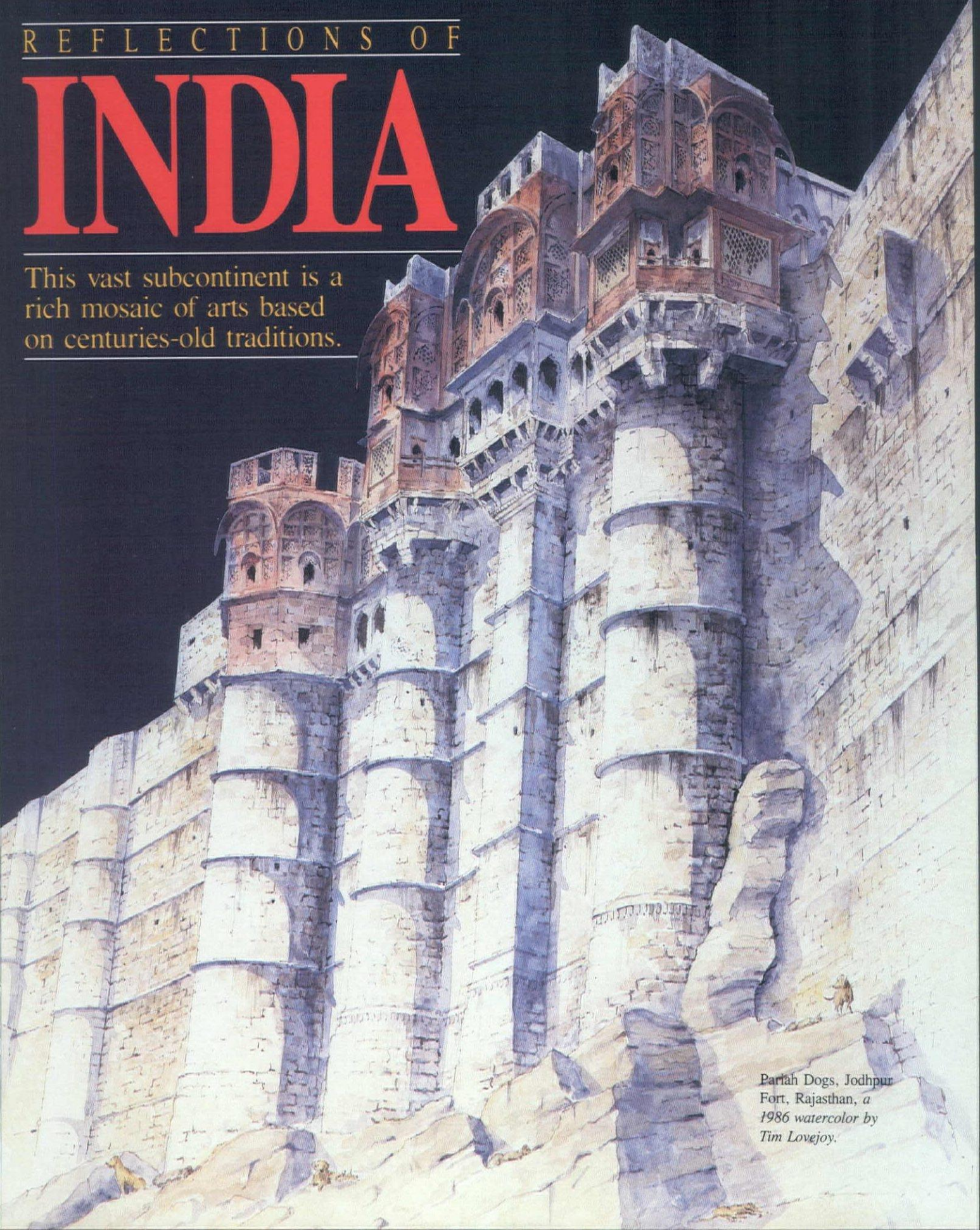
Overtly, as dance's radical wunderkind, or quietly, along the back roads of the Deep South, Jim Self is finding new ways to touch the common soul and spark it to the air. □

*Virginia writer Gabby Hyman is currently working on a collection of short stories.*

REFLECTIONS OF

# INDIA

This vast subcontinent is a rich mosaic of arts based on centuries-old traditions.



Pariah Dogs, Jodhpur Fort, Rajasthan, *a 1986 watercolor by Tim Lovejoy.*

# THE BIRTH OF THE CLASSICS

## The arts of a fabled land have a grand tradition. By Valerie Gladstone



The Ehrenfeld Collection of Indian Miniatures

Fantastic Birds *(circa 1590), a miniature painted during the Mughal-Akbar period.*

The civilization of India goes back at least eight thousand years, and in this vast subcontinent of Asia, art has flourished. Buddhism, Hinduism, Jainism, and Islam have provided the inspiration for much of Indian art, as well as the great national epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana.* India's people are also intimate with nature, and all of these elements have figured prominently in Indian art. Love and war, the sacred and the profane exist side by side in the art of every Indian region.

**In the Beginning**

The first people arrived in the subcontinent in 3,000 B.C. from the present-day Russian Turkestan. A war-like people, they slowly established a colonial-feudal society in the Indus Valley with priests, warriors, and yeomen. What is known of this time has been gleaned from the vast body of contemporaneous ritualistic, magic, and philosophical literature; the Vedas; or from the classic epics and the *Puranas,* the collection of Hindu myths. At Indus Valley excavation sites in Mohenjo Daro, Chanhudaro, and Harappa, archaeologists have found images of bulls, monkeys, and turtles, as well as elaborate female figures, thought to be representative of the mother goddess.

**The Mauryan Period**

By the middle of the sixth century B.C.—the time of Mahavira and Buddha, founders of Jainism and Buddhism—the many small kingdoms of northern India were absorbed by a few competing powers. Eventually the Mauryan dynasty emerged as the first leader of all India. Sculpture flourished, and while Buddha lived, artisans were organized into guilds. But the most decisive artistic development occurred under Asoka the Great (273-236 B.C.). A devout convert to Buddhism, Asoka created the *stupa*, the most important monument of Buddhist art. (A stupa is a massive hemispherical stone structure, surrounded by a balustrade and crowned by a stone umbrella.) At first only a funeral mound, in time stupas became magic-mystic works of art displaying enshrined relics—monk's garments, begging bowls, holy scriptures, and later, images of the Buddha. At the stupa of Bharhut one can still see the greatness of Mauryan art; fragments of this monument are in the Indian Museum in Calcutta.

Although examples of Mauryan painting have not survived, superb sculpture has. The foremost dynamic of all are the *yakshis* (goddesses). A particularly lovely one was produced in Didarganj, a suburb of Patna in Bihar. Fifty years ago some washermen noticed a cobra under one of the huge stone slabs on which they had been washing their clothes. After the slab was taken out of the mud, the serpent had disappeared, but all were dumbfounded to see a life-

size goddess statue. It was immediately removed to the Patna Museum, which is now its permanent abode. Carved in a buff-colored sandstone, she stands elegantly, bending slightly forward on a pedestal, holding a flywhisk.

Succeeding the Mauryan period, early Indian art went through a golden age, dominated by the Satavana and Sunga Empires, great commercial and cultural powers whose merchants traded with Rome, Malaysia, and Java. It was craftsmen from this time who completed the stupas of Sanchi, and, in the early first century A.D., added four gates which are generally counted among the greatest masterpieces of Indian art.

**The Kushan Dynasty**

Following the Satavana and Sunga regime, three major schools of Indian art developed: Gandhara, Mathura, and Amaravathi, dominated through the fourth and fifth centuries by the Kushan Dynasty, a tribe which had immigrated from central China and ruled northwestern India and large parts of Russia and Afghanistan. Their capital was at Mathura near Agra. Throughout the Kushan reign, iconography was characterized by Central Asian as well as Greco-Roman elements. Buddhist monuments were decorated with innumerable statues and reliefs, often including a robust Buddha draped in flowing garments. Kushan artists heralded a new era in the history of Buddhist art by producing the Buddha in human form almost simultaneously in Mathura and in Gandhara.

**The Golden Age**

The classical phase of Indian art emerged during what is commonly known as the Golden Age in the later part of the fifth century. The art of this period was characterized by flowing lines, the poetic beauty of ideal forms, lyricism in facial expression, subtle gesture of hands and eyes, and traditional symbolism of spiritual elements. Ornamentation was reduced to the minimum. An element of restrained sensuousness in art of the Golden Age has been called the essential spirit of classical Indian art.

This Gupta age began in Bihar and eventually spread all over India, except in the south. Great patrons of the arts, the Guptas were representatives of the Hindu renaissance and devotees of Vishnu, the heavenly king, and of poets and musicians. This culture's decisive innovation was the Hindu temple, a conspicuous shrine atop a great amalgamation of highly decorated stories.

Gupta artists also reached great refinement in painting. In the caves of Ajanta and Bagh in central India, Buddhist monks made beautiful paintings of domestic and religious scenes in hues that are still vibrant today. They drew with perspective and a sense of dimension that was entirely new to Indian art. As the Gupta empire was overrun by barbarian raiders and declined in the eighth century, innumerable artists turned to the south and to Nepal and Tibet in the north where they lay the foundation for spectacular religious art. Their influence can be seen in the south at Mahabalipuram, near Madras, in Aihole in Karnataka, and at Sultanganj in Bihar. Simultaneously, in the south there was a national artistic awakening of the Dravidian people who were inspired by a popular religious movement, which aroused a passionate devotion to the gods Shiva and Vishnu. One of the most famous images to emerge in this time was the dancing Shiva.



*Fourth- and fifth-century Kushan artists heralded a new age in the history of Buddhist art with works such as this* Seated Buddha.

**The Muslim Conquest**

The conquest of India by the Muslims came in two stages: The first began in the eleventh century and annihilated the aristocratic-theocratic civilization of the Middle Ages. The conquerors—mainly Turks, and later Persians, Arabs, and Africans—exploited India in reckless terror. They controlled the country from a few strategic centers, permitting the Hindu aristocracy to administer their estates as long as they paid tribute, and the Brahmins to attend to the Hindu cult, as long as they did it unobstrusively. But slowly the Muslim attitude veered around to closer collaboration with the indigenous population, and Hindu motifs penetrated more and more into Islamic art. However, when the Mughals conquered India in 1526, another period of colonial rule by Turkish foreigners seemed to begin again. But they were forced into an alliance with the north-Indian aristocracy, the Rajputs, and the result was the eventual synthesis of Islamic and Hindu culture in most ways of life. In the eighteenth century, the empire disintegrated into a confederation of Hindu and Muslim states, and the classical Mughal civilization became, with slight modification, the heritage of the whole of India.

In the late-sixteenth century a truly original style of miniature painting developed. The Mughal emperor Akbar, established workshops for painters at his court, and under the guidance of the Persian artist Mir Sayyid Ali, many artists were trained in the art of miniature painting. They were usually made of watercolors painted on smooth papers made from flax, bamboo, and jute. Akbar's own son, Jahangir, brought this art to its zenith with his portraits of people, animals, and birds depicting a much more advanced optical perspective and integration of landscape into the composition.

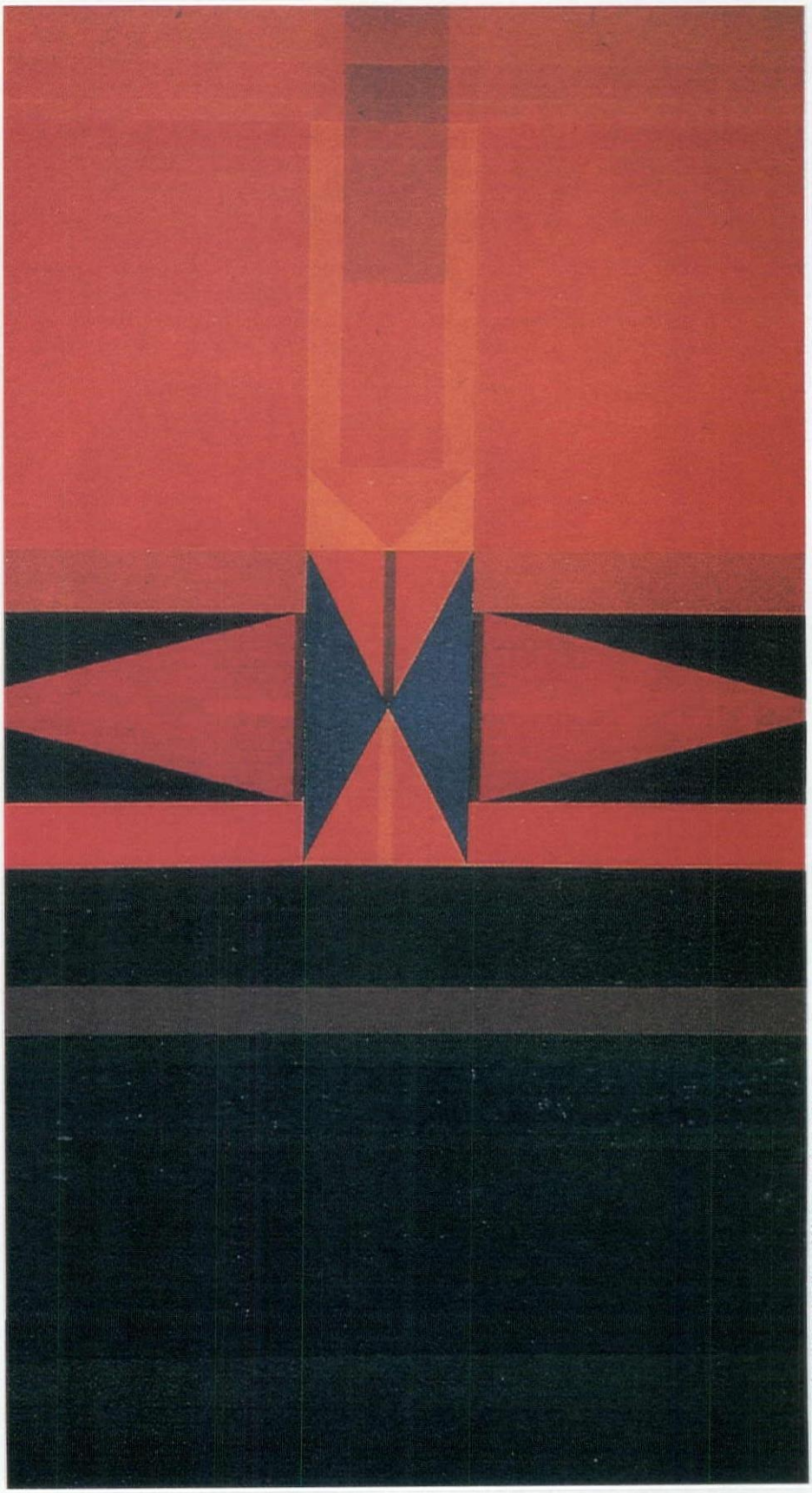
Mughal art took a different turn in Rajasthan. In this desert state rich in maharajas and warriors, narrative illustration became popular in painting, celebrating patrons, soldiers, and lovers. The passionate cantos from *Gita Govinda*, introducing Radha as the heroine and Lord Krishna as the archetypal lover, fired the painters' imaginations. In their beautifully colored and detailed works, every motif from peacocks to lotus blossoms have symbolic meaning.

In 1803 the British East India Company conquered India, but for some time the British acknowledged the Mughal court and the late Mughal civilization. However, between 1832-37, the British altered their policy, aspiring to a rapid Anglicization and Christianization of the country. The Indians fought encroachment but their art suffered. Under the patronage of the East India Company, Indian artists began to paint in European styles. Although much of their work was pleasing, nothing they produced ranked with the art of their past. It would take some time for India to rediscover her intrinsic artistry and blend it with yet another new set of political and social conditions. □

*Valerie Gladstone writes frequently about the arts for several publications.*

# VISIONS OF A MODERN AGE

## Contemporary Indian art melds tradition with a modern world view.



Photos courtesy of the National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, decidedly Indian art—which had all but disappeared due to European influences—resurfaced. Two artists who were important in the formation of India's first truly modern school of painting are Amrita Sher-Gil and Binode Behari Mukherjee. Both perceived the allegorical possibilities traditional village life contained. A woman of Sikh-Hungarian origin who studied in Italy and Paris, Sher-Gil returned to India to transcribe the environment into color, evoking with her deeply languid contours the secluded sensuous life of the Indian woman. In his great narrative mural in Santiniketan (1946-1948), Mukherjee created a rhythmic structure to comprehend the dynamics of Indian life and its extraordinary relationship of routine and spiritual exaltation.

