

HORIZON

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The Magazine of the Arts

**Swoosie Kurtz
Goes Bananas**

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Black Mountain Revisited

**The Vision of Robert
Penn Warren**

**Photography
Comes of Age**

**Indianapolis: City of
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Arts Festival**

Actress Swoosie Kurtz



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HORIZON

Volume 30 Number 5 June 1987

Cover: Actress
Swoosie Kurtz, riding
a new wave of ac-
claim. Photograph
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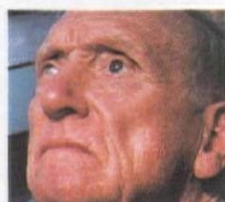


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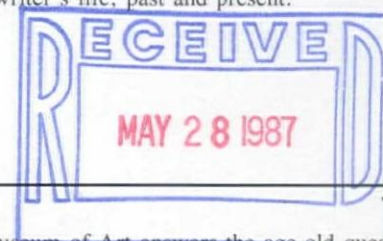
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Magical Maestro

"An orchestra never seems to come to life as thoroughly as when you conduct: as when you express the bouquets of emotions that transport and assuage our perpetual age of anxiety . . ." With those words, Leonard Bernstein received the 1987 Albert Schweitzer Music Award presented by the Creo Society.

As the audience at Avery Fisher Hall leaped from its seats to cheer the maestro, we were all still dazzled by the incredible performance we had just experienced. Indeed, Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic gathered those bouquets of emotion and tossed them out to us. The impact was stunning. The Creo Society's Schweitzer Award celebration began with a concert that also featured the Westminster Choir, mezzo-soprano Christa Ludwig, and soprano Barbara Hendricks in a flawless performance of Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 2.

"You expressed the musical idiom of our time not as a single chord but as a symphony of eclectic styles," the award text reads. How well that captures the transformations we watched Bernstein undergo as he led the orchestra from shimmering climax to thunderous silence. At times, his baton sliced the air as precisely as a surgeon's scalpel, drawing out a single instrument. Instantly, it became the scepter of a medieval warrior as Bernstein marched in place before the musicians. It was as if he felt each instrument individually—magically connected by chords to the musicians and leading them through the Mahler symphony.

"Charismatic enthusiasm for musical expressivity" is how the Schweitzer Award Council and the board of directors of the Creo Society described Bernstein's gifts as they recognized his life's work dedicated to music and devoted to humanity. Yes, that charisma cast its spell on us that night at Lincoln Center, just as it does to millions everywhere who have been drawn to Bernstein's soul through performances on stage, video, or disc.

And the "deep humanitarian well-spring that motivates every aspect of his life" is the special quality that binds him to Albert Schweitzer, for whom the award is named. As Schweitzer's daughter, Rena Schweitzer-Miller, said of Bernstein, "He, like my father, will be remembered as a unique individual, representative of his time, who spent most of his life enlarging the musical soul of us all."



Leonard Bernstein and Mrs. Fred Lazarus III of Cincinnati, honored at the Albert Schweitzer Award ceremony for her work with the American Symphony Orchestra League.

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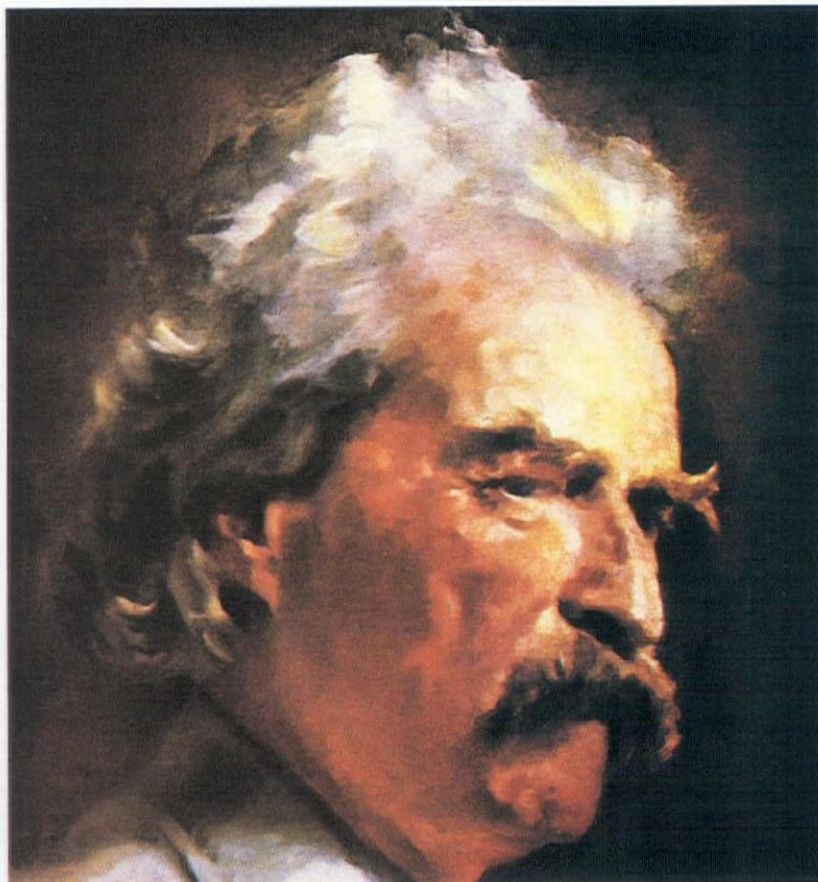
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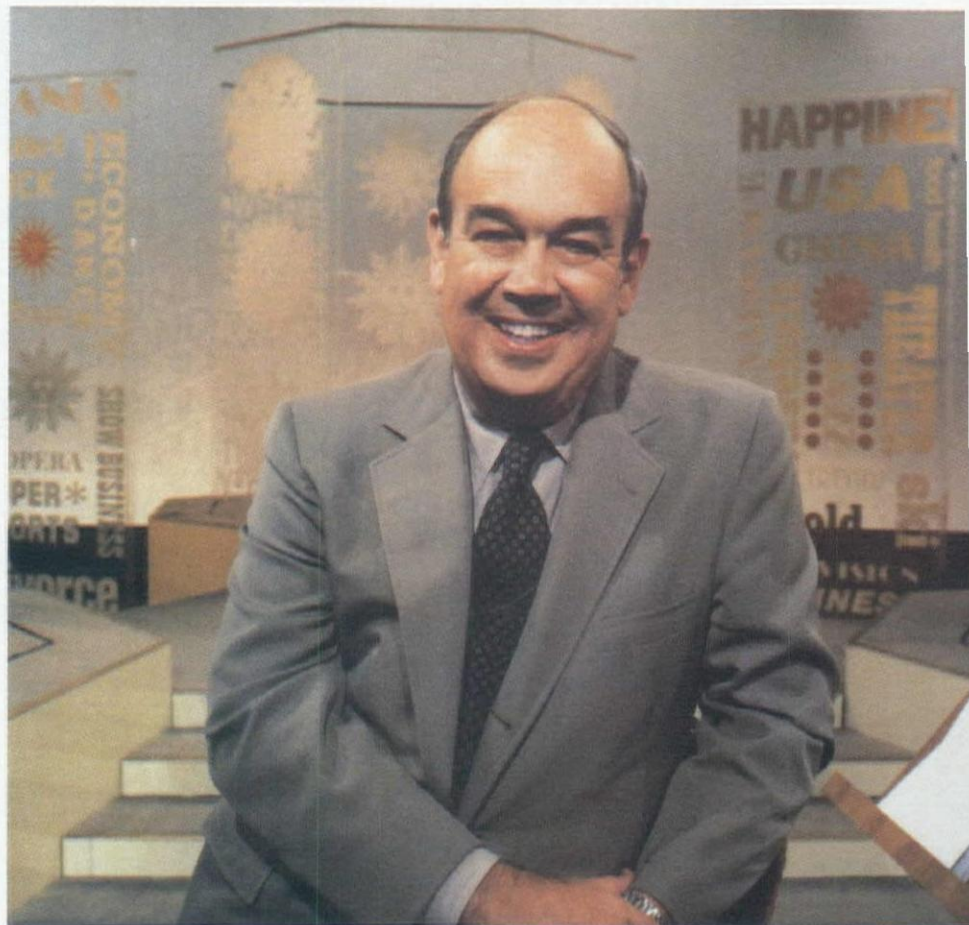
The Arts, Sunday Morning, and Charles Kuralt

The current woes at "Black Rock," the New York headquarters for CBS, really began well before Lawrence Tisch ascended to the troubled network. A variety of economic factors had combined to make the company ripe for takeover when Ted Turner decided to make a run at it. CBS succeeded in fighting Turner off, but not without incurring tremendous debt. That debt, coupled with unexciting financial forecasts, became the company's albatross. The fallout from Tisch's attempts to contend with the problem has included troubling exchanges about the balance between journalistic and corporate interests, drastic staff cutbacks and, as of this date, a still unresolved writers' strike.

It's against this backdrop that my admiration continues to grow for Charles Kuralt and the prestigious program he anchors, "Sunday Morning." Nowhere else on television does a journalist of Kuralt's reputation discuss the arts as regularly, as fully, and as intelligently as he. His interest in the arts—and in the well-being of individual artists—is deeply rooted and seems to spring from the genuine pleasure he derives from them. Kuralt's engaging, easygoing manner and sense of curiosity inevitably lead us on to discovery with him. What's more, he consistently focuses on some of the most important—and most challenging—issues in the arts: arts education, artists' needs, support for the arts, and international cultural exchange. (Each of these issues, I should point out, occupies an important place on ACA's own agenda.)

My measure of Kuralt's commitment to this issue is twofold: first, the extent of the airtime that he devotes almost weekly to some item on the arts; and second, his willingness to discuss the arts in broader economic, historic, critical, and even political contexts. The first of these is largely a function of money, but the latter requires vision.

Take Kuralt's recent feature on cultural exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union—a piece inspired by the opening in Leningrad of an exhibition of paintings by three generations of Wyeths. Kuralt and several other reporters—David Culhane, Tom Fenton, Charles Osgood—talked at length about the relationship between cultural open-



ness and diplomatic initiatives. Would the former influence the latter? How far was that openness likely to extend, and how deep were its roots? What did Soviet spectators see of themselves in the work of the Wyeths and in "the power of a family to maintain itself" despite some harsh criticism?

"In the end, are we making too much of this? Does cultural exchange make any difference?" Kuralt said. "There's nothing like people-to-people contact. In fact, if we had more of this when times are hard and relations are strained, we'd all be better off. It can't hurt to know your enemy, to know your neighbor, and perhaps one day to have them become your friend."

We should never take such discussions for granted, for they are all too rare, whatever the venue. At the intersection of "the arts" and "the real world," a very special kind of learning can take place—if a very special kind of vision and commitment, such as Charles Kuralt's, prevails.

Very seldom do those of us in the arts have a chance—or take the time—to thank the media when they make a contribution to our efforts. Before this

Charles Kuralt, whose vision and curiosity have made "Sunday Morning" a vehicle for a ongoing, intelligent, and incisive exploration of the arts and their role in our complex twentieth-century world.

opportunity slips by, I urge you to write today to Lawrence Tisch expressing your appreciation for "Sunday Morning" and for the work of Charles Kuralt and his staff. Address your letter as follows: Mr. Lawrence Tisch, President and Chief Executive Officer, CBS, Inc., 51 West Fifty-second Street, New York, New York 10019.

And please send a copy to me. It's always good to know when you're in the company of friends.

—Milton Rhodes, President
American Council for the Arts

Your membership in the American Council for the Arts supports a variety of programs. To find out more, write: Membership Director/American Council for the Arts /1285 Avenue of the Americas/Third Floor/New York, NY 10019.

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USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 percent BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 4-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1.2 ounces of 80-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous

driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but

gone beyond them. If you have any doubts, don't drive.

Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the safety belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

Weight	1.2 ozs. 80-Proof Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer											
100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

 **BE CAREFUL DRIVING**
BAC TO .05%

 **DRIVING IMPAIRED**
.05-.09%

 **DO NOT DRIVE**
.10% & UP

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later. Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

Today, you the driver, have to know your limits and when you've

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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. Aetna supports him, and many artists like him, so more of us can enjoy it, too.



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Exhibitions

North

American Craft Museum (New York City), "Interlacing: The Elemental Fabric," through July 17. Includes baskets, mats, toys, and jewelry.

Arthur M. Sackler Museum (Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts), through June 26. "Last of the Mandarins: Chinese Calligraphy and Paintings from the F. Y. Chang Collection."

International Center of Photography (New York City), "Portrayals: Recent Portraits by Contemporary Photographers," June 5-July 18. David Buckland, Laurie Simmons, and ten others.

Ira Spanierman Gallery (New York City), "Twachtman in Gloucester: His Last Years, 1900-1902," through June 13. Works by the late impressionist painter, John Henry Twachtman.

Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York City), "Masterpieces of French 19th-Century Photography: Gustave Le Gray and Henri Le Secq," June 4-August 16. The first comprehensive exhibition of the master and his student.

Museum of Modern Art (New York City), "Mario Bellini," June 1-September. One of Italy's most versatile and original designers today.

New York Historical Society (New York City), "The Hudson River and the Highlands: Photographs by Robert Glenn Ketchum," through July 12. Contemporary color photographs, using delicate imagery to present the beauty of the region.

Pierpont Morgan Library (New York City), "J. Pierpont Morgan, Collector: European Decorative Arts from the Wadsworth Atheneum," through July 31. Majolica, porcelain, and much more.

South

Chrysler Museum (Norfolk, Virginia), "The Aura of Neo-Impressionism: The W.J. Holliday Collection of the Indianapolis Museum of Art," June 12-August 16. The largest such collection in the country, representing eighty-five artists.

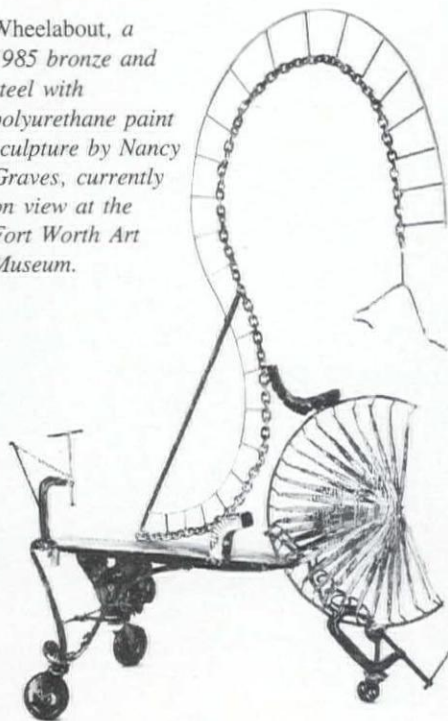
High Museum of Art (Atlanta), "W. Eugene Smith: Let Truth Be the Prejudice," June 2-August 23. Brilliant photographs by the artist whose art imposed his vision upon an era.

Memphis Brooks Museum of Art (Memphis, Tennessee), "Ramses the Great," through August 31. The fascinating antiquity documentation of the famous pharaoh continues.

Tampa Museum of Art (Florida), "A Summer's Day: Photographs by Joel Meyerowitz," June 14-August 16. A photo essay capturing the light and feeling of a summer day from dusk to dawn.

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts (Richmond),

Wheelabout, a 1985 bronze and steel with polyurethane paint sculpture by Nancy Graves, currently on view at the Fort Worth Art Museum.



"Recent Paintings by Ray Kass and David Krueger," through July 5. Kass's views of New York City and the surrealistic landscapes of Krueger.

Central

Contemporary Arts Center (Cincinnati, Ohio), "Sots Art: An Aspect of Contemporary Russian Art," through July 3. Sots (short for socialist) art uses cultural signs, political icons, and ideological myths, underlining their shallowness in the style of American pop art of the 60s.

Gilcrease Museum (Tulsa), "Gilcrease Rendezvous '87: Paintings by Bettina Steinke, Sculpture by Fritz White," through July 6. New and retrospective works by the Southwest painter and the Western sculptor.

Joslyn Art Museum (Omaha), "The Paris Style 1900: Art Nouveau Bing," through June 21. Prints, posters, furniture, and decorative pieces, highlighting the artist's place in the renaissance of art and industry in the nineteenth century.

Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art (Kansas City, Missouri), "Jim Dine Prints 1977-1985," through June 14. The full range of printmaking techniques, from etchings to woodcuts.

Spencer Museum of Art (Lawrence, Kansas), "All Seasons and Every Light: 19th Century American Landscapes," June 14-July 26. Paintings

and oil sketches, presenting a serene view of nature. Includes George Inness, Frederic Edwin Church, and Thomas Cole.

East

American Institute of Architects (Washington, D.C.), "Graphic Madrid," June 9-mid-July. Contemporary Spanish architectural drawings.

Delaware Art Museum (Wilmington), "Howard Pyle: The Artist and His Legacy," through June 21. Paintings, drawings, books, and other archival material, documenting Pyle's contribution to American illustration.

National Gallery of Art (Washington, D.C.), "Italian Master Drawings from the British Royal Collection: Leonardo to Canaletto," through July 26. From the world's foremost private collection of old master drawings.

Walters Art Gallery (Baltimore), "Jewelry from the Walters Art Gallery and the Zucker Family Collection," through October 11. Historical jewelry from the Egyptian period to the twentieth century.

West

Amon Carter Museum (Fort Worth), "John Storrs," through July 5. The first retrospective of works in all media by the American modernist.

California Museum of Photography (University of California, Riverside), "A New Museum: Collections & Architecture," through June 14. Ansel Adams, Berenice Abbott, Edward Weston, and others, in anticipation of the museum's new home.

Fort Worth Art Museum "Nancy Graves: A Sculpture Retrospective," through July 12. A retrospective of the daring and innovative works of this multi-media master.

Galeria Mesa (Mesa, Arizona), "Expressions," June 16-July 11. Mixed media by area artists.

J. Paul Getty Museum (Malibu, California), "Monasteries and Manuscripts," through July 5. Deluxe manuscripts from across Europe, illuminated by and for medieval monks.

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, "Photography in the Last Decade," through June 28. Including Jan Groover, Edmund Kuppel, and Kenneth Shorr, and others.

Seattle Art Museum, "A Thousand Cranes: Treasures of Japanese Art from the Seattle Art Museum," through July 12. Screen paintings, textiles, ceramics, lacquers, and more, from one of the world's finest collections of Japanese art. Pieces range from prehistoric Jomon pottery to the classic seventeenth-century *Deer Scroll*.

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Utopia Revisited

Buckminster Fuller built his first geodesic dome there. It was there that John Cage staged the first "happening" and Merce Cunningham founded his dance company. Most of us, however, have never heard of Black Mountain College, an experimental school in the North Carolina mountains. In its short life, it attracted a veritable who's who of the American avant garde and generated a creative outpouring whose reverberations throughout American life can still be felt.

