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Kiri Te Kanawa's voice has been called perfect by Sir Colin Davis of Covent Garden. She is so highly esteemed by the Metropolitan Opera that they chose her to star in the coveted new production of Strauss's Arabella.

In nineteen eighty-two, her rare talent was recognized when Queen Elizabeth II named her Dame Commander of the British Empire.

Te Kanawa has won renown in film, recordings and television. She has gained international acclaim in recitals and orchestral concerts. Accomplishments foreseen from an early age for this storied New Zealand prodigy.

But for all her achievements, she remains a delightfully down-to-earth diva. As energetic on a golf course as on a stage. As enthusiastic a wife and mother as a performer.

One of opera's most revered sopranos, Te Kanawa is accompanied by her equally celebrated Rolex. A duet well-matched for both commanding presence and consistently brilliant performance.

Rolex accompanies Te Kanawa.

CONNOISSEUR
MAY 1988

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William IV burl walnut and
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second quarter of
the nineteenth century

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**Bad Taste!**  
- August in New York  
- lighters  
- wrestling  
- Perrier  
- short socks  
- cash refunds  
- center vent  
- instant coffee  
- buttons  
- boxer shorts  
- silk shirts (for men)  
- asking someone not to smoke

**Good Taste!**  
- January in California  
- matches  
- European soccer  
- N.Y. tap water  
- long socks  
- exchanging merchandise  
- side vents  
- espresso  
- cuff links  
- jockey short  
- cotton shirts  
- not smoking

---

**Bad Taste...**
- owning a Rolls Royce  
- living together  
- cruise  
- zipper front  
- Dali  
- CATS  
- toupees  
- "loud perfume"  
- Trump tower  
- a rented "tux"  
- any small dog

**Good Taste...**
- driving a Bentley  
- married  
- safari  
- button fly  
- Botero  
- Les Miserables  
- bald men  
- **bijan** perfume  
- Brownstone off 5th Ave  
- owning two tuxedos  
- Golden Retrievers, Dalmatians, Chow Chows, Great Danes, English Sheep Dogs

---

**Bad Taste...**
- dark blue and light green  
- black and green  
- dark purple and orange  
- light blue and red  
- burgundy and brown  
- pink and yellow

**Good Taste...**
- white and dark blue  
- beige and black  
- black and dark purple  
- dark brown and light blue  
- grey and burgundy  
- white and pink

---

**Bad Taste...**
- Mayor Koch’s rolled up sleeves  
- Yves Saint Laurent for men  
- Beverly Hills Hotel  
- Times Square, N.Y.C., New Year’s Eve  
- mink overcoat (for men)  
- arriving at J.F.K. Airport N.Y.  
- men with diamond rings  
- black suede shoes and white shoes  
- **American Express** Platinum Card

**Good Taste...**
- Mr. Kissinger’s French cuffs  
- Yves Saint Laurent for women  
- Bel-Air Hotel  
- staying home New Year’s Eve  
- topcoat lined with mink  
- delayed at Dulles Airport, Wash. D.C.  
- proudly wearing your wedding band  
- dark brown suede shoes  
- **American Express** Green Card

---

**my taste in colors!**

**Good Taste...**
- white and dark blue  
- beige and black  
- black and dark purple  
- dark brown and light blue  
- grey and burgundy  
- white and pink

**Bad Taste...**
- dark blue and light green  
- black and green  
- dark purple and orange  
- light blue and red  
- burgundy and brown  
- pink and yellow

---

**Bad Taste...**
- dark blue and light green  
- black and green  
- dark purple and orange  
- light blue and red  
- burgundy and brown  
- pink and yellow

**Good Taste...**
- white and dark blue  
- beige and black  
- black and dark purple  
- dark brown and light blue  
- grey and burgundy  
- white and pink
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Taste...

Russian Vodka
Swiss Air Business Class
quiet
a "one piece"
being clean shaven
reading glasses
the giving of gifts
Classic Tie Knot

Bad Taste...

- masseur
- "W"
- Fifth Avenue Association
- Gary Hart running for any office
- younger women with older men
- baggy clothes
- winning $5,000 in any Las Vegas casino
- staying awake for "David Letterman"
- gold chains on men
- fake buttonholes
- wall to wall carpeting
- gold watches
- cineplex theaters
- monogram on cuff
- shopping by mail
- short trousers on men

Bad Taste...

- answering machine
- pants without belt
- TV in bedroom
- Eddie Murphy monologue
- white silk suit - New York

Good Taste...

- chiropractor
- WWD
- Rodeo Drive Association
- A 3rd term for President Reagan
- older men with younger women
tailed suits
- losing $5 in Baden-Baden casino
- failing asleep during "Johnny Carson"
- bijan ties
- buttonholes on jacket sleeves
- leather floor
- platinum watches
- The Ziegfeld
- monogram on shirt body
- Saks Fifth Avenue
- trousers with "a break"

Good Taste...

- no answer!
suspenders
- A James Michener novel
- Jackie Mason delivery
- white silk suit - South of France

Extreme....Bad Taste...

- designer baby clothes
- breath spray
- speaking French poorly
- drinking out of a can
- wearing the same cologne as your dad
- leaving before the credits

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- bijan cologne for men, three sprays a day
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"I thought you said Regent Street", Roddy protested as I led him into South Audley Street. "The Scenic Route", I murmured. "Are we going into the Grosvenor Chapel, pray?" he queried. We cut through the side of it, into the little park which also houses Farm Street Church.

Roddy regaled me with tales of the Glorious 12th, and all the game birds he'd encountered. The posh poulterers sparked it off.

That day, there were no Nightingales singing in Berkeley Square, but plenty of rollers, and the spirit of ecstasy was in the air as we crossed Bond Street.

I gazed into the window of the Cork Street Gallery, all too modern for Rodney, who fancies himself as a primitive.

And then we were opposite Garrard: "Garrard! I should have guessed", Roddy said with a wry grin. "There's a Marie Antoinette dinner service I've lost my head over", I replied.
The toughest stretch for most German touring sedans isn't from Stuttgart to Munich.
The truth is, most German cars are a lot better at handling the Autobahn than they are at handling the human body.

One luxurious exception is the Scorpio touring sedan.

Built in Köln, West Germany, Scorpio performs with an over-the-road discipline befitting its European heritage. Yet it balances that performance with a cabin environment which indulges its occupants in space and comfort and tasteful design. The result is what ROAD & TRACK calls the Best Sedan under $27,500 in the world. *

Perhaps the most striking evidence of Scorpio's respect for passengers is in the rear compartment. Here, legs may stretch out in over 38 inches of legroom (nearly eight inches more than Mercedes 190). Backs and shoulders can ease themselves onto Connolly leather upholstery. And, with a mere flick of the wrist, rear seatbacks may be power-reclined, allowing your companions to relax in what AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE suggests may be “the most comfortable seats in the industry.”

Naturally, the Scorpio driver's happiness is equally well attended to, in a driver's seat that is a paragon of both ergonomics and thoughtfulness. But what he or she should find most comforting of all is the sense of power to be derived from Scorpio's 2.9-liter V-6 engine. Its multi-port electronic fuel injection and twin-throttle design deliver a wide torque band—for smooth, fluid performance in both city and highway situations.

Meanwhile, Scorpio's fully independent suspension and anti-lock braking system (ABS) help manage the road through the hard corners and the hardest of stops.

But even with all this, some owners have admitted there is one activity they occasionally prefer to sitting behind the wheel of a Scorpio: sitting behind the driver of a Scorpio.

*Selected from cars sold in the U.S.

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CONNOISSEUR’S WORLD

MAY 1988

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THOSE GOOD OLD BLANKETS

There’s good news for those of us who have occasional pangs of insecurity. Recently a group of distinguished psychoanalysts announced that keeping “security blankets” throughout your whole life can be beneficial to your health—better, even, than that now famous aspirin regimen. Normally I shrug off such august pronouncements with skepticism, but this one got me: I’d been a secret blanket user for years.

The good doctors listed ten “most popular security blankets,” including such calming and reassuring things as “talking to oneself,” watching TV, eating, reading, listening to music, a favorite walk, a memory, someone special, and a prayer, and suggested that you make a list of yours. My list had not only well-worn blankets in the top ten categories but drawers full of new ones. If one’s insecurities are in proportion to one’s blankers, this was revealing.

A walk: Rome. The nirvana of walks, a mystery story of time revealed with every step. You can walk from Sabine and Oscar times to today in a couple of hours.

A memory. Bittersweet: those heady years I was driven, humiliated, and cursed at in the United States Marine Corps. Sweet: all those times I learned I had passed the examination after all.

TV. “Star Trek”—the golden oldie. The Olympics and the Super Bowl. PBS (most of the time), especially Bleak House, for the most satisfying acting ever on TV. And one more, Jason Robards in The Iceman Cometh.

Music. I’d take the complete works of Richard Wagner (the absolute pinnacle of recordings on CD), followed closely by the entirety of Mozart. Also, bel canto—Norma, Lucia di Lammermoor—and, for the sentimental blanket, Rosenkavalier.

Eating. Dinner at Taillevent, in Paris. Otherwise, spaghetti, almost any kind. The Taillevent menu: (1) casserole de langoustines; (2) panache de foie gras; (3) asperges au jus de truffe; (4) suprême de bar au gros sel; (5) noisettes de chevreuil; (6) canette sauvage; (7) côtelettes au péril; (8) carré d’agneau; (9) fromages; (10) dessert.

Reading. Shakespeare. Catch-22, which I’ve read seven times and haven’t begun to find the real subtleties in. And Ulysses—the James Joyce one. The Cambridge Ancient History, volumes 1–12. The Bible, and Connoisseur, match.

Those fulfilled the doctors’ “most popular” categories. But I had a chest full of other vital “security blankets.” Without them, I’d go to pieces.

Art. The most profound, perfect, exciting, and moving work of art is, as everybody knows, The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb, by Jan and Hubert van Eyck, in the cathedral of Saint Bavo, in Ghent, Belgium. Second “art blanket” would be the Resurrection by Piero della Francesca, up there in that tiny civic museum in Borgo San Sepolcro. For a more modern “comforter,” I’d contemplate Las Meninas, by Diego Velázquez. For today? Picasso’s Guernica, inexplicably as profound—and utterly calming—as the van Eyck.


Bed. (How could the psychoanalysts miss that one?) My “Hollywood” king-size Simmons, purchased in San Diego in 1955. Still perfect.

Architecture. Drop me into the Pantheon when it’s snowing. Of course, the pyramids at 2:00 A.M. under a full moon don’t exactly jangle the nerves. And FLW’s Fallingwater, almost any time.

Landscape. Easy. The Li River near Guilin, in China. After that, the gorgeous, verdant hills of Quaker Hill, in Pawling, New York, where I’ve got a cottage.

Pet. My lapdog, Liza, seven pounds of half Maltese, half Yorkie.

Expert opinion. Morris Abram, lawyer, sage, libertarian; Senator Pat Moynihan, “complicator”; Robert Wilson, superintelligence; Jack Lenor Larsen, best “eye” in America; Howard Sloan, entrepreneur and raconteur; Felix Rohatyn, “king of candor”; and, of course, my bullheaded, infallible self.

Garden. The soothing Huntington, in San Marino.

Zoo. The Bronx.

Clothes. My new tux designed by Issey Miyake, which makes me feel like a prince of the blood within moments. My khaki Goose-down parka—very early Eddie Bauer—Bean boots bought in 1954, and my wool scarf from Ermengildo Zegna.

Place. New York in June.

Movie(s). The Bridge on the River Kwai, then Casablanca, then The Red River, then anything Marx brothers, then Red Shoes, then An American in Paris, then Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, then The Thing (the original), then Beau Geste, then Lawrence of Arabia, then Star Wars, then A Walk in the Sun, then Battleground, then Apocalypse Now, then Wild Strawberries, then Love and War, then All about Eve, then Morgan!, then Goldfinger, then Gone with the Wind, then Blood of Dracula, then Young Frankenstein, then 2001, then Stagecoach, then Blazing Saddles.

High technology. My home-built airplane, a two-seater, canard-winged Falcon X-P (which has a built-in parachute and cannot stall, spin, or go faster than ninety miles an hour, even in a dive).

Higher technology. Swiss army knife—with scissors, tweezers, pliers, and screwdriver for quick eyeglasses repair.

Highest technology. My Psion pocket computer—word processor, on which I write everything from editorial calendars to my next novel.

Sport. A unique ski run in the spring, the Grosse Stierloch, from Zürs-am-Arlberg down to Zug, Austria (ending with a Bloody Mary at the Rote Wand).

Someone else. Easy. My business partner for ten years—and my wife of thirty-five years—who, even in the heat of argument, never fails to calm and comfort me (about an hour later).

Basic. A cool, pure glass of water. One of the most calming and comforting natural things I can think of.

Fast food. A Macoum apple.

Prayer. That my “security blankets” will comfort me for a long time.
Dance Theatre of Harlem, America's extraordinary ambassador, represents the U.S. in a tour of the Soviet Union.

It was the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. that jolted Arthur Mitchell, a leading dancer of the New York City Ballet, into a personal commitment to do whatever he could, wherever he could, to help his people. The fact that the only thing he could do was teach ballet and that the only place he could afford was the basement of a Harlem church didn't discourage him.

His pupils were kids from the Harlem streets, and his lessons were tough and uncompromising. To kids who thought that drugs were "cool," he taught the need for iron discipline over mind and body. To those who dreamed of quick fame and easy money, he taught the virtues of sweat and hard work. Along the way, he taught them grace and beauty and pride in themselves.

The result has been electrifying: a dance company that has fused the sophisticated elegance of ballet with the real-world emotion and vitality of Harlem. In the dance capitals of the world, they rate standing ovations and have become some of America's finest ambassadors. This year they were selected to represent the U.S. in the President's Special Cultural Exchange Initiative with the Soviet Union.

We started supporting the Dance Theatre of Harlem some thirteen years ago. We thought they had a message for us and for all American businessmen—and maybe the Soviets can profit from it, too. We think it should be called "Mitchell's Law"—if you want to change your world, or your country, or just your business, the way to begin is by ignoring all excuses for doing nothing, and start doing whatever you can, wherever you can.

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Dance Theatre of Harlem appears at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. March 15 - 20 and City Center, NYC, June 28 - July 3.

Photos, clockwise from top left: Christina Johnson and Donald Williams, Bugaku, Stephanie Dabney, Firebird, Virginia Johnson, Giselle, Judith Rotariu, Douglas. Photos by Martha Swope (Bugaku, Firebird, Douglas) and Jack Mitchell (Giselle).
PARIS UNDERGROUND

It's dark, it's damp, and, strictly speaking, it's illegal. But a whole lot of young people have given a whole new meaning to the word "underground" by exploring and partying in the labyrinth of subterranean passages, disused quarries, sewers, and catacombs that riddle the subsoil of Paris. And the pioneer of the underground, Patrick Saletta, has made some spectacular discoveries.

When the twenty-four-year-old Swedish-born Parisian wandered into a quarry eight years ago equipped with only a candle, he got lost for seventeen hours, frightened himself nearly to death, and went back for more. "A lot of people go underground to get a kick out of the fear inspired by being in a completely unknown world," he says. "You're twenty meters from the surface and all you can hear is the occasional rumble of a Métro train or the faint noise of traffic overhead. Time no longer exists; it's incredible, like a drug."

Soon hooked, Saletta, who now works in advertising, started popping underground to explore Paris's 1,250 kilometers of sewers and 200 miles of stone-quarry galleries, not to mention cellars, crypts and reservoirs, and thousands of miles of passages used by electricity and telephone authorities.

Saletta rapidly abandoned his candle for an acetylene lamp, protective clothing, and stout boots and uncovered some surprises. Underneath the Senate, a Nazi headquarters during the war, he found bunkers daubed with German graffiti. He also claims to have stumbled on atomic shelters built for France's ministries and equipped with oxygen canisters, food stores, ventilation systems, and generators but won't say where for fear of vexing military authorities.

One of his most important finds is a disused chapel ten meters under the Rue Pierre Nicole near the Luxembourg Gardens, accessible via an underground passage now used for trash cans in a modern apartment building. Saletta, who has researched the practically unknown chapel for a forthcoming book on Paris's underground, thinks it was built around A.D. 500, rebuilt in 1220, and restored in 1895.

Saletta and a photographer friend, Frédéric Raynaud, also found an underground entrance to a magnificent fourteenth-century vaulted cellar underneath what is now a fire station, near the Boulevard Saint-Germain, on the Left Bank. Saletta and Raynaud have had their share of subterranean surprises. They once surfaced in a fourteenth arrondissement police station. Raynaud was particularly impressed to find himself one day clambering over a mass of skeletons reburied in catacombs in the south of Paris between 1786 and 1838, when the city's overflowing cemeteries were emptied.

The carver of this pointed wood-and-shell sculpture had more than fillet of fish in mind. Collected in 1909 from the island of New Ireland, 400 miles from New Guinea, the fearsome creature may have originally held a small human figure in its mouth and been brandished in ceremonial dances; note the license taken with the fish's bones, carved in a radiating pattern in resemblance of a palm frond. The man-eating fish and forty-six other carvings from this South Pacific island are on display in the exhibition "Assemblage of Spirits: Idea and Image in New Ireland." Organized by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, it is at the Brooklyn Museum until May 9; then, from June 11 to September 4, at the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth; and from October 8 to January 29, 1989, at the DeYoung Museum, in San Francisco.
SCREEN: Four panel mahogany screen composed of a series of 19th Century wildlife engravings, circa 1850.

TABLE: 19th Century oval carved mahogany library table, circa 1840.

DOGS: Pair of 18th Century Continental ceramic bulldog figures, circa 1760.

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JOAN SIMON: CURATOR, INC.

Joan Simon remembers well when, the day before New Year’s 1986, the founder and funder of the now-defunct Broida Museum got ice-cold feet. He canceled the exhibitions that Simon, the director, had planned and indefinitely postponed the opening of his new, namesake contemporary-art museum in SoHo. She promptly resigned. It was then that Simon witnessed her new career rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of the ill-fated Broida. She was soon being courted by other institutions and asked to organize shows and to write and produce catalogs. Perhaps her most impressive offer was to become director of the Des Moines Art Center, which had just lost its director. What Simon soon recognized was that she wanted the freedom to do all these things and a few other things besides.

She transformed herself into Joan Simon, Inc., a corporation offering independent administrative, curatorial, and publishing services; her clients now include foundations, book publishers, and alternative spaces as well as museums. Instead of accepting the position as director of the Des Moines Art Center, Simon carved out a role as interim director and head curator. In less than six months, working from her base in New York City and traveling regularly to Des Moines, she programmed two years of exhibitions, originated the first museum exhibition of Jenny Holzer’s electronic signs, produced the catalog, and planned a national tour for it.

“I love solving problems,” Simon says, thinking back on the Des Moines experience. “I came to museum directing from nine years as managing editor of Art in

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Joan Simon epitomizes a new breed in the art-world jungle: the high-power independent art consultant.

American, good training for emergency situations." Melvin Buckbaum, the vice-president of the Des Moines museum's board, says of Joan's performance. "She's an incredible diplomat and restored the board's faith in the staff and the staff's faith in the board."

"The advantage of being an independent consultant to a museum," Simon says, "is that you don't have to flatter the trustees: someone from outside can bring them the bad news without insulting them. And you can see the strengths within an organization that have been overlooked or taken for granted." Clearly Simon relishes the diversity of her work.

Currently she is organizing "Abstraction in Question," a show at the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, due to open in January 1989, and she has just completed a film with Michael Blackwood called Four Artists: Robert Rauschenberg, Eva Hesse, Bruce Nauman, and Susan Rothenberg. The film captures the scope of their art more vividly than a book, she says, by "giving more primary information: the sensory experience of seeing the artist in scale with the work and hearing the sound of the artist's voice."

Simon, prominent among the quickly growing ranks of free-lance art consultants, sees easy prospects for independent curators. "Museums are often understaffed and must accomplish such an amazing number of tasks that they will always welcome the independent curator to take up the slack. And I suspect," she says with appetite, "that there will also be a need for new ideas and new energy."

—Mary Jane Welsh
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"An innocent and charming superfluity" is one way miniature books have been characterized. To the rare-book dealers and miniature-book specialists Anne and David Bromer, of Bromer Booksellers in Boston, they are—wink, wink—"only a small part of our business." Miniature-book lovers and collectors seem to pursue their interest in dogged seriousness and to discuss it with appropriate whimsy. "I started collecting miniature books at the time my wife began to comment about the burgeoning collections which were claiming every bit of free space in the house," once wrote the Texas retailing whiz Stanley Marcus. "I figured I could smuggle in five miniature books without detection." His collection eventually grew to about 3,000 volumes, hard to hide from a disapproving spouse even though they were at Lilliputian scale.

Coy disclaimers notwithstanding, the Bromers count upwards of a thousand volumes in their library of miniatures. Two years ago they commissioned miniature books from thirty-four of the world's greatest bookbinders, including Brugall of Spain and Lobstein of Paris. These top-caliber binders unfailingly braved the challenge of working with tools the size of toothpicks and silver-dollar-size bits of superb leathers, creating exquisite one-of-a-kind miniatures. The bindings displayed everything from gold tracery and embroidery patterns to mother-of-pearl and sand from no less a quarry than Walden Pond. The largest volume in the collection measured just under four inches; the most topical books were volumes devoted to the putative Shakespeare sonnet "Shall I Die? Shall I Fly?" discovered at Oxford in 1955. These ornate objects of bibliophilic desire were snapped up in toto by a major New York collector.

Miniatures didn't use to be so ostentatiously, charmingly superfluous. Sixteenth-century monks and nuns traveled with tiny Psalters and prayer books. Much later, for the pious laity, there would be three-and-a-half-by-one-inch "finger" editions of the Bible. A seventeenth-century gentleman might tuck one of the Company of Stationers' famed engraved London Almanacks into his waistcoat for ready reference. Flirtatious French demimondaines would commission highly decorative, luxurious volumes of erotic poetry bound in gold-stamped Morocco (with handy mirrored inside pockets for quick beauty-patch checks).

The Scottish firm of David Bryce has for the last century been among the leading specialists in wee publications. Lawrence of Arabia gave a Bryce mini-Koran, smuggled into a small locket equipped with a magnifying-glass insert, to each of his Muslim soldiers as a battle talisman. Traveling light, the explorer David Livingstone carried Bryce minis on his forays into uncharted Africa.

The small world of contemporary miniature books is bigger than you might think. People you may or may not have suspected—FDR, Oliver Wendell Holmes—turn out to have been closet and cupboard collectors. The renowned bibliophile Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., put together one of the finest collections in the world. The Bromers' chapbook catalog, mostly devoted to their recent commissions, entitled 35 Miniature Books in Designer Bindings ($35, from 607 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116; 617-267-2818), provides an intoxicating first look into miniature lit. The catalog also features one of the greats, Emilio Brugalla's 1954 religious miniature, done in sumptuous, candy-box sixteenth-century style and formerly in the Houghton collection. It measures all of one and one-eighth by one and one-sixteenth inches.

—Joni Miller

**THE GREAT WALL: BE THERE OR BE SQUARE**

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tourist interest. Daniel Vial, a self-styled "homme d'affaires éclectiques," felt that more should be done. Vial, whose Comité International pour la Sauvegarde de Venise has been helping to shore up Venice's endangered monuments, has now set his sights on the Grande Muraille as well. He has organized something called "The Return of Marco Polo," which amounts to a big charity blowout under the shadow of the Great Wall—three days of exceptional fêtes in early June around the great monuments of ancient Peking. A private performance by the Beijing Opera, a cocktail reception staged by Maxim's on the Great Wall itself, and a masked ball in the middle of the Forbidden City are some of the featured amusements. The money-raising bash ends with an auction featuring works by such well-known artists as Sandro Chia, Sol Lewitt, Keith Haring, and Zao Wou Kvä. Conducted by Sotheby's, the auction should, Vial hopes, net about a quarter of a million dollars. At the actual restoration cost of $3,000-$4,000 per foot, the auction alone could allow the refurbishing of at least eighty-three feet of the 1,500-mile-long Great Wall. UNESCO will oversee the financing, channeling funds into local commissions that will implement the actual work.

Participants will be limited to roughly 500 people from Europe, America, China, Japan, and Australia and include such luminaries as Paloma Picasso, Pierre Cardin, Hélène Rochas, Pierre Schlumberger, Hanae Mori, the viscount of Norwich, and the presidents of Honda and Sony. U.S. participants have the choice of a ten-day stay ($9,500 including air fare) or a three-day weekend departing from Tokyo ($5,300) or Hong Kong ($4,500). (Contact "The Return of Marco Polo," 5146 FDR Station, New York, NY 10150; 212-758-2770.)
—Susanna Gaertner
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MARTHA CLARKE'S
LATEST MIRACLE

When Martha Clarke describes you the piece she's now making, it sounds as though she's taken off in a new direction. Clarke is famous for a sort of high-colored expressionist dream theater, half dance, half drama. In her Garden of Earthly Delights, the cast flew on wires and excreted potatoes. In Vienna: Lusthaus we got sex and death set to Strauss waltzes. Now, in Minacolo d'Amore, which will open this spring at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston (May 20–June 5) and then move to New York's Public Theater (June 14–July 15), her imagination seems to have warded off into a pearlier sphere. All the women in the piece will be flower-fairies, all the men Pulcinellas. The music will be like Monteverdi's; the text, love songs by Dante. And there will be a lot of singing, heavy on counterenotones.

"I think of it as a lost opera by Purcell," Clarke says. Elsewhere, she says, it's "a little bit like Kubla Khan"—in other words, heaven with a streak of weirdness. But the more she talks, the weirder it gets. All those Pulcinellas, as it turns out, will be hunchbacks; and the course of their transactions with the flower-fairies will not run smoothly. "The piece is about insanity, the insanity that love can cause," Clarke explains. "It's about anguish."

Like all of Clarke's work, Minacolo is crammed with art and history—not just Dante and Monteverdi, but (of all people) Darwin, who has been consulted, together with the fairy tales of Italo Calvino, for plot elements. Palladio, on whose work the set is based; and Tiepolo and Grandville, the inspirers of the costumes. Clarke will use the same collaborators as in the

Clarke's mix: a little Purcell, a little Kubla Khan.
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CULTURAL MENACES

Bulldozing Fever
In Yugoslavia last summer, the remains of an entire ancient Roman town, Salona, were deemed dispensable and subsequently leveled to make way for a new highway. In Dublin, Ireland, the municipal-planning body called the Dublin Corporation has—on similar road-clearing pretexts—been decimating "The Liberties," one of the oldest, most historic districts in the city. And now, most recently, in Omaha, Nebraska, the city council has given its okay to the destruction of the largest national historic site on record. The victim in this case is a Victorian-revival warehouse district on the edge of the Missouri River. It seems that ConAgra Inc., a $9 billion agribusiness concern—and one of the largest employers in the area—threatened to pull up stakes and build its new headquarters elsewhere, unless the nearby warehouse district was leveled. Why? So that the folks at the new ConAgra facilities could enjoy a better view. Of what? Of downtown Omaha.

Cineplex Odious
The multiplexing of America has sliced and diced our great movie palaces into movie mininards. What was Grauman's Chinese Theater is now a triplex. The Cineplex Odeon theater at Universal Studios, Universal City, the largest in the country, has enough minitheaters (eighteen) to make you feel as if you’re at an airport looking up to check your gate and departure time. Movies are bad enough as it is; now we’re asked to tolerate watching the few good ones in sweat-box surroundings without a trace of charm, much less magic. Uncomplainingly accepted by a video generation that is already accustomed to postage-stamp screens and distorted formats, the scaling-down of the theatrical moviegoing experience is unfortunately here to stay.

Taxing the Imagination
Remember the Tax Reform Act of 1986, which was supposed to turn your springtime tango with the IRS into a brisk two-step? We don’t know about its effect on you, but for artists the act has turned into one big pain in the tax, and—for thousands of would-be artists—into a steel door slamming shut on the future. The TRA requires among other things that "creative persons" now must show a profit in three out of five consecutive years (it used to be two) in order to be allowed to deduct expenses on their art making, and that deductions may be allowed only on works that are sold (in other words, make twenty paintings, sell two, and you get to deduct expenses on only the two). Aside from the expenses and the hilltops of new forms these measures create, the law means that a whole generation with fledgling creative aspirations is finding it extremely difficult to survive as artists. (The well-established ones simply have to pay more.) Lobbying efforts are now being mounted to amend these shortsighted "reforms."

Doing the Vatican Rag
The Vatican surely must have bigger fish to fry than Italy’s classical musicians. Citing instances of indecorous activity (one musical act allegedly had featured nude dancing on the altar), Cardinal Ugo Poletti of the Rome diocese last fall effectively banned musical performances from Italian churches, unless they were for purely liturgical purposes. This throws a question mark over the future of classical music events in a country seriously short on regulation performance spaces—not to mention the future of classical musicians already scraping by (paid performances are strictly out). The Vatican has sent a letter to bishops worldwide recom-
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mending that they impose the same regulation. The only bright light in this is that such a directive will probably be ignored; already the Rome diocese is back-pedaling in the face of the consternation and anger the decree has caused.

Attack of the Microwaves

The epidemic of listless food wreaked by microwave cooking grows and grows. Champion of eye-blink feats of defrosting, boiling water, and curdling eggs into an acceptable scramble, the time-saving machines—which cook from the inside out—will foodstuffs into submission, doing away with anything resembling crispness, crunchiness, and the other surface textures that give food much of its appeal. To the almost ubiquitous machine itself, add the plethora of plastic-pouched "entrees" and other microwave-specific frozen digestibles—and, most recently, the blessings and encouragement of food gurus (Barbara Kafka has just put out a book on microwave cooking)—and you have the makings of, as they say, "a revolution" in eating. Last one to remember the crackling-good taste of a nice roast chicken, please turn out the kitchen lights.
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THE LIGHT REFRESHER FROM ENGLAND. ONLY WINNING TASTES AS GOOD. THE MODERNISM

John Lone, Linda Fiorentino, and Keith Carradine take their ambitions to art in Rudolph's The Moderns.

The Moderns doesn't tell us much about expatriate Americans in Paris in 1926, but it certainly gives us an eyeful from the director Alan Rudolph's mind'scape. He has airlifted intact his floating crap game of characters and conceits to Gallic Bohemia. It's Choose Me all over again, only this time the accents within earshot are French, and instead of Pop art on the studio walls we have canvases of Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso.

Rudolph has wanted to make a movie about American expatriate artists in twenties France for over twelve years, but for all its deep-think tordor, this film doesn't have the curdled, clogged-artery quality of most "dream" projects that have outlasted their incubation periods. Rudolph's dream-walk stylistics may at first seem fluffly and insubstantial, but they have the force of poetic obsession behind them—this will-o'-the-wisp artist has a cast-iron constitution.

Keith Carradine plays Nick Hart, a scrounging painter and forger who draws cartoon caricatures for the newspaper gossip column of a friend (Wallace Shawn). Hart's wife (Linda Fiorentino), who ran away from him years ago in Chicago, turns up one boogy afternoon in his favorite café, hitched to a Chinese art collector (John Lone) who made his fortune by inventing the first really effective prophylactic. Hart's attempts to get her back have an impulsive, fated quality; he's miserable around her, but he's pulled toward reconciliation like a wide-eyed somnambulist.

Rudolph does have a few things on his mind here: he wants to show us how these expatriates were precursors of not only the artistic radicalism of the modern era but also its film-illamery. John Lone's art collector—named, symbolically, Stone, as opposed to Carradine's Hart—points to one of his paintings midway through the movie and proudly announces, "This is art because I paid hard cash for it"—words meant to resonate with a premonitory tin-

THE CHINA LINEN ROUTE

Katha Diddel took the slow boat to the bed-linens trade. When the avid Sino-phile first explored the remotest parts of China, in the early eighties, she came across lace-making and embroidery handi-
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work that had been introduced by missionaries. But she also noticed that Chinese workers versed in the ways of fine lace and embroidery were applying their skills to nothing more than cheap polyester fabrics, destined mainly for the domestic Chinese market. Diddel acquainted them with lovely examples of vintage Irish laces and embroidery patterns and with new ones she had designed herself, revolutionizing this cottage industry in China—and soon had the makings of a new source of fine embroidered linens and needlepoint tapestries. Diddel's New York company, Twin Panda, Inc., imports embroidered sheets, duvet covers, shams, and coverlets as well as a new line of bedding for infants and children, all bearing the mark of careful and labor-intensive craftsmanship. (At Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Jenny B. Goode.)—N.H.

**DOUBLE MESSAGE**

Stealing a little masculine olfactory thunder—from patchouli, leather, tobacco, amber, cedarwood—in order to give a female fragrance a certain provocative, deep-voiced je ne sais quoi is a perfumer's gambit that dates back in recent times to 1971. That was when people matter-of-factly talked about "unisex" and "gender bending." Whether by pure coincidence or by design, that was also the year Clinique put out a fragrance called Aromatics Elixir. It arrayed impecabbly feminine rose, muguet, and Jasmine elements alongside brawnier stuff like vetiver, moss, and patchouli. You had to be there, perhaps, but such whiffs of manliness in a women's perfume were startling—and addictive, as witnessed by the loyal following Aromatics has since maintained.

The cross-gender strategy in perfumery has come again lately. In 1984 Paloma

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Royal Viking Line
Picasso introduced her first perfume, called Paloma Picasso, an assertive fragrance both inside and out. The packaging, inspired by one of Paloma's jewelry designs, was a bold black oval with clear glass at the center. Relying heavily on patchouli, vetiver, cedarwood, tabac, and labdanum (lending a warm and amber tone), the perfume folds these into a big bouquet of bright, verdant florals—rose, hyacinth, jasmine, and muguet. Spicy and herbal notes of coriander, clove, and angelica also play a part in the scent's strong profile.

The most recent version of this hybrid is Halston's Couture. The woody, virile accord in the background is a composite of patchouli, sandalwood, and amber. The key scent is extracted from bergamot, a fruit grown for perfumery in southern Italy; it imparts freshness and brightness and mixes beautifully with mandarin and tajette (reminiscent of marigold stems and leaves) to create a strong, lush top note that diffuses headily. The Couture bottle is a crystal version of the flacon designed in 1975 for the first Halston fragrance. It is for the woman who sits at conference tables wearing dark tailored cashmere suits and stiletto heels and likes a similarly double message in the air. —Jill Resnick

**MOVABLE FEAST**

Bouquets of praise tied in ribbons of superlatives have been heaped on Chanterelle since the day the restaurant opened, eight...
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years ago, in New York's SoHo district. Last year the establishment, already one of the city's most unusual culinary landmarks, was declared an official monument when the New York Times food critic bestowed on it the paper's jealously guarded four-star garland, thereby conferring on Chanterelle a status held only by Lutèce, Le Bernardin, and the Quilted Giraffe. That's not bad for a ten-table restaurant lodged in a crevice in SoHo's cast-iron canyons, a golden-yellow, inviting candy box of a space that used to house a Spanish luncheonette.

But then Chanterelle has, more or less, always been Chanterelle—even the weeks-long waits for a reservation haven't been changed by the batch of fresh laurels. The real story of this singular restaurant is its consistent ability to produce an extraordinary dining experience, at the heart of which are the culinary talent of the chef-owner, David Waltuck, and the relaxed, elegant, efficient atmosphere set by the restaurant's hostess (and David's wife), Karen Waltuck.

The small (six-entree) menu changes biweekly, except for one or two house specialties and appetizers, notably the seafood sausage wallowing in a beurre blanc pudding, its taut skin yielding an exquisitely flavored mince of lobster, shrimp, scallop, and pine nuts. So it isn't so much the regular appearance of specific dishes that distinguishes Chanterelle as the exercise of the distinctive Waltuck style, which invariably delivers a potent one-two combination of supreme simplicity and intense flavor. Suppose adept at sauces and glazes, Waltuck often allies them with quick-seared cuts of meats and seafood. Whether it's an appetizer of limpid squab consommé perfumed with ginger and anise, or strips of rare tuna in a pool of balsamic-vinegar butter, or venison medallions in a robust red-wine-based reduction, dishes at Chanterelle tend to form perfectly harmonized duets of natural flavor and culinary artifice, the satisfying plainsong of a cut of meat or fish carefully embellished with an intense coloratura of sauce. Waltuck will sometimes launch more operatic orchestrations, such as fowl braised under puff pastry, but his greatest forte is the pure and deceptively simple. The Waltuck touch is as assured with desserts, which run from staples like exotic sorbets and a crisp, buttery apple tart to more dazzling concoctions like a millefeuille of blood oranges served with caramel sauce. The cheese tray, a resplendent assortment that offers a good share of exotic surprises, is easily among the best in New York. The excellent wine list is skewed to high-end vintages and commensurately expensive.

A tidy little machine of gastronomic delights, Chanterelle will move next fall to new quarters, in Tribeca, at the corner of Hudson and Harrison streets. There the restaurant (like the original, designed by Bill Katz) will be larger by five tables, but everything else that has made it a stellar delight should stay the same.

—R.K.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION: UNIDA KASUKO

After two years of designing under her own label, Unida Kasuko is becoming a Paris-fashion-insider favorite; her designs have been steadily bought out of the Paris boutique she opened last October (54 Rue Étienne Marcel, 75002 Paris; 236-6001). The excitement is over a tailored style that steers between trendiness and classicism. She admires and has drawn from the work of the Japanese young titans Yohji Yamamoto and Rei Kawakubo; like them, she aspires to a pared-down contemporariness. She creates her own style, starting with sensual fabrics, which is at once more constructed, tactile, and colorful than the reigning Japanese high-fashion minimalism.

Kasuko toiled anonymously for fifteen years in French prêt-à-porter before she turned into an instant sensation (her current financial backer, she says, was so struck by her designs that he offered her a contract within ten minutes of their meeting). Her next winter line will maintain her strong yet feminine look. "It should be very constructed and rather rigid, but with a certain fluidity," she says. "I'm structuring yet unstructuring." Contradictory as that sounds, it isn't just talk; part of the talent of this bright new force on the Paris fashion scene is her flair for translating such paradox into cloth. —Regan Charles

Edited by Robert Knafo
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May is the month of picture fever—the strong version of a malady that also strikes in late November and early December. It is the time for beholding high rollets going gaga over great or merely expensive art, and for the paying of stupifying prices. Each of the last several Mays has seen mighty records set, only to be effortlessly surpassed in the ensuing spring. Needless to say, there were solid, economic reasons for the appearance of this peculiar May bug. A seemingly endless supply of top-notch material in a too-liquid economy meant Olympian prices at the top end and merely eye-popping hikes further down the line.

While it will work its usual rounds this year, the May bug may for the first time in a long while be encountering severe resistance. There are a number of superlative paintings on the block this month, but it should surprise no one if the results of this month’s picture sales were to be less than stellar.

It may sound nonsensical to make bearish predictions after a season that saw the selling of the four most expensive paintings of all time. But in the easier-money days, a lot of really marginal material by good to great artists saw its way to the salesrooms, as well as material that could most charitably be called competent, by many lesser lights. There, not infrequently, it brought bids that defied reason and only encouraged more consigning and more bidding, in an apparently endless cycle. There is, as usual, no lack of money out there for first-rate material—but note the results of lesser lots in the big Impressionist and modern sales in New York and London late last year, many of which were selling below estimate, if at all. On the heels of an intense, decade-long euphoria in the auction market—in which Impressionist and modern art, especially, routinely outdid itself—deflationary self-correction is clearly in the air.

All the dark foreshadows notwithstanding, the month’s picture sales are still remarkable for their astonishing number and variety. There will be spirited elbowing between Sotheby’s and Christie’s for headlines in New York as the superpowers hold major contemporary-art sales. In the
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Sotheby's, on May 2 and 3, the first session, which really is part of the Warhol cycle, will feature some twenty- two lots from the artist's collection by his contemporaries Johns, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, and Twombly. The highlight may come in the second session: a Jackson Pollock entitled Search, from 1955—not quite the characteristic drip work he became famous for, but just watch it go!

Christie's, however, may steal its cross-town rival's thunder on May 3, with Jasper Johns's brilliant 1962 five-panel work Diner—certainly a seminal piece in the Johns canon although still overshadowed by the Christie's claim that it is "the most important painting by a living artist ever to be auctioned." An encyclopedic piece, summing up a number of important themes and techniques in this period of Johns's work, it has appeared in every major exhibition of the artist's output since 1964.

As long as we are pointing out individual paintings, my personal favorite of the month is a stunning Pre-Raphaelite work called Truth, by J. B. L. Shaw, in William Doyle Galleries' May 5 sale of modern and European paintings. Dating from 1898, the painting was exhibited shortly thereafter at the Royal Academy, where its un- concealed prurience had the desired shocking effect. Its whereabouts were unknown for forty years, until it reappeared recently in a private collection in New York.

May 10 is the pivotal day for the power- picture pageants (as with power breakfasts, they're a form of social theater). Sotheby's and Christie's are going one-on-one for the Impressionist and modern paintings and sculpture crowd. Sotheby's has been on a roll lately with major museum deaccessions. Recent examples include very successful sales of works by Heade, Sargent, and Joshua Johnson, all for the Whitney. For this outing Sotheby's has two very rich and colorful Matisse oils, one from the twenties and one from the forties, consigned by the Museum of Modern Art, which will likely fetch about $2 million each. There are also major works by Cézanne, Degas, Picasso, and Renoir, among others.

However, Christie's may again trump all this with its ace in the hole: van Gogh's portrait (the sitter and her family didn't care for it at all) of a disconcertingly vacant Adeline Ravoux, the thirteen-year-old daughter of the keeper of Café Ravoux, where van Gogh lived in the few months before his death. There are three versions:

Christie's is guesstimating that this one will fetch more than $15 million. This is less of a crowd-pleaser than the celebrated Irises or Sunflowers, which rewrote the record books last year. Among other things, its fate will be a test of my opening remarks about the market—will an arguably second-rate van Gogh prevail over good judgment and fetch a headline-size bundle?

Not all the action is in New York, however. On May 11, Butterfield & Butterfield holds a sale of contemporary art, which will be simulcast in San Francisco and L.A. The interesting presence here is work by estimable postwar California artists, such as Arneson, Davis, Graham, Moses, Vouklos, and Zajac.

There also are two very smart sales on the tenth and eleventh, respectively, of modern British art in London at Phillips and Sotheby's. The latter's is no doubt a certainty, the former two Mingings as well as some very pleasing pictures by the likes of Augustus John and Sir Stanley Spencer. At Bonhams' annual event simultaneous with the Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Flower Show, the evening session will feature the usual lovely bouquet of some two hundred still lifes, garden scenes, botanical studies, and so on by names that likely will trigger more recognition in merrie olde England than elsewhere. New this year is Bonhams' day session at their Chelsea rooms of garden and conservatory furniture and other ornaments (statuary, benches, planters, urns, and such), an increasingly popular market in all the London houses.

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Last year, in January, the Lyon Opéra Ballet made its United States debut at New York's City Center. The company's main offering was a wild new version of Cinderella, performed to a sound collage of music from Sergei Prokofiev's lush score, amplified heartbeats, murmurs and gurgles from the nursery, and who knows what else. The show was the brainchild of three strong-willed women: Françoise Adret, the troupe's director; Maguy Marin, a choreographer; and Monserrat Casanova, the set and costume designer. It presents the familiar tale as a romance fringed with anxiety, as if from the perspective of a child—a real child, in a topsy-turvy world where grown-ups strut like dolls and robots, and toys routinely come to life.

Every part of the enterprise screamed "Chutzpah!"—a provincial company tampering with a classic in what ought to be the holy places of ballet, George Balanchine's theater. Since Balanchine's own company moved to Lincoln Center, in 1964, City Center has become a pretty ragtag temple. Good, bad, or indifferent, dance troupes of every stripe vie to show their wares there. The Big Apple, say what you will, is still the dance capital of the world. If you can make it here . . . Anyway, Cendrillon was a hit, and the company was invited back with fairy-tale speed to dance it again in May.

I made the trip with them, and it proved an interesting week. To begin with, the coach turned into a pumpkin: the dancers went on strike.

Dance is prehuman. Birds do it, bees do it, and cetera. Humans added a beat, thereby turning an instinct into an art. The first.

It is also the toughest in physical wear and tear. Writers tend to develop cirrhotic livers. Sculptors, one imagines, smash their thumbs. But dancers punish their entire bodies. Here is Dame Margot Fonteyn on the subject: "If the people who find bullfights cruel knew what dancers go through, they wouldn't want to watch ballet either."

Françoise Adret agrees: "C'est un métier de chien!" And, except at the Nureyev-Baryshnikov level, a poorly paid dog's calling too. Most of the Lyons dancers make 7,000 francs a month, about $1,200. But were they striking for a higher salary? Non! What the dancers demanded, and what the city of Lyons refused to give, was a ten-dollar hike in the New York per diem, a matter of $150 each, $4,200 in grand total.

Odd behavior, letting a pittance come between them and a triumphant return to New York. And what about the city fathers? They had laid on a gala premiere, with ceremonies to be televised live back to France. And this priceless PR was being forsaken for a trifle! Both sides, in other words, were being French: in aspect raisonnables, in discourse lucides, and in practice pigheaded. Three days before showcase, when the company was due to leave for New York, the city still wasn't paying, and sixteen of the twenty-eight dancers refused to travel.

Adret was vexed but not surprised. The mayor, she understood, viewed the strike as blackmail. She endorsed his position. As for the strikers, their minds were slammed shut, and their action had little to do with its avowed purpose.

Adret has done it all in the world of ballet: starred in a ballet created for her by Lifar; served as inspecteur de danse for the French Ministry of Culture; choreographed on both sides of the Atlantic, on both sides of the equator, on both sides of what used to be called the Iron Curtain. But her special gift is for building a company, midwifing a new one into the world, shepherding an existing one to excellence. That is what the directors of the Lyon Opéra had in mind in 1985 when they lured her from the ministry to run their ballet, then sixteen years old but still not up to expectations.

Adret knows who she is. She makes no great pretensions. She is five foot one, yet she has presence, achieved through energy and warmth. She is not young, but she is youthful. Her eyes sparkle; she likes her life. She is usually good-humored and always fair, but she has the will of a foreigen legion sergeant. She has turned the company into a winner—not without strain.

We are in her office backstage at Lyon's supermodern Maurice Ravel auditorium. The company was supposed to leave for New York an hour ago. She has sent the technicians on ahead, the scenery, sound, and wardrobe people, in hopes the strike will be settled by tomorrow. If not, the run
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will have to be canceled. She is not optimistic, but there doesn’t seem to be anything she can do: the dispute is between the strikers and the city. She has her feet up on the table and a cigarette in the side of her mouth à la Jean Gabin. I have questioned the company’s spirit. “They have esprit de corps,” she replies. “The problem is me. I threw them into the hands of contemporary choreographers. The city expected quick results from me. Some of the dancers have trouble keeping up; others just can’t. I understand their problem. But mine was to make something happen, and I did.”

In April she had to advise three of her dancers, including the company’s two delegates to the musicians and performers union, that their contracts would not be renewed for 1988.

The delegates’ pique—there was the cause of the strike. Per diem they could get support on. Ask people if they’d like ten dollars extra. Most will say yes. Twelve dancers had now decided that the show must go on. More have felt otherwise.

Why? Solidarity with their soon-to-be-shown-the-door colleagues? Or were they dancing roles in another ballet, one without walls, a socialist-realist production entitled Strike!, staged by the delegates?

Whatever the strikers’ motives, they weren’t giving in. Negotiations continued all afternoon. The twelve nonstrikers hung about backstage, their mood three parts rage, two parts ennui, emitting Gallic snorts apropos the strikers, punctuating their remarks with stage gestures, with tossings of the head, with pirouettes. A German opera troupe arrived and prepared to give a performance of Lohengrin—put on greasepaint, put on medieval getup, stalked along the hall la-la-ing arpeggios and eyeing the angry dancers warily. Enter, at 7:00 P.M., Monsieur Soulier, deputy mayor of Lyons—vigorous, dapper, cheerful, indomitable. He was ending the strike. (So he announced.) The city would pay—not per diem; that would be acceding to blackmail—the equivalent of three dollars more per day. He strode to the bargaining table and emerged an hour later, wilted and furious. The strikers were adamant. Ten bucks or no show.

So there it was. Call New York and cancel. Pas du tout! Adret had supposed all along that the offer would be rejected. She had been thinking: about the twenty-three roles in Cendrillon and whom she had available to dance them. She had a Cinderella; she had a Prince. She had a Fairy Godmother. No Stepmother, but Maguy Marin was making the trip; she would dance it. Only one of the two Wicked Stepmothers, but roles could be doubled. Her associate director would dance, so would her ballet master. It need be, she would dance. But she would not cancel!

Adret, in other words, was being French. Like Marshal Foch: “My right is broken, my center in retreat. Situation excellente. J’attaquai!” Or, better, like Marshal Cambonne: Would the Garde surrender? “Merde!”

The rehearsal began at once and lasted until one in the morning. No matter how late it got, despite the bother of having to learn new roles, everyone was enthusiastic. It was as if the salle de ballet—spacious, square, bordered with bars and mirrors—had become the playroom of some gigantic preschoolers who had not been allowed to play for days. They were dancing for joy.

Here were six rehearsing the waltz. There were three marking parts for the ball scene. Yorgos Loukos, the associate director, hopped between them, dancing with one group, instructing the other. He has coached Baryshnikov and Fracci, Makarova and Nureyev, heavy credits in his line of work, but (outfitted, for the nonce, in a New York Jets sweatshirt) he seemed as playful as his charges.

Françoise Joullé rehearsed the role of Cinderella with a straw fedora canted over her brow. During breaks, her Prince, Bernard Cauchard, walked around in a handstand. Hervé Chams and Patrick Azzopardi kept dancing even when the music stopped—leaps, turns in air, entrechats—out of pure excess of high spirits. Over by the door, Gérard LeMaitre, the ballet master, who at over fifty no longer performs, was learning a step from Benedicte Windso, the youngest member in the company. It looked as if he would be coming out of retirement for the tour. As they danced, the years sloughed from his shoulders, until he seemed no older than she.

Everyone was transformed by Adret’s decision, even those who didn’t rehearse. At ten the next morning we met at the railroad station, and who do you think showed up but the sixteen strikers, grumpy and standoffish, but willing to dance!
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"Bien sûr!" Adret agreed. The Train à Grande Vitesse was taking us north to Paris at 160 miles per hour. "They might have learned something."

"And I'd have had a chance to see Gérard dance."

"I'm quite happy with things as they are," said Gérard.

Now we leap 3,625 miles west, to New York City, and forty-six hours, to curtain time for the premiere. The company has had two nights on the town, two classes from Gérard LeMaitre, two rehearsals with Adret and Marin. It is still in two pieces. In the studio on the sixth floor of the City Center, in a coffee shop of the Hotel Wellington, strikers and non- do not share barres or tables. At photo sessions in Central Park they do not speak. They ought to be dancing Romeo and Juliet.

Today, however, the piece is Cendrillon. The cast is warmed up and in costume, many in padded outfits that give them false bodies. None are made up, though. All will be wearing larger-than-life-size false heads. Chantal Réquena (she plays the Stepmother) holds hers in the crook of her arm like a fencing helmet. It has the bulge-cheeked face of a dyspeptic Kewpie, the face, by God, of Tammy Faye Bakker!

Some already have larger-than-life-size real heads. The chief afflicted are among the strikers. In class, out on the street, here in the theater they display a pouting pomp, a humorless simper, transcending the normal peacocking of dancers. Which, since the circumference of the head varies inversely with the talent of the performer, is another way of saying that the strikers are not, by and large, the troupe's best dancers. Those unlikely, in other words, to get the limelight by dancing may have sought it instead by balking.

Another reason for joining the strike is supplied by Jocelyne Macogni, not in so many words but by clear inference. She shares the role of Cinderella, has talent, and is quite good-looking in the manner of..."
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the young women in diamond ads. She would rather dance classical than contemporary ballet. Too much miming, she says; not enough dance; but what she really objects to are the masks. Why dance the lead if no one can see that it's you?

But whatever this company's woes (or the reasons for them), it is about to give a performance. The stage lights come up, and through a scrim we see . . .

A two-story dollhouse stretches the breadth of the stage, with a hobbyhorse, a kiddie car, a high chair. But now, below, a doll gets up and starts dancing, a saccharine-faced doll with waist-length orange hair. And here come three grumpy dolls, three Kewpies with heartburn, moving at an angular, neurotic prance. They twist their arms; they hunch their beefy shoulders, comic, pathetic, and menacing at the same time. The kids I've been traveling with are transformed.

All performance, of course, is transformation. Performers stop being persons and become personages, according to the conventions of the genre. But in this crazy piece, genres are multiplied, cartoon and comic-strip as well as ballet and fairy-tale. While becoming the smitten Prince in Cinderella, the ebullient Bernard Cauchard has become a refined, Enlightenment-noblemen doll in silk knickers. Anne-Sylvie Gaches, the shyest of the bunch, has become the force that makes love win out over nastiness, a Fairy Godmother as a Star Wars robot doll with a laser-beam wand. Meanwhile, these characters and dolls are also children, an illusion contrived by set, props, and costumes in concert with libretto and choreography. Here we are, for instance, in the ball scene, but it's not a ball. It's a kiddie party, where six-year-olds jump rope and play pattycake, where little Cindy gets trampled in the stampede to a buffet of lolli-
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pops. And, in act 3, the Prince rides his hobbyhorse as he searches the world for the foot that fits a certain slipper.

Most magical of all, for me anyway, the two factions have been transformed into an ensemble whose enmities, where such exist, are only those in the libretto. The process is familiar. It is what, with luck, happens to a squabbling rifle squad or married couple when the enemy or the neighbors drop by, but no matter how often it happens it’s still amazing, and squabbling resumes the instant the outsiders leave. Here, I think, the masks are particularly useful. Pascale, who was on strike, looks at her partner and sees not Francis, who wasn’t, but an animated stuffed doggy with floppy ears.

And the audience is transformed also. Children long to grow up. Fairy tales help them. Cendrillon reverses the process for those in whom the longing is also reversed. Marin and Casanova, Adret and her company (along with Prokofiev, Perrault, and the brothers Grimm) revive our knack of viewing the world with awe and wonder.

The effect is clearer after it’s over; the gift is dearer after it’s been repossessed. The music stops, the cast parades for curtains, yet the transport continues, dancers to dolldom, public to magical childhood. Then, at their second salute, the dolls lift their false heads, become persons again, members of factions, dragging us with them back to the drab bungle of being grown-ups.

Except there is a moment, between return to earth and reclaiming of baggage (of pouting pomp, perhaps, of humorless simper), when dancers and public stay half tranced, with one foot, as it were, in each reality. As on waking from a good dream, we know where we’ve been and that we’re there no longer—three parts joy, two parts sadness for not being able to keep it, except in memory, in memory.

R. M. Koster, the author of *The Dissertations* and other novels, helped found the National Ballet of Panama, in 1967.
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Porter Rhodes diamond. It is a 55-carat, emerald-cut square diamond of exceptional whiteness and clarity, and it draws the highest sum ever bid for a single stone in the United States.

The record stands for almost a whole day. On Wednesday, the market rallies. The auction scene shifts to Christie's, where the focus of attention is Lot 341, "Magnificent pear-shaped diamond pendant," a single, unmounted diamond: 64.83 carats of breathtaking brilliance, sending shafts of light in all directions from its calibrated surface. The bidding narrows to three telephone buyers, and eventually to two. At last, the auctioneer François Curiel taps his hammer at $6,380,000—not just an American auction first, but a world one.

The stone that so quickly snatched the limelight from the Porter Rhodes had been recently mined in Sierra Leone and sold by the London Diamond Corporation to a group of businessmen who, after cutting it, put it on auction: a nameless newcomer making its debut on the diamond market. But what it lacks in history it makes up for in quality. New York's Gem Trade Laboratory, a subsidiary of the respected Gemological Institute of America, which grades diamonds by color from D to Z and by clarity from "flawless" down to "imperfect," gives the stone a "D internally flawless" grading, a heavenly combination that occurs only once in a decade.

When the buyers were identified as Shlomo and Alisa Moussaieff, the world of diamonds was not surprised. The London-based couple have long occupied a solid place in the rarefied society of international diamantaires and their superrich clients, and they mean to stay there. "Every once in a while a gem comes on the market that's so perfect that it will occupy a very special place," says Alisa. "You have got to own these special pieces; then you can show your clients something that will stop them going to the next fellow. We deal in the very, very special: we're not in the shoe business."

While this is true, it is a long-standing inside joke among top jewelers that the Moussaieffs lead a double life. They own and run the London Hilton Jewelers, in the lobby of the Hilton Hotel, on Park Lane. Here the stock consists of jewelry and watches, with prices ranging from a few hundred dollars to a hundred thousand dollars. What the customers do not know is that the real action is in a small back room, where Shlomo and Alisa create dazzling pieces with prices to match. Nothing in the back room sells for less than half a million dollars.

Their new acquisition was mounted in a magnificent necklace consisting entirely of white, pear-shaped flawless diamonds of diminishing size and is now for sale at the Moussaieffs' other store, in Geneva's Hilton Hotel. Alisa will not discuss the price. Nor will she speculate about potential customers: "There's always someone somewhere who is looking for a stone of this size." At a conservative estimate that someone will need to have $10 million to spare, which considerably narrows the field. But that is the Moussaieffs' market. "Almost everyone who is really rich is, or has been, a client," Shlomo Moussaieff declares. "We never advertised. We never made publicity, and we have a turnover—well, I'm not going to tell you what our turnover is."

Nor do the names come readily. Top jewelers take a vow of silence about their customers. Compared to them, Swiss bankers are loose-tongued gossips. Richard Burton bought a diamond bracelet for Elizabeth Taylor, and in her heyday Imelda Marcos was a regular. Stavros Niarchos is mentioned, and so are some senior Jordanians. Others include the late shah of Iran's sisters, Princess Ashraf and Princess Shams. Zsa Zsa Gabor has been a customer on and off for years, and Joan Collins occasionally borrowed jewelry ("The ruby necklace she wore in The Stud was ours," says Alisa). But the Moussaieffs are reticent about their oil-rich Arab clients past and present, who tend to shun publicity.

The mother of three grown daughters—all involved in the family business—Alisa is a handsome woman with lively blue eyes and the somber appearance and brisk manner of a headmistress of a girls boarding school. She wears dark gray skirts, white blouses, sensible shoes, and almost no jewelry—a long amber necklace on one occasion, pearls on another. Born in Vienna, she comes from a Jewish family that emigrated to Jerusalem following the Anschluss, in 1938, when she was a girl.

Alisa's main responsibility is the financial side. Shlomo, who is sixty-four, dark, chatty, and immaculate, concentrates on the design. She talks
about gems as valuable liquid assets and never loses sight of the connection between diamonds and money: "Fine stones are a great deal of money which can be cashed in on a relatively short time in case of need." He is more concerned with diamonds as a girl's best friend, "Men buy the pieces, but I design for women," he declares. "I design with a customer in mind, even when there isn't one, and I try to imagine how the piece will look on her." Shlomo was born in Jerusalem and after twenty-five years of living in London still has a tendency to become entangled with English syntax.

A jeweler of the old school, he thinks—and talks—of little other than his trade. It is a way of life with him. This is not surprising, for—by his own account—he is married in the jewelry business. His family have been jewelers for over 800 years. In the thirteenth century, one of his ancestors—incidentally, a brother of Maimonides, the Sephardic Jewish philosopher—worked in the court of Genghis Khan in Central Asia. He even dreams of jewelry. "You dream a combination," he says, "and you go to work quickly in the morning to put it together before it disappears."

In their pursuit of what Alisa calls "the special and the different," the Moussiaffs pioneered the use of colored diamonds on a grand scale. The approach has built-in supply headaches, not helped by the gems' growing popularity. A DeBeers spokesman in London said the number of what the trade refers to as "fine, fancy colored diamonds" mined each year was too small to be expressed as a percentage of total production. And Benjamin Zucker (see box), a leading New York gem expert, calculates that "perhaps one in a hundred thousand diamonds" qualifies as a fine, fancy colored stone.

Just as a pearl is the result of an abnormal growth inside an oyster, a colored diamond is the result of an impurity in the stone. The rarest colored diamonds are red, blue, and green. An intense red diamond is virtually unobtainable. Scientists and gemologists are not even sure what produces the color. Natural blue diamonds are well known to contain boron, and most yellow colors in a diamond relate to some extent to the presence of nitrogen in the stone, but red is still a puzzle. In the past couple of years, pink and yellow stones have become more readily available because of supplies from the new Argyle mine, in western Australia.

The appeal, of course, is not simply decorative. "With colored diamonds you have a genuine rarity market," says Simon Teakle, of the Christie's London jewelry department. "White diamonds are a controlled market, but the value of colored diamonds is not regulated by the same market forces: it's in the beauty and rarity of the stone."

Alisa Moussiaff complains of the spiraling cost of maintaining adequate stocks of good-quality "fancy coloreds." She says, "Everything that comes on the market gets eaten up instantly." In April of last year, she bid unsuccessfully at another Christie's auction in New York for an extremely rate, circular-cut purplish-red 0.95-carat diamond (a carat is .2 grams). The winning bid was an unprecedented $880,000, or seven times more than was paid for a comparable diamond auctioned in May 1980.

Old stones supplemen the meager fresh supplies from the mines. Years ago, the Moussiaffs journeyed regularly to India to buy colored diamonds from the collections of maharajas, but that source of supply has long since dried up. When the Shah of Iran was unseated by the ayatollah Khomeini, nine years ago, the couple, like many other jewelers, discreetly approached his wife, hoping to buy some of the fabulous Pahlavi colored diamonds. "An important stone," explains Shlomo, "comes once in a lifetime, and any big-time jeweler knows where most of the big ones are. I make a practice of calling my clients to ask them if it happens that they want to sell back any of the important pieces I sold them."

Shlomo needs the important stones as centerpieces for the designs he creates in the small, windowless room behind his store. On a typical working morning, he begins by pouring out the contents of several envelopes onto the table. Soon, small piles of tiny and not so tiny diamonds—yellow, pink, and white ones—blaze under the strip lighting overhead.

On closer examination the stones turn out to be in a variety of shapes and sizes: oval, pear-shaped, emerald-cut, marquise, and brilliant. Larger single stones—some the size of small marbles—stand on white paper. One is a very pale blue; another, yellow-brown ("champagne," to the trade); still another, light green. "I just spread all I have on the table, and then I play with them until a design takes shape," Shlomo explains as he rummages through the piles with the nonchalance of someone looking for a missing piece of a jigsaw puzzle.

Gradually, as he rolls the stones around on the white-paper background, a necklace begins to emerge—a yellow heart-shaped stone surrounded by white and yellow marquise diamonds, with
he next phase in the creative process is the designing of a mounting—if the pattern survives the next day's critical scrutiny, which it often does not. In a process that sometimes takes weeks, the Plasticine pad is studied, discussed, altered. A design can be converted from a necklace into a watch-braclet, and then back into a necklace. After literally years of husbanding heart-shaped diamonds in a variety of colors and sizes, Shlomo Moussaieff recently decided that he had enough to design a piece. But what? The result was a pair of earrings consisting of a cascade of hearts, each one terminating with a 9-carat pink diamond.

What about fakes and artificially colored stones? he is asked. Shlomo shrugs off the question. "The eye becomes so trained that you can spot a fake among a million stones. When you have been in the business as long as I have, a fake will scream at you."

His father, a prominent Jerusalem eem merchant, was a stern disciplinarian who took it for granted that Shlomo would follow in his footsteps. "When I was six," Moussaieff recalls, "he would give me a pile of diamonds to sort out and grade. One mistake, and he would tip the diamonds back into a pile and make me start all over. I learned fast that way."

For escape, Shlomo roamed the untended archaeological sites and ancient burial grounds in and around Jerusalem, picking up ancient coins and pottery, which he sold for pocket money. A profitable boyhood interest became an enduring passion, and if his jeweler's roots had not run so deep, Shlomo would have been happy to become an archaeologist. As it is, the Moussaieff apartment, on Grosvenor Square across from the American embassy, contains a modest-size museum of ancient relics, statues, and artifacts, a collection ranging from puzzling statues in polished stone from Ararat, the mountain in

Would Tiffany sell its great canary?

It is estimated that, should it ever be put up for sale, the Tifft Diamond—the largest canary diamond in the world (Connoisseur. December 1987)—would go for about $15 million. Tiffany, however, says that the 12-carat stone "is not being considered for selling at the present time." But, they add, "we don't have a crystal ball." The diamond can be seen through May 6 at the American Museum of Natural History, where it is part of the exhibition "Tiffany: 150 Years of Gems and Jewels." Normally, it is on display at Tiffany & Co.

Expert advice on buying colored diamonds, whether at auction or in a fine jewelry store, can be had from Benjamin Zucker of the Precious Stones Company, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 (212-519-0024). "The overall question," he explains, "is the quality of the color of the stone." Good sources for colored stones:

Fred Feldmesser, 5 Chauncey Street, Cambridge, MA 02138 (617-491-0929). "Buying colored diamonds takes patience," says Feldmesser. "You don't find the stone; it finds you. Fine colored stones are quite rare, but well worth the wait." A pink diamond of excellent quality will cost $50,000 and up, for stones of a carat or more.

Gill & Shortell, 210 Post Street, Suite 612, San Francisco, CA (415-989-8556). Joseph Gill and Richard Shortell offer their services in the selective buying and selling of fine stones, including colored diamonds.

Harry Winston, Inc., 715 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212-845-2000), and at 24 Quai General Guisan, Geneva 1204 (41-22-233-1000), carries a large selection of colored diamonds at $50,000 to $500,000 a carat. Recent sales have included a pair of blue diamonds for $2 million and a pair of orange, blue, yellow, and pink diamonds for $350,000.

Agnew, 105-6b New Bond Street, London W1A 3GJ (36796-7365), and 725 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212-869-1511), specializes in jewelry set with canary diamonds, a rose-shaped brooch, for instance, set with pave canary and white diamonds, for about $60,000, and a canary-and-white-diamond necklace, for around a million.

The 55-carat, emerald-cut Porter Rhodes diamond—discovered at Kimberley in 1880—for which a record $3,850,000 was paid in 1987.
A colored diamond is the result of an impurity. Red ones are virtually unobtainable.

eastern Turkey where Noah's Ark is supposed to have come to rest after the Flood, to early Judaica.

Stuck for an idea, he will go to the dining room and contemplate the fine terra-cotta bust of the Palmyran queen Helena (2,000 B.C., give or take a century). Her five different strands of necklace have provided the basis for more than one Moussaieff design, as have her nine rings and her pearl-drop earrings. Not that Queen Helena is his only such source of inspiration. Earlier this year, he made a $3 million necklace with a blue diamond pendant the color of very deep Mediterranean water. Around the stone are set leaves formed from minute green diamonds and bunches of grapes composed of white diamonds. These motifs are based on illuminations on an ancient Jewish marriage contract hanging at the Moussaieff home.

In spite of his innovative use of colored diamonds, however, Moussaieff's approach to his ancient craft is traditionalist. He believes the impact should be in the overwhelming quality of the stones themselves. "The Western approach to jewelry today is still based on Greco-Roman culture," he says. "Our basic working methods haven't changed much, even if the technology has developed. But isn't woman's taste traditionalist?" Fashions change, but woman's taste remains the same. She wants the beautiful necklace, the earrings that frame her face. Avant-garde designers are out of step with what women want."

Some time after Shlomo and Alisa were married, when the latter was eighteen, the London property developer Charles Clore offered them the jewelry store in his soon-to-be-opened London Hilton, overlooking Hyde Park. They opened the London Hilton Jewelers in the summer of 1963, and their timing could hardly have been better. The Middle East oil boom was just beginning, and with it the biggest luxury-spending spree the Western world has ever experienced. Oil-rich Arabs from the Gulf virtually colonized Mayfair, the golden square mile between Hyde Park and Berkeley Square. For years, the Hilton was an Arab home-away-from-home, and the Moussaieff jewelry store was strategically placed to benefit from the remarkable explosion of Middle Eastern wealth.

As one former London Hil-

ton staffer put it, perhaps rather cynically, "For the Arabs, the Hilton Jewelers was a required port-of-call both on arrival and on departure. When they arrived they were looking for expensive bangles for their girlfriends, and when they were leaving it was expensive gifts for their wives back home." Looking back on twenty boom years, Shlomo Moussaieff observes, "It was my luck to be in the right place at the right time."

To keep up with the increasing competition, the Moussaieffs began to design special high-priced pieces, increasingly using fancy colored diamonds to catch the eye of their less conservative Middle Eastern customers. Gradually, the back-room business overtook the store in importance, until the latter became "a good address, that's all," says Shlomo. "We didn't really need it." Rich, regular customers dropped by to discuss both their requirements and their personal problems with the Moussaieffs, both of whom speak fluent Arabic. One Gulf ruler asked them to purchase a house nearby on his behalf so that he could walk to the shop for a chat whenever he was in town.

Following the collapse of world oil prices, the bloom is off the Arab rose, and many London traders have been hit hard by the sharp drop in business. The Moussaieffs maintain that they still have their core of Middle Eastern clients, "serious collectors who will always be open to the suggestion of a stone offered at the right price," says Alisa. All the same, the couple have their eyes on new markets. "The clientele is shifting very much toward Australia, Hong Kong, Korea—and especially Japan," says Alisa. "Until recently, everyone thought the Japanese bought only very fine but small pieces. But taste is changing, and they are now getting interested in bigger pieces." Alisa believes that her main challenger in the bidding for the Christie's Lot 341 was a Japanese. "It's very much in the cards these days to go to Japan with a collection and meet some buyers," she goes on. "I wonder what phrase the Japanese would use to describe a 'flawless, pear-shaped diamond pendant.' "

Roland Flamini, a journalist living in London, is the author of Ava: A Biography of Ava Gardner.
Finding the divine spark in the details of old masters

During the birth of a great painting there often comes a moment when the artist reaches for the infinite and captures the intimate. The result is an instant when brilliance takes flight from duty and astonishes logic—a sudden banquet of light materializing upon a square of canvas. Look, and you may see revelations in paint of a hidden muse.

They are akin to those ironies that lend color to a pianist’s tone, weight to a poet’s breath, or luminosity to a sculptor’s mass. Their harmonics are sometimes whispered with authority, or sometimes concealed, like Poe’s famous purloined letter, in bold openness, as calligraphies of heart and thumb, the signatures of a painter’s zeal.

There was Marc Chagall in Paris, loping in delight about the Gobelins Tapestry Works, where his blues and violets and golds took shape on a loom. He paused, wriggled one hand at a patch of light upon the warp and woof, and exclaimed, “That! That is better than Tiepolo!” Then he slapped his mouth and rolled his eyes in parody of penitence after blasphemy. But he meant exactly what he said.

Each such area has a life of its own, a musical passage that plays upon the deepest chords of an artist’s faith, a tuneful meditation in which poet addresses poet. Thus, Luis de Góngora y Argote, who posed for Velázquez and inspired Picasso and Juan Gris, spoke of “a bit of canvas taking sparks of life with every tinted stroke its thirst consumes.” Better yet is Percy Shelley’s little masterpiece “As you speak, your words/Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep/With shapes.”

Precisely. Not word by word, but pause by pause, half intended, half dreamt: not abstracted, but generated from within. The eye coaxes and caresses. An inch of sable or bristle dabs, feints, slashes, soothes. The epiphany takes place.

Paul Waldo Schwartz, a writer and critic who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the author of several books on art.
First they dismissed his prestidigitations of light as “astigmatic.” Later, they tucked the marvel in under the soft stylistic canopy of “mannerism.” Yet Domenikos Theotokopoulos is the most avant-garde of old masters, the acolyte of spirit in the flesh who still offends the fastidious.

Once, during the artist’s period of Rome and youth, a certain Giulio Clovio found him at home seated in drape-darkened solitude while all the city was en fête. “He would not come out with me,” Clovio recalled, “because the daylight disturbed his inner light.”

Inner light it was. The mythic flame of Crete, the liquid revelations of Venice, the intensive earth of Castille, at last blended with air—the element of intellect beyond language—to erupt in the miracle that is light itself. Jerusalem became an Adriatic dream; scripture revolved into a caldron of color. A garment rose as a pillar of flame, and a sleeve exploded with a power beyond historical dimension—the one that caused the poet Richard Crashaw to speak of such a phenomenon:

_We who strangely went astray,/Lost in a bright/Meridian night,/A Darkness made of too much day._
Look hard for the signs of magic.

**PAUL CÉZANNE**

*Seated Woman in Blue* (1902-06)

The Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.

Call it a confrontation of ego and sublimity. Somewhere in every French family of stature there is to be found an aunt who holds absolute views on inadmissible behavior, who lends to indignation the volume of sculpture, who is the bedrock of every cynicism Balzac ever penned, and who never removes her hat.

When this vault of stolidity collides with a Cézanne, the conventions of portraiture (the sort Whistler described as a picture of someone in which something is wrong with the mouth) oppose the highest and deepest calculi of mind and soul.

Let us not discuss Cézanne’s spheres, cylinders, and cones here, or wonder how he rendered his astrophysical apples and landscapes into spirit through the purest exercise of classical genius. No, let us merely follow the volumes and cerebrations made possible by the fullness of a petticoat to arrive at a marvel of intelligent exasperation. A cascade of color, disguised as a spray of posies, erupts from the brim of a hat and rises into the outer atmosphere, propelled by the twin founts of Impressionism and prophecy.
Wherever brisk trade and plump prosperity encounter a distinct drop in the atmospheric pressure of religious zeal, public portraiture results. This would prove as true one day for Thomas Gainsborough in London, with his powdered honorables, as for Frans Hals in Haarlem, with his cavaliers and burghers who came to sit for their “likeness” in their beards and frills. It was the frills that proffered hope of poetic depth.

Lace and linen had a flirtatious way with the chill glazes of lowland light: a chance to offer something pure and purposeful to the muse while delighting the painter’s own hand and eye, until suddenly, out of the dance of brush and pigment, as out of the very stuffs of North Sea commerce, a lightning bolt of purest Zen alacrity emerges. It shows up as no less than a dab and glimmer of delectation and revelation, or, to paraphrase William Blake’s famous lines, heaven in a swatch of suede, eternity in the digits of a glove.
Inner parts, like fingerprints...

Philip IV of Spain never knew that his trusted court painter was the epitome of the artist as double agent. In the pay of the Spanish crown, Diego Velázquez was more truly the servant of a higher power, to which he vouchsafed visual sublimities in a sword hilt or love letters in a sleeve.

In his hands, baubles became meditations; sequins turned to rhyme. Yet, when Velázquez confronted Luis Góngora—the author whose poetry would centuries later inspire Juan Gris's Cubist labors—poet met poet in unadorned silence.

This time the rhythm turned andante moderato. The temperature dropped to a crystalline chill. The painter's hand moved with a surgical equipoise until, within the quiet, brooding passage of a brow, a landscape of unspoken eloquence rose from the lunar deeps of poetry into the light and life of day.
The year was 1840. Queen Victoria and the prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha launched the I-and-Albert experience. Tchaikovsky was born. Delacroix progressed. Hence, Romanticism was in bloom. Émile Zola was also born that year, and so was Monet. Thus, realism and Impressionism were yet to be. At the same time, J. M. W. Turner—Romantic, realist, and Impressionist all at once—confounded category, trumped history, and astonished the world.

Turner, who had himself strapped to the mast, the better to observe a storm at sea, was a Prospero among painters, a magician of the tempest. William Hazlitt, who missed the point, quipped that Mr. Turner paints "nothing, and very like." Turner might well have replied—with Prospero,

*I have bedimm'd*

*The noontime sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,*

*And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault*

*Set roaring war.*
The hand that wields the brush jabs, pauses, returns, fondles, considers, and caresses, until an image at last flusters and vibrates into being. She is all the Belindas and Celia of the eighteenth century, an archetype of grace by birth and by artifice, magicked with the fingertips. As Alexander Pope put it,

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

That is why the young Fragonard returned to Paris from Italy with scant thought of Michelangelo but with Tiepolo in his heart. Upon such scintillating threads of hue and rhyme, one art inevitably mirrors another.

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

Captivated, the eye draws closer, through the looking glass of sensual discretion, past chaste revels of tone and motion, to discover a maelstrom of silk, an imbroglio of fabric and puppy fur surprised by timelessness, wherein coquetry turns cosmic. Again, Pope saw it all:

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolve'd in light.
Delacroix once said, "The first virtue of a painting is to be a feast for the eyes." And Henri Matisse is thought of as our century's prime exponent of that devotion.

Yet, there is an abiding other side to this poet. He conjured up lyricism as a language of meditation, and elegance as a medium of profundity. Matisse was the most cerebral of the sensualists and the most sensual among the spiritual. He evoked a resonance that shades the velvet curve and invoked a prayer beyond the odalisque: echoes of light and line that turn simplicity to luxury and complexity to clarity. He was a prince of paradox.

Straight lines are not associated with Matisse, or the color black. Yet, here, he juggled both as participants in a lavish exercise in lyric irony. Amid a sea of space and flesh and color along the Seine, these opulent severities—as vertical as harp strings—become a living lock or passage between dimensions of distance and proximity, a corridor of light that reconciles the ardor of the colorist and the chill reserve of a patrician soul.
and the soul of grand masters.

It is said that Turner once lauded Constable, saying, "This is not art; this is magic." To which Constable replied, "It was meant as art." The two functions—evocation and exaltation—have often blended in the internal history of painting. But in the late self-portraits of Rembrandt van Rijn both are surpassed.

These portraits preside as both definitive statement and sphinxian riddle, a challenge and a consummation that overwhelm all else. No two versions ever quite articulate the human mystery in precisely the same way. Each knows its own inflection of light, its own intimation of symbol, its own, pitiless confrontation with mind and flesh.

In Paris, the brush and palette ignite as galaxies of meditation. In Washington, the eyes gaze directly through you at any angle of inspection. At the Frick, the presence rises, frontal and most sphinxian of all, until the enthralled eye draws closer—by command, not invitation—to a hand that is sculpture in bronze, to a painter's smock that is a raiment of light and bears a mere shoulder strap, wherein a nova blazes up before a tenebrous universe of spiritual space.
Impeccable delicacy in the hand of power is the medium of justice as of art.

And since Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes lived in a place and time where justice was invisible and art besieged by history, the hand struck beyond beauty to the blood and bone of Spain—"that Spain which," in Jean Cocteau's words, "from one age to another, sets fire to what it loves, that phoenix which burns itself in order to survive."

Embodying this irony, the Camarás was intelligible and bearable only in a land where time had stopped and where death formed the black ground for rituals of choreography and blood. Goya observed and composed with uncanny accuracy. His was a power of participation that assumed the rhythm of grace and violence in the dust, in the thrust on into the very crowd where anatomy vanishes before a fusillade of color to become a bouquet of pure tension and hysteria, tossed up as motion and transmogrified as light.

Did you notice where the hidden muse is in the paintings? If not, turn to page 108.
Is There an Honest Man in Antiques?

You bet. He is Sam Pennington of the Maine Antique Digest

By Patricia Lynden
Photographs by Randy Matusow
Now and then, Steve Fletcher does get awfully sick of antiques. As auctioneer and head of the Americana department at Skinner, New England’s largest auction house, Fletcher says of his line of work, “It is a business that’s all-consuming and takes up much too much of one’s time.” But even on one of those days when he “can’t stand to look at another antique,” he adds, “I’ll take home the Maine Antique Digest. And what do I do? I take it out on the porch and start reading it.”

That’s just about everybody who is serious about antiques does, for among the dozen or so publications that cover the antiques scene, only the Digest (circulation: 23,000) tells what really goes on in that unregu- lated world where outrageously high amounts are routinely asked for and shelled out for objects that have little intrinsic value. And it does so without the least obeisance to its advertisers. For fourteen years, Sam Pennington, the big, affable founder, owner, and editor of the gitty little black-and-white tabloid, has reported—really reported—the buying and selling that goes on among the rogues and fools and honest men and women who are the soul of the antiques trade.

M.A.D.’s format may make it look like “a tombstone,” as one reader put it, and it may read “like a church newsletter,” at times full of “long, driively articles,” as others have said, but Sam does not intend to change anything. Financially, the Digest is enormously successful. It did $1.5 million in ad sales and circulation last year and has made Sam wealthy. Perhaps more to the point, he does not like slick packaging; he feels it patronizes readers. Pennington also knows that if he spent time editing each piece, he would not be able to publish stories as soon as he does after they break.

Still, it is hard to imagine how anyone could come up with such a paper. Unlike most editors, who save the best for first, Sam fills his newspaper pages with whatever he has on hand at the moment. Consequently, the most important story in any issue is, often as not, hidden away on, say, page 8 under a maddeningly dull and uninformative headline like “Fragments.” One develops a special technique for reading M.A.D. Take a recent major story about an enormous and questionable profit made on a folk-art-painting sale that ran on page 10—that it did make the A section of last March’s issue. Had it come earlier, it might have gone back to the D or E parts, because the paper’s sections go to press in reverse order. The way to tackle it was to scan the first paragraph for a rough idea of what the piece was about and then skip perhaps to the third paragraph, drop down to the sixth, then on to the eighth and the fourteenth paragraphs, before jumping over to the eighteenth, the bottom of the twentieth, and finally the fortieth and fifty-first. By then you would have had a pretty good idea of what had happened, who the characters were, and how the issues were playing out. After that, you could move forward, backward, or around in circles, for details, including, in case you were interested, some totally extraneous information about the hospitalization of one of its principals and what medication he was taking.

Yet, in spite of its peculiarities, M.A.D. comes out monthly in seven thick, ad-rich sections totaling 260 pages and is read avidly and thoroughly as much for its ads—some 500, scattered throughout all sections—its classifieds, and its show calendars as it is for its editorial content.

Once you meet Sam, you see how only he could come up with such an eccentric little paper. Dressed, as always, in old khakis, open-neck shirt, and high-top L. L. Bean shoes, he shows you around the three stories of the attractive new Digest building, on Main Street in Waldoboro, Maine (population: 4,000). As he walks, he talks—of everything. He tells you far more than you want to know about every one of the antiques he has around, speaks proudly of the dental plan he recently added to his employees’ benefits, recalls one salmon years ago that he fished for—“caught and threw back about thirty times”—and describes with feeling the grinding poverty suffered by many Maine natives. And suddenly it all becomes clear. The Digest is a literal extension of the man: homey, unpretentious, far-reaching, principled, talkative, and ultimately likable. It is no surprise that he has no competition.

What is surprising is the route Sam took to arrive at his fat little trade paper. He served twenty-one years as an air-force officer and Vietnam bombardier. Yet, he turns out to be a born newsman. He has the requisite nose for skulduggery and the irreverence to follow stories wherever they lead—even if they touch the all-important advertisers, who could harm his enterprise, and despite complaints around the trade that publicizing wrongdoers is bad for business. Of course, and for good, business reasons, Sam covers the auction scene, dutifully reporting on the merchandise and the prices it brings; that is the bread and butter of the antiques world. But what Sam loves most and does best is to find and break investigative stories, many of them of national significance, which the general press then discovers in M.A.D. Sam loves to tell about the crooks and fakes and other forms of chicanery that the antiques business inspires, and he does it often and in the most marvelous detail.

It was he who got and kept the inside track on the decade’s best forgery story. Mark Hofmann, the Mormon church member and Salt Lake City rare-documents dealer, forged several embarrassing “early church” letters, which he sold to Mormon church officials. He also forged the “Oath of a Freeman,” a lost document and the first work ever printed in this country. To avoid detection, Hofmann murdered with pipe bombs two people. Sam’s correspondent David Hewett, one of M.A.D.’s two full-time reporters, wrote exhaustive stories about Hofmann’s brilliant forgeries, coverage that left the major dailies far in his wake. Since the forgeries fooled top experts, Sam cheerfully ran some long letters to the editor from the fooled experts themselves.

There was one tasteless and “driively” lapse in the coverage, a result of Sam’s idiosyncratic practice of never editing his writers. At the end of one article, Hewett opined that “the ultimate tragedy” of the affair was that the authenticity of every document that ever passed through Hofmann’s hands might forever “be under a cloud.” An outraged Digest reader felt compelled to write
a letter pointing out that the ultimate tragedy of the Hofmann affair was that two people lost their lives.

Sam also broke the story in 1979 of Steven Straw, the Newburyport, Massachusetts, art-gallery owner who had a thriving business selling to art investors interests in paintings that were not his to sell. One of his marks was Robert Petersen, a Los Angeles magazine publisher and himself a gallery owner, who thought he had bought from Straw for $3.5 million a piece of Rembrandt’s Man Holding a Black Hat—that is, until he read that the oil tycoon Armand Hammer had just purchased the whole thing from its real owner for $2 million. M.A.D. went on to run a sidebar about an earlier big-time con man—art dealer named Frank Heller. In the mid-1970s, he had bilked millions from rich Beverly Hills residents, gone to jail, gotten out, and convinced several of them that he was reformed. Then he bilked them again. One of his victims was none other than Robert Petersen, who apparently learned little by being burned once; he claimed $600,000 in losses from Heller and a total of $7 million from Straw.

Another M.A.D. scoop was the curious case in 1986 of the Chicago auction of many fine pieces of early American furniture that the Henry Ford Museum, in Dearborn, Michigan, was deaccessioning. A New York dealer, Dean Levy, seems to have been the only person who did his homework. He bought a dozen lots for what amounts to small change in the antiques business and quickly began to turn them over for enormous profits. A table, picked up for $18,000, sold for around $200,000; four chairs he bought for $500 brought Levy $30,000. The gem of the sale was a rare eighteenth-century sofa that Israel Sack, probably the top antique-furniture firm in the country, had sold to Henry Ford back in 1929 for $12,500. Although Sack sent someone to the auction, he did not seem to realize what he was looking at and did not bid. Levy got the sofa for $16,500 and happily crowed that he would have no trouble selling it for over $1 million.

The Digest reported the story exclusively; it was months before the Detroit News caught up with the doings right in its own backyard. Still, Sam felt that his story “got only the tip of the iceberg.” Why, for example, did so many smart, experienced, and knowledgeable people—museum staffs, antiques dealers, collectors—fail to see the true worth of the furniture? With his usual thoroughness, Sam got and printed the answer a few issues later. The Ford curators, it seems, did not give the auctioneer accurate information on the pieces that went to the block. Consequently, their value was difficult to assess. Also, they were mismarked. Major-league antiques like those should have gone to auction in New York, where the market has access to the richest, big-time collectors, as Dean Levy clearly proved. Sam then drew the right conclusion, one that other trade publishers rarely print. The
whole episode pointed to a condition that baffles outsiders who think that dealers, curators, and auctioneers at this level have a grip on their market. Not so, says Sam: “Knowledge is still the biggest problem in this business.” If Sam can be said to have a mission, it is to fix that problem.

To do that he depends heavily on his wife, Sally, who takes care of the paper’s business side. A small woman with a sense of humor, who wears no makeup and dresses functionally and plainly, in skirts, cotton blouses, and loafers, Sally is the one who keeps Sam’s love of a good story from getting him into trouble. “Are you sure about that?” she often asks in her Louisiana accent, “Is that your opinion, or is that what they said? If not, take it out.” And Sam has the good sense to listen to her.

They met in a class at Texas Christian University while Sam, a twenty-eight-year-old air-force officer and Johns Hopkins graduate, was stationed nearby and Sally, a young teacher not long out of Louisiana State University, was working in Fort Worth. “We found we had two things in common,” says Sally, who is now fifty-six. “We both understood the word ‘liberty’ to refer to a defunct magazine, and we both liked to read at the table. We still do it.” Then, laughing as she watches her listener try to imagine a thirty-year marriage of silent meals, she adds in her drawl that their five children also read while they eat. “When they were growing up we had two rules. They couldn’t do it if we had company, and they couldn’t do it on Thanksgiving or Christmas.” The rest of the time, no one talked at the table? “Oh, no,” she replied. “We’d read aloud to each other any time someone found something interesting.” Among the topics they must have found interesting were social and political matters. Since leaving the air force, the Penningtons have both become committed liberals, and Sally is an outspoken feminist.

They came to the world of antiques several years before Sam retired from the military and the family moved to Waldoboro, where he and Sally had bought a Federal-period house. Their intention was to teach school. Sam, from a prominent Baltimore family that had fallen on hard times, had grown up with antiques but never paid much attention to them. The Penningtons discovered they were dealers, however, when they decided to sell the Victorian furnishings the house had come with. What they wanted was appropriate period country pieces. In those days, the attics of Maine still held many treasures, and the Penningtons began to find them. Soon they opened a shop in Bangor, which Sally ran while Sam went out in search of stock. Soon, too, the venture ended. Sally had more than she could handle with “four little kids running at the heel,” an absent husband, and tourists who stopped in, dripping their ice-cream cones all over everything, with no notion of what they were looking for or at but always, it seemed, with the same question: “Why is everything in here so old?”

The fact that there was no inexpensive, efficient way to advertise, and no reliable price guides, gave Sam the idea for the Digest. It took a single, $2,500 investment. For the first three years, while Sally and Sam put out the paper from their kitchen table and the children helped with the mailings, Sam’s comfortable air-force major’s pension supported the family. Then the paper began to profit. Today, with 23,000 subscribers, M A D. reaches 90 percent of the high-end dealers and collectors. Sam says that in fact no one has a clue how many antiques dealers there are, although the volume of business is believed to hit $10 billion a year.

At $490 a full page, Sam’s ad rates are low enough that small dealers, the backbone of the industry and of his business, can
afford to advertise. The Digest long ago extended its circulation and coverage beyond the boundaries of Maine. Though its focus has always been Americana, there are regular reports from abroad and subscribers in every state, as well as Canada, England, France, Japan, Austria, Ireland, Denmark, Mexico, and Spain. The Digest is putting all five Pennington children through college and has paid for its own new building, an off-white, post-and-beam structure that is one of the architectural grace notes of Waldoboro. Now, it is financing a new house for Sam and Sally.

In an unregulated business where an object's value is determined solely by how much a buyer is willing to pay for it, price is understandably a sensitive matter among dealers. "You walk down Madison Avenue," Sam notes, "and you simply do not see prices on antiques. Dealers just hate to talk publicly about their prices, because they are composed of so many factors." Even so, one of Sam's first decisions for M.A.D. was to publish prices and the names of buyers. "When we first started, the antiques people would phone us and say, 'You mustn't print that I bought that piece at auction, and you mustn't print the price I paid, either, because my customer will never forgive me.'" One major dealer, the late John Walton of Connecticut, strongly hinted that he would organize a boycott of M.A.D.'s ad pages. But Sam remembered his own frustration during his dealer days. Prices—as long as they were someone else's—were one bit of information Sam's readers were most eager to have. So he printed them.

That decision has brought major change to what Sam calls "the rigid hierarchical structure" of the business. The antiques trade, he explains, depends largely on the buying and selling that goes on between dealers. The person at the bottom is, and always has been, the "picker"—the local man who goes door to door with his beat-up truck asking people if they have old things to sell. Usually, he is a financially marginal, seat-of-the-pants operator. Fifteen years ago, Sam says, "whatever the picker brought in on any day he had to sell that night in order to get enough money to go back and buy the next day. He didn't know much about what he was buying, and he was at the mercy of the next-higher dealer, who paid him very little. That dealer had his list of dealers who traveled around looking for merchandise, and they, in turn, had New York dealers they saved things for." Prices escalated as they went up the line, and the best pieces made it to New York, where they found the most affluent collectors.

With accurate price information available, everyone got smart. Now pickers and small dealers have a better idea of what their merchandise is worth. To get the market price, they often go directly to auction. Ironically, the picker has not gained much. Though he is now wiser, the number of treasure-filled attics has declined and his pickings today are slim.
One big story, which Sam broke just three months ago, illustrates further why dealers are so sensitive about prices. This one—written by Sam together with Lita Solis-Cohen, M.A.D.'s other full-time reporter besides Hewett—is about Lucinda Leard of Warren, Ohio, who sold an inherited folk-art portrait of two of her ancestors to the New York and Connecticut dealers Marjorie and David Schorsch for $180,000. The painting, done in 1799 by John Brewster, Jr., one of New England's premier portrait painters of the period, went to the auction block at Sotheby's, where it sold last January for a record $852,500. Mrs. Leard is suing the dealers, claiming "willful and material misrepresentations" in the purchase of the picture, and the court has ordered the money put into escrow pending a hearing. This may well be the landmark case that will decide a central and sensitive issue that surrounds prices.