Many Indian artists left India for Europe in the thirties and forties. One was Kaiko Moti, whose engravings and etchings express the combined influence of East and West that has shaped much of India's contemporary art. Moti's transcendent landscapes, portraits, animals, florals, and still lifes reflect a masterful use of light as well as his conviction that art is more contemplative than descriptive. Moti was also an innovator in viscosity printing methods.

Another renowned printmaker who came to Paris from India was Krishna Reddy, chairman of the department of graphics at New York University for ten years. "I started studying with Tagore, who was very influenced by Gandhi," he says. "It was difficult then because the British



*The introspective paintings of the sixties and seventies, created by a new generation, reflect a strong Indian self-awareness. The sensual and spiritual elements that abound in traditional Tantric art, for example, have been used by contemporary painters to create highly original works such as Om Prakash's 1972* Intensified Direction *(opposite) and Prafulla Mohanti's 1980* Surya *(above).*

had made us feel our art was worthless . . . . Paris offered us an escape and also the wonderful painters Léger and Giacometti. But wherever an Indian artist goes, he must tackle the same problem—how to use a seven-thousand-year-old tradition in modern times."

Independence was a powerful impetus for Indian culture, and in the fifties the Progressive Artists of Bombay, such as M.F. Husain and F. M. Souza, offered a brusque modernist alternative to the prevailing languid styles of the thirties and forties. After a decade marked by the assimilation of western influence, Indian art took an introspective turn in the sixties, when a new generation of artists came on the scene, and the occult, the erotic, and the mystical became the focus of an art now self-consciously Indian. One source of inspiration was the Hindu and Buddhist Tantric heritage—both sensual, and spiritual. Unlike traditional Tantric artists—who still flourish in India—these painters have been keenly aware of movements in the international art world, using both indigenous and foreign sources to create highly original styles. The use of Tantric images in modern art was pioneered by K.C.S. Paniker in highly figurative paintings onto which he placed writings from the Tantric texts. Others, such as Prafulla Mohanti, Biren De, and K.V. Haridasam, use the abstract elements that abound in the native tradition—the square, the circle, the triangle, and the ovoid—to create geometric paintings in bright, intense colors.

Painting in a realist style, Madhoor Kapur's vivid canvases recreate street scenes and moments of repose. Works such as *Pushkar Mela* and *Pondicherry Market* are powerful evocations of the raw sights, smells, and sounds of the small-town bazaars.

The Chester Herwitz family of Worcester, Massachusetts, owns one of the most superb collections of contemporary Indian art, which includes the emotionally charged, allegorical *Between the Spider and the Lamb* by India's most famous living artist, M. F. Husain.

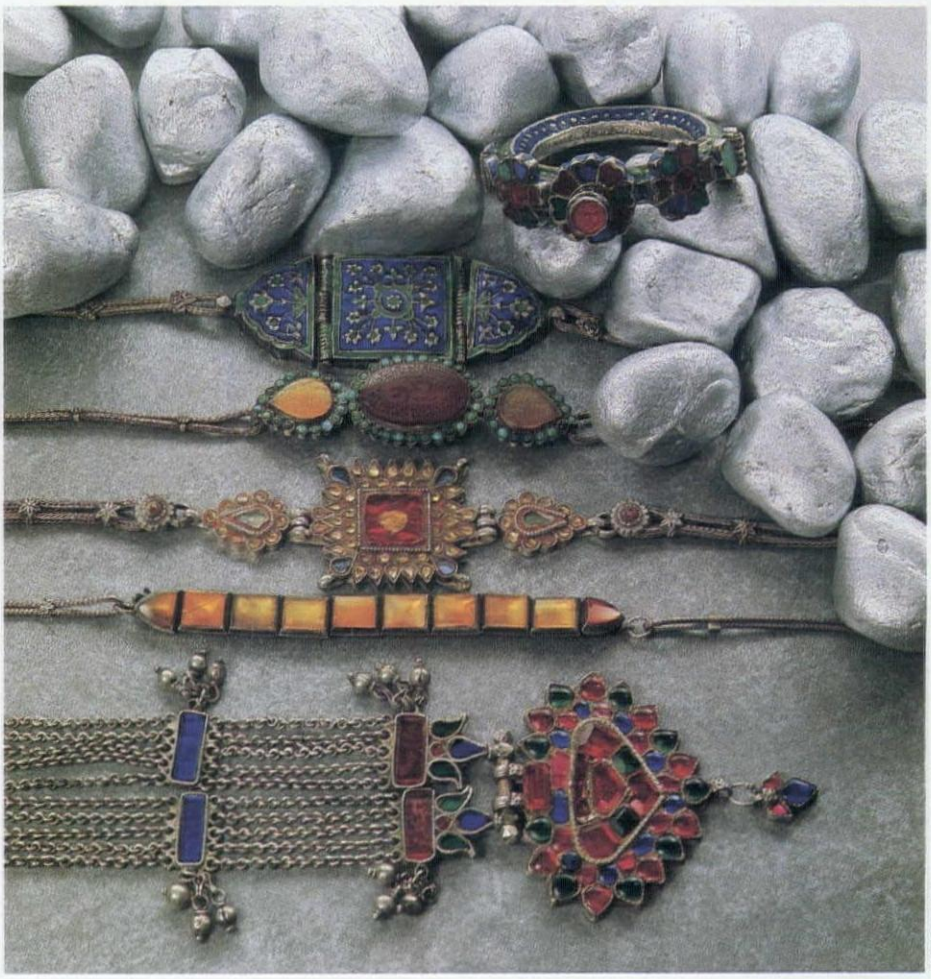
The Herwitz Collection also includes Husain's *Man,* famous for its portrayal of the opposition of East and West. The flattened space, innate to all Indian painting, and the decorative quality that infuses even modern Indian art, characterize Husain's work.

The Matisse-like *Sequence,* painted by Tyeb Mehta, depicting the evolution of a woman in a series of cut-outs, and Krishen Khanna's cubist-like *The Game,* a somber study of three military men, painted in rich browns and reds, are also part of the Herwitz collection.

One can see marvelous contemporary art collections in museums and galleries across India. In Bombay, the Kehmould, Symroza, and Pendol galleries house important collections as does the Chitarkoot Gallery in Calcutta. In New Delhi, the Art Heritage, the Dhoomimul and Kumar galleries, and the National Gallery of Modern Art offer a sweeping view of the dreams, stories, and figures who people the art of India today. —*Valerie Gladstone*

# CRAFTED BY INDIAN HANDS

## India's kaleidoscopic variety of crafts. By Jessica Harris



Taj Magazine

*Time has not staled the infinite variety of Indian crafts, produced for both functional and purely decorative purposes. Exquisite gem-studded jewelry (above) is among the finest of India's many crafts.*

From small terra-cotta disposable cups to intricately worked enamel jewelry, Indian crafts have a diversity of use and of form that has fascinated the Western world for centuries. Time has not withered nor staled the infinite variety of products of the craftsman's art available on the Indian subcontinent. In towns and villages people create small wonders in copper and brass, silver and gold, ivory, sandalwood, and silk. Products range from gossamer-thin textiles to heavy silver jewelry.

Because in the traditional Indian rural home, every object is a vehicle for the craftsperson's art—from the brass water pots used to bring water from the village well to the saris worn by the women of the house—it is necessary to divide any discussion of crafts in India into categories. The major categories are woodwork, metalwork, embroidery, and shawls, basket weaving, textiles (including carpetings and floor coverings), and jewelry.

In classical times the Indian wood carver's functions ranged from the creation of furniture and tools, without which the community could not function, to the creation of items of a purely decorative nature. Woods used in India for ornamental work include teak, ebony, redwood, rosewood, red cedar, and sandalwood. Wooden products found in Kashmir include cabinets, tables, and trays carved in walnut. Design motifs include carved grapes, roses, and lotuses. In Punjab, workers have traditionally specialized in ivory inlay, although today, the material inset is more frequently plastic. Goa reveals its Portuguese influence with a revival of the tradition of carved Biblical figures and of miniature painting on wood. Surat in Gujarat specializes in marquetry work with pieces of ivory, ebony, and sandalwood intermixed to create kaleidoscopic patterns.

Southern Indian wood-working tradition stems back to the decoration of *rathas* or carved chariots used by temples for deities at their time of ceremonial or festive processions. Today, wooden sculpture in rosewood and other items continue this tradition.

Metal working is one of India's more ancient crafts. From repousse work, in which a design is filled with enamel or lac (found in Thanjavur in Tamil Nadu, Bhuj in Gujarat, and Pune in Maharashtra) to bidri work, the inlaying of gold and silver on steel or copper (found in Bidar and Hyderabad) to simpler, functional pieces, metal creations are plentiful.

Embroidery work and shawls are typical of India. The paisley shawls that gained fame in nineteenth-century Europe had their origin in the jamawar shawls of Kashmir. Other Indian shawls can be found in almost every material with silk, cotton, wool, and rayon predominating. Most famous, perhaps, are the ring shawls known as *shatosh*, which can easily pass through a man's signet ring. They are made of fine wool and are quite difficult to find. Pashmina shawls are more readily available and are made from a wool with a fine, silky texture.

Appliqué work found in Orissa combines fabric pieces in bright primary colors, while quilted embroidered coverlets can be found in Rajasthan. In other areas of the country, sequins, pieces of mica, small mirrors, and shells are only some of the items that are incorporated into embroidered designs.

Silks from Kanchipuram juxtapose bright colors—shocking pinks border acid-green saris shot with golden threads; midnight indigos mix with magentas. In Varanasi, silks take on a



© Shantanu Sheorey

more classical hue with intricate borders of golden threads, finishing saris that are so heavy that their weight adds to their value. And silk is not the only fabric to be found. The cottons of Lucknow are known throughout the country and were the glory of every court in Northern India. The ikat designs of Orissa and Gujarat add yet another dimension of brilliant color. Handprinted textiles widen the variety.

Textiles only begin with saris and fabric. Pile carpets have a long history on the subcontinent, dating back to the sixteenth century when the Mughal emperor Akbar brought Persian carpet weavers to India and set up a royal workshop in his own palace. India also produces dhurries, the pileless cotton rugs that are popular throughout the country.

Basket weaving is another art which is prevalent throughout the Indian subcontinent. Bamboo, cane, grasses, and reeds, as well as the fibers from the date and coconut palm, are used to make everything from toys to jewelry to baskets. Coiled and braided basket-work designs are typical, and the variety of patterns and forms created are seemingly endless.



Taj Magazine

*A dizzying array of stunning textiles, including carpets and rugs as well as magnificent silks and brilliantly printed cottons (above) and intricately worked embroidery (top) have brought fame to India for centuries. Distinctive contributions to the textile arts can be found in nearly every region of the vast subcontinent.*

One of the finest crafts in India is jewelry. In gold, silver, enamel, precious and semi-precious stones, lacquer, and base metals, the art of adornment has found some of its finest interpreters. Silver ornaments are especially popular in Rajasthan where the jewelry tends to be heavy and barbaric-looking, perhaps due to the area's warrior past. In the south in Madras, gold predominates, with jewelers taking their inspiration from the traditional forms of jewelry worn by the classical dancers of Bharata Natyam. The larger cities of Delhi and Bombay offer both traditional and contemporary designs.

Whether a simple basket, a wooden box, a brilliant sari, or an ornate golden necklace, the crafts of India delight with their diversity and keep travelers ever mindful of India's glorious past and ever-changing present. □

*Jessica Harris is South Asia editor of* Travel Weekly. *She is also the author of* Hot Stuff, *a cookbook published by Atheneum.*

# PRINCELY PALACES

## Grand palaces grace the Indian countryside. By Virginia Fass

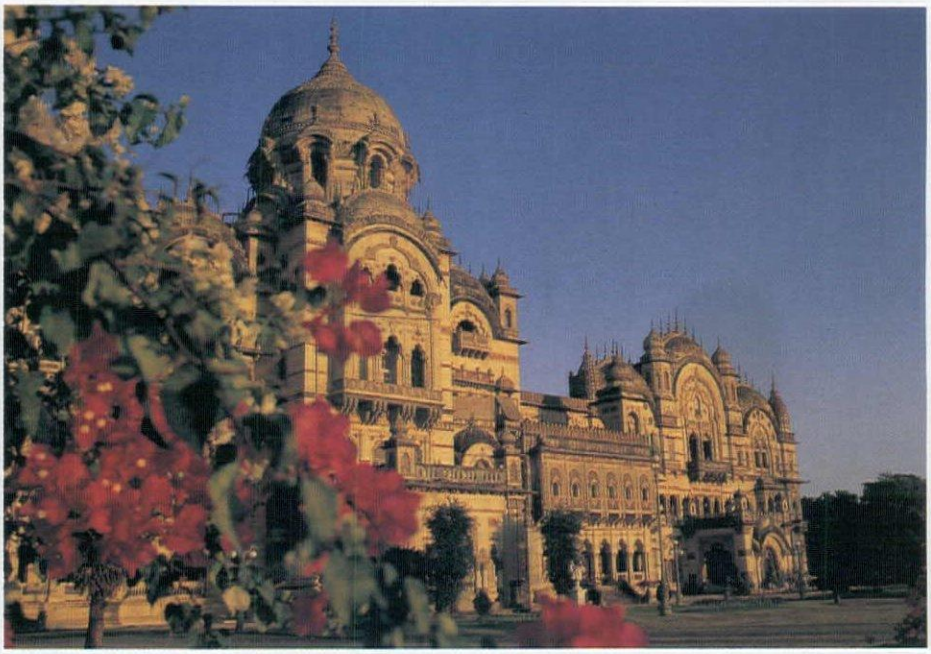
The palaces of India are an extraordinary legacy. Built by warring princes in times of peace, the first phase of palace construction came during the high point of Mughal rule from the late-sixteenth century to the early-eighteenth century when the Rajputs, who gained wealth and prestige by serving the Mughal emperors, abandoned their forts and built sumptuous palaces. These have distinctively Rajput stylistic features, with few windows and little ornamentation on the lower levels, but at the top these palaces broke out into canopies, kiosks, and turrets.

The second phase of palace building came when the princes felt secure enough under the cloak of the British raj in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries to venture out of their forts and city palaces and build more comfortable and luxurious residences—a display of their power, wealth, and capacity for self-indulgence. They adopted varied architectural styles, representing Indian Hindu, Islamic, Indo-saracen, and European. Cooch Behar's dome is a copy of Saint Peter's in Rome. Karpurthala is a replica of a French Louis XIV palace, while Morvi is distinctively art deco, even down to such details as tubular-framed furniture.

At Baroda, Maharaja Sayajirao built the Laxmi Vilas Palace (completed in 1890), a synthesis of Indian styles—a Mughal dome above the Bengal-inspired drooping canopies, Gujurati domes and towers, and a profusion of Rajput detail. With a five-hundred-foot facade, the palace is a blend of East and West, executed by craftsmen from India and Europe.

In the Punjabi state of Farikdot, the Maharaja Harinder Singh built a colonial-style palace which he repainted in "Eton" blue every year. In the Rann of Kutch, the westernmost extremity of India, stands the Vijay Vilas Palace, built in the 1920s in an Indo-Edwardian style. It is set close to the sea among the sand-dunes of one of the remotest stretches of India.

In the Hindu holy city of Benares, the present maharaja still retains his liveried servants in his Ramnagar Palace on the banks of the Ganges River. Perched on seventeenth-century ramparts, this rambling palace is a conglomeration of Hindu and British styles. Besides being open to the public, the palace houses a wonderful museum with a collection of ceremonial silver "howdahs" and an ivory- and silver-inlaid coach used on state occasions.



Photos by Virginia Fass

*Above: The Laxmi Vilas Palace at Baroda (completed in 1890), a blend of Indian and Western styles. Opposite: The ornate throne room at Amba Vilas Palace in Mysore.*

At Mysore, in southern India, the extravagant Amba Vilas Palace has domes covered with eighteen-karat gold. Its ornate throne room, built at the turn of this century, astonishes every visitor with its splendor, and its council chamber boasts a fabulous octagonal roof of stained glass.