Willem de Kooning, Harry Callahan, Franz Kline, Robert Motherwell, Agnes de Mille, Paul Goodman, Walter Gropius, and Beaumont Newhall came to the isolated rural campus to teach. Robert Rauschenberg, Arthur Penn, John Chamberlain, Joel Oppenheimer, Kenneth Noland, and Francine du Plessix Gray were Black Mountain students.

Thirty years after its closing, Black Mountain is experiencing a renaissance of sorts. Mary Emma Harris's *The Arts at Black Mountain College*, seven-

teen years in the making and published last month by MIT Press, recreates the vibrant, tumultuous, and perennially tenuous life of the college and the iconoclastic personalities who shaped it. An exhibition of the same title, which opened in April (through July 5) at Bard College, where it was organized by the Edith C. Blum Art Institute and curated by Harris, will travel to the North Carolina Museum of Art (July 25-October 4) and to New York University's Grey Gallery (October 25-December 19).

Freewheeling as its namesake, the exhibition

presents an exhilarating range of paintings, photographs, musical scores, weavings, and pottery, as well as snapshots, playbills, and other memorabilia, many of which are reproduced in Harris's book. Both book and exhibition offer a comprehensive view of the Black Mountain community's dazzling achievements and an intimate glimpse into its inner dynamics. And both prompt a rethinking of commonplace assumptions about the relationship between art and culture, past and present. By virtue of its brief existence, Black Mountain College remains, three decades after its demise, a challenge to the status quo.

"When I started this project," Harris says, "I was only interested in the visual arts program. But the more I talked to people who had been there the more I realized that you cannot really understand the arts at Black Mountain from a purely critical or aesthetic point of view. You have to understand them as an outgrowth of a community."

It was a community of doers and dreamers, "built almost entirely of and on ideas and idealism," as Louis Adamic wrote early in the enterprise. And, not surprisingly, it was engendered in conflict over academic freedom. When John Andrew Rice, a brilliant, eccentric classics professor at Rollins College, was dismissed from the Florida school, he and a small group of devoted Rollins faculty and students pledged themselves on the spot to the establishment of a radical alternative to traditional education.

"Three months was not a lot of time in which to found a college," Harris begins her tale. But "Rice and his colleagues, finding themselves unemployed in the depths of the Great Depression, realized that if they did not open their ideal college in the fall of 1933, it would probably never happen." Without further ado, the Black Mountain experiment began.

Over the course of one summer, the small band recruited nine faculty members and twelve students, raised \$14,500, and negotiated a lease for a YMCA conference center in the Blue Ridge Mountains outside Asheville, North Carolina. The college's September, 1933 opening, as remembered by Joseph Martin, hardly seemed a portent of the indelible mark it would make upon American creative life: "The formal opening of the college was rather like that of a pick-up game of football: the participants straggled in casually one by one with no one very sure beforehand just who was expected . . . The ceremony consisted of a meeting on the front porch (preceded by great scrapings of the green rocking-chairs as people maneuvered for positions with view) . . . For the present, we appeared to feel, the thing to do was to approach, quite casually and with no preconceived notions about their relative importance, the thousand-and-one details of simply organizing ourselves as a community."

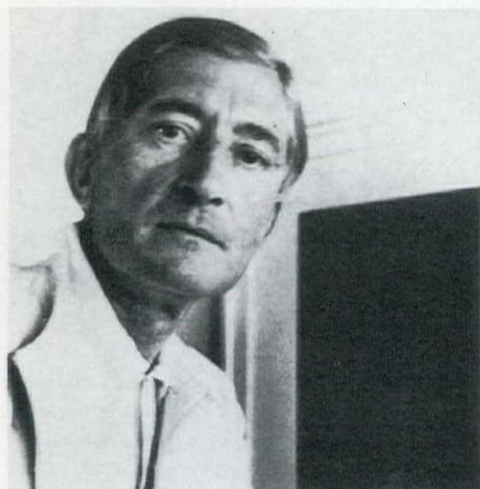
Radically egalitarian and idealist to the core, the college was owned and administered by the faculty, who formed a nonstock corporation—no trustees, regents, or chancellor to chart or to circumscribe their course. The chief administrative officer was called the rector, to clearly differentiate his role from the traditional "president." A board of fellows, elected from the faculty by the faculty, oversaw the perpetually precarious finances, and had authority to hire and fire. Issues involving the community were never voted on but instead, a "sense of the meeting" achieved, Quaker-style. There were no grades, no course hours, no department heads. Faculty and students alike lived on campus and ate in the dining hall, and both groups shared responsibility for maintenance, shoveled coal from railroad cars onto the college truck, raised vegetables (and later, beef, pork, and chickens) as well as, when circumstances required, money (ever in short supply).

Black Mountain life was informal, intense, and spontaneous. John Reiss recalls his astonishment when the man who was cutting weeds by the roadside as he arrived appeared at dinner in a coat and tie. He was, Reiss learned, the professor of English. In this audaciously utopian setting, the arts were central, "a force that penetrated to the core" of college life. They were regarded not as an end in



Black Mountain College:
In its tranquil atmosphere, the avant garde came of age.
By Marcia J. Wade

Albers sent classes into the woods to sharpen sticks with their teeth to use as brushes.



© 1987 The Estate of Joseph Breierbach, courtesy Peter C. Jones, Inc., New York



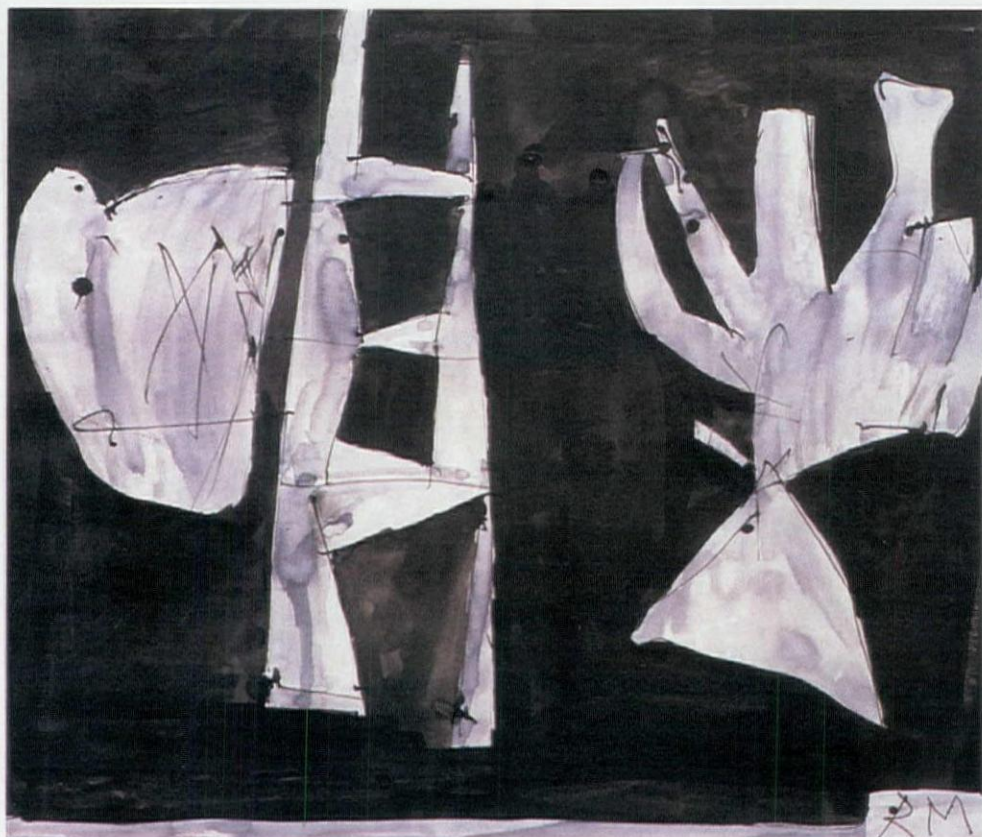
Hazel Larsen Archer

Preceding page: The idyllic setting of the Lake Eden dining hall, with a view "which makes one dream of Asia," Henry Miller once commented. This page, counterclockwise from top: Josef Albers, "a beautiful teacher and an impossible person," according to Robert Rauschenberg; Willem de Kooning in the summer of 1948, when he taught at the college; Decalogue, Jacob's Ladder & Burning Bush, painted by Robert Motherwell while a Black Mountain student.

themselves, but as a means of developing creativity, independence, and discipline among their practitioners. A Black Mountain education was as much about the experience of living intimately with the faculty, most of whom were themselves gifted practicing artists, as with the courses one took—with dinner table conversations, evening and weekend concerts, lectures, performances, and parties.

When the college moved from the YMCA property to Lake Eden, three miles away, in 1940, both students and faculty became partners, with architect-in-residence Lawrence Kocher, in the planning, design, financing, and construction of a new building. The faculty sacrificed 60 percent of

Mountain was "the spiritual heir to the Bauhaus. It had the same democratic organization, the same interest in new ideas and in living vitally in the present moment." Albers's view of teaching and learning was that both were a process of discovery and an embrace of the possibilities of the present. "It is futile, if not decadent," he stated, "to believe . . . our grand uncles and grand aunts were more and did better than ourselves. Or to assume that Plato or Marx, Rembrandt or Shakespeare were ultimate." In his beginning drawing classes, the painter strived to wean his students from the habits of sight, devising exercises that included sending classes into the woods to sharpen sticks with their



their salaries to finance the structure, and students organized fundraising teas, lectures, musicals, and other programs over the Christmas holiday, raising \$6,300 in small donations. One student recalled "that when she arrived in 1941 there were so few tools that the students "practically used their front teeth" on the project.

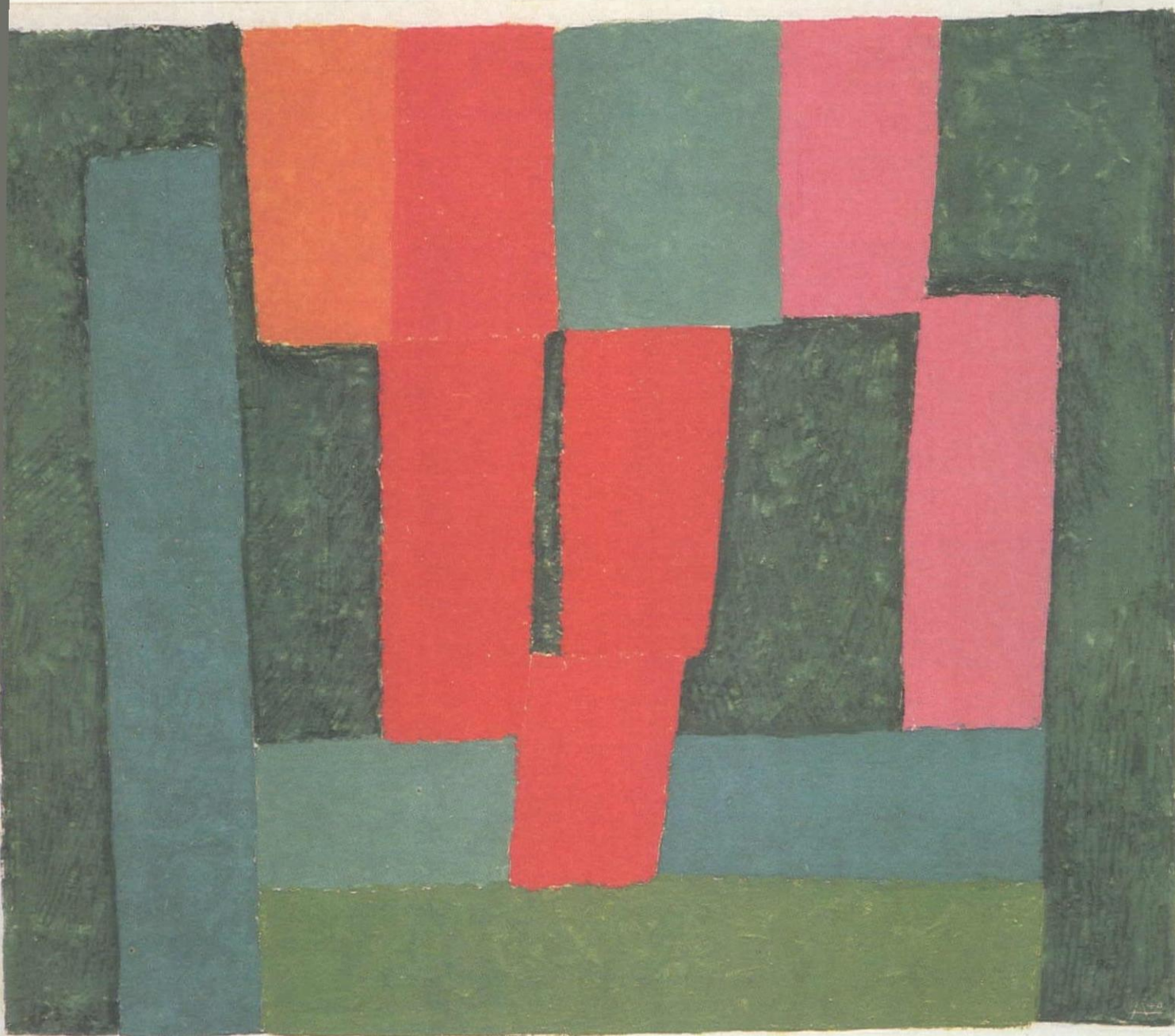
The founding of Black Mountain coincided with the rise of fascism in Europe, and a stream of refugee artists fueled its vitality, merging European modernism with the American progressivism in which the college had its source. The first of the refugees to arrive in North Carolina was also to make the most enduring mark upon the college. Painter Josef Albers and his wife Anni, a skilled weaver, came to Black Mountain in 1933, after his contract at the Bauhaus was terminated by the Nazis, who regarded the pioneering German design school as a "germ-cell of Bolshevism."

In many ways, as Harris points out, Black

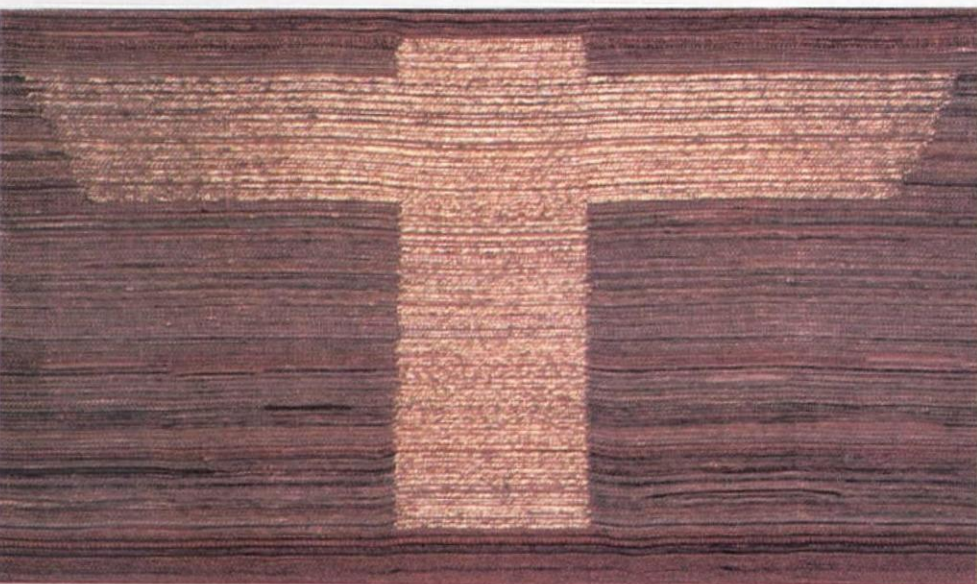
teeth to use as brushes.

Albers was intense, volatile, and demanding. He was "a beautiful teacher and an impossible person," Robert Rauschenberg remembers. "He wasn't easy to talk to, and I found his criticism so excruciating and so devastating that I never asked for it. Years later, though, I'm still learning what he taught me, because what he taught had to do with the entire visual world . . . I consider Albers the most important teacher I've ever had, and I'm sure he considered me one of his poorest students."

The dynamism and vitality of life at Black Mountain were heightened by visits, sometimes announced and sometimes not, from figures such as Henry Miller, Anais Nin, Thornton Wilder, John Dewey, Fernand Leger, and Albert Einstein, and by the summer institutes in painting, theater, music, and contemporary ideas which began in 1941 and became increasingly important in shaping the school's direction. Jacob Lawrence taught painting,



Above: Growing, an oil on masonite painted by Josef Albers in 1940. "The fundamental art problems are always the same—the discovery and revelation of the human soul," said the painter, who believed that art "rests within us instead of upon a canvas or marble." Left: La Luz, a weaving by Anni Albers, who also taught at the college and who believed that "being creative is perhaps not so much the desire to do something but the listening to that which wishes to be done."



Both Albers and Olson drew unknown and penniless geniuses to the pastoral community.

Marie Louise von Franz, of the Carl Jung Institute in Zurich, lectured on mythology, Carl Olson read a paper for Carl Jung (who could not appear because of illness), and Beaumont Newhall lectured on photography. A 1944 summer music institute, organized to celebrate Arnold Schoenberg's seventieth birthday, was hailed as the most important gathering of Schoenberg musicians ever in the

to be a double thickness. When assembled, it looked like a pile of limp pastel spaghetti and was later named the Supine Dome. Undaunted, Fuller explained that failure is a part of experimentation and that 'you succeed when you stop failing.' "

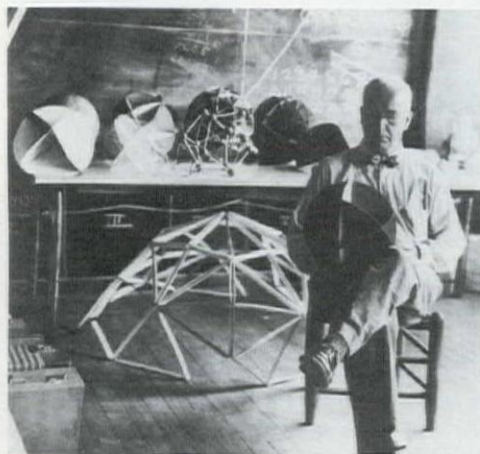
Throughout the same summer, a series of evening concerts of Eric Satie's music was presented by John Cage, assisted by Patsy Lynch Wood and Richard Lippold. Before each performance on the lawn outside his cottage, Cage gave a brief talk on Satie's music and ideas. During one controversial lecture, he stated flatly that Beethoven was incorrect when he defined harmony as the basic structural element of music. The inflammatory statement "was a declaration of war on the assumed supremacy of the Germanic tradition that dominated American musical life, including the music program at Black Mountain" (led by eminent émigrés such as Fritz Cohen, Heinrich Jalowetz, and Edward Lowinsky). Of course, this statement provoked a storm of reaction ranging from heart-felt indignation to the burning of Beethoven sheet music. "The crisis was finally resolved when Bill Levi, in a moment of diplomacy, suggested that the issue be settled by an after-dinner duel between the supporters of Beethoven, who would be armed with wiener schnitzel, and those of Eric Satie, who would fight with crepes suzettes," Harris writes.