The core question of the story is, of course, whether the dealers knew the real value of the painting when they bought it and, if so, whether they were obligated to say so. The details are important. The Schorsches paid Mrs. Leard an asking price that she had formulated after consulting William Currier's Currier's Price Guide to American Artists, 1645-1945, at Aucton and William Currier himself. She knew that her sister had given the companion portrait to the Penn State art museum, where it was appraised at $75,000. She knew also that no Brewster had ever sold for the price she wanted. What she did not know was that the two portraits were Brewster's masterpieces. At the time, Currier didn't know it, either. Currier, a forty-one-year-old ex-teacher of the handicapped, is a sometime art dealer whose first price guide was published just three years ago. Inexperienced though he was, he did not demur when Mrs. Leard asked him to sign as her paid adviser and agent. In that capacity, he contacted Bert and Gail Savage (also named as defendants), a New Hampshire dealer couple, who were knowledgeable about folk art and had helped him with his guide. The Savages brought in the Schorsches, who, they said, knew John Brewster's work and were interested in buying it.

Although the Savages told Currier that they would collect their fee from the Schorsches, he still failed to grasp that they had put their interests with the Schorsches and that both pairs of dealers stood to gain from the lowest-possible purchase price. When the Schorsches met Currier and Mrs. Leard for the first time, after they flew by chartered plane to her Ohio home, they brought with them a packing crate just the size of the painting and a certified check for $180,000. Currier and Mrs. Leard must have been delighted that the sale was so fast and clean, that they got their price without a hassle, and that it was so much money.

Perhaps today they are consoled by the knowledge that the rest of us may one day thank them for raising in court a troubling and crucial question: Does the principle "Let the buyer beware" have a counterpart for sellers? Lawyers will most certainly thank them.

One month after the restraining order that tied up the picture's sale profits and began a legal wrangle that has no end in sight, M.A.D. estimated the attorneys' fees at $30,000 and mounting. Parenthetically, the only other trade paper that comes close to Sam's in circulation, Antiques & the Arts Weekly, which is boosterish to the trade, carried nothing on the folk-art-portrait story until after Sam broke it. Then again, it did not cover the Hofmann or the Ford Museum stories, either.

Given such a potent little paper, you would think Sam has many enemies. If he does, they stay well hidden. A dozen calls found only one detractor: Bernard Levy, the father and partner of Dean Levy, who did so well at the Ford Museum auction, thinks Sam's stories are "vicious" and "antidealer" and says he has been misquoted. Apart from Levy, it is hard to find a substantive critic. How can one revile an honest man publicly? When he slips up, Sam anguishes in public and makes amends. Last May, for example, his reporter the respected Lita Solis-Cohen acted unprofessionally at an important Christie's auction where a rare eighteenth-century secretary was on the block with a reserve price of $2 million. It did not sell. Solis-Cohen, who Sam says "was talking when she should have been listening," was overheard passing scuttlebutt about the secretary that suggested it was actually two pieces that had been joined. Although Christie's blamed her for the fact that no one bid on it, Sam took the position that it didn't sell because the reserve price was too high. Nonetheless, though he never considered firing Solis-Cohen, in the next issue he ran a long apology for his correspondent's slipup, even adding a cover line that said, "Our Face Is Red."

"This business has all the elements necessary for good stories," a rumintive Sam was saying one afternoon as he swiveled in his desk chair, his hands folded behind his head. "It has greed, lots of money, lust for the objects. It has everything but sex, and that's because there isn't time enough in the day for that with these people." He surveyed his own, personal hodgepodge of relatively inexpensive antiques. He doesn't collect seriously; that could cause a conflict of interest. Rather, he has a bunch of acquisitions from the many different "kicks" he's gone on over the years. There was the Empire sofa, with its auction number still hanging off one arm; a kilim in not very good condition; the good-quality neoclassical sculpture of the current kick, which Sally can't stand; the antique toys; the interesting fragments of who knows what that have pleasing shapes; and what Sam calls the "dead-fish genre" paintings the only a fisherman could love. A truck rumbled up Main Street, and Sam turned ninety degrees in his chair to watch it out the window. He was feeling relaxed after his midday jog. "We just tell the stories. That's all we do. And we're right out there on the edge. Yes." Indeed. □

Patricia Lyndon is a writer and editor in New York.
Handmade and very expensive
SILK AND LACE

By Sari Gilbert

Once upon a time, women dressed as carefully for
sleep as they did for dinner. They cared about
their underclothes, choosing them for their rich-
ness of embroidery and lace trim, the fine weave
of silk, batiste, or linen. Undressed, they luxuri-
ated in the intimate finery, knowing how ele-
gant it looked, how delicious was its touch, how
provocative its suggestion.

These indulgences, long absent from fashion,
are coming back into favor. The renewed taste
for elegance is evident in luxury shopwindows
everywhere. Satin bikini underpants, lace cor-
sets and teddies, embroidered camisoles, petti-
coats suggest the resurgence of a long-neglected
dimension of self-
adornment. Export figures confirm the impres-
sion.

There are no brilliant explanations for this revival of interest,
but the reality of it is indisputable. Meeting in Paris in February,
the fifth annual Salon International de la Lingerie, representing
125 French and 87 foreign manufacturers, could celebrate a 60
percent export hike in underwear since 1982. In Italy, where the
languishing dollar has hurt clothing exports, two categories are
solidly in the black—leather and lingerie.

At the high end of the scale, two extraordinary talents have
emerged to whet the demand for the ultimate in underwear. One
is Anita Oggioni, an Italian living in Paris, who has just won the
first Femme Lingerie award, given by the Calais lace makers asso-
ciation. The group represents a long tradition of lace making that
had fallen on hard times. But now the Raschel and Leavers lace-
making machines that stood mute and unattended as women
turned to unisex underclothes have been put back to work, and
Oggioni has put Calais back on the map.

The other designer of extraordinary lingerie is Maryvonne Her-
zog, a Frenchwoman, who also works in Paris. She loves old lace
and embroidery so much that she often makes entire garments
simply to incorporate a precious scrap. The two women share
more than a love of lingerie and a gift for elevating it to an haute
couture art form. Both have recently launched machine-sewn
lines to accompany their made-to-order lingerie. Their work—
satin robes, matching camisoles and panties, lace boxer shorts,
crepe de chine nightgowns—is being copied by lesser makers who

Photographs by Allen MacWeeny
what's underneath that coat—in this case, it's a teddy contined of silk satin and lace by Eyvonne. She calls it "Rosey" and asks $630 for it.
The handiwork of Anita Oggioni is a delight. While her designs are not only elegant but also remarkably durable, and quite expensive. Her success is no doubt due to her devotion to tradition and her skilled embroiderers and seamstresses who spent months making fine clothes that even twenty years ago cost several thousand dollars. Planning to do likewise, Anita studied at school for seamstresses and took dressmaking classes. After marrying Marco Oggioni, she settled down to married life in Milan.

Marco Oggioni was in the shoe business. In July 1977 he was sent to Paris to set up a European distribution system for Tanino Crisci. Anita found the change exhilarating at first but was soon bored. The following spring Marco gave her an expensive ivory silk bra and matching boxer shorts. Instead of squealing with joy, she found herself examining the set closely and scoffing, "I could do much better!"

Marco took her at her word and brought her four meters of gray crepe de chine, saying, "Show me!" Anita got herself some lace trim and tissue paper for patterns and soon ran up on her portable Necchi 555 a matching ensemble—nightgown, bed jacket (or liseuse), bra, boxer shorts, slip, and garter belt. "It was too nice to wear," she recalls, so it was still hanging in her closet on an evening in October 1978 when among the dinner guests was a designer for Loris Azzaro, a maker of evening gowns. Before the evening ended she had offered Anita a room at her atelier. The new arrangement did not provide her with any concrete assistance, but she did have the use of leftover silks and lace. She set about preparing a complete collection in surprising red, apple green, and beige silks. "People would stop and gape at a nightgown, 'Rouge?' they'd exclam with raised eyebrows." She laughs.

Lingerie designers did not then show their work formally; the first Salon de Lingerie was not held until 1983. But Oggioni's work was included in the Azzaro collection, and soon there were orders to fill, and problems. Production was handed over to a Christian Dior atelier in Nevers, but half the finished items were unusable, because the "mattress" system of cutting—one layer on top of another—doesn't work with natural fabrics like silk. The bottom pieces tend to be smaller. The Azzaro atelier lost interest, claiming you couldn't sell underpants costing eighty dollars. Oggioni stuffed samples into a shopping bag and made the rounds herself. She got enthusiastic reactions and lots of orders.

I was time to go out on her own. On April 23, 1980, Oggioni put herself on the artisans' rolls. This meant she could now buy materials wholesale and bill clients. For two years she worked alone at home and before long was selling $2,000 worth of lingerie a month. Then she met a sympathetic banker, whose wife is today a partner. Unfazed by her high prices, he okayed a $100,000 loan, and early in 1982 the shop in the Rue de Marignan opened.

From the moment she began working on her own, Oggioni demonstrated her devotion to tradition. She spent hours in the National Archives examining the thousands of old lace patterns, some among them only a centimeter wide, with designs celebrating the hunt, the baptism of a prince, or a nobleman's engagement. Armed with photocopies, she went to Calais, where she persuaded lace makers like Brunet, Desseilles, and Textiles de Littoral to make the cartoons required to set the weaving needles on the lace-making machines. She found embroiderers capable of duplicating antique designs on toile and working in the complex Beauvais stitch. She went to Lyons to find silk makers willing to manufacture crepe de chine in three-meter widths so that her silk sheets would be seamless.

During its first month, the Rue de Marignan boutique sold $9,000 worth of merchandise to one client alone, and by the end of the year Oggioni had grossed $600,000. By 1985 receipts had more than tripled. But 95 percent of her clientele was foreign, and she had to attract French shoppers somehow.

The first stratagem was to offer stockings, which she ordered in minute quantities from a Milan manufacturer. (Today, working from her designs, he ships her $1,000,000 worth of pantyhose—flowered, lace, or opaque, in thirty-two colors—and stockings, plain, striped, polka-dotted, or with bows.) Soon her husband joined the firm as distribution chief; her sister Elida and her husband came from Florence to help; her son David, a fashion photographer, lent a hand with photos; the younger son, Errico, a student, was sent out to find new Parisian stocking outlets.

A second boutique was opened, in the Rue François 1er; then a third, on the Left Bank in the Rue de Grenelle; and finally, a workshop-showroom near the Champs-Elysées, where in 1986 Oggioni prepared her first formal underwear collection. Here, in the Rue Marbeuf, during the last eighteen months Oggioni has been designing and (except for some embroidery done in Italy) completely manufacturing her two underwear lines. Boxes of lace, rolls of bright silk, and nylon, polyester, and Lyca (for a bathing-suit collection) line the storeroom. Both lines bear the Anita Oggioni label, but one is entirely handmade, therefore costly. A complete ensemble in embroidered, lace-trimmed apple
She faces up to a new day in giglon's heavy silk-satin bodysuit, all handmade, with a hidden zipper in back, trimming of cotton lace from Canada, and a $325 price tag.
Prepared for anything that may turn up in Oggioni's "Mistral," a pull-on camisole and boxer shorts, trimmed with naughty black Calais lace and setting somebody back $230 each.
Deep thoughts in scant-nothings: Oggioni's handmade silk-satin bra and panty with lace appliqué. No common, garden-variety bra, it fastens with buttons. No wonder the outfit costs $590.
green silk (bikini pants, bra, boxer shorts, slip, teddy, garter belt, and camisole) sells in Rue François 1er for about $2,000. The other line, more widely distributed and less expensive, is the machine-finished “diffusion” line, with a wide choice of stockings as well as bikini underpants and push-up bras that go for under $100 a set. “If I wanted my business to grow I simply had to expand,” explains Oggioni. “There just aren’t that many people who can afford to buy custom-made lingerie.”

In Maryvonne Herzog’s atelier, behind the Gare Saint-Lazare in the Rue d’Amsterdam, gentle confusion reigns. An attractive, blond mother of four, who gave up a career as a pianist for designing, Herzog moves easily among racks of clothing and lingerie, circling around a desk heaped with scraps of fabric, boxes of antique lace, drying rose petals, and snippets of trim. On the walls are turn-of-the-century posters from Charvy, a classic Parisian shop owned by her husband’s family for which she used to design. One of them, dating from 1912, advertises a satin and crepe de chine robe d’intérieur in “light shades” costing forty-nine francs.

Maryvonne Herzog, who has also been a costume designer for the theater, absorbs ideas almost unwittingly from her surroundings. Although much of her work echoes the 1930s, other influences show. One hangs a squashier, quilted jacket she designed after seeing the Japanese film Kagemusha; another, a crushed silk velvet dress with a triangular bib front made for a friend; a third, a robe of dull black satin that she calls “noir Eiffel,” with antique lace borders and appliqué cutouts.

If she could, Herzog would design only for people she likes. “Before doing a wedding dress I must talk to the bride so that I can get an idea of how she sees herself,” she explains with round gestures. But on a nearby rack hang several dozen pieces that make up the “Maryvonne” machine-sewn collection, her first, which was launched in February of this year.

These delicate wisps of lace-trimmed silk in rich jewel tones or ice-cream pastels are dyed to her order in Lyons, but—unlike her made-to-order lingerie—they are machine finished, a concession to economics. Two years ago her husband sold his share of Charvy and set himself up as a financial consultant. Perhaps the Herzog family needs a steadier income than that brought in by the handmade couture items bearing the Maryvonne Herzog label. (Concessions, however, have their limit. Herzog tries to avoid making bras in the balconier, or push-up, style. “First of all, I’ve never been equipped to do that, as it requires special machines and materials. But I also prefer a softer look. It is, shall we say, my weakness—ma faiblesse.”

Born at Colomb-Béchar, in Algeria, she grew up in Lyons. Like her mother, a violinist who turned to embroidery after her third child was born, Maryvonne studied music. At five she was performing in public; at twelve she was playing with an orchestra. But growing up in the silk capital of the world left its mark. After marrying at twenty and producing four children, she found herself mesmerized by rich fabrics and finery and began combing the flea markets and auction galleries for old lace, embroidery, or trim. To show how she goes about things, she digs out an old piece of pearl trim and explains that it will be the focus of interest of a newly planned dress. Another treasure is a beaded white tulle collar and cuffs, which she hasn’t yet decided how to use. Another collar-and-cuffs set inspired a bridal dress a few years ago.

It was the feminist movement that made her change careers—a movement, she says, that revolted her. “Women, who are beautiful creatures, were clothing themselves in totally unbecoming attire, like blue jeans and T-shirts,” she recalls with a shudder. Working at home so that she could take care of her three sons and one daughter, she began designing elegant underwear and luxury sleepwear for Charvy’s four stores. But, she admits sheepishly, she did it on the sly. “I was ashamed to talk about it, even to my best friends. In those days everyone would have accused me of pandering to pornographers.”

In 1972 Herzog went to work for Charvy officially, as a buyer. “But I soon was frustrated. I realized that no one was selling the things I was looking for.” Lace factories were scarce, and specialized silk makers were shutting down. A lover of silk Jacquard, which is today one of her hallmarks, Herzog went scouting back home in Lyons. The best Jacquard manufacturer she found was on the point of scrapping his machines for lack of orders. “Wait!” she told him. “I’ll order a huge quantity.” And she did. Something similar happened on a visit to Calais, where she found the supplier of a certain kind of lace down to his last packet and not planning to make any more.

Over the years, Herzog has collected lots of antique lace. She finds its rose-gray color ideal for the elegant trim of a dark green Jacquard silk full slip or a pink satin nightgown. Lace—écru, gray, black, or peach; antique or modern; all in cotton—is essential to most of her lingerie. On custom-made items, all made from start to finish by a single seamstress (“it’s good for both product and worker”), the trim is generally scalloped, often following the design of the lace itself. On much of the new “Maryvonne” collection it is cut straight, which reduces the cost. A handmade bra and bikini costs upwards of $200; the machine-sewn version costs about a third.

Another ingredient is color. When Herzog orders silk from her Lyons suppliers, she is apt to show up with pieces of thread, flower petals, or bits of feather to suggest the tone she is after—dark blues with a touch of lavender, light blue with a hint of aquamarine, a pale burnt orange, a glint of gold.

Herzog finds it hard to see herself as a businesswoman. She prefers designing to managing and has little interest in owning a boutique. Her best hope is to increase her fifteen sales outlets considerably. She admires industrial capability, however, and has a weak spot for La Perla, the Bologna-based Italian underwear company. Going more industrial would mean finding small manufacturers to supplement the dozen French seamstresses working at home to whom she now farms out production. It will also have advantages. In the past, Herzog has felt constrained to keep certain of her designs out of production. Until now she has refused to market a sexy black lace-trimmed panty with garters (a culotte jarretelle), knowing that her high-priced version would be copied.

Both Herzog and Oggioni have accomplished more than they ever dared imagine. It is pointless to ask whether they helped cause the new boom in luxury lingerie or are merely its outstanding beneficiaries. Either way, they have brought back to women a sort of old-fashioned sumptuousness and a respect for the lovliest of materials. The silk makers of Lyons should join the lace makers of Calais in rejoicing. So, perhaps, should men. □

Sari Gilbert is a free-lance writer who lives in Rome.
Tonight we're not dressing—
Maryvonne's short crepe de
chine slip with hand embroidery and scalloped hem, at a
modest $470, will be quite
enough, thank you.
SOPHOCLES

GOSPEL STYLE

By Charles C. Mann

A long time ago, when Damon Runyon was alive, the lights in Times Square shone warmly all night long, the waiters in Lindy’s deli made snappy comebacks to stupid questions about the cheesecake, and an endless succession of fabulous musical comedies filled the stages on the Great White Way—or, at any rate, so the story goes. By the sixties, though, Damon Runyon’s Broadway had become as limp as old lettuce. “There’s no place for theater anymore!” the critics declaimed; meanwhile, the smart people saw the authentic article at Broadway’s avant-garde offspring, Off-Broadway. Off-Broadway got staid in the seventies, leading to further cries of distress (“There’s no place left for theater anymore!”), but not before it begat the even more avant-garde Off-Off-Broadway. Eventually, that, too, began to turn brown around the edges (more cries), but not before begetting a man named Lee Breuer, who in the eighties wrote and directed a show so large, so ambitious, and so, well, peculiar that people in theater said it would never get onto a Manhattan stage at all, let alone stick-in-the-mud Broadway. And it didn’t… for ten years.

The play is called The Gospel at Colonus, and it is strange business indeed—a revival of a 2,500-year-old verse tragedy in which nearly nothing happens and as many of the parts as possible are played by elderly gospel singers. And when Breuer and his collaborator the composer Bob Telson looked around for a place to put Gospel in New York, where did they end up putting it? That’s right: on Broadway, the very spot that Breuer had loathed for his entire professional career.

“I never dreamed in all my life I would have a show go to Broadway that I was still proud of,” Breuer says. “I guess maybe Broadway isn’t dead—it just smells funny.”

The Gospel story, according to Lee Breuer, began more than a decade ago, on the tiny, ramshackle stages where he has spent his entire working life. Breuer had been working the goofy side of the circuit since his college days, doing time with the classics while cobbbling together his own shows. Then in his late thirties, he had received much acclaim, if little worldly success, for his work with the experimental theatrical collective Mabou Mines, although he had also received the usual critical brickbats, most notably in the form of a New York Times suggestion that Mabou Mines should go back to the mines.

Intense, balding, slightly disheveled, Breuer spent a lot of time sitting around, mulling things over at a high rate of speed. Dressed in what might be thought of as the Lee Breuer uniform (T-shirt with writing across chest, baseball cap with writing across bill, sneakers with writing across ankles), he was thinking about avant-garde theater (alienation, slow walking, conceptual coldness). He was thinking about classic theater (Greek people, robes, catharsis—whatever that is). Mainly, though, he was thinking about his youth in California (beat-up convertibles, R&B records, drive-in movies). Thinking that there ought to be some way to put all this together. Or, more precisely, there ought to be some way to make an American classic play, a play about classic themes in a classic mode, but done in language that every American can enter into, regardless of race, color, creed, national origin, or favorite Beatle.

It’s the perpetual dilemma of the serious contemporary director. To their audiences, Shakespeare and Sophocles and the Second Sheep’d Play were as immediate as, say, Michael Jackson. Today’s playwrights have tried all sorts of tricks to recapture the urgency of these great works; that’s why the theaters are filled with Merchant of Venices set in fin-de-siecle lawn-tennis parties. But these classics in modern garb are almost always much too arty to be any fun to audiences raised on Sinatra, Streisand, and Springsteen. On the other hand, having actors stand around in authentic togas and doublets is a passport to the Land of Nod. What to do?

Breuer is the kind of student who must have driven his teachers crazy. Smart as a whip, he pillages his way through books, plucking out what he wants, throwing away the rest. He had a rough-and-ready notion of the ancient Greek theater, enough to suit his purposes. To the Greeks, the show wasn’t a place where people sat on their hands while a bunch of actors pretended to have psychological crises. “It was more like a rite, a pathway, a spiritual journey,” he says. The performers preached stories to the crowd, there was loads of danceable music, and everyone in the room was scourged by art beyond the pity and fear of tragedy into joy and acceptance. As he sat there backstage, this image of the theater as a place for uniting a community struck Breuer as beautiful. How wonderful it would be to create—not re-create, but create—that theater anew.

Ten years in the making, THE GOSPEL AT COLONUS sells out on Broadway

At first, there’s culture shock—and then this outrageous version of Oedipus has you under its spell.
The Oedipus myth is told in a trilogy of plays by Sophocles, the prolific Greek playwright who is thought to have written more than a hundred plays, all of them marvelous, at a masterpiece-per-year rate, greater than that of any other playwright except perhaps Shakespeare. (Alas, only seven works by Sophocles have survived.) Oedipus at Colonus is the middle member of the trio and is said to have been written when its author was a stripping of eighty-nine. It doesn’t get performed nearly as much as Oedipus Rex (in which Oedipus unknowingly kills his father, marries his mother, and blinds himself when he learns of his deeds) and Antigone (which fills out the story of Oedipus’s children). The reason customarily given for the neglect of Colonus is that it is not a “well-made play”; the entire action consists of Oedipus, now old and sick, scratching around for a place to die in peace. “The poetry is incredibly beautiful, but nobody ever performs it,” Breuer says. “Why would they? The main character starts off in bad shape, gets worse, and dies offstage.”

It certainly doesn’t sound like your average dinner-and-a-show. But then, Athenians weren’t into your average dinner-and-a-show. They were into religious ecstasy. Now, Breuer thought, the only homegrown ecstatic religious tradition in the U.S.A. is gospel music—the driving, shouting, preaching rhythms of the Baptist and Pentecostal churches. Here, Breuer thought, is a new and utterly American way of thinking about tragedy. He could do Oedipus, to be sure, but Oedipus would look and walk and sing like Ray Charles.

“I thought maybe I could pull a Picasso, okay?” Breuer says. “Just as Picasso ripped off African art to make something new and incredibly exciting in Western art, I thought, incredibly presumptuously, maybe I could find something in Afro-American culture to make something new today.”

Ten years, ten workshop productions, ten out-of-town engagements, and two original-cast albums later, Breuer’s Picasso ended up on Broadway. Simple and powerful, the show uses a panoply of gospel stars, chief among them Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama, an amazing group of blind singers who collectively enact the role of Oedipus. A pleasurable frisson comes from the astonishment of seeing Oedipus, for perhaps the first time in history, performed by men who really are blind; more important, the very presence of Fountain and his friends alludes to the tales of blind troubadours throughout history, from Homer to Stevie Wonder. “We’re bringing a kind of music to white middle-class people who would never even have thought of listening to it,” says Telson, who began as a classical musician and has worked his way, as he puts it, up to the street. “And they’re discovering that in there is something like themselves—and that’s enormously important to all of us.”

Being on Broadway doesn’t mean that Breuer and Telson have left the underfunded world of the avant-garde behind. Gospel is the lowest-budget spectacle ever done on the Great White Way—a shoestring production on a huge scale. “We have the biggest cast ever,” Breuer says. “And the littlest budget. You’re not seeing us advertised on the buses, you’re not seeing posters on the subway, and you’re barely seeing us in the newspaper. Thank God, Morgan Freeman [who plays the minister] got an Oscar nomination—we got some publicity.”

The show begins simply enough, with a black-robed preacher speaking to the congregation—or, rather, the audience—from behind a lectern. Backed by a choir in resplendent raiment, he leans toward his microphone and says, “I take as my text this evening the Book of Oedipus.” And then, lifted by Telson’s surging music, the ancient words (in the great translation of the late Harvard professor Robert Fitzgerald) are chanted into a new shape, and, for the brief moment of life that is the theater, the Greek and African roots of America’s divided cultures are twined into a single, joyous strand.

The show attracts audiences from Harlem and Hoboken, the Upper East Side and Bedford-Stuyvesant. When Oedipus speaks of the love that takes away the weight and pain of existence and then dies, the play closes on Telson’s powerful setting of the choral hymn “Now, Let the Weeping Cease.” The people in the theater, black and white, rich and poor, look at one another, conscious of having shared a moment that is bigger than all of them. “Nobody is more amazed than me by what’s happening,” Breuer says. “Bob and I, we’re the hippies of Broadway, and this weird thing we put together with these fantastic performers seems actually to be communicating.”

Is Anselm Kiefer the New Genius of Painting?
Not quite!

By Waldemar Januszczak

Is Anselm Kiefer the greatest artist currently at work in the world? A growing number of admirers seem to think so. I have seen him described in various periodicals in various countries as the most determined, the most literate, the most original, the bravest, and the most mysterious star in the painterly firmament. Currently being honored with a huge retrospective that tours four major United States museums (it is now in Philadelphia), the German loner from the Oden Forest has taken on Rothko's mantle as the great tragedian of his time.

A typical Kiefer painting of the 1980s will be the size of an apartment wall. Its colors will be those of a field of plowed earth after the stubble has been set afire and then rained on for a few long, winter months—Stygian blacks, battleship grays, a burnt brown as dark as what you find in the crevices of your oven.

In a postmodern world of bright, light, innocent colors, Kiefer's art looks increasingly like something that has been dragged out of culture's blackest lagoon. It seems ancient, unknowable, significant. If a way could be found to measure the profundity of paintings, then these encrusted apocalypses would send the needle off the scale.

Peering into Kiefer's primeval gloom, you find it inhabited by an unlikely assortment of images, drawn from various seemingly incongruous sources—German myths, modern history, the Bible, the artist's backyard, tales of the Third Reich, Tales of Hoffmann. You could, for instance, see an old lead wing nominally belonging to Icarus, crash-landed in the same field. Or a snake, a ladder, and a boulder snuggled up like old friends against the battering weather.

The further you follow his career, the stronger the sensation that these elements have been brought together to serve some magic purpose. Like the ingredients dropped into a caldron by Macbeth's witches, all the essentials of a mysterious spell seem to have been assembled here and chanted over. Kiefer's large fields of scorched earth—his most-often-recurring image—look like slabs of the blasted heath itself, danced over by devils, driven over by panzers, tortured by the weather, then screwed to the wall. They seem plowed as much as painted. Many of the furrows have straw embedded in them. Some are visibly blackened with a welding torch. Others have things attached to them—bits of old farm equipment, sheets of lead, charred fence posts, mysterious numbers.

Is this some kind of voodoo art, or what?

No straight answers are to be had from the artist. No modern painter so innocently points his interviewers to so many different literary sources when he is quizzed about the meaning of such imagery. The who-said-what? literary referencing in Kiefer's work seems supremely erudite but is in fact incomparably confusing. When I interviewed him he had me scampering from the librettos of Wagner to the musings of Heidegger, from Nietzsche to Jung, from the short stories of Balzac to the epis-

His biggest claim: art has the power to change the world. Palette with Wings (1985); lead, steel, and tin; 110½" x 137¼" x 39½"; private collection.

Some paintings are blackened with a welding torch. Is this some kind of voodoo art, or what?
Kiefer is often called a "history painter." By this vague but impressive description his admirers suggest not only that he paints today's history but also (fingers crossed) that the histories of the future will have no choice but to include him. His work seems to provide comforting evidence that our own times have it in them to inspire artistic profundity on a heroic scale.

And we are, after all, talking about a German artist, German art—Germany. There are other artists, good German artists, who deal in profound subject matter and active paint surfaces—Immendorff, Baselitz, Lupertz. But with their work you know it is safely on the side of the angels (or the Allies). With Kiefer there is always the uncertainty, the deliberate whiff of sulfur, the problems of recent German politics and history. With Kiefer you are never entirely sure.

In 1969 he made aingle-evoking photographic work called Occupations, in which he showed himself Sieg Heiling while dressed in militaristic garb. Thus attired he visited certain famous cultural hot spots: Pompeii, Paestum, van Gogh's Arles, Courbet's Montpellier, the Colosseum in Rome, all territories held by the Nazis during the Second World War. At every stop on the journey Kiefer photographed himself making Nazi salutes.

Not surprisingly, Occupations was not talked about much until recently, but it has appeared fully documented in the catalog of the current Kiefer retrospective, where it comes complete with characteristically impenetrable commentary. When you look at it today—at Kiefer Sieg Heiling—it still seems a risky work.

The breaking of taboos is one of the most popular strategies of the modern artist. It guarantees spectator attention. It asserts the role of the artist as revolutionary and brings the spectator's nerve ends into play, quickly and instinctively.

There has always been acute nervousness about the meaning of some of Kiefer's unsettling imagery, notably in his own country. In 1980, when he represented Germany at the Venice Biennale, there were misguided accusations that he was "flirting with the ghosts of the Fatherland." At his first major show in England, worried critics puzzled about the Nazi architecture he had paraphrased in a magnificent series of Third Reich interiors, which to my eyes was his most impressive sequence of paintings.

Refusing to be drawn into making specific statements about his work, Kiefer turned his back on the accusations and innuendo and replied in acts rather than words. He showed in Jerusalem and recently in Poland. By so doing, he wound in further the umbilical cord that ties his work to the Second World War. It is a cord that he has stretched but never broken.

An aura of deep religiosity surrounds Kiefer's most recent efforts. He himself refuses to be photographed or filmed. He gives interviews but in my case insisted that he be paraphrased and not quoted. When I visited him at his home, at Hornbach, in the Oden Forest in West Germany, I found that he lives in a large converted schoolhouse situated on a hill in between the village church and the village cemetery. In the cemetery I recognized the graves that appear in his seventies paintings of tombs of German heroes. In the church and the outdoor shrines around it I found some of the sculptural models for his...
angels and Jesse trees. In the fields around the village I saw the prototypes for his unmistakable panoramas of rolling fields. Since it was winter, the fields were covered in snow. I returned in the late summer and found the stubble cut and burnt.

Flying above the fields were the American fighter planes stationed nearby. Kiefer had a lead model of one hanging from the roof of his studio. The studio is on the side of a hill, and the jet fighters seemed to swish right by his window, an hourly reminder of war, and the nearest thing in modern Germany to the flight of Icarus.

Most memorable of all, in the house Kiefer lives in—the tall schoolhouse shaped like the back of a Chippendale chair and flanked like an altarpiece by the church and the cemetery—I rediscovered the outline of one of his most puzzling and significant early paintings, Resurrexit, from 1973. In both the painting and the house itself the artist’s studio occupies the attic story. In the painting, this symbolic garret—situated where Jung in his architectural archetypes placed the site of the head—seems unreachable, miraculously suspended above a forest. Its wooden door is closed to the coiling snake that waits below, “like a first-time lover, frightened by the door of his mistress’s house”—as Balzac described the predicament of the young artist waiting for an audience with the all-knowing old master in The Unknown Masterpiece, one of Kiefer’s recurring literary sources.

The impression I formed in the village of Hornbach was of a mysterious art squire who was both the village magician and its power broker. I was left with the feeling that the squire saw art as a kind of indestructible energy with the power to bring about change. The snake was, of course, a
An aura of religiosity surrounds Kiefer’s most recent efforts.

Anselm Kiefer had to be a German—not only because Germany is the country at the very epicenter of the spiritual ramifications of our times; not because it is geographically situated at the interface between the superpowers. The Berlin wall is also the divide between two sides of one nation, a kind of terrible wound inflicted on the country by the last war. The war itself remains the historical curtain that separates our own times from those that came before. Our world is the postwar world, and Anselm Kiefer was born into it in 1945, the year the war ended. Somewhere within our astrological awareness, and just as keenly within his, this date appears deeply significant.

Kiefer could be nothing but German—because Germany is a country where art can manifestly be seen to have changed the course of history. Ever since Dürer painted his Christ-like self-portrait, German artists have nursed a terrible awareness of this stirring power. Kiefer paints palettes energized by lightning as Frankenstein’s monster was activated by electricity. In a series of pictures dealing with the Byzantine iconoclastic controversy he paints prehistoric landscapes across which battles are being fought. He paints palettes with wings soaring above the clouds. In Kiefer’s cosmography the painter’s palette clearly represents art. And in painting after painting, mysteriously, thrillingly, a little drunkenly, he celebrates the indestructibility of that art.

One of his most remarkable sequences of works is called Operation Sea Lion, alluding to the code name of the Nazi plot to invade Britain. According to legend, the Nazi generals rehearsed the invasion using toy ships in a bathtub. In Kiefer’s painting the bathtub game of the generals becomes a kind of magic ritual—like his picture making—enacted in a tub situated in the middle of a vast expanse of scorched earth. The silly bathtub game is the spell at the center of the devastation.

Kiefer has recently turned to sculpture, working mostly in lead, the Saturnian base metal of the alchemists. Out of it he has made lead books, heavy modern gospels displayed on stands, or enormous winged palettes that will loom like lecterns at the head of the gallery just as the winged eagle on the pulpit of the church next door to his house supports the minister’s Bible.

The sense of heavy religiosity in his

Kiefer probes burnt-out Third Reich interiors and other dark palaces of German historical memory. Athanor (1983–84); oil, acrylic, emulsion, shellac, and straw on photograph mounted on canvas; 88⅜” x 149⅛”; Sanders collection.
The tale of Nazi leaders planning the invasion of Britain with toy ships in a tub inspired Kiefer's Operation Sea Lion (1983-84); oil, emulsion, shellac, acrylic, straw, and photograph on canvas; 150" x 218 1/2"; Saatchi Collection.
The paintings are slightly spooky.

His vision has perhaps been afflicted with Gargantuism.

work is growing. Since his exhibition in Jerusalem, the imagery in the scorched wasteland has become openly biblical. Aaron, The Red Sea, Exodus, Emanation—the titles of recent Kiefer paintings no longer beat about the burning bush.

And Kiefer is today "worshiped," in a rather vague, evangelistic way, the focus of a certain trust, just as his teacher Joseph Beuys was worshiped before him. Short of knowing for sure, we sense that this is an artist who is measuring the spiritual pulse of our present with one hand and grasping for eternal truths with the other.

Kiefer's admirers are mega-collectors, like Charles Saatchi, owner of the finest run of Kiefer pictures in the world. The legion includes critics all over Europe and the United States (the press has heaped praise on the retrospective). But most commonly they are people you meet at gallery openings, faces in the art crowd, wrinkled-brow spiritual types, dissatisfied with the quality of life around them, people who want more from existence than the consumer durables they can afford. Their eyes mist over when you mention Kiefer because they sense that here at least and at last is a painter who tackles the big issues in big paintings. These faces in the art crowd worship Kiefer because his art positively reeks with meaning. I know. I used to be one of them.

But these days I have begun to think that his remorseless darkness hides more than it reveals. I mistrust that Wagnerian self-image of the artist as a figure of special power. I wonder if his vision has not been afflicted by Gargantuism. I hunger for a few simple human truths to emerge from the dry ice. And I sense I am watching an opera set in the clouds rather than a play about life itself. So I find myself hitting against the question "Is Anselm Kiefer the superb alibi established by the commercial art world of the 1980s, in case the future decides to indict us for our shallowness, materialism, superficiality, and all-around lack of profundity?"

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Brünhilde Sleeps (1980); photo with acrylic, emulsion on cardboard; 23" x 32"/6; private collection.
Whimsical, yes—in both price and design—but it's all for a good cause: the New York Philharmonic. From left to right: David Payne-Currier’s mask, conveniently equipped with stoppers to plug its holes, went for $400; a Spartan look from David Hockney fetched $5,000; for $2,400, a benefactor now dons Larry Rivera’s Guinean guise; George Stavrinos turned to Mexico and Venice for his inspiration, $135 for a pair; Michael David’s layered look sold for under $100.

What is a mask? What should it look like? More than a hundred artists and designers recently confronted those theoretical problems for a practical reason: each had been commissioned to create or donate a mask that would be auctioned in February at Tiffany & Co. to raise money for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The buyers could then wear their purchases at this month’s “A Night in Venice” masked ball at Lincoln Center (transformed into a Venetian palazzo). The artists accepted the challenge gladly.

George Stavrinos went straight to the elaborate, grotesque masks of sixteenth-century Venice for his inspiration. Stavrinos first formed masks over people’s faces and then built from the shell, starting with geometric shapes, imitating the large noses or horns of classical masks. Then he looked to his collection of Murano glass....
masks to ground him in hier shapes, applying red or enamel paint and gold, silver, or silver leaf. The result is a mask that combines the Venetian Renaissance with primitive simplicity.

For Larry Rivers, the common context "had no effect on the work." His mask is to one of his own works, "otic Stamp, which is a thing of a Guinean mask. Initially attracted to these masks as symbols of a shared history and culture, Rivers now was amused to create an actual mask based on his picture.

The range of the collection—all the way from primitive to elegant, from sardonic to witty—is as intriguing as its individual components. Keith Haring chose an African theme (as always) for his cardboard, earth-toned mask, combining atavistic shapes and imagery with his signature postmodern exclamations. Angela Cumming created a contemporary Pierrot, using frothy net, gold ribbon, faux pearls, and a single rhinestone teardrop. Erte's faux-pearl- and bugle-bead-encrusted "headache" band, made of antique taffeta and shot through with gold ribbon, thoroughly transforms the wearer into a beguiling flapper. The Israeli painter and sculptor David Gerstein used painterly splashes of color and Cubist references. Balenciaga paid homage to van Gogh with a towering and extravagant crown of lavender silk irises, reminiscent of les bals à Versailles. Barry Kieselstein-Cord used twenty-four-karat gold as his material (bidding started at $2,500). It is no surprise that the auction raised $79,779.

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The Age of Zap

By Matthew Gurewitsch

Illustrations by Horacio Cardo

At Queen Street and John in downtown Toronto, the line between real life and life on TV is blurry. The Wesley Building, an imposing seventy-four-year-old box choked in Gothic terracotta, stands here, and within its landmarked shell a broadcasting maverick named Moses Znaimer has installed the future. Wherever one looks at Città, the view is camera-ready, from the newsroom and the disco caverns at ground level to the executive offices on the second floor, arrayed like toy houses along walkways like small-town streets. There are no studios. Thirty-eight "hydrants"—power sources and sound jacks—allow TV crews to plug in anywhere. Signals travel to control rooms in the cellar for instant editing.

Znaimer does not, in general, much care for that creaky anachronism the theater, which seems curious, because in the United States his name is known, if at all, on account of a play, Tamara, by John Križan, which, after productions in Toronto, Los Angeles, and Mexico City, he has brought sumptuously to New York (see box).

There has never been a show like this. The action swirls from master bedroom to maid's room, from conservatory to kitchen, over staircases and through hallways, as many as eight scenes at a time. The spectators, at most 150 per show, keep up as best they can, "invisible" and fickle, shadowing whichever of the ten characters they want to, free to change their minds whenever they please. You may walk in on the chauffer in his bath (real water) or the master of the house cooking a frittata (real stove, real eggs, real zucchini). Sometimes, if you are very lucky, a scene plays before no one but you. There are hundreds of paths through the maze. With Tamara, relativity has come down to earth. What "play" you see depends on what you walk in on.

An outline may help. The year is 1927. The place is Il Vittoriale, the sybaritic lair of Gabriele D'Annunzio, poet, war hero, cocaine addict, and lecher. Sex is a weapon in this house, and love is contraband.

Outside, Mussolini (a voice on the other end of the telephone) is leading a jubilant Italy into the Fascist nightmare. To keep D'Annunzio out of his way, Mussolini has put him under luxurious house arrest. For diversion, D'Annunzio invites Tamara de Lempicka, the glamorous Polish artist, to paint his portrait. (So far, we are in the realm of historical fact.)

Tamara arrives. Will she succumb to D'Annunzio's advances? Will her indiction provoke him to rape? To others in the household, other affairs are more pressing. D'Annunzio's discarded mistress staggers through the villa brandishing a revolver. The mysterious new chauffer stalks the master with incendiary political propositions. A world-weary composer places secret calls to Il Duce. A Jewish-born Fascist guard brutalizes and seduces to maintain his tenuous control. The maid lifts jewelry, and the valet dreams of Venice. A little ballerina dreams of dancing for Diaghilev, and the housekeeper dreams of the little ballerina. Križan locates the tone somewhere "between camp and Chekhov."

"When we opened in Toronto," says Tamara's director, Richard Rose, who mounted the original production on the cheap in a dilapidated Toronto mansion, "people from the theater gave us a cold, adverse reaction." Back then, of course, the play, now pared to a swift two hours, ran close to twice that. The actors were barely professional. The props were catch-
Moses Znaimer, the man who is bringing us Ziggy Lorenc, Anne Mroczkowski, and the glamorous Tamara

as-catch-can. Tamara pulled up in a battered Toyota.

Tamara's history began one drunken afternoon when Rose, then twenty-five, and her buddy Krizanc, then twenty-four, were dreaming up a project for the first international Toronto Theatre Festival, in 1981. (There has never been a second.) “I expected at the most to write a highly successful Canadian play,” Krizanc says now. “It would run three weeks and never be seen again.”

But fate stepped in. The trim, Mephistophelian personage of Moses Znaimer, a most unexpected spectator. The actress Marilyn Lightstone, his companion of twenty-seven years (she is now giving a bravura performance as Aelis, D’Annunzio’s housekeeper), remembers why he was there: “Moses saw the original poster, he bought it, we went to the first night, and that was that. It struck a chord.”

Or maybe several. As Znaimer puts it, “Tammy” (he calls the play “Tammy”) “is very Talmudic. Little, linear-minded people don’t like it. They prefer to sit on their ass in the dark getting The Truth from The Author. I’m not knocking that, but it’s not the only way. I look for people with an open mind for new media, with a taste for the tempo of the times. Tammy is for the world of fifty to a hundred channels.”

Gian Francesco de Spiga entertains before the play.

Does the range of references sound forced?

Znaimer comes by it honestly. Born in 1941 in Tadjikistan, in the south central Soviet Union, to East European Jewish parents on the run from Hitler, he grew up in modest circumstances with a younger sister and brother on St. Urban Street, the heart of Montreal’s Jewish-immigrant community. His father sold shoes and still does. His mother was a bookkeeper and waitress.

The trick,” he has said, “is to be just correctly disadvantaged. My parents had low income with huge aspirations and were committed to their kids’ education.” Studying the ancient Jewish law, where each line of gnomic text lodges like a pea under mattresses of commentary and commentary upon commentary, the youngster learned to trust his own judgment before other people’s.

Other people thought he should become a lawyer. Instead, he launched himself at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, as a producer first in radio, then in television. He took chances and rose fast, but by age twenty-seven, the bureaucracy was closing in on him, and he resigned. A few detours later, he founded Citytv. That was fifteen years ago. Today, he controls three channels.

Citytv is his local Toronto station. His other two channels are the twin rock-video stations MuchMusic (with English-speaking VJs) and MusiquePlus (French), with a combined 1.5 million subscribers easily the most popular pay-cable attractions in the country. Shortly—a breakthrough—MM/MP will be licensed for basic cable, so every Canadian with cable will get them free. This wintry afternoon, an inventor comes in to interest Znaimer in a cheap, sensationally effective new process for 3-D TV. “I’m in,” Znaimer quickly responds. “It’ll make a great kick-off for Much on basic. Think of it, Joe,” he says to a hesitant technical adviser, “the world’s first twenty-four-hour 3-D TV!”

Technical tricks aside, the real difference between conventional TV and Citytv, Znaimer proclaims, is the difference between show and flow. “Show TV has no overriding character. Show presents conclusions. Each program is a discrete package with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Show is as strong as the programs you can buy. If you can’t buy the programs you want, you have nothing. Flow is revealed in the spaces between shows. Citytv is flow: a never-ending, cascading river.” Znaimer has a macho streak. As he’s said, “Any sissy can make programs. It takes a man to make a channel.”

“I'm world famous,” Znaimer confesses in a gravelly murmur, balancing modesty against the boast, “in Toronto.” The history of Citytv lends itself to urban folk balladry, with Znaimer as a sort of Robin Hood of the Canadian airwaves.

A financial analyst would tell of City’s early flirtations with bankruptcy. A communications expert would point out how Znaimer’s early experiments with programs and commercials of no fixed dura-

Luisa Baccara has given up her career as a concert pianist for a humiliating liaison. She’s on the edge.
tion did not work. The folk history would recount instead how Znaimer multiplied and sewed up the late-night weekend market with “Baby Blue Movies”—soft-core erotica—and how in consequence he had advertisers begging for time, which gave him bargaining power to sell less-popular spots in the schedule, too. It would tell how he built a news team of novices who sank or swam but usually swam. It would digress to mention his fluffheads, like the moon-faced Ziggy Lorenc, who hosts “MushMusic” for an hour after lunch.

Ziggy Lorenc. She of the blond crewcut, the liquid eyes, and the bee-stung lips. Between soft-rock videos, she muses live to the camera from her lavender divan. “Romance can be very complicated in the eighties,” she was notifying her viewers earlier today. “For instance, when you have a new lover, do you ever lie awake wondering where you’ll have your first argument? In the bedroom? In the kitchen? In the bathroom? . . .” (Questions for the Age of Tamara.)

Znaimer has sponsored open competitions for the new dramatic scripts from Toronto and produced the winning entries for television. He sponsors a prize every year for the best Canadian film at Toronto’s Festival of Festivals. He has invested in four permanently mounted cameras trained on Toronto’s principal traffic arteries and outdoor plazas. No one knows the city like Moses, and the talent he hires for City is a true reflection of the city’s ethnic mix. Znaimer was the first Canadian broadcaster to put on an Oriental as anchor. The Polish-descended Anne Mroczkowski reads the news under her own name. So, needless to say, does Gord Martineau, previously the star anchor of Toronto’s CFTO, where if the papers had not caught wind of it, he would have had to go on as Gord Martin.

MuchMusic is probably beaming into Znaimer’s office right now. It almost always is, almost always with the sound turned off. The boss himself is on his way to meet with his key news and talk-show staff. It will be the first such gathering in their new home, the first since they moved from their old quarters, in a defunct nightclub called the Electric Circus.

News and information are City’s lifeblood. The news department has a fleet of twenty-odd cars and cameras cruising Toronto around the clock. “There are lots of channels,” Znaimer tells his brass, “and not that much choice. They’re all middle-of-the-road. Radio is different, print even more so.

“This is the Age of Zap. The audience gets zapped by thirty channels. The objective is that the audience identifies you. How did they know it was me? The CBC is distant, cool, formal, static. They view with alarm. City is local, hot, informal, kinetic! Positive! That’s our market position. It’s your bread and butter. Your worldview is part of what we have to sell," he tells them. “You have to be real.”

Sheila Cameron is a Jean Shrimpton look-alike Znaimer has groomed into the first of what he hopes will become a whole cadre of what he calls videographers. Like many other women who have made careers at City, Cameron came on board as a telephone receptionist—in Mosaic code, a switchette. Formerly a cameraperson for the news, working in tandem with a reporter-producer, she now works solo on featurettes. Znaimer demands of her, as he does of the reporters, that she work herself into the material. “I want proof,” he says, “that you were there.”

What constitutes proof? Just back from Italy, Cameron is editing her latest fashion piece for the weekly show “FT,” syndicated in twenty countries. “Let me show you,” she offers. Fast forward to a steward-
The new driver goes by the name Mario Pagnutti. He says he is poor, but he knows his cognacs. Why?

just inaugurated a booth called Speakers Corner, where, for a nominal donation to charity, any member of the public can say his piece on the issues of the day. The comments are videotaped and edited for evening broadcast.

This is Toronto, where Marshall McLuhan prophesied the Global Village, knitted together by a network of media hot and cool, where he bravely proposed that the medium was the message, then, in a flight of fancy, the message. An American traveler tuned to Znaimer's stations may think McLuhan was right: maybe everywhere has become everywhere else. Out of the corner of one's eye, MuchMusic and MusquePlus are indistinguishable from our own MTV. City runs Oprah, Donahue, "The New Dating Game," "Hill Street Blues," a wake-up exercise show, and a steady stream of great (and not so great) late movies. Except at news time, City might be a lot of North American cities, or even European ones. At news time, it might be CNN, rolled back to local scale.

The family resemblances are deceptive, though, and they do Znaimer's originality an injustice. To give due credit (or apportion due blame), he had VJs spinning videos long before anyone else. He has the world's largest collection, with over 10,000 items, going back to 1978. And as to City's pizzicato newscasts, the fact is that when every other station on the continent was still wedded to the cumbersome old medium of film, City was on the streets with videotape. Znaimer doesn't copy formulas; he invents them.

When it is a matter of style, the world sometimes catches up. If there is a product, sometimes he can sell the franchise, as he has done with his latest Living Movie (the phrase, coined for Tamara, is trademarked). "Tour of the Universe," as it is called, operates daily at the base of the CN Tower, in downtown Toronto. It purports to simulate routine space travel to Jupiter in 2019, which turns out not to be so different from hopping the Eastern Air-

The customer buys a ticket, spends about three-quarters of an hour in the SpacePort clearing checkpoints and waiting in holding areas, and finally fastens his seat belt in a space capsule (in fact, a 747 flight simulator), which shakes, rattles, and rolls for nine minutes as high-resolution sci-fi images flash by on a screen up front. Behind the scenes, off-limits to the general public, the sight of the monstrous, clanking pistons agitating the capsule is pretty awesome. What with the shrieking of fellow passengers, the experience inside is a lot like a ride down a bumpy back road on a crowded school bus.

Of course, the scheduled landing on

Emilia Pavese, the maid, has a moment's respite in the kitchen. Bestowing her favors keeps her busy.
Tips on Tamara

New York vs. Los Angeles. By general agreement, the hardest thing with Tamara is casting the house. In Los Angeles, it plays at the Hollywood American Legion, post 54, where the second-floor rooms give onto a promenade overlooking the central atrium. The architecture is made to order for eavesdropping—thus virtually ideal. Once the show begins, one forgets that the entranceway smells of disinfectant and that the furnishings (used for the legion's Monday meetings) are on the tatty side. After four years, the production values are a little tatty, though the acting remains keen-edged enough to watch up close.

During the "Intermezzo" (between acts), supper is served. The offerings in Los Angeles are cold cuts and salad, not impressive, followed by superb cakes and pies. The car that figures briefly in the action is a fully functioning 1928 De Soto. Audiences may not ride along.

In New York, none of the scenes spills outdoors, but the setting is the grand Seventh Regiment Armory, on Park Avenue, and the amenities are correspondingly fancier. Daniel Boulud, the chef at Le Cirque, the four-star eatery just around the corner, created the delightful Intermezzo spread. (The tailed crème brûlée is but one of the Armory desserts.) The physical production is more soigné, and the acting is consistently first-rate.

Prices. Instead of tickets, passports are issued. They entitle the holder to discounts on repeat visits at all productions of the play, current or future. A first-time visit in Los Angeles costs $50 to $80, depending on the day of the week; in New York, from $90 to $105, and given that it includes Perrier-Jouët champagne, an open bar, dinner, and coffee, it is a bargain—but be warned. With Tamara, once is not enough.

Full Houses. The house in Los Angeles holds only 125 customers. The house in New York holds 182. When making reservations, try to book for a lightly sold night. Other people cause traffic problems.

Dress. Black tie (entirely optional) and sneakers (highly recommended).

Whom to follow? John Krizanc says he wrote the play partly because he had always wanted to follow the servants in Chekhov offstage. He follows Dante, the valet. According to Richard Rose, the director, middle-aged men follow Emilia, the maid, while young women follow Mario, the chauffeur. Athletes follow Mario, too. His part is a marathon. (One viewer claims to have lost four pounds following Mario for two hours.) Everyone follows Aelis, the housekeeper, on whose diaries the play is based; she is the vital link between upstairs and downstairs. Following Carlotta, the ballerina, is not wise; there is not much to the character that is not revealed in chance encounters. The other characters—including Tamara herself—have secrets; any of them will provide a fascinating evening. And do not overlook the option of switching from character to character.

If you want the whole story. Beware of obsession. Jack Wetherall, the fleet-footed Mario of the New York production, confesses that he does not know it all—though he did, briefly, when the cast read the entire play around a table last October. John Krizanc says he feels a special fondness for the character of Luisa, but he has never witnessed her final scene. If you will settle for nothing less than the whole story, you have two choices: see the play ten times—once for each character—or read the script, just out from Stoddart, in Toronto. But know that the play makes plenty of sense even on one viewing.

As soon as the action begins, you stop noticing your fellow spectators—except when they get in your way.
how to improve the logistics. He came up with a lot of ideas. The rules and instructions the valet gives the audience are largely his and Richard's creation. But he gave Richard and me total artistic freedom. He didn't try to stifle our politics."

Politics—a vexed subject. Krizan thinks of Tamara as a "very moral play." "It's a radical critique of Fascism, carried out by giving people more freedom than ever before." Most visitors are simply exhilarated by the pace, by the voyeuristic kick, by the privilege of seeing such classy acting up so close. Alas, Krizan acknowledges with a sigh, to most viewers Tamara is, above all, entertainment. He was enchanted at a preview in New York when the novelist Jerzy Kosinski, an émigré and a fierce political intellect, sat him down impromptu to spin out a whole theory of Tamara as "theater of moral choice." He was discouraged that the New York Times thought of the play in terms of "good-natured decadence.”

In its oblique way, Krizan's encounter with Kosinski points up what may be Znaimer's rarest distinction: he wheels, he deals, he shows, and he sells, but he leaves what he touches uncorrupted. The handshake with the devil is benign. Take a look at Tamara's creators. Krizan is still writing for the pitiless Canadian theater. He has not gone fashionable. He has not gone Hollywood. Rose, too, who has directed all the English-language productions of Tamara, is back in Toronto, on the job with his own theater company, Necessary Angel, scrappily nonmainstream, directing uncommercial new properties (no second productions in sight). The play is out in the world, where it belongs—rigorously moral to some, cheerfully decadent to others. And Znaimer, originator, gatherer, and transmitter of new ideas, is back at City, in downtown Toronto, still the nerve center of his far-flung universe, a populist media Moses surveying the Promised Land.

"Up until television," he says, "we were always stuck in the here and now. With TV, for the first time, humans climbed high enough on the electromagnetic spectrum to go beyond. Those signals go out into the cosmos, we don't know where, but they don't disappear. They're little electronic sperm squiggling around out there, looking for something—and when eventually one breaks some membrane, there'll be a jolt. A jolt of recognition."

His visitor is puzzled. "And here I thought you were working up to a climax about being worthy of the responsibility."

Znaimer raises his eyebrows and grins, a picture of wistful ingenuity, soft-spoken yet certain. "It's hard to know in the moment what's worthy. I know one thing. People who go around with their nose in the air, who think they know, don't." If a man may be known by one trait, this is Moses Znaimer's: a sure instinct for flight from the status quo. 

The valet Dante Fenzu, ex-gondolier, takes an imaginary ride through Venice. In Tamara, different spectators see different scenes. The playwright never misses this one.
The choice is yours. Shelton, Mindel has come up with the "Window Chair" series, which may be ordered with seven different backs. Arms, too, are optional.

Not since the 1780s, when the Parisian aristocracy changed their draperies and furniture fabrics every season to the currently fashionable color, has there been a society as obsessed with interior decoration as New York's in the 1980s. Interior design has replaced fashion as the prestige creative profession; decorators have entered society as never before. Today, you are what your room wears. The choice of a decorator has become a philosophical and moral statement as well as a barometer of personal taste.

It is no longer enough to hire the right decorator. One must bone up on the lore. To know Wright from wrong, to be able to distinguish between Russian Empire and Swedish Gustavian: increasingly, such skills determine whether one will get the decorator of one's choice or have to settle for someone one is not quite sure about. Competition for the top names is so fierce nowadays that, increasingly, decorators are interviewing would-be clients rather than the reverse.

Who are the best designers? That depends on what look you want. The way to decide is to make an inspection tour of the city most wrapped up in the art of living with elegance and wit. Here is Connoisseur's user's guide to New York's most influential decorators and designers, grouped by style. A directory with addresses and phone numbers appears on page 152, and for a peek at some Europeans who should break here any minute, see page 170.

Peter Carlsen, a writer and editor in New York, often receives phone calls intended for an interior designer whose name is similar.
Rubén de Saavedra

An opera devotee with a bel canto frame of mind. Not surprisingly, several of his clients have a theatrical or operatic background. Here is a world of candles lit at noon and seductive glints of ormolu—and one of the day's most convincing arguments for the retention of the pleated lampshade. Nonetheless, it is not all frivolous. Perhaps because of his Spanish background, he is adept at ferreting out unusual pieces from countries usually considered to be in the back rows of European culture: Hungary, say, or Sweden.

Juan Pablo Molyneux

Chilean-born, he claims descent from the Norman conquerors and (less impressively) Captain Molyneux, the thirties couturier. In its whiff of decadence, his brand suggests fin de siècle Buenos Aires but is in step with a certain segment of upwardly mobile Manhattan's dreams of cosmopolitan elegance. Look for rock-crystal obelisks, strategically placed bronze miniature and Fabergé objects, pre-war tiger-skin rugs, and large abstract paintings by such lesser-known South American painters as Ronaldo de Juan.

Renzo Mongiardo

Though based primarily in Milan, whence he commutes to Turin as the court decorator to the Agnellis, Mongiardo has done enough work in Manhattan for his presence—and his influence—to be formidable. His vision is Anglophile, filtered through a rapturous Italian sensibility. He practically invented the pattern-on-pattern fabric mania of a few years ago, and his finish and stenciled walls set a new style. The swanning detail constantly threatens to curdle into sensory overload but never quite does.

THE NOSTALGIC ROMANTICS

They are monarchists at heart. Visconti is their movie director, Proust their author, La Traviata their opera. They long for the ancien régime, any régime, and the madder the king the better. Ludwig of Bavaria is a favorite, but Nicholas II of Russia or Gustav III of Sweden will do. Their rooms are theater, venues for assassination plots or foredoomed love affairs. Damask and velvet are the indispensable fabrics. In furniture, anything Empire goes—or Egyptian revival.

Suzie Frankfurt

A Frankfurt interior is a slyly orchestrated rhapsody of recherché historical references. An important Russian Empire piece is usually the focus, but a Gothic-revival wardrobe will serve, or a neo-Egyptian sleigh bed, circa 1922, picked up in a Cairo bazaar. A mistress of evocative detail, she won't forget the pair of pearl-gray gloves thrown carelessly on an étagère, and you can count on her to make sure the china and the napery are of the right provenance, too. Very social, Suzie likes to work for friends, many of whom have a Latin American connection—and she's always making new friends.

Suzie Frankfurt is a self-styled "symmetry psycho." This inviting interior is her living room.

Molyneux's Gilded Age in Southampton. "It's more cosmopolitan," he says, "than the typical American beach house."

Henri Samuel

The doyen of Parisian decorators (the doyenne is Madeleine Castang, now well into her nineties). Samuel is frail these days but still works for various Rothschilds, among them Edmond, whose Paris residence is a distillation of eighteenth-century complexity. Samuel's rich, refined work has attracted such Americans as Mrs. Charles Wrightsman and that echt Parisenne Susan Gutfreund—though few can afford his standards in carving, gilding, and exquisitely lacquered walls.

A dining room by Henri Samuel exemplifies his restraint in luxury.
Like much on the current interiors scene, this curious group has its origins in England. Their style—urban rather than country—came into being several years ago with the rediscovery of Spitalfields, one of London's oldest neighborhoods, crisscrossed with streets of modest seventeenth-century row houses with sober proportions and delectable paneling. Well-to-do young Londoners settled in, the most outré of them making do without electric light or other modern comforts. They defined a new school of design: austere, refined, strictly classical in precedent. Barry Lyndon set the mood. Peter Greenaway's movie The Draughtsman's Contract became a major visual source. Peter Ackroyd's novel Hawksmoor remains the book to read.

American designers have brightened the look, adding the bold flourishes that are part of a newer tradition. These Young Fogeys work within a full-bloodedly period context without the old-fashioned piety.

M (Group)

Hermes Mallea and Carey C. Malone are the principals in this new, very well connected firm. Many clients are in the New York auction world; hence the prevalence in their interiors of objects rare and precious (both senses of the word apply). Grander and less Anglophile than your average Fogey, M (Group) likes to play off Biedermeier against Jacob and prefers French and Continental pieces to English. The firm cultivates a pointedly aristocratic air, in contrast to most of its cheerfully domestic contemporaries.

Peter Marino

An architect who can work in a suave neo-deco style when required (staircase in point: the swirling confection in Barneys Women's Store), Marino is happiest scattering periods and styles. Ums, consoles, and old-master drawings are favored motifs. Usually there is an Empire or Federal chair hulking about. Because of his ties to the fashion world, he is known as the designer's decorator. A choice recent project: Valentino's New York apartment.

David Mlinaric

London-based, this arch-Fogey (profiled in Connoisseur, December 1987) has brought a fresh point of view to National Trust restorations and is an artist in that oh-so-English brand of shabby-chic. Accents that make the difference: postcards and ancient luncheon invitations stuck into the looking glass (please, never say "mirror") and mixed bouquets drooping over the console, shedding petals on the tasseled Persian carpet.

Chester Cleaver

Chintz, needlepoint rugs—could these be the trademarks of one of New York's most fashionable young decorators? Cleaver appeals to visually inclined intellectuals—not least for the sensitive way he handles books. The novelist Dominick Dunne had him make sense of his New York bachelor digs, while Tina Brown, editor in chief of Vanity Fair, called on him to do up her New York rooms as Gotham-on-Thames.

Mark Hampton

A fairly close approximation of the eighteenth-century gent one imagines he would like to be, Hampton (see Connoisseur, September 1986) is erudite and fearlessly witty. A timid client is likely to find him terrifying. He conceives an interior as an architectural whole, placing furniture and objects with logic and point, always avoiding the restless, nipsy approach that is the great pitfall of the English country style.

Mario Buatta

Gifted with a flair for self-promotion, Buatta should not be dismissed as a mere celebrity. There is a genuine gusto in his approach. Every surface dances with objects—"collections" of anything from porcelain cabbages to paintings of hunting dogs. The effect ought to be exhausting but somehow is not, maybe because of its ingratiating humor.

Georgina Fairholme

Comforting, somehow, she is like a lady detective out of Agatha Christie. Give her the smelliest of clues and she will solve the mystery of your life, installing you in the cosiest set of rooms this side of St. Mary Mead. Formally of Colefax & Fowler, in London, she has

The Louis XVI over-door panel above the fireplace is one of the Continental accents that are M (Group)’s signature. (Most Young Fogeys have a British bias.)

More from M (Group). It’s all in the details. (Find Leda and the swan.)

Peter Marino likes a mix: art deco, Scandinavian, et alia.
Ancestral portraits and comfy upholstery give Irvine and Fleming's interiors a sense of pedigree.

Do you sincerely want pizazz? Dazzle? Do you want to suffer in luxury, sacrificing all for the career to end up in a squillion-dollar penthouse, the world at your feet, alone? From legends of movieland, the Manhattan Mannerists create a feverish, quintessentially urban style that is part Astaire-Rogers and part Great Ziegfeld, updated with "modern" materials like Lucite. Freudian symbolism—courtesy of African fertility masks or pre-Columbian rain gods—lends the whole a dash of the taboo.

Noel Jeffrey

If Cole Porter were reincarnated as a decorator, this is who he would be. Jeffrey's work has the sleek chic of a barbed lyric, and his use of materials—shining, optimistic, and svelte—lovingly paraphrases art deco. Jeffrey's flats are for dedicated worldlings. To feel at home here, you need to be able to mix a killer martini.

Keith Irvine and Thomas Fleming

Very country-country, Irvine and Fleming take a jolly and sporty tack. Their clients like hounds and horses. Many of them have secondary themes to their Anglophilia—say, the genealogies of Scotland. (Irvine himself is a North Briton.) The bracing mood that runs through the work of Irvine and Fleming is a long way from the Home Counties and crumpets for tea.
Michael de Santis

De Santis’s palette is early Technicolor, with an emphasis on lurid sunsets. Lucite, sandblasted glass, and other exotic materials predominate, and while the overall effect is meant to suggest a modernist sensibility, it’s a long way from the Bauhaus. Foto. De Santis has an attractive habit of commissioning young artisans, which lends his work considerable individuality.

Jay Spectre

Spectre, who claims as his clientele the “invisible celebrities,” merges influences from both streams of prewar modernism, the International style and art deco, folding in elements from virtually every postwar vogue as well. Most recently, he has added a strong Far Eastern accent. His own collection of furniture, presented recently, featured a sizable number of pieces based on c.2c.e. and globe motifs, deployed with an almost neoclassical restraint and sobriety.

Robert Metzger

Larger-than-life in life, Metzger carries his hyperenergetic personal style into his interiors. Expect color, drama, dramatic lighting, bold juxtapositions. There is a confrontational quality to Metzger’s theatricality. It is tempting to liken his style to New York itself: it forces you to take sides. And like the city, it may, for outsiders, be an acquired taste.

Montoya used to believe that less is more. This new living room (spring 1987) shows his new ease with excess.

THE FAUX NAÏFS

Grounded in modernism, this group takes off from a base of clarity to achieve an artful synthesis of the naïve with something more complex, even sinister. Tribal meets TriBeCa, and they set off in search of a new world of simplicity and sophistication.

Melvin Dwork

A controlled sensibility permeates Dwork’s work. The basics are essentially minimalist: dark walls, mirrors to manipulate spatial dynamics, a bedroom as Zen as possible (often with a platform bed), and a subtle handling of color. In their carefully muted way, Dwork’s rooms suggest the possibility of salvation through the elimination of the unnecessary, yet without ending up white and empty. Strangely seductive.

Patino/Wolf

Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf offer simplicity—highly strung. A fine art deco sculpture, strategically placed, may dominate an otherwise empty living room. In a dining room, a table’s neoclassically tapered legs will suggest a reemerging classicism. Lately, the firm’s enthusiasm for materials of grande luxe has developed into a virtual fetish. Note their translucent silk window hangings that dangle out over stone floors.

Bray-Schaible

Robert Bray and Michael Schaible have perfected a slightly grand, sometimes faintly impersonal version of modern Manhattan luxe. Their look depends on classic pieces from the modern furniture repertory, an almost monochromatic color sense enlivened by an occasional primary or a hue from the postmodern palette, one or two “important” drawings or antiques, a few overscaled custom-designed pieces, and a quote or two from industrial architecture. Fresh flowers and a fireplace add the human dimension. The result appeals to urbane clients with leanings toward the avant-garde.

Juan Montoya

Originally a minimalist of highly architectural orientation, Montoya has recently been working in a far more worldly mode. A spate of nouvelle society clients, many of them South Americans, may account for the difference. He has grown far subtler in his response to the perennial problem of the basic Manhattan high rise: how to transform it from bare stage to full-scale theater piece?

Juan Montoya leaves nothing to chance. From armoire to bed linens (and not forgetting the bed), everything here is of his own design.
Parish-Hadley

A shrewd mix of English and French antiques forms the basis of this firm's style, which is instantly recognizable to Europeans as the style of the quintessential Fifth Avenue apartment. Everyone knows the formidable Sister Parish, a.k.a. Mrs. Henry Parish II—and the slight Jekyll-and-Hyde hint of the two names sums up the firm rather well. One imagines Sister as supportive, even chummy, with a diffident client, but swelling into the formidable Mrs. Parish at any hint of rebellion.

The wild card at this firm is the partner Albert Hadley—more acerbic, in some ways more sophisticated, and certainly more eclectic. If a Parish interior suggests the discreet purée of a young society matron, a Hadley evokes the smart flat of the confirmed bachelor. Both ideals are present. Continuity is what the firm is about. A recent coup: a royal commission from the duke and duchess of York.

Mandarins in Training
Arthur E. Smith

One of a new generation working in the grand manner. Apprenticed with the late Billy Baldwin, Smith has a very thirties affinity for Venetian blackamoor figures, French furniture upholstered in faux leopard, and poignantly scarred Roman torsos and Greek busts. Look for a high density of period quotations.

David Anthony Easton

Another essayist in the haute tradition. An architect, he integrates rooms with a sure sense of structure and a scholarly devotion to detail. Something of the European confidence of Valerian Rybar (with whom he has worked) percolates here, though lightened with a delicate irony. Given the chance, he likes to work closely with surrounding landscaping.

Samuel Botero

Polite and social; his personality matches his rooms. Trained as a modernist, he has grown steadily more traditional in recent years—who hasn't? Now he makes buying trips to London like everyone else. Yet his interiors have a lightness that belies their high style. Clients "who are also friends"—such as Princess Yasmin Khan—figure heavily on his roster.

Rybar & Daigre

A much more cosmopolitan and contemporary viewpoint is at work here (see Connoisseur, November 1985). Rybar and Daigre are particular favorites of points west and Paris, where last year they whipped up "Féerie" (Faireland), a ball for Marie-Hélène de Rothschild. The latent exoticism in their work also suits languorous latitudes. A hint of theater, of musk and rouge, seems ever-present. Rybar at his most reckless comes close to naked ostentation, but Daigre, with his more neoclassical temper, chills things out.
PAYING THE PIPER

The financial side of the design and decorating game is fraught with misapprehensions and the lingering conviction on the part of many clients that the whole process must be numbingly expensive and certainly far more costly than muddling through on one's own. This is not the case.

The facts are actually simple. Most major designers bill the client the pre-tax net cost of all items and services plus commission, which can range from 25 to 40 percent, subject to negotiation. (Construction is billed at the contractor's price.)

Clearly a decorator much in demand will be tempted to set the commission at the top of the range. On the other hand, young, up-and-coming talent is often more flexible, especially if the budget is generous and the support of the client makes it probable that a publishable job will emerge. All designers have one eye on the shelter books (Architectural Digest, HG, World of Interiors, and others) all the time.

It is wise to talk to as many as half a dozen designers—or more before making one's choice. Contrary, perhaps, to a first-timer's expectations, a good decorator will guide the conversation, not unlike a skilled psychotherapist. Expect to be asked about the space, your budget, what furniture (if any) you wish to retain, collections (if any) to be accommodated or augmented, your requirements for entertaining, and so on.

Most professionals agree that one should decide at the outset whether one prefers a small-scale firm (up to four employees) or a larger one (from four to thirty or more). At a smaller office, there is a far greater likelihood of working directly with the designer at all stages of the project. At a larger office (Box continues next page.)

John Saladino

He sometimes creates interiors that look as if they had been imported from a magic realist novel. Periods and styles meet and mingle. A surreally aged room contrasts with pristine polished metal, Carrara marble with a Cy Twombly. One of the most intellectual of New York's designers, he considers himself first and foremost a product of Mediterranean culture, and it is to that his work returns, through the use of symmetry, opulent color harmonies, and the deployment of classical motifs of all periods.

Saladino's distressed-looking drawing room reflects his "romance with corrosion."

Bentley LaRosa Salasky

Coming up fast, the decorators and designers of the next wave are guided by different preoccupations from the Establishment's. They subscribe to no dogma. Brought up in a visually freewheeling era, often trained as architects, they tend to see everything from Saturday-morning cartoons to Vitruvius Britannicus or the collected works of Edwin Lutyens as grist for the creative mill. Welcome to the future.

Tod Williams and Billie Tsien

A husband-and-wife team of architects whose interiors reflect a strong structural sense. The highly refined use of color and the exploration of such materials as plaster, increasingly important in their work, reflect Tsien's Oriental background.
They emphasize the sensuousness of fine materials, faultless paintwork, perfect floors. Recently, they have been adding Biedermeier, art deco, or even the occasional Louis XVI chair, but ultimately their vision is chaste, reductive, luxurious.

Peter F. Carlson

Another contender in a rapidly rising style: neoclassicism strained through surrealism and decked out with references to as many other cultures and periods as possible, without quite breaking the essentially traditional spell.

Above: Clodagh deconstructs the sink. Below: An architectural flourish from Shelton, Mindel. This rotunda brings surprise to a foursquare Manhattan floor plan and frames views like pictures.

office, service can be a good deal less personal, though a really wealthy client rarely encounters attention from the top.

Customarily the contract is drawn up by the designer. You should have your attorney review it before you sign it. In no case should work begin before the legal paperwork is in order.

In New York, a minimum budget for the designers and decorators we list here would be approximately $100,000 for a one-bedroom apartment—not including commissions or major construction (kitchen, bath, and so on). Once a relationship is established, designers will sometimes consent to do a single room (especially if it means modifying or removing the work of another) at costs ranging upward from a minimum of $25,000.

The budget should always be agreed to in advance, but always be prepared to spend more. Everything ends up costing more than the first estimate.

Time is another factor. Today, few designers have a waiting list, and if a project is choice, rooms will be found in the tightest schedule. Redecorating often comes about because of a move, or a divorce, or some other new start. Nobody wants to wait. If no major architectural modifications are involved, a project may be completed in as little as eight weeks. A really involved project may take as much as six months to a year or more.

WHERE DESIGNERS SHOP

Despite their protestations to the contrary, most decorators depend on a surprisingly small number of Manhattan antiques shops for many of their best finds. As a result, many dealers have become important as watchdogs of taste. Such men as Bruce Newman have a greater impact on the way our rooms look now than the decorators would care to admit. On any given day, virtually every New York designer could give, out of his head, an up-to-date inventory of the contents of Newman's shop, Newel Art Galleries (425 East Fifty-third Street; 212-755-1970), and those of his peers.

Says Newman, 'Perhaps the most remarkable change I've observed over the past few years is in the level of education in both decorators and their clients. This has led to a much higher appreciation for quality. And a subsequent demand for fine things has led to a real scarcity. Which is one reason why so many styles seem to have been 'rediscovered' lately. But even then, there isn't that much of anything really fine. Take Russian Empire. I see lots of it, so called. Yet there were only about five thousand families in Russia in a position to commission such pieces. So a lot of what we see is Empire, yes, but Swedish, or from other Baltic countries, not Russian.'

Gene Tyson, of Gene Tyson Antiques Inc. (19 East Sixty-ninth Street; 212-744-5783), agrees with Newman that the shortage of good pieces is the major factor in the market. "I think it has resulted in greater flexibility, so you see more creativity and diversity in interiors. The time is past when, if you were doing a traditional room, everything had to be eighteenth-century French or English. Today we've learned to juxtapose Biedermeier with art deco, Arts and Crafts with Gothic revival. Another new factor is the number of European decorators who now work over here. This is all part of a great opening up and internationalization of interior design in New York."

Anthony Victoria, of Frederick P. Victoria & Son, Inc. (154 East Fifty-fifth Street; 212-755-2549), says, "I'm excited by the fact that a lot of younger designers have relaxed in recent years and become much more interested in the past, rather than trying to make exclusively modern statements. They come without preconceived notions of how things should look, and I think the result—with its often brilliant mix of period furniture with modern lighting and materials—is giving rise to a new, distinctively Manhattan style."

Turn the page for a directory of all featured designers—and turn to page 170 for thumbnail sketches of some hot new Europeans.
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<tr>
<th>DECORATOR</th>
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<tr>
<td>BENTLEY LAROSA SALASKY,</td>
<td>160 Firth Ave.; 253-7827</td>
<td>Venture capitalists</td>
<td>Anthologies of style, neo-Biedermeier, domesticity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DESIGN (3)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Cool, precise placement of antiques, no clutter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAMUEL BOTERO ASSOC., INC. (6)</td>
<td>150 East 58th St.; 935-5155</td>
<td>Smart young Manhattan rich</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>BRAY-SCHAIBLE DESIGN (5)</td>
<td>50 West 40th St.; 354-7325</td>
<td>Plutocratic egophiles</td>
<td>Big furniture, artist art, exquisite detail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARIO BUATTA (2)</td>
<td>120 East 80th St.; 986-6811</td>
<td>People who love to entertain</td>
<td>Rubbishes, bows, chintzes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETER F. CARLSON</td>
<td>196 Grand St.; 925-2173</td>
<td>Neoclassics</td>
<td>Updated surrealism, classical quotations</td>
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<tr>
<td>(CARLSON-GEVIS) (4)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CHESTER CLEAVER (4)</td>
<td>12 Bedford St.; 929-6902</td>
<td>Tradition-minded intellectuals</td>
<td>Working with client's own pieces</td>
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<tr>
<td>CLODAGH (5)</td>
<td>365 First Ave.; 673-9202</td>
<td>Cool, amused, aware</td>
<td>Zen shapes, postpunk styling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUBEN DE SAAVEDRA LTD. (As few as possible)</td>
<td>210 East 60th St.; 759-2952</td>
<td>Divas, romantics</td>
<td>Finds from unlikely sources</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICHAEL DE SANTIS (5)</td>
<td>1110 Second Ave.; 753-5871</td>
<td>Success stories</td>
<td>Etched glass, shows lighting, movieland lace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D'URSO DESIGN INC. (1)</td>
<td>80 West 40th St.; 699-9313</td>
<td>People with a spiritual sense of place</td>
<td>Unconventional use of materials; furniture and objects used sculpturally</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MELVIN DWOR (4)</td>
<td>405 East 56th St.; 759-9330</td>
<td>Sensitive industrialists, aesthetics</td>
<td>Primitive art, abstract drawings, Jacobethan furniture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID ANTHONY EASTON</td>
<td>323 East 56th St.; 486-6704</td>
<td>Old Virginians, Adam fans</td>
<td>Architectural emphasis, symmetry, austere grandeur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1 principal, 1 project designer)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Genre pictures, miniature objects</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORGIA FAIRHOLME (1)</td>
<td>Address classified; 410-4035</td>
<td>Discreet, tweedy, horsey</td>
<td>Button sofas, thrown shawls, Russian Empire bric-a-brac</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUZIE FRANKFURT (3)</td>
<td>122 East 73rd St.; 288-6244</td>
<td>South American heiresses, fashion editors, &quot;her friends&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARK HAMPTON INC. (7)</td>
<td>654 Madison Ave.; 753-1110</td>
<td>The megarich</td>
<td>Architectural flair, minimal clutter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KEITH IRVINE AND THOMAS FLEMING (9)</td>
<td>19 East 57th St.; 888-6000</td>
<td>Displaced country gentrty</td>
<td>Painted boxes, horse brasses, tartan throws</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOEL JEFFREY INC. (4)</td>
<td>22 East 65th St.; 333-0300</td>
<td>Investment bankers, conservatives with a taste for glitz</td>
<td>Mirrors, lacquer, luxurious surfaces</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M (GROUP) (3)</td>
<td>185 West End Ave.; 874-0773</td>
<td>Curatorial types, younger social set</td>
<td>Self-conscious grandeur, dramatic lightening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETER MARINO (1 principal, 12 designers, 20 architects)</td>
<td>150 East 56th St.; 752-4444</td>
<td>New money with taste, i.e., fashion types</td>
<td>Postmodern eclecticism, instinct for quality</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBERT METZGER (9)</td>
<td>215 East 56th St.; 371-9620</td>
<td>Busy, busy, busy (no time to decorate!)</td>
<td>Sense of theater, bearet materials (chagreen, nacce), Indo-Portuguese furniture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID MLNARIC (6)</td>
<td>38 Bourne St., London; 730-9272</td>
<td>Adventurous English Establishment</td>
<td>Shabby chic with a contemporary twist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOLYNEUX STUDIO, LTD. (10)</td>
<td>29 East 69th St.; 628-0397</td>
<td>People who like to socialize with their decorators</td>
<td>Opulence bordering on decadence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RENZO MONGIARDINO (1)</td>
<td>Address and phone classified. Milan</td>
<td>Expatriate Europeans, adventurous American old money</td>
<td>Pattern on pattern, Anglophilosophy à l'italienne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JUAN MONTOTA DESIGN CORP. (3)</td>
<td>80 Eighth Ave.; 242-3622</td>
<td>South American intellectuals, cosmopolitan New Yorkers</td>
<td>Period-and-modern mix, emphasis on simplicity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PARISH-HADLEY ASSOC., INC. (5, plus decorator staff of 10)</td>
<td>305 East 63rd St.; 888-7979</td>
<td>Old money, new novelty</td>
<td>Restraint, English antiques and aura</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PATINO/WOLF ASSOCIATES, INC. (6)</td>
<td>420 East 52nd St.; 355-6581</td>
<td>Self-assured worldlings</td>
<td>Simplicity achieved at great expense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALERIAN RYBAR &amp; D'AIGRE DESIGN CORP. (2 principals, 18 support staff)</td>
<td>601 Madison Ave.; 752-1661</td>
<td>Shopping dynasts, oil burners, armaments aristocrats</td>
<td>Bold color, extravagant objects, startling juxtapositions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN SALADINO (3-4 per project)</td>
<td>305 East 63rd St.; 752-2492</td>
<td>Extremely diverse</td>
<td>The old with the new, the tough with the smooth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HENRI SAMUEL (1)</td>
<td>Address and phone classified. Paris</td>
<td>Crème de la Rothschild, haute couture, new money</td>
<td>Lush historic pastiche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHELTON, MIND &amp; ASSOC. (7)</td>
<td>216 West 15th St.; 243-3939</td>
<td>Respecters of tradition with a soft spot for the avant-garde</td>
<td>Art deco crossed with neoclassicism, tellingly empty space</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARTHUR E. SMITH, INC. (1)</td>
<td>235 East 60th St.; 838-3052</td>
<td>Neoclassics</td>
<td>Greek and Roman antiquities, macabre Empire pieces</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAY SPECTRE (10)</td>
<td>964 Third Ave.; 758-1773</td>
<td>The international set, &quot;invisible celebrities&quot;</td>
<td>Custom furniture, electronic gadgets, emphasis on art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOD WILLIAMS BILLIE TSIE AND ASSOC. (7)</td>
<td>222 Central Park South; 552-2355</td>
<td>Gallery owners, minded cognoscenti</td>
<td>Postmodern cool, Zen with color</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* In parentheses: number of creative staff  
† Unless otherwise noted, all addresses and phone numbers are in New York City.
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e ranks among the greatest figures in the history of art," wrote Calouste Gulbenkian of his favorite jeweler, René Lalique. Art nouveau expressed itself more forcefully in jewelry than in any other art form, that is thanks mainly to Lalique's subtle and delicate designs. In the years between 1890 and 1900 he turned jewelry into a medium of expression. Others were creating memorable jewels too, but for sheer beauty and inventiveness the laurels go to Lalique.

Yet in 1900, in the midst of his brilliant success, Lalique pulled out of jewelry to work for the rest of his life in glass. It made him sick to see his glorious designs plagiarized and vulgarized by the horde of me-too jewelers who had scrambled aboard the art nouveau bandwagon.

Throughout his career as a jeweler, Lalique was seldom short of well-heeled clients, though the strain of producing one-off designs may have told on him. As a businessman he was shrewd, and his experience with jewelry told him that virtually worthless materials like enamel and glass, fashioned into objects of aesthetic value, could be sold for good prices. Commercial logic led him beyond jewelry to glass multiples produced by the thousand.

Sigrid Barten's René Lalique (1977) listed some 1,600 pieces of Lalique jewelry. Several hundred more have since come to light. The handful sold at auction every year, mostly in Switzerland, now fetches between $10,000 and $100,000. Prices have climbed by some 200 percent since 1975—a surprisingly low rate considering the rarity and originality of Lalique's work, and almost ridiculous when compared with more than double that rate achieved by his mass-produced glass.

The market tilts toward Lalique's prettier, lighter flower-based pieces. Some of his work of the early 1890s has a Victorian feel. The hard-core art nouveau work was done in the early years of this century, and the highest price yet paid at auction stands at $127,000, for a necklace.

The comparison with Fabergé is inevitable, yet Lalique's admirers abhor it, seeing in Fabergé a peddler of lifeless commercial baubles. They may go too far in denigrating Lalique's rivals, but considering how he was driven away from jewelry, their protective zeal is understandable.

The status of art nouveau within the art world has never been properly settled. By the 1920s, after an impressive run of thirty years, it had begun to seem a rather introspective, narcissistic idiom, distinctly passé. It was supplanted by the angular, hard-hitting art deco style, first seen at and named after the Exposition Internationale
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COLLECTING AT THE TOP

The dreamy quality of art nouveau tied in well with hippie flower power, flowing hair, and the back-to-nature movement in all its forms. At the same time, a bevy of youngsters began to deal in art, and art nouveau struck many as the ideal field, for prices were low and the material was plentiful. Chances of success seemed brighter than in the more established, capital-hungry fields of art dealing.

During the sixties, too, prices for silver, porcelain, jewelry, and other satellites of the art market proper rose. Though art nouveau shared in this surge, it failed to follow through in the seventies.

Jewelry has always been regarded as a means of parading wealth more than as an art form, and Lalique, too,

had to face the fact that in an industrial society it was still largely a symbol of success. In most nineteenth-century jewelry, precious stones and metals accounted for the greater part of the retail value; workmanship and design rarely counted for much. In Lalique's work, the position was reversed. Though he used gold with amazing fluency to convey organic forms, he set it with humble materials as well as precious jewels. He was the first to make use of horn. Only an artist of his talent could reveal its strange beauty in a hair ornament. He was also among the first to make extensive use of crystal and ivory.

Even in the 1890s, Lalique's prices were by no means timid. You could buy an important piece of diamond jewelry for the price of a Lalique piece in mere glass and enamel. It was jewelry for the brave. Lalique knew the value of his work, and he knew, too, how badly rich society ladies as well as the legendary courtiers of the naughty nineties wanted to bowl over their admirers. Pairs of sinuous bodies—sea horses, fish, or human lovers—interwound and joined at the mouth were common features in Lalique's jewelry.

Gulbenkian, an oil magnate of vast wealth, known as Mr. Five Percent, was a fervent admirer of Lalique's. In 1895 he gave him the commission every artist dreams of. "Make me whatever you like," he said. The some 150 jewels Lalique created over the next thirteen years—now on view at the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, in Lisbon—are a fitting tribute to a great association. Gulbenkian matched this with a message to Lalique's daughter after the artist died, in 1945: "He ranks..."
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Lake Tahoe, CA: This exquisitely furnished 5,700 sq. ft. condominium chateau at Fleur de Lac enjoys 36-ft. boat slip, view-filled decks, moveable interior walls, 3 bedrooms, library, 5½ baths, outstandingly luxurious amenities; on the fashionable west shore. Brochure C-715584. $3,750,000.

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County Limerick, Ireland: Brackbaum, in Kilbehenny, is a beautiful country estate on 4½ emerald acres with Shannon Airport just 60 miles away. Built to U.S. standards, it enjoys a luxurious 9-room brick manor house, guest house and stable. Brochure C-451752. $385,000.

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"...the greatest figures in the history of art of all time, and his masterful touch--as well as his exquisite imagination--will excite the admiration of future generations."

"For the art historian, art nouveau occupies the blurred area between historicism and modern art. It was a reaction against academic paintings of the narrative kind that made clear what the observer should see and think. By contrast, art nouveau artists invited the imagination to fly off to a region of unfettered fantasy."

"But art nouveau carried with it itself a fatal flaw, which sent it down a black hole of its own making. Art history used it as its self-regarding subject. The art nouveau historian Robert Schuman said the style's main theme as "a long, sensitive, sorrowful line...[characterized] by the deft of a whiplash, flowing or soaring up, moderate or furioso, always moving in a sort of hallucinative self-delirium." The peacock--symbol of vanity--was taken and mermaids figured largely in its imagery, and it always suggested a mysterious and somewhat placid theme. There were strong links with symbolism; for where art nouveau rejected anecdote it replaced it with emblems or symbols. Mallarmé's symbolism poetry was obscure for a reason: to be clear, he explained, was to rob the reader of the pleasure of guessing its meaning.

"Some idealists hoped that through art nouveau all the arts would come together in a universal synthesis. "Earthy, exotic, and everlasting" was how one critic described Lalique's stand at the Exposition Universelle in Paris in 1900. The same words could describe the snake-dancing of Léonard Bachelier: "a self-propelling ornament which reminds one less of a human being than of a jellyfish," or the calligraphy of..."
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THE BOOK OF KILLS
the magazines that disseminated art nouveau's throbbing message to the faithful. They might describe Rodin's sculptures, celebrating the fey union of man to his world, Beardsley's feline hermaphrodites, the steamy jungle of Mucha's posters, and even the music of Debussy and Ravel. But for all its promise in the area of painting, art nouveau's strength was confined to surface ornament.

**“EERIE, EROTIC, AND EYECATCHING,” WROTE A CRITIC.**

While a crisis brewed in the art world of 1907-08, there occurred a split in the art nouveau movement itself. One group of artists and designers was moving toward the streamlined modernism of the Vienna Secession, while the dyed-in-the-wool art nouveau faithful continued to elaborate, even as they were debasing, art nouveau's convoluted forms. Decline was swift. Just as the miniskirt could look absurd in 1970 soon after it had been the height of fashion, so by 1908 people looked on art nouveau with distaste.

Today Lalique's jewelry, the star turn of the art nouveau movement, looks undervalued. It may be that there are too few examples around to create an active market. Nobody can be quite sure how many may come to light. The precious stones set in some examples were sold for cash in the 1940s. Many more pieces are salted away in France, where the wealth tax requires the rich to keep a low profile. The Lalique family, which still owns the flourishing glass business, is reticent about a possibly substantial holding.

The Sigrid Barten listing, meanwhile, is welcome reassurance for the investor. He can see the piece he owns illustrated in a book; he can com-
Whales of Spring

Presenting "Maui Ohana," a magnificent portrait in bronze of humpback whales, created by acclaimed American sculptor
Bruce Turnbull

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Bruce Turnbull, one of the world's premier sculptors of wildlife, is a resident of Maui, where migrating humpback whales spend the winter and early spring. His deep feeling for these majestic creatures is captured in "Maui Ohana" with superbly artistic subtleties that celebrate the grandeur of their spirit. In Turnbull's work, subject and style are extensions of one another, underscored with a strong sense of emotion.

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WINE

Remarkable Reds—The Connoisseur Steps Outside the Mainstream

By Robert M. Parker, Jr.

Ask a wine lover where to find great red wines, and the names that trip from his tongue will be the inevitable Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Rhône Valley, in France; Tuscany and Piedmont, in Italy; the north-coast districts of California; and Victoria and New South Wales, in Australia. However, being a connoisseur of wine can frequently be an adventure, and the following ten wines are for those who have the self-confidence to serve a great red wine that lacks a famous pedigree. Here they are presented by region in alphabetical order.

Chile

In spite of its uneasy political situation, Chile has the potential to produce very great red wine. The superb, cool grape-growing conditions of the Maipo, Maule, Cachapoal, and Aconcagua valleys, in and around the capital city of Santiago, have proved ideal for such classic Bordeaux grapes as cabernet sauvignon, merlot, and cabernet franc. The problem has simply been that nobody has been willing to make a financial commitment to extracting the finest quality of wine from the old, well-drained hillside vineyards sheltered from the ocean winds by the coastal range and from severe weather by the Andes. Three wineries, however, have shown that they can produce outstanding wines at bargain prices. One sip of a cabernet sauvignon from Cousino-Macul, Saint Morillon, or Santa Rita ought to persuade Bordeaux and California that they had better forget worrying about each other and cast a serious and envious look at this sleeping giant.