All of these Indian palaces are now open to the public. Some have been taken over by the government, while others have been made into first-class hotels. The most famous of these is the Lake Palace at Udaipur, which floats like a huge white marble ship on the still waters of the Pichola Lake. Once the summer palace of the Maharanas of Udaipur, it is now one of the most romantic hotels in the world—many of the suites still have their original furniture.

Not far away at Jodhpur, the Umaid Bhawan Palace has also been made into a hotel. Built by Maharaja Umaid Singh between 1929 and 1944, its domed central hall rose to 190 feet. There were English and Indian kitchens, a ballroom, and a theater for stage or cinema. The present Maharaja of Jodhpur has been able to adapt all this into an excellent hotel.

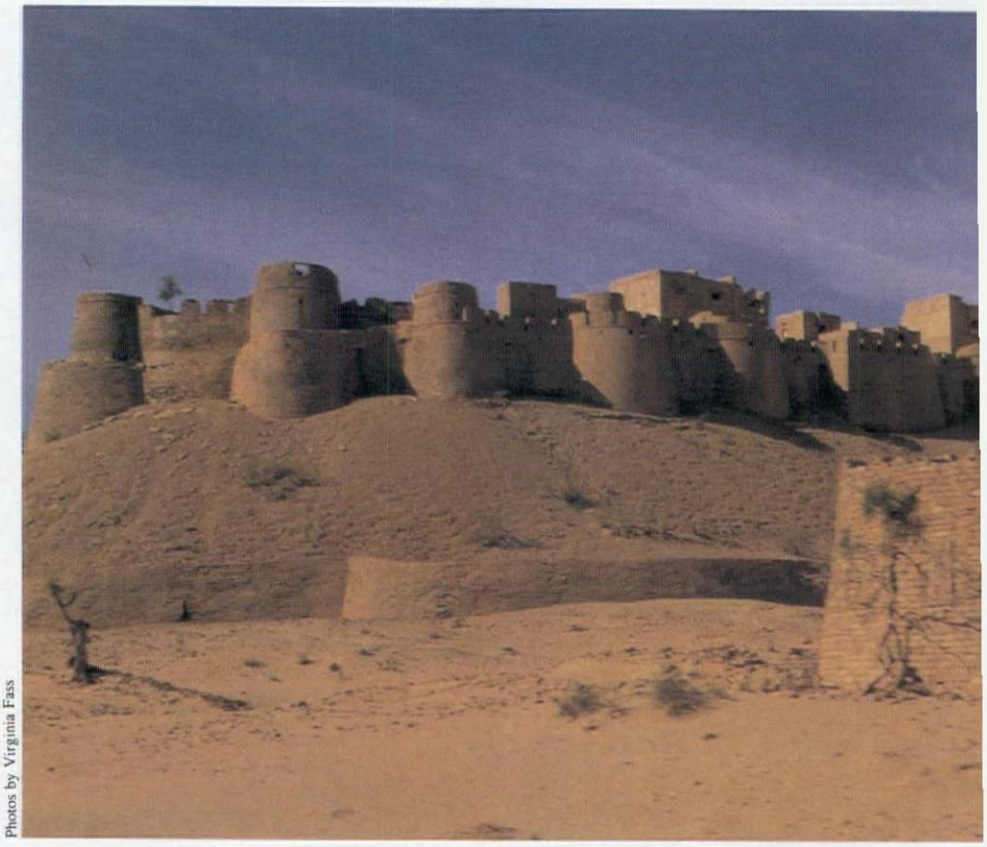
In the pink city of Jaipur—founded by Jai Singh II—the present maharaja has also opened his City Palace to the public. For one rupee, visitors can tour the whole complex, which includes a temple at the end of the garden, a superb museum of Indian miniatures, and an armory. Built in the early-eighteenth century, the City Palace is a synthesis of Mughal and Rajput styles. The Chandra Mahal, the royal residence, is a seven-tiered, pyramidical building designed to ensure shelter from the sun and access to the breeze. There are courtyards with decorative peacock motifs, and in one of the top-most stories of the Chandra Mahal is the Hall of Mirrors where the present maharaja still receives his guests seated on velvet cushions embellished with gold. □

*Virginia Fass has produced two books, both published by Collins:* The Palaces of India *and* The Forts of India. *She did the photographs for both and visits India frequently.*



# EXPLORE THE FORTS OF A FABLED LAND

## Fortresses rise by the hundreds from the land. By Virginia Fass



Photos by Virginia Fass

*Above: The desert fort of Jaisalmer, with its ninety-nine bastions. Inside, visitors will find a feudal outpost where palaces, temples, and bazaars create a magic city of the Orient. Right: The ancient hill fort of Gwalior contains Man Singh's Palace.*

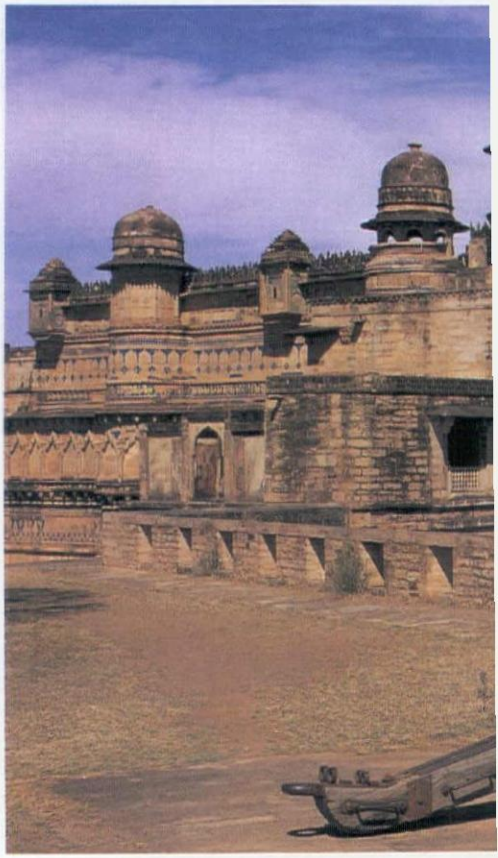
Forts and castles have long held a fascination for me. Twenty years ago I toured the Crusader castles from Methoni in Greece to Krak des Chevaliers in Syria. Later, on my many visits to India, everywhere the startling sights of forts on hills filled me with a longing and determination to explore them and to record them in photographs. It took four separate visits, between 1980 and 1985, to achieve my ambition. It was tough, varied, and exciting. I enjoyed the challenge and the fun.

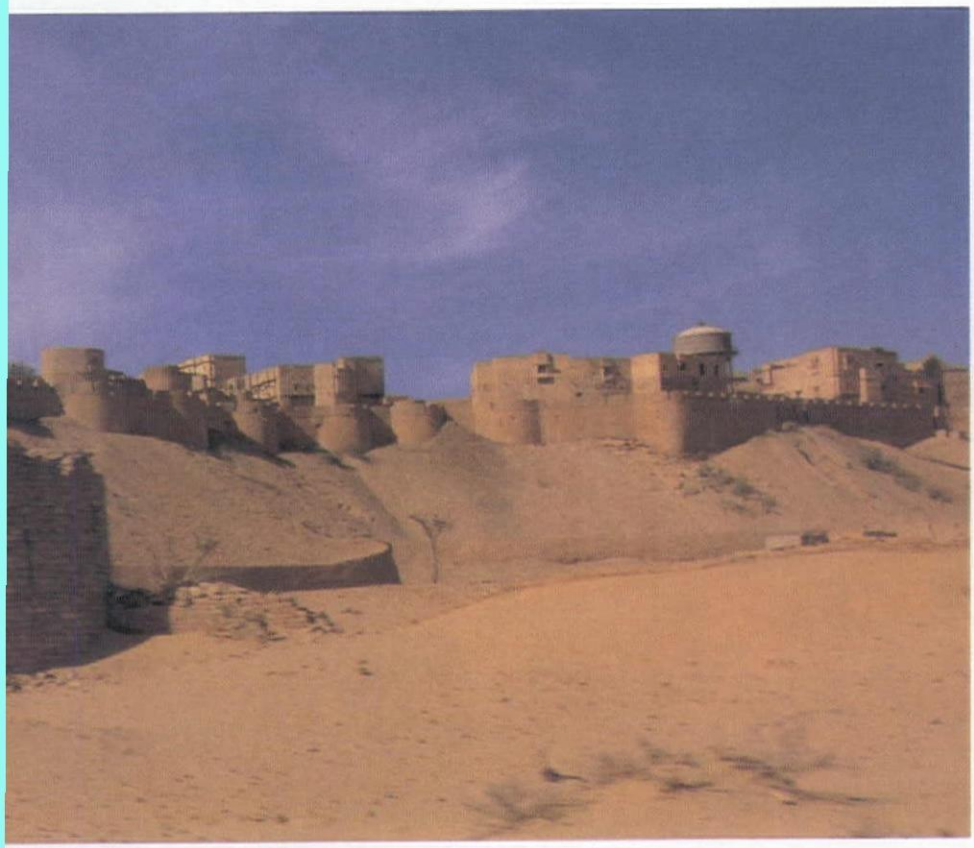
Part of the appeal was the inaccessibility of some of the more remote and rarely visited forts. As I ascended to each new one my spirit soared with a feeling of exhilaration and sheer ecstasy. To photograph Kalinjar and Ajaigarh I had a long and exhausting climb to 800 feet under a relentless sun. But what unexpected rewards awaited me on reaching the summit when I discovered the forts contained magnificent examples of early sculpture. I picked my way between headless torsos and their severed heads lying side by side—carnage in stone. I trod among a wealth of images: a reclining Shiva, a dancing Ganesh, a Nandi bull, a Vishnu boar. I longed for a sack but then thought better of it. Their rightful home is where they fell.

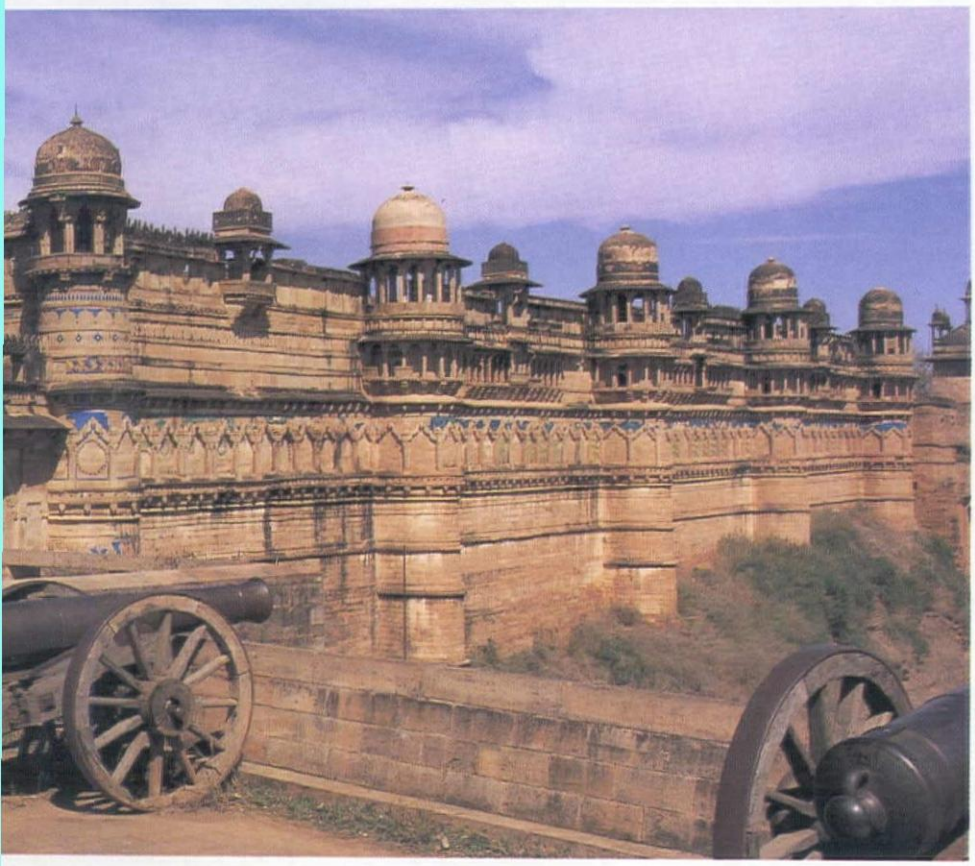
At Talbehat, in a simple hollowed-out log canoe, I risked life, limb, and cameras to photograph the fort from the crocodile-infested waters. Hanging precariously out of helicopter windows, I took aerial photographs of Samthar and Patiala. On an elephant I rode up the steep slope to Amber fort and, less successfully, on a camel at Jaisalmer. Four men carried me in a 'doolie'—a basket on poles—up the 1,400 steps to Raigarh. Overlooking a precipice, it was an anxious journey and, since it had to be undertaken at sundown, it was pitch dark by the time we reached the top where we spent the night at the rest house. My appearance was greeted with utter amazement. Later, the journey down was even more alarming!

At Raigarh I was literally hauled up the final rocky ascent, cameras and all, by my two guides, Appa Deshpande and Professor P. K. Ghanekar. But, for me at least, the stupendous view from the top was well worth the effort. I cannot speak for my guides!

Kumbhalgarh I found totally deserted except for the temple *pujaris*, a few local inhabitants, and the stooped old *chowkidar*, who conducted me through the fort, opening up the doors to dusty palace buildings and temples with a heavy







bunch of ancient, curiously shaped keys, and spoke with nostalgia of the far-off days. Alone I walked for miles around the wide and imposing ramparts, peering through embrasures from which, until ten years ago, tigers were shot, for this is the true 'Sher Khan' country.

Hazards and the unexpected are part of the fun of India. When I inquired of two pundits deep in conversation the most suitable path to a certain fort, I was summarily dismissed with the disdainful reply, "Madame, we are presently engaged in some very meaningful dialogue." On the approach to Garhkundar, through wild and rocky jungle, one of my armed companions quipped, "Madame, I hope you can shoot." "Yes, if I have to," I replied, grabbing the rifle a mere second or so before a wild boar charged out of the undergrowth. The accuracy of my shot could only be attributed to sheer terror. On another occasion we arrived at the District Commissioner's rest house in the Banda District of Bundelkhand to be told that *dacoits* had made off with all the beds the previous day. Dacoits in 1983! I chose to spend the night sleeping on a table in preference to a bedroll on the floor among the rats.

On every horizon in Rajasthan and Bundelkhand one can make out the contours of a fort. There are, literally, hundreds of them all over the countryside. They rise out of the deserts, out of lakes, out of mustard fields, out of rocky jagged hills. They are part of the terrain itself. And although they have blended into day-to-day life and few pay them much attention, every fort has its own distinctive character, its myths, its awesome reputation. For me it was a journey into the mists of time, to the realm of legend and history, of chivalry and valour when the honour of a queen could provoke great battles, and when many victories were hollow because the vanquished chose *johar* rather than suffer at the hands of their conquerors.

As I travelled the length and breadth of Hindusthan, experiencing the variety of its colossal landscape, I began to grasp a faint concept of the country and the people who had been held in its spell. In spite of all its fortresses, its invaders and its defenders were forced one by one to abandon their cause. The land is too vast; sooner or later it will make a mockery of every scheme and race who seek to improve it. □

*"The Photographer's Tale," excerpted from* The Forts of India *(Collins, 1986), is by Virginia Fass, who provided all photographs for the book.* Forts *also features a foreword by the Maharaja of Jaipur and text by Rita and Vijay Sharma and Christopher Tadgell.*

# DRAMA THAT ENDURES

## Classical to folk, Indian drama evokes mood, feeling, and color.



*Drama varies from region to region, such as the Kathakali dance-drama (above) in the South.*

According to legend, when the world passed from the Golden Age to the Silver Age and jealousy, anger, desire, and greed ruled the day, the God Indra approached Brahma, the creator of the universe, and spoke to him: "We want a form of diversion which must be audible as well as visible. Since the four Vedas are forbidden to the lower caste, be so kind as to create another Veda which will be shared by the people."