For most of its twenty-four years, Black Mountain teetered on the brink of crisis after crisis, much of which was exacerbated by the shortage of money and the sacrifices of the faculty which enabled it to survive as long as it did. Pay cuts and half-salaries were common, as were gifts and loans, which were sometimes the only source of college income. In the later years, land was sold off in parcels to stave off the inevitable closing. By the 1950s, the culture which contained the college had turned cold and conservative, and in 1950 Olson wrote that the school, which then had nine faculty and fifteen students, "was more no-college now, and fast becoming a Chinese monastery or hill-fort." By the last summer institute in 1956, rampant kudzu vines threatened to overtake the campus and "rattlesnakes and copperheads, which had taken on mythic significance, were everywhere." One visitor recalls meeting Johanna Jalowetz "beating a copperhead to death with a shovel on her doorstep." In September of 1957, Olson was instructed to dissolve the corporation and liquidate its assets.

"As institutions and as people," Harris says in summary of the Black Mountain experience, "we're so determined that we have to achieve certainty. We do not feel that we can be vulnerable. Black Mountain was a truly experimental venture, and therefore it was vulnerable. It did not have all the answers." But in the questions it asked, the possibilities it experimented with, and the dreams it dared to realize, the school had an effect on the art and culture of this country that is out of all proportion to the brevity of its existence and the small number of people who took part in its life. □

Marcia J. Wade is assistant editor of *Horizon*.

© Harry Callahan, courtesy Pace/MacGill Gallery



Top: Asheville North Carolina, photographed by Harry Callahan in the summer of 1951 when he taught at Black Mountain. The college was one of the first to treat photography as a fine art form. Bottom: Buckminster Fuller in 1948, when he built his first dome. "John Cage and Merce and I had breakfasts every morning together under the trees," he remembered. "We would really break down all of the conventional ways of approaching school . . . It was really great fun."

United States. Throughout the summers, extraordinary concerts and theatrical and dance performances were given in the dining hall by Lake Eden, or on the grassy meadow outside.

After Albers's resignation in 1949, the poet Charles Olson was the dominant figure on the Black Mountain scene. Although in many ways the two men could not have been more different (Albers was the epitome of the discipline and restraint reflected in his paintings, Olson as free-form and visionary as his verse), both shared an instinctive ability to recognize unknown genius and attract it to the pastoral community. When de Kooning arrived at Black Mountain, nothing had been sold from his first show. Elaine de Kooning recalls that they were "penniless with no prospects" when Albers's letter arrived inviting them to North Carolina. Sculptor Richard Lippold wrote to Albers promising that "his family would live in their hearse if only they could be at the college with Cage and Cunningham for the summer A small apartment was found and an appointment as sculptor-in-residence arranged. The Lippold family arrived in the hearse with the wire radiator sculpture Lippold had created flying in the wind."

Memorable summer events included the construction of Buckminster Fuller's first dome from multicolored aluminum Venetian blind strips. Harris writes: "At the end of the summer, the architecture class gathered in the rain in the meadow . . . to assemble the dome while the rest of the community waited on the nearby ridge to watch the miraculous event. As it turned out, the strips were not strong enough to support the dome. Elaine de Kooning recalled that the college could only afford a single thickness of strips, whereas they needed

INDIANAPOLIS



One of the oldest museums in the country constantly updates its image.

In most Americans' minds, the midwestern city of Indianapolis could not be farther from the contemplative culture of the Far East. But, in fact, halfway across the world and centuries later, it's where an ancient Oriental ideal has taken on a twentieth-century incarnation. The Indianapolis Museum of Art, a sprawling complex located on 154 acres of lush parkland, is a kind of cross-cultural marriage between the East, which revered the garden as a work of art, and the West, which created the museum as a place where one is nourished by human creativity. IMA's four pavilions for art and theater, greenhouses, shops, and restaurant, surrounded by a forty-four-acre botanical garden designed by Frederick Law Olmstead (of Central Park fame) and a one-hundred-acre wildlife refuge are a blend of both natural and artistic creativity. "There isn't much you can't do here," says IMA director Robert Yassin. "We even have bird walks."

But much more than bird walks takes place both inside and outside the museum. IMA boasts an outstanding collection of works by J.M.W. Turner, the nation's leading textile collection, and an Oriental art collection that is one of the best in the country. It has also organized exhibitions that have traveled throughout the country. (Currently, "The Aura of Impressionism: The W.J. Holliday Collection of the Indianapolis Museum of Art" and "Ice and Green Clouds: Traditions of Chinese Celadon," are making the rounds from New Orleans to Norfolk, Minneapolis to Chicago.) And a teeming schedule of lectures, tours, concerts, and films attracts crowds of art lovers from ages three to adult. This summer, IMA will launch the first major exhibition of works by Latin American artists to be seen in the United States in over twenty years. The exhibition and related programs will be the cornerstone of the city's Pan American Arts Festival.

Père Biart Reading in the Garden, painted by Henry van de Velde in 1891.

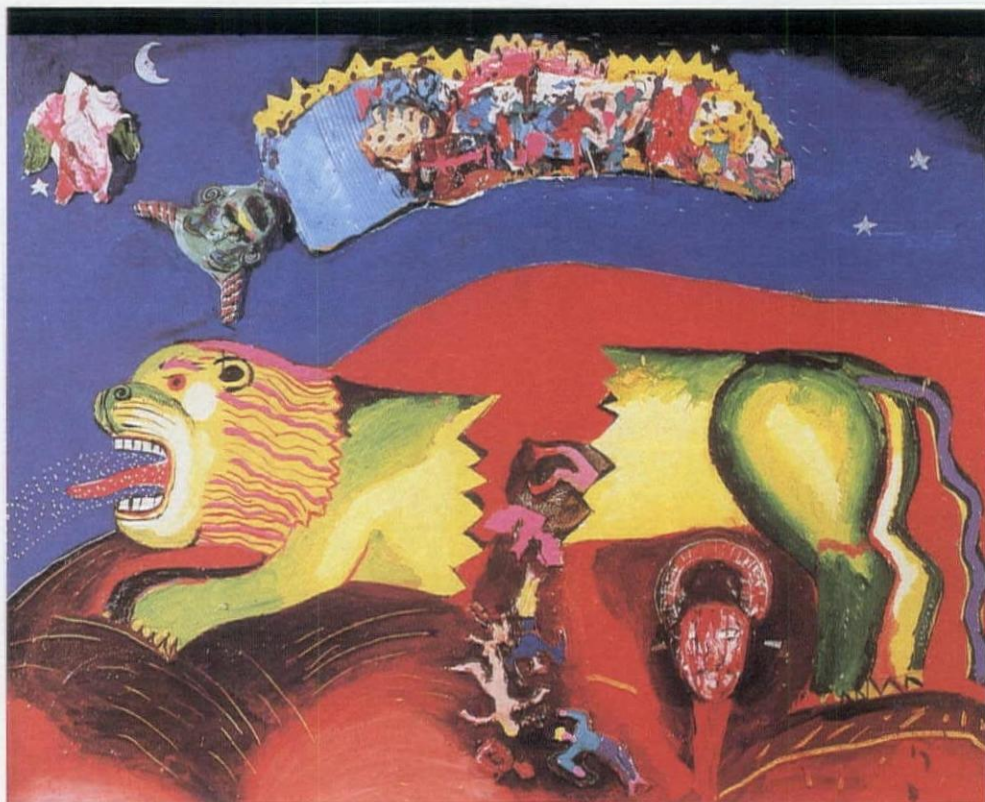
Founded in 1883 as the Art Association of Indianapolis, IMA is one of the country's oldest art museums—only thirteen years younger than New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art—and one of its top dozen today. It moved into its spacious, elegant quarters in 1970, a year after the children of J.K. Lilly bequeathed his estate to the museum. Lilly's twenty-two-room, eighteenth-century-chateau-style mansion, known now as the Lilly Pavilion, houses an extensive decorative-arts collection of period furniture, rare porcelains, and silver.

The three-story Krannert pavilion houses the Eli Lilly Collection of Chinese art, along with American and European paintings and sculpture and traveling exhibitions. Lilly acquired the 150 pieces for donation to IMA in order to promote a "high appreciation of the beautiful tranquility and compassion" he so admired in the Chinese people. Inspired by the Indiana industrialist's fondness for the work of Georges Seurat, the W.J. Holliday collection is the largest public assemblage of neoimpressionist paintings in America. IMA's famed Turner Collection and its Old Masters are housed in the Clowes Pavilion, and the Showalter Pavilion provides a home for the Indiana Civic Theatre.

"We're constantly working with what we have, working with collectors inside and outside the community," Yassin comments. "We've been very successful in that area, particularly in our fashion-design collection. We have donors from all over the country. IMA has become the place for fashion design." It's a felicitous match, as Indiana has spawned three major fashion designers—Halston, Bill Blass, and Norrell. The museum specializes in twentieth-century, custom-designed costumes by such masters as Givenchy, Chanel, and Balmain, but includes virtually all of the world's greatest fabric traditions, as well.

This summer, IMA will offer visitors a rare view of the art of Latin America with "Art of the Fantastic," opening June 28 and featuring twenty-nine artists from ten countries. "Fantastic art has found important expression in the twentieth century, most notably in surrealism," points out IMA curator of contemporary art Holliday Day, who organized "Art of the Fantastic" with chief curator Hollister Sturgis. "While surrealism and the fantastic in Latin America share much in common in the primacy they give to imagination and intuition, the fantastic in Latin America also evolves from its cultural history and the religious myths of its pre-Columbian heritage."

Enhancing the colorful art works will be a film series, children's programs, and concerts. A symposium, "The New World Dialogue," will feature Latin American artists, writers, and scholars. An



Above: Mexican artist German Venegas's *Martyrs*, part of "Art of the Fantastic," the cornerstone of the Pan American Arts Festival. Right: The museum's Krannert Pavilion.

interdisciplinary course, offered for college credit at area universities and open to the general public as well, will be "a unique undertaking," Yassin comments. A similar course last year, offering a holistic approach to the culture that gave birth to French impressionism, was a phenomenal success.

In addition to special events, a wide array of ongoing programming keeps life at IMA both busy and interesting. Tours of the collections by docents and curators, concerts showcasing Indianapolis musicians, films that range from opera to Oscar-winners, classes for children on everything from sculpture to storytelling, fill the museum's crowded schedule. On Sunday afternoons, Family Days offer a variety of ways for parents and children to explore their creativity and that of famous artists. A popular Meet the Artist Series allows visitors to watch accomplished artists practicing their craft and to engage in lively discussion about their lives, work, and ideas. And a grant from AT&T funds First Fridays at IMA, which features special exhibitions, the permanent collections, and jazz by



area musicians.

An energetic corps of volunteers, Yassin comments, makes it all possible. "We have some of the most dedicated volunteers I have ever seen," he says. "You name a spot, and we have a volunteer there!" Besides the tireless efforts of the docents, the Indianapolis Museum of Art Alliance operates the museum's business enterprises. "If we have the opportunity to try something that's not been tried before, and it turns out to be successful—well, it's something I want to share with other people in the museum world." It's an open, cooperative attitude that typifies IMA, and what it all adds up to is a museum that is leading the arts into the twenty-first century.

—Marcia Wade

Drama with Determination

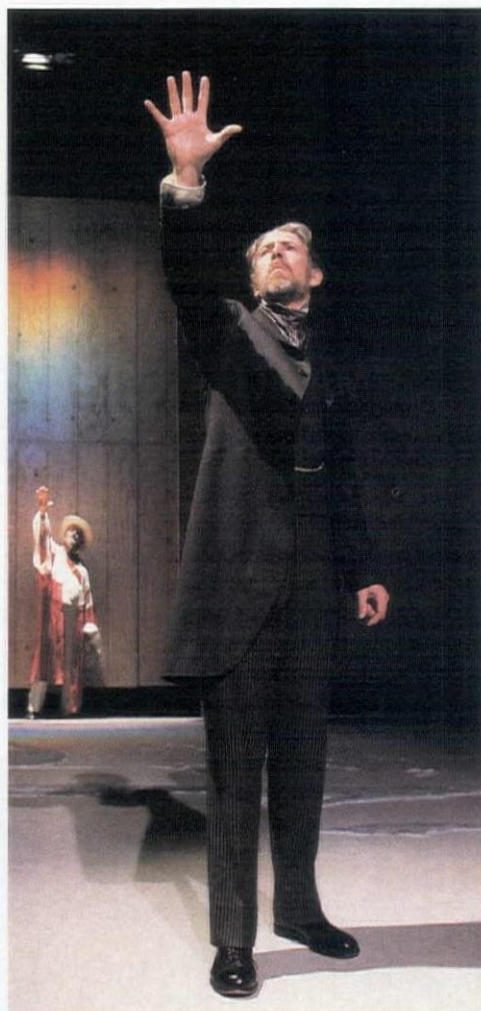
The Indiana Repertory Theatre thrives with a keep-at-it philosophy.

The Indiana Repertory Theatre is establishing a unique position among regional professional theaters in the country. "We don't want to be a theater that just does good plays well," says IRT artistic director Thomas Haas. "We have to have an identity that's stronger than that." With its America-in-Performance series, IRT is embarking on a thorough exploration of America's rich theatrical repertory. "I don't really think that any other theater in the country is specifically working on that—keeping at it," says Haas.

Indianapolis, smack in America's heartland, is the perfect setting for IRT to create that identity. The values reflected in many American classics are similar to those of IRT's midwestern base. "We feel we have received consistent support from our audience on our past American classics like *Our Town*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *You Can't Take It with You*, and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*," says Haas. The America-in-Performance program, slated to last from three to five years, began with the company's recently completed 1986-87 season, which featured successes such as Thornton Wilder's *Skin of Our Teeth*, Arthur Miller's *Crucible*, and Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*.

"We want to build, in our audiences," says Haas, "a trust in our selections, so that we can produce American works that aren't seen that often. For instance, next season, Haas would like to produce Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky*, employing the never-before-produced, third-act ending. "There's also a play by S.M. Berman about George Gershwin. It deals with that part of the composer's life right after he wrote *Porgy and Bess* and, believing that it was a total failure, left for Hollywood." Haas insists that IRT's success and future hope are based on "playing to the values of your audience base." Statistics have shown that IRT's audiences strongly relate to plays dealing with the American experience.

Even the founding of IRT is an example of American grit and determination. In 1970, a trio of young men in Indiana University's doctoral program made known their ambition to create a professional regional theater. They sent letters to that effect to



Edward Seamon and Edwin J. McDonough in IRT's *Pan American salute*, *To Culebra*.

the mayors of ninety-nine American cities. They received four replies: from Rochester, Tulsa, Portland, and Indianapolis. Money and geography being unavoidable considerations, the three men—Benjamin Mordecai, Gregory Poggi, and Edward Stern—created their theater company in Indianapolis. Then-mayor Richard Lugar was receptive, as were civic leaders who donated funds, and boosters who purchased five thousand season tickets before a single production had been mounted.

After ten successful years, IRT began to develop growing pains. When the old downtown Indiana

Theatre was in danger of becoming a parking lot, the corporate community came to the rescue. A little over a million dollars was donated by the Lilly Endowment, Inc. and the Krannert Charitable Trust to purchase and renovate the grand 1926 movie palace. The theater's premiere season in its new headquarters coincided with the addition to IRT's staff of a nationally renowned artistic director. Haas had earned his reputation as head of the acting and directing programs at the Yale School of Drama and founding director of the Playmakers Repertory Theater at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Since the move to the Indiana Theatre in 1980, IRT's audience base has blossomed from sixty thousand to more than two hundred thousand patrons annually.

The theater's Mainstage, a 600-seat, proscenium theater, is the site of IRT's primary subscription series of American classic and contemporary works. Here, too, you'll see contrasting foreign works which bring the American plays into sharper contrast. The 250-seat Upperstage, which has been "dark" for two seasons, will be used for seminars, a dance series by the Indianapolis-based Dance Kaleidoscope, and plays that Haas calls "against the American grain; plays that say, 'sometimes you have to re-examine your value system to keep it healthy.'" A variety of original music-theater entertainment is produced in the Cabaret Club—an intimate nightclub setting on the third floor.

One of the few professional repertory companies operating in the black, IRT relies on a combination of earned and contributed income. "We're extremely lucky," says managing director Jessica L. Andrews, "to have such generous foundations as the Lilly Endowment, the Krannert Charitable Trust, the Indianapolis Foundation, and others here."

Although its repertoire is to a large extent rooted in the past, the Indiana Repertory Theatre has its eyes on the future. Of particular concern to Haas and company are tomorrow's audiences. IRT plans to bolster its already-flourishing outreach program with Shakespeare Theatre for Youth. The program will allow teachers to plan to teach a particular Shakespeare play in advance, then take their classes to see it performed by IRT. According to Haas, "The only way American theater is really going to survive is if you start to build these audiences now." Then he adds, with characteristic tenacity, "You've got to keep at it."

—Bill Golightly

Individual Aesthetics

Indianapolis artists create diverse and eclectic worlds.

Every locale has its share of visual artists, but Indianapolis has an abundance of artists who have acquired visibility through national and international experiences, exhibitions, workshops, and gallery representation.

Robert Berkshire was born in Indianapolis in the 1930s, a time when serious artists were expected to gravitate to the major art centers. But Berkshire didn't set his sights on New York; his time was consumed with painting. This past February, a retrospective of his paintings and drawings was on exhibit at the University of Notre Dame.

Berkshire was a student in the 1950s and '60s, studying art in Florida and Italy (through a Fulbright Grant), but returned to Indianapolis for a teaching post at Herron School of Art, Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. During his student days, abstract expressionism was the vital American art movement. Today, the remnants of

that era remain in his large and lush paintings. But he is not locked into a time warp—he merely captures the virtues of action painting with a loyalty to the ooze of paint, gestures, and elements of accident. He is committed to the solid structure of his canvases' picture plane and the superimposition of his own sense of color and form. Berkshire's paintings contain elements which haunt viewers long after their initial encounter.

Similarly, **Robert Eagerton's** narrative canvases provoke lingering and persistent afterthought. Eagerton arrived in Indianapolis nearly twenty years ago, but he still spends summers at a studio-home on a South Carolina island near his birthplace. Vegetation and wildlife from this coastal range became a springboard for his art. He first sets the stage through the controlled and calculated laws of composition, and then creates scenes that transcend to something more universal, more ethereal.

Eagerton studied art both in the southern United States and in Vienna, Austria, after which he opened a lithography studio in Florida where he produced limited-edition prints. Throughout his career, his works have been sought by collectors—most notably the Art Institute of Chicago and the

Rosenwald Collection of the Smithsonian Institution. He also has works in French and Italian collections.