Cousino-Macul produces two cabernet sauvignons for export, a supple herb-and-black-currant-scented regular bottling that sells for $6 and a richer, more complex and interesting special bottling called Antiguas Reservas, at $8. It is hard to see how vintages differ, because individual wine making seems to be more important than weather, but do look for the 1980, 1981, and 1982 Antiguas Reservas and the 1983, 1984 regular bottlings of Cousino-Macul.

Saint Morillon’s 1983 and 1984 cabernet sauvignons taste like $15 to $20 bottles of fine red Graves from Bordeaux. Rich, with mineral and black-currant scents, both these wines display bold flavors and surprising concentration and character.

what’s more, they sell for the huge sum of $4 a bottle.

The newest arrival from Chile and perhaps the best wine of all is Santa Rita, from an established winery in the Maipo Valley. Its newly released 1985 and 1984 cabernets, especially the top bottlings labeled “Tres Medallas” and “120-Estate,” are deeply colored, with rich, cedary, intense bouquets, supple, berry-fruit flavors, full body, and terrific finishes. Impressive wines indeed, Santa Rita cabernets sell for an unbelievable $8 to $10 a bottle.

Lebanon

You would think it was impossible to produce world-class wines in the sun-baked Middle East, but wait till you taste the exquisite red wine of Château Musar. This estate, founded in the 1930s, only twenty-eight miles from Beirut in the besieged Bekaa Valley, is making some fabulous red wines against all odds. The proprietor, Serge Hochar, has had vintages nearly wiped out by the savagery that plagues his land and has often had to work out minor treaties with various militias in order to get his grapes to the winery. Yet he has persevered and was even named wine man of the year by England’s prestigious magazine Decanter.

His wines, made from a blend of cabernet sauvignon, syrah, and cinsault, recall both a rich Bordeaux and a generously flavored southern Rhône. I have tasted all the vintages back to 1966, and even the old years remain in top shape. Recent releases include a gorgeously fragrant and velvety 1979 and a richer, deeper, and more age-worthy 1977. Prices for this remarkable wine—surely the
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It is famous for spicy and hot blue crabs steamed and washed down with oceans of cold beer by the natives. However, in the western part of the state, in the Appalachian foothills, William Bird, a retired pharmacist, has fashioned a hillside vineyard of cabernet sauvignon and merlot that is producing the East Coast's greatest red wine. Some go even further, saying it is one of America's finest cabernets, but since none of Bird's wines has yet reached maturity, this claim is probably a bit premature. However, his rich, black, ruby-colored, tannic cabernets are immensely impressive young wines giving every indication that they will need a full decade of cellaring to show their true potential. Prices have crept up as local wine drinkers buy up some of his greatest successes, including the 1983 and 1984 cabernets. At $15 a bottle, Bird's wine is priced competitively with its closest rivals, the best cabernets of Napa Valley.

PROVENCE

The name suggests sun, a rich and aromatic cuisine, and the playground of the rich and famous. But a Provence wine cannot be anything but a thirst-quenching rosé—right? Wrong. Three estates in Provence are making red wines so good that comparisons with the best Bordeaux are not far-fetched. The names to watch for are Domaine de Tempier, near the medieval ghost village of Les Baux, Domaine Tempier, near the charming seaside resort of Bandol, and Domaine Richeaume. Just outside Aix-en-Provence, at the foot of Cézanne's Mont-Sainte-Victoire.

All three estates produce compelling wines at a fraction of their true value on the world market. Certainly, the red wine of Domaine de Tempier, made from the forbidding vineyard in the Valley of Hell near Les Baux, is the most flamboyant wine of the three. A blend of cabernet sauvignon and syrah, it is a fabulously rich, black, ruby-colored wine with a cascade of silky fruit and melting tannins. The delicious whiff of Provençal herbs in its bouquet is more than an olfactory fancy. Look for the 1985, followed by the 1986 and 1984. All of these impressive wines are priced at around $12 a bottle.

Bandol is widely regarded as the most privileged red-wine region of Provence, and its star is Domaine Tempier. While a cerebral but pleasing rosé is made here, the long-term red wines made primarily from the little-known mourvèdre grape deserve to be in any serious collector's cellar. They will keep and improve twenty years or more, and at $10 to $15 a bottle represent terrific bargains for a fine French wine. The best recent vintages include smashing wines made in 1952, 1983, and 1955, but even in an off year like 1984, Domaine Tempier has excelled.

Domaine Richeaume is the creation of a single-minded German, Henning Hoesch, who carved this fascinating vineyard from the local hillside in 1972. He produces 5,000 cases of intense and majestic red wines by following totally organic methods—no chemical fertilizers, pesticides, or herbicides. His wines, usually blends of cabernet sauvignon and syrah, are strikingly rich and complex, with excellent keeping qualities. The 1955s and 1960s are extremely successful and sell for around $10 a bottle.

SPAIN

Despite Spain's enormous potential and the millions of pesetas being spent on promotion, for every good Spanish red wine five or six others are dried out, musty, too oaky, and seriously flawed. Two of Spain's red wines, however, are among the greatest in the world, and while each has raised its prices in recent years, they remain underpriced when taken in a global context.

In the northern part of the country, called the Duero, the estate of Pesquera is run with a fanatical perfectionism by Señor Fernández. His wines are stunningly rich and deep, inviting comparison to France's superstar, Château Pétrus. Though they share the Spanish predilection for a lush, sweet oakiness to their flavors, they have a sensational bouquet, intense black-currant fruit, and an aging potential of fifteen to twenty years. Wonder they take the price as Spain's finest red wine. Vintages to look for include the spectacular 1985, the very good 1983, and the superb 1982. Prices have jumped, but these wines can still be bought at $12 to $16 a bottle, or about a tenth the price of a bottle of Pétrus.

Pesquera's only true competition is the luxury wine of the hugely successful Torres firm, in Penedes, the seaside viticultural district in northeastern Spain. The Torres Black Label Gran Coronas (100 percent cabernet sauvignon since 1978) was sublime in 1975, 1978, and 1981; excellent in 1977, 1976, 1971, and 1970. In the highly touted 1982, there has been tremendous variation from bottle to bottle, but at $20 virtually any vintage of this velvet, multidimensional cabernet sauvignon is strong competition for the finest of California and France.

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(Decorators, continued from page 152.)

THE EUROPEANS

London and Paris are the seedbed of the change in interior design—obstinately fresh and brashly inventive. As the brightest next-wave stars take on American projects, new transatlantic reputations are forged. The latest examples:

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Pawson Silvestrin (01) 495-1212

As practiced by John Pawson and Claudio Silvestrin, minimalism is hallowed, not hollow. They've learned lesson one: Quality is all. Many of their dramatically bare interiors feature custom pieces. Even the kitchen sink is likely to be one-of-a-kind.

Branson/Coates (01) 490-0343

Doug Branson and Nigel Coates like eccentric quotations: robots, skeletons, and insipid neoclassical gods and goddesses. Call their style a cross between industrial baroque and upscale sci-fi. The Japanese love them. Many of their latest projects are in Tokyo.

Paris

Philippe Starck

Montfort-l'Amaury (1) 34.86.84.74

The entant terrible of French design, creator of the breathtaking Cafe Costes, in Les Halles: now working on his first American project: the former Royalton Hotel, for Ian Schrager. Starck takes modernist forms and turns them into amiable or sinister new shapes. Overtones of sci-fi—very à la mode all over Europe these days—are important here.

Bonetti and Garouste (1) 43.26.21.45

Their showrooms for Christian Lacroix were last season's Parisian succès de scandale. Americans might define the style as middle-period Flintstones with accents of the salon of Cruella de Ville. Anyway, Mattia Bonetti and Elisabeth Garouste are savvy.

Andréé Putman (1) 42.78.88.35

Some claim that this formidable designer, famous for her pricefighter-shoulder, Thierry Mugler-tailored suits, is more a furniture arranger than a designer. Certainly she has paid attention to such past masters as Eileen Gray, reproductions of whose work she markets through her Paris company, Ecart. But, she has an excellent eye for color (even better for black and white), and her design for Morgans, in New York, makes for one of the more attractive hotel environments in the world. □

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In Hong Kong, the tumbledown warren of alleyways around Hollywood Road and Cat Street is brimming with little antiques shops and market stalls. Old women crouch patiently in front of an eclectic array of old shoes and broken radios, beneath shining cooking pots strung from doorways to tempt passersby to enter.

There are other goods for sale here, as well, more exotic and far more valuable and rare: treasures smuggled out of mainland China. The ancient artifacts, many from illegally excavated tombs, others from old collections, began to trickle out of China around 1981. By 1984 the influx of articles had grown to a flood. The lack of international laws making trade in these wares illegal means that the treasures have turned up far from the shacks on Cat Street in the salerooms of Sotheby’s and Christie’s in New York and London. A magnificent Tang horse and groom, which sold for $572,000 at Christie’s last June, was reportedly fresh from China. So was the seated figure of a dog, from the Han dynasty, that appeared on the cover of the June Sotheby’s catalog and sold for $63,800.

The profusion of these newly available objects at auction has reduced prices in many fields. Henan blackwares of the Sung dynasty are a case in point; the narrow-necked vases decorated with floral sprays in brownish black on a rich black glaze used to command $15,000 or so; now dealers are lucky if the vases fetch $5,000. Some of the smuggled treasures come into Macao or Hong Kong from the mainland at night on fishing boats. Others come in by road, concealed in truckloads of cabbages and other goods. Allegedly, Chinese customs officials have recently invested in X-ray equipment that will detect foreign material in a load of farm produce. One dealer reports seeing a rice sack filled with sparkling, gilt-bronze Buddhas, some two or three hundred of them.

The smuggled artifacts are to be found at every level of the Hong Kong trade, from the back-street junk shop to the elegant shops run by dealers of world repute in luxury hotels. The best pieces are, naturally, in the hands of the better dealers, and the secrecy with which the trade is operated makes them inaccessible to all but trusted clients. There is no ostentatious window display, but a shop selling something else, like jewelry, handles priceless Chinese treasures from a back office. Even in the inner sanctum, only the more ordinary pieces are on display. The best are tucked away in brocaded boxes and are revealed only to special clients.

The major dealers do not like to deal directly with smugglers but maintain close links with trusted traders on Hollywood Road. Others do the rounds of the antiques shops in the early hours to be sure that they get the first pick of the new goods. Hong Kong has become so crucial a source of supply that several Japanese dealers maintain agents there.
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The availability of the smuggled treasures has transformed the collecting habits of the East. Many of the Hong Kong collectors who used to buy later porcelains have changed their interests, and new collectors have sprung up because the early material is so inexpensive. Trade in the smuggled artifacts is developing in Taiwan, Indonesia, Korea, and every other Asian country whose culture has traditional links with China and whose airlines fly to Hong Kong.

Sotheby's was already established in Hong Kong when the smuggling began. Julian R. Thompson, a brilliant Chinese-art expert from London and now chairman of Sotheby's International, transformed the Hong Kong market in the 1970s. The enormous number of fakes in circulation had discouraged local collectors; by holding auctions with honest and accurate catalogs, Sotheby's made buyers feel safe, and the market took fire.

When traders began to offer Sotheby's smuggled pieces, the firm often shipped them to New York or London, where the market for archaeological tomb wares like Tang and Han pottery figures was much greater than it was in the Far East. As the volume of smuggled artifacts grew, Sotheby's became increasingly selective.

Christie's, in the meantime, was anxious to catch up with its rival. The auction house sent James Spencer, a young Chinese-art expert, from London to the East to collect material, and he came home with a bumper crop. Catalogs for the 1984 sales at Christie's in London and New York were the size of telephone books—and the market duly collapsed.

A lesson learned, Christie's has now slimmed down its sales, but both houses continue to sell rare treasures whose lack of provenance suggests that they have come recently from China. When asked if they were worried about sale items that may have been smuggled from China, a Sotheby's spokesperson said, "We are not..."
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aware of any situations in which that has happened.” Christie’s declined to make any comment.

Just as royal palaces and the châteaux of the nobility yielded dazzling examples of European craftsmanship during the French Revolution when their owners fled or were carried off to the guillotine, it was the aftermath of the Chinese revolution that brought the ancient treasures literally to the surface. Peasants growing produce on land that had not been farmed for centuries came upon ancient tombs. The pottery figures and vessels, jades, bronzes, and jewelry that had been buried to comfort the deceased in the afterlife offered far greater opportunities of financial gain than any crop. There are stories of whole villages turning out to dig the ancestral tombs by night.

These finds would, however, have been of no significance had not restrictions on travel within China been lifted in the mid-

1970s. Many burial grounds, as well as the capitals of the Shang, Chou, Han, and T’ang dynasties, were located in the north of China, mainly along the Yellow River. Naturally, the richest tombs were in the vicinity of the imperial court, in Peking. So, newly discovered treasures must be transported a thousand miles south before they make their illicit border crossing. With rules on travel relaxed, it was possible to establish an illicit trade route of great magnitude. It is also pointed out, and with some justice, that high officials must be involved in the trade, or the material wouldn’t flow south in such quantity. A host of informal organizations sprang up to buy artifacts from peasants, carry the goods south, and take them across the border on boats and in trucks to Macao and Hong Kong.

In 1986, reports in Hong Kong newspapers on those smuggling activities sparked a clampdown. The Beijing government last year announced that it had detected 128 cases of attempted smuggling during 1986, involving 5,200 objects. Another 60 smuggling attempts, involving 1,200 pieces, were thwarted in the first five months of 1987. The Chinese authorities broke up one ring when they raided the second-floor flat of Huang Naizhao, better known as “Fat Guy Zhao,” in Guangzhou and found more than 600 ancient pieces of pottery. The raid was followed by forty-nine other arrests, according to a report in the South China Morning Post.

As a result of these measures, the volume of material arriving in Hong Kong has diminished but not dried up. “Two years ago I was shown something good every day,” a leading Hong Kong dealer says. “Now it is only two or three times a week.” Even so, the trade continues. Ceramics, jades, and jewels are still pouring out. They range from Neolithic pots of the third millennium B.C. to the sophisticated creations of the T’ang and Sung dynasties (A.D. 618–907 and A.D. 960–1279, respectively).

James Watt, the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s consultant on Chinese antiquities, emphasizes the scale of the problem that faces the Communist regime. In a planned economy, smuggling cannot be treated in isolation. It is only one aspect of the management of cultural relics. To be effective, legislation must cover excavation, conservation, storage, display, the organization of the internal market, pricing, and exportation. He criticizes the “total failure of the Chinese government to tackle the overall management of cultural relics.” Watt says, “I condemn smuggling like anyone else, but it is a side effect of the overall problem.” A New York dealer who was with Sotheby’s in Hong Kong in the seventies, James Lally, agrees. In the present, muddled situation there is “a negative reward for playing by the rules,” he says.

The specter of the changes of 1997, when the British will hand Hong Kong over to Communist China, hovers over the city’s skyscrapers and its lucrative trade in treasures smuggled out of China. The collections of smuggled artifacts must be gotten out of the city before the Communists lay claim to them. Some dealers plan to move before the transfer of power; others intend to stay but have their escape routes ready in case of trouble.

For a brief moment, some cracks have opened in the defenses of China, sealed since time immemorial. Opportunists with a discerning eye and some spare cash have acquired invaluable treasures. But in the meantime, how much of China’s cultural heritage has been dispersed?

Geraldine Norman is art-market correspondent of the Independent of London.
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**JUNE 1988**

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Gold and Silver of the  
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"10" best colors
- canary yellow
- hospital white
- the color purple
- black, black
- British racing green
- mushroom
- Bo Derek's skin!!
- bijan blue
- dirty pink
- N.Y. skyline at 6:00 pm

"10" best moving objects
- Gulfstream G-IV
- hemlines
- Ferrari-Daytona
- American Bald Eagle
- Jaguar (the animal)
- Los Angeles (on...October 1, 1987)
- Mercedes 560 coupe (made into a convertible)
- William "the refrigerator" Perry
- Bentley Turbo
- Brian Boitano (Gold Medal Winner of 1988 Olympics)

"10" most favorite things in my life
- a good friend
- firm beds
- Barbra Streisand's voice
- black cars
- coffee and cigarettes!
- horses
- the sights of Africa
- Raquel Welch today
- dressing my own window
- my jogging shoes!

"10" most favorite things in my life
- the late Anwar el Sadat
- Giovanni Agnelli
- Julio Iglesias
- my barber!
- Dar
- King Juan Carlos
- President George Washington
- Michelangelo di Ludovico Buonarroti Simoni
- Eliot Ness (1931)
- my father!

"10" best goals in life
- to be smart
- to be rich
- to be married to a "10"
- to be a good lover!
- to be physically fit
- to create a successful line of clothing each season
- to own General Motors!
- to be a bijan customer
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- to have your own editorial page (even if you didn't want it)
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7. Because it's available only in America
8. Because you don't need an appointment to wear it
9. Because your lather wants to be irresistible.

"10" best designers for women

- Scherrer
- Ungaro
- van Laar
- Laurent
- Ferré
- Fendi
- Versace
- Pignone
- Pucci

"10" best designers for men

- Yohji Yamamoto
- Armani
- Calvin Klein
- Versace
- Tom Ford
- Gianni Versace
- Giorgio Armani
- Versace
- Tom Ford
- Giorgio Armani

"10" most beautiful women

- My wife
- Anne Archer
- Golda Meir
- Jacqueline Onassis
- Statue of Liberty
- Mother Teresa
- Kim Basinger
- "Girlfriend of Romeo"
- Liz Taylor (during the filming of "Giant")
- The real Madonna

"10" places to dine

- (Los Angeles)
- (New York)
- (Phoenix)
- (Santa Fe)
- (Newport Beach)
- (London)
- (Paris)
- (Venice)
- (New York)
- (Munich)
- (Australia)

"10" favorite buildings

- Met, New York
- Accademia, Florence
- Memorial, Washington, D.C.
- Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills
- Polo Shop, New York (Rheinlander Mansion)
- Ducalet, Venice
- (Paris)
- Sydney Opera House, Australia
- Central Station, New York (the main room)

"10" favorite movies or plays

- Evita
- Midnight Express
- From Russia With Love
- Les Misérables
- The Gods Must Be Crazy
- Two Women
- "My 1959 school play of "The King And I"
- Rear Window
- The Godfather Part I
- Swept Away


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Unfair criterious have undoubtedly set aside this important period of history of art, shadowed by the rise, first of the impressionist movement, then by the great masters of the XXst century. Working since before 1900, their art has been often neglected. Fashions come and go and yet, this XIXth century, which through its pompous characteristic and immutable references to mythology has come up with the "POMPIER" style, with the figurations of Venus, Adonis and Eros appearing frequently, is considered and appreciated again. These are many reasons for us being pleased to rediscover this period of history of art which extended from the early 1860 to 1910, in medieval, apocalyptic, classic or oriental backscenes. Pompier artists have painted with an exceptional technical quality, heroes, whose features are reflecting the ambiguous "end of an area" atmosphere, which dominated that period. This exhibition is gathering painters like Abbema, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Coessin de la Fosse, Comerre, Coridon, Lhermitte, Luminais, Merson, among the panoply of them, representative of this magical and classical period. The aspiration I had to organise this particular exhibition, has been taken up by the Gallery GISONDI after the publication of my book "L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts du XIXème siècle : les Pompiers", because of the interest and the curiosity they always showed for that part of the XIXth century. I'm also very grateful to the french Museums of Arras, Bayonne, Carcassonne, La Rochelle, Sens, Nice, Morlaix, for having kindly lent these "Pompiers" paintings belonging to their proper collections, to the Gallery, for the purpose of this exhibition, understanding that the event will be a great homage to the Pompier XIXth century art.
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MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THE GREAT PYRAMID

ord has it that the French hate it. I’m talking, of course, about the "Pyramide," the "sale," "stupid" "cochon" of a pyramid in glass that a non-French architect, the China-born I. M. Pei, designed with utter lack of understanding, they say, of (1) the delicacy of the "grand" courtyard of the Louvre, (2) the grandeur of France, and (3) the "sanctity" of the treasures of the world’s finest museum. It was all politics, they howled, since the choice of the single architect—without a competition of any sort—had been mandated by Francois Mitterrand, that "socialist marauder." And when the work had proceeded far enough for viewing the glassed-in "great" pyramid and its three children, from a scaffold, they hated it even more. "Dieu! there are four, not three, pyramids!" "Megalomaniac!" "Wholly unfitting."

I got a chance to visit the almost complete Louvre pyramid, both inside and out, a couple of months ago. What I. M. Pei has done for the Louvre is to create a nirvana of an entry, something grandiose, translucent, and poetic as well as sensible, orderly, and efficient. To me it is the single finest museum entrance on Earth, comparable in grandeur, verve, and sensitivity to the entrance of the legendary Museo de Antropología, in Mexico City.

The miraculous part of the edifice, which is situated deep underground, is that the skylights of the "great" and lesser pyramids, even on a typically overcast Parisian day, flood the visitor with light. I can only imagine the dazzle when the battery of incandescent lights is turned on. The predominant color of both the aggregate of the concrete and the stone facings—much of it from Chassagne, in Burgundy—is that of refined honey. Although the central space—gained by either an elegant escalator, a majestic circular staircase, or an elevator, all bunched together for maximum efficacy—is huge, measuring some fifty meters by fifty meters, the scale is human and hospitable. The central gathering place leads off to three principal boulevards—no other word for them but that—which one of these days will issue onto the reconstituted galleries of the "New Louvre." The master plan involves the total rehabilitation of the exhibition halls. Good luck! Through administrative ennui, the galleries have become the art-museum equivalent of the stables of Augeas.

In fact, the only problem with the uplifting experience of entering the Pei edifice is that one will have to confront—for years—the turgid and tawdry old halls. One way to resolve that might be to pay a visit just to the pyramid and then go to the Louvre Métro stop, where a passel of reproductions put there by André Malraux still look far superior to any installation in the museum itself.

Available in a few months, when it opens to the public, will be such museum essentials as two restaurants (at last!), a two-story shop, and, eventually, a series of soigné boutiques, which, it is said, will be inhabited by various members of the vaunted Comité Colbert—the likes of Hermès, Christofle, Vuitton, Canovas, Baccarat, Puiforcat. At present, only one work of art is slated to be shown in this monumental entrance (which would have made Boullée, that eighteenth-century visionary architect who was enamored, like Pei, of the fantastic and dreamy, virtually slaver): not the Winged Victory, shown in publicity drawings, but a modern work, proudly symbolic of the new Louvre digs. It is the enormous, highly polished gilt bronze Le Coq, by one of the grand masters of twentieth-century sculpture, Constantin Brancusi.

With his truly historic-class Louvre project, I. M. Pei has come a long way from the overly precious Everson Museum. He has, thank God, broken free of the pomposities evident in the East Wing of the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., which still looks to me like a Brobdingnagian house for a media or real-estate parvenu somewhere on the dunes of Westhampton. He’s back working for the people rather than for pure amour-propre or some wealthy donor. It’s where he has always been at his best.
Blue-Collar Photography

"I think the category of photography should disappear for a while," Marvin Heiferman says happily. Heiferman thinks it's so hard to divorce photography as art from photography as life that they might as well merge.

If photography does vanish as a separate category, Heiferman, a free-lance curator, author, and editor, ought to get a fair share of the credit (or the blame, if you're a purist). For more than a decade, he has successfully fought the notion that photography is merely art and has carved himself a special niche as champion of "the blue-collar nature" of the silent majority of photographs. As director of photography at the Castelli Gallery, in New York, Heiferman mounted "Some Color Photographs" in 1977, a show he claims was the first survey of color work. It included not only the textbook-approved masters but also photographic ID cards, food packaging, and pornographic pictures, and it made an impression. The USIA, after removing what Heiferman refers to as "the interesting stuff," circulated "Some Color Photographs" abroad. One telegram from the Middle East said the opening was a big success: the center had been bombed that night (for unrelated reasons), but all the artwork was safe.

Heiferman's ideas often cause a stir, if not that sort of bang. "Still Life," a show of Hollywood publicity stills organized by Heiferman and Diane Keaton, traveled for five years. (Most memorable images: Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman sunbathing in the backyard; Lassie looking like a canine presidential candidate.) Heiferman also edited The Ballad of Sexual Dependency. Nan Goldin's book about her own and her friends' love, sex, and drug habits. This month he has a show, "Life Like," at the Lorence Monk Gallery, in New York—when interviewed, he said he thought it would be about "skin, flesh, vulnerability"—and, in July, a show called "The Terrors and Pleasure in Living," at the Kuhlenschmidt-Simon Gallery, in L.A. Both events merrily mix painting, photography, and sculpture.

In line with his belief that photography is the most generous of all media, Heiferman and the author-editor Carole Kismaric are planning "The Picture Library of Everyday Life," a series of inexpensive Vintage paperbacks for the generation that has no choice but to negotiate life in a picture environment. "We're making Golden Books for adults," Heiferman says, "coffee-table books for people who live in studio apartments." Pictures will range from art to ads and archival tidbits, titles from I'm So Happy (about cultural ideals of happiness) to The Edge (about existential dread, "the Family of Man gone wrong").

According to Heiferman, museums are the last place to find contemporary photography. Heiferman says that a lot of photography curators think of themselves as little more than keepers, but "if in fact they're keepers, they'll have to recognize the animals." He thinks they should work like design curators, collecting the camera equivalents of...
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Heiferman is doing his bit for change. His next museum show, on photography's influence on contemporary art, will include painting, sculpture, movies, TV, and newspapers, and he hopes to take it outside to billboards and bus shelters. Photography may never be the same; if it turns out that way, Marvin Heiferman will be a happy man.

—Vicki Goldberg

Vicki Goldberg is the curator of "Bourke-White: A Retrospective," organized by the International Center of Photography, in New York, and made possible by United Technologies with the cooperation of Life and Fortune. The show is at the Detroit Institute of Art until July 10 and will travel to eight other cities.

STAR FANS

It is said that Charlotte Corday was dressed to kill when she paid her murderous call on the French revolutionary Marat: dagger poised in one hand, the assassin fluttered a fan in the other. No eighteenth-century lady would have done without; originally a symbol of ceremony (two were found among King Tut's treasures), the fan has for centuries been an enhanced clothing style. Ancien régime hoop petticoats and broad-beamed panniers called for brightly colored, hand-painted, large-leaved fans; slim, wispy, pocketless First Empire gowns prompted the rise of the "imperceptible," a fan tiny enough to tuck into a reticule; and the sheer sentimentality of a Gilded Age Worth gown was complete only with an elaborate ostrich-plume or Chantilly-lace confection. Nineteenth-century worn "agitators of air" can now be seen at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts in a show entitled "Unfolding Beauty: The Art of the Fan," along with mannequins, portraits, and prints that paint the picture of the fan's function in the arts of coquetry and social theatricality. Highlights include a double cabriole with finely painted Meissen-like medallions and a "mask fan" (picted) made in England in the 1740s for the Spanish market.

An engrossing, 270-page catalog accompanies the show (until June 5).

—Joni Miller

AND THEN, FROM PERU...

Up at the Merrin gallery, in New York, an exhibition of phantasmagoric ancient Peruvian textiles. Above: A cotton-and-wool tapestry from the north central coast of Peru, Chimú period (A.D. 900-1200), decorated with torch-bearing figures and bizarre feline reptiles; below, a detail from a late Huari-early Chimú (A.D. 800-1100) cotton weaving bearing a painted jaguar deity. (Edward H. Merrin Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue, until June 17.)

INTERIOR MINISTERS GATHER

While group shows of designer-decorated rooms are well established in America (Kips Bay is the famous one), England—the source of much American decorating style—had never seen such a venture until this month. The first British Interior Design Exhibition is at Old Town Hall, in Chelsea, from May 26 to June 19. Many of England's leading decorators are watching from the sidelines, either too busy or too sure of their success to want to get involved. David Minard and

Alan Halliday's sketch of the Sudeley Castle bedroom, one of the venerable English "looks" now in London.
The pinnacle of the watchmaker's art. Blancpain men's watches in eighteen karat gold with automatic movements, ostrich straps and the Tiffany signature. From top: With day, date and moonphase, $6,750. With date and sweepsecond hand, $5,425. With perpetual calendar and moonphase, $16,500.

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John Stefanidis are among the prominent absentees; Colefax and Fowler are here only in their connection with Sudeley Castle Design. Here, nonetheless, is an occasion to take in a good swath of the English interior-design scene and spot up-and-comers.

Sketches and preliminary works show a great deal of the charming, pretty, comfortable look generally known as "English." This look in fact owes much to America: John Fowler and Sybil Colefax, whose company made this style fashionable in England before the war and has now come to epitomize it, drew inspiration from such great American decorators as Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. McMillan. Now the English work as hard as anyone else in bringing their domestic style to market.

David Hicks shows a grand sitting room using his characteristic mix of color and abstract pattern. Christopher Hodson pays homage to the late Geoffrey Bennison, for whom he worked, in a drawing room with rich fabrics on the wall and imposing pairs of gilt mirrors and console tables. Less familiar names ably show traditional British design: generous expanses of pretty chintz and damask are seen in the loops and swags of curtains, particularly Simon Playle's and Gordon Lindsay's; Anna Tatham bunches and gathers fabric on a traditional four-poster bed in the Thorpe and May, Jonathan Hudson, and Sudeley bedrooms and on tables in nursery, study, and drawing room. General sweetness and overindulgence are relieved by handsome bookcases, chairs, and sofas and unsentimental paintings.

Flowers abound on wall, floor, and fabric; full-fledged gardens are evoked by trellises in the hallways and in the use of a Machin Designs conservatory, by Parke Interiors, for the reception area (its fashionable Gothic arch echoed in the attractive bookcases in the Norland Interiors sitting room). The Mercier-designed room has a dramatic sparseness, and there are hints of the exotic in the rich Eastern fabrics in the Alidad study. But the general feel is staunchly, gently, florally English. Given the style's Anglo-American lineage, it is perhaps appropriate that the American firm Parish-Hadley has been granted the honor of doing the entrance hall. No one could better personify the close relationship between English and

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—Mary McDougall

FRESH DANISH

To eyes weary of the parade of anguish and alienation that has been passing through lately under the name of European ballet, the Royal Danish Ballet will be a happy sight. The company hits Washington in the second week of June; New York, at the Metropolitan Opera, in the third week, bringing two of its stock story ballets by Auguste Bournonville, who directed the company for almost fifty years in the mid-nineteenth century.

Bournonville was a good bourgeois; all his ballets tell you how to act (viz., normal, nice). He was also a choreographic genius, and he loved a good story. In Abdallah, his "Arabian Nights" ballet, the eponymous shoemaker hero is given a magical five-stemmed candelabrum. Each of four candles, when lighted, will grant him his heart's desire—but "Never, never, never light the fifth." says the mysterious sheik who bestows the gift. You know the rest, but in between—bam! shazam! cloud of smoke!—Abdallah's humble shack is transformed into an Oriental harem, hung with golden stars and stocked with sweet-looking Danish concubines. (They wear long tutus over their harem trousers.) In Napoli, our fisherman hero's betrothed, Teresina, is drowned; then, having spent act 2 in Capri's Blue Grotto being vainly romanced by Golfo, the godhead of the Bay of Naples, she is restored to her man—a piece of good luck that is celebrated in the most famous tarantella in the history of ballet.

Not all the choreography is authentic. Abdallah is a reconstruction, about half Bournonville, half "after." Napoli's second act, known to the balletgoers of Copenhagen as the "Bronnum act," after the restaurant across from the Royal Theater where people used to sit out that act, is mostly interpolation. But true Bournonville is like nothing else: lacework in the feet—tiny beats, zinging diagonals—and arms held discreetly low until, at the climax of a phrase, the dancer goes into the most Danish step of all, the grand jeté, or big jump, sailing straight toward. And then the arms rise and the palms open heavenward, the better to deliver to you their gift of sheer, untrammeled joy.

—Joan Acocella

CRÈME DE CAMPBELL

George Lucas says that he might not have made Star Wars if he hadn't read the late Joseph Campbell's The Hero with a Thou-

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Joseph Campbell explains to Bill Moyers why myths mean so much to him—and us—in a series on PBS.

Advancing his controversial view of the nature of human experience, Campbell, an ecumenical mythologist-philosopher, has produced a series of six programs for PBS, which began May 23. In this program, titled "Moyers: Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth," Campbell explores the myths that form the human family, the homeland of the muses, the inspiration of the arts, and the poetry of life. He uses a combination of testimonials, interviews, and musical performances to illustrate his ideas. Campbell's ideas provoke vivid response when he interviews the eclectic mythologist-philosopher (he taught at Sarah Lawrence for thirty-eight years, and at Esalen), PBS received an unprecedented 14,000 requests for transcripts. Campbell is fascinated with what Campbell has on his mind because he is fascinated with myth. Campbell is a scholar and a genealogist and bard of myths—he sings their significance as "the homeland of the muses, the inspiration of arts and poetry." He has a special affinity for the myth in operation: drawing evidence from folktales, history, anthropology, architecture, art, language, perception, and love, Campbell seeks the ways in which mythic themes inhabit and drive human thoughts and actions.

Moyers, as eager as anyone else to experience a feeling of deep structures under the evanescent everyday life and clearly a Campbell admirer, has produced a follow-up series of six programs on the man, entitled "Moyers: Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth." It airs for six weeks on PBS starting May 23. The series demonstrates the power of images, both visual and poetic. Moyers kicks off his interviews, cueing as much as questioning, with the "The Hero's Adventure," a segment devoted to Campbell's explorations of heroic quests and their modern-day incarnations.
Eugène Delacroix, *Arab Horseman at the Gallop*, signed, oil on canvas, 21\(\frac{3}{4}\) x 17\(\frac{3}{4}\) inches (54 x 45.1 cm).
Auction estimate: £400,000-600,000 ($700,000-1,000,000).

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the group entree into more society parties. Like a grass-roots Lester Lanin orchestra, the Gypsy Kings became a European jet-set fixture, their tunes resounding from the record magnate Eddy Barclay's extravagant Saint-Tropez bashes, the deck of Khashoggi's yacht, and the Egyptian entrepreneur Alex Ebeid's polo parties in Deauville. Success on a wider scale came once the band changed its name to the Gypsy Kings and linked up with a seasoned record promoter. Now Gypsy Kings concerts are being lined up in Belgium, Turkey, Italy, Spain, Germany, Japan, and the United States, and the group shot its second video in New York's East Village and SoHo. "For the Hispanic element," said Chico of their imminent broadcast and concert in the United States, "it will be like seeing their roots arrive." For the rest it may simply be, in the words of one smart twenty-two-year-old parisiere fan, "une vraie fiesta."

—Jean Rafferty

MANHANDLER PRODUCTIONS

Alan Alda has long been the favorite feminist pinup. His efforts on behalf of the Equal Rights Amendment have emblazoned him as the thinking woman's sensitive man; he bears the collective weight of male guilt and redemption on his sharp-shouldered shoulders. But his film and TV characters have always been more suitable for the dart board than the poster frame. As Hawkeye in "M.A.S.H.," Alda played a sourball surgeon who tweaked his nurses' sensibilities. In the films he has written and/or directed, The Seduction of Joe Tynan, Four Seasons, Sweet Liberty, and now A New Life, Alda is playing joyless megachievers, grouses, adulterers. These guys always recognize the hollowness of their success and succumb to the tender mercies of domesticity. In A New Life, Alda plays a recently divorced stock trader: motor-mouthed and insensitive, his hair grayed and perm, he's like a crabby, overgrown yuppie. Then he remarries, a doctor (Veronica Hamel) much younger than he is, and finally agrees, kicking and screaming, to father their child. In what may pass for the eighties-movie primal scene, he embraces his wife in the delivery room and kisses her through his surgical mask. It's Lamaze liberation.

If I sound overly cynical here, it's because Alda reflects what's been going on lately in the grown-ups' movie arena. In film after film, men are shown to be doltish, all-thumbs superachievers requiring the civilizing ministrations of wife and child. Besides A New Life, recent examples include Three Men and a Baby, where-in a swinging bachelor trio discover Better Living through Child Care, and She's Having a Baby, in which it dawns on Kevin

It takes a confused man to make a tender dad: Alan Alda and Veronica Hamel take a position on child-birth in A New Life, the latest in a crop of dubious Hollywood pronouncements on the joys of fatherhood.

CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Moscow, 1894

This Russian silver and enamel cigarette case by Khlebnikov, Moscow, 1894, will be included in an auction of Fabergé, Russian Works of Art and Objects of Vertu on Thursday, June 16. For catalogues and information, please call Gerard Hill at (212) 606-7150. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, NY 10021.

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Auction estimate: $80,000-100,000.

BANDED FOR TWENTY YEARS, CHILDREN OF THE ARBAT IS FINALLY OUT.

detonated the great terror of the 1930s: the purging of loyal Bolsheviks and the elimination of millions of innocents by firing squad, labor camp, or Siberian exile. Begun by Rybakov in the mid-1960s, the book was twice slated for publication—once in 1967 and again in 1979—but its explicit portrayal of Stalin's guilt proved

IMAGINING

THE TERROR

"Sometimes people say that Stalin didn't know about the lawless acts," said the Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in his speech on the seventieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, last November. Documents exist to prove, Gorbachev continued, that "the guilt of Stalin and his immediate entourage before the party and people for the mass repressions and lawless acts is enormous and unforgivable." Kremlin leaders have yet to allow the publication of these documents, but they have permitted the appearance in print of Anatoli Rybakov's Children of the Arbat. The novel is a bombshell, the literary counterpart to the historical record mentioned by Gorbachev.

Children of the Arbat (Little, Brown and Co.) is the first published Soviet account to show Stalin as the mastermind behind the murder of the popular Leningrad party chief Sergei Kirov. That gangland-style slaying, committed December 1, 1934,
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Oil on canvas by Petr Vereshchagin. Signed lower right 33½” x 50” unframed

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too explosive for the Brezhnev era.

Rybakov himself, a loyal Soviet citizen, was plucked from his engineering studies in November 1933 and sent to Siberia on false charges of assisting in counterrevolutionary activities. After serving his term, Rybakov subsisted on odd jobs in constant fear of rearrest. Decorated for service in the Second World War, he was officially "rehabilitated." Later, Rybakov became a well-known author of novels and children’s books.

Drawing on his own life story, Rybakov created the book’s central character, Sasha Pankratov, a bright young engineer and Communist youth organizer who socializes with the glittering youth of Moscow, some of whom live on Arbat Street. The novel forms a rich tapestry of plots and subplots revolving around Pankratov, including his being set up by Stalin in a conspiracy to accuse some Bolshevik rivals of underground opposition. Exiled to Siberia for refusing to admit guilt to petty charges, Pankratov meets others wrongfully accused, often for acts as innocent as a harmless joke or a newspaper misprint. Although Pankratov comes to the recognition that Stalin has perverted the system and destroyed agriculture through the bru-
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

Rybakov's book joins other novels, plays, and films in playing a central role in Gorbachev's efforts toward reform. Starkly portrayed in Children of the Arbat, Stalin's spiral of terror produced the very paralysis of conformity and fear that Gorbachev's program of change is now meant to overcome. More than just revisionist history, Rybakov's novel is also the story of extraordinary struggle, a testament to nobility in the face of deepest injustice.

—Elizabeth Tucker

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A four-shopping-bag guide to Italy? Made in Italy, by Annie Brody and Patricia Schultz (Workman Publishing Co.), fills an enormous gap in the literature of travel by taking us inside the quarters of craftsmen, artisans, and blochisti (they operate the Italian equivalent of the factory outlet, where designer goods are to be found at bargain prices).

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Connoisseur's World

accompanying maps that serve as useful suggestions for walking tours as well. Along the way you will learn about the fiercely individual characteristics of each city, little-known architectural treasures, tucked-away gardens, and historical landmarks. And should you want to stop and retuel at midtempo, consult their recommendations for delightful pastisserie and cafes en route.

In this Michelin of shopping, stores are designated "four shopping bags" for high quality or uniqueness—for example, Florence's Loretta Caponi, for luxury hand embroidery, and Rome's Anna La Marra, for hand-loomed mohair suits. Four stars for Made in Italy. —Deidre Sadeh

A Table Chez Teerlinck

The gratin de langoustines? "It's eight years I have been doing that dish, and I hate it," the Belgian chef Guy Teerlinck pronounced cheerfully about his best-selling first course. Despite rigorous classical training in some of Europe's three-star restaurants, Teerlinck is an indefatigable culinary innovator, and he is bored by repetition. "I like to cook something people can't find in another restaurant," he says—like monkfish medallions dredged in a powder of coriander, fennel, sesame seed, and red and black pepper, sauteed in olive oil, and served in a mustard-butter sauce laced with cumin. Or a chunky, succulent pate made from rabbit cooked all afternoon in dark Belgian beer. Two years ago, he closed his first venture, a charming one-star restaurant in the Flemish polder country, spent a "sabbatical" tasting, traveling, and cooking, especially in southern California, and filled a notebook with ideas. Not recipes; ideas. Last fall, Teerlinck, with his wife, Veerle, opened his second venture: a stunning little palace in the heart of Bruges, Belgium's most seductive small city.

Restaurant Vasquez occupies the townhouse built in 1468 by Jean Vasquez (seneschal to Isabella of Portugal) and now a registered historic landmark. Guests consult their menus in a paneled salon decorated with fuchsia and emerald lacquer and the rich moire fabrics of Manuel Canovas.
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Guy heads a five-man kitchen brigade, buys his own fish fresh daily at the market near Zeebrugge, and drives to Holland twice weekly for the best vegetables. Despite a punishing schedule, he appears frequently in the dining room for extended conversations with his guests, especially those who stay late for a snifter of Armagnac, aged rum, or Alsattian eau-de-vie.

"I am against the nouvelle cuisine," he says, musing on his recent sabbatical. "Too often it has no taste. I start with good traditional things and add." Teerlinck has discovered a wonderful Dutch tomato vinegar for seafood salads. He blends his own mild curry. He cooks salmon with cabbage and ham, braises the fillet on one side only for variations in texture, and serves it in a classic white-wine sauce—except for a hint of nutmeg. "Yes, nutmeg," Veerle confirmed. "A spice. He puts a spice in everything now, it's a mania.

Teerlinck, who insists on his own definition of excellence, finds European culinary taste conservative: "In Europe, you can't do what you want." If he could really do what he wanted, he would probably have a second business in California and enjoy the best of both worlds. For now, however, his cuisine is available only in Bruges. It is definitely worth the trip.

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—John W. Haeger

TO HIS HEART THROUGH HIS NOSE

The difference between European and American men's fragrances used to be a virtual continental divide. Aramis, with its woody, spicy, animal sweetness, and Ralph Lauren's Polo, redolent of leather and tobacco, long epitomized the strong, not-so-silent type of fragrance popular with men on this side of the Atlantic. European men's fragrances have tended, in contrast, to be cooler, more nuanced attars. Green Water, the cologne designed by the Paris fashion designer Jacques Fath in 1954 (and recently reintroduced on the American market), is a case in point—dry, citrusy, herbal, an astringent refreshment meant to be enjoyed by the wearer rather than to assert his presence. Aramis Eau pour Homme (introduced in the United States in 1984) is per-
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Edited by Robert Knafo
"Feuille de Rhubarbe" by Emile Gallé made for the "School of Nancy Exhibition" in Paris 1903 (to be sold on June 27, 1988)

Calendar of Sales May–June 1988

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May 10 The Estate of the Late Baron Erich von Goldschmidt-Rothschild of Jewellery, Objects of Vertu, Silver, Furniture, Books and Old Master Paintings

Hotel International Zurich
May 23–25 Stamps and Postal History

Hotel Furama, Hong Kong
May 23 Watches and Clocks

Hotel des Bergues, Geneva
June 26 Modern and Contemporary Paintings, Drawings, Prints and Sculpture, Old Master Prints and Drawings
June 27 Art of Gallé, Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Illustrated Books
June 28 Antique Jewellery, Fine Jewellery, Art of Cartier: watches, clocks, jewellery and objects of vertu, Jewellery, fast cash sale
June 29 Silver, Fabergé and Objects of Vertu, Islamic art

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After the New York auctions' shameless headline-hogging of the last two months, watch as the attention shifts to London this month and next. June in London is a glorious time for collectors and antiquarians, who have the spectacular Grosvenor House and Olympia fairs, the Antiquarian Book Fair, at the Park Lane, and the always impressive International Ceramics Fair, at the Dorchester—in addition to the flurry of sales at Bonhams, Christie's, Phillips, and Sotheby's—to keep them peering, perusing, and paddle-waving.

Let's be carefully selective: then . . .

The semiannual Chinese ceramics and works of art sales at Christie's, in both New York and London, are on the third and sixth, respectively. Major sales of their kind, they feature the heavyweight offerings; the London session is distinguished by a variety of Yuan dynasty pieces never previously offered at auction, while the New York sale disperses the Parenti collection of largely equestrian ceramic sculptures, purchased in the forties and untouched until last year. The Sotheby's London Chinese sale is on the seventh, the main draw should be the large offering of Ming blue-and-white porcelain.

On the fifth, Sotheby's holds a sale in Beijing of Chinese and Western contemporary art and design, proceeds to benefit preservation work on the Great Wall and in Venice (see Connoisseur's World, last month). This pioneering event features forty works by Western artists and thirteen Chinese traditional-style paintings. The most curious lot in the sale—maybe of the year—is the work by the French artist Arman, to be made the previous day during a performance by a Chinese string quartet in the Great Hall of the People.

Back to London, for three exceptional picture sales. The first two—at Christie's on the third and Sotheby's on the twenty-first—feature Victorian pictures, which (as I noted last November) are now enjoying the full swell of their recent academic and curatorial revival. Phillips's London sale, on the twenty-ninth, of the Dudley Wright collection offers seventeen good, if not great, Impressionist works.

June is also the time for the annual running of the major sporting pictures. Christie's and Sotheby's in New York go head-to-head to conquer the fancy and unfold the wallets of the equestrian crowd—conveniently in town for the Belmont Stakes. The artists are always the same—Alken, Ferneley, Herring, Marshall, Munnings, Stubbs, Wootten—but their ability to create variety within an almost stereotype type is to their enduring credit. Prices in the field have become stable after a decade of maverick increases.

Sea sports are the focus of two other sales this month. On the first, Sotheby's London has a splendid sale of marine paintings and works of art; from the tenth to the twelfth, at the Museum of Yachting in Newport Harbor, Guernsey's holds its regular maritime happening called "Yachts at Auction," replete with benefit parties, a parade of marine models, and a veritable fleet of sail and power vessels on the block.

On the fourteenth at Christie's New York is a gripping sale called "Sunken Treasure." The tale of tortured patience and passion behind the recovery of the wrecks of two Spanish treasure galleons lost in a storm off the Florida Keys some 366 years ago is too involved to be told here. Suffice it to say that the booty brought to auction includes massive gold chains, fabulous jewelry, precious personal and devotional objects, important seventeenth-century household and devotional silver, gold and silver bars and coins, even four rare astrolabes, all in pristine condition.

From waterborne to airborne things: Sotheby's London holds a ballooning and aeronautical auction on June 11.
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the twentieth at the Honourable Artillery
Company, site of the first English balloon
ascent. The superb Leitner collection of
ballooning artifacts—books, paintings,
porcelains—forms the core of the sale.

Bibliophiles have much to behold this
month. Midrange material, much of it
American, goes on the block at William
Doyle's New York sale on the seventeenth
of books and autographs. Also in New
York, on the seventh, is the Sotheby's fine
books and manuscripts sale, at which the

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top lot will likely be a previously unrec-
corded first edition of Poe's little-known
volume of pubescent poetrying Tamerlane
and Other Poems, one of only twelve
known to exist. The June bookfest con-
tinues on the twenty-third, when Sotheby's
London offers the library of Philip Robin-
son, an extremely important collection of
some eighty Henry Strachey papers, re-
reflecting Strachey's role as a pre-Revolution
troubleshooter to the American colo-
nists and as a post-Revolution peacemaker.
Sotheby's Monaco disperses on the sev-
eventeenth the second installment of la
bibliothèque Marcel Jeanson—natural-
history material of arresting beauty, in-
cluding some 180 brilliantly colored works
by Jacques Barraband and Nicholas Rob-
ert, the latter peintre du roi in the reign of
Louis XIV.

Finally, June is one of the two big per-
iods for collectibles, and everyone, it
seems, gets in on the act. Considering only
New York sales, for example, on the ele-
venth Phillips has lead soldiers, toys, and
other collectibles; on the eighteenth the
famous Sotheby's "Collectors Carrousel"
has everything from a winning private col-

lection of some 200 mechanical banks to a
section of rock-'n'-roll memorabilia (pro-
ceds to benefit leukemia research); and
on the twenty-first Christie's East puts up a
pair of ruby red slippers—Judy Garland's
very own, worn in The Wizard of Oz.

Both Christie's and Sotheby's have
strong twentieth-century decorative arts
sales, on the eleventh to twelfth and the
eighth to ninth, respectively. Christie's
features some wonderful Frank Lloyd
Wright items (which have drawn such passion-
bate bidding of late). On the twenty-
third, Sotheby's New York presents some
180 lots of the Feldman collection of
American folk art, a delightful and
broadly based trove, assembled by dint of
great instincts, over the last twenty-five
years. Finally—and in somewhat the same
vein—Sotheby's Chester has a trio of Brit-
ish naïve and primitive sales on the twen-
y-second and twenty-third, the very flesh
and bones of the English decorating
look.

—James R. Lyons

Major chinoiserie: this
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Sotheby's London sale
of fine Chinese ce-
ramics and works of
art, June 7.

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American Decorative Arts
Auction: June 4
Viewing begins: May 28

Important Jewels
Auction: June 7
Viewing begins: June 3

Stamps
Auction: June 8
Viewing begins: June 6

Sporting Pictures
Auction: June 9
Viewing begins: June 4

Architectural Designs
and Commissions
Auction: June 11
Viewing begins: June 4

Art Deco and Art Nouveau
Auction: June 11
Viewing begins: June 4

Fine and Rare Wines
Auction: June 11 in Chicago

Gold and Silver of the
Atocha and Margarita
Auction: June 14 & 15
Viewing begins: June 8

Clocks and Watches, Scientific
Instruments and Related Books
Auction: June 20
Viewing begins: June 15

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The ambitious First New York International Festival of the Arts promises to trace the "evolution of music, dance, theater, and film in the twentieth century." For a one-month-long celebration (June 11 to July 11), acclaimed artists from thirty countries will perform in some fifty-seven venues throughout the city. Will this be a selection of the best possible performance the world has to offer? We have asked our critics to evaluate the 350 upcoming events and to give their top selections in this, a Connoisseur's Guide to the Festival. For a complete listing, write NYIF of the Arts, 127 East Seventy-third Street, New York, NY 10021.

Deep down, you may have good reasons for loathing festivals, especially New York's first international, with its shapeless mix of Poles, Irish, Russians, and countless others on the scene. New York has always welcomed the Berlin Philharmonic, but never Berlin's greatest thearies, the East's Berliner Ensemble (now, sadly, past its prime) or the West's Schaubuhne, once under the dazzling direction of Peter Stein and Klaus Michael Grüber. The first international tumbled the ball this time on Giorgio Strehler's Piccolo Teatro, from Milan, and will not be able to take credit for the most astonishing, passionate, thrillingly wrongheaded production of Hamlet I have ever seen—I'mmar Bergman’s, from Stockholm, presented at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, surely the most enlightened presenter in town.

Most of the thirty-plus events in the first international would be performed here anyway, though you would never learn that from its press releases. Tadeusz Kantor's Polish company CRICOT 2 has been a guest three times in recent years at Off Broadway's La MaMa, Kantor as usual presiding like a maddened Toscanini over every performance. He is special indeed, fulfilling every midcentury director's secret desire to be the center of the occasion, literally conducting or "painting" his hard-earned, Chagall-like images before your very eyes. What about the rest? The Yale Repertory Theatre's celebration of O'Neill's hundredth birthday with Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst in both Ah, Wilderness! and Long Day's Journey into Night will travel from New Haven to the Neil Simon Theatre (June 14--July 9), while companies like INTAR, Mabou Mines, and the Pan Asian Circle repertory theaters are probably pleased to have their scheduled performances look like festival events. It should give their next grant proposals a momentary boost.

Otherwise, three events appear to be truly new to New York and may prove indispensable: a twelve-member Polish group called Gardzienne, under Wlodzimierz Staniewski's direction (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, June 14--25); Ireland's Gate Theatre in Sean O'Casey's Juno and the Paycock (June 14--July 2); and Leningrad's Maly Dramatic Theatre in Brothers and Sisters (Belasco, June 16--July 2), a marathon seven-and-a-half-hour adaptation of a Russian novel likely to stand comparison with the Royal Shakespeare's Nicholas Nickleby. If long is good, the Russians may be doing something right.

Gardzienne will perform by candlelight in what rumor tells us is a divine new space in a chapel at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Evocative of a medieval passion play, Aivakum is based on the memoir of a seventeenth-century Russian Orthodox priest burned at the stake when he refused to abide by the church's reforms. Staniewski calls the work a glimpse into the "dark depths of the Eurasian soul." Whatever else that may mean, it speaks for a blend of frenzied, athletic movements performed as ritual—bizarre, erotic, half-naked bodies draped on crucifixes, images of copulating deformity, and anguished bodies looking like cathedral carvings, their mouths continually exalted in song. Like other theaters deriving their inspiration from something like anthropological research—think of Peter Brook's journeys to Africa for The I>k and The Conference of the Birds—Gardzienne makes what Staniewski calls "expeditions," visits to Polish villages, where ideas emerge from local myths and oral histories. He insists, however, that they are not pretending to "colonize or teach or change the people."

The Irish, happily, are colonizing only themselves, bringing New York the first major production in decades of O'Casey's great, oddly neglected play. (The last time was the inevitable musical-comedy reduction, Marc Blitzstein's Williamstown Theatre flop Juno.)
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In a steam bath, an antidote to the parade of one-set, two-character plays that have begun to make American theater look like the most anorexic of the arts.

One cheer, then, for this eccentric festival. Hit-or-miss as it may prove to be, at least it honors the idea that an ancient rite belongs at the center of our lives. "In the Renaissance," says Staniewski, "people understood that something about theater, even about its pace, was spiritual." What they understand today is surely something else; a giant promotional event is not likely to change that. Yet there is some kind of sweet victory in the hope that, if only for a month, theatrical possibility might be once more on people's minds.

—Gordon Rogoff

ne need hardly say that New York City Ballet's all-Balanchine-to-Stravinsky program — Apollo, Orpheus, and Agon — is highly recommended, together with Dance Theatre of Harlem's program A, which includes Balanchine's Serenade, a master- piece he made for his young students to give in a recital in 1934. And a nice little specialty item will be the Museum of Broadcasting's June 14 screening of the 1958 "Playhouse 90" telecast of Balanchine's Nutcracker. Balanchine himself plays Drosselmeyer, grinning roguishly from atop the grandfather clock.

Another event in the don't-miss department would be the free peek at the new piece that Merce Cunningham will be premiering in France this summer, at the Avignon Festival. The sneak preview will take place July 9 and 10 at World Financial Center Plaza.

American Ballet Theatre's program will include Mark Morris' beautiful new ballet to Virgil Thomson's piano études and the much-publicized new production of Giselle. (Both June 11), with puffly and expensive clothes by Christian Lacroix. Finally, there is American Ballroom Theater, which does what it says: theatricalized ballroom dance. Their famous romantic numbers look like Kleenex ads to me, but some of their boogie routines are magnificent, and John and Cathi Nyemchek, their get-down specialists, are two of the best dancers in New York.

You cannot go far in the dance world these days without tripping over European angst, and NYIFA will offer its share. If you have been in the hospital for the last four years and not seen Pina Bausch's Tanztheater Wuppertal, catch Viktor (opening June 27 at BAM). With people standing on huge walls of dirt and shoveling mud onto the dancers below, this promises to be a good example of the genre. You can skip the Frankfurt Ballet. William Forsythe, its director, is a canny metteur en scène, but his ballets are basically loud and second-rate: the dark night of the eleventh-grade soul.

The Asia Society will present Kazuo Ohno (June 28-30), the eighty-one-year-old great old man of Butoh, Japan's post-Hiroshima surrealist movement-theater. Together with his son, he will do a duet inspired, says the press release, "by Monet's Nymphéas, Halley's comet, 'Ave Maria,' and love." Japan is also sending a video-dance collaboration by the talented choreographer Suzuki Hayayagi and the video artist Katsuhiko Yamaguchi (June 15-17), but it will be hard to beat the Ohnos as water lilies.

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The Great American Road belongs to Buick.
The festival offerings will broaden one's horizons no matter what one's musical tastes—except in opera. The New York City Opera's revival of The Merry Widow (July 6) finds its way into the schedule through sheer courtesy on the part of the organizers. On June 22 at Merkin Concert Hall, the Brooklyn Philharmonic will take a brave stab at Harrison Birtwistle's Punch and Judy (1967), cited in some quarters as the most important milestone in opera since Stravinsky's Rake's Progress (1951)—but the performance will be an unstaged concert version and may well outtax the ensemble in any case.

To happier matters. In Soundscape's imaginative series, pop idols with mass followings at home bring their magic to the world market. The performers are Asha Bhosle, from India, billed as the best-selling singer in the world (June 17, 18); Ryuichi Sakamoto, from Japan, best known here for his Oscar-winning film score to The Last Emperor (June 24); the vocalist Youssou N'Dour, of Senegal, and Salif Keita, of Mali (June 30); and Doudou Ndiaye Rose, from Senegal, and the all-policewomen music-and-dance group Les Amazones de Guinée (July 7). Asha Bhosle appears at the Felt Forum; all the others, at the Beacon Theatre.

At the opposite extreme are the concerts of Pierre Boulez and the Ensemble Intercontemporain, from Paris, at the BAM Majestic Theater on June 16 and 17. Expect no concessions to popular taste here. Boulez and his forces operate without apology in the most rarified of ivory towers, as the champions of "difficult" twentieth-century composers, on this occasion Denisov, Webern, Messiaen, Murail, Schoenberg, and Boulez himself. This is music to think hard about; its challenges to ear and intellect tend to defeat the general public.

The International Competition Winners' Series, at Weill Recital Hall, beginning on June 16, introduces seven potentially important new artists. Though in musical circles the very notion of such competitions is roundly deplored, they can pave the way to major careers. Even if the next Van Cliburn fails to materialize, there may be some significant discoveries.

Several local ensembles are using the festival as a showcase for unusually venturesome programming. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the resident ensemble of Alice Tully Hall, is giving four concerts that juxtapose such figures as Ravel and Ives, or Barber and Shostakovich (June 14, 16, 19, and 21). The New York Chamber Symphony, resident at the 92nd Street Y and normally under the baton of Gerard Schwarz, puts itself in the hands of three conductor-composers: Luciano Berio (especially recommended, June 16); Krzysztof Penderecki (June 19); and Andrzej Panufnik (June 23).

The Orchestra Series (split between Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall) boasts star ensembles whose presence in New York is well established. The programs just manage to transcend the run-of-the-mill thanks to some unusual guest conductors (Leonard Bernstein with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, June 24; Gennady Rozhdestvensky and Boulez with the New York Philharmonic, June 16, 18; Yuri Temirkanov with the Philadelphia Orchestra, June 15, 17) and some unusual repertoire (Lutoslawski's Chain 2 from the Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal, June 27; world premieres of works by Schwantner and Druckman from the Saint Louis Symphony, July 8, 9).

The orchestra to concentrate on is the London Sinfonietta, a scintillating team of virtuosos who specialize in music of this century, from the pioneering works of Varèse and Berg to the latest from Birtwistle and Lutoslawski. (These people, not the Brooklyn Philharmonic, are the ones from whom we should
THE MOST FAMOUS GUERLAIN INTRODUCES ITS PARFUM DE TOILETTE.
solace from the “International Treasures of Film” section of the New York International Festival of the Arts, but maybe they’ll learn a lesson. The program, screening from June 22 through July 10 at the Museum of Modern Art, is being promoted as a series of sixteen programs that celebrate “the creative relationship between the traditional performing arts—theatre, dance, music, opera—and film.” And with entries ranging from the Marx Brothers’ A Night at the Opera to Ingmar Bergman’s The Magic Flute, the selections come close to living up to the promo. After a viewing of A Night at the Opera, the only possible answer to the question “Is it cinema?” is, of course, “Who cares?”

Movies cannot duplicate the live presence of an actor, but they can give us an up-close rendering of a great performer. For example, Jason Robards’ performance in the movie version of Long Day’s Journey into Night, which screens at the festival in all its uncut glory, is probably not that different from the performance he gave on Broadway. That does not make it any less startling. One of the great functions of film is that it can preserve and enlarge the great, legendary performances of the stage. Both Eleonora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt—two luminaries whose great stage work is the stuff of history books—also appeared in silent films; both are represented at the festival. But some of the greatest performances at the festival exist only on film: Anna Magnani in Jean Renoir’s wonderful, rarely seen The Golden Coach; Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson in Long Day’s Journey, perhaps the best film ever made from a great play—certainly from a great O’Neill play. There are other treasures. Ingmar Bergman’s The Magic Flute is without doubt the best filmed opera ever. Orson Welles’s recently restored Macbeth, with its Scottish burrs and antler headgear, is not great, but it is indelibly perverse.

Does anybody need to be told to see Fantasia, or The Red Shoes? No, but perhaps one should be warned off The Last Metro and West Side Story (at least, the nondancing parts). One can argue with some of the entries. Why, for example, the 1951 Death of a Salesman, with Frederic March, instead of, say, Laurence Olivier in The Entertainer—or any other Olivier entry, for that matter? Still, the point of the festival—that film can be a celebration of all the arts—is well taken and, on the whole, well demonstrated.

—Peter Rainer

F

ilm as Vision,” the American avant-garde film program at New York’s Festival of the Arts, could just as easily be entitled “Rejecting Hollywood: 1940–1977.” All forty-three artists represented in this four-decade survey at the Public Theater have spurned the narrative and other conventions of mainstream American film in favor of surrealist explorations of the unconscious, iconoclastic ventures into sexual taboo, and formalist explorations of the material qualities of the filmstrip.

If you don’t have time for the entire tour, you might note these selected landmarks. One of the pioneer experiments, Meshes of the Afternoon (1943), retains, a half century after its making, considerable power and impact. The filmmakers...
"MY SHALIMAR NOW COMES IN PARFUM DE TOILETTE."

GABRIELLE LAZURE
while an oscillating sound wave increases in intensity. The awesome stillness, punctuated only four times by inconsequential events, becomes a contemplation of time, space, and our own deferred desire to see something happen on the screen.

The return to narrative in the seventies yielded films enriched by this earlier experimental work. Among those, George Kuchar's hilarious burlesque comedy Hold Me

Maya Deren and Alexander Hammid attempt in Meshes to bring Jungian theory and surrealist symbolism to the American screen. A hauntingly beautiful eighteen-minute silent film in which the dreams of the central character mingle with reality, it is striking for its fluid, almost choreographed cinematography. Also influenced by surrealism, Hans Richter's 1948 Dreams That Money Can Buy is an "art" film twice over—an unorthodox look at avant-garde artists (Man Ray, Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger) as they make their inner visions visible to the camera. Sexual taboos have become regular staples of popular culture since the sixties, but it is still impressive, even shocking, to see how such ground is broken in Kenneth Anger's homoerotic Fireworks, made in 1947, in which the filmmaker casts himself as victim and protagonist in a brutal sadomasochistic dream.

By the late fifties and early sixties, surrealist aesthetics in experimental film yielded to the impact of conceptual, formalist art. Out of that period come Bruce Conner's A Movie (1958), which amasses a catalog of archival images of catastrophes and death in a fast-paced montage; Tony Conrad's essay on light Flicker (1966), in which alternating black and white leader tape creates subliminally received patterns—as a result, the film image has no referential meaning; and Michael Snow's famous Wavelength (1967), in which a camera moves across the length of an eighty-foot loft for a painfully slow forty-five minutes.

John Cage, Robert Wilson, Peter Sellars: these, by any reckoning, are pivotal names, names that ought to figure prominently in the programs of the First New York International Festival of the Arts lineup. They do not; but happily, through the enterprise of other presenters, major new work from each will be on view in New York this month and next.

Cage's first opera, Europeras 1 and 2, years in the making, premiered in Frankfurt last year. A crazy quilt of snippets (chosen by the original performers) from over seventy operas in the public domain, it was stitched together by chance and free-associative procedures that make Cage's previous experiments in that vein look like painting by numbers. And who has pulled off the coup of bringing Europeras to the United States, moreover in the original production? Pepsico Summertale, the flourishing, high-risk festival that takes place on the campus of the State University of New York at Purchase, a forty-five-minute bus ride from Lincoln Center. Service to and fro (fairly comfortable) is frequent. Dates for Europeras: July 14, 16, 17. For information, call (914) 253-5900.

Also at Summertale: the director Peter Sellars's latest collaboration with Mozart. This year, the fiercely serious mischief maker takes on Le Nozze di Figaro, transplanting the action from the Alnauivas' castle in Seville to the Alnauivas' penthouse in Trump Tower. Dates: July 13-31. Summertale's other cutting-edge presentations include Line One, the smash musical from West Berlin's GRIPS Theater, and a survey of contemporary British composers by the London Sinfonietta (who are also headliners, with other programs, of New York's Festival of the Arts).

Robert Wilson, the theater visionary whose mesmerizing career has largely bypassed New York, arrives with a new full-length ballet, Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien, the thrill of the Paris Opera Ballet's three-week run at the Metropolitan Opera House (June 21–July 9; Sébastien plays on July 7–9, four performances; for information, call 212-362-2080).

Three other companies share the remainder of the Met's summer dance season. Most eagerly awaited: a rare visit by the Royal Danish Ballet, bringing (at last!) its full-length classics Napoli and Abdallah, both by Auguste Bournonville (1805–79), the inventor of the crisp, sparkling Danish style that still bears his name (June 14–18). The Royal Spanish National Ballet, specializing in flamenco, with a repertoire that includes an Iberian version of the Greek tragedy Medea, makes its local debut July 11–16. On the programs of the National Ballet of Canada (July 18–23), watch for Blue Snake, a vehicle for the hallucinatory theater imagery of Robert Desrosiers.

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MAYA DOREN'S SURREAL MESHES OF THE AFTERNOON (1943) STILL HAUNTS.

While I'm Naked (1966), Yvonne Rainier's Lives of Performers, and Mark Rapaport's Local Color (1977) stand out as the harbingers of the recent New York independent film movement. Unpredictable, offbeat, marginal, such films change our ways of seeing and have even begun to alter the sight lines of the Hollywood dream machine.

—Coco Fusco

All performances and venues are subject to change.
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The right choice.
White was the color of houses,
Which bordered the sun-drenched street,

Blue was the sky above them, reflecting the summer heat
And soft was the teasing breeze
That did, the laundry beat..... J.S.
Greet a sculler on the dock after a vigorous row and you may be offered a bloodied hand. Because each rower uses two oars, in contrast to one-oared, "sweep" rowing, the back of a sculler's right hand is often bashed by the oar handle held above it in the left.

Such stigmata are but one of the sufferings that scullers willingly endure yet seldom discuss. There is also the cross of being regarded by uninitiated as holdovers from the age of Victorian recreations like riding to hounds. The charge contains some truth: for bravado aboard perilous apparatus, sculling ranks up there with fox hunting. For discomfort and inconvenience (which participants treat with noble disdain), sculling wins hands down. Still, no sport offers such rewards—the feelings of rhythm, equilibrium, independence, and speed.

Philadelphia probably stands number one among the United States's rowing centers, slightly ahead of Boston and Seattle, though these are not the only places where one may learn to scull (see box). In the upcoming Olympics, virtually every

By Samuel Young
Photographs by David H. Wells
In the off-season, the rowers compete on torturous ergometers.

Like many Philadelphia rowers, Laura Peck starts her workout at dawn at the Vesper Boat Club. Membership costs $250 a year and includes use of the shell.
champion, who comes into view now, his bright yellow Empacher shell in striking contrast to a sooty bridge pier.

As Pinkel slips under a massive arch of the Columbia railroad bridge, one is reminded that Thomas Eakins used the bridge as background in his 1872 oil The Pair-Oared Shell. A superb sculler, Eakins was so faithful to mood and location in his rowing paintings that, at certain times of day in certain seasons, life on the Schuylkill seems to imitate his art. By Peters Island, for example, four men in a quad are rowing slowly, rhythmically along the west bank. They are working on a drill, not feathering, in order to develop the smooth, vertical movement of their oars in and out of the water. Eyes fixed ahead, upper bodies perfectly rounded, they proceed upriver with hypnotizing precision. Their lithe musculature, the masklike absorption on each face, were caught exactly in Eakins’s Oarsmen on the Schuylkill over a century ago.

Aboard the quad is Mike Teti, member of the heavyweight eight that won a gold medal at last summer’s World Championships, America’s first in this event in thirteen years. Though he competes in sweeps, Teti spends much practice time studying a videotape of the practice just concluded. Typical of those in boathouses up and down the row, Vesper’s lower floor is a cramped, crumbling storage area for a sculling because his coach, Kris Korzeniowski, insists that sculling is the best—perhaps the only—way to develop proper rowing technique.

Korzeniowski, a formidable man with the formidable title of National Technical Adviser and Head Men’s Sweep Coach, frequently commutes to Boat House Row from his home in Princeton, New Jersey, to supervise the training of a dozen or so potential Olympians. At nine on a weekday morning, he is apt to be found in a circular room on Vesper’s second floor, fortune in racing clearly takes precedence over the relations in the Vesper Duke. High-maintenance athletes have a mindless neglect of their bodies, marvelous wooden bunkers and trophy cabinets beg for curatorial attention. But this morning at least, Korzeniowski and his Vesper oarsmen have eyes only on the video monitor. “I am a perfectionist when it comes to technique,” Korzeniowski says. “Most young people take up rowing in this country in a sweep eight, or else a four. They never learn the refinements that only

What makes a boat go fast is a combination of power, balance, and guts. Looking good (above), these women may qualify next month for the Olympics.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

No one has ever captured the flavor of sculling in all its strenuous elegance better than the Philadelphia artist Thomas Eakins (1844-1916). The most celebrated of his paintings about rowing—and perhaps the best ad for the sport—Max Schmitz in a Single Scull (1871), can be seen at New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art. An oil sketch for that work, as well as the wonderful The Pair-Oared Shell (see page 75), is on display at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which owns the nation’s largest collection of works by Eakins. Another superb rowing picture, The Biglin Brothers Racing (ca. 1873), hangs in Washington’s National Gallery. The brothers appear again in Biglin Brothers Turning the Stake (ca. 1873), at the Cleveland Museum of Art, and in John Biglin in the Single Scull, at the Yale University Art Gallery. Versions of The Oarsmen can be seen at Yale and the Portland (Oregon) Art Museum. Eakins’s marvelous preparatory drawings for his rowing paintings are not on display but can be seen at Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia.
Disdain the pain, forget the fatigue—
the payoff is a rush of power.

Within a year, Long stroked a double in the masters division (ages thirty to fifty) of the Thomas Eakins Head of the Schuylkill Regatta. And now that his appetite for racing is whetted, Long follows the competitive sculler's regimen of rowing, running, weight training, and working out on a fiendish-looking device called the Concept II rowing ergometer.

The Concept II is manufactured in rural Vermont by two brothers named Dreissig-
aker, one of whom competed nearly two
decades ago for Vesper. Because it so closely
duplicates the dynamics of rowing, it is
the rowing machine to own. No self-
respecting boathouse is without at least
one. Bachelors has seven, situated in a
vaulted chamber where the agonies of
their users are masked from passersby by
the club's genteel, turn-of-the-century
façade.

Erg machines are so popular among row-
ers that competitions are held on them in
the off-season, the most notable being the
CRASH-B Sprints, also known tacituous-
of rowing and being out on the river in all
kinds of light and weather. And I'd occa-
sionally take one stroke just right. The boat
would shoot forward, perfectly balanced. I
kept telling myself that it had to be possi-
able to take ten strokes in a row just like
that."

It was indeed possible. At the 1987
World Championships, in Copen-
hagen, Barbara and her partner,
Anne Marden, were expected to
place fourth or fifth in the heavy-
weight doubles, behind the powerful East-
ern Bloc rowers. Near the halfway mark,
doubles at the the
Eakin's regatta. With
rivals stroke powerfully from the
and aim toward the big eight
Strawberry Mansion Bridge, and do
at this ritual of grace, strength, and
tend. And one has to stop and think: that mor-
ing, Barbara raced twice to qualify for the
finals; the day before, she raced once in the
doubles and once in the quad, over a two-
and-three-quarter-mile course. Nothing
was at stake to justify such labor—no
time, no fortune, only pride and the pros-
pect of learning more about rowing in the

The Eakin's Head of the Schuylkill is only one of Philadelphia's ten major regattas each year; these give the city an edge over other American rowing centers.

ly as the World Indoor Rowing Cham-
pionships. In 1987 at MIT, Barbara Kirch
of Vesper broke the women's record by
rowing 2,500 meters in 8 minutes, 46.6
seconds, a feat one former Olympian has
likened to sprinting all-out for two miles.
Barbara Kirch first walked into Ves-
per eight years ago, seeking a sport
to complement her exceptional
strength and coordination. "At
Vesper," she says, "I sensed that I
had found my niche." Within six weeks
she progressed from a gig to a quad to a
double and finally to a racing single. "I
capstred the single three times in almost as
many days, but I came to love the motion

however, Marden called for a "power
twenty"—twenty strokes as close to per-
tection as a tiring athlete can attain. They
surged into the lead and held their advan-
tage until moments before the finish,
when they were edged by the fast-closing
Bulgarians and Romans. Their third
place, seconds ahead of the Soviets and
East Germans, augurs well for the Kirch-
Marden double in Seoul.

There is little rest for scullers of Olym-
pian ambition. Back from Copenhagen,
Barbara began training for the fall racing
season. She finished last in the singles at
the Philadelphia Sculling Regatta, held
last October, one day after winning in the

laboratory of tough competition.

After the race, Barbara is less concerned
with its outcome than with a slight adjust-
ment in her technique. "I discovered that
I've been attacking too hard in the early
part of my stroke. I'm becoming less
aggressive, more precise, when my oars
enter the water, and then I try to finish the
stroke more powerfully." She hits a blood-
ted hand to remove her sweatband. "I love
this sport. I can obsess so much on tech-
nique that I forget all the pain and exhaus-
tion."

Samuel Young is a writer and editor based in
Philadelphia.
Steuben Breaks the Mold
Three artists get carte blanche

By Betty Sargent
Photographs by Robert Moore

The poet Emily Dickinson once asked for the sunset in a cup. The Steuben artists David Dowler, Eric Hilton, and Peter Aldridge have put it there. In their dazzling sculptures for "The Steuben Project," flaming streaks of scarlet, yellow, and indigo swirl through ice-clear, full-lead crystal, said to be the purest in the world. From May 7 through May 29, this collection of twenty-four unique pieces, ranging in price from $3,500 to $75,000, has been on exhibit at the Heller Gallery, in Manhattan's SoHo district, the first time that new Steuben crystal has ever been displayed outside the company's own showroom. On June 15, the show will move uptown to the Steuben Gallery, on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-sixth Street, to remain there through July 16.

For the past two years, Dowler, Hilton, and Aldridge have had free use of all the production facilities at the Steuben factory, in Corning, New York, as well as its flawless crystal, to create whatever inspiration suggested to them. It was Steuben's hope that when artists were freed from all commercial constraints, the possibilities of glass could be pushed to their very limits. As Thomas S. Buechner, president of the company in the 1970s, is quoted in the book Steuben Glass, "We are supporting individuals who we think have the stature and creativity to develop the crystal medium to hitherto undreamed of levels."

If Douglas Heller, director of the Heller Gallery, is any judge, the experiment succeeded brilliantly. "I was literally dumbfounded when I first saw the show," he says. "What we have here is something completely new in the history of glass. I've always had enormous respect for Steuben, in all of its elegance and purity, but the sculpture has never before moved me in such a visceral way. This is true expression in the hands of very gifted artists, and it's unquestionably the most ambitious thing that has ever been undertaken in glass."

Part of the power of "The Steuben Project" lies in the individual differences between the artists. David Dowler, forty-four, is the soft-spoken, introspective American in the group. An honor graduate of Syracuse University School of Art, he spent three years as a silversmith before joining Steuben, in 1972. He is dedicated to getting at what he calls "the truth of the material." Simplicity of design and a release of the crystal's raw energy mark his work. Dowler broke with the Steuben tradition of brilliant hand polishing by introducing rough, irregular textures and flat, gray surfaces into his work.

"They used to think that | was just crazy," he says, "that I was sullying the image of Steuben because I'd say things to the guys in the factory like 'See how great this looks if you just leave it gray instead of polishing it,' or 'Let's try introducing thousands of bubbles into this piece instead of just one.' They thought I was being a bad boy, but gradually they've come to see it my way."

The sharp contrasts and the play of light darting back and forth between the gray and the clear, the opaque and the transparent, are what excite Dowler. Using another of his innovative techniques, he makes clear, lenslike cuts in the unpolished surface of his sculpture, leading the viewer's eye from the cool surface to the lush interior illusion of colorless crystal filled with rainbows.

Dowler is a man of few words who speaks best through his work. Several of his eight pieces on show seem to pulse with primitive energy, as if they had been ripped from

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Betty Sargent is a writer, editor, and amateur glassmaker who lives in New York.
"Cartouche," by David Dowler: "I try to pursue the beautiful element of unreason."
"Light Bird Alignment," by Eric Hilton: "... there abounds the visual rhythms of our planet and its relationship to the cosmos."
the earth. In his striking "Encouragement and Order" the juxtaposition of clear and opaque surfaces dramatically enhances the power suggested by an enormous crystal spike exploding through the tranquil sea below.

With his glass hangings "Cartouche" and "Phrases," Dowler has created a new field of vision, "getting Steuben off the table," in his words, "and onto the wall."

The ebullient Eric Hilton, born in Scotland fifty-one years ago, is as fiery as some of his crystal sculptures. A graduate of the Edinburgh College of Art, he taught in universities in Scotland, England, Canada, and the United States before joining Steuben, in 1977. Hilton's love of nature and fascination with man's place in the cosmos are reflected in his work. Still speaking with a faint burr, he unleashes a torrent of words in describing one of his eight pieces for the show, "No End No Ending."

"This piece has to do with the possibility of an ever-growing spiral creating its own ribbon of light as it traverses space," he says. "It hurls along, creating its own energy as it goes." So does Eric Hilton himself, an "incorrigible romantic," he admits, who ponders the relationship between cosmic order and chaos. Every year he and his wife go home to the remote northwest of Scotland, where, he feels, "some primeval galactic memory stirs." There, surrounded by the silvery moonlit waters reflecting the northern lights, Hilton gets back in touch with the sources of his inspiration.

His vision is precise and powerful, minute and enormous at the same time, with spherical, cell-like images occurring throughout his work. Depending on the angle from which a piece is viewed, it seems either to have been shattered into hundreds of tiny spheres or magnified into a cosmic whole.

The most striking example of this image can be seen in his jewellike piece "The Beginning of the Beginning." Its subject is the creation of the universe, when symmetry gave way to asymmetry, "when a powerful energy that had been singular exploded and blew everything into the forms that we have today," says Hilton. Three units of glass make up this intricately constructed sculpture. Under the top portion are four hemispheres reflected as eight. By creating a matrix of sawed cuts across the center cube and sandblasting them from beneath, the artist distorts the shapes, making them asymmetrical; they now represent the uncontainable surge of energy generated by the big bang. In the center of the third tier of crystal is the sphere of life, forcing everything apart, "blowing creativity into space," says Hilton.

Equally cosmic in its symbolism but grander in scale is "Light Bird Alignment." This hanging sculpture is almost six feet high and could suggest a bomb hurled down toward the optical disc below. Hilton, however, describes it as "birds of light probing the darkness of the cosmos." They dart down into the blown form, which represents chaos, reminding him of briers holding something precious at their center.

In a more finite vein, "Silver Darling," named in memory of the vanishing herring once abundant in the North Sea, suggests the planet's fragility. The crystal boat, called Silver Darling, is precariously balanced, reminding us, says Hilton, "that if we take the wrong steps we won't be able to survive as a species." Curling up behind the boat are the great forces of the universe, pushing it forward, leaving behind, "wobbling," what the artist describes as "the flotsam and jetsam of existence.
twirling away out into the cosmos."

Unlike Dowler, Hilton relies on sandblasting and engraving to achieve his infinite patterns of reflection that suggest the flowing rhythms of nature, the soft hills, the snow-swept valleys, the intricate patterns of waves etched in sand. He intends that his work should "erase boundaries to suggest regeneration, rebirth, and the eternal present in all things."

For the forty-year-old Englishman Peter Alfred, sculpting with crystal is like sculpting with light. "In a way, light is what I work with," says Alfred; "glass is just a carrier." A warm, highly intellectual artist, Alfred graduated from the Royal College of Art, where he later taught before coming to Steuben, in 1977. (He and his wife designed Steuben's "Swan Bowl," Connoisseur, November 1975.) In his work he is concerned with absolutes—precision, measurement, control. "Numbers," he says, "can be a language themselves, conveying ideas more precisely than words."

He is intrigued too by the relationship between music and art. "In some respects working with glass is like playing a musical instrument. The glass is the instrument, and the light reacts to whatever you put into it, so there is music in the light," he says. "Sometimes it just kind of sings."

What he loves most about glass, however, is that it is "the only material with a visual inner dimension" that can "give the sculptor insights into the very essence of shape." He is enchanted by the paradoxes of the medium, the way glass can appear to be there and not there, solid and liquid, static and fluid, and how the slightest shift in light can create a whole new scheme of colors and unexplored secret depths of reflection and patterns.

His eight figures for "The Steuben Project" fall into two groups. The two smaller geometric pieces are meant to represent thoughts, pure, strong, unembellished; the six larger ones, individuals, whose common humanity is represented by the uniform size of the base plates they stand on. But each stands alone, unique and individual.

Silent Sister, a piece with two facelike discs, encompasses most of Alfred's ideas. "It is the merging of a conflict... It is the duality of the individual that I'm exploring here," he says. "It is not really two-faced, but it has those connotations. It reflects the two parts of the personality that are always shifting, yet part of the same." His aim is to confront the viewer on a human scale, one to one.

This unprecedented scale represents a giant step forward for Alfred, and he gives Steuben full credit for encouraging it. "I have more artistic freedom working for a corporation than many of my friends who are working for galleries," he says. "The galleries will often say to you, 'We want one in every color, or something that will work with Mrs. Smith's lavender living room.' There is a strong business undercurrent seeping into some parts of the art world and it can threaten an artist's basic values. I think the three of us at Steuben are very lucky to have the kind of freedom we have."

However much these three men differ in their personal styles and artistic vision, they are very much alike in one respect—they all love glass. For Dowler it is a material of sharp contrasts, a tunnel through which his ideas can flow. For Hilton it is a unique material that "allows its viewer to enter a mysterious world beyond human reach." For Alfred it is "the most unForgiving material to work with, but when you are finally finished and the piece gets polished, it is just magic."
Something new in the history of glass.

"Sentinel," by Peter Aldridge. Glass "is the only material with a visual inner dimension, affording the sculptor insight to the very essence of shape."
Wintry beauty and photographers like most about Santa Fe has always been the nearly absolute clarity of its light. Perched in the high desert about 1.3 miles above sea level, lorded over by the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to the east and the Jemez Mountains to the west, the city possesses an atmosphere that is cool and dry, qualities that allow visual images to transmit themselves over great distances with little of the distortion that would be created by heat waves or humidity. And at special moments, when the moon rises above the desert canyons or when the sinking sun fires off the snow-capped mountains or during weather disturbances when the sky unveils a seemingly unending series of pyrotechnic surprises, watching the Santa Fe light show qualifies as a major spectator sport. "The intense blues of the sky, the rich purples of the mountains—you can't find any color on your palette that matches them," says Ford Ruthling, a painter who lives in a rambling 1907 adobe house on the fashionable east side of town. Standing on his roof one recent evening, he watched as a series of jagged lightning bolts zipped out of malignant gray-black clouds above the Sangres at the same time a sunset building up over the Jemez range had turned the desert horizon into fire. "As a painter, I'd never have the presumption to try to copy it," he says. "But it makes me feel like a fuller human being for having seen it."

Artists such as Ruthling, as well as those like Marsden Hartley, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Sloan, Randall Davey, and the photographer Eliot Porter, are not the only ones drawn to Santa Fe, and light is just one of the city's compelling charms. Long the haunt of well-connected bohemians, Santa Fe of late has become the playground and workplace for a remarkably varied set of people. Not only have they helped to make the city one of the nation's cultural capitals—Santa Fe has earned fame as a music mecca (see page 94)—but they have helped it earn, somewhat less deservedly, a reputation as a center for art, sculpture, and gastronomy. Entertainment figures have arrived from California and New York, among them Gene Hackman, Robert Redford, Roger Miller, Amy Irving, Neil Simon, and Larry Hagman.

A large swatch of wealthy Texans and Oklahomans, among them the Dallas merchant Stanley Marcus, have sunk some of their fortunes into sprawling adobe mansions that sit in the desert on the north side of town. John Ehrlichman returned there after being paroled from a federal prison camp. The duke and duchess of Bedford bought an old stagecoach station in the fashionable suburb of Tesuque with "miles and miles of grass" to remind them of England. Offspring with claims on important fortunes from the East and Midwest have found a home there, including the Otises from Chicago, the Herters from Washington, D.C., the Saltonstalls from Boston.

Outside of town, the surrounding hills provide a sort of Smithsonian exposition of the 1960s, furnished with dozens of refuges from fabled causes, among them anarchist writers, beat poets, aging hippies, solar energists, environmental guerrillas.

Not the least of its components is an eclectic population of religious sects, including Buddhists, Moslems, and Catholic monks, each of which populates a desert retreat in the area. There is a large assortment of spiritualists involved with beliefs such as channeling and crystal worship who speak of their attraction to the city in terms of its having provided a mystical experience. "When you're living in Santa Fe, it's easier to remember God," says Barbara Gluck, formerly of Queens, now a leader of the Light Institute, in Galisteo, just south of the city, a training center that conducts its well-to-do clients on a four-day trek through their spiritual potential for $800 a trip. "Ecstasy," goes one piece of advice, "is a new frequency." Most famous pupil: Shirley MacLaine.

Nearer to God or not, one of the most striking things about the area around Santa Fe is the degree to which it has managed
The spirit of Santa Fe environs: clarity of light, pellucid air, the quiet vibrancy of the high desert. What else?

One of America’s cultural treasures
In 1940, Coronado, in full armor, came riding into the region, looking for the tallied seven cities of gold, though civilization in the area goes back a lot further than that. Among its first residents were the Anasazi, or "ancient ones," cliff-dwelling antecedents of the current Pueblo Indians who lived in the neighborhood at the time Christ was crucified. Their petroglyphs and pictographs can still be found on outcroppings a few miles south of the city, tiny stick figures with smiley little faces, drawn as it to wish the twentieth century to "have a nice day." So many relics and bones have been turning up during excavations for new buildings that last fall the city passed a law requiring property owners to pay for archaeological digs before any construction might start.

In Santa Fe itself, the most compelling link to the past is represented by the city's adobe architecture—compelling, in that a 1950s city ordinance discouraged the construction of any other kind of house in the historic district, which includes just about all the heavily built areas of the city. With their flat roofs and one-story rise, a few of the houses go back to well before Mexico won its independence from Spain, in 1811; in the way they seem to creep out from the center of town into the foothills, they look as if they had grown out of the earth, which, in a sense, they did. Consisting of mud, reinforced with a binder of straw, the large, rectangular adobe bricks weigh twenty to thirty-five pounds each and allowed early settlers to erect a house in a couple of weeks. Their thick walls keep them cool in summer; and in the winter, when temperatures at night drop to below freezing, the houses are warmed by tiny beehive fireplaces built into the corners of rooms and fired up with pinon pine. Indeed, just as a blind person can tell by the unleaded tunes that he must be in London, the distinctive perfume of burning pinon would indicate that it was past October and the place was Santa Fe.

Downtown, however, what still sets Santa Fe apart from the Valles, the Aspens, and other upscale western habitats is the feeling that its native populations—-the Indians, but mainly the Hispanics—impose on outsiders of their being visitors in a foreign country. Unlike most other Hispanic Americans, who arrived in Texas, California, or New York with decidedly second-class status, those in northern New Mexico came directly from the culture of Philip II and Cervantes and rode into the new land as conquerors and colonizers. Unlike the Spanish spoken everywhere else in the country, the language around Santa Fe is a throwback to the Middle Ages, when Spaniards, even old friends, referred to one another formally with usted instead of the casual tu. "In English, it would be as if someone started talking like they do in a Shakespeare play," says Erwin Rivera, of the Santa Fe Neighborhood Housing Services.

In the countryside, and especially along the "high road" that winds seventy-five miles north toward Taos, up through the 13,000-foot-high Truchas, or "Trout," Peaks, the tiny villages look as if they had been transplanted from the hills of Andalucia, Pojoaque, Chimayo, Cordova, Las Trampas, Placita—-they lie by the side of the winding mountain road, generally a cluster of adobe buildings around a plaza and a tiny church, each with its caposanto, or "holy field," where the graves are marked with wrought-iron crosses covered with a riot of artificial flowers, with here and there a little plastic rabbit or a baby chick to signify the grave of a child. Down in the valleys, sheep graze in fields alongside streams lined with cottonwoods and the lofty Chinese elm, whose tall foliage blazes a translucent yellow against the dying grasses of the desert. Single holdings, split up over generations of inheritance, are mostly small—a few acres, planted in beans and corn—enough to support a family whose members pick up spending money working in Los Alamos or for the state government. Major grocers have to be bought in Espanola, a market town filled with bars and used-car lots down on the Rio Grande, a half-hour drive from most villages. "Unless you get behind a low rider," says Bernie Lopez, the former mayor of Las Trampas, whose family has lived there since the eighteenth century. "Then it can take an hour and a half."

Las Trampas, like most villages, is anchored by its church. San Jose de Gracia, a twin-spired adobe structure with walls built six to eight feet thick and canted outwards to keep the water away from the building. The one at Las Trampas has been there since the mid-1700s, its floor covered with thick wooden planks, its altar decorated with 250-year-old altars, or carved representations of the
saints, a very popular, and expensive, decor item back in Santa Fe. Mass for the hundred or so villagers is offered on the first and third Sundays of the month by one of three circuit priests, who come from the parish seat in Chimayó. In winter, when the holy water sometimes freezes up in the font, old people get priority huddled around the two potbellied stoves.

Aside from the church, the most precious thing in village life is water, a phenomenon dramatized in Robert Redford’s recent production of The Milagro Beanfield War, by John Nichols, which details a revolt of Hispanic peasants against the Anglo power structure and was filmed a few miles south of Las Trampas in Truchas. Originating usually from a stream in the hillside, water is rerouted through an intricate network of irrigation ditches, or acequias, that run alongside people’s property and then is drained into the fields by the opening of tiny sluice gates; the volume a family is entitled to is spelled out in their deed. Silt and leaves need periodically to be cleaned out of the ditches, so that overflowing water doesn’t provide someone an unearned dividend—a task divided among villagers and supervised by a mayor-domo. In Las Trampas each family must
in a water dispute. "You remember that," my grandfather said. "He almost lost his life, and it was over water.""

As the adobe architecture has been degraded, the Hispanic culture is also under siege. Although practically every street and town in northern New Mexico has a Spanish name, in Las Trampas Father José María Blanch has to interrupt his Spanish service every so often to repeat it for the village children in English. Housing is in acute shortage, particularly in Santa Fe, where the burgeoning demand by comparatively wealthy Anglos for vacation and retirement homes has dramatically driven up prices. A survey last fall discovered that 75 percent of the city's residents, mostly Hispanics, could not afford to buy even a moderately priced house. Increasingly, the economic gap between the two groups has begun to foster resent-

**THE ADOBE COMPLEX**

ment. Anglos, especially if their cars sport Texas and Oklahoma plates, often return to the parking lot to discover their headlights mysteriously smashed, or, driving on the street, find themselves hemmed in front and back by low riders who compel them to proceed through town at a snail's pace. "We're developing a disparity between the have-nots and the have-nots that has not existed before," says Councilman Goodwin, one of the rare Anglos born in Santa Fe, who works with a group that helps Hispanics get home-improvement loans so that they don't have to sell their adobe houses to outsiders. "That's not going to be healthy for the city."