Brahma sat in meditation and from the four Vedas he extracted the four elements of speech, song, mime, and sentiment, and so created the *Natya Veda,* the holy book of dramaturgy. Brahma taught the art of dramaturgy to Bharata Muni, the great sage, who taught it to his hundred sons. The *Natya Veda* was brought from heaven to earth for the benefit of the people.

In *Natya Shastra,* Bharata Muni consolidated and codified various traditions in dance, music, and drama in a comprehensive treatise outlining all conceivable details of make-up and costume, along with exhaustive notes on direction and production. No ancient book in the world contains such an exhaustive study on dramaturgy as *Natya Shastra.* Written some time between 200 B.C. and 200 A.D., it is addressed to the playwright, the director, and the actor—to Bharata Muni, these three were inseparable in the creation of drama. According to him, "Drama is a representation of the actions and conduct of people rich in various emotions depicting different situations. This will relate to actions of men, good, bad, and indifferent, and will give courage, amusement, and happiness, as well as counsel, to them all."

The formality of Indian drama is boundless. Hindu theorists from the earliest days divided plays into two types: *lokadharmi* (realistic) and *natyadharmi* (conventional). Lokadharmi reproduced human behavior on the stage along with the natural presentation of objects. The natyadharmi presented a play through the use of stylized gestures and symbolism, and was considered more artistic than realistic. Descriptive poetry took the place of ornate sets, which tended to dwarf the personality of the actor, according to Hindu tastes.

Sanskrit plays began with an elaborate ritual in which some twenty pre-play ceremonies of music and dance were performed. The musical instruments were tuned, songs rehearsed, hand poses practiced by the actors, and dancing girls beat out rhythms with their feet. These preliminaries were performed as conciliatory offerings to deities and to prepare the minds and hearts of the spectators.

Some ceremonies took place on stage, such as sanctification rituals in which water and white flowers were sprinkled on players and the audience. Worship offered to the presiding deity of the theater ensured success to the producer and good luck to the actors. The tradition is still carried on by folk players in present-day India.

The whole aesthetic of Hindu drama and art comprises a concept of *bhava* and *rasa.* Literally, rasa means "taste" or "flavor," and is that exalted sentiment or mood which the spectator experiences after witnessing a performance. Critics do not concern themselves so much about the plot construction or technical perfection of a



poem or play as about the rasa of a particular work. The nine rasas are erotic, comic, pathetic, furious, heroic, terrible, odious, marvelous, and spiritual peace. Abstract ideas are also represented through colors: erotic by translucent green; comic, white; pathetic, ash-gray; furious, red; heroic, light orange; terrible, black; odious, blue; marvelous, yellow; and spiritual peace, colorless.

There are also nine corresponding bhavas: love, laughter, pathos, anger, energy, fear, disgust, wonder, and quietude. The bhava may be enduring or transitory, for example, if the rasa is erotic, its enduring bhava is love. Characters are also classified: the sublime, the impetuous, the gay, and the subdued. Among the sublime are the epic heroes like Rama and Krishna, while demons and fierce characters come under the impetuous category; lovers and kings under the gay; and ministers and merchants under the subdued.

Influencing all Indian art—especially drama—through the ages have been two great epics: the *Ramayana*, about King Rama and his battle with evil; and the *Mahabharata*, the tale of the Kauravas and the Pandavas, two rival families of cousins. Both epics are peopled with gods and demons, kings and yogis, nymphs and ogres, heroes and heroines, and they are all given human weaknesses and passions.

*Ramayana* is performed in India for fourteen days every October, when it is believed Rama returned to his home after he had triumphed over demons and tyrants. (Also at this time, Dassehra, the all-India yearly festival, plunges the whole nation into two weeks of exuberant theatrical activity, ranging from pageants, tableaux on bullock-carts, and recitations to arena plays and well-produced ballets.)

The complex psychological characters found in western drama have little appeal for most Indians, who prefer the hero who triumphs, the heroine who suffers, and the struggle between good and evil, truth and falsehood—plays that resonate with the themes of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. Every dance troupe and theatrical company has in its repertoire a substantial number of plays carved out of the two epics. Even today, most successful commercial films in India are based on mythological heroes.

The classic Sanskrit theater suffered an eclipse and disappeared after the tenth century but the oral literature and hereditary arts of the villagers took on more vigorous, direct, and colorful forms. Today, the one extant form of Sanskrit theater, the Koodiyattam of Kerala, dates from the tenth century.

Folk theater is far less rigid in form, style, and content than the classical. Because of its flexibility, it has been able to absorb into its presentation the varied influences of secular beliefs, such as the Muslim and the alien attitudes of the British. However, the same characters appear as in the classic theater and, like the classic theater, folk uses music, song, dance, and prose dialogue to tell its stories; and costumes, make-up, and masks are equally dramatic and stylized. But folk plays are staged in the open air, on stages erected in temple courtyards or village greens, or in an open-space near the marketplace, using overhanging trees, balconies, and neighboring street houses as exits, entrances, and differing locales. The clown figure is given great freedom, and the humor is often bawdy. And every region in India has its own folk tradition.

Unlike the other folk plays, Ramalila and Krishnalila (both found in Uttar Pradesh in North India) are formal pageants, based on incidents from the lives of Rama and Krishna. It takes fourteen days to stage Ramalila, and its most famous annual production, often attended by millions, takes place in Ramnaga. Nautanki (found in Rajasthan) is an operatic drama of Lord Krishna's life; its tales, legends, and humorous interludes are spread over a month's time.

Bengal, conquered by the British in 1757, ushered in the contemporary theater, and other regional theaters more or less followed the Bengali pattern—a combination of political zeal, religious fervor, and pride in historical heroes. To overcome censorship difficulties, Girish Chandra Ghosh, founder of the National Theatre (Bengal's first professional group), wrote historical and mythological plays with a veiled symbolism that was at once recognized by the people. As an actor, writer, and director, he put the Bengali theater on a sound footing, introducing a standard of professional efficiency and workmanship. But not until the 1920s were the first elements of realism introduced.

Probably one of the most outstanding figures of Indian theater was Rabindranath Tagore. A poet, actor, director, and composer, he evolved a dramatic form which influenced Bengali theater at the beginning of this century. His dramas, more suitable to the open air than an enclosed theater, invoked the spirit of folk opera which had been driven out of Calcutta by the professional stage. His themes were often death, oppression, stupidity, and violence; his style often blank verse; and his language poetic.

While there is a basic unity of emotion and attitude of mind in the folk and classical traditions, there is no single theatrical concept in India. Calcutta theaters are of one kind; Marathi of another; and in the South the dance-dramas such as Kathakali have a totally different color. In New Delhi one may see a George Bernard Shaw play or one by Sartre, while on the Ramalila grounds thousands sit on the grass witnessing *Ramayana* enacted in the style which their forefathers saw. In order to see what the late-nineteenth-century theater was like, it is not necessary to go to a museum or browse through books. The color and thunder of the Parsi theater is still being performed by some of the dramatic groups in Bombay.

With the growth of thousands of dramatic groups in different regions and languages, the contours of a new Indian theater is emerging—a synthesis of the old and the new, the classical and the folk—with song and dance and a gesture language that has its own mood, feeling, and color.

*—Valerie Gladstone*

# CELEBRATION OF DANCE

## A celebration of life: Sonal Mansingh talks about Indian dance.

The graceful figure stands motionless, as light shimmers across the golden silks of her costume and radiates from the jewels that adorn her body. It is as if an ancient Indian temple frieze has been effused with brilliant color and placed on the wooden stage. Then, slowly, the bells on her ankles begin to sing. The performance of Sonal Mansingh has begun, and one of India's oldest dance traditions is celebrated again.

Sonal Mansingh began performing at the age of seven and now, at forty-three, she holds numerous important dance titles. Her extraordinary career has taken her to dozens of countries, where she has dazzled audiences with movements that date back three thousand years. At the same time, she has ensured that India's unique dance traditions will be passed to the next generations. Her well-known dance school, established in New Delhi nine years ago, offers her the forum to share with her students the principles outlined in the Bharata's *Natya Shastra*. This treatise of dance and drama, written in the second century A.D. by the great sage Bharata, codifies the rules and techniques, even preparation of the stage, for dance performances.

"Every occasion in India is punctuated with dance and music," Sonal says. "The thinking is that the dances are the shortest ways to the realization of what you westerners call 'god.' It is the blood and the life of Indian thinking that everything is made beautiful for the supreme one." Sonal admits that westerners would almost call this philosophy "pagan . . . but, for us that does not exist." This beauty is methodically injected into every aspect of the dance. The fabrics of her costumes are rich, handwoven silks, often illuminated with threads of pure gold. Her jewels are crafted of precious stones and metals. "The body is given to us, and we make it more beautiful by learning the harmony of it all and by wearing beautiful things," she says.

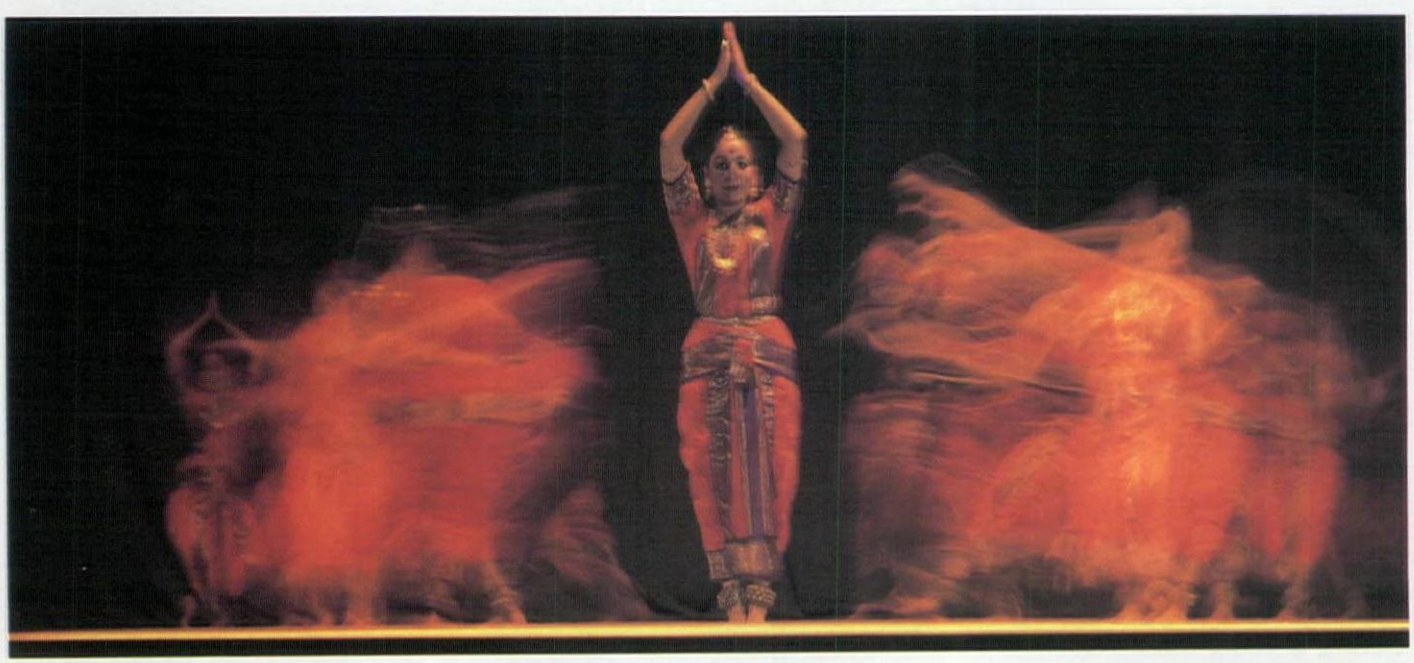
Sonal Mansingh is known worldwide for her achievements in three distinct Indian dance forms: Bharata Natyam, Odissi, and Kuchipudi. These, along with the other native styles, represent different regions of the country. Bharata Natyam flourished on the southeast coast and is a style known today for its classical purity and precise, forceful footwork. Odissi is the graceful style which began in the eastern state of Orissa. Each position animates poses that have been etched in temple walls for centuries. Sonal is also a master of the Kuchipudi dance, in which her movements are fluid and even curvaceous, performed to the accompaniment of lute, flute, drum, and harp.

"In Indian dance you use every limb, every feature of the body," Sonal explains. "There are six movements of the eyebrow, and nine for the eyes—lateral, vertical, half round from above, from below, zigzag . . . ." Her animated movements of the eye capture the precise detail that captivates her audiences worldwide.

Human emotion is another essential ingredient of Sonal's art. "The most important sentiment is love . . . that is the entire gamut, that is the tension between two beings," she continues. As her hands move through the air, she recalls the other emotions—heroism, mirth, wonderment, fury, fear, disgust, then peace and tranquility. This passion for life may be the single element that unites all of Sonal Mansingh's talents. The jewels, the golden silks, the lilting tones of the orchestra become mere trappings for this gifted dancer. She has personified the essence of her ancient art. She has achieved its harmony.

*—Kellee C. Reinhart*

*The dance movements Sonal Mansingh (below) performs date back three thousand years.*



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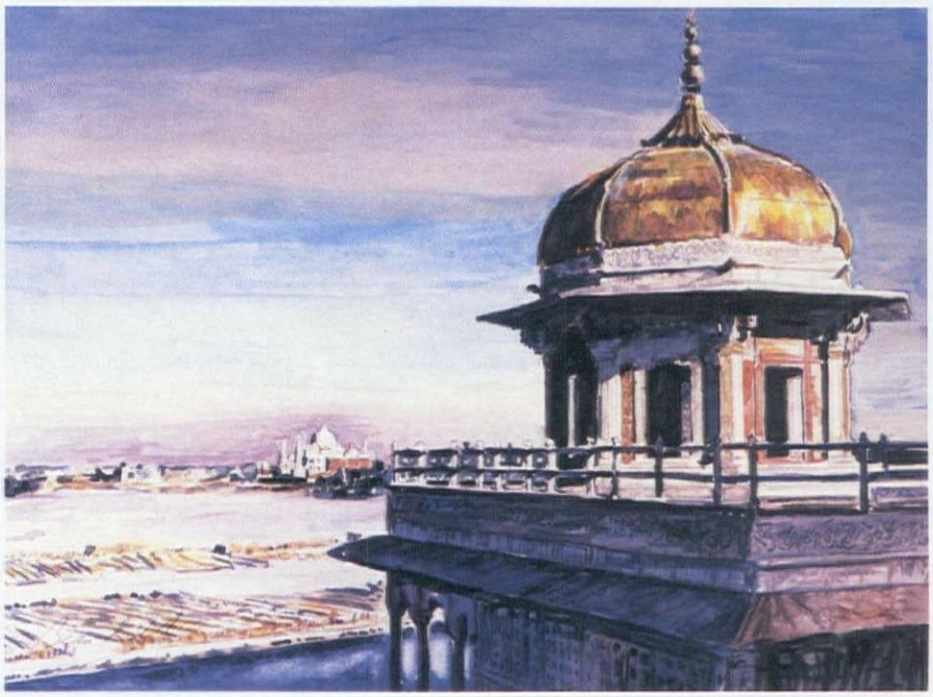
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Astronomical Center, *a 1986 watercolor by Beauregard Redmond. The eighteenth-century observatory was built by the Maharaja Jai Singh II of Jaipur.*

# A TRAVELER'S ADVISORY

## A passage to India: Doing the homework for your trip.



*Beauregard Redmond's* Imprisoned View of the Taj, *a 1986 watercolor depicting the view from the Red Fort in Agra, where the builder of the Taj was imprisoned.*

Explore India's spectacular cultural variety before you go. *Fodor's India, Nepal, and Sri Lanka* (McKay, 1986) offers essays on Indian history and culture along with region-by-region descriptions, travel tips, maps of cities and a Hindi-English vocabulary. Other excellent sources of information are Frommer-Pasmantier's *India on $15 & $25 a Day*, Prentice-Hall's *India: Insight Guides*, and Lonely Planet's *India: A Travel Survival Kit*, which includes informative pieces on places of interest with thorough lists of accomodations and maps.