Like Eagerton, **Peg Fierke** gravitated to Indianapolis to accept a teaching position at the Herron School of Art. Her prints and paintings are in collections from California to the Carolinas and the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. She prefers her tranquil lifestyle in Indianapolis to the more hectic one she knew growing up in the Chicago region. As a visiting artist at schools in Pennsylvania and Texas, Fierke has compared a variety of collegiate working environments and asserts that Herron has the most serious, as well as extensive, student studios.

Studio experience is important to this artist. In her private space she has run the gamut exploring the art "isms"—from abstraction to representational imagery. Now she paints fields of color with superimposed energetic modules of pattern that lately, sink into the space of the picture. Though she's a calm, articulate painter and printmaker

Below: Robert Eagerton's New Tracks. Opposite: Thomas Rood's Revival (Red and Blue Verticals) by Richard Emery Nickolson.





Courtesy of Patrick King Contemporary Art

Fierke is also a maverick, refusing to attach any importance to art-by-formula. The intellectual process, which carried her through years of exploration, has been exchanged for intuition. Peg Fierke believes that semantics trivialize art and she prefers, instead, to work at artistic evolution.

Professor of painting **Richard Emery Nickolson** was once an artist for the Eleventh U.S. Combat Team serving in Thailand—a world far removed from the painting he creates now. His present concerns are with anecdotes of architectural form, which he paints in fantastical realism, using color as a tool for perspective. Born and raised in Washington, D.C., Nickolson became accustomed to that city's spires and monuments while developing an affection for the American precisionist painters who flourished in the first half of this century. That laid the groundwork for the towers, grain elevators, and the urban scenes across the Midwest that he later captured on canvas. After accepting a fellowship at Yale University, he completed his education at Indiana University-Bloomington, where he explored the possibilities that the heartland's landscape offered his visual scope. Nickolson's works are extensively represented in private and corporate collections, including those of the Indiana National and Chase-Manhattan Banks.

Anne McKenzie Nickolson met Richard when he was teaching at Northern Illinois University while she was still a student. They were married in 1973. Since then, her penchant for making large woven sculptures and environments has given way to the smaller fabric "paintings" for which she is known today. Such sewn, embroidered compositions were once considered to be part of traditional craft media, but Anne Nickolson pushes her work beyond such limits into the realm of fine art. She draws upon ideas that she gleans from her ongoing interest in historic textiles—garments and artifacts—and interprets these into fresh contemporary expression. Anne's work has been reproduced in publications from across America to Germany and she has exhibited widely, from the Smithsonian's Renwick Gallery to the Middle East.

Gary Freeman's primary medium is steel. He imposes the permanence and rigidity of steel upon the ever-changing elements of nature in a frozen moment of balance and form. Freeman has been commissioned for several large-scale works in the Midwest, but not all of his work is monumental in scale—many of his ideas are recorded in sketchbooks that he maintains like an ongoing diary of his concerns for the positive and negative spatial relationships inherent to three-dimensional sculpture. His drawings become reality as pro-

totypes, maquettes, or pedestal pieces which establish a bond between artist and viewer through their solidity and eloquent design.

Freeman studied both in his home state of Kansas and at Tulane University, where he worked in an art-casting foundry before heading north, gathering teaching experience en route. He's now the professor and coordinator of Herron's sculpture program, and he still works in a foundry, teaching his students to construct, cast, carve, and weld. He says his teaching role is to "consult, coerce, and cajole."

Phil Tennant is among the faculty of Herron's woodworking department. When he's not with his students, he's making furniture that is avidly collected throughout the Midwest. His recent designs take off from architectural, skeletal grid forms which he works into balanced, crafted "functional sculpture." He was formerly a ceramic engineer in New York state where he also apprenticed with woodworker Wendell Castle in Rochester.

Susan Tennant was always immersed in the ceramics field. Formerly from Newark, New Jersey, she married Phil while they were students at Alfred University. They moved to Indianapolis in 1974, and today they share a studio on their two-acre homesite in Indianapolis. Susan's clay and wood sculptures (or any material that's required to complete her ideas) often include characters placed in peculiar environments—heroes or monsters with bite and charm. She is an artist with audacity, honing her wit through social observations in her imaginary Indianapolis watchtower.

Some artists in Indianapolis pursue their art full-time—**Tom Keesee** is one. He shares a common belief with other artists in this region that central Indiana provides an ideal environment in which to work and grow as an artist. But he, too, has paid some dues while studying and trying to make ends meet. He was employed by the Indianapolis Museum of Art before deciding to paint full time.

Last year, Keesee was featured in a solo show in Chicago, while his paintings were touring in the Corcoran Gallery's "39th Biennial Exhibition of American Painting." He is one of the few remaining artists linked to a regionalistic genre that's evaporating in the Midwest. Still, Keesee's paintings are truly his own. He paints both brooding, futuristic images with twisted torsos, and pastoral subjects on a Hoosier landscape. It's as if he departs to the recesses of his imagination and then returns to the territory which nurtured him.

Doris Vlasek Hails is a painter and sculptor and the Visual Arts Editor for Steppin' Out Indianapolis, a monthly arts, entertainment, and news journal.

Sizing Up the Symphony

By responding to its community, the ISO wins international fame.

"It's become the fashion to have orchestras that grow larger and larger," says Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra executive director Robert C. Jones. Well, the ISO is not a slave to fashion. Ranked among America's top thirty symphony orchestras, ISO's cadre of eighty-eight top-flight musicians (the average for major symphonies is one hundred members) will not grow larger, just better.

"We would rather put any additional money we can generate into improving the quality of what we're doing," says Jones, who also serves as vice president and chief operating officer for the fifty-seven-year-old orchestra. "We would rather reward good players, reward our best achievers, keep our quality musicians interested and enthusiastic."

The ISO is destined to remain a national and international cultural treasure. The eleven years of distinguished musical leadership of maestro John Nelson will be taken over by one of the most sought-after conductors in the world—Raymond Leppard—in September, just after the symphony returns from its first European tour. The symphony's recordings and recent, much-praised Carnegie Hall concert have commanded national attention. Their gem of a concert hall—the elegantly refurbished 1916 Circle Theatre, a National Historic Landmark in downtown Indianapolis—and the fifty-two-week schedule of community-conscious programming, make the orchestra a priceless asset for the city and music aficionados everywhere.

It all began in 1930, when German violinist and conductor Ferdinand Schaefer organized sixty of the state's leading musicians into the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Audiences were skeptical when the new orchestra took the stage at Caleb Mill Hall at Shortbridge High School. The skepticism soon waned, as the seventy-year-old aristocratic conductor lead that first ISO in a concert that inspired rave reviews. The orchestra survived some slim financial straits, but remained dedicated to the presentation of quality performances.

When John Nelson took the musical helm in 1976, he infused new energy into the ISO, lengthened its season, and honed its artistic proficiency. During



his tenure, the ISO broadened its repertoire, recorded on the RCA Special Projects label, reached out to the nation via National Public Radio and telecasts with pianist Andre Watts and soprano Beverly Sills, and moved into the acoustically splendid Circle Theatre, which was meticulously restored between 1982 and 1984. "I would look at the Nelson years," says Jones, "as contributing immensely to orchestral development—to a higher degree of technical ability."

One of Nelson's last assignments with ISO will come in September as the orchestra embarks on its first-ever European tour. The orchestra was invited to represent the United States at the opening concerts of the "Charles Ives and the American Music Tradition Until Today" festival in Duisburg,

The ISO in concert. The orchestra balances its populist attitude with artistic excellence.

West Germany, September 13, 14, and 15. In addition to the festival dates, the ISO has been booked for concerts in the West German cities of Mannheim, Augsburg, Regensburg, and Nuremberg.

"Our orchestra is in excellent shape," says Jones. "It's not ailing artistically or financially. And it's positioned well for the new music director, Raymond Leppard, to come in and take over a technically solid orchestra." Leppard is renowned throughout the world for his masterful interpretations of a rich and varied repertoire. The British-born maestro has been principal guest conductor for the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra since 1984.

(a position he will continue) and a frequent guest on the podiums of the New York Philharmonic and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, as well as with the orchestras of Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Toronto, Detroit, Houston, New Orleans, London, Madrid, and Lisbon. Says Leppard: "I hope to bring everything I've learned to Indiana and make the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra still *more* important than it already is."

Though the orchestra's leadership will change, its dedication to the community that supports it will not. The relatively small size of its constituency has led the ISO to become more community-oriented. Jones explains: "Because this is a smaller community, and, therefore, has a smaller audience base than is normally necessary to sustain a major orchestra, we have defined our role in a particular way. We *relate* to the community in a very visible way, at a very high level. And balancing that sort of populist attitude with excellent artistic achievement is our challenge." The ISO has met that challenge. Quality artistic tradition and accolades are combined with its fifty-two weeks of programming annually.

Last year's annual Yuletide Celebration concerts had eleven sold-out houses before Thanksgiving. There are also two concerts on New York's Eve, in the Viennese tradition—a visually pleasing combination of chandeliers, candelabras, and special sheet-music stands. "We also do a Black History Month concert," says Jones, "and a Martin Luther King Day special concert." The orchestra's efforts in reaching the youth audience include the Lolli-Pop concerts, designed as first adventures in music; free concerts held throughout the public school system; and a Young Musicians Contest, in which youngsters from throughout the state compete for a total of \$1,000 in prize money.

Since 1982, ISO and Connor Prairie Settlement—a "living" 1836 village with costumed interpreters—have presented the annual Symphony on the Prairie concerts, a five-week summer series. The orchestra performs under a tent, while picnicking patrons enjoy full-length symphonies and a magnificent sunset view.

Each year, the ISO's concerts and programs attract almost a half-million patrons—a respectable draw for any symphony orchestra in the world. Yet ISO remains a one-of-a-kind orchestra. "We don't want to work from the same agenda that other orchestras work from," says Jones. "Our city and our circumstances and our concert hall and our music director are all uniquely distinctive. We put them all together, with innovative programming, to achieve that distinction." —Bill Golightly



A Full Circle

In 1981, when the City of Indianapolis, Indianapolis Power & Light Company, and the Commission for Downtown, Inc., searched for a tenant for the empty and timeworn Circle Theatre, the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra was the natural choice. The move not only fulfilled ISO's dreams of a home of its own, but provided a sorely needed amenity in a dynamic era of downtown revitalization. "The move of the Circle Theatre," says ISO executive director Robert C. Jones, "was one of the key factors in both the growth of the orchestra artistically and the development of its role in the community."

Despite its design in 1916 as a movie palace, the Circle Theatre provided a number of acoustical advantages equal to such classic halls as the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Ushers Hall in Edinburgh, and the old Saint Andrews Hall in Glasgow. Yet the only way to know if the theater would sound good was to try it.

Amid dirt and debris, the ISO rehearsed. The hall was empty, the lighting limited. But when the rehearsal was finished, there were cheers and immediate applause by the musicians. "To a large degree," says Jones, "the quality of an orchestra's sound, its technical aspects such as balance, clarity, and color, are determined not just by the way the musicians are trained to perform as an orchestra, but also by the 'instrument' in which they

Designed as a movie palace in 1916, the Circle Theatre is now the ISO's home.

perform—the hall itself."

The architectural firm of Dalton, van Dijk, Johnson, and Partners of Cleveland, Ohio, and Archonics of Indianapolis were contracted to design the adaptive restoration—within the modest budget of \$6.9 million. The restoration focused mainly on the Circle's stage area. To create the necessary space to house a full orchestra, the original back wall of the theater stage was torn down and extended to forty feet. Additionally, the opening of the proscenium arch was enlarged.

Acoustical expert Christopher Jaffe of Jaffe Acoustics, Inc., Norwalk, Connecticut, enhanced the already acoustically superior hall through the use of ERES, or the electronic reflected energy system, that he invented. Through that system, he created, electronically, the dimensional sound of a much larger space.

The Circle Theatre's color-scheme of warm roses, soft grays, and ivories was carefully restored. Thanks to the all-but-forgotten side boxes backstage, designers were able to determine as closely as possible the specific colors used by the original designers in 1916. The restoration—completed in 1984—included total repair of the original bas-relief motifs on the walls and ceilings of the lobby and hall. Equipped with paintbrushes, craftsmen painstakingly highlighted the detailing, hard work that resulted in a beautiful hall for beautiful music. —B.G.

Minds-On Museum

The culture of the world is up for grabs at the Indianapolis Children's Museum.

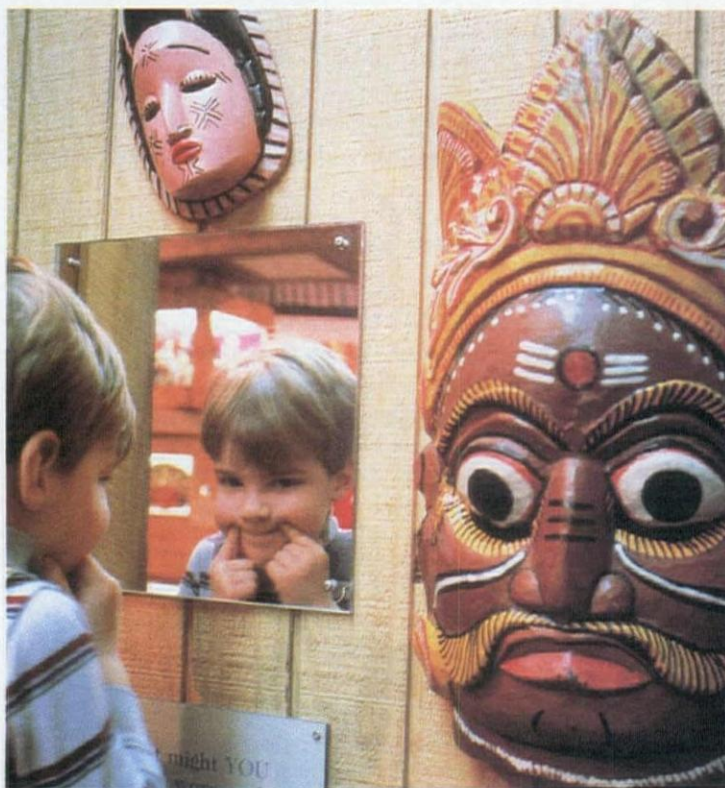
A place where "kids grow up and adults don't have to," the Indianapolis Children's Museum—the world's largest and fourth oldest—encourages kids from three to ninety-three to learn by playing. "We like to say that people vote with their feet," says museum director Peter Sterling. With as many as ten thousand visitors a day, there's no question about the verdict.

The museum's nine galleries house exhibitions as intriguing as their titles: *Mysteries in History*, *Passport to the World*, *Science Spectrum*, *Playscape*. A toys and dolls gallery, a computer discovery center, natural science galleries, a theater, a Victorian depot, a turn-of-the-century carousel, and an inviting outdoor gallery round out the lively institution. At every turn, the emphasis is on participation. "We're not just a hands-on museum," Sterling explains. "What we try to be is a *minds-on* museum. Our role is to be a partner in learning."

In the new *Passport to the World* gallery, for instance, visitors can play a Caribbean steel drum. A "crafts shack" features regular demonstrations by craftspeople from around the world, and visitors are invited to get involved. *Mysteries of History* provides a close look at the clues from which historians construct their explanations and techniques visitors can use to write the genealogical history of their families and neighborhoods.

"When we ask people, 'Is this an educational place?'" says Sterling, "they tell us, 'No, it's a fun place where you're learning things.'" At the Children's Museum, there's always something different to learn. In addition to more than two thousand formal programs offered annually—ranging from workshops, classes, and demonstrations to

four seasons of live performances in the 350-seat Lilly Theater—the galleries present a constantly shifting selection of activities and a rotating selection from the museum's collection of over 130,000 artifacts, including more than fifty thousand folk art objects from 120 countries donated by Creative Playthings founders Frank and Theresa Caplan. But "we don't see the object as an end in itself," Sterling emphasizes. "We see the job of a museum as breaking the code about that object and demystifying it."



Responding to art: children mimic masks in the Passport to the World Gallery.

This summer, in celebration of the Pan American Arts Festival, "Pan Amania" will offer an insider's view of the region. Six artisans from Brazil, Ecuador, and Guatemala—who have never before left their native villages—will demonstrate the arts of lacemaking, maskmaking, toymaking, and weaving. The exhibition, which also includes Latin American musicians and dancers, will travel to

twenty-three cities in the United States. Another treat is "Cenote of Sacrifice: Mayan Treasures from the Sacred Well at Chichen Itza," which offers visitors a look at thirty-thousand ancient objects sacrificed to the Mayan rain god. And in the Lilly Theater, young and old alike will delight in the Indianapolis Opera Ensemble's premiere of *The Monkey and Mrs. Little*, a trilogy of folktales by Brazilian writer Ivo Bender.

With a \$5 million annual budget, a staff of over one hundred, and seven hundred volunteers, you might think Sterling would be content to rest on his laurels. Quite the contrary. According to him, the best is yet to come. A \$14 million capital expansion campaign will add much-needed gallery space and make possible the Center for Creative Exploration, a multi-disciplinary laboratory for the creative process. "It's going to be a blending of the arts and sciences and humanities," he explains. "Music, for instance, is not only an art form, it also has scientific, ethnographic, and cultural implications. We want to look at it from a variety of vantage points. We're going to have lots of people to help, lots of objects to help, lots of techniques to learn from." What the center will say to Indianapolis and all children is "this place is yours to explore in." Sterling hopes it will eventually become a national center for experimental learning, "that it will provoke a tremendous cross-fertilization in the museum community."

If it sounds like a museum with a mission, you're getting the point. The Indianapolis Children's Museum is breaking down barriers between teacher and student, creator and observer—and between the present and the future as well. "The thing we're trying to do with children," says Sterling, "is to tell them, 'Hey, wait just a minute. The world's not finished yet. There's a lot out there that we don't know about.'" It will, of course, never be finished, but thanks to the Indianapolis Children's Museum, it's certain to be a livelier and more creative place tomorrow than it is today.

—Marcia J. Wade

INDIANAPOLIS



A Climate of Progress

Indianapolis has changed its image. No longer the sleepy Midwestern town that wakes up for that big auto race in May, Indianapolis has become a busy center for business, sports, recreation, and culture.

It started twenty years ago when local government took notice of a rapidly decaying downtown. Vacant buildings were a common sight, and anyone who worked downtown beat a path to the suburbs at 5 PM. The Greater Indianapolis Progress Com-

The arts keep pace with the rapid growth of this midwestern city.
By Nan Hoffman

mittee was formed to create a future plan for Indianapolis, and one thing led to another. Then-Mayor Richard G. Lugar's plans for consolidated government sparked a renaissance. The tax base was broadened, and public and private sectors cooperated with each other. It worked.