Whatever erosion is being suffered by the Hispanic culture, it pales beside what seems to have happened to the region's Indians. To the public eye, the Indians from the eight pueblos north of Santa Fe do not appear nearly so disheveled as the Navahos to the southwest; at one Navaho market off Interstate 40 near the town of Grants, for example, the street is literally lined with staggering men and women, nearly all of them plastered to the gills by midmorning. The Pueblo Indians, on the other hand, have a lock on several fixed livelihoods: aside from operating bingo parlors and selling tax-free cigarettes on their reservations, they also own the lucrative franchise to peddle their silver and turquoise jewelry on the Santa Fe plaza.

Behind the public facade, however, the situation is fairly grim. The poverty rate in the reservation, where a majority of the students receive some form of public welfare, approaches the catastrophic. And a visit to the ancient pueblo villages can be a depressing experience. The one best preserved is the Taos Pueblo, which consists of a plaza surrounded by multistoried mud buildings that have remained unchanged for hundreds of years. Through the center of the plaza, a stream runs under a little bridge. Emily Otis Barnes, the eighty-one-year-old ex-wife of the architect Nathaniel Owings, who has been going to Santa Fe for sixty years, remembers back in the late 1920s being shown the stream by Tony Luján, the Taos Indian who was then the fourth husband of the literary maven Mabel Dodge. "He was a very impressive man, long braids, very silent, I don't think he said twenty words in his life," she says. That day he used a few of them to describe how the stream flowed from nearly 14,000 feet up in the snow-capped Taos Mountains, carrying down the waters of the sacred Blue Lake. "He sat me down on the little bridge and he tried to make me understand what the water meant and how it was involved with the Indian feeling for Mother Earth and Father Sky. Every year I go back there to sit on that bridge." She and a lot of others. Open to the public for $1, plus $5 extra per camera, the Taos Pueblo exists as a sort of human zoo: tourists with Budweiser-beer hats wander about the open plaza under the hostile glare of Indian teenagers, poking into rooms where old women sell Cokes and men offer up dime-store bows and arrows. "I took a friend there once who saw it for the first time," says the New Mexico historian Orlando Romero, "and she burst into tears."

Their poverty notwithstanding, the Indians still serve, along with cowboys, as greatly endowed models for local artists, whose prolific output, much of it in the western genre, has made Santa Fe a major commercial center in the art world. Some 1,400 artists and craftspeople, including wood-carvers, sculptors, photographers, ceramists, potters, weavers, and leather workers, ply their trade in the city, and its 150 galleries push their products hard, to the extent that, in volume, Santa Fe's art sales are said to rank third nationally, just behind those of California and New York. Much of it involves stuff of not exactly great quality: howling coyotes painted from every conceivable angle, modernist ceramic sculptures of cacti and bulging Indian women, dozens

JUNE 1988
The 21 Essential Things to Know about Santa Fe

By far the pleasantest way to get there is via the over-night Amtrak sleeper out of Chicago, which boards at Union Station at 5 P.M. and follows the old Santa Fe Trail. At sunrise you're smoking across the Kansas prairie. By midmorning, the train begins climbing into the foothills of southern Colorado, sky and clouds in brilliant contrast, the snow-capped Rockies looming in the distance—one of the few sights left in America that outdo their billing. From Trinidad, Colorado, the train descends cautiously down the east side of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains into New Mexico, winding through red canyonland covered in juniper, working west across the Pecos River, and at about three P.M. pulling into the little town of Lamy, whence most of the Santa Fe hotels provide car service to the city.

Of these, the Eldorado Hotel (505-988-4455) is southwestern modern, more Tucson than Santa Fe, indeed, its decorator got his deserts mixed up. The plants dominating the cavernous lobby come from the hot desert down by the border, not the high desert in the north. But the elevators are fast, the service slick, and the rooms large and cushy. The Hotel St. Francis (505-983-5700) is a refurbished nineteenth-century inn, with afternoon tea served in the lobby and pansies taken to preserve an old-world elegance. The traditional place to stay is La Fonda Hotel (505-982-5511), right on the historic plaza, crammed with colorful gift shops and decorated with dark tile and painted wood. If you want to stay out of town, note that just north lie the casually elegant Ranchos Encantados (505-982-3313) and the Bishop's Lodge (505-988-4455), immortalized by Willa Cather, both offering tennis, swimming, and horseback riding.

The restaurants in Santa Fe generally rank higher in the decor than in the food department, but among the best are the Compound (982-4533)—a little stuffy, but serving excellent, expensive American Continental fare; The Santa Fe (982-1588), with new international food; and Tim's Restaurant & Lounge (983-9017), offering the best Northern New Mexican cuisine in the city, especially its chicken frantes, sopaipillas, and posole. For drinks and conviviality, it's the Dragon Room at the Pink Adobe Hotel (982-7712), or, late at night, the intimate bar at La Fonda de Santa Fe (988-6511). Out of town, it's worth the short drive to Chimayo to eat at the converted hacienda Rancho de Chimayo (351-4411), but six no thanks to a "Chimayo cocktail," a house special made of apple cider, tequila, lemon juice, and crème de cassis.

Among the best galleries for contemporary art is the Linda Parham Gallery, 420 Canyon Road, for expensive western paintings, the Gerald Peters Gallery, 439 Camino del Monte Sol, and for a fascinating exhibition of pre-Colombian and contemporary ceramics, textiles, and art objects, Bells Arts Gallery, 301 Garcia Street. Also, if you are buying Indian jewelry, make sure it's stamped sterling and enameled.

(There's a big problem with Taiwanese knockoffs.) Don't miss the Museum of International Folk Art, which contains the100-room Alexander Girard collection, including intricate folk figures, arranged to represent scenes, rates, and pagodas from around the world. And close out the day with a visit to Ten Thousand Waves (982-9304), a lush spa set in the hills above Santa Fe, where you spend out in a hot tub while gazing up at the night sky.

Out of town, go to the Bandelier National Monument, near Los Alamos, and walk around the Anasazi cliff dwellings, just below Galisteo, climb up into the stepped-walls-like rock formations, which are loaded with petroglyphs (watch out for rattlers). On an overnight trip to Taos, stay at the Taos Inn (505-758-2233), a comfortable old adobe and wood-ex-boarding house with rooms around a charming courtyard. A few doors away, see the remarkable and little-visited house built around 1930 by the Russian painter Nicolai Fechin, with hand-carved woodwork and furniture done by the artist.
when a young opera impresario named John Crosby decided to establish a summer opera company just outside of Santa Fe in 1957, few in the music establishment would have laid odds on his success. “Santa Fe? Where’s that?” asked the Metropolitan Opera’s tart-tongued general manager, Rudolf Bing, when Time magazine was preparing a story just before the festival’s second triumphant season. A year after that put-down, Bing was invited onto Santa Fe’s National Advisory Board and could not well refuse. By then everyone in opera knew exactly where Santa Fe was.

To put it most simply, the Santa Fe Opera has established itself as the premier summer opera festival in the United States. A daring, pioneering enterprise, it has been the grooming ground for an entire generation of world-class designers, directors, and administrators—not to mention singers. Among the young unknowns who trained in Santa Fe’s Apprentice Program (studying, understudying, and sometimes performing) or got early breaks there are such leading artists as Samuel Ramey, Barbara Hendricks, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sherrill Milnes, Benita Valente, Leona Mitchell, Neil Shicoff, James Morris, Maria Ewing, Alan Titus, and Frederica von Stade.

A typical Santa Fe season begins with a careful choice of repertoire—from cherished staples to world premieres, from the great composers’ lesser-known creations to neglected masterpieces of past ages. Last season, for instance, Puccini’s ever-beloved Madama Butterfly vied with Richard Strauss’s rarely heard Die Schwanengesang Frau (The Silent Woman) and Mozart’s Le Nozze di Figaro. And though there was no new work, Shostakovich’s esoteric The
Nose (which Santa Fe introduced to the United States in 1965) received an antic new production, and the company offered Ariodante, its first Handel opera ever, with some superb singing and spectacular staging. Either of the two—the sardonic satire from the twentieth century or the chivalric romance from the eighteenth—would serve equally well as a vindication of the Santa Fe aesthetic. (For this year’s schedule, see box.)

It would be hard to exaggerate Crosby’s initial boldness. Thirty-one years ago, most experts thought summer opera in the United States would be inconceivable. American singers spent their summers in Europe, auditioning and taking part in festivals there. And where would the audience come from? A trek out to Santa Fe, a sleepy state capital and artists colony, was not easy back then. (It still isn’t.) Would opera lovers in sufficient numbers journey to the southwestern adobe hills to hear predominantly unfamiliar operas with singers no one knew? The answer was yes, as it turned out.

For his theater, Crosby had an ideal location: a natural bowl in the hills behind the San Juan Ranch house that served as office and dormitory in those early years. The initial investment (staked by Crosby’s father and repaid in full) was $200,000, with $115,000 going into building the theater, which seated 480. Igor Stravinsky personally supervised the production of The Rake’s Progress the opening season and declared himself pleased.

Crosby knew from the first how to make the most of a shoestring budget. In scenic design, he chose inventiveness over opulence. And he has always had a fine ear for singers. Although the company has a no-star policy and does not pay the sort of fees to which stars are accustomed, it happens now that Santa Fe alumni return as acknowledged international stars. And artists who have bypassed Santa Fe occasionally are persuaded to make their company debuts in the full flower of stardom, as Tatiana Troyanos did last year in the title role of Ariodante. As Crosby points out, an offer entails three basic factors: a role, working conditions, and money. An artist will usually bend on one.

John Crosby, founder of the Santa Fe Opera, in the dramatic “new” theater—now twenty years old.

Ask any singer what makes Santa Fe special, and the answer always includes the beauty of the surrounding mountains, the sky, the air. “Take a look around!” exclaims Erie Mills, the star of last year’s The Silent Woman. “It’s an absolutely gorgeous place to be in the summer.”

The increasingly prominent Wagnerian bass James Morris, who in Santa Fe’s 1981 revival of Stravinsky’s Rake sang the best Nick Shadow I have ever heard, agrees. This year he is returning for Wagner’s The Flying Dutchman, having turned down an invitation to sing Wotan in the new Bayreuth Ring cycle and engagements with the Salzburg Festival. After six straight summers in Salzburg, he longed for time in America. Besides, his wife, the rising American mezzo soprano Susan Quittmeyer, will be
Dorabella in Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* in Santa Fe this year. And the Dutchman has become something of a Morris specialty.

Santa Fe's choice of repertoire quite often is a little off the wall," Morris remarks. "I wouldn't give up, say, the Bayreuth *Ring* just to be in Santa Fe if I was going to do some obscure piece that I was never going to do again." At any rate, two of the factors were right, and Morris bent on the third. "You're not making any money," he admits. "I figured, without talking in any specific terms, that I was making one-fifth, for the same time period, in Santa Fe what I would have in Salzburg. And that's kind of a cruncher. But you're working at your craft, and it's like having a vacation at the same time. It's wonderful."

Apart from admiring the artistic product, Santa Fe's board is in awe of Crosby's ability to manage money. Nancy Zeckendorf, wife of the New York real-estate developer William Zeckendorf, Jr., also serves on the boards of American Ballet Theatre and the Dance Notation Bureau. "I know that anything that they spend at Santa Fe is absolutely essential," she says, "because John, aside from being a great artist, is the most meticulous business person. He goes through a budget and tells you it's six dollars off because the buttons cost more or less, or something!"

Crosby has always ruled his domain with an iron fist. He has high artistic standards but is practical, too. Even when the productions involve operas by his beloved Richard Strauss—Crosby has conducted all the Strauss operas Santa Fe has given to date, and clearly dreams of presenting the full canon before he eventually gives up the reins—he knows when to compromise. He cuts scores and lets purists frown. Last year's *Silent Woman* was trimmed by about fifteen minutes (in fairness, many of the cuts are standard and authorized by the composer)—but performances at Santa Fe's open-air house begin at nine P.M., after sunset, so an uncut version would not have ended until close to one. More important, he felt the full score would have been too strenuous on key singers.

In many ways, Crosby seems the textbook case of the benevolent despot; he has two sides. His regular singers, directors, and designers see him as a desperately shy man who can, as a consequence, appear taciturn and difficult. His detractors—and there are many in the opera world and even on the streets of Santa Fe—find him dictatorial, overbearing, sullen, prickly, and fickle.

Many complain, too, of Crosby as a conductor. Some critics find him ponderous and pedestrian. But it is his company, and fewer operagoers actually stay away because Crosby is in the pit. One of the most remarkable evenings I have ever spent at the Santa Fe Opera was a Crosby-conducted performance of Strauss's *Intermezzo*, a domestic comedy based on the composer's own tribulations with his temperamental but loving wife. Elisabeth Soderstrom and Alan Titus were superb in their roles; the Goran Jarvelfelt production was richly detailed, profoundly human; Crosby's deep affection for the score poured out at every juncture.

And his overall track record would be hard to beat: six world premieres, twenty-four American premieres, five American professional premieres, not to mention the quality of the shows, which always come in on budget. John Crosby gets his dream on the boards every summer. From the $200,000 that dream cost in 1957, the budget has escalated to $5 million last year. It is estimated that by 1994 the annual budget will be near $7 million.

Putting on opera is a red-ink operation, no matter where it is done. In Santa Fe, the box office accounts for 50 percent of the annual income. Eighty percent of the operating budget goes to the onstage product, the rest to plant maintenance and administrative costs. Annual fund drives are usually successful. And yet the 1986 season posted a deficit of over $1.1 million. The president of the opera board, Gene Rush, puts much of the blame on the collapse of the oil market. The Santa Fe Opera was perceived as highly successful. Some key local supporters, financially strapped, felt the company could scrape by without them. Since then, the board has been expanded to include more members from all over the country—chosen with an eye to important consistent support at high levels. As Rush puts it, "It's common knowledge in the fund-raising area that if you're only giving $500, it's very difficult for you to persuade somebody to give $50,000. Fund-raising works better on a peer basis."

Cost-conscious though Santa Fe remains, the lean, economical look of the early years has evolved, too. Many large-scale effects can now be achieved that were unheard-of even a decade ago—and would have been impossible in the old, 480-seat theater, which burned down in 1967.

That famous fire furnished the most dra-
matic proof of the spirit of the Santa Fe Opera. The night after the conflagration, the company was performing The Barber of Seville in the local gymnasium, and the following season it was in its new and present home, a soaring structure, partly covered, partly open to the sky. Designed by John W. McHugh and Bradley P. Kidder, on the same site as the old house, it seats 1,773 and retains—thanks to the acoustics firm of Bolt Beranek and Newman—its exemplary sound. Most important, it also retains the aura that encourages singers to give of their best.

Aficionados continue to find the programming irresistible, even if, in trying to keep the mix alive, Crosby occasionally strikes out. George Rochberg's The Confidence Man, given its world premiere in 1982, was a flat-out bomb; the American premiere of Stephen Oliver's The Duchess of Malfi (in 1978) received at best polite applause. This year's Black Mask is a risk. "It makes no sense," Crosby says, "to run a museum of opera in a community such as Santa Fe." And if the Butterflies still outsell the new works, one can take heart in the sell-out status of Handel, and even Shostakovich last summer. "I think," Crosby says, "the real question is, if you don't invest in the repertory now, what is your repertory going to be in the year 2087? Don't tell me we'll be living on Verdi." Will opera survive that long? There is reason for concern. Today, short-sighted managers pressure promising talent into demanding engagements for which they have neither the technique nor the experience. Even the singers who want to take time to serve a thorough apprenticeship often find their careers running away with them. The ensemble approach to singing and acting—the cornerstone of Santa Fe's rightly vaunted style—is endangered and sometimes threatens to unravel completely.

But he refuses to be pinned down. "Look, come on. Nobody has a crystal ball. I think all one can do about ensuring the future is to keep producing a product of value, to use very crass words. Let's put it into better language—to keep one's artistic standards high and to keep a purpose and a reason behind the artistic activity, the repertoire, the casting, the exploration, the research. Serve the art in the highest and best way."

That will mean further discoveries and surprises. With the curtain yet to rise on the 1988 season, insiders are already buzzing about next year. On the bill: La Calisto, Cavalli's romp from the dawn of opera; Massenet's exuberant yet exquisitely crafted Chérubin, a sequel to The Marriage of Figaro, starring Frederica von Stade as the amorous page; and Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier, with Ashley Putnam, Santa Fe's favorite Strauss soprano, taking the coveted role of the Marschallin for the first time. From England comes the wild card: Judith Weir's A Night at the Chinese Opera. It incorporates "The Chao Family Orphan," an authentic revenge play from China's Yuan dynasty (1271–1368), into a contemporary story that runs chillingly parallel to the old one. The Santa Fe adventure continues.

Caspar David Friedrich. Richard Strauss is represented by a double bill of rarely seen one-act operas: Feuersnot (an early work) and Friedenszeg (a late one), opening on July 23. July 30 sees the American premiere of Krzysztof Penderecki's The Black Mask, unveiled with success at the Salzburg Festival two summers ago.

To take in all five of the season's productions in a single week, head for Santa Fe within the period from August 1 to August 20. For a full schedule or to place telephone orders, call (505) 982-3853 (major credit cards accepted).
Gotta Have Gottex
Bathing suits designed to flatter

BY LOUISE BERNIKOW

It began in Budapest before World War II, a place Diana Vreeland called "the most chic city in Europe" and "the last city of pleasure." While some citizens danced to Gypsy music and others bejeweled themselves for dinner parties, a young woman was thinking about chemistry. When her husband went to buy fabrics for the family's raincoat business, she went along. "I have a feeling for this," she thought. She had a feeling for design and style, but, even more, she had one for chemistry. She hoped to study the subject. Thinking about fabric, she asked herself questions, partly chemical, partly alchemical, about what would happen if you mixed certain things together.

Leah Gottlieb has not stopped thinking about chemistry. Today, more than forty years after her fabric-buying excursions in Budapest, she oversees Gottex, the $50 million-a-year swimwear company whose name is virtually synonymous not only with high fashion but with technical innovations rooted in questions of chemistry. Gottex suits are unique because they use a high proportion of Lycra, which gives them a tight fit and distinctive line, and because Gottex fabrics shimmer and shine, carry bold colors, and bring to the world of the bathing suit textures — of lace, sequins, velvets — generally associated with evening clothes.

Unlike other designers, including Norma Kamali, who Mrs. Gottlieb has said may be the best swimsuit designer in the world, Gottex concentrates on beachwear, presenting its nearly collection with all the fanfare of the couturiers in Milan or Paris and being received with as much respect. Donna Karan calls them "the Rolls-Royce of bathing suits." "They have an aura, a mystique," she says, "because they're clearly the best, and everybody — especially designers — knows it."

All this is the product of a family business headed by a seventyish grandmother who looks like a cross between Helena Rubinstein and Dr. Ruth. "Sexy" is the last thing you expect her to advocate. Chicken soup is more likely. (In fact, her daughter has been known to fly chicken soup on the Concorde to an ailing friend in Paris.) "I have a very sexy aesthetic," she says, "but not vulgar. I am very much watching the limit." She also says that she doesn't "like" money but does like "to make from nothing, something." It's still about chemistry.

Mrs. Gottlieb makes something from nothing in Tel Aviv, where she was often compared to Golda Meir, another small, graying woman with savvy and drive. This is far from the glittering aisles of the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. "I hate fashion," Mrs. Meir was quoted as saying. "Fashion is an imposition, a reign on freedom." Mrs. Gottlieb may find operating out of Israel difficult in some ways, but she hardly hates fashion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUERGEN TELLER
Secrets: Lycra, pattern, and underwire.

Sidelines: a witty graphite turtleneck design (opposite) reverses what one expects to be covered, what exposed. What's holding up this floral sweetheart? A little boning and a rubberized bandeau (left).

Gottex suits clad Diana, the princess of Wales, as she lounged on the yacht of King Carlos of Spain last year. They adorn an unlikely assortment of celebrated bodies: from Elizabeth Taylor's and Brooke Shields's to Barbara Walters's and Yoko Ono's. Harrods, where Gottex has its own boutique, as it does at Galeries Lafayette and other quality stores in sixty-two countries, rushes suits to the princess when she rings up. King Hussein's former wife, Dana, was not so lucky. Some styles with matching caftans were not at Harrods when she called, but the queen called Tel Aviv and had her suits within forty-eight hours.

The Gottex family has been in Israel since its arrival in 1949, soon after the nation's founding. Armin Gottlieb had survived a Nazi labor camp. Leah Gottlieb and her two daughters had survived years in hiding. The war had prevented her from studying chemistry. At first, the family tried to revive the raincoat business in Israel. "Raincoats in a country with no rain," says Leah, "So I ask myself. What is the most important thing here? What is important is to go to the beach."

Swimsuits for the Israeli market were produced by the family in the mid-fifties under the label Gottex, which combines "Gottlieb" and "textiles." They began, as other swimwear manufacturers did, with "that elastic, Lycra," but quickly switched to the more versatile Lycra. They were the first to print on Lycra, which, until then, had been used in solid-color suits. Her first hit was a suit in yellow and pink roses, which "people lined up for" and which convinced Leah Gottlieb that her "feeling for it was real."

With swimsuits, Gottex entered a minefield. No form of clothing produces more anxiety in women than bathing suits do. They represent the supreme test of how a woman feels about her body, a test often failed. Unlike lingerie, where a woman may experiment with her heart's content with skimpiness or plenty, country-plain or bordello-bold, a bathing suit is a public garment. Lingerie, for all the freedom it offers the imagination, remains under a woman's control, under her clothes. Opportunities for fear and loathing in a bathing suit are endless. Nowhere else is the discrepancy between what is seen on the model and what is seen in the mirror so enormous. Pit the designer who becomes the butt of a woman's chagrin at the limitations of her own flesh.

The history of swimwear fashion is a history of progressive revelation—the unveiling, first, of kneescapes and arms, then of shoulders, midsections, thighs, hipbones, cleavage, dermiers. The bikini, which Diana Vreeland called "the biggest thing since the atom bomb," has never much appealed to Gottex designers. It stands at the other end of the spectrum from the classic Gottex suit, in which breasts are generally minimized and legs empha-

Bathing-suit time line

Fourth century A.D.—Sicilian maidens sport near Piazza Armerina; ca. 1910—the Edwardian look; 1946—year of the first bikini.
seed, and artifice, as opposed to nature, dominates. For that reason, Mrs. Gottlieb has been called the "matron of the maillot," and her design has emphasized one-piece suits, which she considers "more elegant" and more dressed. In the war between the body and the bathing suit, clothes have won.

The focus has shifted in swimwear, in fashion, and in life away from breasts and navels and onto legs. Eighty-five percent of the current collection is of one-piece suits, cut high on the leg and, often, deep in the neckline, draped as adroitly as any dinner dress, in patterns that go from ultrafeminine roses to siren's metallics to whimsical narratives like the motif of the Orient-Express. Gottex was the first to use lace on bathing suits, then velours, then, in the early 1980s, metallics, which it now considers "old hat." It is also the leader in ensemble swimwear, intensifying the idea that swimwear is dressing. What is seen in the mirror is easily camouflaged by a line of pareos, jackets, and skirts. The palazzo pants of current couture turn up in next season's beach ensembles.

"I don't believe anymore in revealing so much," Mrs. Gottlieb's daughter says. Miriam Ruzow, president of the American operation, says that suits with underwear and those with high necklines are popular. Gottex suits are designed to be filled by a woman with some flesh. "Of course we design for bad figures," Mrs. Ruzow says. "Most people have bad figures."

Mrs. Ruzow herself is a small woman who, one day this spring, was wearing a tight black knit bodysuit and short skirt by Donna Karan — "the first American designer whose clothes I'm wearing." Gottex makes Karan's swimwear. "She understands what a woman needs," Ruzow says. "I don't think men designers do." Gottex suits seem to attend to a woman's need not to embarrass herself in a bathing suit. The underwires help. So does the fact that many designs give the illusion of a high cut on the leg but are cut to a reasonable height. In larger sizes, the legs are cut lower. Gottex suit today is the product of the collective vision of Leah Gottlieb and her daughters. Miriam Ruzow studied design in Paris at the Ecole Guerre Lavigne and, like her mother, looked at a world of solids and decided it needed prints. For her, the field was lingerie, which, in the early 1980s, was "all pink and white and black." Miriam Ruzow's print lingerie did well, and in the mid-1980s she joined the family business, becoming president of Gottex USA. Her sister, Judith, is the "technical" expert, involved with the sportswear division in Israel. Armin Gottlieb still oversees the finances.

The team convenes and reconvenes monthly, boarding airplanes to reconnoiter in Paris, Milan, Tel Aviv, or New York. Some of their fabrics are printed by the Italian factories that also print fabrics for Christian Lacroix, Valentino, and Armani. They attend the spring and fall collections in Paris and Milan, whereas a fashion trend finds its way quickly into a Gottex collection—animal prints, as they did this year, or pout-skirts, which turned up in several bathing suits designed for a younger market.

"My eyes is all the time open," Leah Gottlieb says. Ideas for fabric designs come to her in museums and at operas or ballets. Piccard's colors have been used often. The spring collection features florals drawn directly from Monet. Three years ago, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, she was taken with van Gogh's paintings from Arles. "I made van Gogh prints," she says, "but people didn't approve. Now Christian Lacroix has brought them out." "Many times," she sighs, "we are too early. People have to be ready for what you have." No animosity here, however. Lacroix remains a favorite designer—"He brings new fresh air" — and his fall show drew the entire family.

Gottex is resolutely European, in love with Italy—"Italians are the most elegant women in the world," Miriam Ruzow declares firmly — and last season's collection climaxed with the Triumphal March from Aida playing behind the models. Although Americans are admired for being "much earlier up-to-date, more ready to accept things" than essentially conservative Europeans, the idea of elegance, for mother and daughters, still belongs to "the Old World." The newest navy bathing suits in the collection—"Navy," Miriam Ruzow says, is this year's black—are named after the duchess of Windsor. They ride high on the leg and low on the cleavage. What would Wallis Simpson have thought? Budapest was landlocked, but it had dash and glamour. From Tel Aviv, an unlikely place, from Leah Gottlieb, a somewhat unlikely person, and in swimwear, an entirely unlikely metier, the ghost of Budapest whispers.

Louise Bernikow is working with Mert Griffin on a book about the Peaches Browning scandal of 1926.
WOULD YOU SHOOT

Or, how much are you prepared to lose to Grady Mathews?

BY MICHAEL BAMBERGER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

Twenty-eight years ago, when Grady Mathews was a student at Junipero Serra High School, a Catholic school in San Mateo, California, he had a teacher who was also a poker buddy, Father Pritchard. Grady Mathews, who makes his living playing pool, has been guided by a certain morality in his gambling ever since, which isn't easy to do when gambling is your livelihood.

For the better part of two decades, Grady Frederick Mathews III, the son of an army air force flight instructor, was a "road player": a pool player who lives on the blue highways and in the motels alongside them, traveling to every city, town, and village reputed to have a few guys who shoot pool and who have money to lose. For the road player to be successful he must be highly skilled and have complete control of his game, being able to turn it on or off at will, or by necessity. He must also be anonymous. A good road player will carry several different identities, accents, wigs, and bogus mustaches, to protect himself from becoming known and to allow him to keep winning. Grady Mathews was one of the best road players in the country.

Five years ago, at the age of forty, Mathews went public, without any help from lawyers, accountants, or financial consultants. He decided to try to fulfill an ambition he had set for himself when he was eighteen: to become known as the best player in the world at "one-pocket"—the pool game that involves the least luck. To do so he would have to eschew road playing for tournament pool. And then he would have to dominate it. The transition would be something on the order of Don Corleone's becoming the chairman of General Motors.

I first saw Grady Mathews shoot pool at the 1986 B.C. Open Nine-Ball tournament, played at the Holiday Inn Arena in...
in the world at "one-pocket," the pool game that involves the least luck. Now that's just what he is.

Binghamton, New York. I had heard of him from acquaintances who live on the edge of legitimacy—a horse-betting and baccarat crowd. They said that no one in pool is smarter, and that when it came to making a skilled pool shot for money there was no one in the world who could shoot with Mathews. After that description, his appearance was a surprise: he is a tall, skinny, balding man with graying hair, pale skin, and a prominent Adam's apple. He was wearing a gray suit with a vest, white shirt, blue tie, black shoes, and glasses.

One looks at Grady Mathews and knows instinctively that there are no Hawaiian shirts in his wardrobe; in the world of pool this is highly unusual. He doesn't look like the guy who could beat you for your last nickel, which is probably why he can. He doesn't talk that way, either. Once, in a match, I saw a competitor try to cheat him. When Mathews realized this he pointed out the offense, firmly but politely. The competitor responded with a string of profanity. "Look," replied Grady, "if you win I want everything to be fair and square. And if I win I want it to be the same
Under pressure, no one shoots pool the way Mathews does.

The average poet makes more than the average tournament pool player. Mathews is the exception.

way: everything on the up-and-up." In that pool hall, this had the effect the mention of E. F. Hutton used to have in the ad: everyone became silent and looked to Grady's table, and to Grady.

"I tell you one thing that sort of gets under my skin," Grady Mathews was saying later in the living room of his home, at that time in Detroit. (He has since moved to Columbia, South Carolina.) He had come to Detroit, by bus, five years earlier, with $3,000 in his wallet, because he knew the action was good there. His infant son, Grady Frederick Mathews IV, slept in a crib in the same room. Dianne Mathews, Grady's wife of seven years, cooked dinner. Marie Grace Mathews played on the floor of the dining room with Bernie (female), the family pet bull. Grady had just completed the New York Times crossword puzzle, which he did in less than ten minutes. Earlier, he had talked about the difficulties of being a road player, how you never know when a competitor is going to poison your drink. But now he was talking about what gets under his skin.

"It's the fact that credit-card customers get treated better than customers paying cash. I think that's such a disgrace. I've noticed a big difference now that I put the rent on the credit card. They have no real understanding what cash means." (Mathews, whose nickname in pool is "The Professor," is a man of opinions; he delights in expressing them.)

What many motel proprietors know, at least instinctively, is that the average poet makes more money than the average tournament pool player. Grady Mathews is the exception, and he works like mad to keep it that way. He is widely held to be the only tournament pool player with a mortgage; to make it each month he does more than play tournament pool.

He writes feature articles, instruction pieces, news stories, and columns for the Billiards Digest and the National Billiard News. He gives exhibitions. He teaches. He sells instructional tapes. He sells cues. He fixes tables. And, when the opportuni- ty is irresistible, he gambles. He is a pool entrepreneur, making money whenever the chance presents itself.

Mathews gets $100 per story for his articles in the two pool publications, $60 more if he takes the photographs that accompany them, captions included. His instruction pieces have a philosophical edge to them—Mathews implores readers to be aggressive, but never foolishly so. He clearly understands journalism. His news stories are concise, with an occasional dash of pithy wisdom.

Unlike many speakers on the college-lecture circuit, Mathews shapes his talks in accordance with what his audiences are actually interested in. At a two a.m. impromptu exhibition for serious players, Mathews might demonstrate the masse shot—a shot in which the cue is held anywhere from perpendicular to the table to at a thirty-degree angle: from that position, the cue imparts a wicked curve to the cue ball. When Mathews makes a masse shot—which is no trick at all to a professional—you'd think the cue ball was on remote control. At an afternoon exhibition for teenagers in a mall, Mathews will perform trick shots, making the ball hop, skip, and jump, shots he would seldom use in play. Between shots he'll swallow flames, a trick he learned in his carnival days. Once, he lost part of his then luxuriant mustache performing that trick. Some of these exhibitions he does for free, out of a love for the game that is profound and obvious. For others, he might get as much as $1,500. Half of that is typical.

For his private lessons, Mathews charges on average $50 an hour. Most of his students, he says, are millionaires. (In the pool world, anyone who is rich, or believed to be, is a millionaire, even if the suspect is a billionaire.) For most of his life, Mathews believed that anyone could learn to be a good pool player. Now he knows that some games are "beyond redemption." The more lost the player's cause is, the more serious is his intent.

His tape, called "Advanced Principles of Pocket Billiards," is, according to ad copy he wrote, "an absolute steal at the unbelievably paltry sum of $39.95." He makes about $20 profit per tape; they are selling, but not like hot cakes. (Candid hype is common in pool advertising. One ad that runs regularly in the National Billiard News reads, "A Huebler custom cue will be made exactly to your specs, will be shipped within 60 days, will improve your game, will hit balls perfectly, will probably save you money. That's all.") At tournament sites, Mathews sells fine cue sticks, acting as a middleman between reclusive
manufacturers and a discerning public. A very good stick may cost $600—they can even go up to $1,500—"though for a nonprofessional," says Mathews, "anything over $300 is sheer ornamentation." He averages about $250 per stick.

With his wife's assistance, he also re- clothes pool tables, which is a skill, like making flat tennis courts, that requires a person to be part tradesman, part artist. Like pouring cement for a driveway, reclothing tables is strenuous work, and Mathews finds that if he does too much he is in no shape to play tournament pool. Still, he does the work because he can't afford not to. With help, he can do two tables a day at $100 per table. He'll do that two or three times a year.

And then, of course, Grady Mathews plays in professional pool tournaments. All this other stuff is the way he supports his tournament play, which is the only arena in which he can fulfill his ambition and retain his standing as the best one-pocket player in the world.

There is some money in tournament pool, a little more than there is on the professional squash tour, which has more to offer than professional table tennis. Tournament purses range from $10,000 to $100,000, first prizes are between $4,000 and $30,000. Money is not the motivating force in Mathews's pursuit of tournament pool. When considering his finances, bear in mind that a road player may have 20,000 nights. When picturing Mathews selling cue sticks at tournaments, remember that he is one of the best pool players in the world. Does Ivan Lendl sell tennis racquets at his tournaments?

Determining the best players in pool is more difficult to do than in, say, golf. Virtually everyone who is a talented golfer competes in the major tournaments. Over the course of a career, a record in those tournaments distinguishes the Ben Hogans from the Kermit Zarleys. Assessing pool players is complicated by two facts. First, there are many truly talented players who never play tournament pool; they can make more money as road players. Second, there are three principal and widely played pool games in the United States—nine-ball, straight pool, and one-pocket. Nine-ball and straight pool use six pockets; both straight pool and one-pocket use fifteen balls. A player may be a master at one game and merely good at another.

The truly great player is a dominant force in all three games. There is no scientifc way to determine who are the great players. Ultimately, the identification is by consensus. And the consensus is that the best all-around players today are Allen Hopkins, Steve Mizerak, Jim Rempe, Mike Sigel, Nick Varner, and Mathews. They are in their own class. In one-pocket, which is the most exacting and strategic of the three, no one can touch Grady. He has won every one-pocket championship since 1983.

A source for some of this information is a man named John Beyerlein, whom I met at Grady's breakfast table one cold, gray October morning in Detroit. We were discussing travel plans to Akron, Ohio, site of the Akron Open, in which Beyerlein and Mathews were to compete. Beyerlein, who is known as "Detroit John," was finishing breakfast, which consisted of half a cup of coffee and half a cup of sugar. Beyerlein is an impressive-looking man, with a significant amount of beard stubble, an enormous pompadour (Elvis, circa 1959), few teeth, and great charm. John used to work at the Capital Social Club, the formal name for an all-night pool hall in Detroit better known as the Rack. The Rack was a place where a dozen broke pool players became millionaires, and where at least one billion dollars closed now, and he said that $10 million there, which was more than $30,000. Grady, who was paid $4,000 and the action was then worth a great deal more than that.

John is a good talker—it seems almost everyone in pool is—and he says his piece about The Color of Money with considerable precision. Mathews and a dozen other pool players, but not John, got small roles in the movie. "I'm not better at it or anything," he says, "but I wouldn't have minded some small token of recognition." John is believable when he says he's not better, for at the core of every pool player is an optimist. John spent a great deal of time "without any expectation of compensation" with Richard Price, who wrote the screenplay, showing him around pool halls, and he feels somewhat hurt at not being sent even "a thank-you note."

Grady has no qualms about the movie people. For his small speaking part, the shooting of which took a day, he received $1,500 plus expenses. But Mathews saw problems with the movie itself. "The directing is first-rate, the acting is outstanding, and the photography is extraordinary," he says. "The problem, in my

Mathews doesn't look like the guy who can beat you for your last nickel, which is probably why he can.
A

As we drove to Akron, Grady Mathews gave this biography (on other occasions, out of professional necessity, he has given others): He was born on January 3, 1943, in San Antonio and grew up near air bases in Cuba, Panama, Brazil, Peru, Florida, Virginia, Oklahoma, Missouri, and California, where he went to high school. There Grady fell in with a gambling crowd. Besides Father Pritchard, there was Grady's best friend, Mike Mattos, who loved the track; today he drives harness horses. Grady, the eldest of six children, used to go along with his father to the bowling alley on bowling nights. He shot pool while his father mowed down pins. He was attracted to the sounds of the game—the soft thud of balls dropping in deep pockets, the sharp click of a break, the murmur of "sweaters"—nonplayers betting on a match—after a well-played shot. He got a job at Cochran's, a San Francisco pool hall, now closed, which was to pool what the Cotton Club was to jazz: a place at once gentlemanly and gangsterly where the greats came to play. From observing them and later playing with and against them Mathews learned how to make shots, how to make wagers, and how to make shots with a wager on the line. He was twenty-one when he graduated from Cochran's, and

felt ready to take on the country.

He began to roam the continental United States, by bus when he had the money, by thumb when he didn't, looking for games. He supplemented his meager pool income with dishwashing, fruit picking, used-car selling, and carnival barking. It's not the kind of education track that leads to Who's Who, though it did lead young Grady to jail. He served six weeks for picking up a minor who turned out to be a runaway. He had been charged with contributing to the minor's delinquency, though Grady thought he was helping someone stranded in the rain.

Grady, who is often philosophical—he studied philosophy at San Mateo Junior College after his release from prison—takes a thoughtful view of his stint behind bars. "In my profession, unfortunately, I'm around gangsters, criminals, and riffraff of every type. There is ample opportunity for all sorts of profitable, illegal activity. Because of my time in jail I am tempted by none of it." He is driving east on the Ohio Turnpike at fifty-five miles an hour. I thought, He seems like such a normal guy to make his living in so unusual a manner. He likes Saul Bellow and Scrabble. So does my mother. We drove on in silence. "Sometimes," Grady said, "I'll burn my clothes after a bad match."

Starcher Billiards, a pool hall in Akron, doesn't look like the kind of place where out-of-towners are going to get warm welcomes. Neither does Eldridge Tucker's, in Charleston, or the Golden Cue, in Queens, for that matter. It's not anything you can put your finger on; they are simply not inviting.

No one looked up when I came in. No one looked up when John Beyerlein came in. But when Grady came in, a few minutes later, there was a small avalanche of welcomes. And the tournament director, Joe Kerr, said to the reporter from the Akron Beacon Journal in a hushed tone, "This is Grady Mathews, best one-pocket player in the world. You'll want to mention him in your story, I would think."

The reporter asked Mike Sigel, who has won some eighty-five professional pool tournaments, more than anybody else in the world, to assess Grady's position in the world of pool. "Grady Mathews? He is the finest one-pocket player in the world."

Later the reporter asked Grady, "How did you get so good at one-pocket?"

"By traveling fifty thousand miles a year for twenty years," said Grady.

Early in the evening Mathews played his first-round match in the Akron Open, which he won handily. At one A.M. he had a glass of milk and then gave an impromptu exhibition. Seventy people watched.

"I think I'm going to have to take off this sweater to make this shot," he said before one difficult shot. Nobody laughed, because it wasn't a joke. He stared at the shot, as if he were lining up a putt. He put his half-smoked cigarette in an ashtray. Grady bent down so that his eyes were level with the table. Then he leaned over the table, cue in hand, and on his second attempt made the shot. Everyone applauded enthusiastically, except some who seemed in awe. With a good sense of the theatrical, Grady asked, "Anyone have any questions?"

"Look," he told the cheat, 
"if you win, I want it to be fair."

The Impossible Shots

Far left: The cue ball hits the 1 ball with force, which makes the 2 ball out of the way, causing the 3 ball to strike the 4 ball. Then the 1 ball hits the end rail and goes in the 8 ball pocket, causing the 8 ball to travel up the rail and go in the 3 ball pocket off the 4 ball. Right: The 1, 2, 3, and 4 balls are in four inches of the rail, the cue ball two inches off. The cue ball is struck with a left-hand English. Aftercontact it curves and pockets the 1 ball.

Grady Mathews
No one did. "I think everyone's kind of intimidated," said a man in front.
"Maybe I should be asking the questions," Grady said. "Well, thanks for watching."

"Do you always break the same way?"
Over the loudspeaker the tournament director thanked Grady and then made a joke: "Grady's available for one-pocket games if anyone's interested."

"How often do you change your cues?"
"What kind of tip do you play with?"
People applauded again, as if they were at a concert. Then they came up one by one to ask questions in private.

When Grady became a public pool player, five years ago, his goal was to become known as the best one-pocket player in the world. He even wrote that in his journals, along with the advice "Lean toward self-improvement."

Is an artist an artist if he seeks complete anonymity? I don't think so, although for the truly expert pool player in the United States in 1988 being anonymous has its financial rewards.

There were no takers for the tournament director's public invitation. As Grady realized this, his mouth curled slowly into a satisfied and mischievous smile.

Learning from "The Professor"

If you would like Grady Mathews to teach you to become a better pool player or a better gambler, he would be happy to do so, "for a negotiable and reasonable fee," he says. And if you'd like him to give an exhibition, or to show you how to swallow flames, he'd be happy to do that too. "For a reasonable and negotiable fee, of course," he says. If you're interested, give him a call at (803) 772-2566. Or write to him at 1001 Gardendale Drive, Columbia, SC 29210.

Mathews has no pamphlets explaining his services and is hesitant to be pinned down to specific fees. He'll teach anywhere in North America and almost anywhere in Europe, provided his expenses are taken care of. He'll give a single lesson or a series, depending on the interest of the student. He teaches all ages and all levels of ability.

The rank beginner, says Mathews, often benefits more from just a single lesson, going over basics including the grip and the stance and the stroke. "Clutter their heads with too much in the beginning and you're liable to make matters worse," says Mathews. But an intermediate or advanced player can derive great benefits from a four- or five-day session. For these, Mathews charges a flat fee. He loves enthusiastic students. "If they want ten hours a day for four days, I'm happy to do it."

Mathews finds that intermediate students usually need to be taught "the true meaning of English." "I can show them a whole world of ball control they never knew existed," he says. To a more advanced player he might teach the principle of banking and how to anticipate shots.

Mathews says students can see their results in the ability to run balls when playing straight pool. Given someone with average hand-eye coordination who can run five balls, Mathews can have him running ten balls in a few days. "It is not unusual," he says, "to see a student progress from there, eventually being able to run as many as thirty balls."

The art of wagering is learnable, says Mathews. He can teach you how to make a bet, how to raise a bet, when to quit, how to make odds. He can also be hired to perform exhibitions, some featuring trick shots and flame eating, others featuring skill shots. The fees for exhibitions are negotiable. "I can do the stuff you see on TV, and I can do stuff that's more interesting than that." And if you need a pool table fixed, Mathews can do that too. For a reasonable and negotiable fee, of course.

JUNE 1988
The World's Best Dollhouse
Edwin Lutyens's only undisturbed creation

By I've Aucincloss
Photographs by David Cripps

Queenly fingers have unlocked this door.

A visit from Queen Mary, the formidable grandmother of the present queen, was not something that even the most loyal of her subjects looked forward to with unmixed delight. She was well known throughout the kingdom as an assiduous and undiscriminating collector of pretty little objects who was unlikely to leave an antiques shop or a friend's house without something new tucked away in her reticule. Some prepared for her appearances by secreting specially loved objects, for it was a firm character indeed who could refrain from responding to the expression of her admiration with the words "I hope Your Majesty will do me the honor of accepting it." If such words were not forthcoming it was a certainty that as the visit ended the queen would ask if she might have one last look at whatever it was that had aroused her cupidty. Few could hold back the second time round. The resulting treasures filled innumerable glass vitrines in Buckingham Palace.

It was on the face of it surprising that when after World War I the nation wished to present some token of appreciation to its sovereigns the idea of a dollhouse should be bruited, though not so strange after all in view of the queen's mania for miniatures. As the project took shape it was put in the hands of the star architect of the day, Sir Edwin Lutyens, who was completing work on the vast government complex at New Delhi. With all the care he had ever devoted to a real house, he made designs for a seemly gentleman's residence and organized the 60 artists and 150 craftsmen he had persuaded to contribute to its fulfillment. While one important purpose of the house was to help revive British trade in the postwar depression, it was to be, as one writer put it, "a memorial of the art and craft . . . of the time."
The dollhouse, at last complete in Lutyens’s drawing room, is finally packed up.
The miniature queen's crown, with flawless stones.

The king's bedroom, with Palladian overdoor, state bed, and silver chandelier copied from one at Knole.

The house has been the subject of articles and books over the years, but never has it been so handsomely presented as it now is in Queen Mary's Dolls' House, with a faithfully researched text by Mary Stewart-Wilson. Some of David Cripps's lovingly detailed photographs of the rooms and their contents are reproduced in these pages, opening a peephole into an early-twentieth-century fairyland.

A man of deep and spontaneous playfulness, Ned Lutyens became so enthralled by the dollhouse project that he had to be reminded by his clients that work on real houses languished while he resolved the problems peculiar to dollhouses. One of them was posed early on by Queen Mary. "The Queen writes she is nervous," Lutyens told his wife, "as to how the dolls' house opens. She wants to be able to open it herself without calling servants! And asks questions about the hall door. Can't you see the Queen going hush hush to play with the dolls?" The architect's solution was one that satisfied everyone.

Using a scale of one inch to one foot, he projected a symmetrical building in what he called his "Wrenaissance" style, with four elevations, some forty rooms and vestibules, a grand marble staircase, and two elevators. The usual removable front would hardly suffice to display all the marvels that lay within, so Lutyens devised an outer shell, representing the Portland stone façade, that could be lifted by machinery, fully disclosing the interior. The broad central hall rises three stories, with lobbies on either side that lead to the main rooms, giving an immediate sense of spacious grandeur.

Hidden in the basement, in drawers whose fronts let down when they are opened, are the garage, with its six perfectly functioning automobiles, including a 1923 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost (with silver-topped flasks nested in the rear door) and a

Everything works, from clocks to fireplaces.

Deprived of bathrooms, the servants make do with washstands. This one is in the butler's bedroom.
The queen's silvery bedroom, furnished in twenties style—an elegant mix of antique and dernier cri.

Daimler station bus for staff and luggage, and a flower garden by Gertrude Jekyll, replete with standard roses and green velvet lawn. The house is not centrally heated, but every room has its working fireplace. Except for French doors on the ground floor, the windows have weighted, double-hung sashes. Water runs from the taps; the toilets flush. Indeed, the fascination of this last detail led to an embarrassing moment for the queen, whose earring became entangled in the plumber's beard as she leaned forward to watch as he pulled the handle.

It would have been easy for Lutyens to cheat by allowing discrepancies between his façade and the interior layout, but this he resolutely refused to do. This was "his" house, designed to his own taste, with no interfering client—though he could not ignore the fact that it was the queen's house too, for as the specially commissioned furnishings and accouterments accumulated she would visit the dollhouse as it took shape in Lutyens's drawing room, arranging and rearranging the contents by the hour while her lady-in-waiting was forced unwillingly to wait outside.

Lutyens's young daughter Mary, who shared all the delights of creating the house with her father, remembers a day when the king and queen came together and asked to be alone so that they could play with it. They stayed for over two hours. "You see," says Mary Lutyens, "it was all the lifts and the way everything worked. They liked pressing the buttons."

Queen Mary, who was known in the family as May, had been puzzled by the pillowcases embroidered "M.G." and "G.M." on the queen's bed. When she asked what they stood for, Lutyens, unabashed, replied, "For 'May George?,' ma'am, and 'George May!'" Whether or not she was amused, history does not say.

The beautiful miniature things were bes...
THE DINING ROOM

The dining room, with a table that expands to seat eighteen, and, on the walls, horses and royalty.

Lurvens designed the grand piano that sits in the saloon, waiting for Trania to strike a chord.

The piano is made without miracle adhesives or pasties, by expert craftsmen who had served seven years as apprenticeship. There were the finely carved Adam and Chippendale furniture, mirrors, and vases, and chalices, designed by Lurvens, who was also responsible for a grandfather clock and six others, all made by Cartier. There were carpets that fill the queen’s bedroom woven by the crippled children at St. Elizabeth, and there were chalices of silver and a moonstone pel and colored marbles for the tessellated floors designed by the London government. The paneled library, which contains the entire library of the queen's bedroom, was furnished to the highest standards of contemporary writers (Kipling, Barrie, Stevenson, Kipling)—though Shaw refused as well as Shakespeare. Dickens, Snobes, string albums, and Win, an arts and news newspapers and magazines. Special humidifiers were used with 37448 artists and scores of contemporary composers, including Delius. Among these tokens of culture were stored the king's guns, including a pair of Purdey shotguns, which can be broken and loaded but not, alas, fired, for they are only four inches long. In the library are his Dunhill pipes and minute matches. There is engraved stationery, sealing wax, and a tiny fountain pen that can be tilled. In a games cupboard in the hall outside are golf clubs in a wee bag.

IF ONE WERE BUILT TODAY...

The magnificent Empire I. Kupfernick predicts that a replacement of the queen's bedroom would run into seven million. The downstairs additions for recreation could be $50,000, the added grand piano $50,000, the queen's bedroom, complete with canopy and linen; $50,000; a leather-bound volume of Shakespeare $5,500; a copper seance made from a real candle $5,500; a sewing machine that will sit in the house, $150.

From the saloon (which doubles as the throne room), a copy of an eighteenth-century French sofa.
With the outer shell of the house raised, the garden, dining room, saloon, bath, linen, and housekeeper's rooms are visible.
Hoover vacuum cleaner in housemaids' closet.

Plenty of chocolates to satisfy royal greed.

The kitchen reveals how essential servants were.

cricket bats, and tennis racquets.
The kitchen would probably strike visitors to the dollhouse as wonderfully old-fashioned, but it was highly efficient by the standards of 1924. It has deep double sinks, faucets from which hot and cold water flows, a coal stove, and copper pots and pans with tin linings—as well as some pans made of gold to "save polishing." The kitchen table is a copy of Lutyens's own dining-room table, and there are tiny Windsor chairs and a humane mouse trap that has caught three tiny ivory mice.

The pantry is a fire extinguisher that works and cupboards full of china marked "K" for kitchen and "N" for nursery. Among the best china is a gold-monogrammed service for eighteen, stored in the butler's pantry, while the silver—2,518 pieces—is kept in the strong room, reached by a back stair, where the crown jewels too are stored.

The dining room boasts eighteen walnut armchairs, with the service door hidden by a screen designed by Lutyens and executed by Cartier. Royal portraits adorn the walls, as well as three miniature copies of Munnings paintings by the artist himself. Eight tiny linen tablecloths are worked with royal cipher.

Proceeding up the marble staircase to the second floor, the Lilliputian visitor would pause to admire a mural by the painter William Nicholson of Adam and Eve being driven out of Eden, watched (in his words) "by their pets." To the left lies the king's bedroom, with its eighteenth-century state bed hung with embroidered silk, his dressing room, and a bath of green marble fitted with silver faucets. There are bottles of shampoo and lavender water, and nail and toothbrushes whose bristles are hairs from a goat's ear.

The queen's adjacent suite has a damask-hung bed with a horsehair mattress on box springs and a coverlet sewn with seed pearls. The flaw that betrays most miniature rooms—fabric that refuses to fall in

Gold potty pans in which to boke the queen's torts.
graceful folds—has been circumvented by gluing the damask to carved curtains of wood. The bathroom's walls are covered in shagreen, with ivory columns and arches; the toilet is discreetly disguised in a chair. The mirror to her dressing table is framed with diamonds, but the only makeup considered suitable for such a lady is a tiny jar of unscented cold cream.

The saloon, on the bedroom floor, is unapologetically formal, with sturdy, no-nonsense thrones under a canopy. Here—like mirrors reflected within mirrors—are copies of Queen Mary's glass vitrines, within which she housed her thousands of objects. These too are filled with pretty little things, very little indeed. The gilded piano, another Lutyens design, was made by Broadwood, and on its fancy fingers might play waltzes for mice to dance to.

The six servants' rooms, tucked into two mezzanine floors, observe a strict hierarchy in the nature of their beds. The butter's is of holly wood, and, like other top staff, he has a mattress of horsehair. Lower servitors retire to hospital beds with flock mattresses. On the top floor, comfort is restored. Here are the bedroom of the princess royal (though as regards comfort Lutyens saw to it that a tiny pea, specially grown, should be placed under her mattress) and a sitting room in which the queen could do embroidery and store yet more curios in glass cabinets. The nursery is equipped with a handsome tester bed for the all-important nanny, a silver-inlaid cradle for the baby prince, a toy theater in which Peter Pan could be produced, a piano, a phonograph that winds up and plays "Rule, Britannia," a "wireless," and lots of toys and good things to eat.

The supply of wine in the cellars—an assortment of excellent vintages correctly labeled and corked in midget, hand-blown bottles—is no less adequate. "There is nothing that I would not enjoy drinking...
Today,” says Francis Berry of Berry Bros., which supplied the wine sixty-five years ago. Among the bottles, for instance, are five dozen of Veuve Clicquot 1926, two cases each of Lafite 1875, Margaux 1899, Yquem 1874, Romanée 1904, and an 1854 cognac, as well as twenty-eight gallons each of Scotch and Irish whiskies. A household so supplied, with plenty of coffee, tea, cocoa, marmalade, chocolates, soap, and matches to boot, could hardly fail to tick over comfortably.

The wonderful queen’s dollhouse was exhibited for eight months during the year 1924 at the British Empire Exhibition and visited by 1,617,556 people. The following year it was reassembled permanently at Windsor Castle, where eager tourists ever since have lined up daily to catch a brief glimpse of its mini-splendors before the throng presses on.

Mary Lutyens, who had played with the house and its contents every evening while it was abuilding, was furious when it was taken away for the crowds to admire.

“What really made me so angry,” she recalls, “was that it had been sort of mine, and the next time I saw it I could no longer touch it. It’s got a big glass case around it at Windsor, and you’re miles away from it, whereas I’d been used to opening the drawers and doing everything I wanted.”

Last autumn, while the dollhouse was being rephotographed for the new book, Mary Lutyens was allowed to play with it again. “I’m nearly eighty, and I hadn’t done this since I was thirteen. It was very exciting. I was able to handle everything, and it had all weathered so well. I should think that’s the only house that hasn’t changed in sixty years.”

The charm of the miniature is deep and persistent, going beyond childhood memories to a basic satisfaction, perhaps, in being able to exercise total control. Even a real queen needed a doll-size world in which to enjoy that luxury.

Eve Aichmeiloss is a senior editor of Connoisseur.

Like many authors, Kipling wrote a book for the dollhouse in his own hand and drew the pictures too.
With the façade opened, one can see the splendors of the entrance hall and staircase as well as the servants' rooms tucked neatly out of sight.
A pair of silver-gilt English rimonim (Torah finials), the earliest known, made in 1712 by Samuel Edlin, similar to a pair once in London's Bevis Marks Synagogue. $209,000 at S. J. Phillips. Few items of Judaica rise to this level of craft.
Although the dollar is undeniably down, in collecting, as in business, sport, and seduction, you must seize the moment. Of course, ten years ago, when the dollar was riding high, art and antiques seemed cheaper in Europe than they were in the United States and a lot cheaper than they do today, but the time to buy an object that you may love for the rest of your life is the very second it smites your eye, before it gets away.

If you visit London’s Grosvenor House Antiques Fair (June 9-18)—since it is Europe’s top annual show, a visit is certainly worth the effort—you will enter a sea of English furniture, silver, paintings, and prints. But a greater thrill than finding yet one more handsome Chippendale chair or Sheraton table is to be surprised by something you didn’t expect to see here or have never seen or even heard of before.

Today we are still ravished by the results of Diaghilev’s repeated command to Stravinsky and Picasso and Fokine: “Astonish me!” Prepare to be astonished by some of the things you will see at the Grosvenor House fair.

Because S. J. Phillips is by appointment antiques dealer to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, you expect to find at its stand at the Grosvenor superb traditional silver of the period from Elizabeth I through George IV. In addition, this year Phillips will show one of the two earliest pairs of English mizmorim (Torah finials), made in 1712 in silver gilt by Samuel Edlin. They are similar to a pair Edlin made for London’s Bevis Marks Synagogue. Bought at auction last year for $102,000, they are now being offered for $209,000. “We don’t buy two items of Judaica a year,” explains Phillips’s Nicolas Norton, “because in terms of fine silversmithing most of them are wretched stuff.”

Like dealers around the world, those at Grosvenor House are not shy about making a fat profit on objects that they have had the knowledge and courage to buy at public auction when other dealers and private collectors did not. Richard Green is showing at Grosvenor a glowing portrait of a young woman playing the harpsichord by Hendrick Martensz. Sorgh
Hendrick Mortensz. Sorg's Portrait of a Young Lady Playing a Harpsichord (1648). At Richard Green, who is asking a whopping $1,209,000 for it.

Maggs Bros., purveyor of rare books and manuscripts to Her Majesty the Queen, offers an interesting and inexpensive ($1,500) departure from their usual manuscripts, autographs, and flower books. It is the 1856 equivalent of a Cadillac or Mercedes catalog: fifteen drawings of carriages in different styles, including some convertibles, used by a London carriage maker to help sell his wares. They come from the library of Lord Seaton, who may have bought one of the carriages.

Anyone who, like Frederick the Great, is mad about boxes will want to make a point of seeing at least two fine collections at the fair. Garrard's assemblage of snuffboxes has in it one of gold and mother-of-pearl made in Potsdam about 1750 and offered at $360,000. (In addition to what is for sale, Garrard is also displaying the eighteenth-century tools used by its founder, the silversmith George Wickes, and a selection of pieces made by Wickes and Robert Garrard.)

Halkon Days is exhibiting a collection of necessaries, those tiny boxes, carried by both sexes, containing such essentials as a scent bottle, brush, ivory note pad, pencil, tweezers, and bodkin. The loveliest, only two inches high, is George III, made of panels of agate in a rococo gold case. It costs $6,500.

For $250,000, Asprey is offering two Charles II silver caskets made by Ralph Leake in London in 1673. These were until recently in the collection of the British Railway Pension Fund, which for years invested large sums in works of art as well as in stocks and other more usual forms of investment. It made considerable profits from its arts investments but has recently been a seller rather than a buyer.

Asprey recently offered an Elizabethan silver-gilt-mounted ostrich egg, circa 1570, for $176,000. It was not beautiful, but it was rare. For the same $176,000 you could buy a piece by Paul de Lamerie or one of the other Huguenot silversmiths that displays superior design and workmanship. It depends on what you prefer, beauty or rarity.

Because when Britannia ruled the waves her richest and most powerful subjects sent home treasures from around the world. English houses were filled with Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities and Chinese and Italian paintings, some of which find their way to the Grosvenor every year. The fair's catholicity is even more pronounced when a top French dealer like Didier Aaron opens a London shop that then shows at Grosvenor, helping it avoid the parochialism that has characterized New York's Winter Antiques Show until recently and still, to some extent, limits the interest of Maastricht. Aaron is exhibiting at Grosvenor a Fragonard landscape for $930,000 and a Pierre Mallet lacquer com-

From an album of fifteen drawings of carriages dated 1856. $1,800 at Maggs Bros.

Revolution in Paris: six top French dealers desert the Biennale for their own show.
All six of these top dealers (Didier Aaron, Aveline, Michel Meyer, Galene Petrin, Maurice Segoura, and Bernard Sternitz) have marched out of the Biennale in a semifinal judgment. Unable to reconcile their differences with the Biennale committee, they are putting on an exhibition of their own, more or less concurrent with the Grosvenor fair, at the Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris.

In 1777, Marie Antoinette bet her brother-in-law the count d'Artois 100,000 gold francs that he could not rebuild a small, ruined hunting château in the Bois within two months. He put 900 men to work on the job and won the bet. Since then the Bagatelle has had a series of owners and an antiques contretemps of international importance. In 1870, an English millionaire, Sir Richard Wallace, became its owner and continued building his collection of French art and antiques with a view to leaving both the Bagatelle and his superb collection to the French nation. When he did not receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, however, he changed his mind, and the Wallace Collection instead became one of London's great museums. "At today's prices, that collection is worth between four and six hundred million dollars," laughs a French dealer, "a rather large sum to lose for a centimeter of red ribbon."

Beginning on June 15, visitors to the Bagatelle will encounter some 8,000 rosebushes of 700 varieties and, indoors, the best objects of the count d'Artois's period that six top Paris dealers can assemble. Although this exhibition is not for profit—the purpose is to raise money for restoring the second floor of the Folie d'Artois, as the château was originally known—the objects all belong to dealers who will no doubt be delighted to deliver them to buyers after the exhibition closes, on July 3.

In Artois's folie Maurice Segoura is showing, among other objects, an elegant black-and-gold Louis XVI writing table and a Jean-Baptiste Greuze oil painting, Réverie, that reflects the eighteenth century's taste for the double-barreled eroticism of an innocent male face with a bit of malice—in this case, one exposed, perfect beard. But the most splendid object that Segoura exhibits is a lyre-shaped, cobalt blue Sévres porcelain and gilt-bronze clock, its face surrounded by a circle of faceted quartz stones that look like old-mine diamonds. In the brilliant opulence of such small objects, even more than in large pieces, the eighteenth century's insistent demand for extravagant luxury is most remarkable.

A Sévres porcelain and gilt-bronze clock, with enamels by Dubuisson and signed by Kinable (Marie-Antoinette had one just like it, now in the Louvre), sitting on a Louis XVI bureau plat by Chevallier. Maurice Segoura, who owns these goodies, is keeping quiet about prices.
These sumptuous pieces will be displayed in the Bagatelle: a blue Chinese and Sévres porcelain garniture from Perrin; a bois d'armoir cabinet (one of a pair) from Aveline; Aveline's gilt armchairs (two of six) by Jacob (they may have been the king of Sweden's); from Perrin, a bonheur du jour by Saunier, with lemon, rosewood, and amaranth veneer; and a Louis XIV Savonnerie carpet from Steinitz.

A pair of gilt-bronze and marble candelabra, from the very end of the eighteenth century, whose lavish decoration includes griffins, winged women, sphinxes, birds, fruits, laurel leaves, palms, and flowers.

Aveline is exhibiting a Louis XV cabinet in Japanese lacquer by Joseph, priced at $700,000, as well as a suite of Jacob chairs and sofa at $536,000. "These were the prices in my shop before the exhibition," explains the spectacularly tall Jean-Marie Rossi, Aveline's owner. "And again after the exhibition closes, but at the folk there will be no talk of prices—well, perhaps a whisper."

Bernard Steinitz is the only dealer exhibiting pieces that he says actually belonged to the Artois family. Among these are six chairs and six armchairs stamped "J. B. Lelarge," which, according to Steinitz, were delivered to Marie-Thérèse de Savoye, countess d'Artois, at the pavillon of the château of Saint Cloud.

Even an exhibition as limited in time and place as this one can offer at least one total surprise. Jacques Perrin is showing his usual selection—superb but unsurprising Sévres and Chinese porcelain mantelpiece garniture, bonheur du jour, and Riesener commodes. Like the smashing secrétaire by Bernard van Risen Burgh that he recently sold to Versailles for over $1 million, these represent the ultimate in eighteenth-century luxury. But those are not the tour de force he offers.

In addition, Perrin is showing what is probably the first and certainly the most beautiful French movie ever made. It was painted by Carmontel in the late 1780s on a

The clock comes from the collection of the duke of Westminster, one of whose heirs' passion for things French included keeping Coco Chanel as his mistress.

In the count d'Artois's folie were originally installed the six painted panels by Hubert Robert that are now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Didier Aaron, whose son Olivier is an expert on the painter, is exhibiting Washerwomen on the Canal of Chartres, which lacks Robert's customary ruins but makes up for them with a friendly dog of the sort he liked to paint. Price: around $300,000.

Asked what this exhibition will cost the Antiquaires, which he founded, Aaron says, "Less than half of the one and a half million dollars we used to spend on our stands at the Biennale, and what we are doing here is both more scholarly and more philanthropic."

Michel Meyer is showing

The painting is Jeux de Petits Chinois, one of a pair by Hugues Taraval (1729-85), from Aaron, hanging over a mahogany and gilt-bronze desserte by Riesener. On the wall, one of a pair of two-branched neoclassical appliques, ca. 1770, from Steinitz.
long roll of parchment originally installed in a box and attached to two rollers. Placed on a table in front of a bright light while the rollers are rotated slowly by hand, the turning parchment takes the viewer through gardens and forests, châteaux and folies. When Carmontelle himself manned the crank, he told tales of characters, fictional or real, and sometimes added shadow figures behind his painting. Perrin won't talk prices, but this rarity will doubtless set some lucky buyer back a pretty penny.

The Grosvenor House Antiques Fair is at the Grosvenor House Hotel, on Park Lane, from June 9 to June 18, 11 to 8 weekdays, 11 to 6 weekends. The £9 entrance fee includes the handbook of the fair.

From June 15 through July 3, the gardens of the Bagatelle are open every day at 9; admission is 3.80 francs. The château itself is open to the public from 2 to 6 weekdays, 11 to 6 weekends, with admission to both gardens and château in a guided group being 32 francs.

Leon Harris is a frequent contributor to this magazine.

London's Other Fair

The Burlington House Antiques Fair, though smaller than Grosvenor, is equally important. Held every two years, it alternates with the Paris Biennale. The next fair will be held in the autumn of 1989. Unlike Grosvenor, it welcomes top European dealers.

Meyer's gilt-bronze candelabra (a pair) featuring a bevy of sphinxes are typical of their era, ca. 1790. The console table, of painted and gilt oak, attributed to Sené, ca. 1780, is Didier Aaron's offering.
Prince of Darkness

By Philip Herrera

The sixty-seven-year-old Avati in his Paris studio. If the mezzotint technique did not exist, he says, he would still have created works emphasizing the color black.

As he tells it, Mario Avati discovered his destiny one day in 1950 when a friend gave him an old tool, saying, "I think you use it to make mezzotints." Mezzotints! Avati was twenty-nine years old and well into his career as an artist. He knew that the mezzotint had been invented in the midseventeenth century (by Ludwig von Siegen of Utrecht), but he certainly did not know how to make one. He went anyway, boldly using the tool to produce many works of his own before actually making a mezzotint by somebody else. By then he was hooked—and as a result, the mezzotint was brought into modernity.

The examples on these pages show the still lifes that have earned Avati world fame if not vast fortune. He transcends his subject matter, turning commonplace objects almost into philosophical abstractions. An Avati cherry, for example, looks shapely, fresh, tart; it glints with promise but does not stir greediness. He also plays his subjects against one another intellectually—things one tastes, perhaps, against things one touches—placing them in compositions that have a kind of surreal equipoise, the eerie perfection of a trick of magic. And he does all this using a most demanding technique.

Described the simplest way, a mezzotint is a print made by a process in which the artist works from dark to light, the exact reverse of the usual manner of fine art. The tool that Avati was given is called a "rocker" and is used to roughen the entire surface of a copper plate. If the plate were to be printed directly after being "rocked," the result would be a completely black print. Other tools, "burnishers" and "scrapers," are used to smooth down the roughened copper, producing areas of light in a wide variety of textures and tones. Indeed, the process is so capable of subtleties that it was used to reproduce paintings in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But it also is arduous; the mere "rock-
Mario Avati,
the world’s finest mezzotintist

The Lights of Summer (11 x 15", 1985). Avati is greatly prized in Europe and Japan for his technical skill, intellectual rigor, and classical sense of order.

ing" of a small copper plate can take thirty hours of hard, boring work. After the invention of photography, the mezzotint went into an immediate decline. One can almost hear the mezzotintists’ sighs of relief as they laid down their tools.

Avati picked up his with pleasure. He was a creator, not a copier, and he loved the color black. What the mezzotint process offered him was, he says, "a beautiful quality of black—a warmer black, one unique to the technique." To get it, he was happy to labor over a copper plate, pressing down on his rocker, oblivious of the tightening of his arm muscles and the passing hours. True, the technique has its limitations, constraints that have surely shaped the expression of Avati’s vision—not that he would admit to that. On the contrary, he says, "You have to master the technique before you are free."

Of his technical mastery there can be no doubt. His drawing does not suffer from the stiffness that mars the work of most other mezzotintists. It is at once firm and ironic, as if Avati wanted his viewers to recognize the difference between life and art. The blacks in his mezzotints are rich and velvety; the light areas are delicious and evocative; the colors, incandescent. Even his titles have a nice, distancing edge to them: Schubert’s Trout (sheet music appears in the composition, as does the fish); It Is Three o’Clock, Madame (a box of everyday objects including a watch case containing the number three); The Moulin Rouge (a coffee mill, not the nightclub). In short, Avati is a complete master.

But is he really free? Much of his work looks remarkably similar even while the subjects and compositions change. One feels, perhaps unfairly, that the artist has limited himself in the same way that a poet who writes only sonnets limits himself. The question gnaws: has the technique of the mezzotint tamed Mario Avati rather than vice versa?
Is he a captive of his printmaking technique?

The artist often composes his evocative subjects on a table that he says comes from a bordello.
For every mezzotint, over twenty impressions are always presold.

The Last Moments of an Ice Cube (11 1/2" by 15", 1983): "An artist must have the politeness to his viewer to do it right," insists Avati, who is polite.

the beauty of objects and to their poetic interrelationships? "Well," he replies, "that is for you to decide."

While Avati may decline to discuss his aesthetic, he is open and relaxed about revealing his lifestyle. The artist lives with his wife, Helen, on one of the busy side streets of Paris's St. Germain area. After climbing a spiraling staircase, the visitor enters a pleasant, small apartment that has a western exposure and plenty of light but not much of a view. It is an introspective place. His studio, a small room, is full of the objects he loves to depict: those boxes, that violin, the familiar coffee grinders, vases, glasses, and a table that he says came from a bordello. The volumes in the bookcase, from one on fly fishing to Masters of the Mezzotint, underline the artist's interests.

Because the home is tidy, clean, and sparsely furnished, it gives the impression of sparest in fact, its cabinets and closets contain one of just about every work that Avati has ever made—he works mainly in multiples: sculptures as well as etchings, drypoints, and hundreds of mezzotints—all filed away like memories awaiting recall.

The artist himself is small and neat, a handsome man who likes to dress in blue jeans and a blue shirt. He moves with a quick precision that belies his sixty-seven years, and, one guesses, he thinks that way, too. "I start with an idea," he says, "try it out, then set up the models." In "trying it out," Avati is taking a verbal shortcut: in fact, he makes as many as thirty sketches of his subject. When he is satisfied—meaning, when he is finished "reducing the drawing to its simplest term, taking out the superfluous"—he uses pastels to make a half-size version. If it pleases him, he will do a full-size pastel drawing to serve as the model for the mezzotint.

Before he can begin the laborious process of making the plates, Avati must
Will the American market embrace him at long last?

Stripes Everywhere (9" by 11 1/4", 1975). His top concern: the effects of light on a subject.

For Collectors Only

Avati's mezzotints are made in editions of over a hundred prints and are available from his dealers in Paris (Galerie Sagot Le Garrec, 24 Rue du Four) and New York (Newmark Galleries, 1194 Third Avenue, which is holding an Avati exhibition until May 27). Prices for mezzotints in Paris range from 2,000 to 20,000 francs, with some original pastels available at around 25,000 francs. In New York, the prints go for between $350 and $4,500.

Since Avati is as meticulous about producing mezzotints as he is about creating them—he uses the best printer in Paris and insists on the best inks and paper—the prints tend to be a good buy. Whether they represent a good long-term investment is another question. In theory, Avati's precociousness in his field should ensure that the prints will rise in value; but he has not caught on in some countries, most notably the United States, where the prints might prove hard to sell. On the other hand, the Japanese never him no less than the Europeans do, perhaps recognizing in his work an almost Oriental rigor and reductivism. Americans, on the evidence, could do much worse than to buy Avati now.

P.H.

a new mezzotint, usually in an edition of about 120, he has to set aside two dozen for collectors who want a copy of every-thing he does, sight unseen. He is so highly regarded, in fact, that thirty years ago, Roger Passeron, a noted au-thor and book publisher in Paris, paid him the ultimate compliment: he began writing a catalogue raisonné of Avat-til's work while the artist was in midcareer. The most recent volume, the fifth in the series, came out in October 1984.

If Avati keeps up his present output—about one mezzotint a month—the sixth volume cannot be far in the future. In the meantime, other artists are discovering the techn-ique. "When I started, there were two Japanese and me in the field. Now, everybody thinks they can make mezzotints," he says, politely passing no judgment on the output. To what does he attribute the pop-ularity of the medium? "The twentieth century is the time of the print," he re-plies. "In the past, there were patrons of art—the church, the state, the capitalists—but now the mass of people are cultured; they have the taste for art but not the means to buy originals. So they buy prints."

Be that as it may, Mario Avati remains the best mezzotintist around, he almost lacks challengers. Of the growing number of other artists who are willing to put in the long hours that the process demands, no one has shown an equivalent passion for the medium. As Avati concedes, "Whenever I do other kinds of drawings—pastels or watercolors—I think mezzotint." What he thinks, the listener can only begin to imagine: a still life mixing ephemeral and permanent things—not the objects the-selves but the memory of them—a composition of distilled forms, emerging from the lovely, enveloping darkness.
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INVESTOR’S FILE

SOCIAL REALIST ART IN THE 1930s: NEGLECTED UP TO NOW, IT SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE
BY ROBIN DUTHY

The 1930s in America were unique in art history. Never before had several thousand artists been paid by the state to paint more or less as they pleased. “Boone, living,” was how opponents of the scheme saw it, and to be sure the quality of the work was mixed.

Responses to the Federal Art Project varied from the hard-hitting critiques of the Social Realists, such as Jack Johnson, William Gropper, and Joseph Hirsh, the cozy regionalism of Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Curry, and Grant Wood. Most artists chose—to felt they ought—to create images touching on the plight of the poor, themselves included.

For the majority of Americans, the struggle to survive was then a full-time job, and the national mood was tense, with unemployment rising alarmingly and the “Reds” assuming their role as national bogey. Not surprisingly, the Social Realists were seen as pinkos or worse.

The Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art had recently opened, giving a boost to the status of contemporary art. Getting people to buy paintings, however, was another matter. A handful of commercial galleries committed to Social Realism, including Herman Bahr’s ACA Gallery and Edith Halpert’s Downtown Gallery, struggled to promote Shahn, Levine, and others.

The old question of whether or not art ought to serve the ends of propaganda was raised again. We exploit and suffer...
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AWAKENING BEAUTY, 1987 H 14 W 20"
ing proper subjects for the artist? If not, why not? After all, the Crucifixion and Flagellation had been acceptable for centuries. Why should propaganda be okay in a religious but not a political context? Maybe the time lag between event and representation made it easier to accept.

For whatever reason, Social Realism was not chic in the 1930s and still isn't. Chic art is neither good nor bad—but it is trendy enough to get the market moving. The salerooms have not yet pushed Social Realism, partly because the material is hard for the nonspecialist to find but also because feelings about this body of work are only beginning to shift.

There has, however, been a recent rush of scholarly interest in the field, with monographs on Philip Evergood, Levine, and Jacob Lawrence just published or impending. For all the renewed interest, however, this field is going to be full of problems for investors. For a number of reasons, painting is the most suitable of mediums for political statement. Many people find that Walker Evans's classic photographs of sharecropper families produce a more deeply felt response than all the Social Realist paintings put together. Moreover, many people feel that in the literature of John Steinbeck, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis, as in that of Dickens, the accumulation of detail and nuance produces more telling insights into the experience of living at that time than any Social Realist painting.

Along with music, painting loses much of its expressive power when used in the service of propaganda. Goya and Daumier made painting work well as satire against specific targets; in a more general propagandist brief it tends to be less effective.

The best examples may be the murals made after the Mexican Revolution; the worst are the Soviet Socialist Realist paintings of the 1930s, showing buxom peasants with sheaves of wheat, their eyes fixed on some distant vision of a bumper crop.

Social Realism certainly did not make for great art, yet there was a unique climate in the period between the wars, which in combination with a certain nobility of purpose produced some good paintings. They deserve to be reassessed.

The turnover at auction for these artists is now small. In the auction season from August 1986 to August 1987, only thirty-four works by the seven leading Social Realists of the 1930s, as listed by the art historian Milton Brown, were sold, the top price being just $22,000. More remarkable still, not a single painting was sold by any of the seven artists whom Professor Brown listed as next in importance. Only five of these fourteen even raise a mention in John Wilmerding's classic American Art. Clearly this is a field that has yet to be fully worked over, and the potential in it for investors and collectors

Harlem Diner, painted by Jacob Lawrence in gouache on paper in 1938 when he was twenty-one years old and living in Harlem. Sold for $13,200 in 1987.

Gropper's The Senate (1935): the spirit of Daumier.
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SHOULD ART SERVE AS PROPAGANDA? THESE PAINTINGS RAISE THE QUESTION.

Of them it seems had headed Charles Lammers. Ills man's humanitarian and noble subjects of art. We are sick of Greek myths, we are weary of artificialities. He went on to exhibit artists. Go out into the highways of life—tune in the poet, the named, and the half and the blind—and let us see the panorama of life before us. Go out and see them yourselves, feel them, love them—you cannot isolate them in your studio.

Up to a point, the artists of the Ash Can school, at an earlier generation, had done just that. But at the Armory Show in 1913, their vitalism began to look thin. While this set the American modernist movement in the next, unpredictable, warded a backlash against all newfangled ideas arriving from Europe.

The Depression may have produced some camaraderie among artists working on various Federal Arts Project programs, but intellectually the art world was divided. The Social Realists saw the modernist work as politically reactionary and grossly irrelevant to the time of crisis, and that it was an apologia for social reaction and lack of commitment. The modernists looked down on Social Realism as propaganda and a regionalism as illustrative. Meanwhile, the realists denigrated both the modernists and the modernists as decadent. On the three the Social Realists must now be revised.

Social Realism in its expression and misfortune—when a business lunch for a subject, the next point would be portrayed as a triumph, perhaps inevitably, Social Realism focused a critical and moralistic tone. Yet it was impossible to portray poverty without some indulgence. On seeing the Poor Artists' reaction, "The Dutch government should do something for these people," That is Grish's genius—that he makes people people, undistracted polemic. Yet when Moses Soyer

Men of the Waterfront, we see a group of anxious, depressed men on whose behalf we are meant to feel outraged. Something has gone awry.

Of the leading protagonists of the Social Realist school, Ben Shahn is the easiest to buy with thirteen works sold at auction from August 1936 to August 1937 at prices between $2,000 and $5,000, though in December 1939 a painting went for $14,000 and since last August five Shahn works have been sold for $17,000. Shahn was promoted by the A.C.A. Galleries in the 1920s, when his work was strong in demand, but in the last two years alone the early prices of the 1930s have rocketed by around 100 percent. This fierce work may soon be affected.

From Being a Wonderkind of the 1930s Jack Levine has lost standing in the 1940s. Little of his work comes to auction—last three works this year between $1,000 and $5,000. His Gasman Washing, estimated by Canaday to sell at $2,000 to $3,000 lost all that could be fixed up for $300. Another painting also sold its estimate Levine is painting in similar style today through with a lighter palette. A monograph due out this year will revive interest.

In his strange semi-realistic style Philip Evergood tackled some stirring social issues. Titles such as The Pink Dismissal Slip and Men Distant covered the propagandistic nature of the work from which, as John Basa wrote, Evergood was sometimes saved by his wit. Works sold at auction in the last two years averaged just $4,000 with a top price of $10,000. One major work recently changed hands privately for $12,000. A monograph on Evergood is due later this year. Some dealers believe that his schmaltz streak gives him the lowest potential of this group.

William Gropper, along with Levine, painted bitter attacks on the tradition of Daumier. He had a special contempt for the phlegmatism of the U.S. Senate. The major political works of the 1930s and 40s are now worth $5,000 to $10,000 those depicting bakers, tailors and other tradesmen are less desirable fetching $800 to $1,500. Gropper's output of drawings for the Jewish Daily Forward and other newspapers was vast; these can still be bought for $800 to $2,000.

Jacob Lawrence is the most underrated of the group. His brooding and rigorous style gives his image of black life and history a less overtly social feel. Only five works have sold at auction in five years, at prices ranging from $1,000 to $16,000, though privately his work has fetched $40,000. His family is believed to own large holdings of his paintings; if they chose to sell, demand would be strong.

CHIC ART IS NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD BUT TRENDY ENOUGH TO GET THE MARKET MOVING.

Social Realism seems part of an unjust forgotten period in American painting, overshadowed as it was by dramatic developments in the 1940s and 50s. Within that underrated group, two of the strongest but least-remembered exponents are Robert Gwathmey and Joseph Hirsh. Prices for their earliest and best work have lagged behind the rest of the group and it can be bought mainly from galleries, the $15,000 and $20,000 level.

Key Artists of the Social Realist School

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Price range today</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ben Shahn</td>
<td>$7,000-$12,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philip Evergood</td>
<td>$5,000-$10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Gropper</td>
<td>$6,000-$8,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Levine</td>
<td>$10,000-$20,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob Lawrence</td>
<td>$5,000-$10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Gwathmey</td>
<td>$7,000-$15,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Hirsh</td>
<td>$5,000-$10,000</td>
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These apatetic through schmaltz paint- ers are not worth considering Art Dealer Charles Moore, William M. Blum, Members: Hoke Racer, Harry Osterberger and Walter Quinn.

Robert Dabro is the author of The Successful Investor.
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Beatrix Potter's Victorian girlhood was solitary but not unhappy. Though she never went to school and rarely saw other children, she had a lively younger brother, Bertram, and an extraordinary variety of pets, which the two kept in their nursery and loved to sketch. On their long summer visits to Scotland and, later, the Lake District, the Potter children thought nothing of traveling from London by train with "a rabbit, a large family of snails, and eleven minnows." Her drawings of these creatures, some done when she was in her early teens, are among the most delightful in the major exhibition of her life and works now at the Morgan Library, in New York, after a long run at London's Tate Gallery.

There are the original Peter Rabbit, asleep by the nursery tender, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, unwillingly propped up in a sitting position to pose, as well as less obviously lovable subjects—spiders, beetles, and bats that Beatrix would dangle from her fingers. She made innumerable studies of animals throughout her early years, and, in a scientific spirit, she and Bertram thought nothing of skinning and boiling a dead fox so as to rearticulate its skeleton. Her portrayal of animals in her little children's books is underpinned by a thorough understanding of their anatomy—an understanding that did not extend to human figures, always her weak point. "What you take for Mr. McGregor's nose," she wrote, "was intended for his ear.... I never learnt to draw figures. The rabbits will be no difficulty."

The accuracy with which she drew a ram's horns, a weasel's tur, a mushroom's gills did not desert her when she came to put mice and rabbits into jackets and dresses. There is no debased cuteness in the way she drew her subjects, and the tales, told in cool, ironic prose, are unsparring of cruel possibilities. Rabbits risk traps, toxes eat ducks; kittens may be steamed in puddings.

The models for Beatrix's earliest work were the book illustrations of Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott. She was also fascinated by natural-history books and took their scholarly approach in her fine series of watercolors of fungi, on which she became an expert, writing a paper, "On the Germination of the Spores of Agaricaceae," an unexpected title to set beside The Flopsy Bunnies.

Yet from her earliest days a vein of fantasy runs through her work. Mice and rabbits are not only depicted with scientific accuracy but are also clad in mufflers and shown skating or huddled under huge umbrellas. "I do not remember a time," she wrote, "when I did not try to invent pictures and make fairy-tales—amongst the wild flowers, the animals, trees and mosses and fungi—all the thousand and common objects of the country side; that pleasant unchanging world of realism and romance." That contradictory combination—realism and romance—is the key to the peculiar magic of her books. Never were animals more truly animals, but they are seen through the transforming eye of a poet.

The pattern of Beatrix Potter's restricted life in her parents' house continued into middle age. She became shy and inward, keeping a coded diary in the clear handwriting in which she...
A woman basks in the sun on the beach of dreams. Perhaps the dream is her own, a blending of strange yet serenely bewitching images. Mysterious rock formations lie before her, pointing from the quiet sea to the heavens above, to a school of dolphins reflecting the joy of life. Below, swimming in air, exotic tropical fish seem undisturbed by the tide's retreat without them. In this captivating work of art, reality and illusion merge to create another world, the new world of America's premier marine artist, Robert Lyn Nelson.

"Summer Illusion" signals a new dimension in Nelson's brilliant career. Renowned for his "two worlds" views above and below the ocean's surface at once, he has now embarked on the "seascape of the mind," a dramatic innovation in the realm of modern surrealist art. To his deep love of the ocean and its creatures, Nelson has added a sense of exciting fantasia, presented here in a work of compelling mystery and vision.

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wrote her charming letters to children. Among her correspondents were the children of her former governess. In 1893, the oldest boy, Noel, was ill, and Beatrix wrote him a letter that was to change her life: “My dear Noel, I don’t know what to write to you, so I shall tell you a story about four little rabbits whose names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter.” One can follow the progress of the “little books” in the exhibition, from the first privately printed edition of *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, in 1904, through the wonderful decades of intense creative activity that saw the appearance of her best stories, in all of which the words and illustrations complement each other perfectly.

Success brought independence. In 1905, Beatrix bought Hill Top Farm, in the Lake District. One of the pleasures of a visit to Hill Top today (which, like all the land she eventually bought, she gave to the National Trust) is spotting familiar details in the house, garden, and village. Her lovingly observed interiors have been compared to those of the Dutch masters, her feeling for landscape to Samuel Palmer’s. To such flattery comparisons in later years she would respond with a robust “Great rubbish, absolute bosh!” But they contain a grain of truth.

The purchase of Hill Top came in a year darkened by the sudden death of Beatrix’s fiancé, Norman Warne, whose family firm published her books. The farm was a great solace and gave her life new purpose. She became wholly absorbed in country life and in 1913 married William Heelis, a local solicitor. She was forty-seven, and her formidable energies now turned to the breeding of sheep and the acquisition of some 4,000 acres of farmland.

The problems of mounting any Beatrix Potter exhibition are great. To appreciate the pictures one must stand within inches of them, preferably armed with a magnifying glass, though the artist’s extreme popularity and the wide age range of her admirers makes this difficult to achieve. Many pictures are shown together here for the first time, giving a fascinating insight into the development of her work. There are, besides, such enjoyable little touches as her sun hat, paint box, and teapot commemorating the coronation of Edward VII.

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Shown: A miniature of Queen Elizabeth I by Nicholas Hilliard, circa 1590, from the collection at Bowhill.

Second Thoughts

Head of a Ram, drawn from a stuffed specimen.

but never has she been better appreciated than she is today. Though some horrid vulgarizations of her stories, illustrated with photographed puppets, have recently ap-

peared, the genuine tales, all twenty-three of them, have been republished and republished by Viking Penguin from new plates, which reveal the delicate clarity of the watercolor. This exhibition, mounted through the generosity of Ford, establishes Beatrix Potter as a considerable artist and a true heir as well of the Grimm brothers, Lewis Carroll, and Edward Lear. □


The letter that launched Beatrix Potter's career.

CONNOISSEUR
Jewels of Maui

The jewels of Maui are many indeed. In the sparkle of moon and starlight, the island beckons with legendary allure from its ancient volcanic peaks to its sanctuaries of splendor beneath the sea. Between them, like facets of diamonds, the famous Lahaina waterfront casts its magical spell upon the night.

Among the jewels of Maui, too, are the painterly gifts of Christian Riese Lassen. His world exists in a symmetry of sea, earth and sky, superbly composed like a theme of orchestral romance. The light that he creates is alive, moving through different atmospheres, uniting each into one symphonic ideal.

Christian Riese Lassen is a master of meticulous detail whose works have seemed to expand upon the very meaning of grandeur. Hawaii's most versatile artist of the sea, he paints with a sense of majesty that only his own remarkable talents can match.

This magnificent diptych, "Jewels of Maui," is being offered as a limited-edition, mixed-media graphic from the artist's original painting, hand-signed in a total edition of 499, available exclusively through Center Art Galleries-Hawaii. To appreciate its amazingly minute brushwork, we invite you to study the enlargement below. Image diameter: 14-1/2 inches each. To order, please call our nationwide toll-free number: 1-800-888-1123.

Christian Riese Lassen

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By boat, by train, do Canada this summer

Few miles outside of Victoria, British Columbia. The gardens were created in the 1910s; Jenny Butchart, the wife of a cement manufacturer, who was offended by the unsightly lime quarry left by her husband's business. She transformed the huge hole into a sunken garden, which may be viewed from above and explored from within. The fifty-acre grounds also feature a rose garden, a Japanese garden, a formal Italian garden, and a restaurant, which, of course, serves traditional afternoon tea.

June finds the azaleas, rhododendrons, and lilacs in full bloom, while July and August are peak months for viewing the rose garden. If you are coming by boat or seaplane (recommended), you can enter via Tod Inlet, where you will discover mooring and an entrance gate. The gardens are illuminated for night viewing and offer a summer fireworks extravaganza every Saturday night. (The Butchart Gardens Ltd.: open 9:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. in summer; 604-452-4422.)

Canada's answer to Newport and pastrami. Ella Fitzgerald, Gil Evans, McCoy Tyner, Dave Brubeck, Eddie Palmieri, and about a thousand other jazz musicians, classic and experimental, legendary and not, converged on Montreal last summer for the city's annual International Jazz Festival. Expect similar star power at this year's test (July 1-10) and an international swarm of jazzophiles (capacity is over 500,000) at one of the top events on the jazz-festival circuit. For information, phone 514-871-1881.

If you have not yet done so, make time to take the charming half-day stroll through the restored Old Montreal district (mostly eighteenth-century), on the edge of the St. Lawrence River. That is one kind of Quebecois authenticity; for another, head to Schwartz's, 3895 Boulevard St.-Laurent, where Montreal's answer to pastrami, viande fumée, awaits the delectation of those willing to wait in the (long) line.

Cirque du Soleil. If you are in Toronto this summer, do not miss the Cirque du Soleil (opens July 21). This extraordinary brand of spectacle—no animals, just musicians, clowns, acrobats, and actors who play out a dream in which people enter a circus and are magically transformed into performers—originated in Montreal. (Phone: 514-522-2324.)

Destination: Arctic. Increasingly, the experienced voyager is attracted by trips of exploration, such as the one planned by Special Expeditions to study the Arctic, during its brief and brilliant summer, aboard the M.S. Polaris, an eighty-passenger luxury-class vessel. Embarking on August 10, the Polaris will fulfill a naturalist's dream, cruising for twenty-five days among the varied Arctic birds and colorful wildflowers that abound in this little-known, barely accessible Canadian land full of interest even to the amateur. Botanists, marine biologists, ornithologists, and other experts will guide small groups on side trips by Zodiac (a small outboard rubber craft) into small inlets and coves to look for seabird colonies or signs of ancient human settlements and maybe a polar bear or snowy owl. The forty-two outside cabins and the shared public rooms exude an air of subdued elegance. Meals are haute cuisine. (For information, 800-762-0003.)

The Occident express. In the age of the Concorde, train travel takes, above all, a state of mind. But to those who can suspend the usual sense of "not enough time" (and its dreary companion, the compulsion to productivity), it offers a rare experience of leisure. One of the legendary train trips is the three-day excursion across the breadth of Canada by VIA Rail. Travelers can board at any major eastern city (preferably Montreal or Toronto) and settle into a private sleeping room as the train makes its way among the northern edges of the Great Lakes. The spectacular shores of Lake Superior appear with the morning sun, and by noon the train enters the prairie provinces, whose subtle splendor requires a certain sophisticated visual sense to appreciate. The real drama of the trip begins just outside of Calgary with the Canadian Rockies. (In fact, impatient travelers may want to fly directly to Calgary and board there.) Then, head for the dome above the bar car and let the spectacular show unfold.