To whet your appetite, begin with the sumptuous photographs of Virginia Fass in *The Palaces of India* (Collins, 1986), with text by the Maharajah of Baroda. In its sequel, *The Forts of India* (Collins, 1986), Fass's images, and the text by Rita and Vijay Sharma and Christopher Tadgell, weave a rich narrative spanning centuries of civilization. *Rajasthan: Land of Kings* (Vendome Press, 1984) by Sylvia Matheson and photographer Roloff Beny captures India's grandeur. *India: Photographs by Mitch Epstein* (Aperture, 1986) offers glimpses of daily life, from the exotic to the mundane. Ray Bradbury called the dazzling photographs by Yoshikaza Shirakawa in *The Himalayas* (Abrams, 1986) "the visual equivalent of the Koran or the Bible or the Upanishads."

Nowhere is the land and her peoples more powerfully evoked than in fiction. The tumultuous last years of British rule are vividly chronicled in Paul Scott's epic *The Raj Quartet* (Morrow, 1950; reprint available from Avon, 1984), from which PBS's "The Jewel in the Crown" was adapted (this award-winning series will encore on PBS this summer, beginning May 24). Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's *Heat and Dust* (Harper and Row, 1975) and E.M. Forster's classic *A Passage to India* (reprinted by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1985) explore the relationships between Indians and westerners.

### Before You Go

The Government of India Tourist Office provides free brochures and maps, as well as information about travel agencies, tours, transportation schedules, prices, packages, hotels, and restaurants. Contact any of the U.S. locations for addresses and telephone numbers of the offices in India, located in Agra, Aurangabad, Bangalore, Bhubaneswar, Bombay, Calcutta, Cochin, Gawahati, Hyderabad, Imphal, Itanagar, Jaipur, Khajuraho, Madras, New Dehli, Panaji, Patna, Port Blair, Shillong, Trivandrum, and Varanasi. In the U.S., write or call:

- **New York:** 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 15, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10020, 212/586-4901.
- **Chicago:** 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60601, 312/236-6899.
- **Los Angeles:** 3550 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 204, Los Angeles, CA 90010, 213/380-8855.

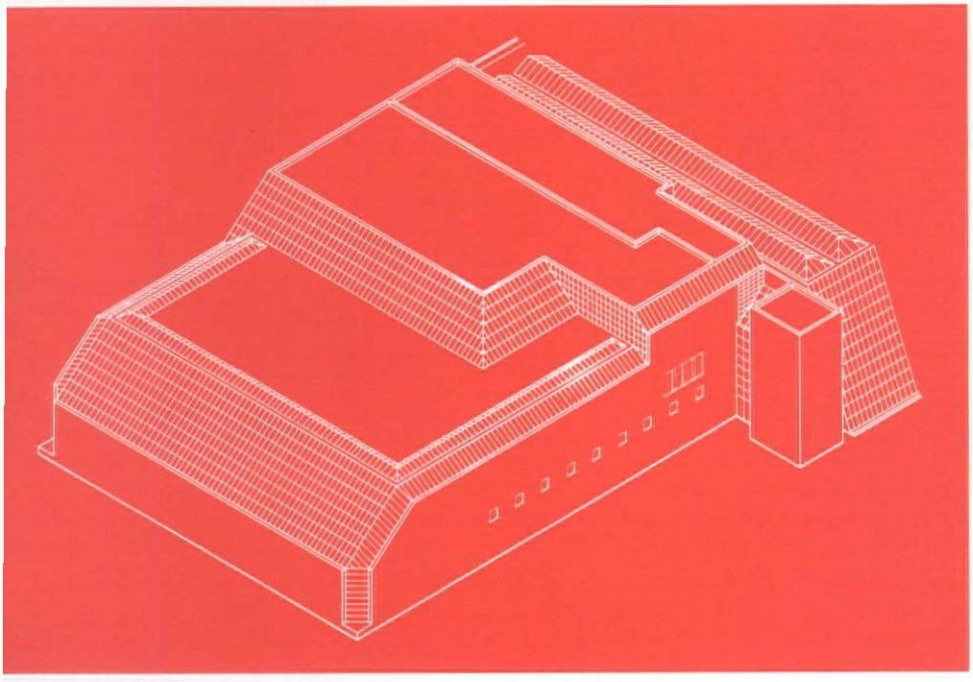
For fares and information on tours to India, contact any of Air India's U.S. offices:

- **Atlanta:** 320 Interstate North, Suite 4380, Atlanta, GA 404/955-6662.
- **Chicago:** 36 South Wabash Avenue, Suite 1105, Chicago, IL 312/782-6263.
- **Detroit:** 1249 Washington Boulevard, Book Building, Suite 1713, Detroit, MI 48226, 313/963-3500.
- **Houston:** 3336 Richmond Avenue, The Greenway Plaza, Houston, TX 77098, 713/528-5563.
- **New York:** 400 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022, 212/407-1416.
- **Washington:** 1612 K Street N.W., Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 10006, 202/785-8770.

For brochures on tours and travel services, as well as a package of information on India and its attractions, write or call Perrin McEwen at Journeyworld/International Ventures and Travel, 410 East Fifty-first Street, New York, NY 10022, 800/635-3900. Customized itineraries and specialized and general tours are available

WELCOMGROUP hotels, palaces, and resorts are located throughout India in Agra, the Andaman Islands, Aurangabad, Bangalore, Baroda, Bhavvnagar, Bombay, Goa, Gwalior, Jaipur, Kargil, Khimsar, Madras, Mangalore, New Delhi, and Patna. For information and reservation numbers, contact Anita Trehan at the Sheraton Sales Center, New York, c/o Sheraton Center Hotel, Seventh Avenue at Fifty-second Street, New York, NY 10019. □

# THE MODERN MET



## The Met goes modern. The long-awaited Wallace Wing opens.

By Robert Atkins

From the moment you enter the Metropolitan Museum's spectacular new Wallace Wing for twentieth-century art, your heart beats a little faster. There, directly ahead, is Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude Stein, surrounded by four other prime examples of the Spanish master's art. If you know the Stein portrait only from photographs, Gertrude's more than slightly asymmetrical eyes will be a shock. They are also a hint of some of the delightful and quirky surprises, the old and new friends, that inhabit the gracefully proportioned galleries that lie ahead.

Named after Lila Acheson Wallace, the new wing is a monumental tribute to one of the greatest philanthropists of our time. Wallace, who died in 1984, was—along with her husband Dewitt—a co-founder of *Reader's Digest.* She contributed not-only $11 million (of the total $26 million) to the Metropolitan Museum for the new wing, but over $200 million to support seventy-six cultural and scientific enterprises in New York City alone. While modern art seems an unlikely cause for the founder of a conservative publication to champion, it was not the only project at the Met that she underwrote. She provided funds for the reorganization of the Met's astonishing Egyptian galleries, as well as for the renovation of the museum's Fifth Avenue facade, its entrance (or Great Hall), and even the fresh flowers that grace it.

Many visitors will be surprised to learn that the Met even collects contemporary art. Associate curator Lowery Sims has remarked that the twentieth-century department tends to be treated "like the wild child who belongs in a delinquent home." Or as museum director Philippe de Montebello put it somewhat less colorfully at a ceremony marking the completion of the building of the new wing: "What we're really doing is taking the art of this century, which has been an itinerant collection using borrowed gallery space within the museum, and giving it a permanent home." What the museum's architects—Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo, and Associates—have really done is create a museum within a museum.

Located at the southeast corner, the new wing completes the Roche-Dinkeloo-designed 1970 master plan of additions to the museum, increasing its size from 950,000 to 1.8 million square feet and costing $140 million. At 110,000 square feet, the Wallace Wing is larger than many museums. With 50,000 square feet of exhibition space (the rest is devoted to curatorial offices, a library, and storage), it becomes the second-largest modern museum in New York. While it is smaller than the Museum of Modern Art, it is nearly as large as the Guggenheim Museum and the Whitney Museum of American Art combined.

When it comes to the key matter of a permanent collection of twentieth-century painting, sculpture, and design, the Met is at a distinct disadvantage vis-à-vis its Manhattan competition. The art of its own time has never been the Met's forte, no matter how many times representatives of the current administration point out that it began to acquire the


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work of then-young sculptor Auguste Rodin soon after the museum opened in 1870 and that a Cézanne canvas was purchased directly from the Armory Show of 1913.

That the museum did not establish a department of twentieth-century art until 1967 (then, the Department of Contemporary Art) is a more compelling indicator of the traditional status of recent art at the Met. Scholar and bon vivant Henry Geldzahler was the department's first chairman; and despite his intimacy with such blue-chip artists of the sixties as Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein, and David Hockney, few works by them were acquired.

In 1973, when making the key acquisition of his tenure, Geldzahler doubtless got more than he bargained for. The work in question was David Smith's sculpture *Becca* (1965), and no Smith sculpture had previously sold for more than $150,000. Nonetheless, six works by Bonnard, Picasso, Gris, and Modigliani—valued at approximately $350,000—were exchanged for the stainless-steel sculpture and a $13,500 Richard Diebenkorn painting. The resulting scandal eventually died down, and Smith's work is now regarded as central to the museum's postwar holdings.

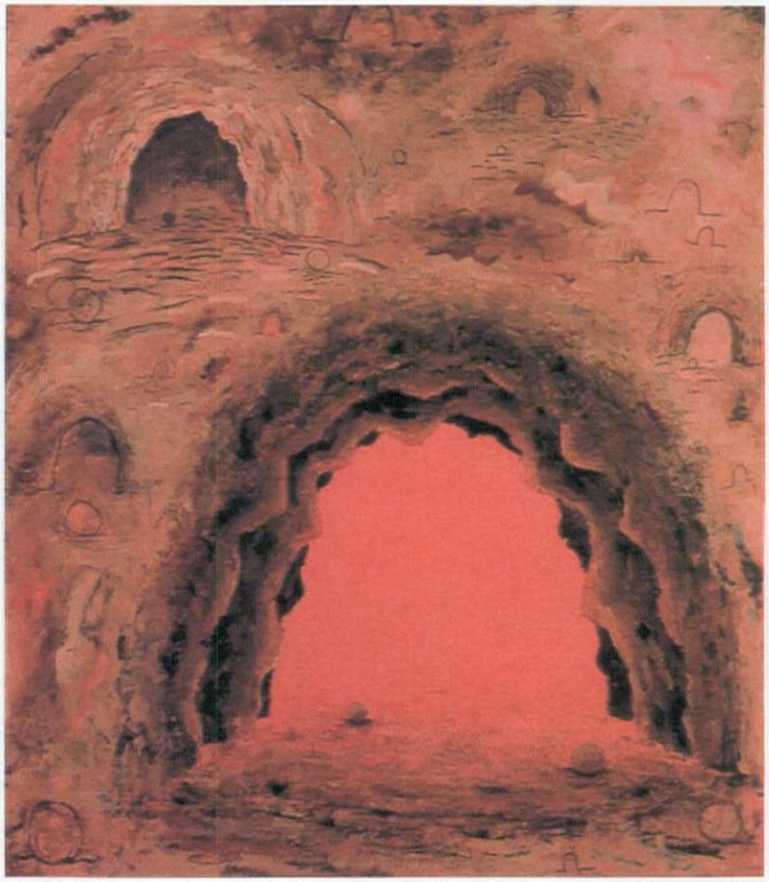
The Met's commitment to exhibiting twentieth-century art has been greater than its commitment to buying it. As current department chairman William Lieberman frequently notes, the Met was the first museum to exhibit Jackson Pollock's work in a 1942 show called "Artists for Victory." The most important contemporary loan shows of the last few years have paid tribute to the painter Balthus, the fashion designer Yves Saint Laurent, and the photographer André Kertész. But when asked if the permanent collection is, necessarily, at the top of his agenda, Lieberman replies with a sigh, "Yes. Yes. Once again, yes."

The Met's twentieth-century collection consists of 1,178 paintings, 373 sculptures, 3,104 works on paper, and an architecture-and-design collection of 3,564 objects—as of this writing. Although these may seem daunting numbers, this is a collection plagued with gaps on the order of significant works by such stellar artists as Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp, and Jasper Johns. In Lieberman, the Met may have found the perfect individual to head the twentieth-century department and, not incidentally, plug some of those gaps. He is not simply an art authority, but an experienced player in the high-stakes world of art gifts and bequests.

Funds at most museums for acquiring new works are in shockingly short supply, and the Met—with just $24,000 available annually for the work of contemporary American painters—is no exception. Gifts of money and art from collectors and artists play an increasingly large role in the museum world. And although Lieberman is annoyed by the label "curator of collectors," which legendary Museum of Modern Art director Alfred Barr has applied to him, it seems apt.

Prior to the arrival of Lieberman, perhaps the most important bequests that the Met had received were those of Miss Adelaide Milton de Groot—

## Up for grabs is nothing less than the way modern art is seen at the end of the century.



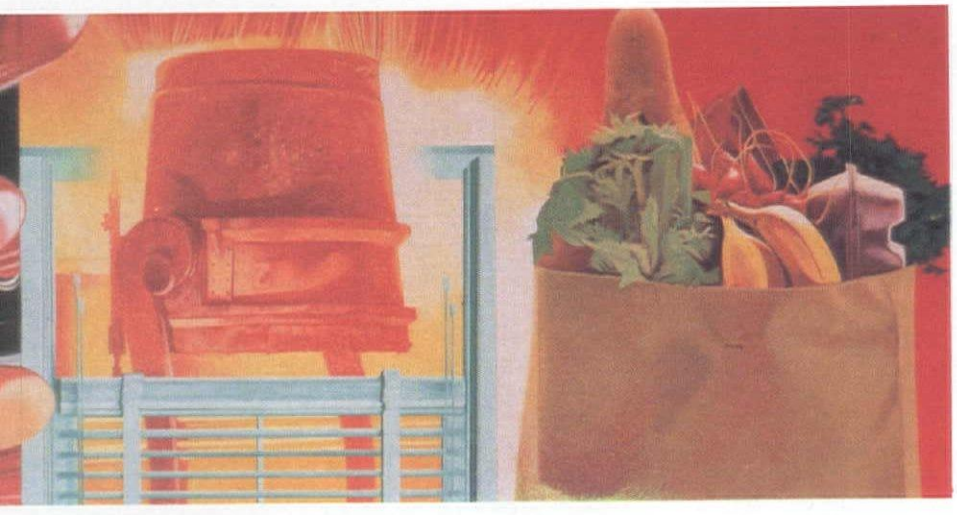
*One of the Wallace Wing's galleries will be devoted to the work of younger artists such as Louisa Chase, whose* Pink Cave *(oil on canvas, 1983) is shown above.*

*James Rosenquist's 1981* House of Fire *(oil on canvas), right, is one of an increasing number of works by contemporary artists acquired during William Lieberman's tenure as chairman of the Met's Department of Twentieth-Century Art.*





*ul Klee's* Oriental
rden *(oil on*
*dboard, 1925), one*
*hinety Klee*
*ntings donated by*
*inz Berggruen.*



## The Wallace Wing gives credibility to the former "wild child" department of the Met.



*George Braque's* Le Gueridon *(oil with sand on canvas, 1921-22) is a highlight of the Met's twentieth-century collection. Along with Pablo Picasso, the Argentine-born painter was a pioneer of the cubist movement.*

which concentrated on School of Paris painters such as Picasso and Modigliani—and the Alfred Stieglitz collection (primarily composed of American modernist masterpieces by the likes of John Marin, Marsden Hartley, and Georgia O'Keeffe).

In the seven years Lieberman has been at the museum, he has enticed collectors to give at an unprecedented rate. The most important gift thus far is the Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman Collection of abstract-expressionist paintings. Two other windfalls recently came to the Met via the unexpected bequest of the collection of Scofield Thayer—editor of *Dial*, the influential literary magazine of the twenties—and via retired Paris art dealer Heinz Berggruen's collection of Paul Klee paintings. Thayer's contribution includes almost four hundred early-twentieth-century works (excluding prints), and the Berggruen Klee collection consists of ninety paintings that will be housed in their own gallery.