Above: An Indianapolis treasure: The magnificent Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Now, Indianapolis is rising by the hour. Instead of vacant buildings, construction—everywhere—is a common sight. New hotels, office buildings, and countless restorations are a sign of the city's health. A domed stadium, a \$50-million restoration of Union Station, preservation and reconstruction of three theaters, the beginning construction of White River State Park and Zoo, restaurants, shops, and a major university—all downtown—have materialized in two decades. Much of it mushroomed only in the last few years.

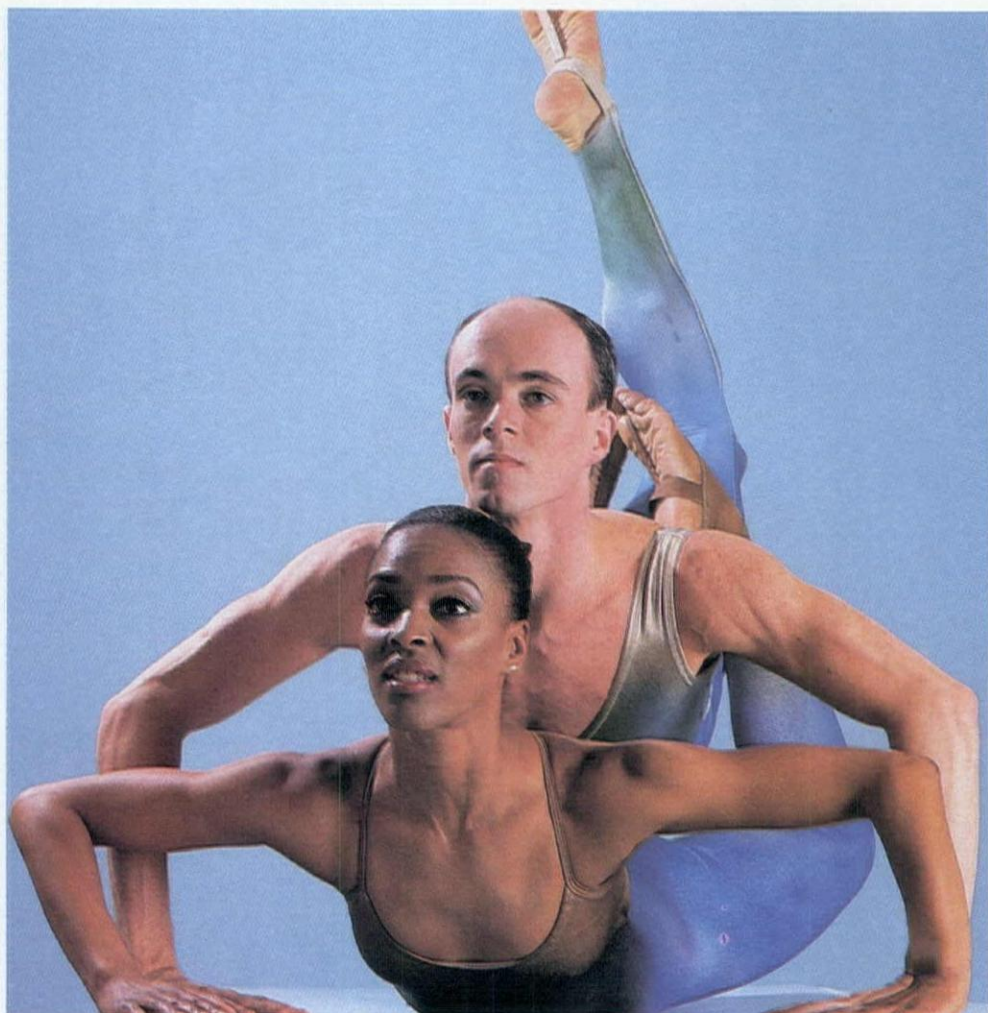
And last year another organization was established. The Indianapolis Arts Council, dormant for several years, awoke to an enthusiastic city. "We're working with all the arts," says the council's new executive director, Gerald L. Ness, "to make them a highly visible part of this city."

There's reason to be optimistic. Only two months before Ness's arrival, seven art galleries organized a gala season kickoff with simultaneous openings, officially establishing a downtown gallery district. The growing sophistication of the Indianapolis audience has been reflected in the success of the Phoenix Theatre which, since it began in 1983, presents new, experimental, and avant-garde works. The International Quadrennial Violin Competition of Indianapolis has received world-wide recognition and acclaim since its inception in 1982. Also in 1982, the biennial Beethoven Foundation Competition moved its headquarters from New York City to Indianapolis. The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra thrives in its new quarters at the beautifully restored Circle Theatre.

The arts are a major asset in Indianapolis, says Mayor William H. Hudnett III. "Our arts organizations have played an important role in attracting investments, enlarging both the tax base and the human spirit."

The Pan American Arts Festival, born of the Tenth Pan American Games to be held here this summer, dramatically demonstrates how a city's energy becomes a catalyst for the arts. Hundreds of events have been planned. Already, since the festival began last September, art lovers have seen a controversial installation, "Welcome to the World," by Chilean artist Alfredo Jaar at the Heron Gallery. Theatergoers have enjoyed ongoing programs of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Indianapolis, turned on its end since the mid-sixties, has created fertile ground for the arts. This exploration of urban potential has exposed the city's numerous cultural roots, which, in this climate of progress, should bring forth an artistic harvest that will nourish a public intent upon improving its quality of life. (The area code in Indianapolis is 317.)



MUSEUMS

The Indianapolis Museum of Art (1200 West Thirty-eighth Street, 923-1331), on the lush 154 acres of the Eli Lilly Estate, houses the Kurt F. Pantzer collection of J.M.W. Turner paintings, watercolors, and prints, along with a remarkable Oriental assemblage, which includes the Eli Lilly Collection of Chinese Art. Other holdings include a substantial collection of Old Master works, neoimpressionist paintings, and textiles. The entire complex includes a forty-four acre botanical garden, four pavilions, a lecture hall, theater, concert terrace, restaurant, shops, and greenhouses. The J.K. Lilly mansion, also on the grounds, serves as the museum's center for decorative arts and houses furniture, porcelains, and exquisite silver.

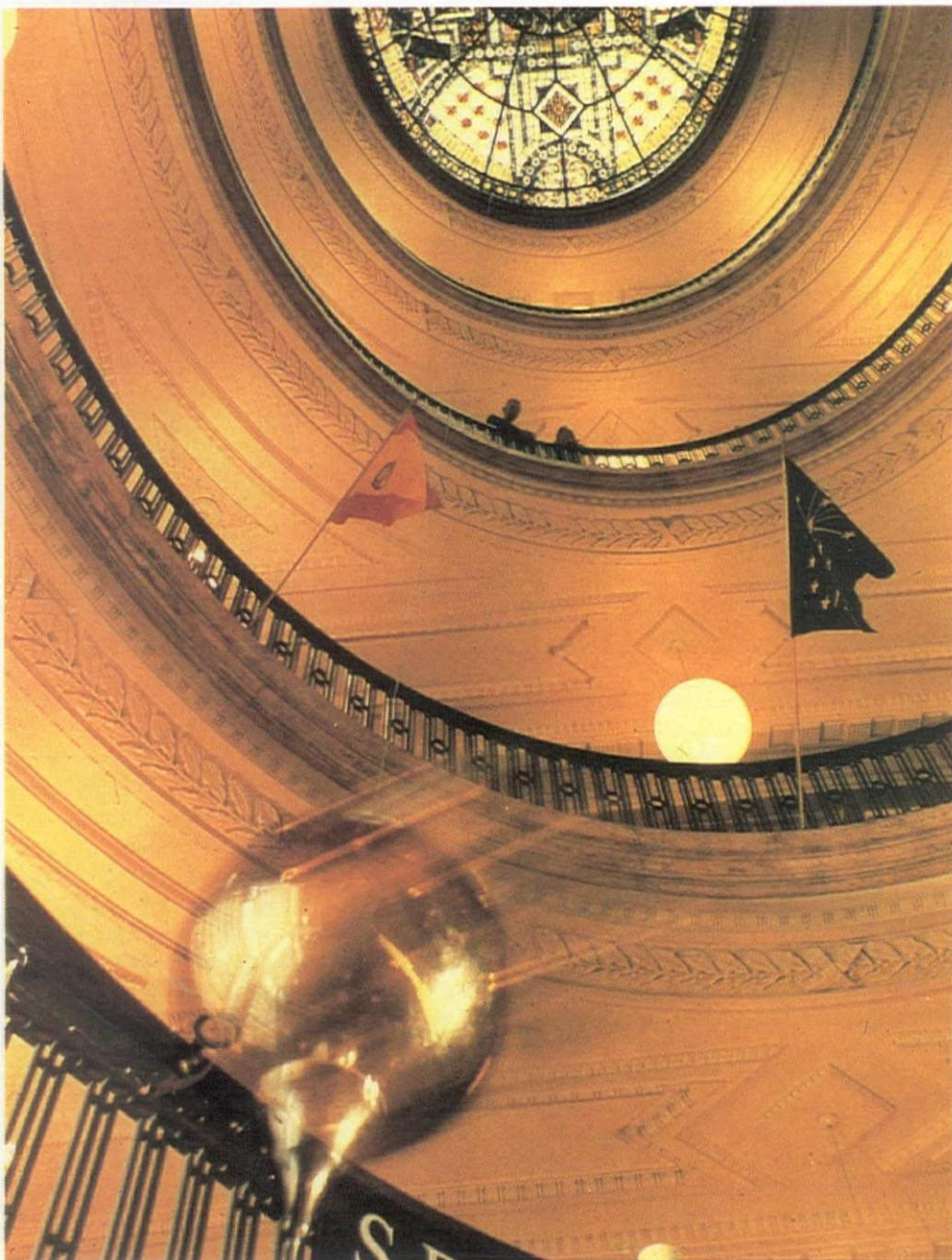
The Children's Museum (Thirtieth and Meridian streets, 924-5431), with more than 1.5 million visitors annually, boasts of being the largest of its kind world-wide—and it's still growing (a new ex-

Above: Dance Kaleidoscope's performance of Waves. Opposite: The Indiana State Museum's dome, with the Foucault pendulum, which rotates with the earth, in the foreground.

pansion project, including a planetarium, is scheduled for completion in 1989). Twelve permanent exhibits, via ramps, climb the five-story structure. Hands-on is the philosophy here, but the museum also houses a permanent collection of 130,000 artifacts; only 10 to 20 percent of it can be displayed at a time. The museum's newest permanent exhibit, "Passport to the World," features the creativity of people throughout the world.

The Indiana State Museum (202 North Alabama Street, 232-1637), the oldest museum in Indianapolis (founded in 1869), focuses on Indiana, but also interprets the nation and the world. Exhibitions and programming range from the natural and cultural heritage of Indiana to the global im-

Museumgoers of all ages can explore past, present, and future in a variety of museums.



part of such technological achievements as the laser. Here you'll see a Foucault pendulum, which rotates with the earth. The museum is also a repository for works by Indiana artists and craftspersons.

The Museum of Indian Heritage (6040 DeLong Road, 293-4488) is a unique institution that focuses solely on North American peoples. While many Indian exhibits emphasize tools and objects of a pragmatic nature, this museum concentrates on ethnographic time periods and artifacts. Its par-

ticular strength is in the people of the Northeast Woodlands, Great Plains, and Southwest.

Museum lovers will also appreciate some of the city's historic homes: **The James Whitcomb Riley Home** (528 Lockerbie, 631-5885), home of one of the nation's finest poets; **The Benjamin Harrison Memorial Home** (1230 North Delaware Street, 631-1898); **Kemper House** (1028 North Delaware Street, 638-5264); and **The Morris Butler House** (1204 North Park Avenue, 636-5409).

GALLERIES

The Herron Gallery, The Indianapolis Center for Contemporary Art (1701 North Pennsylvania Street, 923-3651), as part of Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis's Herron School of Art, enriches the public in its educational mission. The gallery's prime goal is to showcase contemporary work of both established and emerging local, regional, national, and international artists. The gallery doesn't have a permanent collection, rather, it organizes ten to twelve shows annually, promoting living contemporary artists.

The emergence of the gallery district is part of Indianapolis's downtown renaissance. **Precious Gallery** (425 Massachusetts Avenue, 631-6560), **Patrick King Contemporary Art** (427 Massachusetts Avenue, 634-4104), **Mark Ruschman Gallery** (421 Massachusetts Avenue, 634-3114), **431 Gallery** (431 Massachusetts Avenue, 632-6167), **Cunningham Gallery** (314 Massachusetts Avenue, 632-6185), and **Galerie Primitif** (415 Massachusetts Avenue, 266-0833) are all located within the two developing blocks of Massachusetts Avenue. A few blocks south and east of the district, you'll find **On View Downtown, The Atrium Gallery, and The Lift Gallery**. All feature contemporary work with the exception of Galerie Primitif, which displays African and Oceanic art. **Artifacts Contemporary Art and Craft Gallery** (6327 Gilford Avenue, 255-1178) is a small gallery in the heart of Broad Ripple Village, featuring occasional shows of all types of artists in various media.

The Indiana Arts Trading Company (641 Virginia Avenue, 631-6306) opened last year and regularly exhibits works of Indiana and American impressionists. **The Indianapolis Art League** (820 East Sixty-seventh Street, 255-2464), a nonprofit group which offers a variety of studio classes, regularly schedules exhibitions of local and regional artists and craftspeople and has been promoting art education since 1953. Its two exhibit spaces are in Broad Ripple Village (820 East Sixty-seventh Street) and the Claypool Court downtown (110 West Washington Street, 236-1966).

LIVELY ARTS

Since 1930, **The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra** (45 Monument Circle, 635-6355) has continued to strive for musical excellence. Housed since 1984 in the splendid neoclassical Circle Theatre, the orchestra, under the superb direction of John Nelson for the last decade, offers seasons which include classical concerts—the orchestra's mainstay—a Saturday and Sunday night Pops series under the direction of Erich Kunzel, outdoor sum-

mer concerts at Conner Prairie and parks throughout the city, and youth concerts throughout the year. Nelson will conclude his tenure with the symphony in September after the orchestra visits Germany on its "Festival of American Music Tour." The ISO will begin its fifty-eighth season this fall under the direction of internationally known conductor Raymond Leppard.

Cathedral Arts (47 South Pennsylvania, Suite 401, 637-4574) is a touchstone for many cultural organizations in the Indianapolis area. Dedicated to the promotion of the careers of young artists, Cathedral Arts sponsors a host of cultural activities, including the quadrennial **International Violin Competition of Indianapolis**. The competition, which features more than forty superb violinists from all over the world, is a sixteen-day feast of classical offerings from the world's best up-and-coming artists. An added bonus of the competition is the live and delayed television and radio broadcasts on American Public Radio and the British Broadcasting Company, allowing Indianapolis to share its good fortune with global audiences. The next competition is scheduled for 1990.

Another successful Cathedral Arts program is **Suzuki and Friends**, a critically acclaimed chamber music series held at the Lilly Theatre of the Children's Museum. The 1987-88 series, from November to May, will feature two special highlights—three concerts with all-Brahms programs, and the **Ronen Chamber Ensemble**, which will perform the great masterpieces of the wind repertory. On the lighter side, Cathedral Arts presents **A Nightclub Under the Stars**, an annual evening of dining and dancing in University Park. The headliner for the 1987 "nightclub" is Jose Feliciano, who will play two sets of both his popular hits and more traditional offerings.

The **Indiana Repertory Theatre** (140 West Washington Street, 635-5252) is located in the historic Indiana Theatre, a grand movie palace whose renovation was completed in 1980. The IRT performs classics and experimental works in American theater. Its mission is to present the multi-layered fabric of American theater from such classics as *The Skin of Our Teeth* and *The Crucible* to the contemporary *Torchsong Trilogy*. The theater houses two stages: the primary subscription season is presented on the lower mainstage. The Upperstage often presents newer, contemporary and experimental works. The building also houses the Cabaret, a nightclub-like setting for musical theater entertainment.

The **Phoenix Theatre** (37 East Ninth Street, 635-7529) will be entering its fourth season this fall.



Diners at University park for Cathedral Arts's annual Nightclub Under the Stars.

Housed in a small, intimate space, the Phoenix, under the direction of its founder, Bryan Fonseca, seeks to bring its audiences experimental, issue-oriented contemporary theater. Averaging ten productions a year, the Phoenix also offers workshops, acting classes, and a summer playwriting festival where recent original works are presented.

The **Repertory Theatre at Christian Theological Seminary** (Shelton Auditorium, 1000 West Forty-second Street, 923-1516) began as a small drama group, the Seminary Players, in 1951 but has been a full-fledged community theater since 1967. While its actors are drawn from the community, the CTS does have a paid professional staff of administrators, designers, and directors. It produces six plays a season, ranging from light musical comedy to the Greek classics.

The **Indianapolis Civic Theatre** (Showalter Pavilion, 1200 West Thirty Eighth Street, 923-4597) will celebrate its seventy-fifth season as the country's oldest ongoing community theater in 1989. The Civic Theatre's season of seven productions includes musicals, comedies, and classics. Its Studio C stage comes to life in the summer with theater of a more experimental nature. The theater offers classes for young people from grades one through twelve, as well as an outreach touring company to elementary schools throughout the state.

The **Indianapolis Shakespeare Festival** (1941 East Hanna, 782-0088) stages two productions with professional actors each summer at Garfield Park

in Indianapolis's southside. Founded in 1980, the festival also sponsors a "Will Power" touring youth program, which reaches several thousand area children. The **Lilly Theatre** (Thirtieth and Meridian streets, 924-5431), housed in the Children's Museum, presents four professional theater seasons annually, comprised of puppetry, dance, music, magic, and children's classics, along with special presentations for preschool children.

Clowes Memorial Hall (4600 Sunset Avenue, 283-9696), on the campus of Butler University, has proven to be an ideal setting for an eclectic array of entertainment. The home of the Indianapolis Ballet Theatre and the Jordan College Academy of Dance, Clowes is instrumental in bringing Broadway plays and musicals, as well as international superstars, to Indianapolis. This year Clowes hosted such artists as Jean-Pierre Rampal, the Twyla Tharp Dance Company, and the New York City Opera.

The **Madame Walker Urban Life Center** (617 Indiana Avenue, 635-6915), a 1927 triangular building, sits on historic Indiana Avenue, once a major national jazz center where the likes of Hoagy Carmichael and others often performed. Originally constructed as the national headquarters of the Madame Walker Manufacturing company (whose founder, Sarah Breedlove Walker, became the first black, female, self-made millionaire), the building

An abundance of music, theater, and dance performances fills up calendars year round.

has recently been restored to its original elegance.

The Urban Life Center is making a significant cultural contribution to Indianapolis. It sponsors such events as Jazz on the Avenue (Friday evenings with local jazz groups), an annual summer Jazz Festival featuring local, regional, and national entertainers, and an arts education and summer program for young people. In progress now is a total renovation of the Walker Theatre, to be completed in 1988. It will accommodate a variety of concerts, film festivals, and live theater productions.