Those who would even more mountains have a new option this year. A daytime eastbound train now leaves from Vancouver for Kamloops and then continues on either to Banff or to the less famed but equally impressive Jasper National Park. The long days of June guarantee the most delightful travel.

Whatever route you choose, be sure to bring a few favorite foods as an alternative to the mediocre fare offered by a well-intentioned dining car. Finally, do not forget the Walkman. The rhythm of the rails can be soothing, but it cannot compete with Beethoven's Eroica as the perfect accompaniment to the magnificent peaks of the Canadian wild. (VIA Rail Canada: 1-800-361-3663.)

Tea garden. There are few settings for tea as lovely as Butchart Gardens, a...
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Santa Barbara, CA: Designed by architect Cliff Hickman to encompass spectacular views, this dramatic home boasts rich architectural detailing, with floor-to-ceiling windows, terraces, 3 bedrooms, heated pool, jacuzzi, natural stone floors and fireplaces. Brochure C-715806. $2,975,000.

Littletown, NJ: On Long Island's "Gold Coast," this private tennis club on 4 secluded acres has a superb indoor court plus 2 outdoor courts. The impressive 18-room Georgian colonial has 4 apartment suites; perfect for private club or residential use. Brochure C-451756. $1,600,000.

Far Hills, NJ: Willow Springs Farm is a gracious country estate on 12 acres, only one hour from NYC. The main residence is an elegant 3-bedroom Georgian colonial with pool and patio. A 2-bedroom cottage and stone bank barn are on the grounds. Brochure C-451735. $3,975,000.

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Jaulin, France: With views of the Pyrenees, this lovely country estate near Carcassonne rests on 47 acres, with 2 streams, main villa with cathedral ceilings, 2 dining rooms, master suite, pool and tennis court. A charming, 2-bedroom guest villa is also included. Brochure C-451761. $700,000.

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**JULY 1988**

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light grey stone

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1930 - 5 m 22 x 3 m 01
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Gold and blue enamel snuff box, inside lid set with portrait. A Liedberg, Stockholm 1764

Gold snuff box with Mother of Pearl panels, inside lid set with portrait of Augustus the Strong. German, circa 1750

crab watch, late 19th century

Rose diamond set fob watch by Black, Starr & Frost, late 19th century

Pocket watch, back showing summer bouquet on russet enamel ground. Barrauds Cornhill, no. 206, circa 1820

Pocket watch, back showing summer bouquet on blue enamel ground. Vaucher Fleurier, circa 1800

Fine diamond brooches, 19th century
Ludovico MAZZOLINO (1450 - 1529)

The Holy Family with St. John The Baptist, St. Elisabeth and St. Zacharias.
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"HOT" ANTIQUITIES

The hottest multinational business on Earth these days is in antiquities illegally snatched out of tombs or from beneath the soil. Each year hundreds of thousands of spectacular cultural treasures pour into various art markets, and the numbers are increasing. It's easy to tell where the illegal art is coming from. The classical works—pottery, coins, terracottas, jewelry, goldsmiths' pieces, marble statues, and an occasional wall painting—are "mined" in the south of Italy, Syria, and, above all, Turkey.

In fact, Turkey is for the illicit-antiquities trade what Colombia is for cocaine. The place could not be a better mother lode. The greatest civilizations, from the Hittite to the Roman, flourished there. Many present-day Turkish politicians and smugglers do not feel historical or ethnic links with the antiquities beneath their feet, and the country's vastness makes it impossible to police. Also, there is a glut of highly experienced and underemployed smugglers since the government crackdown on poppy growers, once rampant.

How has the Western world reacted to the growing flood of illicit antiquities? By eagerly buying them up, of course. Hosts of private and institutional collectors can be found in Switzerland and Germany. In America, the trade in illegally excavated goods has been far smaller than in Europe, principally because the major art museums decided to abide by the letter and the spirit of the tough 1970 UNESCO treaty, which has since been only weakly enforced. To avoid embarrassing incidents, some established procedures to determine provenance and set strong checks and balances. Not that every art museum is as pure as another, but overall, the record has been singularly responsible.

Art dealers and private collectors in the United States ignore the covenant. There, the trade in smuggled antiquities and coins is fairly brisk. The joy of private collecting has, however, been interrupted from time to time by the annoying U.S. Customs Service, which has been known to swoop in and seize items that a foreign nation claims were taken out illegally.

As one who was steeped in the collecting business, both in the piratical days before the UNESCO treaty and in the "responsible" aftermath, I offer a few tips for Turkey:

- Appoint an antiquities czar who is devoted to history and arm him with broad and flexible powers to punish, award, entice, and negotiate.
- Double the penalties for habitual offenders.
- Mark off, like military zones, certain well-known areas of geographical richness as off-limits.
- Open up some sites to local exploration with a modicum of supervision. For the materials found there, try a modified British system, whereby a committee decides what may leave the country and what should be purchased at fair market value. Set a floor of $25,000 market value for antiquities that have to pass governmental review.
- Encourage foreign institutions to conduct digs. After each site has been recorded and cataloged, allow the lesser materials to enter the international art market, but keep the best stuff intact.
- Do what Cyprus did when it recently discovered a "hot" item in a certain West Coast museum—let the thing stay, in exchange for technical advice.

Be more flexible in dealing with museums and private collectors in America who have been caught with the goods. The strategy used by Turkey against those who possess smuggled goods (if it takes action at all) is a poke in the face with a sharp stick—demands and lawsuits with no concessions. Turkey should tie a carrot to the stick. Allow some of the material to leave the country, but tax the pieces and create a fund for educating archaeologists and for maintaining digs and sites. When a collector or an institution like Dumbarton Oaks shows willingness to return "hot" items with certain reasonable conditions, Turkey should be more clever in making deals: for example, exchange other works for the objects being returned, or timeshare the pieces. Although it is obviously bad policy not to prosecute institutions or individuals who have no legal or moral right to artistic patrimony, it seems unwise not to allow our of Turkey a number of spectacular artistic and historical "ambassadors of goodwill."

JULY 1988
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OLD AND IMPROVED

The Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore, has unveiled its newly restored Renaissance-revival building of 1904 to glittering effect. The $6 million makeover gives the museum's once-dingy display areas a badly needed overhaul. Spurning the contemporary orthodoxy of showing art in bare gray spaces (a perfect example being the Walters's very own concrete addition of 1974), the five-year-long project has resurrected the gallery's original identity, as if it had emerged from a fin de siècle palace-museum for the railroad magnate Henry Walters. That is especially true in the grand upstairs galleries, where fifty-year-old partitions were demolished, neoclassical-revival plasterwork and mahogany wainscots restored, and the walls upholstered in startlingly vivid claret red, spuce green, and pale gold damask. "The balance of art and architecture is exactly where Walters wanted it to be," says David G. Wright, principal in charge for the architects James R. Grieses Associates. The aim of the restoration was precisely not to create period rooms but rather, according to the director, Robert P. Bergman, "a seamless museum steeped in Henry Walters's chromatically and texturally rich Renaissance-revival-palace sensibility."

Having long displayed art in unlit cases and under skylights covered with tinted fiberglass, the Walters now illuminates its artworks by a skillful mixture of natural and artificial light that invites rather than repels inspection of its Renaissance enamels and bronzes, jewelry, porcelain, and old-master paintings—themselves brightened by intensive conservation. Those changes alone may raise the profile of a museum best known to generations of schoolchildren as a sepulchral backdrop for Egyptian mummy caskets. "People are going to understand our collection for the first time," says Bergman.

—Daniel Cohen

BRAQUE FROM A TO Z

Georges Braque, the artist credited with no less than having cofathered Cubism (along with Picasso), has not been honored with a major American retrospective since 1949 (and that was hardly definitive event, since Braque at the time still had another decade and a half of work ahead of him). The Guggenheim Museum has decided to reconsider the curiously neglected significance of Georges Braque with a full-scale survey of the artist's output, showing over a hundred works that trace his development from his early, Fauvist attempts, through the synthetic and analytic Cubist phases, and into the late, more visceral images. (Co-organized by the Guggenheim and the Kunsthalle der Hypo-kulturstiftung, to September 11.)
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

McCay's Follies

Twenty-five years ago, only a few cartoon cognoscenti remembered the art of Winsor McCay, the nation's most celebrated comic illustrator before World War I. A retrospective at the Katonah Gallery, a museum in Westchester County, New York, combining originals and newspaper sheets of McCay's fantastic comic strips, editorial cartoons, and pioneering animated films, is a signal that the cartoonist's star is rising again. At the heart of the show stand a dozen full-page drawings from his famous series of 1905–11, Little Nemo in Slumberland. Rendered in masterly art nouveau lines, the drawings take the reader on a vivid, child's dream journey, by turns morbidly funny and alarmingly grotesque, their distortions of scale and dreamland apparitions seeming like a prepubescent warm-up to surrealist aesthetics.

Refusing to mass-produce animation and confined to editorial cartooning by William Randolph Hearst, his employer after 1911, McCay eventually lost his prominence. A small market for McCay's work emerged in the 1960s, supported by collectors who admired his iconoclastic wit and sense of design (such as the illustrators Maurice Sendak and Garry Trudeau) and some, like Miriam and Stuart Reisbord (of the Cartoon Carnival Gallery, in Wallingford, Pennsylvania), who are dealers. "Nemo" and "Rarebit" drawings sell in a range of from $3,000 to $5,000 at Christie's auctions, although Reisbord reports recent prices as high as $14,000 in a private sale. The show, which runs from June 5 to July 25, is curated by John Canemaker, author of Winsor McCay, His Life and Art (Abbeville, 1987), the definitive biography of the illustrator. For more information: (914) 232-9555.

INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Exactly one hundred years ago, the National Geographic Society set out to teach the world a lesson. Each month its magazine promised an education about untraveled lands, untamable animals, and unimaginable plant life. Originally, the Geographic did not consider the camera a prime assistant in this enterprise, but in 1905 it laid its bets on the educational potential of photographs, and it has continued to do so ever since. Through the decades, as the magazine built an enormous archive of published and unpublished prints, its editors and photographers regarded their images as no more than illustration, subservient to the lesson and the story. Never did the magazine try to make stars of photographers or images, and never did it encourage highly personal styles.

Today, no photographic category is exempt from being dragooned into the ranks of art. The Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., is showing "Odyssey: The Art of Photography at National Geographic," organized by Jane Livingston, through August 28, when the show travels under Eastman Kodak's sponsorship in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, while a similar exhibition circulates in the Soviet Union, Europe, and Asia. Of the 270 photographs on the wall, over one-

One that never ran: von Gloeden's Sicilian.

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

October 1981

CONNOISSEUR

A certain amount of art slipped onto the menu unnoticed. Early in the century, before the magazine had staff photographers, it bought photographs to keep on file for future stories, acquiring pictures by men who have since been included in photo-history texts for work they did outside the Geographic—men like Edward Curtis, recorder of the vanishing Indian, and Baron Wilhelm von Gloeden, delicate admirer of young Italian boys.

But the Geographic is or ought to be assured a place in photographic history if only for its early and bold reliance on color. In 1910, it published its first hand-colored photograph, which reportedly caused a sensation, and, in 1914, an autochrome (the first successful color process ever marketed). In 1962, when most magazines thought color reproduction too unrealistic, too inartistic, and too tainted by color calendars to appeal to the public, the Geographic daringly decided to print color exclusively. Now that everyone has followed suit, it is easier to see that a photograph showing the sea running red in the wake of a whale hunt delivers both information and aesthetics in a startling way.

—Vicki Goldberg

HOW TO KNOW ASIAN

Collectors who are tempted to navigate the perilous waters of Asian art will get invaluable pointers from an exhibition currently at the Asia Society, in New York. Asian art traditions are typically characterized by conservatism and recurrent periods of revivals and reprised in modern forgeries and reproductions. "The Real, the Fake, and the Masterpiece," on view through August 23, enlists thirty-seven Chinese, Indian, and Japanese artworks—stone and bronze sculpture, paintings, ceramics, ivories, and lacquers—in an instructive examination of the devilish problems both of authenticity and of quality in the field. The exhibition even invites the viewer to apply some of the connoisseurial skills illustrated here, in test comparisons of the genuine and the dubious, the good and the bad. A series of lectures on connoisseurship, as well as a catalog with essays by all fourteen of the participating curators, accompanies the show.

Asia Society, 725 Park Avenue, New York City; (212) 288-6400.

LE DESIGN

If the French haven't taken a major look at their own design since 1972, they have had their reasons: after much pop-'n'-tech brashness in the sixties, the field turned grimly follow in the recession seventies. But there has been enough design energy since then to prompt recognition at home and abroad: "Three Decades of French Design, 1960-1990," an omnibus survey, is at the Centre Pompidou until September 26; London's V & A Museum follows with "Avant Première, the Most Contemporary French Furniture" (September 7 to October 16). Pictured: chairs by Nemo.
PORCELAIN IN PARIS

Dominique Paramythioti works in a ground-floor antiques gallery in Paris' Palais Royal, close by Daniel Buren's pajama-striped columns, in a space so small that visitors move cautiously to avoid sweeping a Sévres coffeepot or something equally costly off the crowded shelves. A former banker turned antiques dealer turned porcelain designer, the forty-five-year-old Paramythioti has for the last eight years been creating dinner services for people who enjoy eating off very beautiful and expensive plates. One of Paramythioti's current projects is a 500-piece service commissioned by the American interior designer Peter Marino for a New York client. "The design is very neo-Adams, with a lot of gold—streams of the stuff," he says.

A self-taught artist, Paramythioti began to paint Klimt-inspired society portraits with intricate decorative motifs and much gold leaf that made their way into a number of Manhattan sitting rooms. But designing porcelain was his biggest discovery; he hit on the idea while selling eighteenth- and nineteenth-century services, a specialty he still deals in.

Paramythioti started working in a back room of his gallery with one gas-fired kiln, an operation he grandly called "Manufacture du Palais Royal." He now has a staff of two, who help him paint and pack, and several ovens blazing away in the basement. The porcelain comes from Limoges or is made to order by a Paris craftsman. The more classical designs at the Manufacture include geometrical patterns and trompe-foiel marble-frieze effects. Paramythioti has evolved a range of seventy-eight designs for services that range from fifty-six pieces (standard) to just twelve or even six, priced at between Fr 400 and Fr 1,000 ($70-$175) per piece.

The more whimsical designs done in consultation with clients include stylized vines and grapes, olive trees, pearls, and ostrich feathers. Yves Saint Laurent ordered a dinner service with a palm-tree and desert-sky motif for his Marrakech hideaway and was so delighted with the result that he immediately ordered a second, nighttime version. Saint Laurent's business manager, the tycoon Pierre Bergé, has just asked Paramythioti for an Empire-style white-and-gold service. The Paris decorator Jacques Grange has ordered a four-person breakfast set with a picture puzzle, which, when deciphered, reads "Je t'aime très fort." A man committed to broadening the repertory of decorative imagery, Paramythioti has paid homage to his immediate environment by putting Buren's stripes on a coffeepot. Doesn't repeating the same pattern, say, 500 times, take some of the fun, if not the profit, out of his endeavors? "You need to be philosophical," the former banker says. "Anyway, I just love repeating myself."

Nicholas Powell

CRAFT IN SANTA FE

Opera notwithstanding (see last month's cover story), the other meaning of Santa Fe in July for contemporary-crafts enthusiasts resides in the opening of the third annual Invitational Craft Show, at the Bellas Artes Gallery on the second of the month. "Splendid Forms '88," as this summer's installment is called, features nineteen crafts artists selected by Jack Lenor Larsen, a leading textile designer with godfather status in the crafts movement.

Three years ago, Larsen, a frequent visitor to Santa Fe, persuaded the owners of the gallery, Bob and Charlotte Kornstein, to show contemporary crafts in addition to their holdings of ancient textiles and ceramics. Larsen, who laughingly calls the show "my private salon of favorite people," selects both established artists and promising newcomers from a cross section of craft mediums (ceramics, weaving, basketry, glass, metal, wood). Basketry artists, for example, include Ed Rossbach, the patriarch of abstract basketry, as well as outstanding recent basket makers (such as Ken Carlson and Gary Trentham). The show is up until October 31.

Bellas Artes Gallery, 301 Garcia at Canyon Road, Santa Fe; (505) 983-2745.

-N H.

SOUTHWEST MADE SIMPLE

Fads come and go in Los Angeles. One that has lasted is Southwest cuisine: the latest in chilies and salsas dot the menus of nearly every kind of restaurant. One of the progenitors of the southwestern gastronomic repertoire is John Sedlar, a native of Santa Fe who opened a restaurant called Saint Estéphe in 1980. Sedlar's food seemed like a novelty on the way to defining a new style: it combined techniques and ingredients...
This does not sound like the sort of thing that would fire the epic brain of Robert Wilson. Could a man accustomed to tackling Einstein, Stalin, and the Civil War take an interest in Saint S & M? Apparently so. Wilson’s new production of Martyrdom was premiered by the Paris Opera Ballet in March, and the company will be bringing it along for its New York season, at the Metropolitan Opera, June 21 through July 9.

It has been slimmed down. D’Annunzio’s text is now just “selections”; Debussy’s score has been shorn of its choruses, to bring what was five hours down to three, and spliced with some musique concrète.

SAINT S & M

When Gabriele D’Annunzio’s Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian had its Paris premiere, in 1911, it was considered a pretty gamey item even for those Ballets Russes days. The epehbe with the arrows in his stomach had long been an object of unwholesome interest on the part of painters, but D’Annunzio’s music-drama went further. The androgynous hero was now played by an actual woman, Ida Rubinstein, and she oozed her last in a setting of ultradecadent luxe: decor by Bakst, score by Debussy, text in D’Annunzio’s most febrile mystico-morbid style—“I trample on the whiteness of lilies; I crush the softness of lilies.”

According to the French papers, the sets are quite bare, all horizontals and verticals; and, as usual with Wilson, the lighting is a drama in itself (300 lighting cues!). As is not usual with Wilson, the production consists primarily of dance, and he himself, with no formal training, has done most of the choreography.

Lest all this seem to you a little austere and dietetic, the character of Saint Sebastian is divided between two dancers: Sylvie Guillem, POB’s young super-étoile, enacts the historical drama—she does the confessing and the dying—while Michael Denard, her alter-Sebastian, stalks around downstage in a sailor suit with no trousers.

In the end, the two Sebastians are ab-
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south.

With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

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R. Kipling

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sorbed into what appears to be F.A.O. Schwarz—white bears and monkeys sporting among paper flowers.

"Mr. Wilson, the splitting of the character into a man and a woman—is this about androgyny?" "No," he responds. "I just thought it would be interesting to look at two dancers instead of one." "But Demarcus walking around in his dance belt—is it about homosexuality?" "No, I don't think about that so much." Interviewing Wilson, one gets the feeling he is a little uncomfortable with the kitsch aspect of the production. The idea of doing Martyrdon was suggested to him by POB's director, Rudolf Nureyev, who is very comfortable with kitsch. The production's sexual provocativeness may be closer to his heart than to Wilson's; likewise, the bears in heaven.

—Joan Acocella

UNUSUAL SOUNDS OFF THE PACIFIC

Concerts tend to start a bit late and intermissions run long at the Cabrillo Music Festival. The site—a promontory overlooking the cerulean, sailboat-studded Monterey Bay, in Santa Cruz, California—is so arresting that audiences linger outdoors before redirecting their attention to the events under the tent. This festival can withstand such distractions: begun twenty-seven years ago as an informal, off-beat chamber-music gathering in a coffee-house in nearby Aptos, the Cabrillo Music Festival has, under the direction of Dennis Russell Davies, become one of the most innovative in the country: it is so resolute and consistently different, in fact, that it has won the ASCAP award for Adventuresome Programming for the last seven years.

Davies's programming formula usually means the pairing of works by a modernist composer-in-residence with a retrospective of a traditional composer. In this year's installment (July 21-31), Davies, who is also general music director of the city of Bonn as well as principal conductor of the American Composers Orchestra, in New York, will highlight the music of Richard Strauss and that of Heinrich von Winterfeld, a young Bavarian composer, who, he says, represents "the new German generation that's struggling to confront the realities of its recent past."

In keeping with Cabrillo's penchant for celebrating American music, Davies plans to give the birthday boys Irving Berlin (100) and Leonard Bernstein (70) due special attention, while still allotting space on his program for George Gershwin, Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, and the younger, minimalist composers Philip Glass, John Adams, and Terry Riley. Riley's mesmerizing Salome Dances for Peace will be played by the superlatively talented Kronos Quartet. For more information: 6500 Soquel Drive, Aptos, CA 95003; (408) 476-9064. —Mark Swed
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD
KENNEDY STUMBLES

Some writers don't even bother to lie about it: they envy William Kennedy. In just the last few years the "Bard of Albany" and the author of Ironweed has been heaped with honors enough to last three literary lifetimes: a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, and one of the wealthy MacArthur Foundation's so-called genius awards. This may explain why his latest novel, Quinn's Book (Viking, 289 pages, $18.95), reads like the work of a writer struggling mightily to be worthy of his distinctions.

Set in nineteenth-century upstate New York, the story of Daniel Quinn, orphan and "shedder of history," begins with a giddy journey crammed with pseudo-historical incidents: bloody strikes, kidnappings, floods, and fires, whose only narrative significance is to be encountered by the conveniently present hero. Like Tom Jones or Huck Finn, Quinn is one of those lucky young men who show up just when they're needed and save the day without really meaning to.

Unfortunately, by being everywhere, Quinn ends up being less a character than a perpetual witness. When, in the book's second part, the tumult subsides somewhat, he shrinks away altogether. Returning from a stint as a Civil War correspondent, Quinn becomes all stricken integrity and facelessness, no longer a picturesque figure but more a creature of Camus, dispensing stilted meditations on Fate and Art that lead the story hobbling along to a banal, romantic conclusion.

This is a hugely self-conscious performance from Kennedy, so laden with major influences and genre-bending gestures that it forfeits its own personality. Quinn's book, perhaps; but Kennedy's book—who's to know?

—Walter Kirn
CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MEOW MIX

Panthère, the new fragrance from Cartier, signals the latest episode in the marketing of the duchess of Windsor image (see Connoisseur, April 1987). Last year in Geneva, Sotheby's dispersed, among the duchess's many grand jewels, her "Panther" brooch (where the esteemed cat sits on a 152-carat cabochon sapphire) and the fabulous "Great Cat" bracelet, pieces that became something like emblems of the duchess's renowned taste. Cartier, the very house that designed the cat jewels for the duchess, introduced Panthère in Paris shortly before the Geneva dispersal and has now brought it to the United States.

The good news is that it is a scent worthy of the duchess's glittering mystique.

This is a perfume destined to be a classic. At its heart is a time-honored bouquet of tuberose, orange flower, rose, and jasmine. What distinguishes Panthère is the way these notes impart an exotic fruitiness at the beginning, and then, in combination with animal notes of civet and musk and a touch of honey, make good on the sensual implications of the panther image. Opopanax and vanilla provide a haunting sweetness as the fragrance dries down.

STRETCHING 'TIL IT'S HURT

In his new film, A Time of Destiny, William Hurt plays a son obsessed with avenging the accidental death of his father. It is the role he has been threatening us with since the beginning of his career—the zonked, neurasthenic manic, a worst-case scenario for a bad actor (few actors have had a more appropriate moniker). Not that Hurt does a bad job, exactly; he comes off strong and spooky, but the role plays into what is most ambiguous and closed-off—and predictable—in his talent. What is perplexing is that the willful estrangement in this performance comes at a time when Hurt has begun to open up to audiences and move in ways that other actors simply do not attempt.

If we respond to Hurt with more complex and disturbing emotions than what we feel for most contemporary actors, it could be because he does not express his conflicts in the clear-cut, easy-to-read styles we have become accustomed to in the movies and on TV. His roots are more in Method acting, even though he is more spaced-out and free-floating than the major Method actors of the previous generation—Robert DeNiro, Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino. DeNiro and Pacino often play obsessed characters, but their conflicts are ultimately a reaction to society, their outsider's role a function of the world in which they live. Hurt is an outsider in a more abstracted way. Because he seems to be much more in conflict with private than with public demons, and because those demons often go unnamed, he takes the Method style to ethereal, narcissistic new heights. What we finally respond to with Hurt is the resonance of his false front: he has a movie star's golden-toned handsomeness, yet he is soulful, racked. Between two extremes Hurt pulls out his art.

In some roles, like that of the lust-struck dupe in Body Heat, or more recently as the anointed news reader in Broadcast News, Hurt has been proficient without being really memorable. In others—notably, as the scientist in Altered States—Hurt has been the opposite: hard to forget, if not proficient. When Hurt is really worth caring about, it is for performances like the one he gave in Children of a Lesser God, where his hearing teacher has the self-dramatizing quality of a lonely child: some inner pain has closed him off, but he keeps working away at that pain, talking to himself, as a reassurance that he still exists, still matters; or in Kiss of the Spider Woman, where, playing a transvestite political prisoner, Hurt shows us the star-struck lady inside the man, with her jagged flashes of self-hatred. It is the powerful eloquence of Hurt's struggle to break out of his silences, rather than the easily summoned, enraged catatonia in A Time of Destiny, that we can hope to get more of in his career.

—Peter Rainer

The Panthère package is an elaborate deco-flavored confection, the black parfum flacon and the red parfum de toilette bottle both adorned by frosted panthers slinking up the sides.

—Jill Resnick

Dear Bill: Nice job on your latest, A Time of Destiny, (left); but where are the demonic struggles of your best performances? Below: Hurt as the hearing teacher in Children of a Lesser God (1986), and in his Oscar-winning role as a transvestite in Kiss of the Spider Woman (1985).
RULE, BRITANNIA:
REDISCOVERED ITALIANS:
SUPERB DECO

It's July, and with the major American salerooms largely dark, the summer spotlight shines largely on the English, who, I am convinced, save up a considerable amount of what is called "British interest" material for these summer sales precisely because there is less international competition. But the merchandise on the block is far from being of only local provenance or interest. If you are un-daunted by the mad-dogs-and-Englishmen heat of London in July and can, further, brave the pound's recent brisk rise, abundant treasures await you.

On the fourth, the Continental ceramics sale at Christie's features two very handsome and quite rare porcelain birds, which you may recall from the spectacular "Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibition, in 1985 at Washington's National Gallery. One is an exquisitely detailed and painted Japanese Arita model, exported to Europe early in the eighteenth century, which is estimated at £10,000 to £15,000. The second is an early (ca. 1731) Meissen white model and somewhat rare for being life-size, modeled on the Japanese version, and actually made for the Japanese imperial palace. It is estimated at £30,000 to £50,000.

Two days later, on the sixth, Sotheby's presents one of the important old-master pictures sales to occur this month. The Sotheby's version is graced by two special lots. First is the recently rediscovered capriccio with the Redentore, by Canaletto, one of thirteen overdoors commissioned by Consul Smith from the artist around 1742. The series eventually was sold to George III, and nine are still in the royal collection; of the remaining four, two are in private collections in Italy and the United States, and now only one is still missing. In classic painting-in-grandma's-attic fashion, the consignor of the Canaletto literally walked up to the front counter at Sotheby's one day, clearly with no idea that he was in possession of such a masterpiece; the work is estimated at £200,000 to £300,000. The second of the Sotheby's "stars" is a remarkably appealing depiction, The Penitent Saint Jerome, a predella panel from the church of Santa Maria della Carmine by Lorenzo Monaco, a Camaldolese monk originally from Siena who worked in the so-called Tuscan Gothic style in many Florentine churches and chapels at the turn of the fifteenth century. The panel had been considered lost since it was last recorded, in 1929. Done by one of Florence's leading painters of the generation preceding Masaccio (who together with Masolino executed the celebrated Brancacci Chapel, in the same church), the painting is a rare survivor of its kind. The second Fra Monaco to be sold at Sotheby's in the past year (the first, a tiny roundel of Isaiah, sold for £275,000 last July), Saint Jerome is estimated—conservatively, I think—at £100,000 to £150,000.

In a totally different vein, on Thursday the seventh, Bonhams presents a rather unusual house sale: the entire contents of Elvedgaard, a notable early-eighteenth-century Danish moated mansion house on the island of Fyn. The sale will consist of over 120 lots of furniture, pictures, porcelain, and objets—all either acquired with the house when it was purchased by the consignor, some twenty-five years ago, or painstakingly assembled to round out the period effect. Much of the furniture is from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, many items reflecting a particularly elegant idiom that combines elements of English Regency and Continental Bieder-
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Guy Buffet

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meier styles. With the recent blossoming of English interest in Scandinavian art and antiques (even the diminutive Bonhams now advertises a Scandinavian Department), the pictures collection also should find a ready market, particularly given the reasonableness of the estimates.

The following Monday, on the eleventh, Sotheby's has a doubleheader: antiques and tribal art. One lot in particular will steal the show here. The tribal-art sale features a number of items from the British Railways Pension Fund collection of Oceanic art, including an outstanding carved head of a staff god from Rarotonga (Cook Islands), collected in the 1820s by the first Christian missionary to the island.

The piece is astonishing (a photograph was, regrettably, not available at press time), but that is a response only to its beauty; those in the know about such things are at least as enthusiastic about its rarity and ethnological importance—which is why even a £200,000 to £300,000 estimate may be conservative.

Christie's is not beating around the bush about its art deco sale on Wednesday, the thirteenth, billed as the most important sale of twentieth-century furniture ever held in London. The most interesting item may be the J. and J. Kohn stained beech-wood and bentwood adjustable armchair—dubbed the "Sitzmachine"—designed by Joseph Hoffmann, circa 1905, estimated at £10,000 to £15,000.

That same day, Sotheby's has British paintings, and on such occasions you can count on virtually any painting by the inimitable Arthur Devis to steal the show. Devis is represented here with Portrait of Philip Howard of Corby Castle, Cumberland, 1753. It depicts the dignified twenty-three-year-old Philip, seated in the foreground on a Windsor chair, with the estate's pleasure grounds and the river Eden unfolding behind him. The estimate: £30,000 to £50,000.

Our London roundup ends somewhat the way it began: at Christie's, with items last seen during the "Treasure Houses" tour. On the seventh, Christie's has important English furniture; its highlight could well be a knockout pair of George II black-and-gold lacquer open armchairs by William and John Linnell. The chairs are important for a number of reasons. They themselves are from a set of eight that were part of the suite of japanned furniture the Linnells supplied in the 1750s for the Chinese bedroom at the duke of Beaufort's fabled Badminton House (the majority of which is now in the Victoria and Albert).

Hoffmann's "Sitzmachine"; deco sale at Christie's.

They also are remarkable for being one of John Linnell's first major assignments as designer for his father's firm, known for its "hot" new chinoiserie style. The estimate for the pair is £30,000 to £50,000, which, given their quality and lineage, seems unconvincingly low.

If anything is to make auction headlines in July, it is the international-art auction sale on the seventh at the Center for International Trade, in Moscow. A Sotheby's-Soviet Ministry of Culture coproduction, this is the first such event to be held in the USSR. The sale features 100 works by twenty-nine contemporary artists, with eighteen avant-garde paintings from the 1910-40 period included. Sotheby's has dutifully previewed a selection of the material in New York, Cologne, Zurich, Paris, and London and assures prospective bidders that all purchases may be taken out of the country upon payment in pounds sterling. And if you actually travel to Moscow for the big event, you can look forward to the added attraction of visits to some of the artists' studios.

Finally, a first-rate, noncommercial event in New York that you should make every effort to see: the Campbell Museum Collection, at Christie's New York from June 24 to July 29, will contain the most significant assemblage of silver and porcelain souvenirs and related items in the world. If you don't think this sounds exciting, then you must see it to learn why you are wrong. The narrow focus of the collection throws into high relief the ingenuity, imagination, and astonishing skill of the various craftsmen from different countries and periods whose work is displayed here.

—James R. Lyons
"I celebrate the magnificence of the human figure."

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Frank Davis has been writing about the art market for Donkey's Years

By Mary McDougall

With old-world courtesy, the slight, white-haired man who opens the door takes my coat and offers me a drink. "Dear girl, how kind of you to come." Old-world, indeed, for my host is Frank Davis, who has just celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday and is the grand old man of art journalism. His flat has a youthful if slightly dusty undergraduate atmosphere: prints and posters on the walls; somewhat shabby sofa and chairs; books everywhere on every subject. By his bed is a translation of Aristophanes—"I must not let my mind go." There seems little danger of that.

For thirty years without missing a week he has written a commentary on the salerooms for Country Life that has built up an enormous and devoted readership all over the world. Advised long ago to "write as if you were talking at luncheon," this is exactly what he does. Every week he chooses some half dozen objects from recent auctions and mixes scholarly information, financial fact, and gossip about them with an irresistible charm and lightness of touch.

Of a seventeenth-century porcelain dog he writes, "The only dog I have in my flat is an engraving after the self-portrait of Hogarth and his dog Trump in the Tate Gallery. There is no doubt in my mind that dear old Trump is sober-sided and middle-aged, whereas this Japanese comic is capable of any idiocy at any moment. Do not, by the way, keep a live dog in a flat—not fair on the dog unless you are always available to take him on a walk-about—but a print of Trump, with or without his master, or a frivolous nit-wit in porcelain, can be a joy forever." Of a painting of the Thames Embankment by D. Reux he says, "The dealer Volland sent him there following the success of Monet's fog-wreathed London views a few years before. What is amusing about D. Reux's visit is that the sun shone all the time and he wanted fog!" Of one piece of pottery he says, "I confess I detest it and could not bear to live with it but it is not merely funny but important in the long history of pot making." Of another he explains that its bearing the name of its owner, who had sheltered the future Charles II after the Battle of Worcester, made it go for £23,000, whereas an anonymous piece of the same date went for £1,650. What genius, he muses, invented the word "whatnot"? Its first appearance, to his knowledge, is in the correspondence of Lady Lyttleton in 1808. Of Fragonard he says, "I confess I can easily forgive [him] pretty well everything he drew or painted, even the foolish Swing in the Wallace Collection, commissioned, if you please, by a bishop." He is "deplorably unexcited" by the sale of van Gogh's Sunflowers, a painting "so neurotically tense as to be disturbing and I would not care to have any one of the myriad of good prints of it on my walls." Let van Gogh have the last word, Frank Davis says: "If our Monticelli bunch of flowers is worth 500 francs to a collector," he wrote to his brother, "and it is, then I dare swear to you that my sunflowers are worth 500 francs too, to one of these Scots or Americans."

He is gentle and self-deprecating about his dislikes, though he never fudge them, but when the offense goes beyond aesthetics to morality he strips off the velvet glove. Of a painting by Francis Bacon recently sold for $1.32 million, he writes: "This, to me, is no more than a portentous and impudent caricature of one of the greatest portraits in Western art, that of . . . Pope Innocent X, whom Velázquez painted in 1650. . . . In my eyes, Bacon has degraded this dignified, far from saintly pope from a clever statesman to a gawping, mentally deficient oaf. I find that unforgivable, an insult both to the sitter and to the great painter, on a par with the insult offered to Michelangelo by some bright adman when, to the giggling applause of fellow barbarians, he adapted the noble gesture of the Creator toward the newly created Adam by hanging a pair of blue jeans in God's hand. There is clearly a cult for this kind of tasteless impropriety. What a way to spend money!"

Frank Davis remembers exactly when he first became besotted with works of art: it was on a visit to the Elgin Marbles when he was six years old, in 1898. "This early experience set my feet firmly on what I consider the civilized path." But he had not thought of a career in the art world. He read classics at Oxford from 1911 to 1914 and was wondering what to do next when the outbreak of war removed all choice. He served in Malta and then at "that infamous dump at Etaples," whence he was invalided out with a label saying DAH, which he later discovered meant "disorderly
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Frank Davis would like to own a Hol-

CONNOISSEUR
CONVERSATION PIECE

Botticelli, a Botticelli, a Velázquez, and a Goya, if money were no object. But he has an appreciative eye for contemporary artists. On his walls hang an engraving by Elizabeth Frink and a work by John Hutton, a New Zealand glass engraver who contributed to the new cathedral at Coventry. He remembers the stimulating effect Samuel Peploe’s paintings had on him in the 1930s and “how I longed to own one instead of paying the gas bill.” Soon after the war, when a friend expected him to join him in laughing at a reclining Henry Moore, “I told him I thought this monumental sculpture marvelous.” He dislikes Lucian Freud, with his preoccupation with “the female vulva,” on the consistent grounds that he would not want to have them hanging on his own walls.

Works of art are meant to be enjoyed. You have to be able to live with them. He uses a Chagall print in his drawing room to illustrate his point of view. “It was my birthday and my wife said I must give her a present. We had a delicious lunch at Fortnum and Mason and walked up to the Redfern Gallery and were looking through a folder of prints and my wife was attracted to this one. “How much is it?” we asked. One hundred and twenty-five pounds signed and fifteen pounds unsigned. We do not buy signatures, we said indignantly, and bought the fifteen-pound one. Why, as a Catholic, did she want the design for a window in a synagogue in Israel? She loved it, and the colors picked up the colors in the carpet in the drawing room.”

A work of art can go for an enormous sum, like van Gogh’s Sunflowers, without winning his approbation in any way. A Minton garden seat that reached an outstanding price he describes as “a piece which I find clumsy, pretentious, and odious—the sort of thing I should love to inherit so that I could flog it off joyfully for much filthy lucre and buy something fit to live with.” On another occasion he writes, “So much for two paintings [a Bonnard and a Chagall] I would joyously concede to live with. But what do you make of figures 4 and 5 [a Picasso and a Dubuffet]? To say I would not care to be seen dead with either of them is putting it mildly, but you have your good-humored permission to disagree and even spend enormous sums on them if you feel suitably inspired.” It is this attitude that helps to make his column so appealing, for forbiddingly expensive objects are taken off their pedestals and put into the context of ordinary life. Should then the value of art be simply in its decorative qualities? “That,” he says, “is too large a topic to embark on now.”

Truly great paintings, such as Holbein’s Christmas of Denmark, which is in the National Gallery, belong in museums, where people can see them at will. But below that level, he thinks, works of art should circulate. “Once they get in museums they get fossilized.” From this angle, the October crash was no bad thing, though he does not think the situation is at all what it was in 1929. Then the art market was narrower. Basically, as Duveen said, “all the art was money that—in some cases, like that of the Getty—they have to spend, “though it seems to me from photographs they buy a lot of duds, particularly some of the Greek acquisitions at the Getty.”

Frank Davis, to use his own criterion, would obviously be very easy to live with. He is a romantic. He shows me the photograph of his late wife, which he has carried in his breast pocket since she gave it to him, in 1914. The pretty girl glows from the worn-out leather frame. “Marrying her was the only sensible thing I ever did. She taught me to believe that women are angels.” Although sometimes they bully him, he loves them all, except Empysema, “the Greek girl who has me in her clutches.” A victim, as he says, “of a conspiracy between the medical profession and the Almighty,” he expects every day may be his last. But this seems simply to add to his enjoyment of life and beauty. “I am,” he wrote recently, “I consider, fortunate in being able to look back with undiluted pleasure upon so many memories of stunning beauty and am sorry for people who have had no such experience.” With every sale he views or catalog he reads, there is the possibility of new delights.

I have stayed too long. There are many catalogs to be looked at before evening. “Those of us who do not run to [such huge amounts of money],” he has written, “can derive enormous pleasure from browsing in the catalogue, a modest pursuit I heartily recommend.”

As I go, he begs me to libel him, a really serious libel like the recent one against Jeffrey Archer, for then his women friends might give evidence and the judge might describe them (like Archer’s wife) as “fragrant,” and he might win enormous damages that could look after his old age. And then too, I thought, he could at last indulge the eye and instinct of a collector, which for so many years he has redirected into his column.

Many instances, city slickers have taken the place of connoisseurs.” But the buying of paintings has become so widespread a practice that the recent stock-market collapse was not enough to affect the art market. And now, too, there are the museums, which have enormous amounts of

“IN MANY INSTANCES, CITY SLICKERS HAVE TAKEN THE PLACE OF CONNOISSEURS.”

A Bacon: “a portentous and impudent caricature.”

in England and all the money was in America.” Duveen, “that bouncy salesman,” persuaded the Americans that you could not be a gentleman unless you had a Gainsborough, a Romney, or a Reynolds on your wall. In 1929, these painters crashed too and have never risen to the same levels again. At the same time, no one would buy a Renaissance painting without a certificate from Berenson. The purchase of paintings was governed by snobbery. Now, Davis has written, “art has become such very big business that it has attracted all kinds of characters who appear to have no real interest in what they buy. They regard, say, a Rembrandt print as a share certificate and hide it away in a bank vault. I can conceive nothing more barbarous and uncivilized. So many buy stories and names and follow fashion. The trade has never had it so good, and in

Mary McDougall wrote about David Milinacic for Connoisseur last December.

JULY 1988
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Leave it to Ed Grazda. The photographer loves India, and he loves trains. How could he resist India's Palace on Wheels? The "palace" is the subcontinent's answer to the Orient-Express, with a difference. Each of the thirteen private saloon cars, no two alike, was formerly the private transport of a viceroy or a maharaja. To tend the sleeping compartments and sitting rooms, every carriage has its own captain in tunic and turban, straight out of "The Jewel in the Crown." The two restaurant cars vie with the dining rooms of India's most opulent hotels, and the train follows a route that circles through the northwest province of Rajasthan, to Agra and the Taj Mahal, and back to Delhi, for seven exotic days of intoxicating sounds and colors. The season: October through March. The price? A mere $1,500, single occupancy, including all meals and sightseeing.

Ed Grazda could not resist. Off he went, his trusty Leica and notebook in hand. This page shows the spectacle that awaited him as he rolled into Jaipur, the first stop out of Delhi. (Let your imagination fill in the cry of the sundari.)

In the following pages, you will trace Grazda's "snaps," along with excerpts from his notebook and some of the watercolors he tossed off on the way.

Photographs and illustrations by Ed Grazda
The train chuffs into Jaipur, the Pink City, capital of Rajasthan, built in rosy sandstone by Maharaja Jai Singh II in 1728. "Decorated elephants and musicians meet us," Gradé writes. "Buses take us to see the sights. First stop: the Hawa Mahal, or Palace of the Winds. In fact, it is no palace but a window on the street life of the city, built for the ladies of the royal household. Behind the façade there is little more than five stories of scaffolding. Next: the Jantar Mantar, Jai Singh's observatory. In his spare time, the great warrior and city planner was an astronomer—and a poet, too."

The view from the top of the Hawa Mahal is said to be spectacular, but the royal shut-ins were more interested in ordinary folks' comings and goings.

"I split from the group and go to walk and photograph the old city. I start at the Ajmeri Gate and plunge in. It's great on the streets of an Indian city. It's all there, and you are never bored. The wide main streets are crowded with bicycles, rickshas, motorbikes, camels, and, of course, the proverbial sacred cows. Little shops carry tea, sweets, fruits, juices. Drink at your own risk! Somewhere in the maze of smaller alleys is a place where they sell (quite legally) the hashish-based brew called bhang. I did not find it."
I saw no jodhpurs in Jodhpur. They're all at Banana Republic.” Actually, Banana Republic does not carry them, but this is the place that gave those distinctive riding trousers their name.

Jodhpur and its fortress, founded by a Rathore chieftain named Rao Jodha in 1459, stand at the edge of the Thar Desert. The Rathores were a warlike clan. For generations, their kingdom was known as Marwar, the Land of Death.

“I walk up to Meherangarh, the mighty fort. The rest of the group has gone up by bus. While they look at the howdahs and the weapons inside, I look at the views of the city—the empty desert scenes are rapidly filling up with houses. Walking back down the winding streets from the fort, I meet an English-speaking local, who invites me into his little house and introduces me to his family. I decline tea but do, at his request, take a family portrait.”

Everybody loves a man with a camera. Farther on, Graza came across a Rajasthan wedding party. As soon as they saw his camera, they stopped and struck a pose. "As a photographer, I wish they would just ignore me. You get much better pictures that way.”

Happily for Ed, this beauty in the bazaar remained aloof. He never did find out what she is advertising.
Travelers on the Palace on Wheels can recline on princely berths (forty inches wide) and watch India roll by. For kids along the route, the train is a better show than Indian soaps.

Indians in all walks of life enjoy contemplating the monuments of their epic history. "Like most natives I saw, the Indians visiting Amber Fort approached on foot, rather than getting suckered into taking a bumpy elephant ride. I did! What a terrifying experience! By the way, Amber is the name of the ancient regional capital—not a description of the color of the fort."
agra, of course. "First, to the deluxe Mughal Sheraton for lunch, and then finally to the Taj Mahal. I'm not prepared for all the tourists—busloads of them, from everywhere: the U.S.A., Japan; a bus full of Russians, dressed as only Russian tourists can; Kashmiri families, Bombay newlyweds. Souvenir vendors en masse. Yet the Taj Mahal rises above it all. Definitely worth the trip."

Off the beaten track: the forgotten city of Jaisalmer, known to intrepid travelers as "The Golden." "To get any farther away from it all, you have to take a camel."
Our man in India has an idiosyncrasy. While others shop for silks and jewelry, statuary and inlaid boxes, he goes scouting the barbershops.

Each shop, he says, is the unique reflection of its owner. Some hang religious pictures, Hindu, Buddhist, or Muslim, as the case may be. Some hang pinups of Indian movie stars—a lot more demure than the old Hindu gods and goddesses. In Udaipur he found one barber established in a bright green octagonal kiosk on a corner. The interior was green, turquoise, and pink. Instant headache? No, says Grazda, "instant karma."

More important, each shop is the center of its own little social world. As in the neighborhood bar of any American town, men gather to hang out, trade gossip, speculate on how the local team will fare at the next game, and bemoan the weather. Weather is a sad topic in this barbershop in Jodhpur. In Rajasthan, no rain has fallen for five years.

"I get the treatment—a close shave and a head massage—for two rupees (that's less than a quarter). Not the best shave I've ever had, but you can't beat the price, and the entertainment is free. The local youths come into the shop to check themselves in the mirror and use the comb. Very snappy! Bell-bottoms are still 'in' here."
Part of the magic of the Palace on Wheels is up front, in the locomotive. "How can diesel and electric compare with steam? Where is the romance? Where is that sense of raw power? Seeing—and hearing!—steam in action is worth the price of the trip."

This locomotive has a royal name and well deserves it. The Desert Queen, as she is called, pulls carriages finished in polished teak, outfitted with hand-carved furniture, their interiors trimmed in brocade and velvet. In good, nineteenth-century style, the carriages do not interconnect; in the heyday of the raj, parties preferred to keep to themselves. So, if you want to visit the lounge or go to dinner, you have to wait for the train to stop.

"Getting a little tired of the enforced tourism of this trip," Grazda confided to his diary on his last evening, "but the train part of it is good. Ring the button of an evening, and Ram, my captain, appears with a smile and a tea tray. Rolling through the deserts of the Rajasthan, watching more stars than you ever guessed were in the sky, you begin to feel like a real maharaja. After six nights, the service is still a kick, but I know I can always get back to taking care of myself. What I will miss, tomorrow night in the hotel in Delhi, is the clack of the rails."
PRIVATE WORLD OF A PRINCE
Oriental flair in a Paris apartment

By Ann Headington

On the far reaches of the Right Bank, where the peeling façades appear to lean toward one another across narrow streets and even the streetlamps seem to shed a dimmer light than in the fashionable Paris faubourgs to the west, lies the Marais, an area that was once the heart of the city. Here the aristocracy erected sumptuous residences in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and here the fury of the revolutionary mobs vented itself most violently at the end of the eighteenth. As the center of power moved westward, leaving the noble dwellings of the Marais to small tradesmen, craftsmen, and light manufacture, it was at least spared Haussmann’s steamroller revision of the urban landscape. Today, cleaned, restored, and refurbished, it is the choicest morsel of historic real estate in Paris.

Fifteen years ago, however, only a handful of Paris-lovers, like Simone and Aschwin de Lippo-Biestertfeld, savored the obscure beauties of the Marais. Tanners, blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, and bakers did business beneath the arches of baroque hôtels particuliers darkened by centuries of smoke. The Lippes came to the area after “many happy years at the Dakota,” in New York City, where Aschwin, a prince born in Germany, rose from being a research fellow to become curator emeritus in the Department of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan Museum between 1949 and

The octagonal dining room, with its Korin screen and Knoll table.

Ann Headington often reports for Connoisseur from Paris.

Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes.
THE sitting room, with iris screen by Hōitsu above a Civil War folding iron camp bed. The ancestral portrait, upper left, is of one of Frederick the Great's generals.
Above the prince's desk, Asian ceramics, old-master drawings.

Revolution." Other cottage industries, however, including a doll-maker, a zipper manufacturer, and a handbag-clasp producer, continued to do business at this once grand address. Behind the Lippe's stately public suite lies a Warren of kitchen, bed-, and bathrooms, but the entrance hall and salon are high-ceilinged and sun washed, with tall windows opening onto the courtyard. The library, on the street side, gilded by the afternoon sun's last rays, provides a transition to the gemlike dining room, a perfectly octagonal chamber with a star pattern in the gleaming wood parquet and a whispery echo. "I've yet to see or even hear of a room like this one," says Simone with satisfaction.

Yet the charm of the Lippe's apartment is not merely a matter of architectural ornament. Both Simone and Aschwin descend from families with a taste for Orientalia and other objets d'art. "Our antique porcelain and carpets are all inherited, and we rarely had to buy a stick of furniture," Simone explains, "except, of course, for our Diego Giacometti table." It was still in the artist's atelier when the Lippe's fell for it, a one-of-a-kind domestic sculpture in which a glass top is secured by bronze ropes.

Both Aschwin and Simone emerged from World War II "possessors of nothing but our lives," as she says, recalling her escape from the bombing of Dresden and four-day flight across Germany. "I rather thought that thereafter I would simply live d'une chambre d'air," she says, with a smile. She was calculating without Aschwin's passion for Oriental art, which they began to amass during travels in India, Taiwan, and Southeast Asia with scholarly erudition and a connoisseur's flair. "My favorites were always seventeenth- to eighteenth-century Chinese landscape painting and medieval Indian sculpture," she says. "They are extremely dissimilar but complement each other marvelously."

The Lippe's flat demonstrates the harmony of unlikely juxtapositions, through which the owners' taste reveals secret affinities between objects d'art that are continents and centuries apart. On one of the sitting-room walls a dazzling show of irises curls across a two-part Japanese screen. Painted in 1801-02, it is the masterwork of Hōitsu, son of a feudal lord whose considerable revenues enabled him to employ only the most precious of pigments—in this case, ground lapis lazuli. Beneath it, an American Civil War folding iron camp bed is piled high with glowing brocade cushions. "It has outlived its useful days as an extra bed," Simone laments. "None of my children or grandchildren can fit into it anymore." On a console between the windows the dramatic composition of a south German rococo Pietà is strangely reflected by the tangled abstract forms of its eighteenth-century Chinese root stand. A plaster bozzetto of an Italian baroque Madonna surveys a trinity of curvaceous south Indian divinities and an assortment of gleaming Bidri vases. A circular glass table, commissioned from Knoll, floats almost invisibly in the octagonal dining room, allowing the eye to focus on the unfurling silvery waves of a Korin screen. "I'm still not sure that I don't find your spot lighting in here a little too decoratorish," Aschwin comments thoughtfully, with the hint of a twinkle in his eye. Explaining that her husband is something of a puritan in such matters, Simone points out that she was aiming for "a dramatic effect." It has succeeded.

While the Lippe's chief treasures are Oriental, their manner of display derives from generations of Occidental antiquaries, who enjoyed creating still-life compositions featuring their collections and gloried in profusion. Thus in the study nineteen Indian miniatures cluster in mock disarray above the sofa, and on the mantelpiece a twentieth-century unglazed Chinese arhat, or hermit, meditates between two silver candelabra. "What a delightfully cynical smile!" Simone explains. A group of Japanese and Southeast Asian ceramics vies for attention against a backdrop of old-master drawings and engravings on the wall shelves above Aschwin's bureau plat. In the
A plaster bozzetto of an Italian baroque Madonna surveys a trinity of curvaceous south Indian divinities and an assortment of gleaming Bidri vases.
Aschwin rests on a specially carved lustrous base. "Is this it?" someone, holding up an unmarked box. Aschwin nods. "I am guessing, although I know you'll handle it carefully." A Tokyo dealer tracked down the mushroom for him, because "he knew I'd love it," Aschwin explains. "It is called the mushroom of long life, although it has something to do with immortality, really."

There also is the small seventeenth-century cricket box made of a gourd with an ivory top. Aschwin pays fond tribute to one captive insect who survived a six-month voyage around the world in it. "I went through New York customs with the good-luck box secreted about my person in traditional Chinese style. The little fellow obligingly piped down at the right moment and expired the very next day." Even the four large Chinese birdcages hanging in the entrance hall above the bronze ram drum that Souvanna Phouma selected for the Lippes bespeak the aesthete's controlled appreciation of nature. Simone used to keep hybrid canaries in separate cages, to encourage them to sing "out of nostalgia and frustrated passion."

A peculiarly Eastern aura of serenity and restraint permeates the Lippes' apartment, setting it apart from the grimy world outside. But this is hardly surprising, since access to it is guarded by a fearsome sculpture of Kali (exhibited at the Met's India show three years ago) and a lion-headed Vishnu in an impossible Yoga posture. When the maharaja of Travancore and his family came to visit Simone and Aschwin, they saluted the presiding divinities of the house at length with joined hands and bowed heads before turning to greet their hosts.

**On the Move**

The Lippes have lived in many parts of the world in the course of their lives. Since this was written, they have moved their household gods yet again, this time to The Hague. There are no worn and gleaming parquets here, no lofty salons, no aqueous Paris lights outside the windows, and yet the presence of all their treasures makes this Dutch apartment a recognizable descendant of the harmonious rooms they once had in Manhattan's Dakota, of the seventeenth-century Tuscan hermitage where they passed their holidays for twenty-five years, and of the apartment in the Marais that has known such diverse occupants during its centurys of life.
In the entrance hall, with its bronze rain drum, the presiding divinities of the house stand guard, among them a sculpture of Kali and a lion-headed Vishnu.
The hot downtown instrument is the accordion. Here, Ellie Covan, the uninhibited director of Dixon Place, loosens up the audience before acts.

By Daniel Wolff
Photographs by Larry Fink
THE AVANT-GARDE CLUB SCENE

No, you can't keep it, darling!” sasses Ethyl Eichelberger, as she snatches back one of her big glass rings, which has flown off her finger and into the lap of an audience member. A neon sign flashes “Medea” in the corner of a storefront that doubles as Ellie Covin’s living space. Ethyl—dressed in a black fright wig, purple spangled dress, and junk jewelry—wails away on the accordion. Next door on Manhattan’s Lower East Side, an all-night Latino social club parties away. Across the street is the dark door of the late Dorothy Day’s Catholic Worker office. And inside this tiny performing space known as Dixon Place, a standing-room-only crowd of fifty is applauding Ethyl’s hilarious and often moving version of Medea.

Later, Ethyl explains why she likes performing in these cramped surroundings. Having worked for many years with Charles Ludlam’s highly acclaimed theater company, she says, “I sort of straddle the scene, but I like the kind of intimacy you can only get here.” Dixon Place features works that Covin, the director, calls “obscure and in progress.” It does not allow reviews. And it forms an important link in the downtown performance-club network that is turning out the next generation of the avant-garde. In what could be the motto of the new club scene, Covin observes, “Just because we have fun doesn’t mean it isn’t serious work.” Ethyl nods in agreement and—her makeup removed so that she is revealed as a gentle-looking, gray-haired man—prepares to haul a carload of props back down East First Street toward home.

The Lower East Side is one of New York City’s oldest ghettos. At the turn of the century, Jewish immigrants piled into the area, seeking entertainment in the Yiddish theaters and dance halls after long hours in airless sweatshops. By the forties, the low rents and friendly bars had drawn artists like de Kooning and Pollock. In the sixties came a wave of Latino immigrants. And by the eighties, as rents soared in SoHo, dozens of small art galleries moved in. With them came a club scene notable for what is being called “the new intimacy.” As manufacturing declined, performers began putting on shows for friends in the empty loft spaces, abandoned storefronts, and old garages. But in contrast to the avant-garde of old, these artists discovered that their eccentric talents had some immediate mainstream appeal. Whoopi Goldberg appeared at Dance Theater Workshop before going on to Broadway and Hollywood. Bill Irwin’s new vaudeville ended up on “The Cosby Show.” And even after Eric Bogo-
The Knitting Factory, an upstairs storefront, overlooks the panhandlers out on Houston Street. Tonight, Brian Woodbury, dressed à la Pee-wee Herman, performs art songs to complex tape arrangements. "I'm an intellectual," he sings, dancing across the tiny stage. "That doesn't mean I'm not smart." Picking up two bananas from a table full of props, he segues into a pseudo-rap number from his independently produced album All White People Look Alike. "I'm just the kind of guy that I like," he sings, grinning.

The founder and producer Michael Dorf has built the Knitting Factory around this kind of performance, which "knits together" different styles, from the obscure to the popular. "I'm under the philosophy," says Dorf, "that in Reagan's conservative administration, with video emerging to take over live performance and AIDS and everything, people weren't getting out." Now, Dorf feels, the atmosphere is changing, and people want to see live acts. The Knitting Factory presents events every night, from poetry readings to independent films to postmodern jazz and Woodbury's kind of "new music." "We have a special quality," Dorf adds, "that the bigger clubs like Palladium will never have.

The popularity of performance art and the new, user-friendly attitude of the avant-garde have affected long-standing downtown institutions like the La MaMa theater and the Village Gate. The Gate, a landmark for jazz fans, now hosts a monthly political-comedy series produced by the radio station WBAI. Tonight, Reno—a charismatic blond woman who looks a little like Harpo Marx—is fantasizing about the repercussions of the Wall Street crash. Waving an obscene good-bye to the failed gentrifiers, she shouts, "Leave my neighborhood alone!" "Yuppies," she continues, "are like roaches, drugs don't affect them. And what about this nouvelle cuisine? The chefs serve such tiny portions! They're food symbols; they just suggest food."

Reno's humor typifies the downtown scene's politics: anti-middle class, pro-bohemian, vaguely nostalgic for the old
avant-garde. If her close identification with the audience makes her act no more challenging than Bob Hope entertaining the troops, she is not alone. "After all," says the series's producer and emcee, Will K. Wilkins, "performers want to make a living." The next attraction, a four-woman singing comedy team called Bad Attitudes, does a rousing number about penis size. And the comedian Jonathan Solomon becomes a helicopter reporter during the postnuclear evacuation of New York City: "We got eight million people on the West Side Highway this afternoon—heavy traffic for a Tuesday."

A few blocks away, at La MaMa, Jeffrey Essmann's targets are much the same. La MaMa is still presenting the innovative theater that has made it an avant-garde institution for the last twenty-five years. Recently it has answered the demand for performance art with what the artistic director, Liz Dunn, calls "a rolling revue": the Club at La MaMa. Essmann's show ranges from his expounding his philosophy of life circa kindergarten ("You color awhile and then you die") to his dressing up as an aged, power-crazy nun and haranguing the audience into singing "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." "Not nearly loud enough," he creaks. "You're not going to leave here till you get it right, and I have all afternoon." Director Dunn tours tiny clubs like the Gusto House and Café Bustelo nightly to find new talent. "I'm lucky," she says, "because I can do it under the cachet of a real theater: provide programs and a staff; even provide tickets through TicketMaster."

DOWNTOWN—A SHOWCASE FOR BROADWAY?

This is a long way from places like Café Bustelo or the Gas Station, where the atmosphere is stark indeed. Bustelo is in a former synagogue. The spotlight of tonight's performance is a hand-held flashlight. The audience of forty applauds a man with an accordion playing "a kind of roots tune, not really a cockney tune," whose chorus runs, "You'll never meet a baby with a beard." On the wall is a handwritten sign: "We don't get grants."

Small clubs like Café Bustelo spring up and die all over the Lower East Side, responding to the economic vagaries of a changing neighborhood. Way east, among the housing projects and burnt-out buildings, a line of people waits in the rain.
Cheek-to-cheek at the World.

**AN IRREVERENT GUIDE TO THE CLUBS**

**ABC No Rio.** Funky, small, eclectic, with rotating schedule of performance, poetry, and art exhibitions. (53-55. Capacity: 75-125. Poetry, Sundays at 3:00 P.M.; Wednesday-Sunday evenings. 157 Rivington Street; 254-3697.)

**Café Bustelo.** A couple of people performing to a couple more. This is the U-rich club you can't get any lower. ($5. Capacity: 50. Wednesday-Sunday evenings. 215 East Houston Street; 473-5625.)

**Dixon Place.** Highly experimental, relaxed living room. Low on angst, high on giggles. Comedy performance, monologues, fiction readings on a tiny stage. (34-56. Capacity: 50. Wednesday-Saturday evenings. 37 East First Street; 673-6752.)

**Ear Inn.** A comfortable, working-class bar with good, cheap food and drink. You can draw on the tablecloths and listen to poets not appearing at St. Mark's. (Free. Capacity: 50. Poetry readings, Saturdays, 3:00-5:00 P.M. 126 Spring Street; 226-9060.)

**Franklin Furnace.** Been around forever, an alternative museum that collects art books and puts on performing acts in the basement. A tryst space for talented newcomers. (58. Capacity: 50. Friday and Saturday evenings. 112 East First Street; 295-4671.)

**King Tut's Wah Wah Hut.** Funky, friendly bar that doubles as hangout and showcase for rockie performance artists. Try not to see it in the daylight; what is that on the walls? (52. Capacity: 150. Daily, 4:00 P.M.-1:00 A.M. 112 Avenue A; 254-7772.)

**La MaMa and the Club at La MaMa.** The boom of the avant-garde and one of the most respected experimental theaters in the world, with ambitious international programming. New is its experimental appendage, called the Club, which has good cabaret. ($10. Capacity: 100. Mondays at 9:00 P.M., Thursday-Sunday at 8:30 P.M. 330 Lafayette Street; 254-5478.)

**P.S. 122.** Becoming the downtown's "academy," with programming that includes "Avant-Garde-Arama," featuring some of the best new talents. Trust its programming at least to jolt—and sometimes deliver. ($4-$8. Capacity: 150 upstairs; 100 downstairs. Friday-Sunday evenings. 150 First Avenue; 477-5288.)

**St. Mark's Church, Danspace, and Poetry Project.** For better or worse, this is still the downtown poetry scene, which has been going since Allen Ginsberg. Biweekly readings of poems from John Ashbery to Yoko Ono to Richard Holl. The landmark church also houses Danspace Project, where you can view a wide range of dance and performance. ($6, dance; $5, poetry. Capacity: 50-100. Second Avenue at Seventh Street; 767-8112, dance; 674-2910, poetry.)

**Theater for the New City.** Bite-sized theater, featuring new plays and experimental programming—for example, its twenty-four-hour one-act-play marathon. Uneven. ($4. Capacity: 50-120. Thursday-Sunday evenings. 155 East First Avenue; 251-1109.)

**The Gas Station.** Go for the exterior sculpture and try the eclectic, multiethnic fare inside. Avoid oil stains. ($4-$7. Capacity: 60. Wednesday-Saturday evenings. 22 Avenue B; 855-3658.)

**The Gusto House.** Cut-through tenement with a self-congratulatory air. Get there after the owner and his friends go on, to catch strong programming. Does not advertise, so call. (55. Capacity: 150. Saturdays at 10:00 P.M. Address not quite legal; 473-2148.)

**The Kitchen.** Multi-faceted showcase resurrected from the dead. In a new location and presenting quality video, dance, music, and film, with a strong emphasis on New York talent but with international reach. Watch for its theme-oriented series. ($5. Capacity: 150-200. Wednesday-Saturday at 8:30 P.M. 512 West Thirteenth Street; 255-5793.)

**The Knitting Factory.** A throwback to a beatnik café, with midwestern sobriety. Eclectic, unpredictable, but presents a lot of new jazz on a little stage. Be prepared for dissidence. ($5-$15. Capacity: 100. Daily at 7:00 P.M. 47 East Houston Street; 219-3055.)

**The Performing Garage.** For establishment and first-rate avant-garde theater, this is the place to go. Permanent home to the Wooster Group and frequent stopping point for Richard Foreman's company. Efficiently run, always at the cutting edge, but usually with more-established artists like Peter Sellars. ($8-$15. Capacity: 70-120. 33 Wooster Street; 966-3651.)

**The Pyramidal Club.** Three-ring circus—dancing, cabaret, and rock-n'-roll social scene with performance. Be there and be square. The audience is well worth watching. ($5-10. Capacity: 250. Daily, 10:00 P.M.-4:00 A.M. 101 Avenue A; 420-1590.)

**The Village Gate.** Old-timer whose monthly political comedy series adds new blood. Like cable TV, but it serves drinks. ($12-25. Capacity: 100-450. Daily, 6:00 P.M.-2:00 A.M., weekends to 3:00 A.M. 160 Bleecker Street; 982-9292.)

**The World.** Combines the giant club dance scene, upstairs, with perfor-ming arts, below. Expect anything from zydeco to Merce Cunningham descendants. Raw and hot after two A.M.; a big, empty room any earlier. ($5-$10. Capacity: 1,300. Tuesday-Sunday, 10:30 P.M.-4:00 A.M. 254 East Second Street; 477-8677.)

*From June 14 to July 10, the Kitchen, La MaMa, and P.S. 122 will be venues for the First New York International Arts Festival. At La MaMa, the Polish company CRICOT 2 presents I Shall Never Return, directed by Tadeusz Kantor. At the Kitchen, you can catch Cassiber, an experimental art-rock band with members from Germany and England making their first U.S. appearance; Laibach, an avant-garde, modern rock spectacle; offering a highly controversial depiction of politics, industry, and art, and a series of video documentaries. P.S. 122 will host a three-week-long "World's Fair," with three to five performances per night by artists from four countries and the United States working in a wide range of disciplines.*
to enter an old gas station that has been converted into a sculpture studio. Surreal totem poles stand where the pumps used to be. Inside, on the grease-stained concrete work floor, the National Book Award winner Allen Ginsberg reads translations from a Japanese poet. Not far down the street, a Ukrainian catering hall has been transformed into a dance club and performance space called the World. The antique chandeliers now bounce to the insistent beat of rap music. And though the club is set among some of the worst, rubble-strewn fallout of New York City's real-estate policies, a doorman carefully selects who will and will not be permitted to enter. "Weeding out the elements," she explains, sweetly, as she opens the door to two well-dressed white men.

As the gap between rich and poor increases dramatically on the Lower East Side, being part of the in-crowd means literally just that. There is desperation in the voice of a woman standing at the entrance to the now-defunct Under Indochine's. "Remember my face," she pleads. "Remember my face! I'm not dressed tonight, but I'll want to get in." And there is a harsh contrast between the group of men warming themselves around a burning trash can and the glittery crowd pouring into a nearby late-night club.

Ironically, many performance artists borrow their material from the underclass and then, in order to succeed, sell it in the suburbs, which for many of them is home. An act like the Kipper Kids may dress up in huge codpieces and slime one another in food fights at the Kitchen, but they are also appearing on an HBO special with Bette Midler. As one performance artist puts it (and then asks to remain anonymous), "I was never interested in just performing for my ten friends. Selling out is doing something original for big bucks. I think it's good if people are finally expressing brazen ambition."

Even the more traditional atmosphere of poetry readings—like the regular Saturday afternoon series at the Ear Inn—responds to these economic undercurrents. The football game plays soundlessly on the TV above the mahogany bar, so the crowd can hear Brita Bergland read. "I crave bacon," she begins, "as a strange white dog eats snow out the back door. "It's still a neighborhood place," whispers the bartender in the relaxed, homey surroundings, "but there are more yuppies. It's like a real business under the guise of a creative business." "Sloppy housemate of club scene," says Sexton, "is people always say it's dead."

If the Wah Wah Hut has stayed lively, it is because, according to lobst, "people kind of things out. It's mostly the same audience, but that keeps you fresh, because they've seen your stuff and you have to keep changing." Tonight's show has reflected some of the boundaries that define this supportive atmosphere. Frail, blond Heather Woodbury—Brian's sister and a founder of Café Bustelo—impersonated an old Puerto Rican woman to warn us, "This is a bad neighborhood. I've lived here forty-three years, they're all on dope." Moments later, DANCENOISE appear in witches' costumes and, to the tune of "Dreams of the Everyday Housewife," slash at their throats with rubber hatchets.

Between the ravaged Lower East Side and the everyday housewife, there is still a need to reach a larger audience. Russell has led what he calls "P.S. 122 field trips" to places like East Hadley, Massachusetts, and Atlanta, Georgia. "What they want out there is TV," he says. "You've got to get them to take the gamble." The alternative is to institutionalize, as the playwright-director Richard Foreman has done. Foreman, who began by putting on performances in Jonas Mekas's tiny space some twenty years ago, has heavily influenced the new avant-garde. His latest piece, Symphony of Rats, combines slapstick humor and dance and surreal sets, like the fifteen-foot robots that serve vanilla ice cream. Foreman has deliberately controlled the size and type of his audience, both by the places where he appears—for instance, the small but well-appointed Performing Garage (a home for the avant-garde since 1968)—and by his product, which one of the Symphony of Rats's characters calls "deliberate mystification."

But Foreman is from an older generation. "The fact is," the critic C. Carr writes, "as the avant-garde disintegrated, the mainstream got quirker." The culture's increasing appetite for entertainment has made even an illegal space like the Gusto House—which you enter by knocking on an unmarked door on East Fourth Street—seem like a possible avenue to the David Letterman show. Russell worries about performers who leave the protective, extended family of the downtown scene. "I only hope they don't clean up their acts too much," he says, "like people who always really wanted to get married." But few performers can afford not to follow the mainstream route, even if it means their abandoning some highly individualistic bohemian values.

This summer, Lincoln Center's "Serious Fun!" programs will draw from these downtown acts, and the New York International Art Festival will occupy alternative spaces, including P.S. 122, La MaMa, and the Kitchen, and showcase new talent from all over. As the crowd starts to leave the Wah Wah Hut, DANCENOISE discuss the possibility of another tour of Europe, "where," says Sexton, "there's more of this stuff. And it's more political, anarchistic." "Our audience," she sums up, "doesn't want to be seen as separate."

Outside, in the darkness near Tompkins Square Park, a man in bare feet, dirty pants, and an open vest waves a broken squash racquet back and forth. He lectures the empty street.

Daniel Wolff, a poet and critic, has collaborated on pieces that have appeared at La MaMa, Dance Theater Workshop, the Joyce Theater, and other spaces.
EXTERIOR DECORATOR

By Ann E. Berman

Why Bruce Kelly is the hottest landscape architect today

Photographs by Adam Bartos
Bruce Kelly is standing ankle deep in the cold mud of Westchester County. A looming mechanical shovel, its arm poised to dig, is idling nearby, waiting for him to position a drain under an unbuilt terrace. The site poses unusual drainage problems, and the aesthetic issue is of the kind clients easily fixate on. Kelly’s blue eyes are impassive, focused inward. As he crosses the terrace, his moves are like a cat’s— unhurried, but somehow managing to cover a lot of ground. “I think we’ll have it in this corner,” he suddenly decides in his soft, diffident southern drawl. “It’ll work but seem less of a feature there.”

The mechanical arm descends.

At thirty-nine, Bruce Kelly is a star in a profession almost nobody understands. He is a landscape architect. The technical expertise that directs the movements of heavy construction equipment is as much a part of his profile as knowing where to put the rosebush and what size hole to dig. He has spent six years working here on Marie Jose Pagliai’s property. In that time, he has
designed and built a lake, contained by a dam thirty feet high, and blasted a road through solid rock to open graceful vistas for arriving guests. He has, indeed, invented an entire landscape around his client's house, every bit of it tailored to her practical and emotional needs. Engineering, drafting, surveying, soil science, drainage, and architectural and cultural history all played their part long before horticultural expertise could enter the picture.

Landscaping architecture is probably the most diverse of any design field. Practitioners agree that it is impossible to be truly competent at, say, highway construction and perennial borders, and most specialize—choosing public, corporate, or residential work. M. Paul Friedberg and Laurie Olin, for example, are both well known for their corporate work. Lawrence Halprin is most famous for his predominantly western urban-plaza projects, like Ghirardelli Square, in San Francisco.

Bruce Kelly transcends the categories. He has developed a notable forte in the design and restoration of great public parks—particularly those of Frederick Law Olmsted, the father of landscape architecture and the creator, in 1857, of New York's Central Park; it was Kelly who curated "Art of the Olmsted Landscape," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1981. But he has been equally active in the most raveled strata of the private sector, undertaking elaborate garden projects for such clients as Mary Morgan, Carolyne Roehm and Henry Kravis, Yoko Ono, Saul and Gavfried Steinberg, and some dozen others.

These are good times to be Bruce Kelly. Postmodernist architecture has brought about a return to ornament and historicism. Marianne Cramer, a past president of the New York chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects, says the postmodern temper translates, in her field, into a desire for "detail, richness, and color in personal and public environments." After the concrete plazas and wood chips that surrounded the glass boxes of the fifties and sixties, the fashion has come around to historical references and a profusion of plants—colorful flowers, velvety lawns, trailing vines, and clipped hedges.

It is almost as if Bruce Kelly had prepared himself for this decade and then waited for the rest of society to catch up. Armed with the unusual combination of a master's degree in historic preservation from Columbia's School of Architecture and a bachelor's degree in landscape architecture from the University of Georgia, Kelly proceeded to assimilate the lessons of the great gardens of the world—firsthand. His grand tour began in 1972 with archaeological spadework on a second-century imperial garden in Rome and continued with visits, in 1974, under the aegis of the American Academy, to such inaccessible preserves as Villa Lante, a bishop's seat, and a presidential residence, Caprarola. In 1976, Great Britain's National Trust gave him a fellowship to

Kelly essays the natural look: Cyril Dwek's garden in Southampton, composed of ornamental grasses and late-blooming autumn perennials.
study the gardens and parks of England—and enlisted his design skills for work on the restoration of Claremont, in Surrey. Over the next few years, on his own, he visited France, taking in the formal splendors of Le Nôtre (more pristine, Kelly says, at Vaux-le-Vicomte than at Versailles); then Spain, for the Moorish gardens; and finally India, for the seductive opulence of the Mogul style, best exemplified by the gardens of the Taj Mahal.

His affinity for plants, though, and flair for placing them with wit are gifts he was born with. Growing up in rural Wrens, Georgia, in a family of avid gardeners, he was always outdoors, in gardens. "When I was ten," he recalls, "my mother came home to discover that I had completely replanted her garden. As I look back, Mother's way was better—mine was a child's taste. But I made up my mind just about then that this is what I wanted to do."

The great garden-building age in America was from the 1880s through the 1920s, when such landscape architects as Beatrix Jones Farrand, the designer of Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington, D.C., worked for a generation of wealthy, post-Victorian, garden-conscious clients. It is true that after the Second World War great landscape architects like Thomas Church, Russell Page, and others did influential residential work, but opportunities for architects to create elaborate, high-maintenance, private landscapes were relatively scarce. If a potential client had not inherited a great garden, it did not occur to him to build one. Kelly remembers a graduate-school professor who told his class, "The Depression took us out of the garden—that era is over." "I'd have liked to have done that kind of work," Kelly thought wistfully at the time. "Now," he says, with evident satisfaction, "we're doing it."

For a while, though, it looked as if his gloomy professor was right. After Kelly finished his undergraduate work at the University of Georgia he took a job with an architecture firm, in Atlanta, where he was assigned to draw up a planting plan for a mall using plastic plants out of a catalog. "That wasn't for me," he says drily. He realized he wanted to create landscapes that would not be subservient to architecture, and he was becoming increasingly interested in a historical approach.

In 1972, while Kelly was in Italy working on the second-century-garden restoration, another member of the team was the wife of the great professor of architecture James Marden Fitch. She encouraged Kelly to come to Columbia; and once he was there, her husband persuaded the young man to study the work of Frederick Law Olmsted. Thus began the relationship between Kelly and that irreplaceable piece of ground in the middle of Manhattan—Central Park. "I know every tree personally," he says. "I've spent so many hours in that landscape, I think I could do a tour blindfolded. Central Park is the most important designed landscape in America. It should be polished to within an inch of its life." As an active consultant to the park administrator, Elizabeth Barlow Rogers, he has begun to do just that, and signs of his activity are much in evidence.

Walking with Bruce in the park is a wonderful experience," says Rogers, herself an acknowledged Olmsted expert. "He has a sort of triple vision. He knows how something once looked and how it looks today, and he can project how it could look after restoration. He understands outdoor space. Bruce is an artist. He has a terrific eye for the broad picture. And for plenty else besides—much of it having nothing to do with aesthetics. "I have to know how twenty million people use the park each year," Kelly explains. "The landscape must give pleasure while being protected. For instance, a banked path keeps people off the grass, but a fence would be a challenge. People would just jump over."

Downtown, in Manhattan's new Battery Park City, Kelly is working with the architect Alex Cooper and the artist Jennifer Bartlett on the new South Park, on the banks of the Hudson River. The ambitious plans call for twenty "rooms," open-air spaces fifty feet by fifty feet in the nearly four-acre park. "There will be an orchard, a Japanese garden, a fragrance garden, everything you can think of," says Kelly. "It will be a 'library' of every plant that can grow in this environment, but it will also fulfill the enduring human need for repose in a natural setting."

Kelly, Cooper, and Bartlett make up one of several teams embarked on similar projects in the area. Inspired by Renaissance practice, these collaborations are a first in the history of American park planning. Cooper has concerned himself chiefly with the buildings and their placement. Bartlett conceived the idea of arrang-
Elsewhere in New York, other spots are getting the Kelly treatment. For a small playground in Central Park, Kelly and his partner of the past two years, David Varnell, have designed a symmetrical plan ("an Italian piazza for two-to-six-year-olds") that provides chatting mothers with an unobstructed view of playing children. For Ellis Island, the first American soil million of immigrants set foot on, he has planned a park that he promises will "transcend the ornamental and institutional." The front is a modified restoration of the sight the immigrants saw. For the rest of the island—landfill that was never developed into a finished landscape—Kelly has designed a ceremonial area centered on a flagpole as well as a stage that uses the Manhattan skyline as a backdrop. "It must be a spiritual experience," he insists, "a shrine." He has also proposed a garden of plants—roses, apples, peaches—the list is endless—brought over as cherished keepsakes from the Old World.

Strawberry Fields, the John Lennon memorial in Central Park, was a triple challenge: it had to please Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, conform to standards of park restoration, and serve as an appropriate monument to the great musician. Anything on the order of Elvis Presley's Graceland was obviously out. "Strawberry Fields is soft and low-key," Kelly says, "with just one focus—the IMAGINE mosaic, which tends to evoke a cerebral response. The only way to create something as powerful as Lennon's influence was with understatement."

Satisfying a private client calls for similar reserves of intuition and tact. Garden building is a long-term process, carried on close to home, and the relationship between landscape architect and client can be oddly intimate. Personality counts. "I think of the analogy of dancing together," suggests Mary Morgan, whose garden in northern Westchester County constitutes one such ongoing project, in progress for several years. "Bruce and I quickly understood each other's sense of rhythm."

Kelly leads. "The client must know that I am in control, that I know what I am doing," he explains. "Plants and garden building tend to make people nervous, and I have to alleviate anxiety. This is what gets jobs from the first contact, and it's not taught in college. Also, you have to know how to hold a knife and fork, be able to go to dinner, and make people feel comfortable. If you show up looking like Bozo the Clown, you won't alleviate anybody's anxiety." But when clients are anxious to get involved, Kelly does not push them around. "I interviewed several talented people before I got to Bruce," Mary Morgan remembers. "It was clear they planned to design a garden without involving my creative instincts. Bruce is delighted when I come up with ideas."

Morgan was put onto Kelly by the interior designer Mark Hampton, whose garden Kelly designed in 1985. Hampton sees many similarities between his own work and the landscape architect's. "Bruce understands how a garden relates to a house. The mood of both is dictated by the atmosphere people want to achieve—for example, a cottage garden and a coat-cot
tage kind of interior. There is also the formality-informality factor. Don't plan for two servants inside or gardeners outside if they are just not going to be there." Hampton notes with appreciation Kelly's flexibility. "He is not limited, so many landscape architects are, by his own likes and dislikes."

Still, Kelly does have his preferences. He happily obliged Morgan's wish for a real English-cottage garden, despite the inherent difficulties. "English gardens are the highest state of the art," he says. "They may have as many as two or three thousand plant species, and they want to look like they've been there for three hundred years—in two years. But we don't have the same luxuriance of climate, and we have to try harder." The remedy? "Seeming errors give the garden charm—a gate that is slightly off-center in a hedge, for example. You have to work in a very

THE PRICE TAG

An estate-type garden of several dozen acres costs in the neighborhood of $12 million, but not everything Bruce Kelly and his partner David Varnell do is on that titanic scale. Kelly has designed modest terraces in New York City and claims he would do a window box. But if a client has only $2,000 to spend on a five-acre garden, Kelly says, he can't afford him. "He needs someone who designs and builds." Kelly charges $100 an hour, and his design fees alone range from about $2,000 to $25,000.

For a sound, high-quality landscaping job on two acres, without major pretensions to the botanical and without technical difficulties, Kelly gives $15,000 as a median construction cost, plus about 15 percent for design. Then comes maintenance. Kelly warns that it is never low. Private gardeners are a scarce luxury few can afford, in many cases. Garden services are a workable solution. But the ideal owner gets dirty fingernails. "The best garden," Kelly says, "is a gardener's garden."
unconstipated way. We are doing a big topiary chicken. We want something flaky, something slightly 'off,' that doesn't look like somebody designed it. It should look like peasants did it."

The historical references are more formal on the sixty-acre acres adjoining the Georgian country house of Henry Kravis and Carolyne Roehm. Here, Kelly and Varnell's design opportunities were limited only by their imagina-
tion. They have planned an elaborate modern version of an eighteenth-century estate, with three acres of vegetables and berry bushes arranged in perfect geometry, a swimming pool enclosed in its summer garden, greenhouses, an extensive perennial garden, and a formal axis of lawns and allees that reaches out in both directions from the center hall of the house. The landscape softens as it stretches away from the center. Orchards will be underplanted with great drifts of spring bulbs, eight acres of man-

ticured lawns are surrounded by autumn and spring shrubbery, and, finally, ‘wildlands’ of native American plants and paddocks take shape in the distance.

To suit the landscape to the clients, Kelly probes fantasies and desires. “I hear about dreams,” he says, “about likes and dislikes. I will find out if they plan to entertain outdoors, if they want to be able to cut flowers, if they will have a tennis court or a swimming pool. I will ask them to think about their relationship to the gar-
den; will it be something they just look at out the window, or will it be the center of their lives? Then I visit the site, and I have to interpret all the dreams and turn them into reality.”

That reality goes down on paper in working drawings that give the contractor or builder exact instructions. As building proceeds, Kelly supervises the job, smoothing out the relationship between contractor and client and checking the details. “I always arrange the planting myself,” he says. “Plants all have their own personality, and you won’t know exactly what to do until you have seen them. Personal input like this keeps a garden from going through that stiff stage.” Nor does his work end there. Latt-
er, Kelly will correct the mistakes and encourage the serendipi-
tous felicities—the plant blooming in a crack in the wall—that only passing time reveals.

“Bruce has a sense of almost childlike wonder about a garden,” says Mary Morgan, “and so do I. Because the pattern of death and renewal there is such a natural thing, it is a reassuring and beau-
tiful way of getting in touch with the most important elements of life.” How can Kelly make it all seem so inevitable? “I am not afraid of plants,” he says. “Many people are. Plants are essential to happiness, and there is nothing new about how to use them. We just have to apply the lessons history teaches us.”

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Jan Cowles’s garden in Southampton. To a wild meadow, Kelly has added a riot of species that bloom in pink—rose mallow, rose of Sharon, even the mimosa.
One of a Kind

The fantastical jewelry of Jessica Rose

Photographs by Grant Peterson

A n earring that looks like an icicle, a gold chain that feels like a fringe, a spiral necklace collar that stands up like the wings of a butterfly, a brass-bullet bracelet that curves in on itself like a sea urchin—Jessica Rose "builds" jewelry that looks like nothing you have ever seen before. Her materials are fine crystal and unusual glass beads fashioned in logical, mathematical patterns that delight the touch as well as the eye.

Jessica Rose began making jewelry in New York eighteen years ago, at first using simple forms and older elements, like Czechoslovakian ceramic beads from the twenties and thirties, carved crystal, African amber, ostrich-egg shells. But she grew tired of working in simple circles and gradually turned to more elaborate, architectural forms. By using flexible steel wire—a breakthrough for her—she could make glass necklaces and bracelets that stood away from the neck, wrist, and torso, forming static ripples through which light could pass. Glass jewelry had always been worn against the body, and this eliminated its most singular aspect, translucence.

In the seventies, Stanley Marcus, a collector of pre-Columbian art, recognized the beauty and originality of her one-of-a-kind pieces made from 2,000-year-old pre-Columbian beads and snapped them up for his store. Bergdorf's, Bendel's, and Bloomingdale's also featured her work. Though Rose has created works for Issey Miyake and Yves Saint Laurent, she is more concerned about the development of an idea than about fashion. "I look for form rather than decoration," she says. "I contemplate the material—the qualities of light, color, sound that it holds—and the form follows."

A jeweler who resists making jewelry, Rose also rejects traditional notions of worth: "I battle the prejudice that something has to be precious in order to be beautiful and of value. When I first began, there was the snobbery about costume jewelry versus precious jewelry, with no concern for what is interesting." The tug of opposites plays in her work, too. "I'll take something hard and durable and make it soft," she says. "If it's square, I'll make it a circle; if it's small, big." A bracelet made of brass-bullet beads looks like a porcupine but is actually soft as fur.

Among the most beautiful of her jewelry pieces are those made of lengths of tiny gold-filled chain. One, a long, twisted rope of a necklace, feels like a feather boa at first brush; poured into the palm of the hand, it feels exactly like a stream of sand. Incredibly, it comprises more than 400 feet of chain and weighs an ounce. In a bracelet from the
same family a cascade of gold droops like a little limp flag.

Much of Rose’s work invites the steady gaze one would turn on a natural phenomenon—a beehive, say, or waves beating on the shore. Nowhere is this impulse stronger than in her most recent work, the extraordinary “blankets” of movable beads that are like three-dimensional mosaics. They are made to be fondled and examined, tugged and pulled and brushed backward like fur, revealing their endlessly changing patterns. A hand-size blanket of brass beads sits on the palm like a living creature.

This summer, the SoHo gallery Artwear, which has handled Rose’s work since 1984, will exhibit the blankets. (Prices will range from $400 to $5,000, depending on the material.) Artwear, located at 456 West Broadway, also distributes Rose’s jewelry to such outlets as Lane Gallery, in San Diego, and Body Sculpture, in Boston.

“I don’t design pieces,” says this soft-spoken but determined woman. “I make them.” Surprisingly, this work of special intimacy can also be utterly glamorous and public, with the timeless chic of Paris in the 1920s. Yet it remains inherently private, not just because it inspires meditation but because it arises from that most basic of artistic impulses: the contemplation of materials.

—April Bernard and Ruth Sullivan
What is it worth?  
Who can buy it?

There is not one top collector, not one important museum in the world that would not want to own the painting of the one-eyed blue lady known as La Celestina (shown at right). It is not only a major work from Pablo Picasso's blue period but also one of the chief achievements of the artist's entire career. And now the acquirers will have their chance—a slim one—to buy La Celestina, for the current owner has just announced to Connoisseur that it is for sale in Paris. The portrait, measuring twenty-seven and a half by twenty-two inches, was painted in 1904, when the Spanish artist was a precocious twenty-three-year-old shuttling between Paris and Barcelona. After half a century in private hands, it was purchased and recently put on exhibit by Didier Imbert, a hot young Parisian dealer, who clearly relishes the high pressure, legal subterfuges, and gamesmanship of today's international art market.

"The miracle of La Celestina," says Maria Teresa Ocaña, curator of the Museo Picasso, in Barcelona, "is Picasso's ability to extract a novel, almost symbolic form of beauty from an image..."

By Patricia Corbett

As these pencil sketches from 1904 prove, the young Picasso was fascinated by his model. He contrasts Carlota Valdivia with fashionable Barcelonans (top), places her in the depths of a café, and shows her pasing for him.
Picasso, an unsentimental judge of his own work, ranked this magnificent portrait from his blue period very high within his oeuvre.
The market value of Picassos has rivaled that of van Goghs...

which is intrinsically repellant. It is a very great work." Picasso himself is said to have considered this canvas one of his two or three most significant paintings. Though he kept only experimental works or very personal pictures, of mistresses and children, he hung on to La Celestina for some thirty years. When he did sell it, he carefully chose the recipient: Max Pellequer, the Parisian friend he jokingly called "my banker." According to the authoritative Picasso scholar Pierre Daix, the artist, lacking a finely honed sense of thine and mine, felt that any work of his in Pellequer's collection was not lost to him forever but remained within his sphere of influence. Now the principals are dead. Pellequer's nephew inherited the painting and sold it to Imbert this year for an undisclosed amount.

Who was this beautiful yet flawed figure? Picasso provided a clue by writing a name and a Barcelona address—"Carlota Valdivia, calle Conde Asalto, 12-4, la Escalera interior, Marzo 1904"—on the stretcher of the canvas. But he preferred the painting to be known by a provocative sobriquet: despite its heavenly connotations, the name of Celestina is infamous in Spanish literature. She is the scheming procuress described as a sorceress in Fernando de Rojas's Comedia de Calisto y Melibea, of 1499.

No evidence exists to indicate that Señora Valdivia either was a go-between or dabbled in the occult. Even during Picasso's youthful figurative stages, stark realism was never his forte: his blue-period canvases in particular, such as La Vie or L'Attaque, are not hard-hitting descriptive pieces but mannered meditations on the plight of the halt and the lame. He painted things as he imagined they probably were, might have been, or should become. In all likelihood, then, Picasso felt that the one-eyed Car-}

lota Valdivia might indeed have made an ideal madam.

The artist's fascination with her peaked, vaguely ominous silhouette is documented by one group of quick pencil scrawl from 1904 and another from 1964. The painted Valdivia, however, is nothing like the prophathous, scrawny-necked hag in these sketches. Despite her graying locks and chin hairs, she seems not only dignified but almost rejuvenated; she is pink-cheeked, almost coquettish, with her carefully draped mantilla revealing a drop-pearl earring and a crisp white collar.

"She's wild, just wild," exclaims Didier Imbert, a self-professed nonintellectual, who is himself a little wild. He launched his career in 1969 "as a traveling salesman" at the age of nineteen, just before being drafted. "I'd pick out a town or region on the map and load up my car with prints, lithographs, paintings, anything anyone would give me," Imbert recollects with amusement. "I went door-to-door throughout the provinces, calling on pharmacists, notaries, surveyors, and dentists." After his military service, French Playboy offered him a job in its advertising department: "It didn't sound like much fun, so I decided to take up where I had left off." His easy manner, good looks, and lack of affectation continued to open doors, and Imbert soon found himself organizing exhibits in Monaco for Princess Grace. When Durand-Ruel, the great dealer in Impressionist paintings, took a shine to him and furnished him with leads, Imbert began dealing in Sisleys, Pissarros, and Loezeus, together with works by Tapis, Vastrely, and Christo.

To prepare La Celestina for sale, Imbert turned to the British restorer John Bull, a specialist in contemporary art associated with the Tate Gallery, in London, the Menil Foundation, in Houston, and other major institutions. Bull worked for eight days—and several nights—on Imbert's premises overlooking the Parc Monceau. "I was awed and terrified at the prospect of handling La Celestina in a private gallery," he recalls. "My well-equipped London studio would have been so much safer if anything had gone wrong."

Nothing went wrong. Bull duly noted that the canvas had been relined: "It appears to have been done extremely skillfully some time ago, during the thirties or forties, and is probably responsible for the work's excellent state of conservation today." After meticulously dissolving a veil of yellowish lacquer clouded with tobacco...
...and the last van Gogh went for $53.9 million.

fumes, household dust, and city soot, the restorer found the painted surface to be in mint condition, with a “wonderful natural luster” to the blue pigment. Since early-twentieth-century pictures were rarely meant to be vanished, Bull did not varnish the surface.