Lieberman came to the Met in 1979 after thirty-four years of working in a variety of positions at the Museum of Modern Art. From 1969 to 1971, he was director of the museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture—a position now held by his (former) archrival, William Rubin. Bad blood still seems to exist between these two titans of the New York art world. Rubin has archly and publicly noted that the Museum of Modern Art could not consider accepting the Berggruen Klee collection with the stipulation that it be hung as a unit, rather than displayed among other works owned by the museum. For his part, Lieberman made thinly-veiled references to Rubin's recent installation of MoMA's permanent collection in its newly expanded quarters in answer to a *New York Times* query about his plans for the Wallace Wing. "It's in no way [going to be] a slide-show installation," Lieberman said. "There's nothing worse than forcing-people." In art circles, many sensed the knife twisting in Rubin's back.

The "slide-show installation" mentioned by Lieberman refers to Rubin's didactic arrangement of MoMA's collections. Visitors there must follow a single route through the chronological presentation of modern art or turn back. Lieberman, a master of the evocative installation, obviously has very different plans. Like MoMA, the Wallace Wing does segregate the design and architecture collections from painting and sculpture, but that may be the only point of resemblance between the two.

Unlike MoMA and most other museums, there is a startling variety among the twenty-two different galleries that comprise the Wallace Wing. Lofty spaces with twenty-foot-high ceilings coexist with intimate, low-ceilinged ones for the exhibition of prints, drawings, and smaller works. Two huge spaces—a 10,000-square-foot rooftop sculpture garden and a mezzanine-level, glass-topped indoor sculpture court 135 feet long and, in spots, 30 feet high—will be devoted to sculpture.

Lieberman spent the fall months arranging and rearranging the galleries. A weary press officer has reminded me to pin Lieberman down if I want to write anything specific. "He's changed the works in this gallery at least three times this month, says. Lieberman plans to rotate the works in gallery about every six months. This will, he h compensate for the fact that only 10 percent c collection can be on view at any one time.

Although the painting galleries will be arra in roughly chronological fashion, Liebern thematic juxtapositions of European and Ame paintings are unusual. As critic Thomas B. (Lieberman's tragically short-lived predece wrote in a 1975 review, "Lieberman's installa are filled with great surprises and happy counters." In the current installation, one such counter is the pairing of pictures from the early ties by painters John Graham and William de K ing. Each portrays a woman in the same shad acid green and raspberry pink. De Koon malevolent, wacky-looking subject, however, s ready to take a swipe at her more elegant neigh

In addition to large and flexible quarters fo twentieth-century collection, the Wallace Wing vides a ninety-nine-foot-long, twenty-two-foot- gallery for temporary exhibitions. The first, aln installed, is Robert Rauschenberg's *One-qua Mile or Two Furlong Piece.* In process since 1 Rauschenberg has thus far completed 111 units stretch more than one-eighth of a mile. While one consists of painting, sculpture, or both, difficult to tell where one leaves off and the begins. Stacks of (overdue?) library books fif feet high abut the packing-crate assemblages road signs. News images elegantly screenpri on copper plates point to well-stuffed pillowc and rice bags hanging like witty effigies to sen past pleasures. The show is a canny cho Rauschenberg is an Old Master among post artists—exactly the sort to refute any criticism the standard-setting Met should not be acqui and exhibiting recent work. In fact, Lieberman already begun to acquire and exhibit the worl artists much younger than Rauschenberg—o such as Louisa Chase, David True, and Greg Amenoff. In the Wallace Wing, there will b gallery devoted essentially to showcasing the n Like the entire wing, it will be frequently reinstal to avoid the dread condition constantly on Lieb man's mind—dullness.

His fresh and undoctrinaire attitude toward c rent innovation in art bodes well for the Met d ing the present, postmodern climate of histori reinterpretation. The museum's entry in steeplechase of the presentation of modern ar a game being played for extremely high stakes. for grabs is nothing less than the way modern is seen at the end of the twentieth century. T Metropolitan Museum has now created the opp tunity to present new and unanalyzed aspects of art of our century. With the completion of the daz ing Wallace Wing, it will have not only the exp tise, but the facilities to do so.

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*Robert Atkins is a writer and art critic who li in New York City. He also teaches art history Moore College of Art in Philadelphia.*

# The wait is over. *Les Miserables* comes to hit-hungry Broadway audiences.

By David Kaufman

# LES MIZ

The musical version of Victor Hugo's beloved classic *Les Miserables* arrives on Broadway March 12 with an advance word-of-mouth and chorus of approval that would send even the most aloof felines scurrying around town for fear of losing their vittles. As Cameron Mackintosh, the wunderkind producer of *Cats* and this newer London ıash, envisions it, "I have a feeling about *Les 'serables*—that it is actually going to become a ıssic staple of every nationalized theater." Such :ling smacks not only of instinct but also of sav-, the producer's stock-in-trade. Five weeks prior its New York premiere, *Les Miserables* earned .72 million in advance sales—more than half a llion dollars over the advance record held by *Cats* the day of *its* opening. Over the next two years ore than twenty international productions are eady planned for *Les Miz,* as it has affectionate- come to be known in London where it opened August 1985. Even after five years, *Cats,* perhaps most lucrative musical of all time, can boast of ly fourteen productions.

*Les Miserables* opens in Athens and Tokyo this ıe, Tel Aviv and Sophia in July, Barcelona and ıdapest this September, and Sydney in November. ith an international visa that would give even Kiss- ger pause, it's already on the books soon after 1987 r Munich, Oslo, Stockholm, Reykjavik, penhagen, Paris, and Toronto. Two productions slated for Poland; Chile seems definite; and it's ly a matter of time before negotiations with China d Russia are completed.

While he was contracting with the directors of the lace of Culture in Bulgaria ("It seats four thou- ıd and makes the Barbican [its London home] look e an off-Broadway theater."), where *Les Miser- les* will be the first Western musical ever rformed, Mackintosh asked them how long they ıught it might run there. Their response: "Two three years—we make them all come."

What *Les Miserables* has going for it that will ıke all people everywhere *want* to come is its iversal, heart-rending tale of the human dignity ıt can be found in the face of adversity and in- tice. The story of Jean Valjean, the ex-convict who nds his ways but is pursued his whole life by lice Inspector Javert, the archetype of social hteousness, will reach millions of people who have t been touched by it before. Along the way, they ll also meet Fantine who sacrifices herself for her ughter Cosette, and Eponine who gives her life Marius, and Marius who is willing to die for cause of the people of France.

*Les Miserables* is a tribute to those whose lives unsung. Its untranslatable title refers to the celebrated ones, the outcasts, the *miserable* ones, people without a voice. Victor Hugo finished the vel in 1861, sixteen years after he started it. Dur- g this time, he was in exile from France to avoid politics and inhumane side-effects of a republic could not abide. While *Les Miserables* has since appeared in practically every language over the last century and the number of film versions is estimated anywhere between twenty and fifty-one, its title has always remained in the original form. Finally, this became the compelling reason for not renaming the new operatic version.

Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg, respectively the lyricist and composer, conceived the musical version of *Les Miserables* in 1978, but the genesis really began fifteen years ago. "The idea came to me one night in New York after seeing *Jesus Christ Superstar,*" confides Boublil. "It was the first time I had seen something on stage that can be called the modern musical. It gave us the shape we had been looking for for years—because in France, we don't have any proper musical theater training and there is *no* musical scene. If there had only been *My Fair Lady* and *Annie,* we wouldn't be writing musicals, because this is done so well by American composers. Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice opened the door for us to do something completely different."

Schonberg, who started working with Boublil when he approached the latter's music publishing company with some compositions twenty years ago, concurs. "We are not trying to make a pale imitation of the American musical—it is impossible. You can't compete with the French Bordeaux, you know. You must have your own wine, because the French Bordeaux has been there for two thousand years. So you must arrive with your own products.

"For the French people, *Les Miserables* has the same meaning as the French flag—it's blue, white, and red—or it's like bread and Camembert cheese," explains Schonberg. "In the streets of France, when you notice a sad girl, you can say she's a Cosette and everyone knows what you mean. Or when we refer to someone—sometimes even a politician— as le Thenardier, everybody *immediately* understands it's a bad or corrupt person."

Boublil, who seems quite mischievous until one detects a shrewd diplomat beneath his impish exterior, adds: "When you ask anyone in France who is the most important writer, everybody will answer Victor Hugo—even if some nasty students will add, alas!" Personally, he admits, "That kind of old, inflated prose moves me more than anything that has come since." And for emphasis, he says, "There is not one town in France without a Victor Hugo street or avenue." Still, Boublil claims that from the very beginning he knew they were looking for trouble. "When I read it, I said to myself, well it's not going to be easy to put all of this into words without being ridiculous or criticized."

Ironically, the French now consider the English production of the musical more serious a rendering than Boublil and Schonberg's original French version. Like most of the rock-operas that have evolved over the past decade, *Les Miserables* was initially released as an album before appearing at the Palais



David Hathcox

*Producer Cameron Mackintosh and actor Colm Wilkinson celebrate at the opening-night gala of* Les Miserables's *American premiere.*

des Sports in Paris in 1980 under the flamboyant direction of Robert Hossein (described by Mackintosh as "sort of a cross between Trevor Nunn and Ziegfeld"). In its first French incarnation, the story was told in a series of sixteen tableaux, spanning over two hours. More than half a million people attended its premiere engagement, when an eight-week run was stretched to sixteen.

Perhaps the most important attendee at the premiere was a director by the name of Peter Farrago. He was the first to approach Cameron Mackintosh with the original French recording (to this day, Farrago remains a silent "beneficiary" of the English version). As Mackintosh—who at the age of forty-one knows far more about the history of musicals than any producer cares to—recalls, it was a few months after *Cats* had opened when he initially listened to *Les Miserables*. Although he was skeptical at first, "by track four I actually rang Alan Jay Lerner and I said, 'Alan, can I come by and play it for you?' And I played it for Alan and [his wife] Liz that night. Alan said, 'Dear boy, it's fabulous, but it's far too much work for me to take on at the moment.' But he saw its theatricality and encouraged me to pursue the project."

While Mackintosh instantly knew that he wanted the Royal Shakespeare Company with Trevor Nunn and John Caird as directors of the enterprise, the search for an English lyricist and adapter was on. Eventually he found James Fenton, the London theater critic and one of England's most eminent younger poets. But six months before the musical was scheduled to open in London, Fenton's work was perceived as problematic and perhaps too sophisticated. As Herbert Kretzmer, Fenton's successor, explains, "Fenton had worked for a year and produced a work of poetry. It was a question, really, of technique, of understanding what words sing and what words don't sing and also the requirement of any lyric to be immediately accessible. Even if it functions on numerous levels, each must be comprehended at the moment you hear the word, because music is relentlessly mathematical—it goes on, it cannot tarry. The articulation of the word and the absorption have to be whole and immediate—they cannot be delayed."

Over the years, Kretzmer, an ex-drama critic himself, has written lyrics for *That Was the Week That Was*, as well as for the internationally known singer Charles Aznavour ("Yesterday When I Was Young" is probably the most familiar on both sides of the Atlantic). He first met Mackintosh early in 1984, when he approached the producer in pursuit of a revival of his 1964 musical, *Our Man Crichton*. "If I hadn't mentioned Aznavour in that conversation, Cameron would never have thought of me. He told me that last January [1985], he woke up at 6:30 one morning worried about what he was going to do with the script. He sat bolt upright in bed and said, 'That guy—Kretzmer . . . Aznavour . . . French . . .' "

Supplied with a literal translation of Boublil's French lyrics as well as Fenton's material (which all agree provided the ultimate structure), Kretzmer took a six-month sabbatical from the *Daily Mail*, where he writes television criticism, and started work. "I just went up to my flat, took the phone off the hook, and began one of the most daunting and frightening things I have ever done—I felt stretched twenty-four hours a day."

In adapting the show for an English-speaking audience, part of Kretzmer's mission was to fill in some plot details which were viewed as superfluous for the French since *Les Miserables* is simply a part of their culture and heritage. A twenty-minute explanatory prologue conceived by Fenton was retained. But Kretzmer was also asked to write four new lyrics to flesh out character development. The English version added a solo for Javert, "Stars," in which he sings of his obsession for tracking Valjean. Perhaps Schonberg's most lilting melody, "Bring Him Home," was added for Valjean to describe his prayer that Marius survive the bloody student skirmishes, so that Marius can pursue his love for Cosette, Valjean's adopted daughter. To become as pivotal as he actually is to the story, Marius was supplied with a new solo, "Empty Chairs at Empty Tables," recalling his colleagues who died at the barricade.

The fourth song became Kretzmer's *bête noir*. "I just couldn't do it," he recalls. "It was the one dark cloud that hovered over me throughout that extraordinary six months. It was the one lyric that I wrote with Trevor Nunn, with John Caird, with anybody who would have given me a hand—I would have gone to the usher, to the guy who sells tickets. I just couldn't find the way. It became the focus of all of one's chronic dread!"

According to Kretzmer, the tune for this number, which also appears when Fantine is dying, was considered by Schonberg to be "part of the very spine of the show." Now it was also to become Epo haunting ballad, "On My Own," opening th cond act. Kretzmer recalls one of many mid dinners when he worked on this lyric with and Caird. "I remember one night we were ing on it at a restaurant near Covent Garde Alan Jay Lerner, dear man, was having dinner his wife Liz Robertson. He came over to whe were sitting on his way out and saw all this that was going on. I said, 'Isn't it true, Alan there's always one song in every show that p to be an absolute nightmare?' And he looked for a while and then held up first all of hi fingers and then two more, and he said, 'Twe *every* one proves to be a nightmare!' " In the Kretzmer's "nightmare" produced a song wit makings of a hit single.

The changes from the British to the Ame version of *Les Miserables* are far less signif than those from the French to the British. D rehearsals in New York last November, prior December opening at the Kennedy Center in W ington, D.C., co-director Trevor Nunn said, a very different experience because when w hearsed it in London, we were doing a great of rewriting work, structuring work, finding how-to-do-it-at-all work. This time we have a strong framework, a blueprint from which t ganize our rehearsals. We know emphatically we have done a version of the show that works. task is to remake it with a completely diff cast—with the exception of two people [Colm inson in his much praised performance as Val and Frances Ruffelle as Eponine]—that each very powerful personalities and diverse talents we want to make it for them and with them. So though we have a very strong blueprint to from, we don't want to make a carbon copy want to try and refashion it so that it is partly original contribution of the American cast, the



*Colm Wilkinson (left) in his acclaimed London performance as Hugo's tragic hero Jean Valjean, a role he will recreate on Broadway.*

ent things that come through this collective rather ın the one in London. And, finally, we've had vhole set of different thoughts about the piece ıce we first did it, so we're doing a little bit of vriting." For one thing, Javert's "Stars" solo is ing repositioned later in the piece for dramatic pact. Some minutes are being shaved off of its ughly three-hour duration. Caird explains, "It's t cutting just for length's sake. We feel the show n work better dramatically by losing a little bit weight in particular areas."

The issue of length has special meaning for Nunn d Caird after their marathon rendering of *cholas Nickleby,* presented in two installments alling eight hours. "Every time we do anything gether people automatically assume that it's to be ten-hour version of whatever it is," Nunn says. So in the publicity for *Les Miserables* we had to sist that it wasn't something unusually lengthy or ppening over two evenings. When you set out to apt Victor Hugo's gigantic, epic masterpiece, it ght anyway to be impossible to come up with a o-hour version. That would simply be inadequate the scale and content of the subject matter. here's just a huge amount that's urgently requir- g to be included, and a large number of strands. becomes necessary to take an audience on a urney for as long it requires. Clearly, what we're aling with here is something that is an entertain- ent, in a way quite different from the intentions at we started out with in adapting Dickens. But still need every second that an audience is epared to give us, in order to get it all in."

Caird insists that nothing has been lost in transfer- ng *Les Miserables* to the stage. "Although pound- r-pound, page-for-page, *Les Miserables* is actually longer novel than *Nickleby,* it's deceptive because ugo writes much more simply in terms of orytelling. In adapting *Nickleby,* our first precept as that we wanted to include every character cause we believed if you cut a single subplot you ere being profoundly unfaithful to what Dickens as about. All the detail, all the ramifications were sential to Dickens's message. But there aren't any bplots in Hugo's classic. It's about a man, Val- an, who is pursued by the man Javert; he meets e man Thenardier; he looks after a child, Cosette, ho is left to him by the dying woman Fantine; and at child grows up and meets a young man, Marius, volved with students in the revolution; and he tries save the young man in the revolution, and he es, and the couple gets married; and he goes to s deathbed and forgives them and he is forgiven them. I mean, you can tell the story without be- g disrespectful in two or three sentences. If you y to do that with any Dickens novel it would take least two hours and you still would be dissatisfied ith the result.