The **Indianapolis Opera** (201 East Thirty-eighth Street, 638-4600) has enjoyed growing popularity since its founding in 1973 as a professional company. Accompanied by members of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, the opera's season of three productions offers traditional opera staged at both Clowes Memorial Hall at Butler University and the Murat Theatre downtown.

The **Indiana Opera Theatre** (7515 East Thirtieth Street, 542-7542) brings contemporary and primarily American works to the public. The community-based organization sponsors an annual Indiana Opera Theatre Competition for vocalists, which includes a guest appearance with the host company, and a traveling performance contract.

Dance Kaleidoscope (429 East Vermont Street, 634-8484) is Indiana's professional contemporary dance troupe, comprised of eight dancers who perform works by renowned choreographers. Housed on the Upperstage of the Indiana Theatre Building, Dance Kaleidoscope has been growing steadily since its founding in 1972.

The **Indianapolis Ballet Theatre** has benefited from its recent move to Clowes Hall on the Butler University campus. Performing five major ballets a season, the company of twenty professional dancers also spends twelve of its forty production weeks on tour. The IBT fulfills an educational commitment with regular performances at schools throughout central Indiana.

The **Beethoven Foundation** (5 East Market Street, 637-2666) hosts biennial piano fellowship auditions for American pianists at Butler University and Clowes Memorial Hall. Founded in New York in 1979, the foundation moved its headquarters to Indianapolis in 1982, where it has been greeted with enthusiastic community support. The foundation also sponsors a series of performances by previous fellowship winners. The 1987 competition featured guest jurors Ruth Loreda, Abby Simon, and James Tocco in performance of three Beethoven concerti with the Suzuki Chamber Orchestra.

Indianapolis is also host to a wide variety of smaller nonprofit groups, including the **Musicians**

of the Cloister, the Blues Society of Indianapolis, Indianapolis Symphonic Winds, the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir, the Faulkner Chamber Players, the Indianapolis Arts Chorale, and the Lockerbie String Quartet. Smaller theater groups include Freetown Village, Young Actors Theater, Way Off Broadway, Footlite Musicals, Actors, Inc., The Athanaeum Players, Buck Creek

Players, Theatre-in-the-Woods, and the Soul People. Most of these groups don't have a telephone, but they can be reached through the **Indianapolis Arts Council** (Majestic Building, 47 South Pennsylvania Street, Suite 703, 631-3301).

A scene from the Indianapolis Opera's 1983 production of Elixir of Love.



An international violin competition brings the world's best young artists to the city.



The Michael Heitz Studio



Above, left: Phoenix Theatre's production of *Orphans*. Above, right: 1986 International Violin Competition gold medalist Kyoko Takezawa.

ATTRACTIONS

Union Station has been called a "festival marketplace." This landmark, which for more than a century served millions of travelers, is today one of Indianapolis's star attractions, in constant motion since its opening in April, 1986. Located three blocks south of Monument Circle, at the very heart of the city and adjacent to the Convention Center/Hoosier Dome complex, Union Station is a short walk from . . . everywhere!

The Romanesque-revival structure was built in 1888 on the site of the nation's first union railway depot. The complex has been restored beyond its original splendor, with more than one million square feet of space housing 107 retail shops, restaurants, and entertainment nightspots.

While visitors shop the retail spots on the ground level, others can enjoy a variety of ethnic foods in the upper level food court amidst a festival atmosphere of live musical performances, magicians, actors, clowns, and special events. Scheduled to open in July at the station is **The Indiana Experience**, a new museum which will feature a moving walkway to take visitors on ten-minute trips through Indiana history. Visitors will also get a glimpse of the future through *Futurescope* and discover Indiana's physical and intellectual assets in a thirty-seat video theater. Exhibits will change regularly and cover an array of subjects from sports to art to technology. The museum will also actively work with other cultural institutions in the city

and state to showcase its ideas and programs.

Conner Prairie (13400 Allisonville Road, 773-3633) is a living museum. A recreation of an 1836 village, Conner Prairie, just six miles northeast of Indianapolis, is frozen in time and features costumed nineteenth-century characters who interact with visitors as they tell the story of Indiana life in the early-nineteenth century. Named after William Conner, a statesman who was instrumental in settling the region, Conner Prairie offers tours from April through November. You can tour *Prairietown*, the nineteenth-century village of thirty-nine buildings, as well as the William Conner home, the museum's focal point. The Pioneer Adventure area offers visitors hands-on activities, from weaving to making soap. The museum is closed to general tours in the winter, but special events such as *Candlelight at Christmas* and *Hearthside Suppers* are always planned throughout the cold months. A new 65,000-square-foot museum center is under construction and will open in 1988.

The **Indianapolis Zoo** (3120 East Thirtieth Street, 547-3577) will have a new \$60-million home in June, 1988. Located on the west bank of the White River (which will eventually be part of the planned White River State Park), the zoo will occupy sixty-four acres and will include a facility for exhibiting animals in their natural habitats, an education complex, and a 40,000-square-foot aquarium complex, the only aquarium in Indiana.

The **Scottish Rite Cathedral** (650 North Meri-

dian Street, 635-2301), completed in 1929, is a magnificent example of Gothic-Tudor architecture, providing a unique setting for choral and instrumental concerts. **The Soldiers and Sailors Monument** (Monument Circle, 631-6735) is one of the city's most recognizable landmarks. A memorial to Indiana's war heroes, the monument, currently being restored, is located right in the center of the city and houses a small museum in its lower lobby. Visitors will be able to see a panoramic view of the city by walking or taking an elevator to the glass-enclosed balcony 230 feet above, once reconstruction is completed.

White River State Park, although not yet open, must be mentioned. The 250-acre state park on the banks of the White River in downtown Indianapolis is scheduled for completion in 1991. The site will contain the Indianapolis Zoo, a theme park, botanical gardens, and **The Eiteljorg Museum of Western and American Indian Art**. A performing arts center will open in 1988.

Lovers of turn-of-the-century architecture will enjoy strolls through several of Indianapolis's downtown reviving neighborhoods. **Lockerbie Square**, **Woodruff Place**, **Fletcher Place**, **Chatham Arch**, **Saint Joseph's Fountain Square**, **Herron-Morton**, and the **Old Northside** are areas

The city's vitality is evident in the many restoration and new construction projects.

indicative of a city intent upon breathing life into its history. **Broad Ripple Village**, while not a Victorian haven, serves to remind us of our more recent history. Indianapolis's answer to Greenwich Village, this charming northside neighborhood (twenty minutes from downtown) has unusual shops, quaint restaurants, and rock nightclubs.

From August 7 through 23, Indianapolis will be host to the **Tenth Pan American Games**, the world's largest international multi-sport event, second in scope only to the Olympics. Like the Olympics, the games are held every four years (always one year before the Olympics). This year, thirty-eight Western Hemisphere nations will be participating in twenty-seven sports comprising 286 events.

In conjunction with the games, the year-long **Pan American Arts Festival**, which started last September, has been established to celebrate the cultural diversity of the Western Hemisphere. Jointly sponsored by the Indianapolis Foundation and Target Stores, the festival has scheduled more than sixty cultural events through August. (Brochures are available through PAX/Indianapolis, 4475 Allisonville Road, Indianapolis, IN 46287.)

FESTIVALS

The Penrod Society Arts Fair is an annual juried event held in September on the grounds of the Indianapolis Museum of Art. Between four and six hundred artists and craftspeople nationwide compete for two hundred spots. A multicultural event, most local arts organizations participate along with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, always on hand for an outdoor concert. Attendance for this one-day event averages twenty-five-thousand. The income earned from the fair is used to assist local artist programming. In conjunction with the Indianapolis Children's Museum, the society also sponsors the annual Prelude Arts Competition, in all disciplines, for area high school students.

The Broad Ripple Arts Fair, held every May, just celebrated its seventeenth season. Sponsored by the Indianapolis Art League and held on its grounds, the Broad Ripple Arts Fair is a two-day juried festival with over two hundred artists exhibiting. While it's mainly a regional gathering of artists, several from both coasts manage to attend and present their wares, as well. The fair is the first festival of the summer and has approximately twenty thousand people in attendance.

The Midsummer Festival (47 South Pennsylvania, Suite 401, 637-4574) is a popular event for area residents and visitors. Presented by Cathedral Arts, the 1987 festival is set for June 20 (in celebration of the summer solstice), and will



feature contemporary, live entertainment on four stages at Monument Circle and culinary delights from many of Indianapolis's finest restaurants.

Indiana Black Expo takes place at the Indianapolis Convention Center each July. An exposition with statewide participation, Black Expo celebrates all facets of black life.

TRANSPORTATION

All roads might not lead into Indianapolis, but I-65, I-465, I-70, and I-74 do, providing easy access for travelers. The city is serviced by Indianapolis International Airport, approximately seven miles from downtown. All of the major carriers, including Pan Am, TWA, and USAir maintain regular schedules. AMTRAK, Greyhound, and Trailways also keep regular schedules in and out of Indianapolis—call for rates and timetables.

RESOURCES

The two Indianapolis newspapers, the *Indianapolis Star* and the *Indianapolis News*, cover the city's art scene with schedules of cultural events and other happenings around town, as do the two monthly periodicals, *Indianapolis Magazine*, and *Indianapolis Monthly*. *Stepping Out* is a monthly tabloid-type magazine, which concentrates on the arts of the area, with a full calendar and features. You might have to search a bit for *Arts Insight* (Ma-

The gala 1986 opening of the restored Union Station, now a "festival marketplace."

jestic Building, 47 South Pennsylvania Street, Suite 403, 632-7894), but the hunt is well worth it. One of the premier arts publications in the area, this non-profit periodical is available monthly from September to June, and covers the full spectrum of the state's cultural offerings. You can obtain a copy at some newsstands throughout the city and selected galleries, or call their offices.

A fast source of (free) information is the **FUN-FONE** (631-1500), which features a recorded message of the week's events, sponsored by the **Indianapolis City Center** (46 Monument Circle, 236-6260). The **Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce** (320 North Meridian Street, 267-2900) and the **Indianapolis Convention and Visitors Association** (200 South Capitol Avenue, 639-4282) also provide complete, up-to-date information about the city and its events for visitors. The **Indianapolis Arts Council** (Majestic Building, 47 South Pennsylvania Street, Suite 703, 631-3301) is another excellent source of tips on not only the cultural events in the area, but also for information on organizations and institutions of all types. □

Nan Hoffman writes regularly for several Indianapolis magazines and newspapers.

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Monument Circle.*

A wave of acclaim has
come to the lady who
leads with the laughs.
By Harry Haun

SWOOSIE



kook downstairs; a son planning to blow up the Pope, etc.)—yet, for all her justified, unbridled zaniness, the character still has, poignantly, flashes of sanity that outshine the other certifiableness- in-residence.

This is not a new side of a lady who historically leads with the laughs. "It has always been there," Swoosie insists. "It just hasn't been tapped before—or it hasn't been tapped in a good play. The reactions to *The House of Blue Leaves* really surprised me. Right from the beginning, people were coming backstage and saying, 'You broke my heart. You killed me.' I had no idea. I was too close to it. I couldn't see the effect it would have because I was inside it."

Reactions vary nightly, she says, "and not because you're good or bad. In some plays, you think 'Well, there are a bunch of deadheads out there tonight' if they're not laughing. You can't do that with this play. There can be very few laughs, it would seem like they're unresponsive, then at the end they're standing up, sobbing, bravoing.

"It's like a miracle because when I went into rehearsal I hadn't a clue about that character—I mean, *really*. When I started out, I had no idea who she was or how she got that way. I couldn't hear her in my mind—her voice, her rhythms. I work a lot by rhythms. I could hear them in other characters, but not Bananas. She's so fragmented and so disjointed, and she's on stage for long periods of time where she doesn't speak—but she's right there, seeing and hearing everything beautifully; then, she'll drop one of her incredible lines. In rehearsal, you're groping in the dark. Sondheim has a line in *Sunday in the Park with George*—'Look, I made a hat where there never was a hat.' Rehearsals are only a little different in that you *do* have the play already written. You know you've got to find something, but you don't know what you're looking for. You could go way

off on the wrong track, following what turns out to be a cul-de-sac. Lanford Wilson said a wonderful thing when he first heard I was doing this. He

The importance of being actress Swoosie Kurtz, for one thing, is that nobody has ever said "Swoosie who?" If they ever do, they'll be dating themselves, for the name itself has a long-honorable history.

It goes back to a Disney ditty of war-years vintage ("Half swan, half goose/Alexander is a swoose"). Because of its hybrid nature, the name was passed on to a certain B-17 that had been rebuilt from nuts and bolts left intact after the Pearl Harbor pounding. *The Swoose* eventually rose like a phoenix, becoming the second most famous Flying Fortress of the war (after the *Enola Gay*, the Hiroshima A-bomber). It now resides in a place of honor at the Smithsonian, and its pilot, Colonel Frank Kurtz, went on to become America's most decorated World War II pilot (he now resides in Toluca Lake, California, across the street from Bob Hope).

Enter the actress September 6, 1944, six days before her father flew his sixtieth and last bombing mission over Munich. The colonel's original plan was to name her after her mother—Margo Kurtz—but newsmen got into the act, speculating in print about "little Swoosie," and that was the name scribbled on the birth certificate by an anonymous (but obviously well-read and mischievous) nurse on duty at the Omaha hospital where Swoosie was born. Somehow, it never got changed, and, by public demand, a star was born.

Swoosie, it was. "That's the 117th time I've told that story," she cracks cheerfully. We are now out of the wild blue yonder and into *The House of Blue Leaves*—John Guare's 1971 black-comedy about a clan of crazies in Sunnyside, Queens—where she has been heaping new glory on her noble name; she is this year's Tony-winning Best Featured Actress in a Play. In *The House of Blue Leaves*, she's bananas, figuratively and literally—Bananas O'Shaughnessy, the madwoman of the manor—with much to be crazy about (a husband plotting to put her in the loony bin of the title so he can at last elope with the blonde

Swoosie Kurtz, the only actress in America named for an airplane, has a soaring reputation befitting her honored namesake.

Brigitte LeCombe

“People were coming
backstage and saying,
You broke my
heart. You killed me.”

said, ‘I have the feeling with Bananas, when she says something to someone, it drops half-way between her and the person she’s talking to. She doesn’t send a line; it just kinda lands halfway there.’ ”

Then, there was some Tony-winning assistance on both sides of her: John Mahoney, who plays her louse-spouse, and Jerry Zaks, who directed. “We’re just so lucky to have Jerry. He’s brilliant—and very musical. He has a lovely singing voice and knows music, and that helps him have a good ear. I kept saying to him, ‘I don’t hear her voice. I don’t know how she talks.’ And he’d say, ‘Don’t worry about it. Let’s just take each moment, each scene and work out what she’s after.’ Most of my answers I got in the last week of rehearsals.

“As John Guare said to me, the trap in this part is playing Pitiful Pearl. That’s the obvious trap, sitting out there and seeing your husband with his blonde mistress, hugging her and hearing him say he should have married her years ago. You can’t convey to the audience, ‘Listen to what they’re doing to me. They’re going to send me away. Poor little me.’ She’s not. She knows what’s going on around her. If something’s going wrong and she knows she’s losing him, I think she tends to think, ‘Okay, what can I do?’ And she looks for the next opening, something she can do to please him. That scene where they’re going off together and Bananas throws rice at them—I started out throwing it violently, and we found out after a few previews that the audience got scared for me. Jerry felt very strongly that shouldn’t be the tone at that moment, so he had me throw the rice like it was a celebratory thing—you know, ‘Congratulations.’ ”

The morning after *The House of Blue Leaves* officially opened, the raves started rolling in—including one in *The Times* tantamount to a kiss full on the lips. “Michael Bennett called me up and said, ‘Well, did you see it?’ I said, ‘No, Michael, you know I don’t read reviews.’ He said, ‘Oh, honey, for Chrissake, sneak into the bathroom and read this one. Trust me.’ Then other people started calling me up and telling me real fast before I could stop them. It was pretty thrilling. I’ve always maintained that a review is only an opinion. That’s why I love that we had three weeks of previews on this—such a luxury!—because what we got was a ‘virgin audience’ who hadn’t been told what to think in print. People go and they hear somebody is a little weak in such-and-such and that’s what they see. The printed word is so powerful.”

The glowing notices Swoosie got for *Tartuffe* at Circle in the Square are what stopped her from reading reviews until the show closes and the dust has settled. “I got a couple of reviews that described



Above: Swoosie's performance in Molière's *Tartuffe* won her an Obie nomination in 1977. Opposite: Her portrayal of zany Bananas O'Shaughnessy in John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves* garnered both an Obie and a Tony.

every little movement of my hands and my face. When I read them, I thought, ‘God, is that what I’m doing? I didn’t know I was doing that at that moment.’ So, that night, you go on and get to that moment and you go, ‘Oh, that must be the little curl of the lip they were talking about,’ and you can never do it again! You become too self-aware.”

What convinced Swoosie that a review was “only an opinion” was when she played Honey in *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (her favorite role) at Long Wharf with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. “After it closed, I was given a little packet of all the reviews, and they contradicted each other right and left. What one critic loved, another critic hated—that’s what makes horse racing. I think you have to have reviews. I just wish they hadn’t taken on the incredible importance that they have. And, too, if you believe the good ones, you have to believe the bad ones. Sometimes, the bad ones are right.”

This level-headedness is a happy by-product of

her upbringing. Then, too, growing up an Air Force brat is the best training a future actress could have. Swoosie was shuttled through seventeen different schools, emerging much like Sally Field’s *Sybil* with seventeen different personalities (her count); more formal training followed at the London Academy of Musical and Dramatic Arts (1964-66).

She may look as though she still has some more good ingenue years left, but she’s really celebrating her twentieth-anniversary year in the business. Her first professional acting job was at the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park for a season, followed by more regional work until she got her actress act completely together. She has been acting in New York City as long as there has been a Bananas O’Shaughnessy: When *The House of Blue Leaves* originally opened, Swoosie was in *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, eventually playing both sisters.

True to her first love—the theater—she has missed real stardom. (Super agent Sam Cohn is now on the case.) There have been two fast flings at TV series (Mary Tyler Moore’s “Mary” and Tony Randall’s “Love, Sidney” and some choice movie bits (*Slap Shot*, *The World According to Garp*, *Against All Odds*, *Wildcats*, *True Stories*), but she never strays too far from the stage. Acclaim came in like a tidal wave in 1977-78, with a Tony nomination for *Tartuffe*, an Obie for *Uncommon Women and Others*, and a Drama Desk Award for *A History of the American Film*. In 1981 she raked in the Outer Critics’ Circle, the Drama Desk Award and the Tony, all for the coked-up rock-star/heirress in *Fifth of July*. PBS’s “American Playhouse,” which taped and therefore preserved that prize performance, has also caught her latest creation. In January, its cameras took in a performance of *The House of Blue Leaves*, and the results aired in May, after the show had run its course.