The true value of the work can be determined only by the market. The last important painting by the Spanish master for sale was Yo Picasso (1901), which went for $5.3 million in 1981. That figure seems low in today’s superheated art market, especially, says Imbert, because Picasso’s prices have always rivaled those of van Gogh. “After van Gogh’s Irises fetched $53.9 million at auction last November,” he muses, “who is to say what price Picasso’s blue lady might command?” Marc Blondeau, the Paris-based modern-art expert who left Sotheby’s last year to open his own consultancy, predicts that at auction the canvas would break at least two records—for twentieth-century works in general and for Picasso paintings in particular.

Easier said than done. A law designed to protect France’s national artistic heritage forbids the export of any work worth more than 3 million French francs—unless the French minister of culture approves it. This provision could well thwart Imbert’s attempts to find a foreign owner for La Celestina.

On the other hand, the top French museums do not have the money to buy it for the market price. The museum executive Alan Erlande-Brandenburg admits that the National Council of Museums, which includes the Louvre (which does not acquire twentieth-century works) and the Musée Picasso, has an acquisitions fund of only around 70 million francs—considerably less than the painting’s potential value. The French state, which runs the Beaubourg Center—another possible museum location for La Celestina—has an even smaller budget.

Both organizations can probably get more money, the public might be asked to chip in through a fund-raising drive. But, to date, rather than seek the funds, the authorities have prudently adopted a wait-and-see attitude. The reason: without an export permit, La Celestina is worth only a third of its value at international auction. France might be able to buy the painting for a relative song.

Imbert remains unfazed, acting as if he has many options. But does he? He can try to cut a deal with the authorities, perhaps offering a masterwork from his storeroom to a French museum in return for an export permit for La Celestina. Or he can hold on to the painting until 1992, when, he explains, “most import and export limitations will be abolished among the Common Market countries.” At that point, a European collector should be able to buy La Celestina and take it home. If Imbert sees other possibilities, he is not talking about them. Why should he, when he owns one of this century’s masterworks and virtually every important collector is clamoring for it? He can afford to wait while the cupidity builds. □

Patricia Corbett is Connoisseur’s European editor.
PART I
THE HOARD OF

BY ÖZGEN ACAR AND MELİK KAYLAN

In Turkey, when the rains come, all manner of folk greet the season with a pickaxe or shovel in hand, ready for a frenzied assault on some obscure plot of ancient countryside. Treasure hunting is their game: Turkish soil is dense with antiquities, and peasants know that heavy downpours frequently uncover magnificent royal tombs or glittering priceless artifacts. So it was on April 18, 1984, that three locals were idly going about their illicit national pastime they unearthed a treasure so extraordinary that experts have called it "the decadrachm hoard," or "the hoard of the century."

This is the story of that hoard—where and how it came to be buried, how found and smuggled, and how sold—involving one of the world's most clandestine criminal cartels, which does business with the wealthiest of American and European patrons. It is a tale that reveals the machinations of international art smuggling and exposes how some of the West's more illustrious cultural institutions were used in the process.

The crime, taken at the ethical level, is theft of cultural patrimony. Although officially deplored by all countries because it goes hand in hand with the destruction of ancient sites, that crime offends few sensibilities in the West. Like portly citizens who decry rich foods while gorging them, the wealthy nations do little to strengthen their nominal disapproval with specific laws; their appetite for acquiring ancient artifacts is too great. Still, measures do exist that can act as deterrents. Turkish law forbids unlicensed excavation and the export of most antiquities, for example, and U.S. law bans the importation of stolen property. The problem lies in establishing that these laws have indeed been broken. The burden of proof in the case of the hoard of coins falls to the Turkish government.

That burden is a heavy one. With newly unearthed antiquities, local authorities may never know of the find, let alone its ultimate destination. Then, national agencies have to be willing to intervene abroad, incurring years' worth of legal expense and stirring diplomatic controversy. And once they have intervened, a hoard must be demonstrated to be stolen; otherwise its importation could not be illegal. Compounding the difficulties in this case is the very nature of coins. Whereas artifacts tend to come from specific sites, such as cities or tombs, coins in antiquity were often buried in deliberately nondescript places, to be retrieved later. Consequently, the provenance of coin hoards is nearly impossible to prove.

Proof of origin is just the beginning. If the argument is to be made that there is only one hoard, every subsequent step of its progress to the final owner needs to be documented. That, too, is usually a very tall order. But in this instance, the evidence does exist. The footprints are clear; the fingerprints, fresh.

According to testimony at their trial later, the three Turkish prospectors arrived at the site, near Elmali, around midday on April 18. A homemade metal detector supplied by one of the three, a thirty-year-old, down-at-the-heels electrician named Bayram Sungur, seemed to be malfunctioning. He had traveled with his gadget from Antalya, a coastal city in southern Turkey, to meet his friend Ibrahim Başıbüğ in the countryside. Ibrahim, a middle-aged ne'er-do-well, was a native of Elmali township whose father owned a seven-room guesthouse there. Bayram and Ibrahim had never found any buried treasure, though they had for years scoured the district. They knew plenty of successful excavators, and, more important, they knew some big-time smugglers.

On this particular outing the two had been joined by Ahmet Ali Şentürk, a muhtar, or village head man, who had a car. At first they had intended merely to hitch a ride, but the muhtar's curiosity and hospitality proved impossible to shake off. Now they were on the muhtar's property. While he attended to his irrigation system, Bayram idled over a picnic lunch. Ibrahim was
impatiently testing the homemade detector. Very soon the gadget was wailing triumphantly, its siren indicating a find. Ibrahim had only just unpacked the thing and had ambled into a nearby field, out of sight of the muhtar, so he found it a little hard to believe. He proceeded to sweep the rest of the field; there was no response. When he went back to the original spot, though, the wailing resumed. He shifted the earth with his foot, and there, caked with soil, was something.

Ibrahim shouted at the others. All three began to dig with their hands. Soon, the mouth of an earthen jar began to emerge not six inches beneath the surface. It was half a pot with a shower of silver coins inside. Nearly, not a foot away, they found the other half, also caked with coins. Bayram and Ibrahim danced in delight. The muhtar was silent. He knew they had conducted an illegal excavation, and he did not want to have anything to do with it. Bayram and Ibrahim, incredulous, first cajoled and then threatened him that he should at least keep his mouth shut. Having secured his reluctant compliance, they went back to Elmalı, to Ibrahim’s house. There, his sister Ayla washed the coins with soap and water in a large plastic bin. She and her mother were given a few of the choice ones as a polite gesture, an important incident because these were to turn up later, having traveled by a different route to the United States.

To evaluate what they had found, Bayram and Ibrahim first sold two coins from the hoard for $175 each to a goldsmith in nearby Antalya, where Bayram lived. Seeing the interest they aroused, they flew to Istanbul looking for some of the great antiquities dealers in Turkey, one of whom, Fuat Aydiner, also happened to be a high-school friend of Ibrahim’s. “Little” Fuat Aydiner, as he is known, and his colleagues instantly recognized that they were looking at an unparalleled marvel.

The hoard, which the dealers did not see in its entirety until later, consisted of nearly two thousand silver Greek coins dating from circa 465 B.C. and deriving from a variety of states in the Athenian alliance of the time. The weight in silver alone is approximately 26.3 kilos, or 58 pounds, the equivalent of one talent. In the fifth century B.C., that much silver was a king’s ransom (see box, page 83).

The current value is something else again. Estimated at as high as $10 million, the hoard contains fourteen decadrachms. The decadrachm was the highest denomination of classical Athenian coinage, probably a commemorative coin struck in celebration of the Greek victories against the Persians, and these days a real collector’s prize. Before the hoard was found, there were only thirteen decadrachms in the world—one in mint condition. The last one to be sold at auction, in 1974, fetched about $300,000. Imagine, then, the commercial worth of merely fourteen of the hoard’s pieces, albeit the most valuable ones.

What adds further to the hoard’s worth and makes it unprecedented is that the coins were, and are, in mint condition. Most had never been circulated when they were buried, and they have retained their brilliance and definition, a crucial factor in their appeal to numismatists. One coin dealer interviewed by Connoisseur, disdaining the ubiquitous definition of the find as “the hoard of the century,” asserted that it was “the greatest numismatic hoard ever, the hoard of history.”

When several of Istanbul’s leading dealers in antiquities saw a sample of this trea-
A world of coins

By 480 B.C., the Greeks, spreading eastward from their peninsula, were minting coins in the places marked on the map above. Because a major naval and land battle was fought with the Persians near Elmalı in 467 B.C., scholars theorize that the coins found there were intended to pay mercenaries. The hilly area, as the lower map shows, is now dotted with digs, both legal and illegal.

sure, they squabbled. In the end, Ibrahim's old friend "Little" Fuat Aydiner bought 1,889 of the coins for the equivalent of $692,000. He had used a qualified numismatist, Erdoğan Atak, as a cover to buy most of the coins from the excavators and now owed Atak some $60,000 for his cooperation. Aydiner reportedly also had to borrow other sizable sums. To pay his debts, "Little" Fuat had to sell the hoard quickly. Seeking the best price, he sold shares in the hoard to partners who knew how to smuggle and market the coins abroad.

There are innumerable ways to smuggle things—even quite big things like life-size statues and sarcophagi—out of Turkey. Going directly through customs is not unknown. Customs employees are poorly paid, those on the lowest rung receiving $150 per month. The record shows that many, particularly those in the upper echelons, end up mysteriously wealthy. Since the attempt to corrupt customs agents is expensive, serious smugglers also use other means. In the past, American bases inside the country have been used as transit points. (That slowed considerably after parades of witnesses reported they saw American-forces personnel carting objects aboard cargo planes.) These days, an officially sealed container aboard a freight truck leaving for Germany does the trick nicely. How the decadrachm hoard left Turkey, we can only guess, but one way or another, the coins were spirited out of the country at the end of May or beginning of June, and soon afterward the dealers in Munich were showing them to customers.

The Munich-based Turkish dealers in question, veteran smugglers, are an unsavory lot. They constitute a cartel whose members are primarily Kurds or Syriacs (historically, much has gone over Turkey's borders with Syria, Iran, and Iraq). Among the members of the group—really a branch of the Turkish Mafia—the names to remember are those of one man we have already met, Fuat Aydiner; his fellow Turkish Syriac Fuat Üzülmez; and the Telliağaoglu family. By agreement, the two Fuats owned one-half of the hoard, while the Tellis brothers, as they are known, owned the other.

The Tellis family, who are Kurds, are renowned in Turkish criminal circles for their involvement in every variety of smuggling. In 1968, the oldest brother, Nizamettin Telli, who died during a shootout with police in the middle of a smuggling operation, helped to bring out the
Lydian Hoard, now in the Metropolitan Museum (see Connoisseur, July 1987). The youngest brother, Nevzat Tellı, served time in a European jail for heroin smuggling, and Edip Tellı was arrested by Turkish police for antiquities smuggling in 1968. Now fifty, "Blind" Edip—he lacks sight in one eye—is the ringleader, one of the biggest smugglers, with a notorious, hair-trigger temper. He owns a business that operates out of the Gréco gallery, in Munich, a center for dispersal of high-quality Turkish antiquities. On such people, the museums and cultivated collectors of the West bestow their largess and friendship.

Meanwhile, back in Antalya, the three original discoverers were caught and tried in court for illegally excavating the hoard. The record of their trial provides much of the documentation of the decadachrm hoard's early movements. The documents show that an inventory was made of the coins in the hoard, a crucial factor for later reclaiming it from abroad. They also name all the conspirators, including Edip Telli, an extraordinary achievement considering that Tellı spent a great deal of time and money attempting to get his name struck off the trial records.

Those records in Turkey show that Aydın Çavuş handed the hoard over to Tellı in Istanbul for $1,325,000. It seems more likely, since the two Fuats and the Tellıs marketed the hoard together, that Aydın Çavuş sold an incomplete hoard to Tellı—for a nearly $590,000 profit—while keeping half shares in it. This arrangement permits participation in greater profits in the future. Although the two Fuats were capable of selling the hoard abroad, they probably feared what Edip would do if they moved alone.

One of the remarkable aspects of the story is the valiant and incorruptible behavior of the police chief throughout the investigation. His name is Hilmi Ozer, and he refused bribes from many parties: just one, an offer of two million Turkish lira ($6,000) by the excavators in 1984, was equivalent to three years' salary.

Soon after the conviction, Hilmi Ozer was rewarded for his exemplary conduct—with a demotion to the rank of Antalya traffic cop. No one could explain this except by suggesting that wealthy smugglers, even from abroad, can be very influential in the Turkish provinces. Certainly, if the Turkish authorities wish to convince the world that they are serious about stopping the depredations of smuggling, this is not the way to go about it.

During and after the trial, when Edip and Aydin were being sought by Turkish police, in the early months of 1983, a warrant was issued through European Interpol for their arrest. Documents show that the French recognized the names as those of suspects involved in the smuggling of drugs rather than of antiquities but could not locate them. The Italians found and detained Edip in Tuscany on one occasion, but, they reported, he escaped. The Germans were openly unsympathetic. Though they knew that the subject lived in Munich (under the transparent alias of Edip Tellı-Kaufmann), they could not detain him, they said, because of "considerable business and family ties."

While the hoard was in Munich, many interested parties inspected it, among them the venerable firm Spink & Son, of London, and the Bank Leu, of Switzerland. The asking price was $4 million. Bank Leu's buyer, Silvia Hutten, who is said to have the authority to pay $500,000 for any single coin at any one time, offered four million Swiss francs and was turned down. Thereafter, the regulars of the numismatics trade dropped out, perhaps hoping to induce a plunge in the asking price. Much to their surprise, some rank outsiders then stepped in to purchase 1,660 coins—clearly an incomplete hoard—for $2.7 million. The buyer's name: OKS Partners.

The O stands for Oxbow, the name of a corporation in Dedham, Massachussets, owned by William I. Koch. The K stands for Jonathan H. Kagan, and the S, for Jeffrey Spier, both young Ivy League numismatists. It was Kagan and Spier who inspected the goods in Germany. As for the hard cash, nearly all came from Oxbow and its owner.

William I. Koch, formerly of Kansas, currently of Massachusetts, is one of the planet's wealthiest men. His father, now deceased, started the family fortune by selling oil-refining machinery to the Soviet Union. His brothers Charles and David rank nineteenth on Fortune's list of billionaires. In 1983, William and the fourth brother, Frederick, came away con-

Top: The dour Fuat Aydin was first bought the hoard and then sold a share to Edip ("Blind") Tellı (center), whose wrath is greatly feared.
Who buried the treasure?

One of the many remarkable things about the decadrachm hoard is its mint condition. Much of the hoard, it seems, was never in commercial circulation—very unusual for ancient coins. It is likely that, once they were collected from a variety of Greek states, their first owner was the last and only one—and he buried them.

The hoard was made near Elmali, or "Appleville," in English, in an area that used to be called, in antiquity, Lycia. The indigenous hill tribes, the Lycians, being fiercely independent in character, were hegemomized but never subdued. When Cyrus the Great's general Harpagaus attacked the Lycian city of Xanthus, the Lycians, wrote Herodotus, "gathered their wives, children, property, and servants into the citadel," setting fire to it before returning to be wiped out in the last surge of battle.

Some one thousand of the coins found in the hoard were Lycian, very rare and unusual, and though highly valued by scholars not very desirable to collectors, because of their aesthetic crudity. The place of their finding and the composition of the hoard have raised a hubbub of excitement in academe. Some feel that the cataloging by Spier and Kagan is already an extraordinary achievement. Other scholars feel that these coins could still yield important historical information by being subjected to metallurgical and other scientific tests. According to the dies of the various coins—many from different states in the Greek alliance—the hoard must date from the time when Greece had turned the tide, in the mid-sixth century B.C., against the Persian empire.

Having won the fabled battles of Marathon (490 B.C.) and Salamis (in 479-478 B.C.) and expelled the great, unwieldy invasion force of Persians from their own shores, the Greeks took the offensive in Asia Minor. Slowly, they coaxed back to their cause a line of minor Greek states, hitherto pro-Persian, along the Asia Minor coast. Then, in 467 B.C., a decisive battle for outright liberation took place, under the command of the Athenian admiral Cimon, whose fleet was based at Phaselis (see map). The Greeks routed the Persians both on sea and on land near the mouth of the river Euphrates, about 300 miles from where the hoard was found in the spring of 1984.

If one keeps in mind the composition of the hoard, that it had no coins from a nearby Lycian mint that was in Persian territory until the battle, and that the coins were unworn by commercial use, the logical conclusion appears to be that the hoard was for military use. Being so large, it probably belonged to a commander, or, according to Cornelius Vermeule, the curator of classical art at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, to a local sea captain fighting for the Greeks in the historic battle. Elmali, however briefly, must have been a point along the line that divided the Greek and Persian forces in Lycia. The hoard might have been buried there for safekeeping by its owner before he went off to fight for the Greeks. He never came back, probably having died in battle. Such is its condition that the hoard must have remained untouched for twenty-four centuries, until 1984. —O.A. and M.K.

The coins, the warranty bill of sale states, were imported in conformity with state and federal law and exported legally "from Germany and every other country in which they were located." Perhaps OKS thought that doing everything by the book in the United States would validate their title of ownership. That may prove to have been a mistake. The hoard was not exported legally from Turkey, nor did Edip et al. have legal title, though they had possession. According to a commentary on one of the major precedents in the area of cultural-property law, the McClain decision of 1977, "possession of antiquities by a foreign seller does not necessarily constitute full legal ownership."

In the fall of 1984, it began to dawn upon Koch, Kagan, and Spier that the vendors had held back a number of coins. The original warranty specified that "none of the sellers has knowledge of any other coins" belonging to the hoard—a bare-faced lie, and a common ruse of experienced antiquities smugglers. As one source told Connoisseur, "Everyone who's in the business knows that anyone possessing most of a hoard will pay a premium to get the rest of it; unscrupulous dealers always act on that principle." The smugglers asked $1.5 million for the remaining coins. Consequently, in December 1984, Koch and OKS sued the smugglers in Massachusetts for breach of contract, noting in the suit that Telli and company had waived in the bill of sale a defense based on lack of "personal or subject-matter jurisdiction" in the state. It was nonetheless a quixotic gesture, one that the smugglers shrugged off.

The OKS lawsuit states that the Telli brothers and Fuat Uzulmez had kept sixty-four coins from the hoard. Of these, six were decadrachms. OKS had purchased only seven in the first deal, believing that to be the full number. To these investors, the news of additional coins was a disaster: OKS was suddenly in no position to try to control the decadrachm's market value.

The bill of sale also states that, according to the smugglers, only three other par-
ties had seen or knew of the hoard. These were Silvia Hurter of Bank Leu, Jay Pritzker of the Chicago family of hoteliers, and Robert Hecht, Jr., of Manhattan's Atlantis Antiquities Ltd.—the grand old man of the artifacts trade, who sold the Met its famous Euphronius Vase. Keeping down the number of viewers is important in terms of manipulating the market. It collectors believed that, say, only four more decadrachms had come into the world, they would pay more handsomely for each than if they realized that thirteen or fourteen had been found. Actually, plenty of other parties had seen the hoard. This, too, diminished OKS's control of the market.

Unbeknownst to the Koch camp, a breach of contract had also occurred between the smugglers. The two Fuats and the Tellis had both held back some coins—but the Fuats had held back more than Edip knew, secreting them in the Bank Leu's vaults. When Edip realized he had paid the Fuats over half a million dollars for less than he got, it is said, he went to the Fuat headquarters in Munich, where he found Aydiner. Soon, Aydiner was happy to have the opportunity to go to Bank Leu to withdraw the missing coins. That settled, the smugglers renegotiated their deal with OKS, selling the remaining sixty-four coins for approximately $800,000. It was hardly a bargain, for Edip and the Fuats, repeating their own initial arrangement, kept part-ownership of the sixty-four coins, thus sharing in the retail profits.

When the coins came into the Koch camp, a sample was authenticated at the Museum of Fine Arts by the curator of classical art, Cornelius Vermeule. Then the collection was cataloged by Kagan and Spier and locked in Koch's bank vaults. Over the next few years, parts of the hoard traveled on loan to various unimpeachably respectable cultural institutions, such as Oxford University and the American Numismatic Society. They were viewed at the society by participants in a conference of the Archaeological Institute of America. Museums, including the Nickle Museum of Arts, in Canada, and, according to one source, the Getty Museum, in California, were approached about exhibiting the coins.

Clearly, OKS Partners wanted to celebrate their hoard far and wide, among both collectors (for which read "potential buyers") and academics ("useful publicists"). "Approval from academe is a sort of applause meter," one collector told Connoisseur. "It can raise the value of an antiquity immeasurably." In short, Koch had good, business reasons to advertise his purchase.

Jonathan Kagan and Jeffrey Spier were apparently motivated by more-scholarly considerations. They published the hoard first and thoroughly—an important accomplishment in academic circles. Though relatively young, Kagan and Spier knew their way through the groves of academe. They had studied classical history and archaeology and graduated from Harvard in 1977 and 1978. Kagan, a pudgy, bespectacled yuppie, went on for his M.A.
The source of greed

Because the numismatics market is in the West, the 1,900 coins of the decadrachm hoard percolated there. This chart traces their various, often complicated, paths owners, and believed whereabouts at press time.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Coin Type/Location</th>
<th>Seller/Dealer</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Erdejnun Akak</td>
<td>Foot Aydinier (“The Little”)</td>
<td>10 coins</td>
<td>Turkey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foot Aydinier</td>
<td>The Goldsmith</td>
<td>2 coins</td>
<td>Oxford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foot Aydinier</td>
<td>Ismet Basbug</td>
<td>A. Basbug</td>
<td>Istanbul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foot Aydinier/Foot Ustufenes</td>
<td>Edip Telli (“The Blind”)</td>
<td>60 coins</td>
<td>Istanbul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Numismatic Society</td>
<td>Koch, Kagan, Spier (CKS)</td>
<td>1,680 + 64 coins</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oxford Symposium</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harlan J. Berk</td>
<td></td>
<td>3 decadrachms (2 returned)</td>
<td>London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anton Tkalec</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Switzerland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silvio Nurtor</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 decadrachm</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior Stamp and Coin</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkish Government</td>
<td></td>
<td>10 coins</td>
<td>Istanbul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swiss Collector</td>
<td></td>
<td>60 coins (50 returned)</td>
<td>Switzerland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beverly Hills Businessman</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 decadrachm</td>
<td>Beverly Hills</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REPORTEDLY: Dealer</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Provenance is a very hard thing to prove when everybody denies having it, regardless of the fact that experts could hardly assess the coins without having satisfied themselves precisely on this point.

On the other hand, lawsuits under civil law for repatriation of stolen cultural property have met with considerable success in recent years. Indeed, Botein Hays & Sklar, the very law firm that originally helped establish civil precedents by winning the return of two Albrecht Dürer paintings to East Germany in 1982, thirty-seven years after their removal, now represents the Turkish government. Their work has allowed a foreign country to sue in American courts to recover stolen patrimony.

Suddenly, by April 1988, four years after the hoard’s initial discovery, its ownership was being questioned, and with it the very premise on which is based the centuries-old trade in smuggled antiquities: whoever does the selling relinquishes responsibility along with the merchandise. If the coins were legally the Turks’, then NFA could legitimately demand to be reimbursed by the vendor Anton Tkalec. Assuming that Tkalec paid up, he would either ask William Koch for his money back or turn to the Turkish government to prove its ownership.

Other problems began to pile up for the Koch camp. Since 1980 Jonathan Kagan had been employed by Lazard Frères and by 1987 had attained the post of junior partner. One of Lazard’s accounts is the Republic of Turkey, and there is nothing the Turkish government resents more than having its stolen patrimony publicly hawked. In March 1988, while coins from the hoard were on their way to auction, Jonathan Kagan was in Turkey advising the deputy prime minister and the undersecretary of the treasury how to invest

at Oxford. Spier, articulate and pale-faced, completed his Ph.D. at Oxford this year with the goal of becoming an academic. It should be added that Kagan, who works at the New York investment bank of Lazard Frères, had money in the deal.

By 1986, Kagan and Spier had arranged a symposium on the hoard in Oxford, England, that included participants from the Bibliothèque Nationale, the British Museum, Oxford University, and other illustrious institutions. For the symposium, they had sent over about fifty coins and prepared a detailed catalog of the OKS hoard. Here was a watertight document, one that could be used by anyone who wished to prove the provenance of the coins. Volumes containing photographs of all the coins circulated among various dealers around the world. That, too, could serve as evidence in the future.

By 1987, OKS was releasing individual pieces from the hoard for sale on the open market, through various dealers. The hoard was beginning to break up, and Koch, if he released the coins gradually and skillfully, was set to make a mint.

The long-awaited feast had begun, and those potential participants the auctioneers and dealers, collectors and investors were ready to pull their chairs up to the table and consume.

As a sort of hors d’oeuvre, ten coins from the hoard were to be sold at auction in Los Angeles in early March 1988. William Koch, it turned out, had sold a consignment of the hoard—some sixty coins, including three decadrachms to Anton Tkalec, a Yugoslav-born dealer living in Switzerland. Tkalec bought them for over $1 million and in turn sold most of them to the California coin-auction house Numismatic Fine Arts. In its catalog for an auction in early March 1988, NFA advertised ten (eight of them Tkalec’s) of the more moderately priced coins, stating that they came from south Anatolia, unambiguously a part of Turkey. This came to the attention of the Turkish government, which asked its lawyers to investigate.

The probe raised profound legal issues. If the hoard had been illegally exported from its country of origin, could it be considered stolen, rendering every institution even tangentially involved—including Boston’s Museum of Fine Arts and the American Numismatic Society—liable to criminal prosecution? Probably not, because criminal guilt is incurred only if the accused party knowingly “receives, conceals, stores, barters, sells, or disposes of” stolen goods. And prior knowledge of

This is a decadrachm, one of only twenty-seven known to survive to modern times.
wisely. At the time, they did not know of the involvement of a Lazard Frères executive with the hoard.

Jeffrey Spier has his own problems. He intends to make a career in archaeology, he says, and the hoard is his pièce de résistance. Any archaeologist working in the classical period knows that Turkey perhaps even more than Greece and Italy, is the place to go for new finds and digs. Being barred from Turkey or ostracized from academia—possible consequences of his having traded in smuggled material—would deal a blow to Jeffrey Spier's high aspirations.

Both Spier and Kagan eventually agreed to talk to Connaissance. Both were distressed by the turn of events but asserted that they had not done anything illegal. Whether they are right, the courts may decide. But who decides on breaches of ethics?

William Koch, if worse comes to worst, stands to lose a few million, which is unlikely to cause him anguish. He has resolutely kept a low profile, refusing to respond to even simple questions. Take a matter pertaining to the activities of his nonprofit foundation. One year after the symposium at Oxford in 1986, a publication on the event, from British Archaeological Reports, appeared, containing the papers given at the original event and the previous by Ian Carradice, curator of coins and medals at the British Museum. It never made it to the American market. Carradice expressed gratitude and stated that “the coins were provided by a foundation in Boston.” Was it William Koch's nonprofit foundation? That made sense, but Koch and the foundation's personnel would not elucidate. Nor did careful reading of the foundation's public reports to date provide the answer.

Whose were the coins? The Oxbow Corporation's spokesman, John Klarfeld, should have known; Oxbow put up most of the purchase price of $3.5 million, but in various conversations, Klarfeld either professed ignorance of the coins or was evasive.

Koch's desire for privacy has not spared him from a battle within numismatics circles. OKS's entry into the wonderful world of coins has upset the big players who have so far controlled the action, most notably the tanned, Buddha-like Bruce McNall, of Numismatic Fine Arts, in Beverly Hills.

Eighteen years ago, McNall took a job at the company, which he acquired in 1977, renaming it Numismatic Fine Arts. In 1974, he was involved in buying and selling the last prehoard decadrachm, which eventually went to Nelson Bunker Hunt, whom he also advised on the acquisition of antiquities. These days, at age thirty-seven, he owns a Thoroughbred syndicate, the Los Angeles Kings hockey team, and the Gladden Entertainment production company (of War Games fame), among other enterprises. McNall's notable contribution to the numismatics industry has been to bring more-powerful investors—people who buy coins for huge sums in order to sell for even larger sums—into the market. These investors have helped to support prices at the high end of the market. Meanwhile, the economy has changed to favor NFA: investment advisers are now steering clients toward coins as a good hedge against inflation.

McNall knows the biggest private investors, runs the biggest auction house, and established the first fund that trades in coins, the Athena Fund. He and Silvia Hurter of Zurich's Bank Leu dominate the

Above temptation: the museums' view

Ever since 1970, when UNESCO promulgated a treaty on the subject, American museums have sought to ensure that an available work of art has not been either stolen or illegally excavated. The treaty, now ratified by sixty-one countries, delimits ethical standards and nations' rights of cultural patrimony. Adding some teeth in the United States is a 1983 law that makes it easier for countries to reclaim illegally exported cultural material.

How, specifically, do museums obey the law? Alan Shustak, the director of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, says that a seller must sign a warranty that the work of art is legally in the clear. He also demands to know the object's history “back to World War II, at least.”

The counsel of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Ashton Hawkins, states that the Met writes a letter to the appropriate ministry in the country in question if they have "inadequate provenance information": "If a dealer doesn't want us to make that inquiry, we generally drop the acquisition."

A spokesperson at the American Numismatic Society says that the society does not “acquire objects it knows to be illegally exported or to which title is not clear.” He maintains that the ANS does “not exhibit such material,” either.

Brave words. But it is evident that sometimes some things do slip through.

—Patricia J. Singer
Okeg Acar is a prize-winning journalist in Turkey. Melik Kaylan is a contributing editor of this magazine.
NFA’s problem arises from a clause in the charter of Athena I that was written to prevent NFA, acting as both consultant and vendor to the fund, from simply advising the acquisition of their own coins, perhaps for a good deal more than they cost. Specifically, the clause allows NFA to sell its own coins to Athena I only at cost plus direct expenses.

Here, we must trace the fate of the one decadrachm that was not part of Koch’s hoard. Back in Elmalı, Ibrahim’s sister and mother sold the coins they had been given to Hasan Sarıbaş, the ex-mayor of Elmalı, and his friend Abdullar Hızne. This minitureasure was intercepted by Silvia Hurter, who skimmed off all but the decfa. (That is how she acquired the sole coin in the hoard from the state of Delos, which is also very rare, though less valuable than the decfa.) Jonathan Rosen, a well-known coin collector in New York and a partner in Atlantis Antiquities Ltd., bought the decfa for $225,000, according to him, and sold it to NFA for $275,000. Numismatics insiders say that McNall then sold it for a substantial profit into the Athena Fund I, which proudly reproduced it in its prospectus. (Most recently, it was sold out of the fund for $600,000, via a dealer.)

Both Rosen, who is also a partner in Athena III, and McNall deny the sale to the fund at a profit, pointing out that such a transaction would be against fund rules. They admit that the fund bought a decfa for $374,000 but deny that it is Rosen’s. Their contention seems to be at odds with the available evidence. The numismatics publication Coin World, in its issue of November 25, 1987, carries a story on the $600,000 decfa sold from the Athena fund and prints its picture. If that is the right coin, it has been identified by a number of experts, including the president of NFA, as part of the hoard. Yet it is definitely not one of Koch’s thirteen. Unless there were a hitherto unknown fifteenth decadrachm in the hoard, the pictured coin appears to be Rosen’s. If so, its sale to the fund at a profit implies a violation of Athena I’s charter.

At press time, the status of the “greatest hoard of history” was still undetermined, but it will not remain so for long. Upon its publication, Turkish sources say, the article you are reading will have been handed to the president of Turkey, Kenan Evren, as he arrives on a state visit to the United States. His response will determine whether Turkey, which is already suing the Metropolitan Museum to get back the so-called Lydian Hoard, launches separate legal action in this affair.

The numismatics powers might well hope that the Turkish state gets the hoard back: the coins have already caused them nothing but trouble. Even the embattled Koch camp might welcome a chance to strike a deal with the Turks, thus bowing gracefully out of what now seems a mess. For everyone concerned except the smugglers, one hoard like this seems plenty enough for the century.

**What the hoard could buy**

In antiquity, one silver talent equaled 6,000 drachmas, which could buy you as many as 150 slaves, or 1,300 oxen, or 2,000 pairs of sandals, or ten metric tons of wheat—the equivalent of one year’s food expenses for perhaps twelve families of five people each.

The Turks who found the silver coins in 1984 sold two of the least valuable, Lycian staters, to a goldsmith in Antalya for $175 each. Had they attempted to sell them to the city’s museum, a special committee would have convened to offer the highest amount legally permitted for each coin: $50. The value of a Lycian stater on the world market is $1,000.

The goldsmith’s price of $175 was the equivalent in 1984 of the museum director’s monthly salary or that of the police chief who uncovered the incident of the hoard. A Turkish customs officer of the time made $125 a month.

The decadrachm that Ibrahim’s mother and sister got as a gift from the excavators was eventually sold for $600,000 in the United States. Had it been offered to the Antalya museum in 1984, the highest sum at the committee’s disposal for any antiquities would have been $6,000. The committee might have prevailed upon the Directorate of Museums and Antiquities, in Ankara, to buy the coin. The directorate would then have had to appeal to the minister of finance for funds. If all permissions had been granted, the $600,000 would have amounted to the directorate’s entire annual acquisitions budget. Not a penny more could have been spent by any Turkish museum to purchase antiquities that year.

Let us now assume that the Turkish government wanted to buy the decadrachm hoard at its market value of $10 million. That would take an official request to the National Budget Committee to find the money somewhere. Where? In 1984, $110 million—only two-thirds the total annual budget of the Antiquities’ parent body, the Ministry of Culture.

—O.A. and M.K.
Reinventing the Sailboat

By Richard Conniff  Photographs by Bob Wagner

Garry Hoyt takes on the establishment
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. It is a bitter January afternoon, and there are no boats to look at on the harbor. Garry Hoyt, who lives for the sound of water lapping against a fiberglass hull, is reduced to watching a computer conjure up a boat in the back office of a modest shingle house in midtown. At least the boat is interesting to look at, even weird. Green lines gradually form a sleek, thin fuselage, then an overlay of gray starts to give it three-dimensionality. Off to one side of the screen, the computer sketches in a shape that looks very much like a wing.

The office and the computer belong to David Pedrick, one of the most highly respected yacht designers and also one of the more conservative. The weird boat design originated with Hoyt. There is an odd partnership—a calculating, scientific professional and an amateur who does not merely shoot from the hip but uses an automatic. Also on the design team is a stringy young New Zealander, an aircraft and multihull designer named Richard Roake, who describes himself matter-of-factly as "a certified maniac."

By now, the shape on the screen resembles a fighter jet on ice skates. (The "skates" are actually hydrofoils.) Hoyt looks away and notices a photograph of an ocean-going maxiboat, a glorious thing with spinnaker, bloopers, mainsail, and mizzen all belled out by the wind. "Look at that," he remarks, "dragging half the ocean with him, and that huge cloud of canvas, all of it not aerodynamic. That's the old-fashioned way." The boat happens to be a Pedrick design; but then, Hoyt has never pretended to be a diplomat. "Why not lift out of the water and zip along like an airplane?" he asks.

On the computer screen, the fighter jet has sprouted an odd blue excrecence where its tail assembly should be. It is not exactly a sail but a sailing rig, with airfoils shaped like the slats of a Venetian blind set upright inside an oblong frame. "A waffle iron," says Roake. "A flyswatter," says Hoyt. The people at the syndicate Stars & Stripes, who studied Hoyt's design when they were considering ideas for this year's oddball America's Cup challenge (see box), dubbed it the Killer Mosquito. Hoyt and his partners call it the Killer Wasp. They believe that the pairing of hydrofoils under the water and airfoils above will break the sailing speed record of 38.8 knots (about forty-five miles an hour), now held by a sailboard. Pedrick's computer predicts that the Wasp could do 63 knots in a 25-knot wind, which would be the sailing equivalent of Mach 1. All they need now is four months and $350,000—hardly even pocket change in the world of high-performance sailing.

Some people argue that the Wasp and a lot of other ideas Hoyt has floated in the last few years do not constitute sailing. Hoyt says sailing as most people know it is brain dead, a sport going nowhere even as the America's Cup, its premier event, stirs up unprecedented public attention. Apart from Windsurfers, which the sailing establishment disdains (a case of "T-shirts versus stuffed shirts," according to Hoyt), the sailboat market has been comatose for four years. New powerboats have meanwhile crowded the waterways like toys in a toddler's bath.

What's wrong with the sailing world ... but, according to Hoyt, what isn't? At the low end, he says, potential newcomers get scared off because sailing looks costly, complex, and dangerous. On the high end, the sailing establishment likes it that way, protecting an enclave where "entrenched ignorance" masquerades as tradition and the "hired apes" of the crew are fobbed off as Corinthian amateurs, where arcane rules make legal finagling more important than actual sailing, and where everybody

The Killer Wasp: a pod-shaped fuselage raised above the water on a pair of hydrofoils, topped by a sailing rig with airfoils slatted like a Venetian blind.
No higher math for Hoyt.
"I do my bathtub tests."

The Freedom 28. Having made a go of the Freedom line, Hoyt sold the firm.

ultimately goes slow. "Where else," he asks, "would men spend two million dollars to produce a 'maxi' yacht requiring a crew of twenty-two men, which can't go as fast as a horse can trot?"

After twenty-five years in advertising, Hoyt knows how to turn a barb. In the early 1980s, when he was promoting Freedom Yachts, his own innovative and highly successful line of cruising boats, a typical ad suggested that it was necessary to be patient with the establishment, "remembering that where they keep their heads it's hard to see the light, and the view gets progressively narrower." The establishment in turn dismissed him as "some commercial ex-adman who is trying to flog sailing like Bromo-Seltzer."

Lately, though, Hoyt has been firing his salvos as a guest in the bastions of tradition. Last fall, for instance, in an article in the U.S. Yacht Racing Union's magazine, American Sailor, he suggested junking the sacred Olympic racing course. That traditional triangle balances windward and leeward work but also turns the traffic back on itself at every corner, creating havoc. "Imagine," Hoyt mused, "if they tried that in auto racing." The traditional course requires endless rules to govern crossings, and competitors are supposed to report one another's violations—which, Hoyt says, fosters a "KGB mentality." Races, he complains, wind up being decided in late-night protest meetings where so-called sea lawyers bitch and moan their way to victory. Even worse, spectators trying to get a taste of the sport see hardly anything—white dots bobbing on the horizon; they understand less. Better for the future of the sport, said Hoyt, to eliminate the corners and put the spectators in the middle, where the action can revolve around them. Hence the Hoyt Radial Race Course, with a sort of houseboat at the hub and with referees calling fouls and meting out penalties on the spot.

Hoyt's pedal-powered Waterbugs: a "dramatic lack of commercial success."

So far, his writings have produced only the usual dubious mumbling. "There's this general sailing mentality," says Hoyt, "if it hasn't been done before, why are you for it? It hasn't been done before. It might not work. But that's what makes it interesting."

Hoyt and his wife, Donna, live in an upside-down but otherwise conventional house overlooking Newport Harbor. Hoyt says he got in the habit of looking at things in new and different ways—upside down, inside out—precisely because he is a commercial ex-adman. He started out ignominiously in the mail room at Young & Rubicam, a New York ad agency, having failed to become the next Picasso during a bohemian period in Mexico. By age thirty-eight, he had earned a seat on the board of directors, largely on the strength of new ideas. "They'd say, 'Don't give us something warmed over, Hoyt. We've seen that campaign before,' " Everything had to be strikingly different, but also with some underlying flash of logic. The logic of the upside-down house is a case in point. It makes no sense, Hoyt could not help observing, to waste the best view, from the upper floor, on bedrooms. So, he put the living room and kitchen on top instead.

He doesn't much care whether this particular idea sweeps the home-building industry; it works. He does, however, care intensely about transforming the sailing industry. Donna Hoyt tosses her eyes at the clutter of experimental
boat designs in their backyard. "I prefer real estate," she says, a little hopelessly.

Hoyt has been sailing since his father pushed him into a Sneakbox on New Jersey's Barnegat Bay half a century ago. He managed to spend most of his advertising career based in San Juan, heading Young & Rubicam's Latin American and Far Eastern offices, and he sailed for Puerto Rico in two Olympics, finishing respectably in the Finn and Tempest classes. He once placed third in the Snipe world championship, and first in the Sunfish.

Small boats are his passion, and he has written lovingly about the bond between skipper and boat: "He senses her every mood and matches it to wind and wave. He hikes out at just the right instant before she heels, and comes in precisely when she eases. He coaxes her onto extra waves, and grooves his go-abouts to brief ballets. He gives the boat her head and never pulls her up short with jerky helm movements. He gains an easy rapport with fore and aft trim, shifting his weight in delicate rhythm like a surfer... He's not just in the boat, he's with the boat."

The flip side of this passion is pure vitriol against "the abrasive Aryan arrogance" of sailors who think bigger necessarily means better or that "spending power" translates into "sailing skill." In his first book, Go for the Gold, Hoyt flatly asserted that "small boat sailors are better than big boat sailors." The winners of the America's Cup and the Bermuda Race aren't the best sailors in the world, he said; they merely have more-expensive equipment. In Ready About!, his second book, he turned this into a challenge, with an eye to television: Why not stage an annual competition to establish the World Champion Sailor? Like decathlon athletes, entrants would have to compete in a diversity of events on standardized equipment, stripped of the security of a single familiar design. A championship would play up individual athletes, whereas the America's Cup intimidates outsiders with technology and teamwork. Hoyt suggested four events—board sailing (with Windsurfers), dinghy (with Lasers), catamaran (with Hobie 14's), and distance racing (for which he nominated his own Freedom 21). More dubious mumbling.

Hoyt, now fifty-seven, does not race at all anymore. A bad back put a crimp in his ability to scream along with his butt hanging out off the rail of some perilous little boat, and he became his own designer. He dreamed up a boat with no jibs, just two mainsails on free-standing masts. For romantic effect, he made the after cabin look like part of a pirate ship. ("It was godawful-looking," says David Pedrick, who also can be undiplomatic.) Experts told him the masts would fall down, but he had the prototype Freedom yacht built anyway and took it to the Newport boat show. There, people jeered because the boat had no auxiliary engine and had to be rowed to the dock like a Roman galley.

Hoyt brazened it out, offering $10,000 at the Annapolis boat show to any single-handed boat of similar size that could beat him. He got no takers but happily recalls thrilling the dubious sailing public by maneuvering his oddball boat around the crowded little harbor in a stiff wind. Back in the Caribbean, Hoyt won some races, got some orders, and eventually persuaded Everett Pearson in Newport to build the boats for him. Thus Freedom Yachts was born. Hoyt soon began to extend the Freedom line with new designs based on his own intuitions. The mathematical formulas on which most naval architects depend left him blinking, so he worked out his flotation calculations in the bathtub, moving a lead puck around inside a fiberglass mold. "All my boats floated right on their lines," he says, "because I'd done my bathtub tests."

Soon, Hoyt quit his advertising job and moved to Newport. He began flogging his
Sailboats traditionally race on triangular courses to balance windward and leeward work. Traffic turns back on itself, creating havoc at the corners. Why not test the same skills, Hoyt asks, on a circular course—and let spectators see?

Since then, Hoyt has pursued two related agendas, as a sailing enthusiast and as a designer. Hoyt the enthusiast wants to open up sailing to the rest of the world. In Ready About! (the title is sailing babble meaning that it is time to head in a new direction), he proposed the development of sailing resorts, like ski resorts, where ordinary people could go for a weekend to try the sport. "Where are they supposed to go now?" he asks. "To a yacht club?" Hoyt also argued for toning down sailing machismo—"All those apes on race boats defying nature in that man-against-the-sea thing"—to make the sport more appealing to women. One dubious mumbler replied, "When Hoyt has the roof in place, all the fans plugged in, and the waveless, watery Astrosurf undulating seductively at the new Club Sail or the Supersaildome, I expect to see it advertised as nothing less than a sexy introduction to the twenty-first century."

Hoyt the designer meanwhile has been working at these problems: (1) a boat that a complete neophyte can sail safely after one hour of instruc-

CONNOISSEUR
The Mess over the America's Cup

Except for scale, Bruce Farr's New Zealand yacht looks quite conventional.

schooner and cutter to J-class sloop and, for the past thirty years, twelve-meter yacht, marking along the way such milestones in design as the intamous "winged keel" of Australia II. This was the yacht that in 1983 finally wrestled the cup away from the New York Yacht Club, where it had been bolted to the floor since 1851. But only one of these racing vessels, each state-of-the-art in its time, will be made to look like a crop duster next to the ultra-light jet fighters of the next America's Cup race. Duncan MacLaine, a member of the design team for Sui America—which represents the current holder of the cup, the San Diego Yacht Club—states the matter fltaly: "These boats are going to be unlike anything anybody's ever seen before."

Gunning for the cup from across the water is the New Zealand banker Michael Fay, who broke the long-established twelve-meter mold by challenging the cup under the largest Deed of Gift. He has taken legal action to force San Diego to meet his 90-foot-waterline boat or forfeit the "Audie Mug." Fay's huge monohull, a Bruce Farr design, measures 123 feet overall and sports a mast 150 feet above the deck. The "extreme beam" of the boat is 26 feet, which makes her look as wide as an aircraft carrier. She is not as heavy, however. It will take a crew of forty to hold her down.

Dennis Conner, who at the helm of the boat that yanked the cup back from Australia in 1987, has responded to Fay's challenge with a big monohull with a big catamaran, a scaled-up version of the 26.5-foot J-class cat on which he is based. Five to seven men will crew the big-carpet-long-eve, some manipulating the space-age, ninety-foot-high "wing" sail they hope to deploy. Constructed of carbon fiber and Mylar by Bert Rutan, who also built the radical round-the-world plane Voyager, it is like a jet wing stood on end, with slots and flaps to shape the wind. Both the big cat and the giant monohull will attempt to reach maximum speeds of over thirty knots, three times as fast as a twelve-meter—a feat that would leave the spectator fleet spinning in their wake.

Fay is opposed to this mismatch. To complicate matters, Great Britain's Peter de Savary and Australia's Ian Murray, who lost the cup to Conner last year, are building big monohulls, hoping to race Fay for the challenger's seat. Whether these various sea monsters will ever meet is still a subject of debate. But if they are harbingers of America's Cup yachts to come, any sequel to Chevalier and Taglang's book will read something like a history of NASA.

—Louise Radem

Numbered, signed copies of America's Cup Yacht Designs 1851-1986 are available through Eric Raul-Duval, 412 Fishtown Street, Philadelphia, PA 19147, phone: (215) 925-9628.

Richard Conniff, the author of Irish Walls and editor of The Devil's Book of Verse, has been sailing since his teens.
The Three Best Inns of Italy

Simple elegance, fabulous food

By Corby Kummer

People travel a long way to get here, and they're looking for family, capito?" says the owner of one of the best restaurant-inns in all of Italy. She speaks for the three restaurateurs in this article. All make their guests feel that a friend has invited them over to his place to eat a superlative home-cooked meal and sleep in guest rooms beyond the reach of most hosts—rooms on flowered terraces with views, furnished in idiosyncratic and very appealing taste, with big and luxurious bathrooms.

There are other superb restaurants in Italy, and other superb inns, even with good restaurants (see box); but the places in this article—which form a neat tour of the country from north to south—have no peer in Italy. They are dedicated to preserving and celebrating the food of their region, and they assume that their guests share certain fundamental

 Photographs by Paul Warchol
Franco Colombani’s wine cellar, with more than 12,000 bottles, is famous all over Europe. In summer, tables are set under the eves across a courtyard from a barn where Colombani makes his own balsamic vinegar.

The inspiration for them all is Franco Colombani’s Albergo del Sole, a fifty-minute drive southeast of Milan, in Maleo. Colombani has realized a long time dream by restoring a 1464 inn that has been in the family since his grandfather bought it, in 1893. A huge fireplace dominates the main room with an antique spit that still works. Close by, Silvana Colombani, who began working at Sole when she was sixteen and married the boss at twenty-one, finishes dishes and serves them in full view of diners. Silvana has helped to lighten and personalize the traditional food her husband is committed to.

The inspiration for them all is Franco Colombani’s Albergo del Sole, a fifty-minute drive southeast of Milan, in Maleo. Colombani has realized a longtime dream by restoring a 1464 inn that has been in the family since his grandfather bought it, in 1893. A huge fireplace dominates the main room with an antique spit that still works. Close by, Silvana Colombani, who began working at Sole when she was sixteen and married the boss at twenty-one, finishes dishes and serves them in full view of diners. Silvana has helped to lighten and personalize the traditional food her husband is committed to.

The food is rarely complicated, and it is always exemplary. You might begin, for instance, with something as refined as a salad of hare in a vinaigrette with pomegranate seeds, capers, raisins, balsamic vinegar, and white truffles—a recipe from the Gonzaga court at Mantua—or with something as hearty as cotechino (a homemade sausage) and salami with a puree of beans and cabbage. All the bean dishes are exceedingly good and well seasoned; good beans are a hallmark of a restaurant that cares how all of its food tastes. Risottos are made with a local rice so rare that Colombani calls it a cru. To accompany the risotto alla Milanese, try a classic osso buco; or have mallard duck with olives and a hint of tomatoes; or order the house favorite, stracotto—a deeply flavored pot roast cooked for hours in Barbera. Desserts are a specialty, and it is impossible to resist the delicate, addictive pound cake in a pool of
foamy sauce of mascarpone (fresh cream cheese) and rum. It is mandatory to have local Gorgonzola and Lodigiano, a drier, nuttier, and more powerful version of Parmigiano, made in nearby Lodi. Some Milanese drive to Maleo just for a chunk.

Colombani counsels menu selection and wines with an anxious and genuine solicitude. His wine suggestions are to be heeded and recorded: he has been president of both the Association of Italian Sommeliers and the International Association of Sommeliers, and his cellar is famous all over Europe. So is his library. Colombani began collecting rare cookbooks in the early sixties, when they were still affordable, and he loves to share his passionate scholarship.

Guests may eat by themselves or at the long central table, which was once a feature of all inns, in a spacious room furnished with rustic touches: copper pots hang everywhere, along with antique ceramics. The rooms (eight in all) have the same rustic feel, but all have very modern beds, and most have sitting rooms and views of a small, pretty garden.

Within a twenty-minute ride, Cremona and Piacenza rise gently out of the flat landscape, both studies in the warm, angular Lombard Romanesque. Even the tiny Pizzighettone, five minutes away, has a fine medieval guard tower and church with a classic octagonal Romanesque steeple. (It also has the riotous Chiesa di San Pietro en Gerèl, with nineteenth-century mosaics on a façade bright as a billboard, an interior ablaze with more mosaics, and an eighteenth-century octagonal steeple that is a rococo scherzo on its medieval forebear.) You might not want to tell Franco and Silvana that you have snuck some of Italy's best gianduia (chocolate-hazelnut) ice cream at the gelateria, where their young daughter often bicycles. You have already experienced at their restaurant cooking that one longtime Milanese Sommelier calls il massimo.

Albergo del Sole, Via Trabattoni 22, Maleo (Milan) 20076; phone: (377) 58 142. Closed for the months of January and August.

"Above all, this is a country house open to all who come," says Dania Lucherini, who runs La Chiusa with her husband, Umberto. At this Tuscan house, ancient farm life continued well into this century. Workers pressed olives, grew everything they needed to eat, and baked bread every day.
in the brick oven. Thirteen years ago Umberto decided to reinstate this buzz of activity in the farm his father had bought and to run a nearly self-sufficient restaurant and inn that would be a living museum of Tuscan country ways.

Luckily, Umberto is a cheerfully arrogant man who at the same time intended to run the best restaurant in Italy. In Dana he had a partner of such style and enthusiasm that La Chiusa quickly became a contender for the title. The food, like Dana’s kitchen, is tender. Her principal cooks are comfortable women with big, capable hands and generous forms. They use utensils that both chefs would scorn, and they bicker affectionately like a pair of unmarried great-aunts. When asked who makes the ethereally light pasta, both sing out, “Me!” And one who rolls out the noodles of an almost unimaginable fineness says naughtily of the other, “They have to store her pasta separately from mine—it’s thicker.” But the other prides herself on her filled tortellini and ravioli, which she says the first woman can’t quite get the hang of.

You will probably find yourself trying the handiwork of both women before the main course: three plates of pasta are not unusual. The tagliatelle with a puree of wild nettles are so good that you try the ravioli that has truffles in both the pasta dough and the filling, and of course you can’t leave without sampling the local handmade fat spaghetti in a tomato sauce. If you’ve peeked into the kitchen you’ll want something grilled over the hearth, and the best choice might well be pigeon in a sweet, powerful sauce of umbruto. On the other hand, this is the Val di Chiana, famous for its succulent beef, and it is so good over the fire . . .

After you rise from this three- or four-hour-long meal, accompanied by superbly chosen Tuscan wines, you will be light on your feet. Dana’s food is artless. She does not see the point of cream—a spoonful of beaten egg works better—and rarely uses butter. La Chiusa’s own olive oil is fine, thank you. The miraculous goodness of so much of the food could well be the result of everything’s having been grown right on the property. Things taste of themselves with nothing intermediating.

Dana has decorated each of the seven guest rooms with nineteenth-century armoires, desks, and chairs and antique linen runners and curtains with fretwork. The bathrooms are the surprise; nearly as big as the rooms, they have a vast circular tub big enough for an intimate party, with molded seats for sitting upright or reclining. Beside the tub is a towel rack with brass water pipes that become hot seconds after you turn it on.

Three of the rooms have patios that overlook the partly barren, partly fertile landscape between Montepulciano and Pienza. The lush Strada del Chianti, with a castle at every turn, is embarrassingly showy by comparison. Here are the same rolling and mounting hills but scraped clean, harshly beautiful, and the more evocative. The plum in the view of Montepulciano from the terrace is San Biagio, which was built of cool, sand-colored travertine between 1518 and 1549 and is a triumphant summation of Renaissance ideals.

La Chiusa, Via della Madonna 88, Montefollonico 53040; phone: (577) 669 668. Closed from mid-January to mid-March.

Visitors to Puglia, in the heel of the boot of Italy, feel like pioneers, but it is beginning to attract the old Italy hands who have recently scoured Sicily. One of the impediments to traveling to Puglia—which offers the same wild landscape, town squares on the sea, and hodgepodge of cultural influences of Sicily—has been a lack of wonderful places to stay. Now there is Il Melograno, a restaurant-inn near the main port of Bari (a one-hour flight from Rome) that is so pretty and has food so good that visitors might not even want to stir themselves to sightsee.

Like La Chiusa, Il Melograno (The Pomegranate) is a former working farm. The chief product here, as in all of Puglia, has always been olives. Olive trees—some that predate Christ—surround the tennis court, and pomegranate trees the pool; and there is always something in bloom.
At the opulent II Melograno, a walkway between rooms with grape arbor, redolent citrus trees, and olive trees that predate Christ.

The hotel's private beach is a three-minute drive down a hill to Monopoli, a resort town favored by Bari's best. The hotel began in 1986 as a showcase for the cooking of Puglia, which is based strongly on vegetables, fruit, and local versions of pasta. The pasta with cece, for example, is just strands of locally made spaghetti with a puree of white beans, seasoned with salt and pepper and oil made from II Melograno's olives, which are allowed to ripen and drop rather than being picked off the trees. It is one of the best dishes served anywhere in Italy. The versions of orecchiette, the typical cup-shaped pasta made of buckwheat and hard white flour, made by Vito Semeraro, a young cook born in the nearby, aristocratic town of Martina Franca and trained in Milan, are definitive, whether served with a peppery tomato sauce or with bitter cime di rapa (turnip greens). A wonderful dish to look at and eat is roasted yellow peppers served with spaghetti and a meat sauce with sharp pecorino (sheep's-milk cheese) that is made locally.

Semeraro's focaccia, based on that of his
illustrious predecessor, the chef Antonio Vincenti, is so airy and full of that scented olive oil that it could suffice as a meal. He will happily fix up a box lunch to take to the beach, perhaps including panini with local salami and fresh mozzarella, from a woman down the street. His ice cream, made with the mulberries that grow at Il Melograno, and his lemon tart make one question why most Italian pastry makers forgo a backseat to the French and Viennese. The breakfast of freshly baked, puffy croissants and homemade jams is one of the few in Italy worth waking up for.

A few places are more pleasant to have it at than the terrace of one of the rooms at Il Melograno. Camillo Guerra, the owner, for many years an antiques dealer, has outfitted the eight rooms with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture from Pugliese country houses. You might find a neoclassical bureau or an inlaid Empire headboard or an Arts and Crafts armoire in your room, and if you can’t go home without something just like it, Guerra will locate it for you. You can ask anything about the hotel or the region of his wife, who teaches English literature, or his daughter, who plans to teach and who displays a terrifying familiarity with conjugations.

Guerra will also arrange tours of the many attractions of Puglia: the fantastic trulli, domed houses of white stone constructed without mortar so that workers could avoid paying property tax, in the countryside around Alberobello; the perfectly octagonal Castel del Monte, built by Frederick II in about 1240; San Nicola, in Barletta, with its bursting inventive column capitals from the twelfth century, when the city was a launching point for Crusaders; the old city of Barletta around it, which is even more characteristic than Naples (and as parlous for anyone swinging a handbag or sporting gold jewelry), with its twisted streets and houses in shades of salmon and watermelon; and Lecce, the segnorial city, with its own brand of Spanish-Italian baroque in every balcony, lamp post, and cornice. It will take the promise of another dinner at Il Melograno and morning at the pool to persuade you to leave.

Il Melograno, Contrada Torrincella 345, Monopoli, Barletta 70043; phone: (80) 808 656. Open year-round.

Corby Kummer, a senior editor at the Atlantic, often writes about food and travel.

The rustic look of the reception area extends to the bedrooms, furnished with fine pieces from Pugliese country houses.

For Fancier Fare

The three hotels below offer dreams of how the aristocracy lives, rather than the simpler (and more genuinely aristocratic) notion of life offered by the three above. These inns are for hushed elegance, perfect, freshly ironed linen, and service on demand from maids and valets who change livery each evening. They are run by superlative hoteliers dedicated to the idea of good food.

The VILLA CORNER DELLA REGINA is an imposing villa fifty kilometers (an hour’s drive) from Venice. It was built in 1500, rebuilt around 1700 in grand Palladian style, and converted five years ago into a resort hotel with eleven rooms (seven of them suites), a pool, and two tennis courts. The wife of the Venetian count who bought the villa (it had been the private house of an Englishman) let her imagination, and her printed fabrics, loose in the decor. The Venetian-trained chef creates hearty versions of standard Venetian risottos and seafood. The restaurant is open to nonguests.

Villa Corner della Regina, Cavasgna di Vedelago, Treviso; phone: (423) 481 481. Reservations from America through E&M Associates; (212) 719-4898.

HOTEL CERTOSA DI MAGGIANO is a converted thirteenth-century monastery just outside Siena, most of its fourteen rooms overlooked hills that have not changed since Simone Martini painted them. The proprietress, Anna Recordati, has decorated the receiving rooms with mahogany desks, tapestries, and salvers that make each corner and wall fit to be photographed. Her perfectionism almost overpowers, but she has certainly made a beautiful hotel, with gardens, a pool, and a tennis court.

In a field across the road from the hotel, Recordati grows most of the vegetables and fruit served in the small, exquisite dining room. Recently she hired a new chef from northern Italy, in an attempt to make the restaurant as esteemed as the hotel. His food is imaginative in sometimes inappropriate ways (he makes French butter sauces, but much of it—a dish of fresh fava beans with tomato and shrimp, for example, or a perfumed strawberry mille-feuille—is delicious, and he knows not to undercook fish.

Hotel Certosa di Maggiano, Via di Certosa 82; phone: (577) 288 180.

The LORD BYRON is owned by another famous perfectionist, Amedeo Ottaviani, who must make every room as sumptuous and sogné as he can. Every surface is covered in a rich material: burl veneer, brass trim, white Formica, and yards and yards of chiffon. The hotel, a large white stucco former house, though not exactly in the country, looks out onto the Borghese gardens and a panorama of Rome beyond. The hotel’s restaurant, Relais le Jardin, helped introduce nouvelle cuisine to Rome. But it never went to extremes and has remained popular because, unlike many nouvelle cuisine restaurants that are going out of fashion, the food still seems Italian and has flavor.

Hotel Lord Byron, Via Giuseppe De Notaris 5, Rome 00197; phone: (6) 360-9541.
FLOWERS THAT NEVER FADE

Cotton roses and silk chrysanthemums

By Jody Shields

Fashion is plunging headlong down the primrose path. This spring and summer, hats loaded with artificial flowers recall the excesses of Edwardian millinery; skirts have been turned into inverted bouquets, dresses into artful arrangements of petals; even shoes have blossomed. Ungaro has pinned flowers up and down his complex, tutu--like gowns; Givenchy has covered strapless evening dresses with hundreds of delicately colored blossoms that flutter as the wearer moves; Galanos has created a capelet of mammoth, fragile pink flowers for a strict green evening gown and has pieced together a bolero of improbable aqua satin roses; Jean Paul Gaultier tops off a turban with flowers and butterflies and invites women to squeeze into rubber skirts dripping with rubber seaweed. Even the chaste Armani adorns a spare suit with a blowzy rose, while Dior embellishes a lavish straw hat with pale cabbage roses. The man who started it all, Christian Lacroix, has not lost his enthusiasm for artificial flowers. He is still loading his pouts with rosettes, ribbons, and enormous, full-blown fake roses. Every shop and department store now displays baskets overflowing with fabric flowers to be fastened on chignon or chokers, tied to a wrist, or pinned to a lapel. A woman could get hay fever just opening her closet door.

Why this riot of roses? The French fleuriste Monsieur André Lemarié, who has spent nearly a quarter century creating flowers for the couture, gives short skirts the credit. Bare legs below call for more ornament above. Ungaro contents himself with saying that he loves fake flowers for their “sensuality, tenderness, and humor.” At Chanel, where a camellia on the lapel used to be an absolute essential, they haven’t a clue. But, after all, what need have flowers for apologists?

The roots of the artificial flower reach back over centuries. These beautiful, imperishable blooms are made now much as they were 200 years ago, when their leaves were of taffeta and their petals of fine batiste. One master fleuriste even created a rose for Marie Antoinette out of the film inside eggshells. Few fleuristes are left today, but those who remain—chief among them Maison Trousselier (which will open a New York branch later this year) and Maison Lemarié in Paris and, in New York, Dulken & Derrick—use the methods evolved by the earliest makers.

There is something almost uncanny about the creation of an artificial flower. Sinister instruments, worn smooth by women’s practiced hands over the course of a century, tweeze, punch, poke, and curl delicate petals. Shortcuts and improvements are almost unknown; time is disregarded, for every petal is painstakingly made by hand. The cutting and curling, the coloring, and the assembly of a single flower takes countless hours and many pairs of hands. At least three artisans are involved in the different steps of each flower’s production. No wonder, then, that a single delphinium can cost well over $200; that at Chanel in New York the classic silk camellia will set you back $140 before tax.

Photographs by Maggie Steber
A formful of beauties from Trousselier: peonies, Queen Mary and Yolande roses. On her hat, a Queen rose and poppies; on her pants, a camellia.
If fresh flowers begin life as a length of pure white, natural man-made fibers will not hold the shape. The mat, delicate petals of lilies and roses are reproduced in cotton; fragile, transparent delphiniums, irises, and violets, in silk. Leaves are cut from a predyed cotton treated with a special glaze that stiffens the leaves and gives them their mat or their shiny finish.

Petal molds are used to punch out petals from the fabric, cookie-cutter style. To produce its variously sized petals, up to three or four molds may be used for a single flower. They are heavy, brutal-looking instruments of cast bronze, in use since the last century. If one breaks, it is a tragedy, for their manufacturers have long since departed. The remaining flower houses avidly buy up the irreplaceable tools of those that close their doors.

Next, the bloom of color is applied to the virgin white petals. "Fleuriste," Elisabeth Bayle-Mouillard wrote in 1838, "whose principal secrets are dexterity and patience, speak of the application of color as if it were an occult science." But it is a technique like any other, and in her book *Nouveau Manuel du Fleuriste Artificiel*, one of the earliest texts ever written on the subject, she explained it in scientific detail. The flowers were made of silk (satin, velvet, or organdy), cotton (batiste, muslin, or percale), or linen batiste. The petals were dyed with decoctions of such materials as indigo, brazil wood, carmine, madder, saffron, and ink. They were held together with gum arabic, egg white, or rice or fish glue and mounted on stems of wild-boar bristle.

These secrets have been passed on down the years, and the flowers are made much as they were long ago. An artisan with decades of experience, the colorist has perfected each fragile tint, applying it to a "master petal," which records her keen observation of the color changes from bud to half-open blossom to full-blown flower. Each petal is hand-colored, a process so delicate that it must be done under natural light.

The dye is daubed on with a cotton-tip applicator or a boar-bristle brush. The individual petals are visited by the colorist's brush several times, for only one color can be applied at a time. The newly dyed, wet petals are then set to dry between two sheets of blotting paper.

Tinted petals rest on a pillow waiting to be shaped with heated metal instruments, which give each the right curl. Too hot or pressed too long, the irons can burn the delicate petals.

Tiny irregular markings are the last step in coloring a petal. Needle-fine dots and streaks are brushed on with a stencil or painted on with a tiny sable brush to reproduce the stripes of a tulip, the freckles of a lily. The best hand-painted blossoms have an almost hallucinatory realism, and to see a drawer full of them can be breathtaking—all the brilliance of a summer garden arrested at its apogee.

To add texture and shape, some of the colored petals and leaves are stamped in a second mold, something like a waffle iron, which gives rose petals, for instance, their characteristic veining, finer than a spiderweb. By now the petal looks almost real and has only to be coaxed into a curl. As it rests on a plump linen pillow, a knobbled metal tool is heated over an open flame and then stroked down the center of the petal. Each, from lily of the valley to peo-
Left: Delphinium; on the hat an antique lettuce. Center: Peonies; on the hat a pink poppy, gardenia, and cymbidium orchid. Right: A bouquet of Queen Mary and Bengal roses; on the hat a green dahlia and two roses.
ny, requires its special tool to give it a curl and create its characteristic cup shape. A single, luxuriously petalled flower can cost an entire day's work.

Once shaped, the petals are ready for their stems. The stamens are attached to the end of a wire; then the petals are glued around them, spaced unevenly, overlapping one another. The angle at which the flower is placed on the stem is important, for it determines whether the flower will stand erect or droop sensuously. All this can take over an hour.

While waiting for final assembly, the completed flower is placed on a wooden stand, or, at Trousselier—an old custom of the house—stuck into a raw potato. Finally, leaves and stalks are added: either a hollow rubber tube or a wire wrapped with green or brown paper. So small a matter as the wrapping of the stalk is crucial: too tight or too loose, and the flower will lack a flexible, lifelike posture. And there at last it is, a flower to outlast many seasons.

The last big blooming season was in the years between the world wars. Artificial flowers were fashionable essentials, their wearing a calculated art form. In 1928, Vogue declared, "Neither our complexion nor our flowers are to be real"; nor our flowers, they might well have added. Until the crash in 1929, the flower, both natural and imitation, the cloche hat, and the string of pearls were fashion requirements. "In a flower, properly worn, lies youth, beauty, chic!" exclaimed the magazine Fashion Accessories, somewhat breathlessly.

The simplicity of the "modern" look—narrow dresses without frills, collars, or sleeves—created a natural setting for the flower, which accordingly grew dramatically from "hand span" and "important" to "mammoth." A single blossom could cover an entire shoulder; there were white satin fields with violet interiors, shaggy crimson silk poppies, ombre chrysanthemums, perky cotton

bouquets of field flowers, satin roses spangled with rhinestones. Roses might be red and violets blue, but then again they might be green and beige. Flowers were patterned with "jazz dots," spatters, plaids, and checks.

Moreover, there was an appropriate species for morning, afternoon, and evening, as well as for the seasons. Gardenias were worn only in spring or fall. Print or beaded dresses, suits, even swim wear had the "right" flower to be worn in the "right" way. Slaves to fashion had to be on their toes. Magazines could be combed for counsel: "There is an almost unwritten law that the tender and erotic orchid has the exclusive privilege of being worn with the fur coat" was good advice in 1927. That unwritten law also dictated that the orchid must be worn on the outside of the coat's left sleeve.

At night, flamboyant blooms were draped around the waist, the wrist, tacked to the back of a low-cut dress. Immense corsages garnished the shoulder (always the left). One end of the "trailer" corsage would be pinned to the shoulder, the other left hanging to the waist or floor.

More restraint was exercised by day. With tweeds the fashionable flapper wore field flowers in a neat buttoniere. The truly chic might sport a lizard-skin corsage on the lapel of a suit, matched to handbag, shoes, or umbrella.

Along with pearls and short skirts, flowers fell from grace after 1929. Not until the mid-1930s did they reappear, and once again there were "gobs" of them, in the language of the day. A New York flower company advertised "exotic blooms for ballroom, yacht, and club." Mrs. Roosevelt wore flowers; so did debutantes and the best-dressed. Where the flapper had worn bouquet-size flowers on her shoulder, the chic woman of the 1930s pinned huge corsages in the center of her chest. These outside blossoms were considered appropriate for every occasion.

Women devised ingenious ways to wear more flowers: they covered the straps of evening gowns with enormous flowers of silk chiffon and wore matching headbands. Mainbocher was celebrated for his lei of velvet roses in combinations of purple and black or turquoise and pink. A corsage of lamé violets or gold kid-leather nasturiums made a dazzling complement for a lamé evening gown. Floral tiaras and hair ornaments were ubiquitous.

Even Chanel, in 1939, created a headband of delicate gold and silver blossoms and a matching necklace. The decade was mad for hats, and they were often adorned with artificial buds and blossoms. Some were little more than a big rose draped with a veil.

Flowers became almost surreal. For the winter of 1936 the J. W. Robinson store in Los Angeles showed "short evening and dinner jackets and capes made of thousands of tiny, brilliantly colored petals, minute violets, and dainty blue heliotrope." It also featured red capes and matching dinner caps covered with clover.

At a New Year's Eve party a woman might have worn a brassiere and carried a muff, both thickly set with tiny flowers. Saks Fifth Avenue offered its own oddity: the "casket cover," a ghoulish name for a pretty bib of artificial flowers that covered the wearer from chin to waist.

The war ended this floral excess as the stock-market crash had done a decade earlier. During the 1940s, functional fashion had little use for flowers, and even Dior, with his romantic New Look of 1947, showed a solitary lily of the valley as a corsage. In the 1950s flowers were relegated to decorating hats. Since then—until the other day, that is—the artificial flower has been little more than a quaint, old-hat-like item.

How such beautiful creations could ever fall out of favor is one of fashion's obligatory mysteries. Now it is back, the flower as fashion accessory may not yet have achieved the outrageous splendors of the 1930s, but then, the craze has only just begun.

And there is something steady in considering the fact that these lovely artifacts have changed over the years no more than the miracles of nature on which they are modeled.

Every petal takes its color from a "master," shown here with the artist's handwritten dye formula. The colorist makes countless tests before arriving at the perfect, subtle tone and recording it.

Century-old cast-metal punches for cutting out flowers. Trousselier has thousands of these irreplaceable antique patterns, for each blossom requires several different molds to stamp out the leaves and petals.

Snap, delphinium, larkspur, La Rose Géante, and a tray of white phalenopsis orchids.
Like many great artists, Henry Moore was a consummate salesman. The conviction he felt about his work came across with such force that you soon began to share his views. He believed that art should be judged by its vitality rather than its beauty; that sculpture could have a pent-up, immanent energy independent of what it represented. And the way to convey that sense of energy was by suggesting rather than mutating reality in what became his own, unique language of space and monumental forms.

But Moore was better at selling the theory than at selling the sculpture. He was forty before he was financially secure, and sixty before he was a rich man. Though his work remained the butt of every British cartoonist's jokes, it began to climb in value fast in the 1960s and has put on another 400 percent since 1975. Prices for his sculpture rose by 80 percent between 1984 and 1986, when he died; but then a minor flood of his work—eighty-nine pieces—was sold at auction, and prices last year dipped by 4 percent. The price range ran from $3,500 up to $1,600,000, for a large Reclining Figure. The average price for a Henry Moore sculpture stands at $68,000.

According to Roger Berthoud, whose fine biography of the sculptor was published last year, Moore created just over a thousand pieces. Some of his works were carvings and some unique; others were cast in editions of three, seven, or nine. There is no official figure, but the number of Henry Moore sculptures in circulation probably totals about 3,000. There are also 5,500 drawings extant and 719 editions of lithographs, etchings, and so on. Investors may conclude that prices for a great sculptor's work are unlikely to mark time for long. Besides, a Henry Moore industry is running at full steam. During the last years of his life, twenty-odd exhibitions were held annually worldwide. The Henry Moore Foundation, which the sculptor set up in 1977, has a capital of £40 million (before the crash of October 1987) and a staff of ten. It is dedicated to helping young British sculptors and to furthering knowledge and appreciation of Moore's work. A major exhibition to be held at London's Royal Academy from September 16 to December 11 this year is co-sponsored by the foundation. Another, in Baltimore, on the theme of mother and child, closed last April.

There is no chance that the world will be allowed to forget, should it want to, the man now widely billed as this century's greatest sculptor. Between now and his centenary, in 1998, when another major exhibition is sure to be held, prices for his sculpture could rise by around an annual 10 percent, though. Art historians and collectors may think differently fifty years hence, but for the time being Moore's work is well regarded and the momentum in the market impressive.

Moore was born in a small coal-mining town in northern England. His father, a miner, helped Henry to win a scholarship to grammar school, but it was the son's own determination that, two years after his active service in World War I, finally got him to the Royal College of Art.

Moore was still a young man when he discovered that the Greek ideal of beauty was simply a digression in the history of sculpture, a discovery that gave him the license to work as he wished. His reading the critic Roger Fry, who contended that likeness to nature was essentially unimpor-
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tant in art, fortified his confidence in breaking with classical tradition.

Moore learned less about sculpture at the Royal College than by looking at the Egyptian, Greek, Cycladic, Mayan, and African sculpture in the British Museum. The single greatest influence on his work was the image of the Mayan rain spirit Chac Mool. Its unusual posture—supine but propped up on its elbows with head turned to the right—gives an impression of alertness but also of monumentality and of fusion with the earth on which it rests.

The breakthrough for Moore came with an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1946. Kenneth Clark, Herbert Read, and other critics were right to maintain that Moore had a following among discerning Britons even in the 1930s, yet, ironically, American endorsement of these opinions was essential. For the British to rhapsodize over Henry Moore was all very well, but a foreign appraisal, possibly more objective, carried more weight. American reviewers of an early New York show of Moore’s work had duly noted that a shift in the vocabulary of modern art had come from England—“of all places.”

Moore’s sculptures do not concern themselves with individuals. The lack of facial detail encourages you to see his figures not as individuals but as universal archetypes—Earth Mother, mother and child, man and woman. In his attempt to depersonalize his images, however, Moore used a degree of deformation that many people have found distasteful.

Even now, Moore’s sculpture often seems unnatural, brutish, even repulsive. Critics refer again and again to his desire to express man’s fertility, his innate dignity, and the potential for good somewhere in human nature. The artist’s reputation is now so great that to admit to disliking his work is to run the risk of seeming philistine. Everyone knows that the critics who derided van Gogh, Cézanne, Picasso, and their ilk looked foolish in the long run. With “difficult” sculptors like Henry Moore, people now tend to play safe.

To be sure, Moore’s work is often hard to take—but then, he never wanted it to be easy. He believed that any valid sculpture should have obscurities and further meanings. Unlike a poster designed to be read in half a second by passersby, sculpture, he said, should call for an effort in order to be properly appreciated. Moore’s earliest carvings were ten or fifteen years behind the work of Picasso and Matisse, but he quickly caught up and overtook them in his assault on sculptural convention. His representation of women seemed especially calculated to offend.

Just as a baby may be upset when its mother puts on a funny hat, so many a viewer’s first reaction to Moore’s representation of the human head as a featureless stump was quite naturally one of outrage. When later he broke the body into pieces—an idea that apparently came to him when he was considering how to go about casting a large piece—he externalized that terrifying fragmentation that psychotics and even well-balanced people may occasionally experience.

The holes in his figures have been interpreted in many ways. He himself saw them as connecting one side of the sculpture to the other, making it more three-dimen-
Moore's greatest works were the colossal bronzes, executed in the late 1960s and '70s and seen at an open-air exhibition in Hyde Park in 1978. Here the forms are depersonalized to the point where you cannot tell if they refer to animals or humans. The forms may be vague, but the potency and the sense of a life force are immense. By a unique device—almost an optical illusion—Moore enables you to experience these forms as something midway between flesh and bone. They have the curve and mass of flesh but the angular shape of bone and can be experienced first as one, then the other, and finally as the very material of life itself. It is easy to see how such images might have been worshiped in a primitive world. Like most Moore bronzes, these were cast in editions of up to nine. None has been sold for some time, though any of the larger pieces could fetch $2 million to $3 million at auction today.

For many years Moore put his ideas for sculpture on paper. Thirty-five of these drawings were sold at auction last year at prices ranging from $1,500 to $152,000. The average price now stands at $23,800, having climbed 265 percent since 1975.

Though Moore returned to drawing late in life, he did little in the 1960s and '70s, preferring instead to make plaster maquettes as preparatory studies for his sculptures.

Many of his best-known drawings date from the 1940s. Having persuaded Moore to sign on as a war artist, Kenneth Clark found him wary of commissions that did not fire his imagination. He became fascinated with the underground, however, especially the newly completed Liverpool Street station, where he found the platforms covered with the sleeping bodies of people taking refuge from the nightly German bombing. These scenes triggered a response, and the "shelter drawings," as they are known, are among the most admired of all the art that came out of World War II.

There are also some 30,000 Henry Moore prints in circulation. Prices for the more popular studies fetch up to $9,000, yet their investment performance has been comparatively dull. A final portfolio of thirty etchings will be published later this year in an edition of sixty-five and are expected to sell at around $60,000. The average price of Moore prints sold at auction last year is estimated at $1,100 and has risen by just 150 percent since 1975.

The disappointing performance of the drawings and prints proves that collectors go mainly for work in the medium that made an artist famous. The turnover in Moore's sculpture at auction is likely to increase, and any serious buyer can afford to choose carefully. First, however, he would do well to acquire the fine illustrated six-volume listing of all Moore's sculpture, recently updated and reissued in the United States at $50 a volume (Humanities Press). He should then eliminate those images that seem coarse and brutish on close acquaintance and get down to a short list of works in which there is evidence not only of Moore's strength but of some warmth and affection too. These are the works on which his claim to greatness must be based.

A GOOD INVESTMENT?
Top Five Moore Bronzes Sold at Auction
11 18 '86 Reclining Figure (Festuca), $1,600,000
11 18 '86 Two-piece Reclining Figure, $900,000
5 14 '86 Seated Woman, $900,000
5 13 '86 Two-piece Reclining Figure, $550,000
5 11 '87 Mother and Child on Block Seat, $725,000

Moore's Performance
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This year, the American wine drinker is going to be thinking about what is going on in California. It has had four consecutive very good to exceptional vintages, and the top wineries are replete with wines ranging in quality from very good to thrilling. It is true that beneficial growing and harvest conditions have had a lot to do with the very good wines in 1987, the excellent red wines in 1984 and 1986, and superb wines in 1985, as well as super chardonnays in both 1986 and 1987. But equally important seems to be a sense among the state’s best wine makers that the wine market is global and the ultimate survivors will be those who offer the finest and most distinctive wines. In the competitive wine market of 1988 there is no place for mediocrity.

The following wineries, alphabetically listed, are California’s best at the moment. The overall strength and quality of their wines is superb, and all are willing to take some risks to give them great character and personality.

**BONNY DOON VINEYARD**

Randall Graham, the brilliantly idiosyncratic proprietor of Bonny Doon, is America’s most avant-garde wine maker. He believes that Rhône Valley grape varieties such as grenache, syrah, and mourvèdre, for red wines, and viognier, marsanne, and roussane, for white wines, are the best choices for certain parts of California. He has turned out a series of brilliant, complex wines that represent nothing short of a wine-making tour de force. Whether tasted in Graham’s splendid imitation of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, which he calls La Cigare Volante, or in his explosively rich and fruity 100 percent grenache wine named after California’s garlic capital, the Clovis Gilroy, Graham’s personal wine-making style, expressed in rich, balanced fruit, minimal tannin, and no filtration if possible, produces wines of immense character and personality. His attempts at making a nectarlike dessert wine, called Vin de Glace, from frozen muscat canelli grapes were a triumph in 1986, and he makes California’s most complex rosé wine, called Vin Gris. Prices range from $7 to $20 a bottle.

**CARMENET**

This mountaintop winery was founded in 1981 by several principals from the hugely successful Chalone winery, in Monterey County. Their objectives were to produce a proprietary red wine from a blend of cabernet sauvignon, merlot, and cabernet franc, as well as a Graves-style white wine from sauvignon blanc and sémillon. The red wine has so far proved to be one of California’s finest, with its first vintage, the 1982, exhibiting great richness, length, and character. This was followed by a harder, leaner, but successful 1983, a full-bodied, opulent, exceptionally promising 1984, a classically structured, brilliant 1985, and an exotically scented, impressive 1986. Prices have averaged $16 to $70 a bottle. In less than a decade its serious, complex red wine has made Carmenet a superstar.

**CHATEAU MONTELENA**

This is an admirable enterprise whose proprietors, the Barrett family, settled on a style of wine in the early 1970s that has remained consistent. Chateau Montelena offers a textbook Napa cabernet sauvignon, chardonnay, and zinfandel that boldly declare, “I am from California and proud of it!” The cabernet sauvignons have aged beautifully, and recent vintages such as the 1978, 1980, 1982, and 1983 have as much depth and potential as any wines produced here in the 1970s. Among the unreleased wines are the heady, powerful 1984 and the 1985, perhaps the most remarkable of their wines and destined to be one of the great classics of the Napa Valley. This beauty won’t be released until 1989.

The cabernets stand consistently among the top dozen made in California; so do the two Montelena chardonnays. One of them is a rather openly knit, fruity Alexander Valley chardonnay, the other a more tightly knit Napa bottling that can age well. Both display the Montelena style, which balances ripe, apple, and butter fruit with crisp acidity. This is a splendid winery at the top of its game. Prices are not low; both cabernets and chardonnays start in the upper teens.

**DIAMOND CREEK VINEYARDS**

Little has changed here in either the wines or the way they are made since the late 1960s, when Al Broustein planted twenty acres of vines. Its forceful, rich, intense, aromatic, and dramatic cabernet sauvignons have made this winery popular with collectors. The wines are made naturally with no filtration, and after twenty to twenty-two months in small oak casks before bottling they age extremely well. Three cabernets are made, and while the bold, rich, sweet, curranty, weedy flavors of cabernet sauvignon dominate each wine, there are several differences among them. The Gravelly Meadow, for instance, is the slowest to show all its character and is frequently less concentrated and flamboyant than either the Volcanic Hill or Red Rock Terrace. During this decade one should look for the 1980, 1982, 1984, and 1986 vintages.

**DOMINUS ESTATE**

The partnership of the well-known Christian Moueix, who oversees the wine making of such Bordeaux superstars as Pétrus,
WINE

Trotanoy, Latour à Pomerol, and Magdeleine, and the Americans Robin Lail and Marcia Smith has endeavored to make wine from Napa Valley grapes using traditional Bordeaux techniques. This has meant minimal clarification, labor-intensive racking, and little or no acidulation of the wine. In short, the partners have applied the Moueix philosophy of letting the wine make itself instead of letting man manipulate the style. With Dominus, Moueix has produced a wine of exceptional complexity without sacrificing any of the richness that the Napa Valley climate provides. I have never tasted a wine remotely resembling it. For starters, there are the rich, tannic, closed 1983, the opulent, fleshy 1984, released last February.

THE BEST CALIFORNIA WINES NOW RANGE IN QUALITY FROM VERY GOOD TO THRILLING.

the monumental, nearly perfect 1985, to be released in 1989, the powerful, rich, heady 1986 and a promising though youthful 1987. All the first five vintages have achieved a rare, elusive level of richness and complexity that seems to combine the best qualities of Napa Valley's grapes with the savoir faire of one of France's greatest wine makers. Prices for Dominus are high, at $40 a bottle.

DUNN VINEYARDS
On a bucolic slope of Howell Mountain is the tiny, 3,000-case winery that Randy and Lori Dunn set up. No wine maker or wine is in greater demand today than Dunn and his two cabernet sauvinons. There are no tours or tastings here, for the Dunns have their hands full just making wine and trying to satisfy sassy wine merchants, suppliers, and consumers who want more than they can possibly provide. What makes their cabernets so special? Certainly the Howell Mountain cabernet, with its explosive black-current fruit and remarkable depth and length, is a result not just of top wine making but of the great fruit that Howell Mountain seems to produce. On the other hand, the Napa cabernet, which is often more appealing in its youth, comes from purchased grapes. Recent vintages of both have been fantastically good. The 1982, 1984, and 1985 should be the Dunns' finest wines thus far. My notes on the 1984, just released, include "fabulous" and "spectacular length." The 1985, to be released next year, is more tannic and tastes slightly more acid than the opulent 1984. I lament the Dunn price increases, although the Napa cabernet is still available at $18 a bottle and the Howell Mountain cabernet at around $28. Few complaints are to be heard.

GROTH VINEYARDS & WINERY
Like many other top performers, this winery is less than a decade old. Groth has leaped into the top ranks of cabernet sauvinon producers because Dennis and Judy Groth had the sense to hire its talented wine maker, Nils Venge, away from Villa Mt. Eden, where he fashioned some legendary Napa cabernets, particularly the 1974, 1978, and 1980. Venge's arrival at Groth, in 1982, resulted in the release of a very fine 1982 cabernet sauvignon, a good 1983, a spectacular 1983 reserve, and an opulent, flashy 1984, with dazzling black-current fruit, lavish toasty oak, and good balance and length. The 1985, soon to be released, and 1986 cabernets have sensational cedary, currant, and woody scented bouquets and a fabulous wealth of fruit. Groth is realistic about prices, charging $14 to $16 for its cabernet sauvignons.

KALIN CELLARS
If one were to pick California's two most talented and adventurous wine makers, Randall Graham, of Bonny Doon, and Terry Leighton, of Kalin, would be the likely choices. Leighton, a professional microbiologist, can talk knowledgeably about the great French wines but is no less conversant with Oriental cuisine and rock music. Believing in the importance of specific types of yeast to start the fermentation and disturbing centrifuge and filtration equipment. Leighton produces a bevy of profound wines that improve dramatically in the bottle. Initially, I took him for a white-wine genius only, but after five years of studying his wines I have concluded that his red wines are simply slow to develop. The glories of his 6,000-case winery are the three chardonnays frequently designated Cuvée BL, from Potter Valley, and Cuvée L and Cuvée LV, from Sono-
Unfiltered chardonnays are rare anywhere, especially in the high-tech world of California, but Kalin has avoided filtration successfully. If Leighton's chardonnays are among the top half dozen wines for both quality and aging potential, the sauvignon blanc and semillon are at the top of their class. I believed in drinking Kalin's semillon on release but recently drank the 1980 and found it had improved. Recent vintages, such as the 1984 and 1985, have shown equal potential.

Kalin also makes California's most complex sauvignon blanc, from grapes that Leighton buys from Potter Valley. While most California sauvignon blancs are bottled early and have a shelf life of one or two years after the vintage, Kalin's sauvignons seem to come to life after three or four years of bottle age and seem set to last six to nine years, which is incredible.

I have been impressed by Kalin's pinot noirs but rarely gave them my highest marks. When released four or five years after vintage, the wines usually tasted promising but tightly knit. Yet as they age my ratings are edging up. Recently I tasted the 1979 Kalin Pinot Noir Cuveé D next to the 1976 Romanée-Conti and actually preferred the Kalin. With its complexity and exoticism, it eclipsed the most expensive wine from Burgundy.

In addition, don't miss the 1983 Saint-Julien look-alike cabernet sauvignon reserve from Potter Valley, and make a note to check the marketplace in 1990, when the 1986 cabernet sauvignon is released. It is an exceptional, even superb wine, one of the finest young California cabernets I have tasted. This winter Leighton will introduce his first sparkling wine, called 1986 Cuveé Rosé. The remarkable complexity of this barrel-fermented rosé wine will amaze wine drinkers; it may be the best sparkling wine yet made in California.

I first learned about Kalin's wines seven years ago from a glowing article by Hugh Johnson in England's Decanter magazine. Perhaps their unmistakable European style has kept Leighton from getting more publicity in his own country, but these are the wines of a genius, and they are not cheap, ranging in price between $9 and $19.

RAVENSWOOD

This is one of the greatest of the small wineries. Its nearly 15,000 cases are snapped up so fast that Joel Peterson is under constant pressure to expand his wine-making operation. He started up in 1976, but the winery's stardom was established in the 1980s, largely by its exotic and flavorful zinfandels, the most exciting in California. Peterson scoffs at those who claim zinfandel is an inferior wine, and why shouldn't he? His least expensive zinfandel, the Vintners Blend, was superb in 1984 and very good in 1985, yet it sells for well under $10 a bottle. His wine-making philosophy is not very different from that of many great masters in Burgundy, Bordeaux, and the Rhône Valley—in short, get great fruit from the vineyard, handle and manipulate the wine as little as possible, and never overprocess it or strip it of its flavors for the sake of commercial stability and freedom from deposits. The three great zinfandels made at Ravenswood are totally different in character. The Sonoma balances oodles of berry fruit with considerable power and harmony. The Dickerson Vineyard, with its minty, cedarly fragrance and remarkable concentration, is equally impressive yet totally different. Last, the Old Hill Ranch, a wine made from eighty-year-old zinfandel vines, is nothing less than a blockbuster, with a staggering wealth of fruit and a finish that seems to last for minutes. While most of the 1985s have long since been gobbled up, look for the 1986s, soon to be released, and Ravenswood's 1987, which from the cask seems spectacular too.

Ravenswood also produces a rich, many-dimensional merlot that was especially brilliant in 1955 and 1986, when the winery also introduced its first proprietary red wine, Pickberry Vineyard, a blend of 50 percent cabernet sauvignon, 40 percent cabernet franc, and 10 percent merlot. This wine should be opulent and intense, characterized by Ravenswood's usual dramatic, complex style.

SILVER OAK CELLARS

This winery specializes in one wine, with fantastic results. About 16,000 cases of an Alexander Valley cabernet sauvignon, 3,000 cases of a Napa Valley cabernet sauvignon, and about 500 cases of a cabernet sauvignon named after Justin Meyer's wife, Bonny, are produced here. Meyer's cabernets spend nearly two and a half years in American oak barrels, of which 50 percent is new for the Alexander Valley and 100 percent new for the Bonny's Vineyard. Somehow, this winery has managed to keep a low profile despite the outstanding quality of its wines. Yet the quiet, shy Justin Meyer will reluctantly admit that his 1984s (to be released this fall), his 1985s, and his 1986s represent the finest wines he has ever made. They are unbelievable, displaying sensational depth of fruit, extremely long finishes, extraordinary concentration, and five to fifteen years of aging potential. These heady cabernets will be hard to resist when released, given their seductive bouquets and lush, velvety flavors. One would be a fool not to stockpile them. Prices average about $20 a bottle except for the Bonny's Vineyard, which sells for $35 a bottle.

SPOTTSWOODE VINEYARD & WINERY

This relative newcomer burst on the California wine scene with a terrific 1982 cabernet sauvignon, which won praise for its bold black-currant fruit, deep, spicy, toasty oakiness, and generous, mouth-filling texture. The quality could not have come as much of a surprise, for the wine maker is the highly capable Tony Soter, and the vineyard he got his grapes from had already played a part in early cabernet sauvignon successes from a number of Napa Valley's best wineries, including Duckhorn. The first vintage was followed by a good 1983, an excellent 1984, and an otherworldly 1985—the finest wine yet from Spottswoode—and the outstanding 1986, which may turn out to be every bit as good as the 1985. All Spottswoode cabernets have the same personality—sensational color, full intensity, bouquets of black-currant fruit, tarry, smoky, toasty oak, great flavor extraction from the grapes, full body, and enough tannin to warrant cellaring for seven to fifteen years.