"Also, " Caird continues, "a musical or an opera ust be dealing in more distilled emotional forms expression than a straight drama. In a piece of citation or an aria, a lyric or a bit of poetic writing ın encapsulate the gist of an idea in a powerful notional way that would require five or six

> "For the French people, *Les Miserables* has the same meaning as the French flag—it's blue, white, and red."

minutes in an ordinary play. In musical theater, you can find ways of distilling those moments, collapse time in on itself, telescope ten years into a few minutes."

According to Nunn, it was Schonberg's score that first attracted them to the project. "What one was able to respond to was the sweep of the music. One could tell that the composer had got hold of something, because there's something that is very contemporary in the feel about the music, yet we could imagine people singing it in period costume without being embarrassed. It's not in that category, rock-opera, where in a sense you have to lampoon the past by insisting on the contemporary nature of the music. Schonberg found a wonderful bridge between the nineteenth century and contemporary popular musical taste. It was possible to make all those judgments about the score without understanding a word of the French lyric.

In response to the semi-cynical notion which had crossed the Atlantic even before *Les Miserables* that the show is a hybrid between *Nickleby* (adapted by Nunn and Caird) and *Cats* (directed by Nunn), Nunn expressed subdued glee: "In one sense we hope it is a cross between *Cats* and *Nickleby. Cats* is a gigantically successful, popular musical, and we want *Les Miserables* to be a gigantically successful, popular musical, as it already is in London. And it's like *Nickleby* in the respect that people wear nineteenth-century costumes."

But to see *Les Miserables* is to realize that it is quite unlike anything else. It is more like an opera than even *Sweeney Todd, Jesus Christ Superstar,* or *Evita*—even more than its creators and promoters care to admit, perhaps in fear of alienating its potentially unlimited audience. But, in fact, it is more its own hybrid than either an opera or a musical. Its eight-week, SRO run at the Kennedy Center, where it officially opened December 28, was an event fulfilling any producer's wildest fantasy. During intermission and after the curtain calls you could overhear expressions of satisfaction and gratitude, and of schemes for acquiring hard-to-come-by tickets for relatives and friends.

In response to the D.C. engagement, the review in *Variety* began, *"Les Miserables* is exactly what the slumbering musical stage has been waiting for—a smash of the highest caliber with a dynamic score and tremendous audience appeal. This one will be around for a long, long time."

Perhaps the show's most subdued but crucial asset is David Hersey's lighting design, which seems to reinvent that theatrical element even while it etches certain images in ones mind. The all-consuming effect suggests those images come from the collective unconscious of the audience, enhancing the dreamlike quality that blankets *Les Miserables* but emerging as vital and awesomely realistic at the same time. The images are really a composite of John Napier's immaculate design with Nunn and Caird's cinematic staging, which is quickly becoming their trademark.

The spectacle is facilitated by a massive rotating stage that turns to deliver a scenic arrangement evoking Bruegel, or then to deposit one reminiscent of Currier and Ives. The computer which controls the rotating stage malfunctioned on the day following the official D.C. opening, which was unfortunately a Sunday, encompassing two performances, and 4,600 disappointed ticketholders in all had to be turned away. The promise of replacement tickets seemed an impossibility, but everything about this show is magic.

While there seems no doubt that *Les Miserables* will have a record-breaking run on Broadway, the London reviewers were not all favorably disposed when it premiered there. In fact, as Mackintosh remembers the first four reviews, "We had one absolute rave, one poor, one mixed-to-poor, and one reasonable review. We were despondent, to put it mildly. After reading them, we were having our normal lunch, feeling fairly pole-axed because of what had gone into the show and how the audiences had been receiving it. Then at two o'clock, when I rang the box-office, I discovered that we had sold five-thousand tickets in the first three hours. And it just accelerated and we quickly sold out. Luckily, they were violent reviews. And because it was obviously a different show, not just another musical—that excited people. Still I wonder if that could have happened in New York. If it had opened on Broadway and Frank Rich had responded as he did to [Mackintosh's revival three years ago of] *Oliver, Les Miz* would have closed."

Now, when *Les Miserables* is about to arrive on a hit-hungry Broadway, its success seems guaranteed, its closing an impossibility. Though its limelight in London has already been somewhat usurped by the recent opening of Lloyd Webber's *Phantom of the Opera,* also produced by Mackintosh, the even more intriguing project is Schonberg and Boublil's newer work now in developmental stages. While Mackintosh sums it up by pronouncing it "a secret at the moment," he adds, "It's an original story and something very pertinent to America. I may first produce it here—you never know." Schonberg and Boublil will admit only that "the subject dictates that it will be an opera."

In the meantime, as a lyric to the final rousing chorus of *Les Miserables* implores, many will be "joining the parade . . . somewhere beyond the barricade" as it makes its way across the globe.

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*David Kaufman is the theater critic for* Downtown, *a weekly Manhattan newspaper, and a contributing editor to* Chronicles.

# Arts Exchange: East and West









*Clockwise from lower left: Agnes de Mille a Lord De L'Isle; Beatrice Straight and Paul Huf; Edwin W. Bitter, Ambassador Adriaan Jacobovits de Szeged, and Leela Nadham; Christine Cobbold, the Honorable David Cobbold, Gray D. Boone, and John Brown.*

## New York: Arts International

"The whole idea of the business world helping the arts world is essential in this country, since corporations are a major source of finance for artistic events," says **Ambassador Adriaan Jacobovits de Szeged,** the Netherlands representative to the United Nations. "It is less so in the Netherlands, because the government still plays an important role in promoting the arts there. I think it's a good thing when business steps in to help, because it creates a cross-fertilization that is excellent. The whole concept of Arts Exchange was particularly nice for me, who usually dwells in the circles of the U.N. It's a tremendous breeze of fresh air to come into the world of the arts."

The November 20 Arts Exchange luncheon, held in the Corot Room of New York's **Golden Tulip Barbizon Hotel,** provided a number of special items of interest—from the broad spectrum of nationalities represented in the guest list to the celebration of British author **Christine Cobbold's** new book, *Board Meetings in the Bath,* to the sparkling range of topics discussed. Hosted by HORIZON publisher **Gray D. Boone,** the monthly gatherings continue to be a wellspring for new information, contacts, and ideas for all who attend.

Actress **Beatrice Straight** agreed with the ambassador on both the luncheons and business-arts collaborations: "It's rare to have that give-and-take between artists and corporate people, since nobody else does it. I'm sorry to say that with our current government administration, it's even more important than ever. We have no hope, except to have an exchange between commerce and art."

"It's a matter of education on both sides and how to learn to work with something you might not be very familiar with," says **Kate Sibley,** marketing and operations manager for the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. "That goes for both sides. You educate the entities with situations like Arts Exchange, going in understanding that there *is* something to be learned from the other side."

Another discussion occurred at the table of **Helen Paxton,** director of public relations for the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, and **Robert Moulthrop,** marketing director for the New York office of Deloitte Haskins & Sells. "Because of the recent art auctions in New York, we talked about the seemingly artificially high prices some works were going for and how they bore no relationship to what the artists themselves make on their work during their lifetime," says Moulthrop. "The problem generally lies in support for artists and the fact that visual artists have the potential for realizing a greater return than, say, a composer of serious music."

Paxton recognized this problem and gave her own insight: "Contemporary music isn't something you collect, like art is. You go to hear it and it's gone. All the emphasis is put on the old and not on the new, so contemporary composers are obviously in the same kind of financial position as a lo contemporary artists. It's interesting for peopl think about, even if just for a moment."

As Sibley puts it: "Anything that can increase communications between the arts and the busir worlds is a good thing. The luncheons are even ter than good, since they provide an intimate for for that sort of communication."

Also in attendance at Arts Exchange were **Viscount De L'Isle** of Great Britain; **John Brov** executive vice-president of Standard Oil of Ol the **Honorable David Cobbold of Knebwor** Great Britain; **James G. Fifield,** president and cl executive officer of CBS/Fox Video; the **Revere John Andrew,** rector and Parish Priest of New Y City's Saint Thomas Church; the **Honorable Jo C. Taylor,** Consul General of Australia; **Edwin Bitter,** president and chief executive officer Scalamandre Silks, Inc.; choreographer **Agnes Mille; Margaret Booth,** president of M. Bootl Associates; **Robert Wooley,** senior vice-presid and director of decorative arts at Sotheby's; J **Poynor,** president of the Poynor Group; Elizab Robbins, director of public relations for Her Abrams, Inc.; **Leela Nadham,** regional director the Government of India Tourist Office; Du photographer **Paul Huf; John Sillevis,** curator the Hague Museum in Amsterdam; **Jeremy Rug Price,** director of food and beverage, Golden Tu Barbizon Hotel; **Dominique Charles Jansse** director general of the Vincent Van Gogh Institu assistant promotions director for HORIZON **Da Fandetta;** associate publisher for HORIZON, **Jol Peter Hayden, Jr.;** and HORIZON arts-guide dir tor of marketing **Margaret Lynn.**





# San Francisco: Arts/Education

I've always been a proponent of the exchange between arts and business," says **Mark Gallon** of Mark Gallon & Associates. "When corporate and arts leaders can relax in a situation such as Arts Exchange, there's more of a give-and-take. It just shows that by being given a little information and getting together to discuss common problems, people become very outgoing on something they might not have had the opportunity to respond to before."

The monthly Arts Exchange luncheons, hosted by HORIZON publisher **Gray D. Boone,** provide a forum where arts and business leaders can explore new channels of mutual support. The first West Coast Arts Exchange was held November 7 at the California Room of San Francisco's **Fairmont Hotel,** and the results were positive.

Public education and the arts was an important topic of discussion for each of the guests, but for San Francisco School Superintendent **Ramon Cortines,** the subject hit particularly close to home. "I think that we really need to look at the fine arts as part of life-long learning. As far as I'm concerned, they're just as academic as anything else. We have not done a good job in the United States in integrating the arts as they relate to science, reading, and critical-thinking skills.

**David de la Torre,** director of the Mexican Museum agreed with Cortines. "Ramon had some interesting remarks regarding arts education and how it will be something he will be emphasizing. I'm very heartened at that kind of remark from someone representing the public sector, since the museum has a very active, vibrant education program."

"I think that anything that business can do to support the schools in promoting a complete curriculum—which definitely includes the arts—is helpful," said **Jackie Nemerovski,** president of the San Francisco Arts Commission. "Business people who are interested in education have made it very clear that the arts and humanities have got to be part of the curriculum, because they are vital in the promotion of problem-solving skills."

The scope of the conversation included future arts-business projects, and **Cecile McCann,** editor-in-chief and publisher of *Artweek* magaine, had good news to report: "I sat next to **Robert Harbor** [vice-president of El Paso Natural Gas Company] and we discussed his interest in the arts of Texas. It was very exciting for me because I don't know much about Texas at all. I've since been to El Paso and we are going to run an article about them in our next issue."

McCann continues: "It's always good when the arts and business work together, because they ultimately work for each other. Of course, the arts need the financial support and exposure that businesses can provide, but through mutual support, business can see more of what its public wants. It's very important."

Also present at Arts Exchange were actress **Barbara Rush; William Wise,** senior vice-president of marketing for El Paso Natural Gas Company; **Mort Winston,** Of Counsel, Tuttle & Taylor and trustee for the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art; **Bill Moskin,** arts management consultant; **Jim Rohde,** chairman and president of American Telecorp; **Mary Metz,** president of Mills College; choreographer-director **Michael Smuin; Rudy Nothenberg,** cheif administrative officer for the city of San Francisco; **Claire Harrison Reed,** principal and chief executive officer for Claire Harrison Associates; sculptor **Peter Gutkin; John Wilson,** producer of the Chicago Art Fair; **Ann Rockefeller Roberts,** arts scholar and patron; **Roselyne Swig,** president of Roselyne C. Swig Art Source and commissioner of the San Francisco Arts Commission; and **Gary Simon,** director of California affairs for El Paso Natural Gas Company. □





Photographs by Tony Plewick

*Clockwise from above left: Mary Metz, Mark Gallon, Jackie Nemerovski; Barbara Rush, William Wise; Bill Moskin, David de la Torre, Gary Simon; Mort Winston, William Wise, Peter Gutkin, Roselyne Swig.*

# Connecting Past and Present

Sometimes we seem the prisoners of our histories and artistic traditions. Other times they provide us with inspiration and we can revel in their glory.

**Timeless Kabuki**

Watching the Tokyo Ballet perform Maurice Béjart's *Kabuki, Forty-seven Samurais* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was enough to give a culture-shock treatment to even the most hardened international arts aficionado. What is a fellow like the immensely talented Béjart—whose Ballet of the Twentieth Century is based in Brussels—doing carrying Kabuki to Japan?

The general director of the Tokyo Ballet, Tadatsugu Sasaki, puts it this way: "It takes great courage, tact, and prudence for a choreographer to choreograph any ballet, and when, as in this case, an essentially European art form such as ballet is combined with an ancient and traditional Japanese performing art—like oil and water, they never seem to interlock. But we do live in an age when Japanese culinary tradition is being introduced into French cooking, and I was very interested to see how Béjart would 'cook' his new ballet." Béjart has mixed cultures and styles to brilliant advantage. We are warned from the opening curtain that the formalistic style of the Kabuki will not dominate as youngsters dance to rock music against a background of television screens. But just as modern Japan cannot escape from its ritualism, the discovery of an ancient samurai's sword by one of the youths brings back the past.

The drama is acted out in wonderful combinations of modern balletic form mixed ingeniously with the stylistic gesture of the Kabuki theater tradition, as well as with the timeless elegance of formal Japanese movement. The intricate plot is developed, but under this surface narrative, Béjart has given us an unforgettable glimpse of the passion of the samurais and their symbolic place in Japanese culture. Bold as a Japanese calligrapher's brush strokes, image after image assaults the audience. We are gathered at once into the traditional past and the anxious present, and the experience is both exciting and disturbing.

**Bringing Back Baroque**

A performance of Jean-Philippe Rameau's *Fêtes d'hebé*—an eighteenth-century melange of formal dance and singing, beautifully performed by the New York Baroque Dance Company with the Concert Royal Orchestra and Chorus at New York's Hunter College—reminds us of a gentle tradition of courtly dance—emotion held strictly in check, form appearing to be synonymous with content.

Thanks to the revival of interest in early music and dance and to the extremely patient and loving research of James Richman, Concert Royal's artistic director and conductor, and New York Baroque Dance Company artistic director Catherine Turocy, we have an opportunity to go back in time to a gentler era, one in which formalism symbolized a balanced society. (The Concert Royal Orchestra and the New York Baroque Dance Company will perform at Marymount Manhattan Theatre in New York, March 18-21.)

*Les Fêtes d'hebé* is a tribute to the muses. The first of the three "entrées" is devoted to poetry, the second to music, the third to dance. Each is full of Rameau's splendid, sensuous music and the listener cannot help but wonder how this great French composer's work has been practically lost for two centuries. If the music—sung with great eloquence by Ann Monoyios (a soprano of rare talent and insight) and a cast that, if uneven, brought moments of delight—weaves a spell through its intricate melodies, the dance appears more grace than complicated. It is about nuance, and while t steps seem simple, even constricted by our mode standards, carriage and expression give them gr charm and remind us of an era when dance w less about "can you do this" than courtesy and sty

What impulses made Béjart adapt the past in t form of the Kabuki tradition and Richman a Turocy recreate it into a performance fully releva to our time?

In the case of Béjart, he found in the Kabu tradition a metaphor which provided him with excellent opportunity to use his dramatic art to mal a statement about connections between past and pr sent, East and West, and the symbols which e dure beyond superficial appearances. For Richm and Turocy, there was an instinctive sense of t past, fueled by extensive scholarship and a gro ing realization that grace and beauty are timele and would bring forth a warm response from a diences. Whether prisoners of our artistic traditio or simply responsive to them, the re-examinati of our past cannot help but illuminate our futur and in the cases of Béjart's *Kabuki* and Rameau *Fêtes*, enrich the present. —*Peter J. Rosenwa*



*The New York Baroque Dance Company.*

# Cross Country



David Street

*Karen Kain as Hanna Gawlri in the National Ballet of Canada's* Merry Widow.