This particular Bananas topping comes replete with the Tony and Obie, and, as Swoosie sees it, there’s a certain logic attached to these awards. “When I’m told this is the best thing I’ve done—as much as that statement thrills me—it seems like it *should* be the best thing I’ve ever done. It’s a wonderful play and a wonderful part, and you would hope that you get better and better as you get older and more experienced.” She’s already at work on topping herself in her next project, Columbia Picture’s comedy *Vice Versa*, where she plays a skull-stealing art thief. □

Harry Haun is an entertainment reporter for the New York Daily News and author of *The Movie Quote Book*, published by Harper and Row.



ROBERT PENN WARREN

A visit with America's
first poet laureate at
his rustic Vermont home.
By Jay Parini

The sun has barely reddened the top of southern Vermont's Mount Stratton before Robert Penn Warren, America's first poet laureate, climbs down the steep slope from his summer house to the pond where he swims for an hour every morning from June through mid-September. At eighty-two, he knows the importance of keeping in shape. "And poems often come to me in the water," he says. "There's something about the rhythm of swimming, or any exercise. I walk a lot, too. Ideas for poems always come when I'm walking." At a time of life when many writers have long since put aside their pens, Warren remains productive. Random House recently published *A Robert Penn Warren Reader*—a selection chosen from more than sixty years' worth of writing everything from poems and stories to memoirs, literary criticism, and novels.

"I stopped writing novels a few years ago," Warren says. "One day I was beginning work on a new novel, about ten years ago. The novel just wouldn't come. Instead, I found myself scribbling fragments of poetry in the margins of the page. It seemed sensible to give in to the impulse. I've been writing nothing but poetry since." The initial result of this particular burst of creative energy was a volume called *Now and Then*, which brought him a third Pulitzer Prize in 1979, making him the only American to win this prize in two different categories—fiction and poetry. In 1985, he published a new *Selected Poems*, which gathers in one volume all the earlier poems that he "wants to keep in print" and adds nearly a hundred pages of new poetry to the continuously expanding Warren corpus.

He won his first Pulitzer forty years ago for a novel called *All the King's Men*, which was later made into an Academy Award-winning movie with Broderick Crawford in the leading role. The story, concerning Willie Stark, an ambitious southern hick lawyer who makes it to the governor's mansion, is closely modeled on the career of Huey Long, who ruled Louisiana like a dictator in the thirties, when Warren himself was teaching at Louisiana State University. "Huey Long was a huge presence in the state," says Warren. "He poured big money into the university. But the corruption was immense. He was in cahoots with the president of the university, who escaped over the border to Canada just before he was found out. They later caught and jailed him." Long, like the hero of Warren's novel, was assassinated in the state capitol.

Warren spends each summer in a rustic home set deep in the Vermont woods off a gravel drive. It's the sort of place nobody would ever find without specific directions—a fact that keeps unwanted visitors to a minimum. "This is a place to work," says Warren. The rest of the time, he lives in Connecticut, not far from Yale University, where he taught until his retirement seventeen years ago. His wife is Eleanor Clark, also a celebrated writer. "We

both work every morning," she says. "And never break until lunchtime, about 2." Visitors and phone calls are never accepted before that sacred hour.

In many ways, Warren and Clark have managed the impossible: a marriage between two writers. "We just don't read each other's work, not until it's published anyway," says Clark, who has won the National Book Award and other prizes for her writings. "He's so prolific, how could I keep up with him, even if I wanted to?" They were introduced to each other in the garden of Katherine Anne Porter's New York house, he already a famous novelist and poet, she a widely recognized young writer with several books and many years of living in Europe behind her. "She was among the most beautiful women I'd ever seen in those days," says Gore Vidal, who remembers her from parties in Rome. Warren had recently been divorced from his first wife, Emma Brescia, with whom he had no children. He and Clark were married in 1952 and their children, Rosanna (a poet) and Gabriel (a sculptor) were born shortly thereafter. It has been a life full of writing, travel, and warm friendship.

Warren writes in a tiny wooden "coop" behind the main house, while his wife retreats to her so-called "shack" near the tennis court, just across the main road. There is also a small, "Lincolnesque" log cabin on the property. "That was the original house," Clark explains. They would bring their two children to Stratton on ski vacations and in summers. Eventually, they built the main house, with its high ceilings and massive stone fireplace. It's the sort of place the inexperienced visitor easily gets lost in, since rooms go off the central stairwell at odd angles, on different landings. The screened-in main porch overlooks a loud brook, and there are other porches designed to take advantage of the sun at different times of day.

Warren, who lifts weights as well as swims, is enormously strong for a man his age, though his face is wrinkled like a baked mudflat in late summer. His hair, once red (hence his nickname, "Red" Warren), has turned to white. It is straggly and windblown. He retains the strong southern accent acquired during his boyhood in Kentucky. The South remains an obsession with him. He loves to reminisce about his youth there before the First World War. "Guthrie wasn't a typical southern town," he says. "It was a tobacco market town, thrown down on the map well after the Civil War, at the intersection of two railway lines." He goes on: "My schools were tough. They were the sort of places where the biggest boy might feel it his duty to challenge the new principal with his fists. A tenth-grade classmate of mine was tried for murder, having brained a 'carney hand' after the carnival's evening show with a tent peg. Still, a boy could get a pretty good education there—better than many glistening schools now afford." Warren recalls that Latin was a required subject, and that everyone was forced to read Cicero.

Much of Warren's real education was acquired at home. "We had a whole houseful of books," he remembers. "And both my parents were bookish

*Jay Parini is a poet and novelist. His most recent book of poems, *Town Life*, will be published by Henry Holt in January. He teaches at Middlebury College, in Vermont.*

people." His father read to the family every night from classic texts. "I can still see the gray cover of *A Child's History of Greece*," he says. "It was my father's ambition to be a poet, but he became a banker instead. He never told me about his poetry, but one time, prowling around the bookshelves, I came across a black book containing his poems. It was published—probably by a vanity press—when he was twenty or twenty-one. He refused to say anything about it all."

Born in 1905, Warren grew up the son of a small-town banker. He was admitted to Vanderbilt University in Nashville at the age of sixteen, but his real ambition was to go to Annapolis. "I wanted to be an admiral. My grandfathers on both sides were Civil War cavalry officers—one a captain, one a colonel, both under General Bedford Forrest." He goes on, "I spent my boyhood summers with my mother's father, Gabriel Penn, on his isolated tobacco farm on the Tennessee border. Those were lovely summers. My grandfather would quote poetry by the yard or discuss the campaigns of Napoleon. We would draw battle diagrams in the dirt with a stick or read aloud from military histories."

This knowledge of history wasn't wasted. Warren's novels and poems are full of southern lore. And he has written straight historical works, too, such as the brilliant book-length essay called *The Legacy of the Civil War* (1961) and a recent essay on Jefferson Davis, who presided over the southern states during the Civil War. In fact, Warren's first published book—long out of print—was a biography of John Brown, *The Making of a Martyr* (1929).

In all of his writings, Warren is the quintessential teacher, conveying information, making judgments, encouraging readers to investigate and think on their own. Not surprisingly, he devoted some of the best years of his life to that profession, beginning in 1930 with a job at a small college in Memphis. He later taught at Vanderbilt, L.S.U., Minnesota, and Yale. "I really loved teaching," Warren says. "As Randall Jarrell once said, 'If I weren't paid to teach, I'd pay for the privilege.' When you've got an idea you want to talk about, the only way you can do that is through teaching. And you meet a certain kind of people in teaching, the real humanists, that you don't meet easily outside of the academy."

In 1938, with his old friend Cleanth Brooks, he co-authored *Understanding Poetry*, a textbook that, nearly half a century later, remains a standard introduction to the art of poetry. It shaped a whole generation of college and high school teachers, preaching the importance of the poem itself, its actual words. Prior to *Understanding Poetry*, teachers often spent more time talking about the poet's failed marriages and mental ups and downs than addressing the words on the page. Warren adds, "That textbook was a sound financial project, too. It made it possible for me to write full-time, whenever I chose to take a break from teaching."

Though his reputation as a novelist came first, Warren has always been a poet at heart. Like his favorite writer, Thomas Hardy, he has devoted the

last decades of his writing life to verse. "You see, I began as a poet," Warren says, with a certain urgency in his voice. "Poetry was my first love. I never actually gave it up. It gave me up for a few years. In the early fifties, for a while, I couldn't finish a poem to save my life. But that ended with *Promises*. I haven't stopped writing poems since, though I wrote novels, too, until 1975." *Promises* brought Warren his second Pulitzer in 1958. Written in the form of promises to his two young children, the collection ends with a marvelous lullaby to his infant son, Gabriel:

Till the clang of cock-crow, and dawn's rays,
Summon your heart and hand to deploy
Their energies to know, in the excitement of
day-blaze,

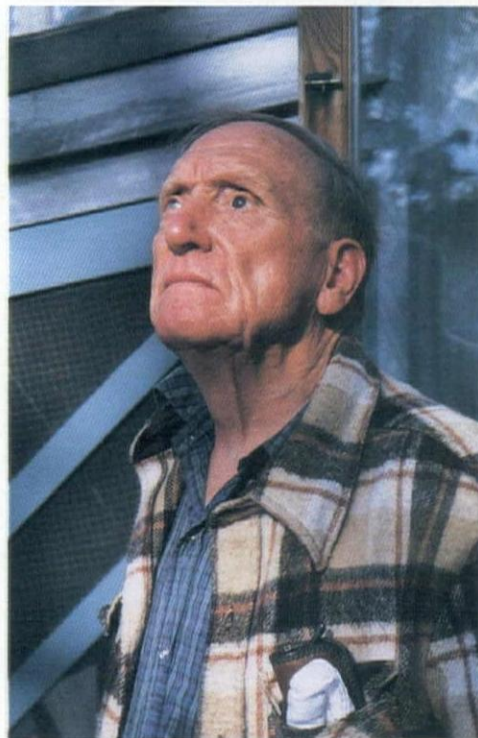
How like a wound, and deep,
Is Time's irremediable joy.
So, son, now sleep.

Warren sees poetry as "something essential . . . a clarification, a revision of life." He reads very little fiction anymore. "I just don't keep up with it like I used to. I read mostly poetry—the classic poets, and a lot of contemporaries. I recently reread all of T.S. Eliot, for instance." Because his wife is nearly blind, the result of a disease that struck her ten years ago, he often reads aloud in the evenings so she can listen. They recently read the Bible that way. Shakespeare and Dickens have also been read in Warren's crackly, drawling voice.

The notion of retirement is an anathema to Warren. "I can remember when John Crowe Ransom, my old teacher, told me he was giving up writing poems. I was deeply shocked. He was only forty-five or fifty then, and I couldn't believe my ears. A poet, as Jarrell once said, has to stand out in the storm. If he gets struck by lightning maybe six times in a career, he's a major poet. The point is, you've got to stand out there in the rain."

Whether in Vermont or Connecticut, Warren never misses his morning session with the muse; he often goes back to his desk in the late afternoon or early evening. He generally sits in a desk chair with a clipboard on his knee, "standing in the rain." Inspiration seems to come with almost alarming frequency these days. Old age has brought a certain urgency to his work. It's as if, having come to the top of a high mountain, he feels incredible pressure to say what he can see. The view, in his late poems, is tremendous. The tone of this work is best captured in a poem called "Heart of Autumn," in which the poet-narrator stands watching wild geese cross the northern sky at sunset. The poem ends:

Path of logic, path of folly, all
The same—as I stand, my face lifted now
skyward,
Hearing the high beat, my arms outstretched in
the tingling
Process of transformation, and soon tough legs,
With folded feet, trail in the sounding vacuum
of passage,
And my heart is impacted with a fierce impulse
To unwordable utterance—
Toward sunset, at a great height. □



Jay Parin

Robert Penn Warren: At eighty-two, he's arrived at the top of a mountain and tells us what he sees.

Photography Becomes Art

"Sibling rivalry" is one way to describe the volatile, 150-year-old relationship between photography and painting. When mid-nineteenth-century painter and photophile Paul Delaroche proclaimed, "From today, painting is dead," few could even have imagined photography's potential status as an art form. If most of us now take that status for granted, an ambitious exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (June 4-August 30) is likely to incite new controversy. "Photography and Art: Interactions Since 1946" announces that the distinctions between contemporary photography and art no longer exist. Former sibling rivals have been recast as Siamese twins.

This exhibition, jointly organized by the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale and LACMA and made possible through the support of Barnett Bank of South Florida, is what's known in the museum trade as a "thesis show." Whether or not most viewers will agree with its point of view, most will approve of its courage in grappling with the profound changes that characterize recent art.

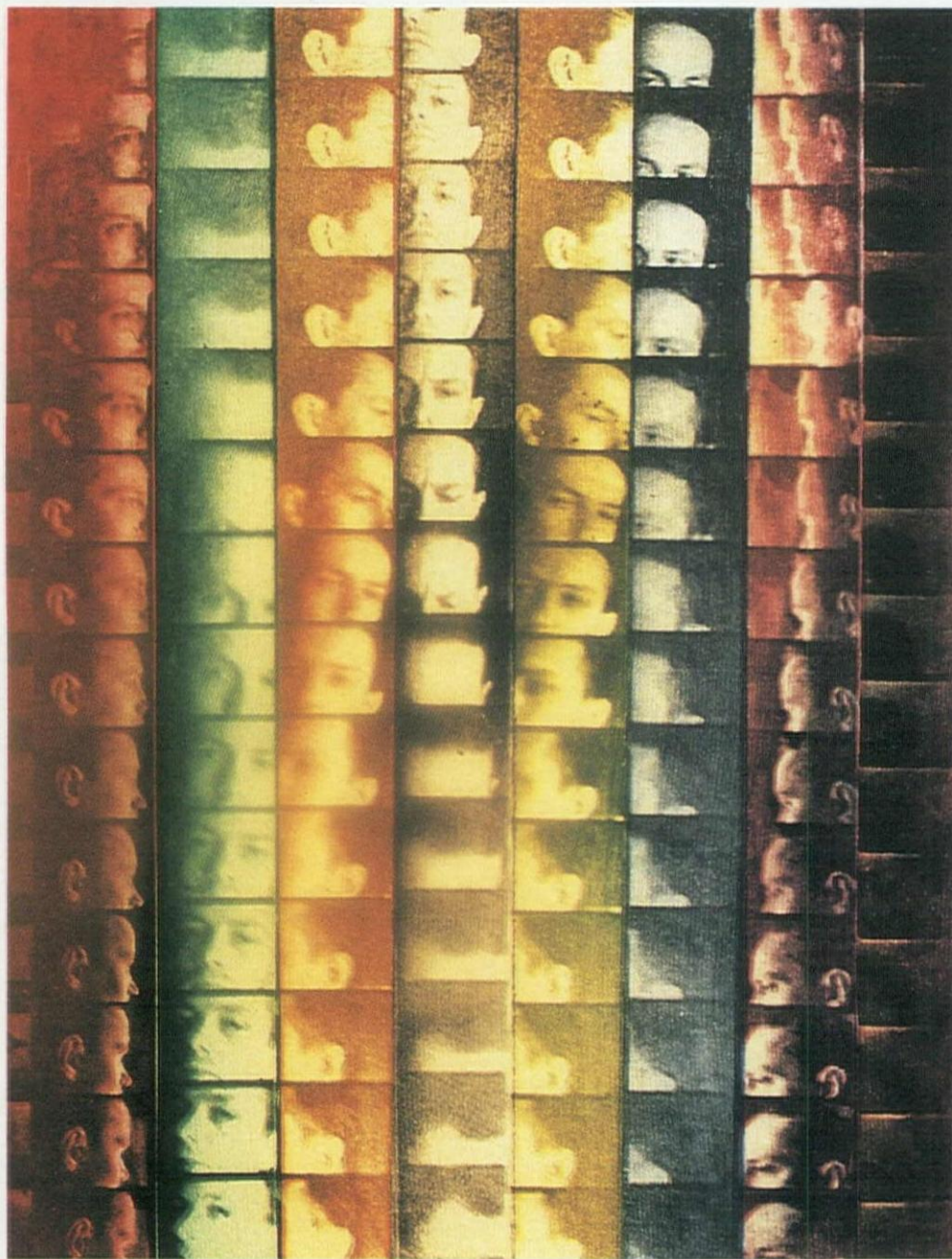
During photography's infancy, photographs were regarded as the embodiments of marvelous feats of documentary legerdemain. Photographic portraits and vistas of exotic locales quickly became Victorian commonplaces. What prevented any of these images from being regarded as works of art was the traditional belief that the artist's task was to *transform* nature by virtue of his intellect and taste.

Until the turn of the century, then, it was the rare photographer or artist who conceived of photographs as having much to do with art. When late-nineteenth-century photographers began to make their case for photography as an artform, they imitated painting. Photographers like Edward Steichen and Gertrude Kasebier—known as the "pictorialists"—sought their inspiration in painting. They dressed children as angels and posed them in sentimental religious scenes. They experimented with printing techniques like gum bichromate and carbon prints which yielded fuzzy, soft focus images that resembled paintings.

When photography did gain recognition as an art form, it came through the efforts of photographers and theorists like Alfred Stieglitz, who advocated the "straight" or "documentary" approach of photographic "non-artists" like Brady, O'Sullivan, and himself. In 1932, Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Edward Weston, and other members of the F-64 group presented the first American museum show of "straight," sharp-focus photography in San Francisco. By then, advanced opinion already dictated that modern painting should emphasize abstraction and modern photography the real world.

It is at this point that "Photography and Art: Interactions Since 1946" enters the scene. Showcas-

Among the more than three hundred works in the exhibition that explore the interactions between photography and art are Keith A. Smith's 1966 Head Movements (left) and Harry Bowers's witty 1978 collage, Jane, Far and Few (opposite).



Collection of the artist

Former sibling rivals are recast as Siamese twins in an ambitious new exhibition.

By Robert Atkins



Today, when it comes to medium and materials, format and approach, old rules are promiscuously broken—or completely ignored.



Collection of the artist

ing over three hundred works by more than one hundred artists, it celebrates the connections between art and photography. It presents both artists who make photo-based works (Robert Rauschenberg, Chuck Close, Barbara Kruger, Andy Warhol, Gilbert & George) and photographers who are inspired by painting styles and strategies (Duane Michals, Robert Heineken, Leland Rice, Ellen Brooks, Ruth Thorne-Thomsen). Warhol's *Jackie III* (1966), a screenprinted amalgam of moments in the life of the former first lady immortalized by photo journalists, suggests the early importance of media-generated, photographic imagery in contemporary art. Likewise, Ruth Thorne-Thomsen's dream-inspired vision of 1978, *Untitled*, from the artist's "Expedition Series," is indebted to the improbabilities of surrealist painting (and even photography) of the thirties.