Its other wine is a stylish, flavorful sauvignon blanc, far from bland and boring, that is among the best of its class. Prices are on the high side, considering Spottswoode's short history, but the quality is impeccable and the 1985 and 1986 cabernets appear to be the finest it has yet made.

DOROTHY DELAY IS A VIOLIN TEACHER OF GENIUS—AND GENIUSES

BY BARBARA JEPSON

In a classroom near the center of Aspen, Colorado, a plump, gray-haired woman of kindly mien sits at a desk sipping a glass of milk. To an outsider, she might look like the prototypical grandmother, but to her 120 students at the Juilliard School, the University of Cincinnati, and the Royal College of Music, in London, she is Miss DeLay, the most coveted violin teacher in the world.

Her musical progeny include celebrated virtuosos such as Itzhak Perlman, Shlomo Mintz, Cho-Liang (“Jimmy”) Lin, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, Nigel Kennedy, Mark Peskanov, Miodor, and a host of players with leading string quartets and symphony orchestras around the world. “When it comes to choosing a violin teacher,” declares the twenty-seven-year-old doctoral candidate Lyndon Taylor, who commutes to Juilliard weekly from Michigan, “you hardly have a choice.” As Lee Lamont, president of the prestigious management firm ICM Artists, puts it, “When Dorothy DeLay calls and says, ‘You really should hear this young violinist,’ you pay attention.”

Another attraction is her legendary tact. “Most instructors,” says Itzhak Perlman, “will tell you you’re out of tune. She says, ‘Well, sugarplum, what is your concept of F-sharp?’” Her ability to identify and correct the myriad technical problems of gifted adolescents is uncanny. “She really knows,” says Martha Potter Kim, a former DeLay student who now teaches privately, “what every tendon, bone, and muscle is doing at every point in the bow stroke. She’s memorized those pages in Gray’s Anatomy.”

Inside the classroom, DeLay applies her varied diagnostic skills. Some of today’s pupils have come from the West Coast or the Orient for an audition. Others, who already study with her in New York, Cincinnati, or London, follow her to the Aspen Music School each summer to continue their lessons. “You need to practice a new piece while watching TV, like Perlman does,” she informs a young man who wants feedback on a recent recital. “It’s not that he’s watching the Muppets; it’s that staring at something but not seeing it helps him to go from beginning to end without stopping. Do you do that?”

“If I hear something really out of tune,” he admits, “it’s hard not to stop.”

“The problem,” says DeLay, “is that if you stop when you’re practicing, you have the impulse to stop while you’re performing, and it can keep your concentration from flowing.”

Over the next few hours, she gives a relatively inexperienced youngster a tip on improving her intonation (“Listen to the chord, sweetie”), swaps interpretive ideas with an advanced student, and consoles a dejected fifteen-year-old Oriental girl who failed to make the semi-finals of a violin-concerto competition held annually by the Aspen Music Festival. “Very often,” recalls twenty-eight-year-old Jimmy Lin, who already enjoys a major international career (see Connoisseur, December 1987), “a lesson with Miss DeLay was like a session with a shrink. You’d go in there with a head full of problems about your latest bad review or a breakup with a girlfriend, and you’d walk out of her studio feeling all clear.”

DeLay’s interest in her students’ well-being apparently knows no bounds. Mark Peskanov, an upcoming virtuoso, remembers two A.M. “emergency lessons” at Aspen before an important performance. The seventeen-year-old Gil Shaham, one of her latest discoveries, talks of the way DeLay “arranges” her students’ lives. “When I first came here from Israel, five years ago,” he says, “she told me which stores to shop in and when to wear black tie versus white tie at a performance. Now she wants me to play tennis to lose weight and help loosen my arm muscles.”

The most famous example of DeLay’s all-encompassing devotion is her relationship with Perlman, a victim of polio, who studied with her at Juilliard. She taught him to drive a car with special controls for the handicapped, helped him devise a method of carrying his violin case with a handgrip on his crutch, and encouraged him to socialize more with his peers. “She believed in me,” says Perlman. “You might think, big deal; it was fairly obvious that I was talented—but it was not so apparent when I was a teenager, because of my disability. People didn’t take me seri-
DOTTIE'S LATEST "LITTLE BABIES"

Shown from left to right:
- Kyoko Takeawa, who won the 1986 Indianapolis Violin Competition at the age of nineteen, will give a Carnegie Hall recital on October 17. Another major date on her calendar: a New York Philharmonic debut next May.
- Gil Shaham, the seventeen-year-old Israeli violinist, has already performed with the New York Philharmonic and makes his debut next season with the Cleveland and Philadelphia orchestras.
- Kurt Nikkanen, now twenty-two, will make his debut with the Cleveland Orchestra this July.
- Wang Xiao-Dong, an eighteen-year-old artist from mainland China, is a 1985 winner of both the Wieniawski Competition, in Poland, and the Yehudi Menuhin Competition, in England. He recently toured the United States with the Central Philharmonic Orchestra of China.

Gently; it was fine as long as I was a student, but when it came to talking about a career, they'd say, 'How is heaven's name will you be able to travel all over? She was the one who kept pushing for me.'

Less-renowned former pupils enumerate similar kindnesses. Paul Kantor, one of DeLay's two teaching assistants at Julliard, remembers the Sunday afternoon she drove from her home in Rockland County to hear him rehearse a concerto with a slapshod community orchestra in Staten Island. "I was only a precollege student at that point," notes Kantor, "yet she knew the performance was terribly important to me, and that made me feel like I was important to her."

The object of all this admiration is a sweet-voiced, unobtrusive woman from Medicine Lodge, Kansas. She walks with a cane, having undergone much-needed hip surgery last January. During lessons, she may fuss with the stylish neck scarf she is wearing or whip out a lipstick from her ample handbag and deftly apply it to mouth, cheeks, and brow bones ("I never had time to finish getting ready this morning"). But do not get the wrong idea. DeLay has been known to trade off-color jokes with students; and Peter Oundjian, the first violinist of the Tokyo Quartet, recalls her "flirting" with him quite openly—"in order to convey the musical quality she felt I needed to project in a score." She can also be a formidable opponent. "She has a very grandmotherly quality," observes Kantor, "until she has to deal with a recalcitrant administrator—and then she gives them heck!"

Moreover, while DeLay tends to downplay her influence in the classical-music world, she never hesitates to use it. "Certainly, Dottie has introduced a lot of talented youngsters, such as Midori, to Zubin Mehta," says Lee Lamont, "and she has bounded other major conductors and artists about her 'little babies.' She works in mysterious ways. A few years ago, there was this young Chinese violinist she was telling me about. When I visited China shortly afterward, he was seated next to me at a luncheon in Shanghai. I refuse to believe that was a coincidence."

DeLay makes no apologies for recommending some students over others. "I've had students with minuscule talents," she says, "who were extremely fine business people and managed to arrange auditions for themselves, and it was disastrous. And I've had to tell the manager or conductor, 'Look, I think you're wasting your time, but if you want to listen, I want you to know that this does not have my recommendation.' A student can come to me and say, 'Do you think I should set up this audition with so-and-so?' and I might say, 'I don't think you're ready.' But if they don't ask me, and someone else does, I have to say what I think because, you see, if Zubin calls me up and asks my opinion, then I am bound to take care of his well-being as well as that of my students."

Each generation has its preeminent violin teacher, and Dorothy DeLay is the first woman to attain that distinction. A descendant of Thomas Hooker, the founder of Connecticut, she was born in 1917 into a musical family and began violin lessons at the age of four. In the late 1930s, after studying music and psychology at the University of Michigan, she headed for New York against her parents' wishes to do graduate work at Julliard.

Heading up the violin department at that time was the American-born, European-trained Louis Persinger, whose pupils included Isaac Stern, Yehudi Menuhin, and Ruggiero Ricci. Persinger had succeeded the Hungarian virtuoso Leo- pold Auer, who taught Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, and Nathan Milstein. Although DeLay worked with Persinger, her primary teachers were Hans Leitz and Felix Salmond, two Europeans.

Because she worked to support herself while attending the conservatory, DeLay was often short on practice time. "Sometimes I went to class unprepared," she recalls. "I would be sitting in Felix Salmond's chamber-music class, trying desper-ately to read my way through a trio, and all of a sudden these fingers would come down right in front of my nose, snapping..."
the rhythm, and I couldn’t see the notes on the page because this hand was going up and down, and [I] was afraid to move, and still trying to play, and from above me I would hear, ‘What are you composing there, girl?’ Oh, oh,” she laughs, “it was dreadful.”

After marrying the fiction writer Edward Newhouse, in 1941, DeLay concertized for several years as a soloist and chamber musician, but she soon saw that performance was not her métier. In 1946, shortly after their second child was born, she began teaching at Juilliard’s precollege division. She and Newhouse already had a live-in nurse, and Newhouse, who worked at home, was on hand — “if there was a cut finger or other crisis.” That same year, the Armenian Ivan Galamian asked DeLay to be his assistant and quickly became her mentor. Unlike artist-teachers such as Josef Gingold, at Indiana University, who inspire students by the passionate examples of the musicality of their own playing, Galamian, who died in 1981, relied more on detailed technical work and conceptual analysis. “I learned a tremendous amount from him,” acknowledges DeLay, who called him Papa and carries on in his analytical tradition. “An extraordinary man!”

He was also a strict disciplinarian of the old school. His lessons began and ended on the dot. He advocated one way of bowing, one set of fingerings, and his own, fervent interpretive ideas. “There was no room for discussion,” says Cecylia Artzewski, associate concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, who studied with Galamian at the Juilliard School for seven years. “We were prepared for our lessons because we were afraid of him. He could be pretty unpleasant.”

DeLay’s approach is different. “Instead of ‘I’ll tell you what to do,’ ” explains Perlman, who studied with both teachers, “she asks, ‘What do you think? She forces you to participate.’” Although many DeLay pupils share certain characteristics—most notably a clear, silvery sound rather than the rounder, golden tones of, say, Heifetz—they have widely divergent musical approaches. Indeed, respect for the individuality of her students is paramount. “One big rule,” says DeLay, “is never, ever make a student feel small or incompetent or untalented. The minute you do that, you stop the ability to learn.”

Not surprisingly, many students shared by DeLay and Galamian preferred DeLay, and Galamian grew resentful and antagonistic. “I started to realize,” muses DeLay, “that the only relationship he could be comfortable in was one in which there was absolute rule. In his distorted vision, someone controls every relationship. And if someone controls, it’d better be him.”

In 1970, DeLay phoned Galamian to tell him she had accepted an offer to teach at the Aspen Music Festival the next summer rather than at Meadowmount, Galamian’s own summer music school, where she had worked with him in the past. He hung up on her, and the two never spoke again. Tension increased after Galamian tried unsuccessfully to have DeLay fired from Juilliard. “It was like being in the middle of a not terribly amicable divorce,” recalls Arturo Delmoni, who was studying with both teachers at the time. Pinchas Zukerman and Kyung-Wha Chung stayed with Galamian, but Perlman cast his lot with DeLay; his success helped spread her reputation. The rest is history.

Today, DeLay’s days typically begin with a flurry of phone calls from colleagues, students, parents of students, and fledgling superstars ("Miss DeLay, last night I play concerto with Hong Kong Philharmonic and only receive six curtain calls; two years ago, I get eight. What do I do wrong?") During the regular school term, she typically arrives at Juilliard around three P.M. to give lessons in her modest studio, a sparsely furnished room decorated with plants, photographs, and gifts from colleagues. There, she teaches six days a week (except for alternate Tuesdays, when she flies to the University of Cincinnati), often up to midnight. It is not unusual for her classes to run two to five hours behind schedule, although a new secretary has helped whittle down the waits. “I guess all my life I’ve never had enough time,” she sighs, “to do all the things you want, to learn everything you want.” Still, she gives each student her full attention.

“They’re young,” says DeLay. “They all think becoming a famous soloist is the answer. It’s not. The answer is in becoming part of a community and knowing they are contributing to it, whether it’s a small community orchestra or a world audience. It’s their relationship to that community that counts, and how they feel about themselves.” In the view of her husband, DeLay’s biggest contribution to that community is not her most illustrious alumni but her numerous students who have gone on to careers as musicians in symphony orchestras and chamber ensembles or as members of conservatory faculties. “She’s been a kind of Johnny Appleseed sowing musical seeds,” he says. And she shows no signs of retiring. Asked about the possibility, she shudders. “Oh, no,” comes the reply. “I’m having too much fun.”

Barbara Jepson, a frequent contributor to Connoisseur, has a special interest in music and musicians.
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MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

RAT CITY

I have just finished taking a long tour around New York, and I dare you to do the same. This once-great city is sinking visibly by the week. If you think I am exaggerating, just visit the blasted-out hovels of the South Bronx, the garbage-strewn acreage of Prospect Park, saunter into the shabby back streets of Queens, and amble around Manhattan's filthy West Side. Hit the stinking subways; down there, you'll know what Calcutta is all about. Go up to Harlem and revel in one of the worst slums on Earth—bigger and sadder than those in Buenos Aires or San Juan. Compared with these poor sections of town, the rich havens—Park Avenue, Madison Avenue, Central Park South—look pretty good. But contrast them with most of Washington, or any block in Paris, Kansas City, or Los Angeles, and you'll see them for what they are: slums in the making.

Why has New York fallen so low? The principal reason, of course, is the gross ineptitude of the most uncaring, corrupt, mean-spirited, and tasteless municipal government since the period of the Tendersloin. Hey, you're thinking, what does taste have to do with running the toughest and most complex city in the world? New York isn't for the marquis of Queensberry or tea ceremonies. New York needs an iron-tough, no-nonsense, thick-skinned leader backed up by flinty subordinates who know how to get things done.

Wrong. New York desperately needs leaders who know something about taste and who are willing to mount crusades for beauty, as they have in the past. Just over a hundred years ago, this town was a Dickensian nightmare, a dangerous, malodorous quagmire of deadly slums, clogged streets, and swamps. The city government was the most degraded since the time of Sodom and Gomorrah. Yet in a relatively short period—from about 1860 to 1905—the city was beautified, made civilized, literally saved. All this came about because of one simple, vital ingredient—something that has all but disappeared from the New York of today: a coalition of private citizen and political leadership.

Where are today's civic zealots and reformers? Where are the likes of Joseph Choate, Andrew H. Green, or William Cullen Bryant, who rooted out municipal corruption, drove the sluggish bureaucracy into action, and achieved such impossible dreams as the most beautiful parks in history, those “lungs of the city”? (Central, Prospect, Riverside, Morningside, and Bryant parks were all created between 1860 and 1885.) They built schools bright with promise and broad thoroughfares flanked by trees. And what happened to the famed—and dreaded—“bitch establishment,” those civic leaders who hectored, even humiliated, every postwar mayor, whether O'Dwyer, Impellitteri, or Wagner, into enhancing the quality of city living? Why has the all-powerful voice of the New York Times become so subdued about these issues in recent years? The paper used to roar like a lion about parks, amenities, the quality of life. Now it is mute. Why doesn't today's Times have a Thomas Nast, the most effective champion of reform in his era?

There used to be a day when certain charitable foundations acted like shock troops against municipal deterioration. They served as catalysts for better design, spread seed money for new parks, and cried out for decent amenities for the “disadvantaged.” Why is it that, suddenly in the early 1970s, it was no longer fashionable to serve in the trenches of the war against ugliness, decay, and hopelessness? Why have organizations like the Municipal Art Society and the Parks Council become so feeble? Why are the newly rich interested only in burnishing their “sweet charity” images while they steadfastly ignore tough, “ghetto” work, preferring to hobnob with what is culturally chic? Perhaps they, too, have taken a tour of the mess this city has become. □
GUESTHOUSE, ART HOUSE

When, in 1981, a wealthy Minnesota couple decided to build a small guesthouse on their twelve-acre lakefront property outside of Minneapolis, they quite naturally approached the architect who had built their main house, a 1952 brick-and-glass pavilion. Occupied with larger commissions, Philip Johnson declined. A year later, the couple read a magazine profile of Frank Gehry, the California architect who “deconstructed” his own, pink-shingle Santa Monica bungalow and put it back together again with grafts of corrugated metal and chain-link fencing. Sensing a strange compatibility between Johnson’s cool rationality and Gehry’s crazy-quilt intuitiveness, the clients contacted Martin and Mildred Friedman, director and design curator of the Walker Art Center, who had just decided to give Gehry his first major museum exhibition. Further encouraged by the Friedmans, the clients approached Gehry, who built the long-desired house. A small masterpiece, it was awarded the American Institute of Architects’ 1988 Honor Award this spring—their highest recognition of excellence.

The clients, who describe working with Gehry as “sheer, total pleasure,” gave the architect an initial image of the house as “a potting shed in the woods.” Working through several schemes over four years, Gehry finally realized a design that, he says, “may be construed as a large, outdoor sculpture.” This was a particularly appropriate solution for the clients, who are discerning collectors of contemporary art. Their main house, a classic example of modern architecture, is adorned with an early Kiefer, a Twombly work on paper, a Hockney painting, and a Dine diptych done expressly for the couple.

The guesthouse looks like a still life inspired by Morandi—an assemblage of six disparate objects, each of a different form, each of a different material. Masterfully composed, the structure centers around a truncated obelisk clad in sheet metal and painted matte black, which serves as the living room. Pinwheeling off the obelisk’s four corners are five abstract forms: a shed-rooted bedroom, also clad in black-painted sheet metal; a contrasting, curved bedroom, surfaced in local Kasota limestone; a cubical fireplace, faced in the same brick as the main house; and a long, boxlike garage-kitchenette, graphically gridded with aluminum reglets over reddish-brown Finn-ply (a material usually used for concrete formwork). The whole was conceived as a village of one-room buildings.

From the privileged perspective of Johnson’s terrace, the Gehry appears as a pure sculptural form. With windows and doors oriented out of sight, the guesthouse neither signals its specific function nor obtrudes on the main house’s privacy. It is at once idiosyncratic and archetypal, fanciful and studied.

Except for Finn-ply bathroom structures constructed within the two bedrooms, the walls inside the guesthouse have been painted plain white. The all-white interior is a unifying frame for the views through the teak-framed windows and doors onto the lawn, lake, and, of course, the building’s own, variegated exteriors.

The clients also chose white walls the better to display art. The guesthouse contains one of Gehry’s Formica fish tanks and, most important, two Robert Ryman abstract paintings, their space, light, shadows, and layering engaging in subtle dialogue with the architecture.

From the kitchen, stairs lead both down to the basement and up to the sleeping loft. When the clients’ grandchildren come for a visit, “they grab their toys and run right up to the loft.” Frank Lloyd Wright’s mother gave him Froebel blocks to play with. These kids have a Gehry house to play in.

—Sandy Heck
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RUSSIANS REDUX

Consigned to the historical trash heap a half century ago, Russian modernism (Expressionism, Cubo-futurism, Constructivism, Suprematism, and so forth) is being massively rediscovered and reinterpreted. Not since its heyday has so much early-twentieth-century Russian art occupied so many exhibition spaces, both in the Soviet Union and in the West. Two survey shows on the Russian avant-garde have held court, at the Villa Favorita, in Lugano, and at the Museum of Applied Arts, in Vienna, this summer. A full-scale retrospective of Kazimir Malevich, one of the two or three most important figures of early Russian modernism, will be in Leningrad and Moscow this winter before traveling to the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam, in March 1989. Soviet retrospectives are being mounted on two major avant-garde artists: Pavel Filonov (traveling to the Centre Pompidou, in Paris, in late 1989, after being exhibited in Leningrad), and Natalia Goncharova, planned by the Buchrušin State Theatrical Museum, in Moscow. And until September 25, visitors to the Smithsonian’s Hirshhorn Museum, are only now beginning the massive revaluation of this suppressed period of their country’s art history (after so many years of neglect, it isn’t easy; the London publisher Thames & Hudson recently tried—and failed—to find a Soviet art scholar it considered sufficiently qualified to write a book on Malevich).

The Hirshhorn show, of some sixty artists, some of them famous but most not, provides an excellent chance to appreciate the thundering energy and diversity of Russian art of this period, even as its history is being rewritten.

—Laura Cottingham

Gifts from Heaven

“Son of Heaven,” as the emperor of China was also known, might surround his tomb with thousands of terra-cotta warriors (Chin dynasty, third century B.C.) or, more modestly, keep on “auspicious animal” (Ching dynasty, eighteenth century A.D.) around the house. These and 223 other objects of imperial splendor, gleaned from various museums and archaeological sites in the PRC, compass “Son of Heaven, Imperial Arts of China,” an exhibition debuting in Seattle (Flag Plaza Pavilion, July 28–December 31, 1988) and then traveling to Columbus (March–September 1989).
If you want to win her hand,

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This month the Theatre Project displays, in Arnoult's words, "the two extremes of what we do"—meaning, unconventional but broadly accessible performance as well as more-esoteric fare. For five weeks ending August 6, the Wright Bros., prizewinners of last year's Best of Fest award at the Movement Theatre International festival, introduce their "more polished" new vaudeville act, a blend of acrobatics, song, dance, juggling, and repartee. The Terry Beck Troupe, from Philadelphia, will unveil a commissioned full-length work as part of Theatre Project's first developmental residency (August 12-28). "Terry's a very theatrical choreographer," says Arnoult. "The theater is theirs twenty-four hours a day. A new work will be born."

The amiable, bearlike Arnoult, forty-seven, assembles TP's schedule of events from what he has recently seen on his worldwide theater hunts. He is famous for his skillful tailoring of plays as well as the unpredictability of his programming. "Sometimes Philip's taste is known only to him," says Martha Coigney, executive director of the International Theatre Institute. "But even when a work doesn't turn out, it's interesting and presented with care, not just booked in."

The Theatre Project, 45 West Preston Street, Baltimore, MD 21201; phone: (301) 539-3091.

—Daniel Cohen

**GINSBERG AND GLASS**

Allen Ginsberg, one of America's best-known and most influential poets, has recorded with Bob Dylan and read with the Pro Arte String Quartet in Yugoslavia. Philip Glass has worked with the rock stars Paul Simon and David Byrne and written theater music for Beckett plays, in addition to creating minimalist opera. Glass and Ginsberg also share a devotion to many of the same causes and often appear at the same benefit concerts together. When the opportunity to "cook something up," as Ginsberg put it, finally arose, the poet and the composer must have wondered what had taken them so long.

Last February, as part of the Vietnam Veterans Ensemble Theatre Company gala tribute to Vietnam veterans, at the Shubert Theatre in New York, the sixty-two-year-old poet, seated inches from Glass, gave an ecstatic reading of his Vietnam poem "Wichita Vortex," while the sterner, fifty-one-year-old composer concentrated on his arpeggied piano accompaniments. The pair brought the house down. (Glass and Ginsberg will repeat the twenty-five minute performance on August 2 as part of the Lincoln Center "Serious Fun!" festival.)

Like Glass a practicing Buddhist, Ginsberg says he feels at home with the mantra-like repetition and intensification of the composer's music. Glass, who is most effective when he writes music of theatrical content, closely fashioned his score to suit Ginsberg's distinctive performance style. The result makes Glass seem, in performance, something of a straight man to the poet.

For their next act, Glass has a much grander collaboration in mind. To fulfill a commission for the Atlanta Symphony and Chorus, he is at present setting Ginsberg's antinuclear "Plutonian Ode," which includes a role for Ginsberg as reciter. Atlanta's Glass-Ginsberg piece is tentatively scheduled for spring 1989.

—Mark Swed
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THE POLITICS OF LOVE

A World Apart, set in Johannesburg in 1963, is about the South African tragedy as seen through the eyes of Molly (Jodhi May), the thirteen-year-old daughter of white anti-apartheid firebrands. We have seen movies about the South African situation before; most, like Richard Attenborough’s Cry Freedom, strain for saintly high righteousness at the expense of dramatic insight: they seem to be shooting for the Nobel Peace Prize. A World Apart avoids the glib sympathies with which the material is booby-trapped.

At the beginning of the film, Molly’s father (Jeroen Krabbe) flees the country to avoid arrest, but her journalist mother, Diana (Barbara Hershey), stays on, is arrested under the new ninety-day-detention act, and martyrs herself over and over again for the cause. Molly’s nascent outrage at the racial injustice around her cannot match the pain of separation from a mother who perhaps cares more for her cause than for her child. A World Apart is about the wages of martyrdom, and, except for a slight backslide at the end, the Oscar-winning cinematographer and first-time director Chris Menges doesn’t take the easy way out. He works with Barbara Hershey to make Diana the sort of uncompromising standard-bearer who is both noble and maddening.

The suggestion that Diana’s obsession with racial justice is a substitute for family feelings gives A World Apart a psychological density that sets it apart from the standard political-picture genre. The film is acute about the ways in which adults unconsciously deny the sensitivities of children, as well as the ways in which children deny their own worst fears of aban-

Bernstein Fest

Leonard Bernstein’s seventieth birthday, this month, is cause for international celebration, but it will be at Tanglewood, where America’s most famous conductor began his career, forty-eight years ago, that the really lavish party will take place, with tickets for the choicest seats to the whole shebang costing as much as $5,000. For four days, beginning on Bernstein’s birthday, Thursday, August 25, the Boston Symphony will turn its annual summer festival in the Berkshires into a Bernstein extravaganza. Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, John Mauceri, and Michael Tilson Thomas will be on hand to lead the Boston Symphony in tributes to Bernstein’s own music, while the University of Indiana School of Music will stage his Mass. Bernstein himself will top the weekend off with a Sunday-afternoon conducting of Tchaikovsky’s Fifth Symphony. —M.S.

Il maestro turns seventy.

The Docs of August

The network-television documentary is nearly extinct, drowned in a sea of soaps, sitcoms, and “dramedies.” But thanks to PBS and cable, nonfiction-film making has not altogether vanished from the airwaves. In fact, this month the tube offers an impressive array of independently produced documentary features.

But wait, you say. This is August. Only compulsive couch potatoes and bleary-eyed critics watch television in August. Everyone else is outside, brushing sand off the pages of far, juicy novels. In August, you do not even watch baseball on television; you grab a transistor radio and find a piece of shade, preferably one surrounding
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The Good Fight, about the Lincoln brigade in the Spanish civil war—one of the documentary goodides on the tube in August.

a hammock. By the fifth inning, you are dozing peacefully. But television? C'mon.

Enter the VCR. That miracle of microchip technology was just going to sit there gathering dust while you pranced around the Hamptons, right? Fiddle with all those weird little buttons, pray you won't come back to find six hours of Morton Downey Jr. on your tape, and hit the beach.

Here are the documentaries to look for. As always, check your local listings to confirm dates and times.

Start with PBS and its impressively programmed Tuesday-night summer series "The American Documentary." The August lineup looks like this: August 2, Las Madres: The Mothers of Plaza de Mayo, an Oscar-nominated ode to Argentinian mothers' struggle against their country's military rulers; August 9, The Good Fight, a moving film about Americans who fought in the Spanish civil war; August 16, Metropolitan Avenue, chronicling neighborhood struggles in Brooklyn; August 23, Louie Bluie, a portrait of the seventy-six-year-old, one-of-a-kind musician Howard Armstrong; August 30, Gates of Heaven, a quirky examination of pet cemeteries and the American dream.

PBS's third season of "American Masters" continues with Andre Kertesz of the Cities, a profile of the Hungarian photographer, on August 8; Aretha Franklin: The Queen of Soul, August 22; and Riverain America, a portrait of the Mexican muralist, August 29. And a pair of previously aired films get an encore this month: Directed by William Wyler (August 1) and this year's Academy Award-winning The Ten-Year Lunch: The Wit and Legend of the Algonquin Round Table (August 15).

The cable network Bravo weights in with an intriguing quintet of offerings via its weekly documentary series "Bravo Panorama." On August 1, it is Partisans of Vila, an award-winner on Jewish resistance against the Nazis; August 8, AK, a film about Akira Kurosawa filming Ran; August 15, the Merchant-Ivory team's The Courtesans of Bombay; August 22, Girls Apart, about two South African girls, one black, one white; and August 29, The Family Album, an experimental collage of American home movies.

Finally, if you must stay home and welter this month, keep things frothy with Arts & Entertainment cable network's BBC-produced Hollywood—The Golden Years. The behind-the-scenes story of RKO Pictures kicks off on August 14.

—David Ruben

FAUX VIDEO

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—Lisa Hoving

CUISINE DE CANCALE

One of France's best and brightest young chefs, Olivier Roellinger, opened a delightful six-room inn in Cancale, on the Brittany coast, last March—the same month that his Restaurant de Bricourt, located a quarter mile away, was awarded a second star by Michelin. The inn is a stone house that opens onto miles of paths lined with flowering shrubs, which overlook the spectacular Brittany cliffs; across the bay the towers of Mont Saint-Michel, forty-five minutes away by car, rise into the horizon. The rooms have a provincial elegance, with padded fabric in various shades of pink covering the walls, thick comforters covered in bright flowered chintz on the beds, and nineteenth-century writing tables and armoires. Croissants and brioches made by a pâtissier friend of Roellinger's, using a special local butter, arrive on a tray in the morning.

The cooking down the road at Roellinger's Restaurant de Bricourt, which he opened six years ago in the house where he grew up, is equally tied to the region. Roellinger identifies with the generation of
"I seek the poetic vision, elusive as mist over water."

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he is returning to the roots of French gastronomy. His variations on the cuisine of Brittany rely not only on the rich variety of local pro-ducer—but on exotic spices that traders long ago introduced to Brittany through Saint-Malo, the fortified coastal city fifteen miles away. Lemon grass, saffron, cayenne, cumin, and Roellinger’s own curry blend turn up regularly in his sauces. A recent and typical specialty was the succulent local lobster served with chunks of smoked salmon in buckwheat crépes, over an herb-infused sauce, garnished with ribbons of lemon grass.

Roellinger breaks the mold in which most French chefs seem cast by having come to food very late—when he was twenty and already trained as an engineer. He embarked on a series of apprenticeships to pioneers of nouvelle cuisine, including Michel Guérard and Guy Savoy; and, following in their peripatetic footsteps, he has become the consulting chef to the Julien, the restaurant at the Hôtel Meridien in Boston, where several times a year he brings a new touch of cuisine de Cancale to the menu.

De Bricourt Restaurant, 1 Rue Duguesclin, 35260 Cancale; phone: 99 89 64 76. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday and from December 15 to March 15. (Phone for hotel: 99 89 61 22; open year-round.) —Corby Kummer

A Few Words About Wine

The production of wine prose seems to be keeping pace with the American appetite for wine itself. The Wine Appreciation Guild, a wholesaler and publisher of books about wine and related paraphernalia, lists about 500 titles in its 1988 catalog—double what it offered five years ago. The fastest-growing genre is the so-called pocket guide, usually a thin tome slightly larger than a wallet-style checkbook.

Price and conciseness are the primary virtues of a pocket guide. Less than ten dollars will buy about 200 pages of more or less meaty reference data, often cleverly encrypted with italic and boldface codes, abbreviations, stars, and symbols. My gold medal for general excellence goes to the Pocket Guides series, which can be surprisingly informative. Never heard of Château Lavillotte? Consult David Peppercorn’s Pocket Guide to the Wines of Bordeaux (Simon & Schuster, 1987): a fifth-growth St.-Estéphe that produces 5,300 cases of unfiltered, “heavily perfumed,” “rich” wine with “distinctly minty overtones”; 75 percent cabernet sauvignon and 25 percent merlot; plus a bit of history. Fourteen lines. Not bad for a wine too obscure to get mentioned in Alexis Lichine’s massive encyclopedia or in Robert Parker’s 500-page, “definitive” guide to Bordeaux.

Should you stumble on a bottle of Italian Caramino, you may identify it with the help of Burton Anderson’s Pocket Guide to Italian Wine: similar to Gattinara, made from nebbiolo grapes, grown in the Novara hills of Piedmont; above average and usually good value.

To me, the book with the best coverage in pocket format is Hugh Johnson’s Pocket Encyclopaedia of Wine. Johnson manages to squeeze in eighteen countries; to rank most of his entries with one to four stars; and to annotate for unusually good value, best vintages currently available, and readiness to drink. The Pocket Encyclopaedia is copiously cross-referenced by grape variety and region. Although Johnson’s entries are also much admired by some critics, I find a lot of their information pretty useless. Johnson tends to describe California wineries by size (tiny, small, midsize, or substantial) and modernity of equipment; French entries often try to explicate geographic proximity (Bellet is “near Nice”). Johnson is broadbrush. For all its accurate and admirable detail, the Pocket Encyclopaedia cannot include a Château Lavillotte or a Caramino.

Serena Sutcliffe’s Pocket Guide to the Wines of Burgundy wins my gold medal for charm. No stars or ratings here; just vivid descriptions and a wealth of detail. You can almost taste Sutcliffe’s Burgundies right from the page. With Sutcliffe’s A–Z of Burgundian producers, augmented by a list of personal favorites in each appellation, separate sections on Chablis, Beaujolais, the Côte Chalonnais, and the Mâconnais, and front matter of stunning exudition, this is a gargantuan dwarf of a book and the best bedtime wine reading in years.

On a lower tier, we find the Wine Appreciation Guide’s Pocket Encyclopaedia, compiled by William I. Kaufman. These three separate guides (to California, the Pacific Northwest, and America east of the Rockies) are considerably less elegant than Simon & Schuster’s and confined to information provided by the wineries themselves on grape sources, production, and ownership. However, complete addresses, telephone numbers, and driving directions make them especially useful for touring American wine lands.

The International Wine Review Buyer’s Guide (New American Library, 1987) looks like output from a home computer with a glossy cover; still, it gets my bronze medal, for it is the only pocket guide to provide signed tasting notes on individual vintages. This specificity means that only a few wines in popular categories can be covered.

And finally, no awards of any hue for Barbara Ensrud’s Pocket Guide to Wine (Pengee, 1980 et seq.), which has unaccountably survived into a third edition with a dizzying display of misspellings, random sprinklings of French diacritics, and plain errors of fact.

Trouble finding these pocket guides? Order from the Wine Appreciation Guild, 155 Connecticut Street, San Francisco, CA 94107; (800) 231-9463 in California, (800) 242-9462 elsewhere.

—John Winthrop Haeger

White Poise

Carolina Herrera, known for a classic sophistication in her fashion designs, has made a debut fragrance with an appropriately noble pedigree. Called Carolina Herrera, the scent is a new version of a generic fragrance type of long standing, the white floral. There are as many floral scents as there are flowers, but white flowers have the special distinction of relying predominantly on two white flowers—jasmine and tuberose—that are especially prized for their rich and delicate scents. Growers in Grasse, the perfume capital, in the south of France, who cultivate scent flowers by traditional, labor-intensive methods, may look after as few as 200 bushes of rare jasmine; it takes one ton of blossoms to produce around two pounds of
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White Shoulders (1939), made by Evyan, is the grande dame of white-floral fragrances, a combination of tuberose and jasmine, with a few hints of magnolia, lilac, muguet, and rose to round out its sweet, warm bouquet.

Herrera’s namesake scent, which blends jasmine and tuberose, is a rich, exuberant, exceedingly feminine one, and striking in its simplicity. It takes us back to a premodern world, where women wore a fragrance with the express purpose of leaving a strong impression of femininity.

—Jill Resnick

ON KORS

Candidly and quickly, the fashion designer Michael Kors acknowledges his inspiration: the line invented by Claire McCardell in the 1940s of women’s sportswear “separates”—skirts, pants, shirts, and sweaters—an idea she derived from men’s sporting clothes. As a Long Island teenager, Kors was intrigued by photographs of McCardell’s clothes. “They were timeless,” he remembers. “And she was the first designer to look not to Paris for inspiration but to the needs of the American woman.”

Today the twenty-eight-year-old, New York–based Kors extends the McCardell tradition, designing some of the best sportswear around. This fall Kors’s collection includes jumpsuits for day and evening, suede shorts, and silk raincoats, as well as his modern classics: shirts, pants, skirts, blazers, and crewnecks, all accessorized with cashmere shawls, suede gloves, and mink dickeys—Kors’s own cross between a fur scarf and a fur vest.

“Women are always looking for perfect pieces,” he says. “The perfect black skirt, the perfect white shirt, the perfect camel’s-hair coat.” Kors’s colors and shapes are pure and simple. He favors neutrals—camel, gray, black, navy, khaki (“They’re like old friends, you know they work”)—and “lots, lots, lots of white.” His shapes are clean—“I think,” he says, “because I grew up in the seventies and saw the craziness of Indian and Gypsy and tie-dye and everything else. Simple clothes let the personality of the wearer come through.”

The blond, curly-haired Kors studied at New York City’s Fashion Institute of Technology and, backed by family money, produced his first, fifteen-piece collection eight years ago, which he sold out of his apartment. He now sells to 120 stores around the world, including Saks and Bergdorf Goodman.

Taking another leaf from the Claire McCardell “book” of classic American sportswear, Kors pays constant attention to women’s lives and demands. “I like to sit and talk with women—friends, girls in the office, my mother,” he says, and he asks them all a simple question: “What would you love?”

—Bart Boehlert

OBJETS DE KITSCH

Most of us long ago consigned our TV-show lunchboxes, logo-shape piggybanks, and cereal-box decoder rings to the landfill of history. For Ellen Hayte Weis, however, such mass-produced detritus of a self-crazy society is the stuff of which myths—and museums—are made.

Weis, thirty-one, is executive director of a five-year-old exercise in pop-cultural iconography in San Francisco known as the Museum of Modern Mythology—the world’s only institution, she says, specifically devoted to the collection, preservation, and documentation of advertising characters. Inside the wood-and-glass display cases that house the museum’s collection sit Reddy Kilowatt (a figure), Mr. Peanut (salt and pepper shakers), and more than a hundred other familiar and not-so-familiar products of Madison Avenue’s peculiar genius. The museum also mounts temporary exhibitions; one is “Waking Up in the Nuclear Age,” featuring atomic esoterica, from miniature ceramic-al-box Geiger counters to Three Mile Island lamps.

Located in a humble, four-room office suite in San Francisco’s downtown high-rise district, MMM is a low-budget but high-concept operation. Advertising characters, Weis says, have assumed a mythological status in capitalist, consumer-driven America that parallels the role of gods and goddesses in ancient societies. “We revere these objects by buying the products they represent.”

If that sounds a bit heavy, relax: Weis says it’s okay to take a Mork-from-Ork talking doll, Esso Oil Drop man, and their kitschy cofetures at face value. “The beauty of it is, we’re dealing with an art form that’s incredibly accessible,” she asserts. “It’s colorful, whimsical, and fun, so people who don’t get into the theoretical stuff enjoy it for the nostalgia.”

693 Mission Street, Suite 900, San Francisco, CA 94105; (415) 546-0202.

—D.R.

Edited by Robert Knafo
Tim GETS A PET

Wanta help me name my new turtle?

Sure, how about "Native Dancer"?

Nah, I was thinking about something simple, like Kate.

Mmm, Do you think he's sleeping?

We'll see—HEY!!

The name's Tim, and it's a new turtleneck from Lands' End.

I'm wearing one, too.

Well, they're sure worth whatever you shelled out for them.

Oh, brother

But seriously, folks...

Hi there. Nice shirt you're wearing, Buster.

Heh, heh

That's silly

...Lands' End makes great turtlenecks for kids. I wish they made kid-necks for turtles.

We could name him "Lands' End"

See ya later

Maybe he should remain anonymous

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This past season has been such a grand parade of superlatives—sort of like last season—that it will take especially strict discrimination to select those auction-world moments that are, uh, special enough to qualify for our annual honors list. For those new to this late-summer ritual of conceits, a word of explanation: each August, a month of virtual saleroom inactivity, we step back from the frenzy of our hammer-to-hammer auction coverage and zero in on the kind of stories, whimsical, parochial, bizarre, that would otherwise, woe unto us, be left untold.

First, our Tin Drumstick Award, bestowed annually on the press department doing the best job of flogging a sale. Let’s see: it seems to be—yes, a three-way tie—shared this year by Christie’s and Butterfield, co-impresarios of the Liberace sale, and Sotheby’s, which indefatigably hawked the Warhol booty. All three maisons prodigiously pounded their promotional tom-toms, with predictably uneven results: April’s dispersal of the Liberace estate grossed just over $2 million for some 2,365 lots, a disappointing tally, which goes to prove that a great myth does not necessarily rub off on a crystal chandelier, no matter what the hypesters do. The previous winner Sotheby’s, on the other hand, appeared to rewrite the book on how masterfully to promote a really big sale: $95 catalog, distributed by Abrams; lines around the block; magazine covers galore. Andy’s collection nearly doubled the presale estimates by 70 percent (at $25.3 million).

If only to show ourselves capable of an uncharacteristic generosity of spirit, our next award—the Platinum Plume—goes to the Antiques Trade Gazette, a London-based weekly newspaper (circulation: about 16,000) that provides some of the most informed, and certainly the withest, writing about antiques and auctions available today. ATG’s editors emblazon ATG’s stories with such beckoning headlines as “Painting hardly worth a prayer makes £770,000 as bidders find gold in the dirt” and “Christmas fugitives crowd the saleroom”; the reporting is just as good.

Our St. John Chrysostom Fellowship in Felicitous Phraseology, which this year might have been better dubbed the “Say It Ain’t So” Award, reflects the brightest and best (?) of what is being said about matters of interest to us. At a panel discussion convened by the President’s Committee on the Arts & Humanities, the Faustian tango between art and lucre seemed to be uppermost on the minds of the invited. The critic Hilton Kramer became a sure contender when he remarked that the current boom in art-market prices could be a “wonderful benefaction” to museums if only it kept them from buying contemporary art. What could top that? Well, the Sotheby’s North America chairman and copanelist John L. Marion, in the afterglow of the Warhol wonder-ama, quoth, “The world can now... go
"MOONLIGHT DANCE: THE BRONZE", 1988, height 19", length 23", depth 7"

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back to flea markets and reassess what cookie jars and Fiesta ware are really worth." Careful, John, some people may not realize that you're just kidding.

A new category—the Vox Populi Cup—will be awarded for demotic derring-do in publicly taking on the behemoths of the art business. By way of background: the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs now requires all retail establishments, including art galleries, to post conspicuously the prices of their merchandise. Needless to say, the art and antiques dealers are all in a snit; but hear out an Alvin S. Lane, who wrote the following in a letter to the New York Times: "Art galleries are stores. Their proprietors, the art dealers, are merchants. Their primary purpose is to sell art in order to make a profit. They are not houses of worship. They are not museums. They are not schools. They are not ecclesiastical institutions. The dealer is not an altruist dedicated to educate and elevate the public. He is a pragmatic businessman. . . . The art merchant should not take on the aura of the gifted artist and think that he is different from those who sell Tiffany jewelry, Halston clothes, Bergdorf furs or used cars." Hear, hear.

And now, the moment for which you've all been waiting. Our top award, the U2 Award for U Neat U Utterances, goes . . . again to the New York Times art critic John Russell (cf. last August's column). Russell becomes incomprehensibly agitated when considering the extraordinary prices art has achieved at auction over the last few years. In his Sunday column shortly after van Gogh's Iris sold, last November, for a colossal $53.9 million, Mr. Russell mused that "statisticians may find the idea of compiling a 'Top 10' listing of auction prices irresistible, although those who truly care about art" (presumably not statisticians!) "will place such lists among the silliest and most misleading formulations of our time." Mr. Russell then proceeded to compile precisely such a list, taking care to illustrate every one of the Top 10.

It might be appropriate (however harmful to his fantasies) to ask Russell exactly who is buying all this art. Not one to be pinned down by such inconveniences as facts, he tells us somewhat opaquely only that they are merely "collectors" whose ego compels them to bid and buy at auction, where all present can see and admire them." The presumed wickedness of all this will perhaps escape you too. But fear not: Russell's handwringing leads to the thunderous conclusion that "collecting will continue, that museums will not stagnate and that the art market will go on much as before . . . And there you were, ready to panic.

—James R. Lyons

Our Thanks for the Tip Award to John Marion, of Sotheby's, who thinks cookie jars are going up, up, up.
In the first hour of morning, a spell of enchantment lingers in the air. Whispers of peaceful awakening mingle with the stillness of mist, creating a mood as soft and irresistible as a sigh. Hints of pink begin to appear in the pale blues and grays that have greeted the day, anticipating the fullness of color’s bloom.

This is China, born again to pastoral beauties of old... born again in the eye of H. Leung, whose brush, like a wand, is a weaver of dreams. Leung has taken his place among the world’s most expressive realists. His work is alive with a radiance that captivates the soul. To purchase this splendid triptych—or to find out more about this acclaimed artist and his other available paintings and prints—please call toll-free: 1-800-367-8047 ext. 108.

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Early Dawn at Hangzhou. Three-panel oil on canvas. Total Size: 48 x 103 inches. Availability subject to prior sale. Price on request.
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THE LIVELY ARTS

ZYDECO IS
CREOLE FOR ROCK AND ROLL

BY ALFRED GINGOLD

Rock Bottom is not his real name, but it is the name he uses professionally. As leader of Rock Bottom and the Cutaways, Rock plays harmonica and sings blues, R&B, and obscure soul and jump tunes that only Rock seems to know about. Rock spends half the year in Florida, the other half in Europe, but now he is in New Orleans, where he may be the best guide a neophyte could have to the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, an avalanche of music that can easily overwhelm the uninformed fan trying to decide whom to hear. Tonight, Rock counsels, the person to see is Clifton Chenier, the king of zydeco.

"Clifton's not well, apparently. I don't know how much longer he'll be playing. But he's at Tipitina's tonight. That's where I'll be." Me too.

Tipitina's is a barnlike building on a corner in Uptown New Orleans. It is named for a song by the city's revered piano genius Professor Longhair and is an informal place, much funkier than the sleek boîte it was made to seem in the film The Big Easy. The crowd is predominantly white, as are the crowds at the festival grounds (with the exception of the Gospel Tent, where there are always legions of black fans). Their watches and teeth and Top-Siders suggest prosperity, but they are dressed really down. T-shirts, baseball caps, and cutoffs are the order of the day.

The crowd is ready to party, but when Clifton makes his entrance (after a suitable fanfare by his group, the Red Hot Louisiana Band), they greet him with as much reverence as enthusiasm, their cheering lasting all the time it takes Clifton to disengage from his walker and be helped by three of his sidemen to a chair on the side of the bandstand. He wears a peach-colored suit with a frilly shirt and a silver-studded leather headband. He moves very slowly. He almost disappears behind his glittering Hohner accordion.

This was in April of 1987, and Rock was right; Clifton was not well. He did not live out the year. But that night, as Rock said, he still had "the magic in his fingertips." Clifton teased sounds out of the accordion that would have made Lawrence Welk blush. The cumbersome instrument skirled like a bagpipe, tooted like a calliope, droned like an organ, whined like a mouth harp (Hohner, after all, makes those too), moaned a wordless human cry. Clifton's brother Cleveland wore a corrugated-metal breastplate, like a washtub without a frame, which he beat and scraped with spoons or bottle openers or something. The rest of the band—trumpet, guitar, bass, and drums—blasted music as limber as it was loud. Many of the lyrics were in French, the songs a hodgepodge of waltzes, shuffles, two-steps, twelve-bar blues. When played by this band, though, they were all rock and roll, heavy on the rhythm and irresistibly danceable. The whole place was moving, doing everything from the Lindy to the box step to your basic midlife mashed potato.

What we had heard was zydeco at its best. Zydeco is a peculiar hybrid of French Canadian songs, European instruments, Caribbean and African rhythms, and Creole sensibility. The name is a contraction of the name of a song called "Les Haricots Sont Pas Salés," which every zydeco band performs in one form or another. "The snap beans aren't salty" implies pov-

The king in his kingdom: Clifton Chenier, New Orleans, 1986.

Something big is happening at MOCA in L.A.

But the huge scale of Anselm Kiefer's work is only a small part of his art. Kiefer paints public memories mixed with private dreams—as he shuns the comfort of custom and fashion. Only 43 years old, he has already challenged Europe's ideas of what an artist is and does. Now America can join in the discovery.

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ZYDECO HAS ARRIVED ON THE COATTAILS OF CAJUN MANIA.

wheat Dural, Terrance Simien and the Mallet Playboys, the Cajun singer Zachary Richard, and Fernest Arceneaux and the Thunders. Loup Garou is always somewhere in town.

When Delton Broussard and the Lawtell Playboys take the stage at the Washington Square Methodist Church, they look uncomfortable. Lawtell is a tiny town between Opelousas and Eunice, and the Playboys are a country band, used to playing house parties and social clubs that are not far from home and family. Now they face an audience—a seated audience—that gazes at them with disheartening gravity. These look like the last people on Earth still wearing Earth shoes.

After the first two numbers, the dancing starts, in a space cleared for the purpose on one side of the hall. The Playboys look relieved and turn toward the dancers. By the time the Cajun classic "Pine Grove Blues" is announced, the dancers are whooping and hollering and doing their best to imitate the few couples who seem to know what they are doing.

Although the Playboys include electric instruments in their lineup, their style is of another day. They retain the fiddle; played by Calvin Carriere, it, too, is electrified. Carriere and Delton Broussard play some duets that indicate why the accordion, a Viennese invention, found such favor in the backwoods and bayous of south Louisiana in the first place. Even without a rhythm section, it makes an ear-filling sound, and Calvin must bow hard to make himself heard. The Playboys play no blues or rock and are closer in sound to the traditional Cajun bands. The difference is the rhythmic velocity and variation created by the drums and frottoir. Broussard sings with a nasal twang, reminiscent of a yodel or a square-dance call, that you hear in a lot of country voices. It is the melancholy, yearning sound that is important; the lyrics are incomprehensible for the most part, even when in English.

Not that it matters. The Playboys provide a groove that has couples trying two-steps who have probably never before held a partner on the dance floor. The night after the church concert, some enthusiasts commandeered a downtown loft, in which the group plays, passing a hat. Everyone is happy, the music loud and the dancing squeezed—a Creole bal de maison in TriBe-

Ca. During a break, the taciturn Delton Broussard says, "This is my first visit to New York. I like it."

S.O.B.'s (no, it stands for Sounds of Brazil) is a posh Manhattan club in which a good-size house assembles to hear Buckwheat Zydeco and his I1s sont Partis Band. ("1ls sont parts!" is what they shout at the start of a race at the Evangeline Downs racetrack, in Lafayette.) Stanley ("Buckwheat") Dural, Jr., is a rising star. Both the New York Times and People magazine have profiled him, he has appeared on "Letterman," and his albums are easy to find.

Unfortunately, what is coming across tonight is music both gussied up and lacking in energy. The guitarist and trumpet player do flashy solos, but the band's stuff sounds like a proficient, uninspired soul revue. There is a lot of desultory blues vamping, over which Buckwheat shouts "Laissez bons temps rouler!" so often and with so little conviction that I begin to think it is Creole for "Have a nice day." The audience does not seem to mind. They pack the dance floor before he is through his first number and remain clogged there for the whole, brief set.

Zydeco has always been a bastardized music. The first record by a zydeco performer to appear on a national chart, Clarence Garlow's "Bon Ton Roula," of 1950, has a great sax riff and prominent, crackling percussion and uses the word "zydeco" in the lyrics, but, technically speaking, it is not zydeco; it is a ruba. Zydeco incorporates all sorts of influences, and yet it
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retains its own, particular identity.

Surely this has something to do with the Creoles themselves, a group as diverse in heritage as the Cajuns are singular. Cajuns are, simply, descendants of the French settlers of Acadia, in Nova Scotia, who were expelled by the British in 1755. The term Creole originally denoted descendants of the French and Spanish settlers in Louisiana as well as slaves born in the New World. Today it is a loose rubric describing a racially mixed population sharing common cultural ground: language (French), religion (Catholicism), cuisine, and music. Given the ethnic jumble out of which zydeco grows, it is no wonder that it can sound like a Scottish reel in one instant, a Chicago blues the next. But like anything artful, it is a delicate balancing act, one that is not helped by Top 40 pressure.

"There was probably as much racism down there as anywhere else. But even so, Creoles and Cajuns had a much more subtle and intimate exchange than blacks and whites did anywhere else in the country," says Zachary Richard, a Cajun performer from near Lafayette. It should surprise no one that the first black American to record in French, Amadé Arion, was half of an interracial duo, or that Zachary does not much care if you call his music zydeco, Cajun, or just rock and roll. "Clifton Chienaier himself said zydeco is nothing but rock and roll in French," he says.

Zachary has been called the Cajun Mick Jagger, but he began as a pure folkie, singing authentic (and acoustic) Cajun music with Michael Doucet, who now leads the Cajun-revival group Beausoleil. Since the early seventies, Zachary has sold hundreds of thousands of records in France and Canada. He has lived in both countries and still tours each regularly.

It has been slower going here. A local favorite since moving back to Louisiana in 1982, he is just beginning to reach a wider audience. His performances at the festival last year were electrifying; he looked like a dervish, with a spiky punk haircut and shades, capping around the stage in front of his band, wielding his little Acadian accordion like a weapon. He has a full, throaty voice, and he writes a lot of his own stuff in both English and French. Soon after the festival, he played the Lone Star Cafe, in New York, and, for the first time, venues in San Francisco and Chicago. There is talk of interest from record companies. These are heady times for a man who had to go abroad to find an audience for his own heritage. And he is not the only one. Dopsie recorded his first album for a Swedish label, Sonet, in 1976 and has played Europe regularly since 1979. Fernest Arceneaux and the Thunders have also found work abroad a sight easier to come by than gigs north of the Crawfish Circuit.

But now the rest of the country seems to be catching on. One sweaty Saturday afternoon, Fernest and the Thunders play a concert in Central Park. It is a gruesomely hot day, and Fernest, an extremely genial, easygoing performer with a sweet, high tenor, a wonderfully agile accordion style, and an excellent band, is having trouble winning the audience. As they swing into a French ballad, a young black man storms away from the bandshell muttering, "I don't need any of that slow shit." Many stay, seated, nodded, knees bobbing, but maintaining that skeptical manner New York audiences like to affect. Then, Fernest has an inspiration: he asks a little girl dancing by herself down in front to come on the stage. From then on, the crowd is his. They stay through a quick thunderstorm ("It's because of the name of my band") and cluster around the stage, dancing to everything—walztes, blues, New Orleans standards.

Even an Orthodox Jewish couple are swaying a bit and surreptitiously tapping their feet to the syncopations of the drums and the rub board. Some Japanese tourists take in the scene with contained rapture: a coffee-colored man singing in French to a white crowd while playing a huge candy-apple red plastic accordion. They shot an entire role of film.

**ZYDECO FAVORITES**

Zydeco Blues (Flyright 539). A great compilation including Chenier, Fernest and the Thunders, Marcel Dugas and the Entertainers, and Dopsie.

Zydeco: Louisiana Creole Music (Rounder 6009). Older, more rural-style recordings, including some terrific numbers recorded in small Louisiana clubs, with very good, informative notes.

Classic Cajun and Bogalusa Boogie (Arhoolie 1082 and 1076). The best of Clifton Chenier, the master. The first spans almost his whole career; the second is very well produced, with a very hot band.

Rockin' Dopsie & the Thunders (Rounder 6012) and Rockin' with Dopsie (Flyright 592). Great stuff. The first has better sound. The second is earthy, somewhat crudely recorded rock and roll. Dopsie's accordion and voice stand out.

Allura Dance (Aned 1007). A white singer (Zachary Richard), New Orleans-style horn arrangements, and not a frou-frou to be heard, but who's counting? Good material, well performed.

Big metropolitan record shops like Tower Records (New York, Los Angeles, Boston, and elsewhere) or J&K (New York) have zydeco sections, usually next to the New Orleans department. The best place to find all you want, though, is Floyd's, P.O. Drawer 10, Ville Platte, LA 70586; phone: (318) 363-2184.

Alfred Gingold's new book, Water in the Basement, is about real estate and will be published by Workman in the fall.
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The banquet began with a painting. Leo Stein said it began with a violin, but no one else who was there agrees, so who can tell? History is elusive. Let us begin in the fall of 1908 with a painting.

Out for a stroll on the Rue des Martyrs in Paris, Picasso saw the head staring stonily from a jumble of canvases outside a second-hand shop. "How much?" he asked. "Five francs," the shopkeeper said, acknowledging with a shrug that a huge portrait of a woman whose body was flat as hammered tin, whose feet were the size of bonbons, and whose hand held a tree standing upside down could scarcely command more. He added, as a selling point, "You can paint on the back." So Picasso, who that year had come under the influence of Rousseau's simplified forms, bought Portrait of a Woman, his first painting by the master.

By Vicki Goldberg
Picasso’s inspiration for the banquet followed naturally. Rousseau, painting like a child under divine tutelage, had created a new world while the public snickered. Paintfully poor, he taught art to.ham-fisted butchers, regularly visited with ghosts, and was scheduled to go on trial shortly for an embezzlement he probably did not understand. A few did recognize his gifts and would pay him their own, eccentric homage.

To honor painting and painter, all would be perfectly grand. Chairs were rented, cutlery borrowed, and food ordered in. Thirty artists and poets and pretty young women were invited to Picasso’s studio and urged to write poetry or sing songs for the old man who had exposed them to naive painting even before they discovered African primitivism.

They gathered for aperitifs at the bar Fauvet, down the steep hill from Picasso’s studio. Gertrude Stein was there, already beginning to look like a monument that had bulled its way off its pedestal into the street. Georges Braque was there, that very month a critic said his paintings reduced everything “to geometric schemes, to cubes.” Maurice de Vlaminck came, massive and blond in a flashy tweed suit and a bowler hat like an American, and the Spanish painter Picasso, as long and narrow as a Romanesque saint on a portal. Also, the writers André Salmon, Max Jacob, Maurice Ravel, Maurice Cremnitz, and René Dalizc, plus three foreign collectors who some thought had come to Paris mainly for the party.

The painter Marie Laurencin was there; that fall, Rousseau was painting a portrait of her with Guillaume Apollinaire, The Poet and His Muse. The poet, who at twenty-eight had spun a glittering reputation in literary journals but could make a living only by writing pornography, had turned to art criticism two years earlier and championed the most audacious art quite early. When Laurencin, tall and slim, saw that Rousseau had painted her as broad as a fortification, she was mortified. “What do you want?” Rousseau asked. “Guillaume is a great poet; he needs a great muse!”

Fernande Olivier, Picasso’s mistress, thought Marie went to great lengths to seem naive when she didn’t have to work at it at all. On the night of the banquet, someone decided to get Laurencin drunk and found it was not difficult. When the company rose at length to go to dinner, she swayed like a charmed snake and made it up the hill only by collapsing alternately onto Gertrude and Leo Stein en route.

Picasso lived in the Bateau Lavoir, a shivery, infirm building—if you knocked too hard, the walls trembled and pictures fell. To get to the studio from the entrance on the upper side, one had to climb down several levels into the building. One of the guests, who was late, got so lost in the unit corridors, they say, that he did not arrive for dinner until the next day at noon.

The walls of Picasso’s enormous studio had been stripped bare; only his African masks remained. Columns and beams bristled with foliage, and candlelight thickened everywhere from garlands of Chinese lanterns. The banquet table was a long plank set up on trestles. Jostling, laughing, and making as much noise as they could manage, the revelers found their places. Rous-
Rousseau's painting presided over all, draped with banners, one reading HONNEUR A ROUSSEAU. Beneath it is a kind of throne—a chair atop a packing case—awaited the guest of honor.

Suddenly, three discreet knocks sounded at the door. All heads turned as the door opened on the little figure of Rousseau, shepherded by the towering Apollinaire. Rousseau stood there a moment blinking in the candlelight. Tiny and pale, slightly bent under the weight of his sixty-four years, with a fluffy white mustache and a soft felt artist's cap, he carried a cane in one hand and a small violin in the other; he was seldom without the violin and taught music to keep bread on his table.

As he glanced about at the young people looking at him so expectantly, artists and writers whose names were in the press, a wave of emotion broke over him. Raynal said the old man was in effect naked, as it clothed only in his violin. He who had never been properly recognized by the public became a mirror of gratitude and joy. The banqueters, for their part, were unexpectedly moved. Rousseau was so old and they so fleetingly young; he so innocent and kind and they so mischievous and scornful; he so dedicated to his art and yet so poverty-stricken. As he ascended his packing-case throne, the crew was restless and sad. Rousseau himself had to drink up and stammer a few bright toasts to start their gauzy whirl once more.

It whirled for an hour while dinner did not show up, and then for another with more wine and yet more, until suddenly Picasso slapped his forehead and announced he had just remembered that he had told the restaurant the wrong day. Such consternation! Such noise! Such plans! Some ran out for food, but when the hosts produced fifty bottles of wine and some tins of herring, everyone else settled down happily to drinking more.

At this point a haze of wine begins to cloud the clarity of detail. Several who were there recall the details exactly, but no one's details quite match anyone else's. Perhaps it is fitting that the facts should blur at precisely the point in art history when painted reality and traditional norms of illusion were breaking down.

Well, food came at last. Cremnitz, who loved to sing sea chanties but did so badly, rose and asked timidly if he might render a song. When the entire company shouted its refusal, Cremnitz drew himself up, stroked his little goatee, and promptly began to sing a song of his own composing about Rousseau and "son magique pince-nez." In response, Rousseau, who had never put down his fiddle, began to play, and people rose to dance.

Marie Laurencin put aside her pin-cushion and started to dance, but so much wine was coursing through her veins that her legs had lost their starch. On balance from the first, after a step or two she fell into the tarts. Enchanted to find her hands and dress bright red from jellied berries, she rushed about kissing and hugging and screaming anyone who could not escape.

Apollinaire was furious. He was often furious at Marie, and she was frequently furious in return. On Paris evenings, they exploded with some regularity, like a pair of synchronized firecrackers, in one café after another. Now when Apollinaire (who looked like a Roman emperor of the decline stunted into a banker's high-buttoned vest by mistake) thundered at Laurencin, the starch momentarily returned.
to her legs and she stood her ground, but in the end his greater force and sobriety prevailed; he packed her off into a cab and sent her home to her mother.

But perhaps Apollinaire didn’t send her home at all. Fernande Olivier insists that he did, and Gertrude Stein is certain he did not. Stein says Apollinaire got Laurencin outside all right, but “after a decent interval they came back, Marie a little bruised but sober.”

The banquet was a true cubist event. You can see the scene from several points of view at once; indeed, you can see much more of the surface than ought to be perceptible at any one moment, but then, you are never certain exactly what you are looking at, or whether the tantalizing fragments could be fitted together again.

So: Apollinaire sat down again, pulled out pen and paper, and caught up on his last two months of correspondence. Laurencin, if she was there, sang songs from Normandy, and Mme. Agero, wife of the painter and undeniably present, added some from Limousin. Apollinaire asked Gertrude and Alice to favor the company with some American Indian songs, but they demurred, either because they did not know any or because they did not feel up to it. Pichot rose, stretched his spectral frame to its full, lugubrious height, and danced a Spanish religious dance that ended with him spread out on the floor like the crucified Christ.

Rousseau himself, who had what one writer called “the voice of a virgin,” volunteered a song, though no one had asked, and then another, and another, until he had cruised through his repertoire. The hour was late and his brain afloat on an unaccustomed tide of wine, so before he had finished his favorite tune—“Aie, aie, aie, how my teeth hurt”—he fell asleep and extended the song with a chorus of rhythmic snores, awaking from time to time and nodding again atop the packing case, fading from his own festivities.

At length Apollinaire put down his pen to recite a long poem he claimed he had just improvised, no doubt under cover of answering his letters, in honor of Rousseau; everyone shouted the refrain of “Vive! Vive Rousseau!” The painter admired Apollinaire inordinately and had lovingly pasted every article that bore the poet’s name into a special notebook. Now, moved beyond thought of sleep, the old man stammered a brief toast in reply.

Or perhaps an hour, he had been stoically enduring an assault from above: a Chinese lantern that fitfully dropped hot wax on his head until a little hive built up upon his pate. Rousseau murmured no complaint, and no one present seemed to think it odd, but suddenly the lantern burst into flame, startling the guest of honor out of his joyous state and into a panic. “How perfect!” someone cried (or words to that effect). “An apotheosis for the master! A bright light shines among us!” The painter’s face relaxed into a smile; his eyes twinkled with pleasure like reflected flame, while the faces of the Americans bulged out of shape from the struggle to contain their laughter.

A sudden knock on the door turned every head. It was the barkeeper Fauvet, come to say that one of his women friends had fallen in the street and rolled down the length of the Rue Ravignan, until she came to a halt on the sidewalk in front of the bar. Everyone looked at everyone else as if to say, “My my,” and one of the women, drunker, perhaps, than the rest, checked herself out in the mirror to make certain she was really there rather than stuck on the sidewalk. When no one offered to claim the lost woman, Fauvet shrugged and went back to work.

The rest of the Montmartre crowd, invited to come by after supper, came in a rush to carouse and fell to devouring whatever food remained. Fernande Olivier turned her baleful stare on a painter who was stuffing petits fours into his pockets, but he, undeterred, steadfastly smeared his pockets with icing. Frédé, owner of the Café Lapin Agile, came in with Lolo, the donkey he took everywhere. The donkey was a nearly perfect guest: patient, ever-tempered, tolerant, and invariably polite; her only flaw (which some thought fairly serious) was that she did her business wherever the urge came on.

The late arrivals drank up and straggled home again as the moon began to drift down the other side of the sky. Suddenly André Salmon jumped up on the table. He was well built but thin and as pale as if he had been bleached in too many washes. He recited a poem, proposed a toast to Rousseau, and drank at a gulp a huge glass of wine that transformed him utterly. White foam appeared on his lips, and he promptly set upon Cremnitz in a fury.

Cremnitz, who was foaming too, like a stein of beer, defended himself energetically, while the table threatened to collapse. Toklas and Stein shrank back like proper ladies, while several of the stronger men wrestled the boxes apart, carted Salmon off to the cloakroom, and locked...
They honored the new primitivism, the beginnings of cubism, and the idea that contributed to both: that convention was an applecart predestined to be upset.

him in. When, a while later, Toklas went to pick up her wrap, Salmon had fallen beatifically asleep atop the women's cloaks, having first chewed halfway through a box of matches and all through the yellow fantaisie on her new hat.

That is what Gertrude Stein says, anyway—but some say (most say, actually) that Salmon and Cremmitz had chewed soap to make their lips troth in a performance designed to fool the Americans, especially the two ladies who were so taken in. Besides, it is reported that the women in question came in evening dress; if that is so, Toklas never wore a hat at all, and Salmon's stomach, doubtless sufficiently troubled by drink, never had to cope with the fantaisie of a Paris milliner.

Whatever happened, time passed, as it will, and Toklas and Stein, having their wraps by now, and possibly their slightly damaged hats, prepared to take Rousseau home. The little man in his worn black suit fairly glistened with joy and pride to think that the young men who were overturning the world had paid him homage. Was it all a joke? Well, they generally thought it improper to be wholly serious.

On the other hand, they never thought Rousseau's art was a laughing matter. Apollinaire's reviews had begun condescendingly but soon shifted into lyricism. You might say of the banquet that it was a joke of philosophical proportions. Years later, Salmon wrote, "The banquet was one of our good acts, one that we would hope to be counted by." It celebrated the doggedly eccentric spirit of the years around the turn of the century when Alfred Jarry wore a pair of women's yellow shoes to Mallarme's funeral, and Apollinaire compulsively told falsehoods because he thought truth so uninteresting—a spirit that helped spark the modernist explosion in the arts. The banquet honored the new primitivism in painting, the beginnings of cubism, and the idea that contributed to both: that convention was an applecart predestined to be upset.

Rousseau never thought they were making fun. True, he was crafty enough to appear forever innocent, but he never doubted his own talent or importance, even while critics sneered and he was reduced to playing his violin out on the street for spare change. The night of the banquet, as he left the Bateau Lavoir, he said to Picasso, "You, Pablo, and I are the greatest artists of the age, you in the Egyptian style and I in the modern." And then one of the two greatest artists of the age climbed into a cab next to Gertrude Stein, closed his eyes, and slipped off into another dream of glory.

Vicki Goldberg is a writer and curator who specializes in photography.
The Romantic virtuoso pianist—that phrase usually evokes a young man with a profile, furiously tossing a fine mane of hair, shooting his cuffs with every exquisite flourish. The towering Jorge Bolet, the Cuban-born pianist who is now our most important exponent of Romanticism, cuts a very different figure. To begin with, at seventy-three, he would not strike anyone as young, except maybe Horowitz. When he walks onto a recital-hall stage, he does so quietly, almost somberly; and when he finishes a bravura piece like Liszt’s Dante Fantasy, yes, he does so with a flourish—it would be difficult not to—but a flourish that is cool, effortless, and graceful. He has restored to Romanticism a healthy measure of what, in the minds of many, it has long lacked: class.

Jorge Bolet has been a “name” soloist for more than fifty years; he made his debut in New York at Town Hall in 1937, yet until quite recently his career remained a bit of a secret. Although he has always had his admirers—including such nabobs as Harold Schonberg, formerly chief music critic of the New York Times—he was unknown to most concertgoers. That began to change in the years leading up to the 1986 Liszt centennial. A full schedule of recitals, including triumphant French tours that got reviews that Bolet himself regards as hyperbolic (“My God,” he says, “no one could be that great”), and an ambitious series of recordings of Liszt’s solo-piano compositions for London Records have made him one of the most sought-after performers in instrumental music.

What happened was that taste swung again. The Romantic repertory, long dismissed as kitsch, came back to favor, and authentic interpreters were suddenly in demand. “For a great number of years,” Bolet says, “we went through an era in the musical world—especially in the United States—where unless you played the forty-eight of Bach”—the reference is to The Well-Tempered Clavier—“and the thirty-two Beethoven sonatas you were not considered any kind of a musician, much less a great artist.” Bolet is a grave, intense man with glittering black eyes, whose suave bass voice conveys in equal measure conviction and courtly politesse. “It was a puristic era we went through, and I think audiences have really become quite tired of hearing pianists in a recital play a Bach partita, and then a Mozart sonata, a Beethoven sonata, and then end up with two more Beethoven sonatas—that kind of very, very classical program.”

While Bolet has certainly benefited from the resurgent taste for Liszt and the Romantics, it would be unfair not to give him part of the credit for it. No other actively concertizing pianist has so clear and direct a link with the great tradition of Romantic pianism. “I was brought up on hearing Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, Friedman, Lhévinne, Moiseiwitsch,” says Bolet. “Each one of these was a complete entity; not one of them played anything like the others. Still, they had that great tradition of piano playing that goes back to—who knows?—maybe Czerny, certainly Liszt and the descendants of Liszt, and Anton Rubinstein and his descendants, and Leschetizky and his pupils.”

And now that old-world tradition is manifest in Bolet himself, transforming our perceptions of music long neglected or condescended to, especially Liszt’s. “So many pianists stress the virtuoso pyrotechnics of Liszt’s music, and as a result they neglect the poetry and lyricism, the religious quality that so much of his music has. Take the sonata.” (Liszt wrote just one.) “I hear many performers play those difficult octave passages terribly fast, but it’s just a million notes, one after the other. They have no shape, no reason. Even in Liszt’s most pyrotechnical exhibitionism, there’s always a musical sense. You have to transcend the virtuosity and extract that musical value. When you play Liszt in that acrobatic, circus-act style, it becomes cheap, banal, sentimental.”

Bolet believes that, far from limiting himself, he serves his art by concentrating on what he does best. “All the great artists of the past had a repertoire that was very much their own. There are other pianists today who play Beethoven and Mozart
marvelously well—fine, that’s their repertoire. What I play best is the nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century Romantic music.” He does chafe sometimes at being labeled a Lisztian. “It gets to be a pain in the ass, frankly. I’m tired of playing Liszt.” What, then, would he like to play? “Everything else,” he says, laughing.

Although he was born in Cuba and spent the early part of his childhood there, Bolet has lived almost all his adult life in the United States. “My character,” he says, “is American”; he pronounces his first name “George.” When he was twelve years old, his sister, Maria, eleven years his senior, took him to Philadelphia to study at the Curtis Institute, which was then headed by Josef Hofmann. Yet his most important studies took place in the concert halls in New York.

“Whenever Rachmaninoff or Hofmann played a recital at Carnegie Hall, the school would give us a ticket to the performance, a round-trip ticket on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and five dollars. So I heard Hofmann at least three times a year. His whole approach was just unforgettable.” As one of the Curtis’s most brilliant students, Bolet played regularly for Hofmann, who, though usually quite taciturn, did impart one useful nugget. “Usually, he would say nothing,” Bolet recalls. “Very nice. What else are you going to play for
When he graduated, he was named the first winner of the Josef Hofmann Award, Curtis's exalted equivalent of "Most Likely to Succeed." (It turned out he was the only recipient, as Hofmann and the Curtis parted ways less than amicably soon thereafter.) The Cuban government gave him a grant to live for a while in Europe, and his brother, a colonel in the Cuban army, put up the money for him to play a series of debut recitals. Bolet performed in Amsterdam, The Hague, Vienna, London, Berlin, Paris. He got fine notices—and nothing happened. He maintained his affiliation with the Curtis Institute and eventually replaced Rudolf Serkin as the head of the piano department there. Yet as a soloist, he never quite took off.

Why? "I don't know," he answers. "I just never seemed to have a management that was really aggressive. For example, the first time I performed with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, I played Rachmaninoff Three. The next day, I was on the front page of the Cincinnati Enquirer—this unheard-of ovation for a completely unknown pianist, and a fabulous review on the music page. Naturally, I was immediately reengaged for the following season. Yet my manager didn't even ask for a higher fee." He also believes that the fact they died. He met the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Serge Koussevitzky in Havana in 1951, at the home of some friends of his family. "We were all sitting on the terrace, and Koussevitzky came up to me and said, 'I understand we're going to hear you play.' Well, that was news to me. But I played him the 'Andante con Variazione' of Haydn, something very, very simple. Koussevitzky came up to the piano with those big frog eyes of his, and said, 'What polish! What polish!,' just like this." Bolet rolls his eyes and rubs his hands together as if doing an impression of Uriah Heep.

The schedule for that season at Tanglewood was already set, said Koussevitzky, but he asked Bolet to play there the following summer. Yet a few days later this telegram arrived in Havana: "Delighted to inform you Bolet engaged Tanglewood August 4. Koussevitzky." The maestro had been in New York for just one day en route to Europe and had rearranged the Tanglewood schedule to accommodate his Cuban discovery. However, it was not to be. Boston management, unbeknownst to Koussevitzky, had engaged a guest conductor for the same date, who naturally would be allowed to choose his own soloists. "The orchestra was terribly apologetic and said they would honor the contract in the next season. That spring Koussevitzky died." He shrugs, Woody Allen-style. "That was the story of my life."

Wilhelm Furtwängler, having heard Bolet play in Germany in 1954, engaged him the following year to play Beethoven's Fourth Concerto with the Berlin Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall. Then, just before he was to depart for New York, Furtwangler died. Dimitri Mitropoulos squeaked through with one concert before the Bolet Curse struck. "It was all arranged by a lady named Mrs. Lytle Hull, sort of the Alice Tully of her day. She insisted and insisted, and finally got us together. I played for Mitropoulos, and he was amazed. He said, 'How is it I've never heard of you?' So I performed with him just

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**Bolet on Disc**

Jorge Bolet confesses to a secret hatred of the recording studio, yet it has been his recording of Liszt's solo piano works on London/Decca that has catapulted him to his current preeminence.

In *volume 1*, Bolet infuses fresh life into such venerable chestnuts as the "Liebestraum" no. 3 and the Hungarian Rhapsody no. 12. Other superb albums are more recondite: the transcriptions of Schubert lieder (volume 2), the Don Giovanni paraphrase, and the complete Consolations (volume 3). The crowning achievement may be the travel diary, the *Années de Pèlerinage*, by turns moody, Bronc and shimmering with celestial light. Bolet's readings of such standards as the B-minor Sonata, the Transcendental Études, and the Danse: Fantasy will surely hold their own in any comparison.

Bolet also has excellent recordings of works for piano with orchestra: the Grieg and Schumann concertos and a deeply felt reading of the Rachmaninoff Third. Back in the solo literature, he has recently given a sparkling account of Schumann's Carnaval and the Fantaisie in C. Encore, a collection of the pianist's favorites, includes the well-known, the neglected, and the utterly obscure.

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*CONNOISSEUR*
once. He died before he could reengage me."

These days, Bolet tends to collaborate with younger conductors, such as the Montreal Symphony's Charles Dutoit and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw's Riccardo Chailly, which seems to have changed his luck. And perseverance—at a round fifty years, it is perseverance on an Olympian scale—has at last paid off. Bolet is one of the busiest pianists in the world. Last year, he performed in virtually every major city on the North Atlantic circuit, as well as such exotic places as Seoul, Singapore, Melbourne, and Carmel, California. He is also prolific in the recording studio, turning out five albums in 1987 (see box), and this year he has scheduled an equivalent number of recording sessions.

He is pacing himself like a man half—or a third—his age. Why does he push himself so? "I had some long, long years . . . " His voice trails off lugubriously; then he makes a fresh start. "For many years, I had no career at all, years where I had six concerts. Now, I'm playing to audiences that practically give me a standing ovation even before I sit down at the piano. And I'm finding that quite enjoyable."
n one of his earliest movies, I Never Sang for My Father, Gene Hackman confronts his father, Melvyn Douglas, about a lifetime of emotional neglect and noncaring. As Douglas shuts off and refuses to hear his son's voice, Hackman moves his face back into his neck, a quarter of an inch, no more, but it is that moment that says, He has not heard me; he never will.

For Gene Hackman, no inner emotion is too big to be fixed in the smallest gesture. He can sink so deeply into a character that it is hard for the viewer to imagine his being anyone else. Hackman's style is understated, naturalistic, so real that the actual "acting" moves beyond the eye of the viewer. His language is the quiet voice of body English.

"Gene can do anything," says Bud Yorkin, who directed him in Twice in a Lifetime. "He is one of the true artists, the actor who always surprises." Indeed, Hackman has proved his versatility in more than forty movies. With uncanny skill he gets inside the skin of such diverse characters as the insanely evil and comic villain Lex Luthor, in Superman; the dimwitted, confused older brother, Buck, in Bonnie and Clyde; the seedy, paranoid sur-
veillance expert in The Conversation; the hard-drinking, love-losing foreign correspondent, in Under Fire, who's always looking for a "near little war with a nice little hotel"; or the arrogant, power-mad secretary of defense with a sexual obsession in No Way Out.

How does Hackman cope with such a range of characters? His greatness lies in his ability to take types that are basically unsympathetic and to bring out the sympathetic, vulnerable qualities in them. "There are a lot of contradictions in any good character," Hackman explains. "What appeals to me is trying to make those contradictions work."

Perhaps the best example comes in Twice in a Lifetime. Hackman plays Harry, a good-natured steelworker who abandons his thirty-year-long marriage for a sweet, loving barmaid, played by Ann-Margaret. Despite the cruelty of his act, audiences are forced to care about Harry and understand the emotional imperative of the desertion: Harry feels dead in his marriage. Hackman first hooks our empathy with his body movements: he is stiff as wood in the presence of Ellen Burstyn, who plays his wife; animated and fluid with Ann-Margaret. In the most memorable scene, played in their bedroom, Harry tells his wife he is leaving. In forty seconds, Hackman's broad, average-Joe face betrays everything he is feeling: pain at causing suffering; anger at his wife's passivity; determination to leave a marriage that has been on automatic pilot for decades. What we see, nonverbally, is Harry's basic decency, his conflicting emotions as he grasps at what he sees as his last chance at happiness. When he says, "It's been a long time since I

COMING SOON:
AN EXPLOSION
OF FILMS

Photographs by Mark Hanauer
haven't known for certain what a day had in store for me, "everything that is to happen makes sense. Harry is utterly believable. "Gene is so honest as an actor that it is pretty hard for him to do anything that is false," comments the film's director, Bud Yorkin. "He is what every working man in America is. You can relate to him."

P auline Kael, the critic, put it this way: "Unlike others who play mediocre men, Gene Hackman is such a consummate actor that he illuminates mediocrity." For Hackman, the skill at playing such flesh-and-blood human beings is a mixed blessing. "It gives you a kind of familiarity, but without the mystique," he says. "I don't like it when people think of me as Everyman—it always sounds as if I'm not acting. I know how much energy and thought goes into my performances, how much real sweat goes into doing a role. But the average person thinks if you look and dress a certain way, you can just walk on camera, turn in a performance, and afterwards jump into your Jacuzzi. But doing it and getting to the point where you can do that—it's not that easy.

"I never approach a role by saying, 'I see this guy as a conventional working guy'; I work on other things... on moments that will make the sequence of a film come alive for me." And indeed, it is the "moments" of Hackman's films that viewers often remember, sometimes above the film as a whole. Who can forget Hackman's face in The French Connection as he wakes up with his feet shackled to his bed by a kinky bicyclist he has picked up the night before? As his hulk emerges from the rumbled sheets, and the squinty pig eyes, the brutish face struggle to consciousness, he grunts in angry monosyllables. In that instant you see the whole, sordid life of a man lost in one-night stands and pizza dives. Popeye does not know where he is, either in his hung-over morning stupor or in his semiconscious life. Hackman's few gestures are worth more than a thousand lines of character development.

Hackman works hard to make his acting look easy. He arrives at his characters after tough and studious research of their possibilities. "I never worry about learning lines," the actor explains. "Instead, I think about the character a great deal, almost continuously. Not consciously. I just live with him." In fact, Hackman often does his own stunts to get closer physically to his characters. "I think I'm more an instinctive than an intellectual actor," he says. "For me, to intellectualize a role is no fun. What is fun is to break a role down and find out how much I am like
Scared and seedy, Harry Caul, the professional eavesdropper in The Conversation, learns others' secrets yet tries to avoid the consequences of his dirty work.
Five Great Moments

a character or not like that character, and to develop moments based on that.

And just how is Gene Hackman like the murderous secretary of defense in No Way Out? "I thought of ways I might be like him," he answers. "He tended to be devious. Not that I'm basically devious, but I was able to call on the part of me that is and use that. I think we're all capable of a number of things in certain situations. The secretary was a guy who thought he could get away with anything."

The character of Popeye Doyle was harder. The violence of Doyle's life was so foreign to him, despite what audiences think, that Hackman could find nothing in his own personality to call on. In the first few weeks when he was developing the role, Hackman fretted that he was missing the core of Doyle. To live himself into the role, he spent two weeks on the beat with the New York narcotics squad and with the real-life cop Popeye Doyle was based on, Eddie Egan. He and his costar Roy Scheider participated in raids, broke into shooting galleries, acted supertough. Hackman remembers moments of bopping around Harlem, imagining himself a real cop and feeling so much into his character that he thought himself omnipotent. "I could have gotten myself killed," he laughs in retrospect. "By the end of the film, I got to the point where I thought I was King Tut."

Most of Hackman's best performances have come on a note of similar insecurity. In Under Fire, Roger Spottiswoode's 1984 drama of reporters flirting with love and death in the midst of the Sandinista revolution, Hackman portrays a North American journalist who cannot give up on a woman who no longer wants him or stop playing music that no one wants to hear. It is the part of a man who has lost everything but does not know it yet. "On the first day of shooting, Gene wanted to quit," reports the director, Spottiswoode. "He told me, 'You know, I've worked this all out [he had even learned to play the piano for the role], and I don't know how to play the part.' Before a number of his films, Gene feels lost. He doesn't want to rehearse a scene. He prepares with very rough readings, and he'll discuss a character a lot. He wants to find it at the moment, at the time. So before he starts, he's in that place of anxiety where he can fall or fly. It's scary what he does."

And wonderful. One never comes away from a Gene Hackman movie feeling as if one has watched an actor at work. His performances, as has often been noted, are seamless. "He's a remarkable actor," says Roger Spottiswoode, "and in a very small group of people who are great actors. Amongst that small group, there are two kinds. One type beautifully renders the outside of the character. The other does what Gene does: he lets you inside so you can feel the pain or the emotions—and that's much harder. He not only reproduces; he creates the inside and the out."

Perhaps because of his skill at transformation, the Gene Hackman I meet on a recent Los Angeles afternoon is nothing like any of his characters. He is quiet-spoken, calm, almost shy. Hackman is legendary for loathing interviews—he almost never sits for them, and, as he talks, one feels his constraint, his fear of revelation, his distrust of words. It has taken four months of constant phone calls to get him to agree to a meeting. But once he is there, he is really there: lounging on a long white linen couch at Hollywood's Sunset Marquis Hotel, sipping on nonstop glasses of iced Coca-Colas (his personal addiction), chatting about his favorite films (The Conversation, Under Fire, and Bonnie and Clyde), the directors he most admires (Arthur Penn, Francis Ford Coppola, and William Friedkin), and his political beliefs (he once made Richard Nixon's Enemies List—a feat in which he takes great pride—because of his work for George McGovern).

In person, Hackman seems taller, broader than the man we see on screen. Perhaps in playing this panoply of "ordinary guys," he has shrunk his on-screen presence into something unassuming. But Gene Hackman, in the flesh, is a hulking creature, six foot two, tall, muscular, fit. His voice is accented with the slight soft twang of the Middle West, which is where he originally hails from; indeed, the Midwest, with its values of decency, modesty, and fair play, seems to be very much what shaped him. He looks you directly in the eye: he sees you, he knows you are there. In a movie star, this is rare.

Hackman grew up during the Great Depression in the sad, small city of Dan-
From left: The tough guy Popeye Doyle, the instinctive hunter in *The French Connection*, stalks his prey (but they have already given him the slip); Hackman, as the blind man in *The Young Frankenstein*, pours soup into the lap of the monster, then lights his finger instead of his cigar; the archvillain Lex Luthor, who favors snakeskin coats and gets kicked out of "killing innocent people," outwits the man of steel in *Superman I* and with his dumb sidekick plots a comic escape from jail in the sequel; Hackman wears Ann-Margret's glasses in a moment of domestic bliss in *Twice in a Lifetime*.

ville, Illinois, where his father was a pressman for a local newspaper. Of his heartland background, Hackman says, "A great many actors and writers have their roots in midwestern towns. It seems to generate a rich fantasy life." For Gene, as for millions of youngsters of his generation, movies provided an escape from the bleakness of daily life. "Acting was something I wanted to do since I was ten and saw my first movie," he says with great enthusiasm—Hackman acts out his stories as he tells them. "I was so captured by the action guys. Jimmy Cagney was my favorite. Without realizing it, I could see he had tremendous timing and vitality. Guys like Errol Flynn were a problem for me. I would come out of the theater and see myself in the mirror of the lobby and be stunned that I didn't look like him."

But becoming an actor was not something that working-class kids from Danville did. Instead, at sixteen, Hackman set out to discover the world by joining the marines. Then, in the decade after his release from the military, he drifted around the United States, dreaming of acting, taking day jobs—as a truck driver, soda jerk, doorman, shoe salesman, furniture mover—feeling lost. It took six years before Hackman found the courage to enroll at Pasadena Playhouse. "I was not considered one of their most promising students," Hackman grins. In his class, he and Dustin Hoffman were voted "Least Likely to Succeed."

Undaunted, he hitchhiked to New York and talked his way into a summer-stock job at the Gateway Playhouse, in Bellport. There he got to do *A View from the Bridge* and to meet people who changed his life—Robert Duvall, Ulu Grosbard, George Morrison (an improvisational-theater director). Once Hackman had a network of like-minded friends, it quickly became easier to know what to do, where to go. And part of what helped him survive was the encouragement of his new bride, a pretty bank secretary named Faye Maltese, whom he met at a YMCA dance in 1956. "Faye says that the first thing she remembers about me is that I didn't have any socks on," Hackman once told an interviewer. "I was a real hick."

The couple had three children, now grown, and remained married until 1986. Though Hackman refuses to talk about his divorce, he says it was nothing like the one in *Twice in a Lifetime*, which he was shooting at the time. "I'm not sure it helps to be going through something parallel," he recalls. "You try to push into a script what is relevant to you but not necessarily to the piece. It was a hard film for me to make work, not only because of my own personal situation, but because there wasn't an event in the script for me to hold on to. It didn't have that Big Explosion that we all identify with people splitting up a marriage. There were just little moments throughout."

The few things Hackman says about his own, long marriage are tinged with nostalgia for the beginning years. "Those were interesting times," he says, while running his hands through his receding red curls. "When something happened, you'd celebrate by getting a Chinese meal. A $300 acting job was like . . . a monster. It was possible to live in New York on not much money. I think I only made $45 a week as a performer with the Premise [an improvisational-cabaret troupe] and got by on that. Of course I paid only $27 a month in rent on East Twenty-seventh Street. I had small goals then."

Those "small goals" led, in 1964, to a top Broadway role, playing in *Any Wednesday* opposite Sandy Dennis, and later that year to his first movie, *Lilith*, co-starring Warren Beatty. Hackman had five minutes in that film, but, recalls Beatty, "the best thing about Lilith was Hackman." As a result, when Beatty was casting *Bonnie and Clyde*, in 1966, he turned to Hackman, a natural for the part of Beatty's older brother. Of course, *Bonnie and Clyde* was one of the biggest films of the sixties, a trendsetter, a paean to outlaw-outsider morality that defined that time. With *Bonnie and Clyde*, Hackman would win his first Oscar nomination, but it was his role in William Friedkin's *French Connection* that finally affirmed his stardom. As the wildly obsessive Popeye Doyle, Hackman was mesmerizing on-screen. Zip! He was named Best Actor of the Year at the Academy Awards. Zap! The whole country was repeating Doyle-esque non sequiturs like "Do you pick your feet in Poughkeepsie?"

After *The French Connection*, Hackman was home free, an established movie star—with money, perks, fame, choices, security. But, he did not feel successful.

"I'll tell you how insecure I was then,"
Hackman asserts, while sinking down into the Marquis’s overstuffed upholstery. “I was living in a nice house in Woodland Hills, here in Los Angeles, and we hadn’t been there but three months when somebody offered to buy the house and I talked my wife into selling it. ‘Sell it, because who knows if I can pay for it.’ And I had just won the Academy Award!” That kind of insecurity permeated my whole being for a long time. It comes from being poor, I think.”

Actually, Hackman, the unassuming Depression boy from Danville, has been known to live with what he calls a “redundant” luxury. He collects antique automobiles, drives new sports cars on racing tracks, flies his own airplanes, and seems to buy and sell large houses on whim. “It’s funny that, having been poor, you do all the classic poor things,” Hackman once told American Film magazine. “You get nine of everything. I’ve had all the airplanes, all the cars, all the houses; and now I’ve worked my way up to a house on a twenty-two-acre estate, with three floors, twenty rooms, an elevator, nine bathrooms—it’s a palace.” A palace—sold in the recent divorce from Faye. Clearly, it costs to be Gene Hackman. These days, Hackman is getting a newly acquired adobe ranch house in Santa Fe, rebuilding it from top to bottom. He lives there with Betsy Arakawa, a dark-haired, pretty woman, a concert pianist by profession, who has accompanied him on this trip.

To finance his hobbies, Hackman, at fifty-seven, works harder than actors thirty years his junior. In the past two years he has performed in seven movies. The method by which he picks his films is unpredictable: Gene Hackman will do a trashy movie because he happens to need money; at other moments, he will do a film because the script appeals. “Seventy percent of the decision depends on the script—whether it is well written, whether or not it tells an interesting story,” he maintains. “Another thirty percent depends on who the director is. And to some degree, it also depends on the people I’m going to work with.” His choices have resulted in an unusually uneven filmography. Hackman, one of the great actors of current cinema, has appeared in some astoundingly vapid films—Lucky Lady, Uncommon Valor, The Poseidon Adventure, March or Die, and The Domino Principle.