## Dance

### Alice Tours America

*Alice* tumbled into the Big Apple last summer when the National Ballet of Canada gave the new work its United States premiere in the Metropolitan Opera House—"a major work," according to *The New York Times,* "and a major surprise." Audiences around the country this month can look forward to surprises inside surprises, dreams inhabiting dreams—not to mention a caterpillar, dormouse, and three lobster ladies on toe shoes. The Canadian troupe is taking its tour de force on tour to Minneapolis (March 13 and 14); Chicago (March 16 and 17); Miami, Clearwater, and West Palm Beach, Florida (March 21 through 28); and Washington, D.C. (March 31 through April 5).

Choreographer Glen Tetley has created a sensuous dream ballet based on the stories Lewis Carroll told to little Alice Liddell of white rabbits and inside-out tea parties. The impossible romance between Carroll and the ten-year-old girl to whom he told the tales that became *Alice in Wonderland* is realized through the magic of the rabbit hole—thanks to some magical dancing and also to the soaring music of David Del Tredici, which, in the composer's words, "began chastely, but grew [Wonderland-style] to alarming proportions."

A second program for the United States tour will feature Franz Lehar's *The Merry Widow,* choreographed by Ronald Hynd. This spectacular ballet version of the classic operetta weaves its tangled tale of love and politics against a background of Parisian glamour. The rich variety of roles challenges any company that attempts it, but the National Ballet of Canada has mounted a virtuoso production, one that audiences south of the border will find gloriously accessible. —*Ellen Stein*


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The Arts Guide, a new monthly cultural guide, is being published by HORIZON. This innovative concept teams local arts groups and corporations with the resources of HORIZON. The result is a pullout supplement featuring the arts and artists of the region, inserted into each issue of HORIZON. The arts partner can earn $50,000 to $100,000 annually from advertising, subscription, and newsstand sales.

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*Finding treasures in the trash: Joel Levinson's new book explores the world of fleamarkets. Above:* Untitled #50 *from* Fleamarkets.

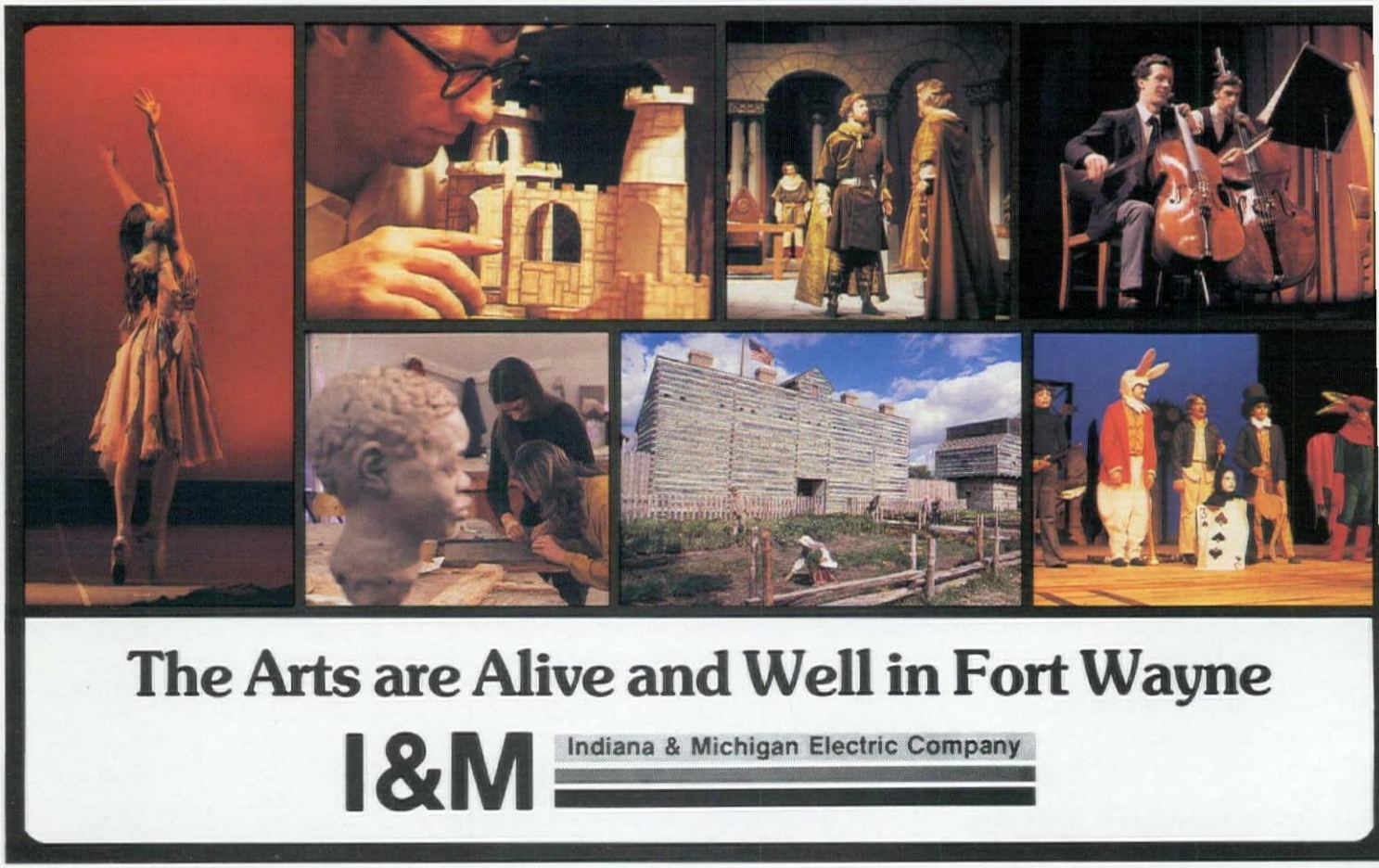
## Books

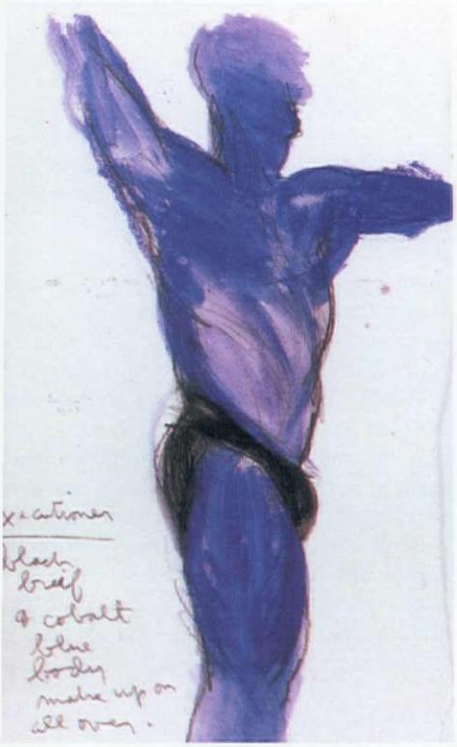
### The Treasure of Trash

The French have a word for them: *marchés aux puces*, markets of fleas. We have the same word, of course, fleamarkets, but by our word we mean nothing special, just a bunch of junk spread across a parking lot on a Saturday morning. Perhaps if we tried the French term when we passed a market of fleas, we might look with fresher eyes at both the merchandise and the life on display there.

Photographer Joel D. Levinson needed no such linguistic gimmickry when he took his camera to fleamarkets all over the state of California for three years in the mid-seventies, and again in the mid-eighties. Through his lens, as reproduced in the fifty-two plates of *Fleamarkets*, set for publication this month by Braus Editions of Heidelberg, we see fleamarkets as though seeing something new about American life, or something old that we k forgetting. There is the intensity of two small bo one white, one black, hunched over a collectior old comic books; and there is also the very differ intensity of a partition built out of nineteen bla velvet portraits of Jesus. There's the man displ ing Indian war bonnets on the hood of his Vol and the woman in a George McGovern halter selling Budweiser, King Kong, and country-mu beach towels.

Levinson's photographic gift is the ability locate for us the treasures amongst the trash of fleamarkets. He shows us, literally, in a corner the parking lot, up against a chain link fence, place where a child is perched on a bicycle list ing to a woman playing a baby grand piano. T is "straightforward neighborhood drama," in t words of filmmaker Lou Stoumen's introducto essay for *Fleamarkets*. It is an unforgettable image of American consumer culture, the jarring ju taposition, the treasure of the trash.






xecutioner, *one of the costume designs by ternationally known painter Jim Dine for the ouston Grand Opera's production of* Salome.

## Music

### Grand Design

he Houston Grand Opera is building on its recent putation for innovative set design by visual artists international stature. Following Maurice Sen-ak's design for *The Magic Flute*, HGO engaged ritish cartoonist-satirist Gerald Scarfe to design *rpheus in the Underworld* and plans to open this onth with a production of Richard Strauss's *alome*, designed by Jim Dine, a painter whose reoccupation with recurring motifs seems uniquely ited to the texture of this biblical psychodrama. British soprano Josephine Barstow will star in her gnature role as Salome, under the direction of con-uctor John Demain and director Francesca ambello. Also featured are Swedish baritone gvar Wixell, Polish tenor Wieslaw Ochman, and merican mezzo-soprano Rosalind Elias. Setmaker eter Horne and costumer Kathleen Blake translated ine's designs into a vivid stage. Performances are larch 27, 28, 29, and 31, and April 1 and 3.

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Thru March 22

**ADOLF DEHN** Cat. $3.
Farnsworth Art Museum
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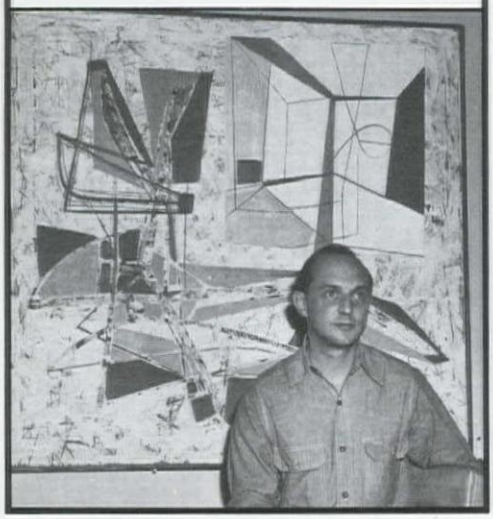
**MILTON AVERY** Cat. $5.
In transit to Community Gallery
of Lancaster, PA.

**AARON BOHROD** Cat. $3.
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**JIMMY ERNST RETROSPECTIVE**
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Paintings 1942-82 Cat. $10.

J. Ernst 1951






## A Millenium of Harmony

This year marks the one thousand, three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the choir school at York Minster Cathedral in England. The cathedral building itself is scarcely five hundred and fifteen years old, but the choir school goes all the way back to 637 A.D., when there were twelve choristers, "according to the ancient custom of the Church of York." Twenty boys and thirteen adult songmen now sing at York Minster, and this spring they have finally arranged their debut tour of the United States.

The choir begins its tour March 22 at Oyster Bay, New York, and travels to Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska, en route to a final performance April 5 in Minneapolis. Performing in nine different states in just fifteen days shouldn't faze the Choir of York Minster—back home at the cathedral, they sing eight services every week, in addition to numerous recording sessions and BBC broadcasts.

## Art

### The World According to Arp

When Jean Arp was still a young child in Al before the turn of the century, his remarkable t for art was recognized by everyone around h which disgusted him. Sent to study at the Sch of Applied Art in Strasbourg, he was so dissatis with the "everlasting copying of stuffed birds withered flowers" that he destroyed his works. E after he first glimpsed modern painting on a to Paris in 1904, Arp could not accomplish work that met his own standards of artistic exp sion. He continued to tear his own drawings heaps of scraps and smash his sculptures to But gradually, through his association with Pica Gauguin, Matisse, and Kandinsky, he begai create—literally from the rubble littering studio—a constellation of visual art that would g like a beacon, pointing the way through twenti century forms and movements.





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## Cross Country

"The Universe of Jean Arp," a touring retrospective featuring 150 works that survived destruction the artist's own hand and/or were reassembled him from earlier, unsatisfactory efforts, reaches e U.S. this month, in time for the centennial of rp's birth. The show will be at the Minneapolis stitute of Arts from March 15 through May 24, fore moving on to the Museum of Fine Arts in oston (July 1-September 13) and the San Francisco luseum of Modern Art (December 3-January 31, 988). Record crowds in Stuttgart, Strasbourg, and aris have already viewed the exhibition—the first omprehensive Arp show since his death in 1966.

Arp's early collages suggested to the European ant-garde a mode of composition making sense, r wholeness, from the crumbling civilization all out them. In Zurich during World War I, Arp rned to wit and whimsy as a refuge from chaos, nd helped develop dadaism. He soon moved on surrealism and then to abstract forms. By the 950s, his sensual forms and playful wood reliefs ad established his world-wide reputation.

Henry Moore, Alexander Calder, Joan Miró, and ountless contemporary artists have acknowledged e influence of Arp. In this retrospective, a collborative project of the Minneapolis Institute and tuttgart's Art Center, the versatility and virtuosity f his long career can at last be appreciated. The ayton Hudson Foundation, through contributions f Dayton's and Target stores, has assisted in mounng this major exhibition. —*Ellen Stein*

## Georgia on My Mind

his month marks the first anniversary of Georgia 'Keeffe's death, and appropriately enough, the luseum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico, eeps her memory alive with an exhibition of enty-one of her paintings, including sixteen on an from her estate and exhibited publicly for the rst time in many years. Much of the show testifies her enduring love affair with the landscape of orthern New Mexico, but earlier work is also presented, including New York paintings from the eriod of her marriage to photographer Alfred eiglitz. We who cannot remember a time when 'Keeffe was not already a glowing, living legend n at least see the legend live on in this exhibion. The show runs through April 12.

## The Eyes of Robert Frank

Life here is very different than in Europe," Robert rank wrote his parents in Zurich. "Whether you've en here for eight days or eight years, you are al-

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## Cross Country

ways treated like an American! There is only one t you should not do, criticize anything. The Ameri are extremely proud of their country." But Frank fc himself over the past four decades unable to fo his own advice. "He sucked a sad poem right of America onto film, taking rank among the tr poets of the world," wrote Jack Kerouac.

Houston's Museum of Fine Arts has assemt a full-scale retrospective, "Robert Frank: New Y to Nova Scotia," on display through April 26. E his still photographs and his films are feature this show, which tracks a career that has insp generations of visual artists and filmmake despite Frank's twenty years of seclusion in Mat Nova Scotia, where he declines to lecture, tea or even make much effort to distribute his wc

The exhibition includes a KUHT-TV docum tary on Frank—*Fire in the East* by Amy Brookr and Philip Brookman—and is supported by F Motor Company Fund, Target Stores, Polaroid C poration, Gay Block, and Sidney L. Shlenke

## Theater

### Shakespeare and More

The Alabama Shakespeare Festival has emerged one of the nation's most accomplished reperto companies, now celebrating its fifteenth anniv sary season under the imaginative and energe leadership of artistic director Martin Platt. Featu this month is the North American premiere of T Stoppard's *Rough Crossing*, with music by An Previn. The story, set aboard an ocean liner in 1930s, involves playwrights, composers, and act trying to put together a Broadway musical wh also trying to cover up an innocent affair.

Also on the calendar this month, as the A begins its second season in its new home in Mo gomery are Ted Tally's *Terra Nova*, the misadv tures of turn-of-the-century explorers in Antarcti (through March 28); and Athol Fugard's *"Mas Harold" and the Boys*, a drama of South Afric apartheid (through April 11). *The Taming of Shrew* opens April 29, *The Tempest* on May 6, a *Othello* on June 10. —*Ellen St*

**Correction:** Two photography credits were advertently omitted in the November 1986 issu Credit for the photograph of Ornette Coleman page 15 should read: © Andy Freeburg. Credit the image of the Jefferson Memorial on page should read: © Paula Wolfson. HORIZON regr these errors.