"Photography and Art" also features such products of technical innovation as Gyorgy Kepes's graphic images of a bullet piercing an apple, a result of his use of the new high-speed lenses of the forties, and Sonia Sheridan's pioneering use of the Xerox process to make prints during the early seventies. Xerography and computer-generated images like Paul Berger's electronically derived collages point to the technologically determined "gray" area where photography and art overlap.

The exhibition also digs deep into the critically important art of the last fifteen years, when art,

Untitled, from the "Expedition Series" (1978), reveals Ruth Thorne-Thomsen's debt to surrealist painting.

photography, and our ideas about them underwent radical change. Nearly half of the work in the show dates from the seventies—a rather misunderstood decade. This was the era when painting was pronounced dead; when artists left their studios to produce earthworks, videotapes, performances, artists' books, and all sorts of conceptual artworks. In fact, many of the most important works of those years are known to us *only* through photographs. On view are eccentric pictures of the vast "earthworks" of artist Michael Heizer constructed in the remote Nevada desert and handsome views of Christo's intentionally short-lived projects like *Running Fence*.

This dependence on photography is made literal in the works of John Divola and Harry Bowers who create environments or objects solely to be photographed. Divola spray paints (some would say vandalizes) decrepit structures on the beach in order to photograph them, while Bowers creates witty collages of fabrics and photographs of fabrics in the form of human figures. These practices link them to the surrealist tradition of the invented subject and, in Divola's case, to the "installation" or environmental mode popular with artists during the late seventies.

This web of interaction between art and photography is dense and extensive. No matter what

modern theory would have us believe, there is a photographic counterpart to every twentieth-century art style. After 1946, this means the photographic abstract expressionism of Aaron Siskind, who shot the abstract patterns of blemished urban walls, the pop-art-advertising-derived photography of Robert Heineken, even the recent "cubist" photo-collages of David Hockney. Kathleen Gauss, the co-curator (along with Andy Grundberg) of "Photography and Art," points out that sometimes—as in the case of Aaron Siskind—photographers have been at the forefront of artistic advances.

This discrediting of the notion of photography's separateness, of its distinct status and capabilities, is part of the general rejection of modernist ideas that began to gather irresistible force during the seventies. One intriguing work on view from that time is Larry Sultan and Mike Mandel's *Evidence*. Comprised of photographs from the San Francisco Police Department's files, these mysterious images—taken out of context—have a disorienting effect, like looking at newspaper photos without reading the captions. This kind of ambiguity is what makes a photograph a work of art or a "fiction"—just like a painting.

This becomes clear when examining the most recent works in the show. Those created during the eighties are much larger and more assertive than those of the seventies. They subvert any distinctions between photography and art. That ill-defined rejection of modernism known as postmodernism posits no rules about what work in a particular medium should look like. Old rules are promiscuously broken, or more aptly, ignored.

Cindy Sherman's huge photographic self-portraits in various disguises refer to Hollywood or to Madison Avenue. Barbara Kruger assaults contemporary consumer society with her huge, advertising-derived images and words. While her photographic technique and materials are traditional, her ties to traditional photographic aesthetics are nonexistent.

If the current aesthetic situation seems somewhat ill-defined, it is also open to an unprecedented extent. When it comes to medium and materials, format and approach, nearly total freedom reigns. "Photography and Art: Interactions Since 1946" is exhilarating both for the quality of work exhibited and for the bracing realization that virtually all of our attention has been directed at the art itself. Rather than focusing on the outmoded question, "Is it art, or is it photography?," our attention is simply directed to the stunning variety of artistic approaches exhibited. The sensation is something like the difference between reading for pleasure and reading for final exams. □

"Photography and Art" travels to the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale (October 15, 1987-January 14, 1988), the Queens Museum in Flushing, New York (February 13-April 3), and the Des Moines Art Center (May 6-June 26).

Robert Atkins is a writer and art critic who lives in New York City.



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Arts Exchange



A Global Palette of the Arts

The atmosphere at the monthly Arts Exchange luncheons is always charged with excitement and the electricity of possibility, but the February 26 gathering—held at New York's **Algonquin Hotel** and hosted by **HORIZON** publisher **Gray D. Boone**—was especially intriguing, as distinguished representatives from four countries convened to discuss both the cultural environments of their countries and the benefits of exchange between themselves and others.

"Today, arts exchange is the most important avenue of creating trust and understanding between countries, especially between the Soviet Union and the United States," remarked **Oleg Benyukh**, counsellor and head of the information department for the USSR Embassy in Washington, D.C. **Victor Amosov**, deputy of administration for the USSR Embassy, was also present at the luncheon, and much of the conversation was focused around their presence and ideas.

"It was a lively exercise for all of us," said **Martha Coigney**, director of the International Theatre Institute of the United States, "because that kind of opportunity to sit down and talk together is too rare. As a member of the international theater community, I think that one of the great weaknesses we face in this country is that we're all so isolated from one another. Since I spend much of my time with my brain outside of the territorial waters of the U.S., I see that the problem of isolationism out there in the world is also replicated here at home. You can see it even more clearly when for a minute you have the antidote for that kind of isolation—the Arts Exchange luncheons."

George L. Hern, Jr., public relations director of the French Government Tourist Office for the United States, stressed the importance of maintaining an open mind when participating in any such discussion. "The cultural exchange between the United States and the



Soviet Union may eventually improve the political relationship between the two countries, but I think it's a whole educational process. We don't like what we don't know and ignorance is *not* bliss. The only way you get beyond that ignorance is to sit down together and exchange ideas.

"I found what the guests had to say about private funding, state funding, and foundations very interesting, because they have the same problem in France," Hern continued. "The arts there are almost all state-controlled, and now arts leaders are trying to get a few people to set up foundations—the Cartiers, etc. I found the luncheon a very good sounding board."

George C. Nichols, development officer for New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, was seated beside **Maria Jesus Pablos**, executive director of the U.S.-Spanish Joint Committee for Cultural and Educational Cooperation, and the two had much to discuss. "Maria and I worked together on an exhibition of Spanish architecture and might be working on other projects in the future," reported Nichols. "I learned more about her interests and why our project was included and what else would be of interest to her. She also told me a little about why the Spanish government had helped with the exhibition. They were very interested in what the joint committee had done, since it was a departure for them to become involved in a project over here."

As usual, the luncheon also gave arts and business representatives the opportunity to strengthen existing ties. Such was the case with **Phyllis McGrath**,

Clockwise from top left: Janice Del Sesto, Leonard Fleischer; Victor Amosov, Oleg Benyukh, Phyllis McGrath; Maria Jesus Pablos, Lelo Maroulis; Esther Novak; George L. Hern, Jr.; Martha Coigney.

program manager-grants for the General Electric Foundation. "I renewed my contact with **Janice Del Sesto** [director of development and communications of the New England Foundation for the Arts], and it was good to catch up. There's an effort underway to start an arts federation in Fairfield County [Connecticut]. She hadn't been aware of that and that's one of the things that come out of a meeting like that—she wouldn't have known otherwise. I also met people whose paths I wouldn't have crossed in the normal course of what I do. It's always important to make those contacts, because you never know when you can work together on something in the future."

Also in attendance at the luncheon were painter **Lelo Maroulis**; **Steven Bingler**, architect with Concordia Architects; **Leonard Fleischer**, manager, contributions coordination for the Exxon Corporation; **Eldon Mayer**, president of Lynch & Mayer, Inc.; **John R. Young**, partner of Cahill, Gordon & Reindel and president of the Florence J. Gould Foundation; **Esther Novak**, vice-president of cultural programs of the AT&T Foundation; **David J. Fandetta**, national sales director for **HORIZON** and **John-Peter Hayden, Jr.**, associate publisher, **HORIZON**.

Cross Country



Mark Twain in his octagonal study at Quarry Farm in the Chemung Valley.

Theater

Reliving the World of Twain

Hannibal, Missouri, was only a memory for Mark Twain when he sat in his octagonal study to write the lives of Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and many of his other unforgettable characters. The real world around him then was the Chemung Valley near Elmira, New York; the real characters in his life were his wife Olivia Langdon, whom he courted and married in Elmira in 1868, her brother Charlie, with whom Twain traveled abroad, and Twain's four children, three of whom are buried in Elmira alongside Twain and Olivia. Twain's Quarry Farm on East Hill, overlooking the Chemung Valley, was the scene of the most productive literary efforts of his life. Quarry Farm was also the setting for many of his darkest moments, as he struggled against bankruptcy and mourned the deaths of his wife, only son, and two daughters.

This summer, these scenes will be set on stage beneath the Elmira College Domes in a new adaptation of Twain's life written and produced by Tony Award nominees Bill Perry and Jane Iredale. The sites of Twain's imagination, from Huck's raft to King Arthur's court, will be reconstructed (and set to music) in an intertwining of the man's life and art. Perry and Iredale—whose previous collaborations include six feature-length films based on Twain's works, as well as the Broadway musical comedy *Wind in the Willows*—utilize unconventional staging techniques for this large-scale production of the new *Mark Twain*. Eight weekly shows begin June 18 and run through September 6.

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Cross Country

My Dinner With Lucas

Craig Lucas's dramatic vision—which might be described as the ultimate theater of eavesdropping—gets a nationwide airing June 1, when PBS's "American Playhouse" broadcasts *Blue Window*, the story of a dinner party. Lucas's *Three Postcards*, also a dinner story—this one set in a New York restaurant—opened May 14 at Playwrights Horizons in Manhattan. Both productions emerged from Costa Mesa, California, marking early and exciting success for the South Coast Repertory's two-year-old Collaboration Laboratory, a program designed to develop new theatrical creations.

Blue Window, the most-awarded play in southern California last year, has been filmed for PBS with the same cast and virtually the same script as the stage play, but on location rather than in a theater. Play director Norman Rene, who also directed Judith Ivey and Ed Harris in *Precious Sons* on Broadway, has rejoined forces with playwright Lucas to do the movie. *Three Postcards*, also a Lucas-Rene creation, features music and lyrics by Craig Carnelia, who wrote the score for *Is There Life After High School?* on Broadway and contributed four songs to Studs Terkel's *Working*. After its run at SCR, *Three Postcards* took its cast to perform in the New York run. —Ellen Stein

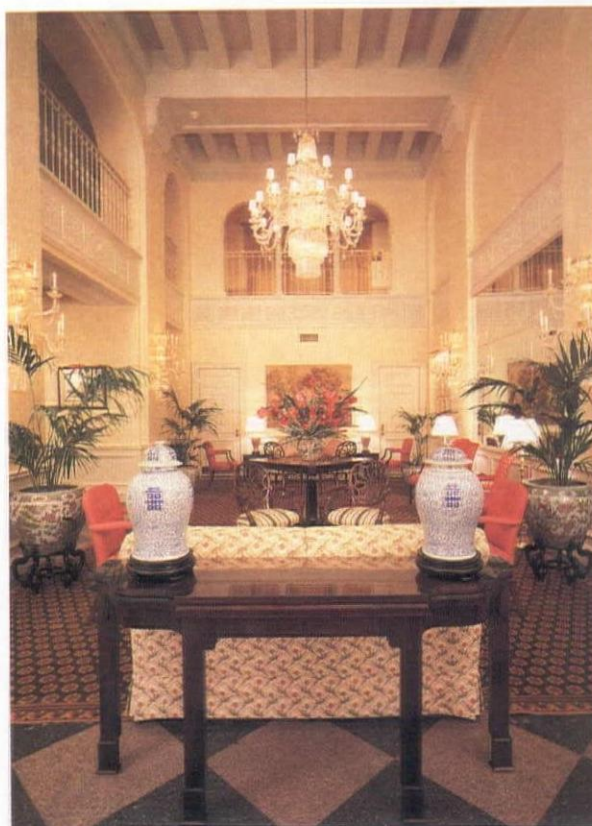
Film

Film Florette

"It's a good story and people have always liked good stories," says French producer-director Claude Berri to explain the resounding international success of his films *Jean de Florette* and *Manon des Sources*. Based on novels by Marcel Pagnol, the two films have a continuous narrative that follows a group of characters as they grapple with nature and their own base and noble emotions in rural, early-twentieth-century France. *Jean*, starring Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu, will open in the U.S. late this month, distributed by Orion Classics.

Berri contrasts the working methods of Montand, the éminence grise of French film actors, and the prodigious, generation-younger Depardieu. "Montand is involved before, during, and after the movie. Sometimes he wouldn't be working for a week or two, but he'd still come on the set—in costume. Gérard is very serious but not so concentrated. He'd tell jokes before a big dramatic scene. Yet the result was very good."

Berri was an actor himself before making his



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Cross Country

1966 directorial debut with the World War II drama *The Two of Us*, and over the years he has appeared in such self-directed comedies as *Marry Me! Marry Me!* and *The Sex Shop*. "From Roman Polanski," for whom Berri produced *Tess*, "I learned that you surround yourself with the best people, you wait for the light to be exactly right." For that reason, *Jean and Manon*, whose interiors were consciously lit to approximate Courbet and whose exteriors sometimes suggest Millet, shot for nine months.

—Donald Chase

Art

Home Sweet Home

An exhibition at the MIT Museum in Cambridge, "New Paintings by Martin Mugar 1987," gives New Englanders a chance to reacquaint themselves with one of the region's most promising young painters. Mugar joined the University of New Hampshire in Durham's art faculty last year after a six-year sojourn in North Carolina. As viewers will see, he has been busy in his absence; last year his works were included in "Five Armenian American Artists," an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in Erevan, Armenia, Soviet Union. Featured in his one-man show, which remains on view through August, are recent drawings and several large canvases reaching six feet in width.

A Peep Into the Past

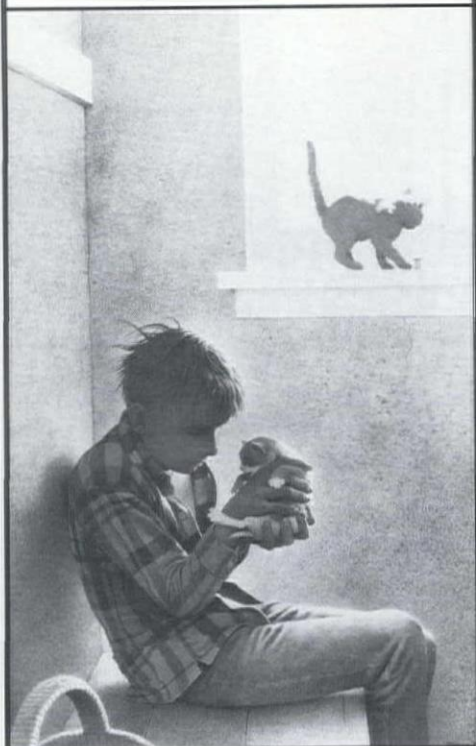
The golden age of American illustration is the Delaware Art Museum's specialty. In a pair of exhibitions, the Wilmington museum takes a look at two of Europe's most famed illustrators, who delighted the sensibilities of both children and adults. "Louis Maurice Boutet de Monval: Master of the French Picture Book" includes over one hundred vivid drawings and watercolors of the most important children's book illustrator of nineteenth-century France. Recently rediscovered in the Paris home of de Monval's granddaughter, the works offer Americans a close look at an artist who influenced such greats of American illustration as Maxfield Parrish and Maurice Sendak.

The wickedly clever pen of Max Beerbohm caricatured actors, writers, politicians, and royalty of Edwardian England. "A Peep Into the Past: Max Beerbohm Caricatures" features sixty drawings surveying Beerbohm's brilliant career, tracing his evolution from severe satirist to amore muted portraitist. Both exhibitions are on view until June 21.

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Jason was urged—no, conned is more like it—into “trying” the camp for a summer; woebegone, he shelved his linebacker gear and the beloved Maine sports camp photos. I was advised to call a Mrs. Bass from a small New Jersey town. “I’m Homer Bass,” piped up a kid with an under-ten-

years-old voice. “I’ll fill you in on Interlochen.” That he did, for two hours. Soon after, the articulate, funny, book-reading, theater-loving French horn player came to meet Jason, and bingo.

Eight camp summers and two academy winters later, Interlochen has had an indelible effect on our lives. I have seen the Homer Bases trekking across the globe, from countries with no arts facilities. I’ve watched kids right here in America where arts opportunities are limited. I’ve photographed a Finn, who speaks little English, strapping his cello on a bike. I’ve befriended a Mexican banking family whose children consider Interlochen an integral, necessary adjunct to their education.

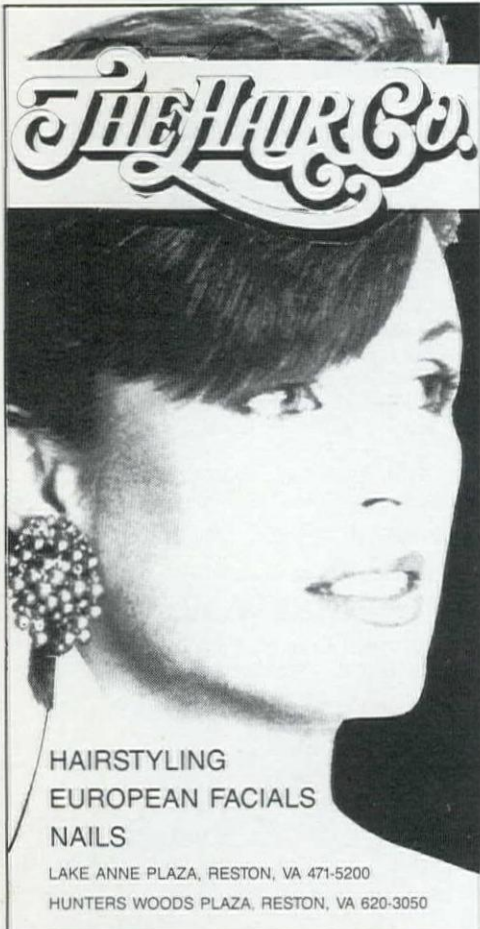
I have been moved by children of famous people and scions of industry, playing chamber music with children of blue collar workers. And each summer, I’ve seen more than two thousand boys and girls, from eight years old through college age, flourish in dance, theater, visual arts, music, and operetta,

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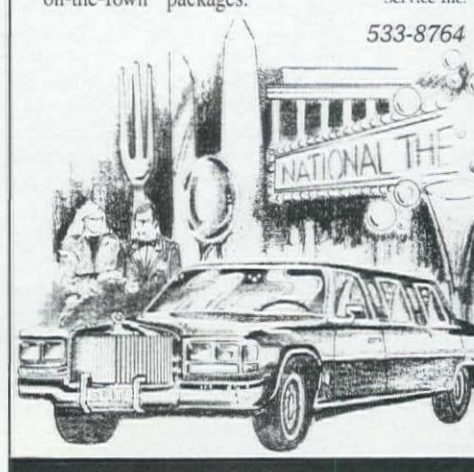
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