This fall Gene Hackman will star in four extremely promising films. One of these, Split Decisions, is a boxing drama in the tradition of the James Cagney movies that Hackman liked as a young man. He plays an ex-boxer, Dan McGuinn, who is the father of a young Golden Gloves champion. “For the McGunnys,” Hackman says, “boxing is a family tradition. It’s comfortable. Dan McGuinn might know there’s a better life for his sons, but it’s difficult to break the chain. I picked the script because I liked the whole sense of family set in a fight situation; both things feed off each other. In a lot of other boxing movies, it’s fighting without characterizations.”

In October we will see him in Another Woman, directed by Woody Allen. As with all Woody Allen films, the characters and nature of the story are something akin to state secrets. Hackman, who has at least one scene with Gena Rowlands (see left), has been sworn to secrecy. Mississippi Burning is less of a secret: a drama based on the 1964 murder of three civil-rights workers on a Mississippi back road. Hackman plays an ex—southern sheriff turned FBI agent, forced by international pressure to apprehend the “good ole boy” murderers. Hackman’s character is check-full of all the “contradictions” that the actor relishes in a role. Mississippi Burning is one of four upcoming films about the civil-rights struggle, which Hollywood has ignored for decades. It is an important piece of the recent American past, says Hackman—and that is the kind of story he likes to tell.

Also coming in October is the film Hackman is most enthusiastic about, Full Moon in Blue Water. In this comedy-drama, Hackman, a middle-aged widower, cannot let go of the memory of his dead wife. Yet, through the love of Louise, a cocktail waitress played by Teri Garr, his character is forced to go on with life. The director, Peter Masterson (The Trip to Bountiful), has a strong record of creating good small movies about human relationships. Masterson picked Gene because, although the actors must play everything dead-serious, it is a naturally funny story, and Gene saw the humor in it right away. “I was originally attracted to the script because of the reality of the story,” Hackman says. “The characters are real-life people. They have hopes, dreams, and problems that people in every walk of life have. The rushes are very good. Teri and I have done something real interesting here.”

Garr agrees that the film is special: “Gene and I didn’t speak to each other after shooting scenes, even though we have a long history together—I was in The Conversation. He’s very private. But the distance did create something interesting. My character was not supposed to know where she stood with Gene. His aloofness helped the performance. We used it. He’s
a true Method actor. It works in this movie.”

Yet with so many films on his plate, Hackman still fantasizes about quitting. A decade ago, in a similar mood, Hackman took a two-year sabbatical so that he could paint, race cars, play tennis, and wait out what seemed to be a midlife crisis. Now, again, he is talking burnout. “I think what happens to an actor is that you start protecting yourself,” he sighs. “I think I could be a credible painter if I had a year or two to give to that. Listen, there’s no real reason not to. There’s nothing I’m going to do as an actor that’s more important than what I’ve already done. People are not going to suddenly say, ‘Boy, this guy can act!’”

But that is precisely what audiences will say when they see Gene Hackman this fall. The man who dreamed of acting for twenty-five fruitless years and who eventually willed himself into being one of the most extraordinary performers of our time is not likely to toss away his gift. □

Claudia Dreifus, a prizewinning journalist who covers politics and culture, writes for Playboy, Ms., and the Atlantic.
An Infallible Eye

The erstwhile curator Martha Sandweiss knows how to pick pictures

By Leon Harris
Eliot Porter, whose color photographs of nature are unsurpassed, wrote a will leaving his entire photographic estate to Princeton University. Then, suddenly, Porter, now eighty-six, wrote a new will, leaving the estate to the Amon Carter Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas, an institution somewhat less renowned and venerable than Princeton University. Why?

Laura Gilpin's Apple Blossoms (1941), a dye-transfer print.

A Princeton professor refused to answer questions relating either to Porter or to photography in general. But Eliot Porter, who lives in Santa Fe, is perfectly willing to discuss the reason he changed his will: "In brief, the reason is Martha Sandweiss."

Martha N. Sandweiss is the soft-spoken but spirited adjunct curator of photography at the Amon Carter, who in only

Opposite: Martha Sandweiss at home in Santa Fe. Above: Russell Lee's The Corner Drugstore on Main Street, West Texas (September 1947), a dye-transfer print.
Carter Sr.’s collection of painting and sculpture by Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell. Carter clearly had in mind a museum dedicated to the Wild West.

Although the museum’s legal name is still the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Carter’s daughter, Ruth, now Mrs. John R. Stevenson, has interpreted “western” to mean all art of the North American continent. In only a quarter century, this self-assured woman has supervised the building of a first-rate collection of American art.

Unlike many of America’s dilettante donors whose well-meaning gifts do as much harm to museums as good, Mrs. Stevenson has become the consummate museum profes-

sional. (She also serves as one of five voting trustees at Washington’s National Gallery of Art.) A third of her museum’s trustees must be professionals. At present they are the Frick Collection’s director, Charles A. Ryskamp, and the Cleveland Museum of Art’s former and present directors, Sherman E. Lee and Evan Turner.

Enormous egos are as common among top museum curators as among business tycoons and prominent clergymen, which makes the more remarkable Mami Sandweiss’s insistence that she owes her success chiefly to others—not only Mrs. Stevenson but also dealers—as well as to simple good luck. “I came on the photogra-

phy scene when it was still early enough to find nineteenth-century materials, and I was able to build this department my way and to make the mistakes that implies, because right after Mitch Wilder, the director, appointed me, he died, and no one was looking over my shoulder,” she explains. “Mitch liked his finger in every pie. He might have told me what to do every single day, every single hour, every single show, every single essay—but he died.”

“Dealers have played an important role in whatever success I’ve had,” she goes on. “One day, for example, I got a call from a dealer who said that another dealer was offering fifty daguerreotypes of the Mexican War to West Point that same day and that the trustees

Anonymous: General Wool Leading His Troops Down the Street in Saltillo, Mexico (ca. 1847). “All those horses and soldiers had to stop for the photograph.”


Carl Mydans: In China’s Central Air-Raid Control Center... (1941).
Ruth Bernhard: *In the Box—Horizontal* (1962), gelatin silver print. "The human body," says Sandweiss, "is a universal form to be studied and depicted."

Harrison Putney: *The Great Layton, Circus Performer* (1885), a glass-plate negative. "Many circus performers passed through Leavenworth, Kansas... A number, including [this] slack wire artist, posed for publicity shots in Harrison Putney’s studio."
An unknown photographer, hanging out with desperadoes, photographed Jesse James on Horseback around 1870. Tintype.

were not going to buy them. I couldn’t believe it. Until then only ten of these had been known, all at Yale. They mark the precise moment when war and the other great events of history began to be illustrated by photography.

“Thanks to that dealer, we bought them, and one of the most thrilling moments of my life was when I first held them in my hands. As you know, daguerreotypes aren’t negatives. They are positive images, each one unique. And they aren’t snapshots. They are difficult to take, so when I held the picture of General Wool on his horse leading his troops down that unpaved street in Saltillo, Mexico, I knew that all those horses and soldiers had had to stop for the photograph. I felt that I was there in 1847. It is that thrill of being there that is incredibly more compelling in a photograph than in a letter or diary—though historians still ignore the value of photographs as original documents.

One of our great photographs is Carleton E. Watkins’s The Wreck of the Viscaya, taken on March 8, 1868, of a British sailing ship wrecked on the beach of San Francisco Harbor. One reason photographs then were so often artistically excellent was that composing and taking each picture was half an hour’s work. The photographer could not take hundreds of thirty-five-millimeter shots from all angles. He or she had to visualize the ideal photograph in advance: what to include, what to exclude, what angle, what composition. Like a painter, the photographer must make deliberate aesthetic choices. But Watkins, like many other photographers, was both an artist and a historian. He dealt with real things, but his job was like a great historian’s—to transform mere facts into art.”

It is remarkable that much of the Amon Carter’s photography collection has been donated rather than purchased. It is difficult to build a great collection today, even when you are willing to spend the twenty million dollars or so that the Getty Museum purportedly spent in acquiring the collections of Samuel Wagstaff, Arnold Crane, and others. Yet Laura Gilpin gave her estate of 20,000 prints and 27,000 negatives to the Amon Carter, and Carlotta M. Corpron gave her photographic estate. “Women,” Sandweiss explains, “have achieved more recognition in photography than in other art forms because there was no formal academy from which they could be excluded and photography is relatively inexpensive in terms of space, equipment, and materials.”

The success of museum curators is largely dependent on their relationship with dealers. Objects of superb quality are in such short supply that it is important to be near the top of a dealer’s list of the curators he will telephone when he acquires a treasure. According to the dealer Paul Katz, “most curators of photography are small fish in their museums. They have small budgets and little power or exhibition space. But often they are self-important and difficult. Marni is the opposite. Many museum photography departments are new, and the curator is obsessed with getting all the big names as quickly as possible instead of actually looking at the image. Marni looks at every object with a fresh and informed eye. Dealers usually favor the curators with the deepest pockets, but being pleasant and knowledgeable can also push you to the top of the list.”

Another point in its favor is

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that the Amon Carter can act quickly and pay promptly. Many museums need months to make a purchase that must be voted on by an acquisitions committee and then considered by a board of trustees that may second-guess the director and curators. The Amon Carter's board meets twice a year and leaves running the departments to the curators.

The curators have been lucky, too, in the generous budget of funds hard to get in most museums—funds for publication. Ruth Stevenson explains: "If a proposed exhibition isn't important enough to publish, so that people who want to 'see' it in years to come, then we don't believe that that exhibition is worth doing in the first place."

Its newest publication, Elliot Porter, with 162 illustrations, carries the Amon Carter's hundredth Library of Congress publication number. This is remarkable by any reckoning. Fort Worth has 439,000 inhabitants; the museum's annual operating budget is about $4 million, of which about $480,000 is spent on publishing. In Dallas, with a 1,057,860 population, the museum, founded in 1903, has a budget of from $6 million to $8 million, of which about $100,000 is spent annually on publishing. Because the Amon Carter has done such a handsome and scholarly publishing job, much of the almost half million dollars it spends annually on publications comes from foundations and corporations glad to be associated with work of such quality.

Marni Sandweiss's insights, felicitously expressed in her books, endear her to photographers. Carl Mydans, who joined Life magazine at the outset, says, "She has an infallible perception of what's in a picture, what a picture says, what a photographer feels. That's why I had my exhibition open at the Amon Carter and why I saw to it that all 150 photographs were donated to the museum: because I know of no other museum where they would be protected and taken care of and exhibited as well, and of no other curator as good as she is."

It was his conviction that his estate would be best protected at the Amon Carter that led Eliot Porter to give it—over 7,000 prints, plus unprinted plates, transparencies, separations, records, and all his equipment—to Fort Worth rather than Princeton. "When I went to Princeton and saw how shabbily they treated the gift of another photographer—his works in cardboard boxes stacked in the corridors—I knew that wouldn't do. And when I listened to Marni talking about a museum's obligation to conserve, to protect copyright, to publish, I knew her museum was for me."

The cash value of the Porter bequest cannot be fixed, but his prints sell for about $2,000 each, so they alone, not counting all the other materials, may be worth $14 million or more.

Princeton is not alone in undervaluing photographs. Beaumont Newhall, the doyen of American photographic historians, recalls an episode when he was curator at Eastman House in 1955: "A friend of mine at Harvard told me that the Peabody Museum there had taken hundreds of old photographs from its collection and stacked them on tables with a sign, 'Students, help yourselves.' I sent someone at once, and we picked up dozens, including masterpieces of T. H. O'Sullivan and William Henry Jackson."

Martha Sandweiss, who majored in history and literature...
at Harvard (magna cum laude) and received her master's and doctorate in history from Yale, is frustrated by the lingering prejudice against photography. "Photographs are stepchildren in the world of art and of history too, but that will change."

The Amon Carter's exhibitions travel widely—to the museums of Boston, Chicago, and Yokohama. They build the museum's reputation, helping it compete for grants against bigger museums. "We need all the good publicity we can get," says Sandweiss, "since the grant givers don't come to Fort Worth the way they go to a museum opening in their own city. When our exhibitions are reviewed in Time and Newsweek, when they are shown on 'Today' or PBS, the benefit is substantial."

A constant complaint from all but a handful of top American museums is that it is "too late" to build a great collection. In only nine years Martha Sandweiss has proved that this is not true, at least in the field of photography. "It's more difficult today than when I started to get nineteenth-century materials, but the opportunity for a small museum to build a fine photographic collection is still there, and, in fact, a small, new museum has some advantages over the older, larger ones where there is ferocious bureaucratic competition for space and funds."

One reason museums can still build photography collections is price. Although the Amon Carter has paid as much as $35,000 for a single photograph, works by most top photographers still range from $500 to $5,000, whereas drawings or watercolors by comparable artists begin at $10,000 and can even exceed $1 million.

"Another reason it's possible to build a photography collection today is photography's great popularity with people who find it more appealing than painting," says Sandweiss. "If you listen to museum visitors and watch them, you become aware of a big difference between photography shows and others. Visitors to painting shows are usually silent. They are awed by what they've been told is art and don't show their feelings for fear of looking foolish. But at a photography show you can't shut them up. They're telling their children, 'Your grandfather had a little stove like that,' or 'That's just like the house I grew up in.' Museum visitors may find it difficult to relate to figures on an antique Greek vase, but a Carl Mydans photograph of a Chinese woman whose house has been destroyed by war, a woman uttering a primal moan, it is almost impossible not to feel and talk about. There's a presumption on the part of most people that a photograph is 'true,' despite the fact that although photographs don't lie, liars can take photographs. A photographer can be so selective that what he shows is untrue."

Marni Sandweiss refuses to discuss the old question of whether or not photography is art, but her answer is implicit in something she says about Eliot Porter. "There are often two people in a single photographer—historian and artist, or scientist and artist. When Eliot Porter talks about a photograph of a lichen he will explain why it grows in only a certain environment. Yet his new book has a group of photographs of lichen and rocks where obviously the mind in control is not a scientist's but an abstract artist's. These pictures are very flat. They're about abstract patterns, and most of all about color, unexpected planes of color. When you look at his pictures it's obvious that he is an artist as well as a scientist, and it's the artist in him that determines what appears in the photograph."
Eliot Porter: Lichens on Brown Rock, Barred Islands, Maine (June 23, 1969), a dye-transfer print. Porter is leaving his entire photographic estate to the Amon Carter Museum, and “the reason, in brief, is Marni Sandweiss.”
Zebras, camp followers of the Serengeti's great migration, hang back to let the wildebeests go first to test the safety of the Mara River crossing. "The zebras are very crafty," explains Humphrey the courier. "In their opinion, brush is growing too close to the game trail near the water. Even the stupid wildebeests don't like it, but they got to eat and the grass is so green on the other side. See, the first bull is going down now to try... SIMBA!"

A tawny rocket explodes from ambush. The ground shakes to the lion's roar, to the bellowing of terrified bulls, the thunder of ten thousand hooves stamping across the Serengeti.

Too late for the lead bull to flee. But he hooks a horn under the lion's throat and flips her on her back. For a single heart thump she lies helpless, four paws waving. The bull has won his split second for escape. But then he makes the mistake of trying to gore the lion's upturned belly. She clamps her teeth in his throat and pulls him off his feet. It takes the bull only seconds to die. It takes us, even the veterans, at least ten minutes to regain our calm after this spectacle of sudden death.

Lured by the promise of seeing wildlife teeming in numbers unmatched elsewhere on Earth, I was among the safari tourists who flew into Nairobi to be ferried by small plane to Governors' Camp, in Kenya's northern lobe of the Serengeti Plain, across the border from the main body of the plain, in Tanzania.

An elephant strolling on the airstrip who had held up our landing for ten minutes and giraffes who blocked the road to the hotel's entrance reassured us that the Serengeti held everything we had been promised. The lion's kill of a wildebeest within hours of our moving into a tent on the edge of the plain was a final guarantee that this was the real thing.

"Let's specialize in lions," said the pretty schoolteacher. "I teach in the inner city, and I'm used to stronger stuff than zebras and antelopes."

"Hard to get away from lions in the Serengeti," Humphrey assured her. "More lions to the square meter here than any other place on Earth. They're mating all the time, all over the plain."

Sure enough, within ten minutes we witnessed the nuptials of a handsome couple. Another couple were honeymooning on the banks of the Mara River a mile away. Downstream we found a pride of females and cubs. We tried to keep track of mothers and offspring but quickly became confused. "You're no worse-confused than the mothers," Humphrey said. "They suckle any cub that comes along; they don't care."

Turn the page ninety degrees and admire the giraffe nibbling acacia leaves.
said, "The whole Ma-
sai Mara covers only 600 square miles, and some 1,000 visitors in 250 vehicles drive through it every day. Already there are twelve camps and lodges and plans for more. Tanzania’s part of the plain covers 5,600 square miles, almost ten times bigger, and has only three lodges. The reserve can’t stand any further intrusion."

She is grateful for the wisdom of the local Masai tribal leaders and the two governments in laying out park and reserve land so that the route of the great migration is protected along its full length, even across a border sometimes closed to people by obscure political spats. "The great migration, which sees almost a million and a half wildebeests move endlessly around a 500-mile circle following the rain patterns, is the last uninterrupted big-game drive left in the world," she said.

She and most game authorities credit two men with persuading the world and local authorities that the grand circle had to be kept inviolate: the late Dr. Bernhard Grzimek, once director of the Frankfurt Zoo, and his son Michael, who died in a plane crash in 1959 while preparing their best-selling book Serengeti Shall Not Die and an award-winning television documentary. Kay Turner convinced me I must tour the Tanzanian portion of the plain.

Though the balloon pilots had kept a watchful eye on landmarks during our twelve-mile flight to avoid straying over the Tanzanian border, we had to fly and drive hundreds of miles to reach a legal crossing. Here we were handed over to Robert, a courtier who quickly informed us he was a Masai. He was no blanket-clad shepherd, however, for he had a college education and had made several lecture trips across North America. Our driver was Suliman, a Muslim, with the eye of a young eagle for game.

To regain the Serengeti Plain, we jolted over blacktop roads ruined by Tanzania’s tanks during the war with Idi Amin and never repaired. Eight hours of crashing from pothole to crevasse failed to stifle the excitement of entering the highland wilderness of north Tanzania, for even in the cornfields of the settled country we were passing giraffes, ostriches, and the occasional gazelle.

Suliman stopped at the lip of the Olbalbal escarpment. Spread below us was the immense flatland of Serengeti—which in the language of Robert and his fellow Masai herdsmen means “endless plains.” Through binoculars the streaks and blips on the featureless plains turned into scattered herds of gazelles and topis, harebeest and buffalos. From horizon to horizon stretched a parade of wildebeests and zebras.

We dropped into the valley but had not gone two miles when a column of wildebeests crossing the road stopped us. We watched them, almost every cow with a calf, passing at a steady rate of 144 to the minute, while the herd on the west side did not diminish nor the herd on the east side grow. In both directions the stream

Giraffe calves keep up with their mothers, accompanied by zebras and topis.

slaughter by meat hunters and trophy hunters who wanted their pictures made with a fresh-killed animal. When the government slapped on controls, only a few male lions lived on the Keekorok section of the Serengeti, where there are now many dozens. In 1956, a quarter million wildebeests wandered the plain. Now about a million and a half, six times as many, follow the rains. They never used to cross the Mara River where you saw the lion kill the bull, but now their own population pressure has pushed them across. They drowned by the hundreds in the process, but they keep coming.”

She acknowledged that hard currency brought by tourists like me encouraged the government to keep the parks alive despite tremendous pressure for space from the fast-growing human population on Earth. But tourists also bring problems, she said, because they too are a fast-growing population. “The whole Ma-

Young impalas bound and zigzag to confuse hungry lions and leopards.
of animals reached beyond sight. Tiring finally of even so splendid a show, we squeezed our way through, slapping the rumps of creatures who had probably never before seen a human being.

On the open plain a lone wildebeest calf bleated and wandered aimlessly, searching for its mother. "Little fellow won't see sunset," Sulman said. "Look, hyenas coming already." We sped on. Though we had come to Serengeti to see nature in the raw, we were queasy about watching a hyena pull down the little lost calf, for besides the Stone Age killer that lingers in us all, a Neolithic shepherd entrusted with guarding the least creature of the tribal flocks is there too.

"A wildebeest baby can't run fast for the first two days," Robert said, "so wildebeest mothers fool the lion and hyena. They get together and all have their babies in the same fortnight. Lions can eat only so many babies in two weeks. Then the other babies grow big enough to run away. Only cheetahs and wild dogs can catch them then."

Almost immediately we saw how the young wildebeests who have survived the lions can defeat the fleet-footed cheetah. A pair of these elegantly spotted cats erupted from a tangle of brush and chased a Thomson's gazelle who sprinted and zigzagged just out of reach of death till it dodged behind a line of wildebeest bulls. The cheetahs pulled up short of impaling themselves on their horns.

At Naabi Hill the short grass changes to long grass that supports yet more species. They have worked out an exquisitely timed feeding program. First the big fellows like elephants, hippos, and buffalo stuff themselves and thrash around in the long grass, trampling it down to the right height for zebras, tops, and wildebeests. Those smaller grazers chew off the medium growth (the wildebeest can crop more grass at a single bite than almost any other grazer), trimming it to the right size for the nibbling of gazelles and warthogs. Over their heads, the giraffe serenely crops the top of the acacia tees, as much as 145 pounds of leaves a day, and doesn't compete for a living with anybody with a shorter neck. Indeed, Robert told us that the reason we had seen giraffes in the settled lands is that they crop back saplings, keeping the forest at bay. His Masai cousins welcome them.

Seronera Wildlife Lodge, where we spent the night, snuggles so cleverly into an immense outcropping of cyclopean boulders that it cannot be seen at a mile's distance. Architecturally it offers endlessly surprising solutions to the problem of fitting living quarters into a tumbled mass of granite without disturbing the natural asymmetry.

Through the dining room's windows we watched thirty-five elephants march in stately procession toward some obscure destiny, gazelles tripping and leaping straight up, six feet, with four legs stilt, to keep hunting hyenas off balance; a giraffe mother trying to drag her curious baby away from the unsuitable society at the hotel, and weaver birds building their artfully slung nests.

It would have been paradise, but the hot-water boiler, like many other high-tech instruments in Tanzania, had broken down five years before and nobody had got around to repairing it. However, a snappy cold shower in the predawn darkness was the right preparation for our morning game run.

Our score that first morning: thirty-two elephants, including five babies; countless lions sleeping off a hard night; four cheetahs who chased a gazelle and missed because they were half-grown juveniles just learning the trade; two leopards, one sleeping on a granite boulder, another stretched on a tree limb. Of the lesser plains creatures we saw jackals, hyenas, harebeests, topos, zebras, warthogs, and a bushbuck who was a dead ringer for a Virginia white-tailed deer.

Sulman wheeled us to a rock outcropping called a kopje (pronounced like "copy"). Robert pointed out the instant change of species in the minihabitat of the rocks. Baboons skittered along the ridge top. Hyraxes lined up along a ledge and chattered saucy comments about our clothes and manners. We saw several dik-diks—antelopes no bigger than a Texas jackrabbit. A klipspringer antelope, scarcely larger than the dik-dik, with the curious habit of walking on the tips of its hooves, was tiptoeing past a leopard asleep on the other side of the rock pile. Mongooses darted in and out of dens in the rocks. Lizards called agamas put on a dazzling show with incandescent lilac heads and neon blue bodies.

Back on the plains, the stars of the morning were a pair of juvenile bat-eared foxes. Furtive, nocturnal creatures, they are rarely seen by visitors. But our two youngsters' acrobatic performance was worthy of a Chinese circus: tumbling, flipping, wrestling, doing headstands and half gamers for our entertainment. An eagle glided within arm's reach alongside the Land Rover for half a mile, measuring us with a baleful golden eye that gave us the shivers. "They are afraid of nothing," Robert said, "but mostly they eat little Tommies, the gazelle babies. A gazelle mama will fight a jackal for her baby, but she never learns to look up, so she loses lots of babies to eagles."

We passed a wildebeest kill, abandoned by even hyenas and jackals but swarming with Egyptian vultures, flapping and squabbling over the carcass. "The vulture is ugly but very smart," Robert commented as he took in the scene. "He lifts a rock in his beak..."
THE ESSENTIALS

Don't try to go it alone. Enlist the help of a safari organizer like Abercrombie & Kent. It runs a school for its couriers and drivers during the off-season, so most speak more than a smattering of several foreign languages and all are demons at game and bird identification, wildlife lore, and history. If you use A&K (1-800-323-7308), you will no doubt go by British Airways, which is part of the fun, for you lay over in London from dawn to dusk of a full business day.

Most guidebooks say you do not need a necktie in East Africa. It is true in Tanzania, but in Nairobi men will be more comfortable at night in smart restaurants (and there are some corkers) with jacket and tie.

In the field, wear khaki. Several shops in Nairobi, including most hotel gift shops, sell first-rate safari outfits for half what they cost in the States. You won't walk much, but comfortable shoes are always desirable.

You can drink tap water in Nairobi, but elsewhere drink bottled water or the boiled water in your bedside carafe. It is a good idea to take malaria-prevention pills, starting two weeks before departure and continuing for six weeks after return. The Serengeti is about as high as Mexico City, so the malaria mosquito is fairly inactive. Still, for the small trouble it involves you might as well eliminate the least chance of getting malaria. Though Tanzania requires a yellow-fever shot, nobody ever asked me for my certificate. You need a valid passport, however, good for more than six months after the proposed return date. Also, you must have a visa for both Kenya and Tanzania. British Airways will not let you board without them. Abercrombie & Kent sees that you have what you need.

If you are subject to motion sickness, take Dramamine, because careering about the plain and on the truly shocking roads of Tanzania can bring on a bad case. Insect repellent is useful, as well as a can of mosquito fly spray for your bedroom or tent. Take a flashlight and anything you might run out of. Pack more film than you think you can possibly use.

Kenyan hotels and game lodges are first-rate. Tanzanian lodges are handsome, but such amenities as hot water have declined under the socialist government, though the high quality of personal service helps make up for this. Tented camps are astonishingly comfortable once you get used to the sound of lions roaring outside the electrified fence. Don't forget to zip the tent shut, or the baboons will spread your belongings across the plain in a disorderly scramble to find your soap and toothpaste.

Shake hands a lot. Greet everybody with "Jambo," which is like the Hawaiian "aloha." East Africans are friendly, but street crime is serious. Don't wear jewelry or flash money even in daylight. Never walk Nairobi's streets after dark. Your first sight of a hyena trotting across a game-lodge lawn will cure any desire for moonlit walks in the field. If you forget your binoculars, take the first plane home.

Preceding page: Zebras seek protection among migrating wildebeests. Above: One of the last of the rhinos, hunted to extinction for their horns.
to crack an ostrich egg. He uses it like a hammer.”

Next morning, baboons quarreling in the courtyard over a stolen salami woke us up for breakfast. We came down reluctantly, for we were about to leave Tanzania.

On the high plateau where the air was thin and cool, the Land Rover stopped beside a crude pyramid of rock and cement. A bronze plaque honored Michael Grzimek, who “gave all he possessed for the wild animals of Africa, including his life.” It was not far from here that his plane hit a vulture and crashed while he was taking an animal census to gather data meant to convince the world that the great herds of the Serengeti are everybody’s responsibility. Beside the monument lay a fresh grave and some withering wreaths, tributes to Bernhard Grzimek, the dead pilot’s father and one of the greatest conservationists of all time. He had missed taking that fatal flight with Michael owing to a last-minute whim that condemned him to twenty-eight years of grieving. Now he was lying beside his son and closest friend.

The monument and grave stand on the lip of the Ngorongoro Crater, the world’s largest dry, collapsed caldera, a hole in the Earth’s crust twelve miles across and a mile deep. So vast and deep is the hole that it has a microclimate only distantly related to the chilly weather on our high ridge, where an occasional cloud wrapped around us as it blew across the crest. Far below us, lightning flashed through storm clouds at one end of the crater while the sun shone on the plain directly beneath us.

On the crater’s floor we could make out with binoculars immense herds of wildebeests, Cape buffalo, and zebras. Flocks of flamingos turned the surface of a vast soda lake salmon pink. Families of elephants lumbered through grassy marshes at the edge of a forest strip. “We see more lions in the crater than anywhere else in the world,” the sharp-eyed Suliman said. “More even than on Serengeti plains. Pretty lions, too, males with big, black manes. And Ngorongoro is the only place left in Africa you can be sure to see a black rhino. I promise you that you will see one—maybe two, three, ten.”

No one person saved the crater and the Serengeti plains, of course, but Dr. Grzimek did more than any other to bring their wildlife riches to the world’s attention. His book and television documentary were based on the explorations he and his son pursued alone, driven by a passion to see the Serengeti preserved from man’s compulsion to convert the world into an all-engulfing Levittown. At present, two-thirds of the region lies within parks and reserves set aside forever in Tanzania and neighboring Kenya as a home for our planet’s last wild megaherds.

“One small part of the continent at least,” wrote Dr. Grzimek in his book, “should retain its original splendour so that the black and white men who follow us will be able to see it in its awe-filled past glory. Serengeti, at least, shall not die.”

Bern Keating wrote about rare water birds of India for the April 1986 issue of Connoisseur.
How CNN beats the networks at their own game

By Mark Lang

most people, television represents escape, the magic door into fantasy. CNN offers the opposite—a world of grit. How does CNN get away with it? For one thing, the cable company has stretched traditional definitions of what constitutes news. A viewer may tune in to scenes of war in the Persian Gulf, a report on the spread of AIDS, or the spectacle of a governor disgraced—or gossip, or fashion, or “Sonya Live in LA,” or “Body by Jake,” a health-tips segment that features a T-shirt-clad muscle man and beautiful women in bathing suits.

“Hard news, to you and me,” explains Ed Turner, CNN’s executive vice-president, “may vary greatly from hard news out in the heartland, or in suburbia. We don’t program just for journalists. Everything we broadcast—even ‘Jake’—has some value. Have you seen the covers on Time or Newsweek lately?” In other words, the line between journalism and entertainment can be very fine indeed.

Still, by any reasonable measure, CNN handily outperforms the three networks and PBS at the principal task of news gathering: delivering not just headlines but the myriad, often conflicting, textures and details of the passing scene. The work is not always stellar—sometimes it is off-key, sometimes boring. But while NBC, ABC, and CBS provide lip service—presenting the events of the day in twenty-two minutes—CNN is dedicated to “news,” meaning, a news hour, a business program, an interview, and whatever else qualifies as timely, even if it is “Showbiz Today.”

The understanding of just who is out there watching has helped turn the Cable News Network into the jewel of the Turner Broadcasting System. After six years of financial woes, the network turned a $48 million profit in 1986, and $66 million last year. Cable penetration has reached 50 percent of all U.S. households; nearly 45 million Americans subscribe to the news service. And, perhaps most important, CNN can be seen in fifty-eight countries, from China to Australia. It is Ted Turner’s dream, says Ed Turner (no relation to Ted), “to place a news bureau in every capital of the world. He’s more interested in world peace and understanding than in financial gain.”

Yet, CNN is not Ted Turner. Though Turner Broadcasting System, CNN’s parent company, pumped a reported $250 million into the news operation in the first
six, harrowing years, R. E. ("Ted") Turner, chairman of the board and president, has never butted in. "Ted has stayed true to his promise to keep away from the day-to-day decisions," says Ed Turner. "He's never ordered a story killed or covered. He'll occasionally toss out ideas. Some are good, some are not."

Ed Turner is a considerate, easygoing man with a big, hearty laugh. He exudes an aw-shucks folksiness that belies the fact that he is responsible for every word broadcast on CNN. Born in 1935, in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, he started his broadcast career as a reporter-anchor at KWTV-TV, in Oklahoma City, produced the "old, old, old CBS morning show with Hughes Rudd," and went on to serve as news director at WTTG-TV, in Washington, D.C. Turner came to CNN six months before sign-on, acting as managing editor and then vice-president in charge of daily operations in Washington, finally being named executive vice-president in 1984. He replaced Burt Reinhardt, who was himself elevated to the position of president of CNN after the founding president, Reese Schoenfeld, left because of differences with Ted Turner. Reinhardt, however, is an enigma to the outside world and to many of his own people. He rarely gives interviews, and though he is a forty-five-year news veteran with impressive creden-
What do you think of our new digs?” he asks. CNN Center, a high-tech headquarters, which opened its doors in July 1987, is more than a production facility. It is also home to Ocean Oddities, Reggie’s Pub, Slicers Deli, the Omni Hotel, and Hair by Nelda.

Ed Turner’s office has an all-glass wall that affords a view of the broadcast studio and the leafy interior mall. The other walls of his own, battleship gray, blue-carpeted office are covered with paintings, prints, and photographs of water and sunsets, framed awards, and Bloom County cartoons. A Reagan–Gorbachev summit strategists notebook rises above the papers on his desk, as does a jar of red-hots.

The conversation turns to the quality of broadcast and cable news. Turner could hardly pretend to be impartial. “I’ll take CNN versus anybody on any major, breaking story,” he says. “Our people have the authority to act quickly; they don’t have to wait for a decision from Atlanta. In New York, with a twenty-two-minute newscast, the networks have the luxury of making all the decisions. We offer the freedom to blow it or succeed.”

With more successes than failures of late, CNN appears to have the three nets, with all their budget cuts and layoffs, on the run. “You must remember,” Turner continues, “they’re entertainment networks first. News is second. We’re not as slick as the networks; we make mistakes; but our audience wants to see what’s breaking now. I’ll live with the rough edges, live without the fine polish, rather than delay the reporting of the news.”

A nearby TV monitor shows Cuban detainees on the roof of the Atlanta Penitentiary; the graphic says “CNN Live.” A man sticks his head in the door: “I thought you’d want to know—a settlement has been reached at the penitentiary.”

“Are we in the game?” asks Turner.

“We’re competitive, within a minute or two.” For the record, CNN scooped the wire services and broadcast networks by ten minutes.

The pumping heart of Turner’s operation is the newsroom. Colored gray and mauve, the room is most hectic from 4:00 P.M. to 7:30 P.M., when staffers are preparing for “NewsWatch” and “PrimeNews.” People are everywhere, staring at computer terminals, watching monitors, clustered in small groups; some head for the hallways to smoke a cigarette. Sounds of rewinding videotape, muffled voices, phone buzzers, laughter, a lone typewriter fill the air. No one is running or screaming. Very few southern accents are heard. Most workers come from the North and the Midwest. People in this room are young. Hardly anyone looks older than thirty-five.

Toward the back, workers manning the satellite and circuit desk monitor broadcasts from around the world; they also book and coordinate satellite time. Today, Intervision, an Eastern-bloc news feed, is under surveillance. The satellite feed bay and logs every story beamed in (thirty-two news-gathering feeds can be brought down simultaneously). And edit bays, housing the latest in Sony Beta half-inch gear, are a few short steps away.

The assignment desk, from which national- and foreign-assignment editors move crews around the globe, is next door.
Here, the editors keep in touch with CNN's many bureaus—nine domestic (in New York, Washington, Atlanta, Miami, Dallas, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and San Francisco), eleven foreign (in Tokyo, London, Paris, Beijing, Managua, Frankfurt, Cairo, Jerusalem, Rome, Moscow, and Nairobi)—as well as with their approximately 180 station affiliates nationwide, many of which also have major-network affiliations. Jeanee von Essen, the vice-president for foreign news, says she speaks with every bureau chief at least once a day. She would like to see a twelfth foreign bureau, in Mexico City, and then move into South America. "I envy the networks and their beautiful packages," she says, "but if the choice is to get the $25,000 shot or not have a Nairobi bureau, I'd opt for Africa. I want to be in places where no one else is."

Nearby, in the control room, not much larger than a college dorm room, two producers, a director, a technical director, a graphics artist, and an audio technician coordinate graphics, tapes, camera shots. The anchors, their makeup kits and Diet Cokes hidden under the anchor desk, are ten feet away, behind a shaded-glass partition. To say that these people are on a mission would be romanticizing things. Like employees anywhere, they watch the clock and gossip at the water cooler. Although CNN offers rapid, often spectacular, advancement for dedicated staffers, many still look beyond Atlanta to New York, home of the Big Three. Nevertheless, a palpable something—von Essen calls it a "correctness"—inhabits this space. There is no better place than this newsroom for a young television journalist to learn. Glance at the four television monitors above the broadcast studio, which face out into the newsroom. On NBC: "Santa Barbara." On ABC: "General Hospital." On CBS: "The Guiding Light." On CNN: Ethiopian refugees.

CNN began its broadcast life at 6:00 P.M., June 1, 1980. The news budget was a skimpy $3 million a month. Charter subscribers numbered a mere 1.7 million. And the network broadcast from the cramped basement of a converted country club on Atlanta's Techwood Drive; satellite dishes were affixed near the first tee. Yet within thirty minutes, the network had its first scoop. "We ran an interview with President Carter, getting his thoughts on the shooting of the civil-rights leader Vernon Jordan," says Mary Alice Williams, vice-president and New York anchor, speaking from her Manhattan office. "At six-thirty, the networks broadcast the piece on their national news with the graphic 'Courtesy of CNN.'"

Beginner's luck, though, could not long hide the obvious: CNN was not very good. The picture often disappeared, and so did the sound. On-air bloopers were commonplace. Graphics were misspelled. But the years bring experience. CNN gained confidence with each major story, improved its on-air look, and displayed a spunkiness that showed up on the small screen. It did good work on the assassination attempt on President Reagan and the Air Florida jetliner crash in the Potomac, scooped the Big Three on the Titan-missile explosion out West, and broke the story of U.S. advisers in El Salvador. In 1982, CNN won a lawsuit, gaining access to the White
Of international customers. Jeance von Essen wants to dig past the obvious foreign headlines. "I want to cover stories the others don't have," she says, citing recent inside-look pieces on the day-to-day lives of Russian and Chinese common folk. For global-news junkies, CNN offers "The International Hour" (weekdays at 3:00 P.M. EST) and "CNN World Report," an innovative, open-ended program that airs international news as reported by foreign news agencies, "uncensored and unedited," says Turner. The show, which runs Sunday night-Monday morning at midnight EST, is usually two hours long. But if countries send in more footage, the show can run on to 6:00 A.M.

Certain factors interfere with CNN's urge for global expansion. Much of the world is not cabled (Europe, for example, has only 10 percent penetration), for one thing, and many foreign governments are wary about "Westernizing" their citizens. But satellite dishes are increasingly available throughout the world, so the news network has targeted hotels in Europe and the Far East that cater to American businessmen and travelers. So far, CNN has refused to scramble its signal, which is delivered by Armed Forces Radio and Television Systems (the AFRTS footprint stamps every U.S. military outpost on the planet), banking on public-relations value. The idea is to hook innkeepers as well as foreign residents and then to collect. Margaret Thatcher, for one, is hooked: last fall, she cabled up 10 Downing Street.

Yet despite its reach, CNN is a very lean outfit. In 1987, it spent only $100 million to program news and entertainment twenty-four hours a day—about one-third what the news divisions at NBC, ABC, and CBS each spend in one year to fill approximately one-eighth of the airtime. How does CNN do it? "We serve rotten coffee in the greenroom, not Brie and champagne," quips Williams. "We don't use limos, and we send in road crews the day before an event, not two weeks. Notice that the savings have nothing to do with journalism, the actual reporting of the news."

"It's a mental discipline," says Turner. "You don't have to drive a Cadillac; you can get there in a stripped-down Chevy."

CNN's right-to-work status is another reason why costs are low. The absence of unions gives the network flexibility: a field producer often doubles as cameraman and triples as a sound tech. Besides, CNN workers are compensated considerably less than their unionized network brethren. A veteran CNN cameraman earns $30,000 to $40,000 a year; a network cameraman, $50,000 to $75,000. And none of CNN's sixty-nine anchors remotely approaches Dan Rather's $2.5 million per.

Still, CNN has made the big time, and that means adjustments. Staffers in New York have initiated dialogue with unions, and the corporation as a whole has become more conservative as it has expanded. Even more critical, CNN's destiny depends on corporate strategy decisions over which it has no control. In 1986, the Turner Broadcasting System bought MGM, with $1.4 billion of borrowed money—which almost sank Ted Turner's ship. In late 1987, a consortium of cable operators purchased 30 percent of the company's stock, to bail TBS out. The rea-
HORNING IN ON THE BIG THREE

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1987. Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings, and CNN's Bernard Shaw are gathered in the Oval Office for a press conference with President Ronald Reagan. Back at CNN Atlanta, a rumpled Bob Turman, vice-president and executive producer, joins his boss Ed Turner. Both men have pen and paper at the ready; both listen to the live feed over a portable-radio-site speaker, calmly rooting for their man as if this were a football game. Brokaw asks an arms-negotiation question; Reagan responds. Shaw follows up: "Mr. President, on this treaty, you have not signed on the dotted line, and yet five of the Republican presidential candidates have deserted you, and the conservatives, the right wing of your party, are after your scalp. My question is, if you were not a lame-duck president, would the INF treaty sail through the Senate?" "Good boy, Bernie," says Turner. "Bernie asked my question," he adds.

"Jennings wasn't on-target with any of his stuff," says Turman.

"Brokaw's first was okay," says Turner. "Nothing special after that."

"You don't like the pardon question?"

"Just the opening line; then Reagan starts wandering."

"We should use Bernie's first two."

"And Rather's evil-empire follow-up."

The sound bites aired on "NewsWatch," and the thirty-minute news conference was broadcast that evening on all four networks. It was the first time a CNN anchor had ever shared the exclusive national stage with anchors for ABC, CBS, and NBC. Another rite of passage for the former "Chicken Noodle Network," now one of the Big Four. —M.L.
Oblivious of the spectacular surroundings—water and persistent wind are all that matter—an angler and his gillie work one of Iceland's top rivers. Left: Years of pilgrimage rewarded Ralph Peters with a record, thirty-five-pound catch. Right: The rivers are kept wild for the fish.
RAPTURE OF THE SHALLOWS

By Samuel Young

The Anglers' Club of New York is a genteel refuge near Wall Street whose members forbid themselves to talk business within its walls. Nature has creatures more wondrous, they know, than bulls and bears—notably, the Atlantic salmon, Salmo salar, "the leaper," the gamest fish susceptible to an artificial fly in fresh water. Every year, some of the club's hottest rods forsake their corporate boards and brokerages for the chilly ecstasy of fishing the Vididalís, just below the Arctic Circle, one of the most productive salmon rivers, mile for mile, in the world.

The Vididalís teems with sport because Icelanders long ago made laws to keep their eighty-some salmon rivers in good supply. Just eight anglers may fish the Vidi at one time, and for only hours a day, June through September. No exceptions, no monkey business, and certainly no netting. Bait, spoons, plugs, and the like are permitted, though the Anglers' Club disdains them, allowing in its ranks only artificial flies.

Such strictures make the Vididalís about as accessible as good season seats to the Boston Symphony, but I am fortunate in that my father discovered the river years ago and joined the Anglers' Club. He was always on the lookout for the best possible fishing in the most congenial company, a forty-year quest that extended in this hemisphere from Baja California and the Pacific Northwest to Bimini, Deep Water Cay, and Canada's Restigouche, Miramichi, and Whale rivers. At least once a year he ranged overseas to the salmon waters of Europe, first to Ireland, Scotland, and Norway, before finally happening on northeast Iceland. In time, his enthusiasm for the place infected me, so when he eventually asked me to go along, I leaped like Salmo himself. I have now made three week-long visits to the Vidi and look forward to the next time I join that gleeeful contingent of about ten New York contingent conspicuous at Kennedy Airport on a midsummer evening in humid anglers, fishy hats, ready for their annual trek to fishing's Elysium.

Keflavik feels like early March when we arrive there next morning and step into forty-degree temperatures and gusting drizzle. We know, however, that rain raises the water level in the rivers, enabling more salmon to come in from the sea. We are also warmed by the hospitality of Sverrir Sigfusson, a Reykjavik businessman and avid angler, who takes us from the airport to the Saga Hotel, entertains us in his home that evening—"Icelanders are more Irish than Scandinavian," Sverrir's wife tells me on this inebrious occasion—and puts us on a de Havilland Otter next morning for the 100-mile flight to the tiny airport at Blondalós.

Sigfusson represents a syndicate of Vididalís landowners who are liberally reimbursed by visiting anglers for the privilege of fishing their waters. For his portion of the fee, which this year is $1,095 per rod per day, Sverrir supplies meals, lodging, English-speaking gillies, and twice-daily transportation to and from the river. For that kind of money, of course, one could fly the Concorde to Paris, stay at the Ritz, and eat salmon all week at Carré des Feuillants. But, questions of sport aside, such sybarism would hardly provide the sort of dramatic, invigorating change of scene that these refugees from Wall Street are looking for—and find, on touching down...
degrees downstream, he hurries some thirty feet of line into the air, punching the rod back and forth while his left hand performs the double haul, a dextrous maneuver that accelerates the line and helps it flatten out as it settles on the water. His fly sinks below the surface, drifting with the current until it is directly below him. Then he retrieves and casts again.

"Notice how your father is giving the fish plenty of time to look at the fly," says Anton. "Salomon are slow takers. They need time to look and react." Tall and serious, with the face of a dissolute cherub, Anton Pjötrur Porsteinson is a medical intern from Reykjavik whose English is flawless, save for the extra syllable he adds to "salmon," a refinement not unappreciated by those in our group who reckon daily with Salomon Brothers of Wall Street.

When my turn comes, I slog in as far as my chest waders will tolerate, my sights set on deep water by the far bank. Anton calls me back. "The salmon likely to take your fly are only in temporary quarters here. You're better off fishing the shallower water near the middle." I take his advice, but what salmon might be in Armot this evening are having none of us.

I see no action, in fact, until the morning of the third day, when I fish Laxapolur, a narrow, rock-rimmed pool high up in the Fitjá, a Vididalsá tributary. The strike feels like an earth tremor; my rod bends and my reel whines. The creature jumps and runs until I wonder if this is a lost cause. Didn't this stubborn fish leap up a waterfall just to get to this pool? Eventually it tires, and I maneuver it close to shore, where the gillie seizes it just below the tail. It weighs eleven pounds, about average for fish so high in the river.

At the lodge that evening, Franklin Ely awards me two martins from his private hoard of gin, a singular accolade from a Vididalsá veteran who catches an amazing number of salmon with the most bedraggled flies I have ever seen. Later, Gus Schwab, half-dapper in cashmere blazer and drooping long johns, sends us to bed laughing with three quick jokes, mumbled in the fashion of George Burns. Eating supper close to midnight and rising before seven does not leave much room for revelry, a blessing, because gearing up for the river requires a clear head. Preparation is everything, from the right underwear for the quirky weather to leakproof waders, a durable leader free of kinks and wind knots, and, by no means least, a stout hat. I learn the value of the latter one day when a high wind redirects my fly into my bare scalp. Anton, perhaps the world's only gillie with a medical degree, makes a painless extraction.

The truth is, one does not need much esoteric gear to catch salmon, but when one spends eight hours a day for a week thigh-deep in glacial current, often casting against winds from the Arctic, it pays to have the right stuff. That includes chest waders of either neoprene or rubber-coated canvas, terminating in felt soles with metal cleats. A fail-safe waterproof jacket is as essential as the fishing vest worn under it. My faithful companion is a rumpled Barbour Gametair, though my cronies lean toward varieties of light Gore-Tex. Once all this is in place, the refinements are a matter of comfort and style. Ralph ("Tigger") Peters, chairman of the DCNY
From June to September, the world's most avid fishermen vie for limited spots on Iceland's rivers.
Left: Anton Pjétur Porsteinsson, M.D. (at center), and his cronies flee Reykjavik in the summer to work as gillies. Right: Anglers come to love the bucolic but wonderfully alien landscape of northern Iceland.
Corporation and one of our heaviest hitters, always looks mean and lean in form-hugging Scott waders, handmade wading shoes, flip-up Polaroid lenses (for better spying of fish in the water), and a well-seasoned Donegal tweed hat. "Coach" Dawes likes to wear moss green wool knickerbockers under his waders and a rakish snap-brim cap up top.

Graphite rods are preferred by the group because they are lighter and stronger than ones of bamboo. One day I ask Dawes under what conditions I might use a beautiful new bamboo rod that has been given to me, and he replies, "Under no conditions. Hang it over the mantelpiece." The reels are handsome, durable devices made by S. E. Bogdan, of Nashua, New Hampshire, who has a long waiting list of anglers willing to pay around $500 for one of them. Playing a twenty-pound salmon with a gossamer rod and nine-pound test leader requires a reel with the precise amount of drag to keep the line from breaking or snarling, and Bogdan's artful contrivance has never failed me.

My reel is put to its severest test one evening at Dalsaros, a swift, deep expance, some three hundred yards long by forty yards wide, with a gray precipice brooding above the far bank. Fishing alone, I have covered about a third of the stretch when I hear a mammoth splash, as if a boulder has been hurled from the far heights. Moments later I glimpse a flash of silver perhaps thirty yards downstream and hear another heart-stopping splash. Salmon rarely feed in their spawning rivers, responding to flies more for sport than for hunger, so a leap does not always portend a strike. It does, though, indicate a lie, so I move into range and cast to the spot. The salmon takes, and in an instant Bogdan's reel is screaming like an Indy car assaulting a straightaway.

A salmon can run in Dalsaros forever without rocks or shallows to obstruct it. Once it has taken out all the line and backing, however, a fish too big and powerful to be reeled in must be chased up and down the bank, not an easy feat for someone in pavilion-size waders. After twenty minutes of galumphing over the pebbles, I am wondering which of us will end up owning my eight hundred dollars' worth of fishing equipment. Assuming the fish tires enough to be reeled close to the gravel bar, how will I beach it alone? It might well escape in the shallows by snapping the leader or throwing the fly.

In another twenty minutes, my fish is making shorter, slower runs, and I reel it toward a small inlet in the gravel bar. When a salmon's splayed tail and dorsal fin first jut above the water, I am always reminded of some fantastic craft dreamed up by Jules Verne. Now, as my weary fish surfaces, I am unnerved by this apparition as well as by its size. But this is no time for reticence. It has rolled on its side, so I back away from the river to keep the fish from seeing me and panicking as I maneuver it toward the inlet. Just as I am wondering if I have strength left to hoist it, the salmon becomes aware of its new predicament and writhes mightily against the leader. In an instant I drop the rod and lumber the twenty feet to my thrashing trophy. It is a strange moment to laugh, but I feel like Jacques Tati's Monsieur Hulot, stumbling and flailing as I scoop both arms under the salmon and stagger with it to dry land.

When Anton arrives at last, he seems less impressed with the size of my fish—seventeen pounds, say his scales—than with the revelation that I took it on a Golden Demon, not a salmon fly at all but a steelhead pattern. I sense his disapproval, but my father, decidedly low-church in such matters, is delighted. Perennial favorites on the Vididalas include the Blue Charm, Harry Mary, Moonlight, Sweep, Green and Black Butts, Mudder Minnow, and various members of the Rat family, Blue, Gray, and Rusty. We never fail to note who caught what with which—in fact, rules require that flies be recorded, along with the fish they catch, in the daily log kept at the lodge—but most will admit that the pattern of a fly is less important than its size and presentation.

At the lodge, my gallant salmon is stowed, uncleaned, in the walk-in locker. All fish are held there in common and divided equally on the last day. Some are made into graflex, deliciously marinated in dill, which we will transport home in Styrofoam-lined boxes along with as many fresh salmon as we think we can manage—usually three apiece. The remaining sixty or seventy fish will be sold in the domestic market, for which we will be compensated. It is a measure of the Icelanders' good sense that their shops are supplied with salmon by amateur anglers who pay dearly to perform the job.

On the last day we discreetly tally who is high rod. Last time out, it is Ralph Peters, with seventeen. I am in the middle of
the pack, with ten, having caught five of them in one glorious and exhausting day. Most satisfying to me is the memory of catching two nineteen-pounders without resorting to wind sprints or rugby tactics. However, Peters has aced us all by landing a thirty-five-pounder. It is the largest Icelandic salmon on record in the last quarter century, which merits a picture of Ralph and his trophy on the front page of the Reykjavik newspaper. There is talk of carting the monster to New York and having it mounted, perhaps for display in the Anglers' Club, but Peters gives it to the gillies, who are bursting with pride that their beloved Viddalsá now has an undisputable claim to fame. For the happy, weary contingent returning to Wall Street, it is reward enough to know that the Vidi's largest salmon has been caught by an Anglers' Club member. Not with a worm or gaudy hardware, but with a Blue Nelly, number-six hook. □

Samuel Young wrote about sculling for Connoisseur's June 1988 issue.
Giorgio Armani's cool, cool elegance

A CUT ABOVE

By Judith Thurman

Spring came early to Milan. For the week of the sfilate—the collections—the city had golden light and rose, Tiepolo clouds and a breeze that stiffened the canvas banners of the Galleria. The women of Milan were still wearing their mink coats: short brown ones, this year, with batwing sleeves. They strolled up and down the Via Spiga—where forsythia were blooming in big pots—arm-in-arm with their daughters, who wore mink coats, too, but with flat shoes. “Isn’t it pretty, Mama?” said the daughters, of rubies or lingerie in a window.

When the bells struck one, everyone went to lunch, including the old Gypsy begging outside a boutique in which mannequins who had their hair wrapped up to look like maids' carried mops and modeled khaki chiffon rags. In the patio room at Bagutta, off-limits to tourists—who are seated in their own ghetto—businessmen in dark suits read the financial papers and smoked cigarettes while waiting for their mistresses. The mistresses arrived a little late, with fresh-coiffed hair, and ordered the first asparagus of the season—eating them with their fingers. “Isn’t it pretty, darling?” they said, loosening the drawstrings of a flannel bag.

Later that evening, the women of Milan wore major leather and minor jewelry to the collections and brought their husbands. Those with seats in the first row walked down the runways to find their places, pretending they were tuxed. Young Italians, dressed like the ushers at a Newport wedding, who had Austrian features and spoke English with a French r, seated the foreign journalists and buyers. The Japanese, punctual, stood to let the latecomers squeeze past them. They had dressed in the latest look of whatever designer they had come to patronize.

Next to me at Giorgio Armani's show was an older woman of great beauty. She was wearing one of his first "men's" suits for women, with oxfords and a white linen blouse, whose collar was arranged like two hands in a lap. She had rolled her graying hair back in soft waves to reveal a pair of baroque earrings. Her quiet distinction recalled to me a comment of Chanel’s: “You are not well dressed unless you can walk through your local market without having the housewives take special notice of you.”

If there is any moral to fashion, which is doubtful, it is probably the moral of that remark, which also proved to be embodied in Armani's show. Diffidence—worldly, calculated, but synonymous with civility—is essential to having style. Armani, for example, would never have sent the British to America wearing

Photographs by José Picayo
Plummy—and secure as a Swiss bank account: the classic double-breasted Armani jacket, its strictness softened by a shawl collar.
Armani's clothes sell out before they reach the shops, like bottles of a vintage rumored to be great—and in a few years, they will have as much, if not more, character.
Epicene: Armani's version of the cadet. Short cutaway jacket in washed silk, slouchy pants in silk and wool leave the wearer free to click polished heels.
Burnt offerings. Billowy silk evening skirts bagged at the waist; spice-market colors, worn with the ultimate tube tops: sequins over chiffon.
The mold of form: an austere short black evening bolero trimmed by a pleated ruffle that defines its waist, lapels. In wool.
Armani disarmed men and their clothes erotically without unmanning them. He freed them to be looked at and desired by women (and other men).

Judith Thurman, author of Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller, is at work on a novel.
Out to lunch: the perfect autumn-day dressing. Lambskin suede jacket and vest in saffron; gray flannels pleated at hips; smoke gray blouse of silk chiffon.
The watercolor tucked behind the heavy mahogany door of the drawing room at Farnley Hall, in Yorkshire, shows preparations for a picnic on the moors. Tents have been set up; dead grouse, the victims of the day’s shooting, are strewn on the ground; the dogs have gathered around the kennelman; a barrel of ale waits to be broached; and a servant is drawing corks from wine bottles. But this is not one of those charming records of family fun painted by a talented great-great-great uncle. This gouache drawing of a shooting party on the twelfth of August, 1816, was done by Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851), the towering genius of the Romantic movement in England.

Between 1808 and 1824 Farnley was a second home to Turner. He loved the lavish picnic lunches on the moors after a morning’s shooting, when his bag once consisted of a grouse and a cuckoo. “It was on one of these occasions,” records the biographer Walter Thornbury, “that, on the return from shooting, nothing would satisfy Turner but driving [a] tandem home over a rough way, partly through fields. I need hardly say that the vehicle soon capsized, amid shouts of good-humored laughter; and thenceforward Turner was known at his host’s house by the nickname of ‘over-Turner.’”

Hidden down a wooded drive, Farnley today stands almost unchanged, commanding a magnificent view across the river Wharfe to the misty ridge that forms the opposite wall of the valley. On its north end is the house’s so-called Tudor part; on the south, looking toward Whartedale, the fine neoclassical wing built by the architect John Carr for Walter Hasksworth Fawkes in the late 1780s. His son, Walter Ramsden Fawkes (1769–1825), became Turner’s patron and dearest
During his visits to Farnley, Turner made a complete record in watercolor of the house and its surroundings. Here, the eighteenth-century east front.

friend. He owned over 250 of the artist’s watercolors and six great oil paintings, most of them now dispersed among British and American museums, notably the Yale Center for British Art. Among the watercolors was a set of views of the house and neighborhood (including the picnic), which Walter Fawkes affectionately called his “Wharfedales.” These happily remain at Farnley.

If art was the primary bond between the two men, they shared as well radical political views in regard to the abolition of slavery and the need for parliamentary reform. Turner was welcomed into the heart of the family, where he felt completely at home, sketching, fishing, shooting, and playing with the children, happier and more at ease than with any other friends. Walter’s son Hawksworth remembered a thunderstorm in 1810: “Turner called me loudly from the doorway, ‘Hawkey—Hawkey!—come here—come here! Look at this thun-der storm! Isn’t it grand?—isn’t it wonderful?—isn’t it sublime?’ All this time he was making notes of its form and colour on the back of a letter. I proposed some better drawing-block, but he said it did very well. He was absorbed—he was entranced. There was the storm rolling and sweeping and shafting out its lightning over the Yorkshire hills. Presently the storm passed, and he finished. ‘There,’ said he, ‘Hawkey; in two years you will see this again, and call it Hannibal Crossing the Alps.’ ”

After Walter Fawkes’s death, in 1825, Turner never returned to Farnley and only once again visited Yorkshire, where up to then he had spent part of every year. The sketchbook he had worked in on his last visit was given away to a friend, for its associations were too painful for him. John Ruskin, the magisterial art critic, for whom Turner was a passion, records that even in old age Turner could not speak of the river Wharfe, “about whose shores the shadows of old thoughts and long lost delights hung like morning mist, but his voice faltered.”

Nicholas Horton-Fawkes and his wife, Susannah, who live at Farnley Hall today, have seen to it that the house and its furnishings should appear miraculously unchanged. In the hallway and the drawing room still hang some twenty-eight Turner
watercolors that show the house as he knew it. To look up from the artist’s depiction of the drawing room and see the same Regency chairs in Grecian style standing beside you, a similar harp across the room, a Broadwood piano of the same period, and the same marble chimneypiece is breathtaking. Turner, should he chance back in, could find his way about in the pitch dark.

The drawings are infused with an atmosphere of intimate peace and serenity. Turner paints the dining room just after the family has risen from breakfast; in the drawing room Mrs. Fawkes has left her paisley shawl draped over a chair, while two girls chat in a corner and a third plays the piano. Turner’s pleasure in the simple round of family life gives his brush a special freshness and spontaneity. The watercolors have the vibrancy of sketches although they were worked up from pencil drawings. As a group they are remarkable for having remained together as a unit, for their high finish, and for their bright colors. “They look so pristine!” marvels Ian Warrell of the Tate Gallery.

The fact that Farnley remains a family house, not a showplace open to the public (though it will probably be open by appointment at some later date), brings the lucky visitor very close in spirit to the artist, who was himself a visitor there.

The running of the Farnley estate is now the full-time job of Nicholas Horton-Fawkes, a lean, handsome man of sixty-two. His wife, Susannah, a former director of the Crafts Center, in Covent Garden, is small and sparkling, with a touch of the bohemian. She met the widower Nicholas when he held an arts fair at Farnley in 1971. They have a naturally creative attitude toward the house, though at times its demands can seem exorbitant.

“I’ve been doing it up now for over twenty years,” groans Nicholas. “We started with the eighteenth-century wing and should be giving it another lick of paint by now if only we had finished doing the ‘Elizabethan’ house.”

As this suggests, Farnley is in effect two houses. In Turner’s time the family lived in the handsome new wing built by Carr, though the Victorian descendants of Walter Fawkes decided to live in the old house and added to it another wing. Nicholas’s father moved back into the Carr wing, and there Nicholas and Susannah live today.

The magnificent reception rooms that Turner depicted have been restored, his watercolors being used as guides. The architect John Carr worked with the famous neoclassical architect and designer Robert Adam, whose strong influence shows in the use of handsome classical pillars in the hall and dining room and in their exquisite
plasterwork ceilings. The dining room is the real showpiece. Nicholas has restored the original color scheme of soft, silvery blue and white that Turner's watercolor indicates. The reality and the painting are close. The same table, covered with a damask cloth in Turner's picture, runs the length of the room, flanked by the same mahogany chairs, made by Gillow of Lan-

caster. They lead the eye down the room to the same pillared niche containing the same sculpture. The plasterwork of the ceiling is continued on the walls, inset with grisaille panel paintings by de Bruyn. There are the same side tables. "We only use it for family feasts and formal parties now," says Susannah.

The two of them are refreshingly un-impressed by living with such historical associations and have not hesitated to make Farnley workable. The billiards room has been turned into a kitchen; the dressing rooms, which adjoined the eigh-
teenth-century bedrooms, into bathrooms. They collaborate with as much enthusiasm over the construction of a nav-
arran of lamb from Susannah's Julia Child as over plans for further restorations to the house. "Nicholas had to fetch a ruler to see if we'd got the potatoes the right size," laughs his wife, "but how do you measure the diameter of a potato?"

The dining room as Turner painted it about 1818.

A detail of the fine plasterwork ceiling, designed by Carr and carried out by the Rose family of York.
for the Elizabethan wing, they have demolished the Victorian extension and where it stood created a walled garden, in which is erected a great stone gateway by Walter Fawkes from one of his estates, Newall Old Hall. At first, an organization called Save Britain's Heritage attempted to stop Nicholas's demolition schemes, but he was able at length to convince them that what was Victorian should go.

Turner painted his watercolors before the old house received its Victorian additions, and they have been invaluable guides in restoration. He often sketched such features as gateways, porches, and windows brought by Walter from various manor houses and halls—Lindley, Newall, Fawkes, Caley, and Menston—in both the original site and the new position at Farnley, for though he lived in the new wing, Walter Fawkes was an amateur historian with a keen interest in the civil war of the seventeenth century. It may have been prompted by his possession of the Fairfax family relics, brought into the Fawkes family by marriage. Walter's ancestor Colonel Charles Fairfax was a brother of the famous Lord Thomas Fairfax, who led the army that rose against Charles I and sat on the panel of judges who ordered his execution, in 1649, before he resigned the leadership to his famous successor Oliver Cromwell.

Turner recorded the complete evolution of the east elevation of the old house in two successive states of an etching and a subsequent watercolor. While the vegetation grows, the Georgian windows are replaced by more appropriate ones, with stone mullions; an ancient door is introduced; corbelling sprouts under the eaves; and the chimney expands.

The great stone gateway that now stands in the walled garden was sketched by Turner opening onto an earlier flower garden at Farnley. During the nineteenth century it was moved into a new position, where it formed a majestic porch to the old house, replacing the bow window seen from the inside in Turner's watercolor Farnley Hall, the Oak Room, with General Fairfax's Chair. And a fine sixteenth-century oak overmantel carving was installed late in the nineteenth century. Such were the Victorian alterations Nicholas has reversed. But it has been difficult to discover which "ancient" additions were made by Walter Fawkes and which came later.

Turner is not always a reliable source of information, either. A stained-glass window is shown in the drawing room in one watercolor and in a conservatory in anoth-
Turner’s watercolor of a conservatory, or “root house,” at Farnley, bright with Japanese lanterns and a stained-glass window. Did it ever exist?

er. The window is now in the local church. It is possible that Turner sketched it elsewhere only to show Fawkes what it might look like if moved.

The Fawkes family were keen compilers of albums, among them an album of civil-war documents called Fairfaxiana, for which Turner designed a frontispiece. He also made numerous decorative vignettes of Fairfax relics; and then there was the Book of Ornithology, into which Richard Fawkes at the age of five or six was sticking the feathers of local birds. Turner contributed some twenty colored drawings of birds, “rather of a large size to illustrate [Richard’s] wishes.” (The bird book will be on view in the Turner wing of the Tate Gallery from October 10 to December 11, along with other Turner bird paintings.)

Among the favorite props Turner used in his historical designs are a wide-brimmed hat and a gaily painted drum, both reputed to be Lord Fairfax’s, and three swords. Hat and drum are now stowed under the sideboard in the Farnley dining room; the swords, in a cupboard.

The most unlikely Turner drawing, clearly made for the children, shows this old cupboard, on bun feet, with paper doors that can be opened to reveal a display of these and other Cromwell relics. “We’ve still got all the things Turner painted in the cupboard,” says Nicholas proudly, and then points: “There’s Cromwell’s watch on the mantelpiece!”

Geraldine Norman is the art-market correspondent of the Independent (London).
Given half a chance, the market for Cézanne today would be ablaze. There are several Cézanne oil paintings—a few of them still in private hands—that would fetch at least $50 million at auction, threatening the record now held by van Gogh’s irises, at $54 million. As things stand, the highest price reached at auction for a Cézanne is the $9.24 million paid last May for an oil landscape at Sotheby’s in New York.

Delectable as this painting is, neither its subject—the woods and hills of Pontoise, near Paris—nor even its early “constructive stroke” style makes it especially desirable. The paintings that could topple the record are the outstanding figure subjects, the bathers, and the still lifes, and they would date from anywhere between 1890 and Cézanne’s death, from diabetes, in 1906. One spectacular sale could easily trigger a long-overdue upsurge in prices paid for Paul Cézanne.

Cézanne’s last works have been compared to the great creative outpouring of Beethoven’s last quartets. Meyer Schapiro saw in them a crescendo of feeling and an “irresistible lyric of fulfillment.” Cézanne, however, remained as testy and surly as ever, so it is doubtful that his own experience of them can have been quite so rewarding. His solitary, misanthropic life had, if anything, taken a turn for the worse. The letters of his last years reveal the same appalling difficulties in realizing his aims as an artist that had marked his earlier life, as well as his unyielding disgust with his fellow human beings. “All my compatriots are hogs compared to me,” he wrote a few months before he died.

Yet, in this unpromising state of mind, Cézanne was laying the foundations on which all serious twentieth-century painting was to be built. The art historian Douglas Cooper regarded Cézanne as the first cubist painter, and it is easy to see which works inspired Braque and Picasso to make their gigantic leap into the cubist unknown.

Only sixty-six oil paintings by Cézanne have been sold at auction in the last ten years, so performance cannot be reliably measured. Watercolors and drawings are another matter. An analysis of prices shows the increase in the years between 1977 and 1987 to be a paltry 75 percent. How can this be, for an artist of such importance? First, prices have been high for some time; one still life with a milk jug made $620,000 in 1973. In the record-breaking Goldschmidt sale at Parke-Bernet, in New York, in 1958, The Boy with a Red Waistcoat made $616,000, having grown in value by an annual 8.25 percent since its sale in 1913 for $17,500.

Another reason for the slow appreciation of Cézanne’s watercolors is that his technique was unusual, to say the least. Large areas were left blank, giving the appearance to the casual viewer of being unfinished. In fact, this was part of an astonishingly subtle plan described by John Rewald in his definitive listing of the watercolors. Cézanne, he wrote, “strove to establish a balance between his masterful, economic yet eloquent drawing and the equally economic yet deft use of luminous spots of color.”

It sounds like the rationalization of an idiosyncratic working method, yet Rewald explains that Cézanne was moving “to-
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The Black Clock (ca. 1870). The clock was Zola's. In its majestic serenity the still life harks back to Chardin.

knife—should be worth one or two million. That at least would seem a fair assumption. Yet collectors with serious money to spend on art are sure to want a mature Cézanne, preferably from the last fifteen years of his life. If not, the Impressionist period, or the late 1870's to the late 1880's, would do. If it is to be a still life, they would like apples, if it is to be a landscape, it should show Mont Sainte-Victoire. If such paintings are not available for one or two million dollars, then most collectors greatly prefer the outstanding work of an important but lesser artist to the immature work of a great one. That is how Cézanne is affected by the art market's special grading structure, where a third-rate work may sell for less than a tenth the price of a first-rate one. This mechanism is especially evident with an artist of Cézanne's standing. Many a museum would like to possess a great Cézanne but would rather close its doors than buy a third-rate one.

Of all the tough lives artists have ever lived, Cézanne's was in some respects among the worst. John Rewald's first biography, fittingly entitled "The Ordeal of Paul Cézanne," tells of a man whose reasons still unclear dragged himself through life. It's like the harem, but many of them called down by himself. The rejection of his work by the jury of the Salon became a regular event, even a cause for celebration, since the approval of such cretins would have been disturbing. When he exhibited with the Impressionists, in 1874 and 1877, his work was ridiculed. Yet Cézanne believed fervently, in his work, always describing it as his "researches," and longed for acceptance by the Salon, even while he referred to it sardonically as the "Salon de M. Bouguereau," after the painter who in his opinion encapsulated all that was false in art. Official acceptance would not only give him the last laugh on the philistines of his native Aix-en-Provence but was the only means of endorsing the important discoveries he felt he was close to making. Even without that acceptance, he retained a strong belief in himself, though he never felt that he had reached his goal.

The only happy period of his life seems to have been his adolescence in Aix. There he struck up a deep friendship with two schoolmates, Emile Zola and Baptiste Baillé. On the banks of the river Arc they lay in the shade of a great pine tree reciting verse and perfecting their plans to conquer Paris and attain everlasting fame.

Bailly went out to become an engineer, but there was a certain tragic aspect to the case of Zola and Cézanne, for as Zola's star climbed in the firmament, Cézanne's sank. He submitted work to the Salon periodically, in vain, from 1864 until 1882, when a portrait of a man was finally hung—though it got in through the back door. As a new member of the committee that year, Cézanne's old friend Guillemet had the right to nominate a work without its being passed by the jury. After Guillemet passed it, the committee could accept it. The work was finally accepted and sold to the dealer Vollard for 870 francs, which he then loaned to the artist to support him. The following year, when those five years for which Vollard had paid had passed, Cézanne was able to buy back his loan.
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his right in Cézanne’s favor, and the prices changed. Cézanne's work was officially seen again until the 1874 Salon of the Independants, in 1901.

While Zola was becoming the champion of the Impressionists, with whom Cézanne was now loosely associated. He was overjoyed at Zola’s savage review of the 1866 Salon. “Hasn’t he roasted those damned fools to a turn?” he gloated, but in the next breath tore into a group of artists, including Manet, Fantin-Latour, and Renoir, declaring they were not worth a cent and dressed up like a pack of lawyers. These men were his natural allies. His propensity to bite the hand that fed him was a lifelong problem.

Again and again Cézanne expressed the fear that people would get their hooks into him. Women were calculating crows, and his secret liaison with Hortense Fiquet, who bore him a son, was long a marriage in name only. A friend's son described Cézanne as “full of hallucinations, almost bestial in a kind of suffering divinity.”

Some inkling of the nature of Cézanne’s problems may be deduced from his extreme aversion to physical contact even when his own son took him by the arm. Yet in spite of paralyzing self-criticism, which sometimes made him attack the canvas with a palette knife, the result of his heroic, forty-five-year-long struggle was a tally of 610 watercolors, 1,223 drawings, and 940 oil paintings.

In the early years, Cézanne would give away his work to any friend who remarked favorably upon it. In Paris he sold a few paintings to and through Père Tanguy, the Impressionists’ color man, who used to hang some of their work in his shop, and there was a handful of discerning collectors. When Tanguy died, in 1893, five of his Cézanne's were auctioned and realized an average of under $35.

Cézanne’s first proper dealer was Ambrose Vollard, and his first proper exhibition one Vollard organized in 1895, at the instigation of Pissarro, when Cézanne was already fifty-six. Later, when Cézanne asked him to sit for a portrait, Vollard was filled with misgivings. In the course of 115 sittings, for which he was told to behave like an apple, he was not allowed to speak, save during the short rests. Even then he steered the conversation away from literature, teachers, and other toughy subjects for fear he might trigger an attack on the work in progress.

For Vollard’s 1895 exhibition, Cézanne sent some 150 canvases. Vollard records many a mocking attack from the critics, though a few enlightened spirits were beginning to buy. Renoir and Degas wanted a drawing so badly that they drew lots for it. Vollard relates that when it finally became known that Cézanne's work was selling in Paris, every aspiring painter in and around Aix besieged him. Thinking to dissuade them, Vollard would say that their work was too well done for Parisian taste. Ah, but we can paint topsy-turvy like Cézanne, if you wish, they replied. But then they began to worry what would become of their paintings if the fashion at Paris should change, and somehow Vollard managed to shake them off.

Gradually, Zola lost patience with his friend's self-inflicted failure. Though he continued to regard him as a great but “abortive” artist, he was irritated at not having proved right in his forecast of success for Cézanne. Rather surprisingly, there was no blazing row; instead it was a gradual estrangement, dating perhaps from the publication in 1886 of L'Œuvre, in which Zola examined the psychology of artistic impotence. The book's portrait of an artist as a sublime dreamer paralyzed by an infinity, clearly based on Cézanne, was too near the bone. When Zola’s hero, Claude Lantier, who, in despair as to his own talent, frequently slashes his paintings, hangs himself in front of a canvas that he is unable to complete, Cézanne was confronted by a terrible truth.

He called on Zola no more. He claimed it was because of Zola’s servants; the rugs on the floor, the carved wooden desk, the feeling that he was visiting some minister of state. He said Zola had become a dirty bourgeois, though he must have been inflamed with envy.

Toward the end, a young painter, Emile Bernard, became fascinated by Cézanne and published the first serious analysis of his working method. Since then, respected writers on art, from Roger Fry to Meyer Schapiro, John Rewald, and Lawrence Gowing, have produced a stream of insights into Cézanne’s work, all tending to confirm and even add to his stature.

Cézanne was one of the all-time greats, a blue chip in the same league as van Gogh, Monet, and other modern masters. All their best work now fetches prices on a level with the greatest of old masters. However, the drawings, let alone the paintings, of Rembrandt, Durer, and Michelangelo are rarely put up for sale. That is why those with enough money to buy a good Cézanne should not wait around.

**WHAT THE CRITICS SAID IN 1904**

“At first glance, the things that distinguish Monsieur Cézanne's pictures are the awkwardness of their design and the heaviness of their color. His much vaunted still lifes are brutal in handling and dull in effect. It has been predicted that they will go one day to the Louvre to keep company with Chardin. Happily that day is still far distant.” — Le Journal

“Cézanne is nothing but a lamentable failure. Perhaps he has ideas, but he is incapable of expressing them. He seems not to know even the first principles of his craft.” — La Lantierne

“Cézanne gives the impression of a workman of remarkable gifts, but of troubled vision; not unskilful, but made to appear unskilful by some manual incontinence.” — L’Événement

“Cézanne is not misunderstood—he is just incomplete. We have known him these thirty years. It did not require thirty years for others who were misunderstood to become celebrated: Millet, Daubigny, Théodore Rousseau; nor for them to dictate their own terms and to have their triumph.” — La Petite Gironde

“Let us leave others to admire the monkeys à la Cézanne, painted with mud, not to say worse.” — La République Française

Robin Duthy is the author of The Successful Investor.
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BRIEFING PAPER

THE BAZAAR OF NEW ELECTRONIC GADGETS

BY JOHN WORAM

Las Vegas, Nevada, and Chicago, Ill. have little in common—neither is in a great desert, the other on a great lake, and the other is not one well to get the idea. But there is one common link, known as the Consumer Electronics Show, or just plain "CES," as one says in the trade. Las Vegas hosts this annual event each January, Chicago each June, and it is there people go to find out what the future holds for the consumer with a few disposable dollars to spend on electronics.

The typical CES is an amusing little showcase of some 100,000-plus manufacturer representatives, dealers, distributors, middlemen, and assorted industry watchmen. To keep things from getting completely out of hand, the shows are closed to the general public—that is, to the consumer who keeps all these tides employed.

They are open to the press, through whom we get brief reports on the latest automobile, dental, high-tech, breakthroughs at the cutting edge demonstrated at the show and conveniently documented in four-color press packets.

Hereafter, an assortment of the most noteworthy trends and oddball-and-look-like products spotted at recent shows and now reported in search of a home (read: If they work that's already in the store, you may expect them as they say at CES, "soon."

ELECTRONICS TAKES OVER THE WORLD

As CES electronics is defined in somewhat more liberal terms than elsewhere. Beyond the expected audio-video, home-entertainment items, it embraces photographic equipment, watchmechanics, small kitchen appliances, telephones, and just about anything else anyone can think of that consumes electricity.

Here and there a common thread may be seen weaving its way through the diversity. As better audio, better video, better everything else compete for the consumer's attention, at least a few manufacturers expect them, as they say at CES, "soon."

THE TOSBAX SONIC JACKET, WIRED FOR SOUND, COULD START RIOTS AT AIRPORTS.

are working out ways to put all (or at least some) of it together. Under development are various "smart" systems that will eventually take charge of all the gadgets in your electronic cottage. From TV to toaster: all may be controlled ("soon") from a single device, which will adjust the temperature, wake you gently, start the coffee and the news—and—who knows?—maybe even mail the post for you.

How soon is "soon?" The Spectrum AC system from NEC Home Electronics is still in its prototype stage. NEC expects to have a special-purpose modem available, as the first component of the system, sometime early next year. If this goes between your personal computer and the power line, letting your PC communicate with anything else that plugs in (and has its own modem), it may be (and has its own modem). So far, the only application the firm is demonstrating is not especially inspiring: it merely allows one to operate a printer from one or more remote computer terminals. But integrated systems of all kinds are definitely the rage.

The modem may be followed ("soon") by a small oil burner, alarm clock, coffee maker, TV set, or even that toaster.

More audio for video and vice versa

Video has at long last discovered audio, and the attachment is mutual. Television now has surround sound (see the report on the Phase HTS 3200 in Connoisseur's Briefing Paper for November 1987). Audio now has a new format for the compact disc called CD-V (compact disc video), offering about five minutes of full-motion video and twenty minutes of digital audio. For the moment, the future of the new format remains uncertain: a few CD-V programs unveiled at the January CES are on indefinite hold, awaiting evidence.
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BY DARIO CAMPANILE

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more enthusiasm from the salesmen than nothing of some "software which is to say, more such comm-

bination of a new breed that a time, anything that uses laser optics, small-and-twelve-inch video discs, the three thoroughly established and conventional audio-only compact discs, and the CD-V format. Operating the player is simplicity itself. Just insert any disc, and the CDV-1000 will figure out what is in and respond accordingly.

Yamaha is really serious about this one: a company spokesperson reports, "The CDV-1000 will receive the largest amount of dollar support"—that means advertising—"we have ever given to the introduction of a single product." And for the consumer who remains confused, the company has prepared a single laser disc that explains and demonstrates all the formats now competing for attention. It is not for sale but may be seen and heard at Yamaha dealers.

In a further interesting development, Bose and Zenith Electronics—well known in their respective fields of audio and video—have teamed up to their mutual advantage. Earlier this year, Zenith completed a study in which viewers were asked to comment on picture quality. Those who viewed a Zenith system incorporating Bose audio were more satisfied with the picture than were those who viewed the same picture while listening to a conventional speaker system.

For those who view these results with skepticism, there is corroboration from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. When test subjects watched the same episode of "Miami Vice" twice (!) on the same TV screen, a statistically significant number of respondents preferred the picture when it was accompanied by better audio. The significance of the two studies has not been lost on Zenith, which now incorporates a Bose sound system in its ZB2755S twenty-seven-inch color TV ($1,795).

And Zenith is not the only audio-video matchmaker out there. The NEC PLD-910 Surround Sound Processor ($999) feeds a Dolby surround-encoded signal from your stereo VCR to four outputs: left, center, right, and surround (for the rear channels).

Yamaha's DSR-100 Pro Dolby Surround Processor ($599) has outputs for front left, center, and right speakers, rear left and right speakers, and a subwoofer. If these are not enough, you may use two additional outputs for extra-special effects. Six channels of amplification and speakers are required, although the system may also be set up to make do with just two of each.

Rane Corporation markets the MA 6 Multichannel Amplifier (not seen at CES: $1,349), with six 100-watt outputs built into a single chassis. Although it was designed for professional audio installations, the MA 6 also works well as an all-in-one multi-amplifier system to help keep the well-equipped home theater from looking like an amplifier test site.

The PC meets the CD
Revox has come up with a little gadget to link its high-end audio components to a personal computer. With the B260 Timer Controller ($600), the B265 Infrared Remote Control Transmitter ($160), and an optional software package, your PC can supervise the playing of the B255 Tuner / Amplifier ($3,000), B266 CD Player ($1,650), and B215 Cassette Deck ($2,300). The idea is that the PC will turn each of these components on and off at the appointed time, letting you wake up to easy-listening FM or a favorite disc or tape, then automatically switching to something else later in the day.

The B260 Synthesizer Tuner ($2,000), which may be linked up to the same system, offers even more bells and whistles. Favorite stations may be assigned to one of ten subgroups, which may be separately scanned. Thus, the listener can scan just the classical (or jazz, or rock, or news, or whatever) stations without hearing anything else. Moreover, the output level for each station may be preset—the sort of convenience that once experienced, you will never willingly do without.

Return of the stereoscopes?
Remember those 3-D films that never did quite make it to the box office? They're back. Toshiba has dusted off the extra dimension—this time for the benefit of the home-movie maker. The company plans an introduction this summer for its VHS-C format camcorder system ($2,500) for do-it-yourself 3-D production. The 3-D tapes can be played back on any conventional TV set but do require a pair of electronic liquid-crystal eyeglasses
that plug in to an adapter connected to the camcorder (rather a nuisance).

The system is attracting interest in industrial, medical, and other scientific applications, where the informational benefits outweigh the annoyance of its limitations. It drew mixed reactions at its winter CES unveiling, where at least one skeptic pronounced it “instant migraine.” More comfortable glasses would help, and there is still a bit of flicker.

Video production at home
One of the little problems of home movies is that often they come out looking like the proverbial home movie. Separating one good scene from another is all that out-of-focus stuff, along with lengthy views of nothing in particular.

Back in the old days, when “movie” meant film, you could snip out the truly dreadful moments before inviting the neighbors in. But videotape more or less did away with that; the editing equipment was either too expensive, too complicated, or both. And so the home videotape really didn’t offer serious competition to the good old slide show; at least with the latter you could chuck the bad exposures and rearrange the others without calling in a professional production team.

The Videonics DirectED Personal Movie-Maker ($499) may at last transform all those home videotapes into material worth watching. Briefly stated, the DirectED system is inserted in the signal path between two VCRs. While you review and copy your collection of good scenes over to a temporary “work print” on the second VCR, DirectED prepares a log of start and stop times along with a name for each scene. This information is recorded and displayed on the work print, along with the actual scene itself. The data alone also become a “storybook” stored in the DirectED—a storyboard that may be viewed at one’s leisure on a TV screen, modified, and resequenced later on. In addition, DirectED can be instructed to insert various special effects and even titles.

Once the storyboard is done, the work print is no longer needed. To assemble the final master production, insert a fresh tape in the second VCR. DirectED now prompts you to replay each of your chosen scenes in the right sequence. As you do so, the second VCR automatically starts and stops; titles and special effects are inserted, and the final production takes shape.

All this is controlled by a hand-held device that looks and works pretty much like the typical video remote controller. The controller keyboard does double duty as a “typewriter” for entering titles, credit lines, and whatever else you want to see printed on the screen.

Mutations of the telephone
Mitsubishi’s VisiTel ($399) adds an at-home dimension to the business teleconference, with “tele” meaning both telephone and telegraph. The VisiTel (Visual Telephone Display) is a compact still-video camera plus black-and-white four-and-a-half-inch monitor that simply plugs into a standard phone jack. With a VisiTel at each end of the line, callers may hear and see each other, and there is almost nothing to it: just face the camera and press a button on VisiTel’s front panel. If you like what you see on your own monitor, all you have to do is press another button, and in about five seconds your likeness appears across town or across the country.

You don’t need much imagination to dream up all sorts of VisiTel possibilities, from shopping at home to keeping an eye on a distant relative. But the system stores up to only three pictures, which must be sent and/or replaced one at a time.

Designed for the camera-shy, the Plantronics LiteSet ($219.95) is a miniature telephone that perches comfortably on the ear, with a thin wire leading to an otherwise cordless dial pad worn at the belt or tucked into a pocket. The user may wander up to 1,000 feet from the base unit, which plugs into a standard telephone jack. The LiteSet should be worth its keep to anyone who has tried (and failed) to carry on a conversation while tending the stove, answering the door, getting a drink, typing a letter, or all of the above.

Sound on wheels
Pioneer’s KEX-M700 automobile tuner/tape/compact-disc controller ($670) has a built-in tuner and cassette player and may be used with the CDX-M100 six-disc programmable CD changer ($670) for six hours of uninterrupted digital audio. And for $250,000, the deluxe, Uwe Gemballa version is packaged in a custom-designed pearl white Porsche Cabriolet. This one includes fourteen speakers, seven amplifiers, and a graphic equalizer, with audio controls built into the center of the steering wheel. Despite all that hardware, the Gemballa Porsche does sixty in 4.9 sec-
cassette and a CD player. Believe it or not, the jacket is perfectly comfortable to wear and just the thing to separate the music lover from the crowd, or to start a riot at the airport security.

Esoteric
Here is one you probably will not find in the gray-market shops. The Japanese firm TEAC is hand-building a limited number of "Esoteric" compact-disc systems to sell in this country for about $5,000. The complete system consists of the P-1 Compact Disc Drive Unit and D-1 D/A (Digital-to-Analog) Converter Unit, weighing about twenty-five pounds each (or $100 a pound). The system's electronic specs are impressive, the mechanical system merely awesome; the front panel is three-fourths of an inch thick. And for only another $5,800 TEAC will throw in its Esoteric R-1 Digital Audio Cassette Recorder.

Cabinetry
Take a TV, add one VCR (maybe two), mix in an assortment of add-on gadgets, and you will soon discover the important missing ingredient: space. There is a limit to what can be stacked on top of what, and in no time at all your system looks as if it needs a house of its own, or at least a cabinet to bring order out of chaos and to look as elegant as the hardware it encloses.

Look no farther than Sonrise Cabinet Systems, especially if you are partial to oak, walnut, or rosewood (with more exotic woods available on request). The cabinets are classic and are built by folks who still know what woodworking is all about. If your dealer does not sell them, go somewhere else.

For those designer audio components from Bang & Olufsen, the company now offers its "Arttyca" designer furniture to support them in proper style. The currently available Arttyca designs feature a two-level surface for components, supported by chrome and black cylinders. Under the upper level surface, a diagonal storage area holds a small collection of LPs and CDs.

Back to mono
Do you begin to tire of high tech? Thanks to Metacom, Inc., you can retreat to those thrilling days of yesteryear when home entertainment meant thumping hoof-beats, Fibber McGee's closet, "Who's on First," and Burns and Allen. The company's Radio Reruns series consists of several dozen thirty- and sixty-minute audio cassettes of these and other golden oldies. The half-hour shows are $2.95, the hour-long tapes are $4.95, and both are sold at Waldenbooks and in some major department stores.

3-D VIDEO: ARE THE MIGRAINE AND INCONVENIENCE WORTH THE TROUBLE?

Directory of Products Mentioned

John Woram, the author of The PC Configuration Handbook (Bantam), often covers audio, video, and computer equipment for Connoisseur.
Even the most peripatetic American traveler is rarely farther than an on/off knob from the sights and sounds of home, even if it means seeing Joan Collins and Linda Evans scuffle in another tongue. But is that a comforting thought? We travel, after all, to escape the familiar, not reproduce it. In fact, many feel that the very idea of switching on a radio or television in a foreign country makes about as much sense as touching down at Orly and heading straight for McDonald’s.

On the other hand, you cannot spend twenty-four hours a day sightseeing, and there’s plenty of indigenous programming out there to help you get a better handle on an unfamiliar culture. Much of it has far higher standards than American programming. Remember, many films released theatrically here, from Berlin Alexanderplatz to My Beautiful Laundrette, were shown on European television. Even the junk can be educational. Think of it this way: if you wanted to introduce a foreign visitor to the full texture of American culture, could you ignore television?

In that spirit, we offer the following selective tip sheet to the best of what is available on eight nations’ airwaves. Schedules are highly volatile, so check local TV and radio listings.

**Australia.** You will probably find the noncommercial Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) your best bet for diverse programming down under. On the tube, the ABC commands channel 2; try “The World Tonight,” weeknights at 10:00 P.M., for a “MacNeil/Lehrer”-style approach to the day’s news. Another network, SBS, specializes in multicultural programming aimed at Australia’s large ethnic populations. It offers a good selection of foreign films, along with a well-regarded nightly newscast.

On the audio side, the ABC’s Radio National presents a wide-ranging schedule, including a morning news roundup, “A.M.,” which is reputed to be a favorite among Australian MPs. For the best nonstop concert music, try Radio National, on the FM dial.

**England.** Thanks to a common tongue, PBS, and Benny Hill, many Americans already have a good sense of British television’s highs and lows—both of which can achieve dizzying extremes. A few programs to watch for: “Spitting Image” (politically satirical puppets) and “The South Bank Show,” on ITV; “South Bank,” which is picked up on the Bravo cable network in the United States, is an hour-long arts magazine hosted by Melvyn Bragg; another well-respected arts show, “Omnibus,” airs on BBC 2, the more culturally oriented of the two BBC channels. (We are not sure if BBC 2’s beloved dog-obedience show, “One Man and His Dog,” qualifies as high culture, but it certainly provides a window on the peculiarities of British charm.)

Also, make sure to check out Channel 4, described by one observer as “the more egghead side of commercial TV in England.” It has coproduced over a hundred first-rate feature films and is a good source for innovative, offbeat programming. And we would be remiss if we did not mention BBC 2’s quiz program “Connoisseur,” in which contestants vie for the title “Connoisseur of 1988” by fielding questions on art and architecture.

On the radio dial, try Radio 4 for book reviews, humorous quiz shows, radio plays, and other spoken-word features; Radio 3, for classical and jazz music.

**France.** France’s most estimable television tradition is “Apostrophes,” a ninety-minute literature-and-ideas talk show featuring heavyweight guests and a renowned host, Bernard Pivot. Pivot annually tops French polls as the country’s favorite TV personality; his show airs on state-run Antenne 2 on Friday evenings. And keep an eye out for Channel 7, a start-up, all-cultural station headed by Georges Duby, a leading French intellectual.

For twenty-four-hour-a-day classical music with a minimum of talk and no commercial interruption, try Radio Classique, at 101.1 on the FM band.

**Germany.** German television is dominated by two public networks, ARD and ZDF. The best cultural program, featuring theater performances, new opera, dance, book reviews, and film interviews,
lines from major daily newspapers, from South Africa's to Washington's, that reveal the press's attitudes and biases.

The language barrier will discourage most American travelers, but arts programs require little translation. NHK channel 3, one of two national public services, is a good place to start: try "Arts Theater," a showcase for classical Japanese theater, dance, and music. It airs Sunday nights from 9:00 to midnight. NHK's FM radio station is the best choice for both Eastern and Western music.

There are two national television channels in the Soviet Union. Look to channel 1 for often excellent cultural programming, such as concerts, ballet, and theater. Animation is another Soviet TV specialty. You will find innovative cartoon shows most evenings at 7:30 Moscow time on channel 2.

Finally, for traveling TV-junkies, Ted Turner's Cable News Network beams its English-language newscasts directly to hotels around the world. And CBS has begun shipping its evening newscast to France, Italy, and Japan (and, starting in September, West Germany) for broadcast the following morning. A new generation of Japanese is reportedly learning to speak English with a Dan Rather twang.

By David Ruben, a free-lance writer based in Boston.