

# Critics Preview the Best of the Fall

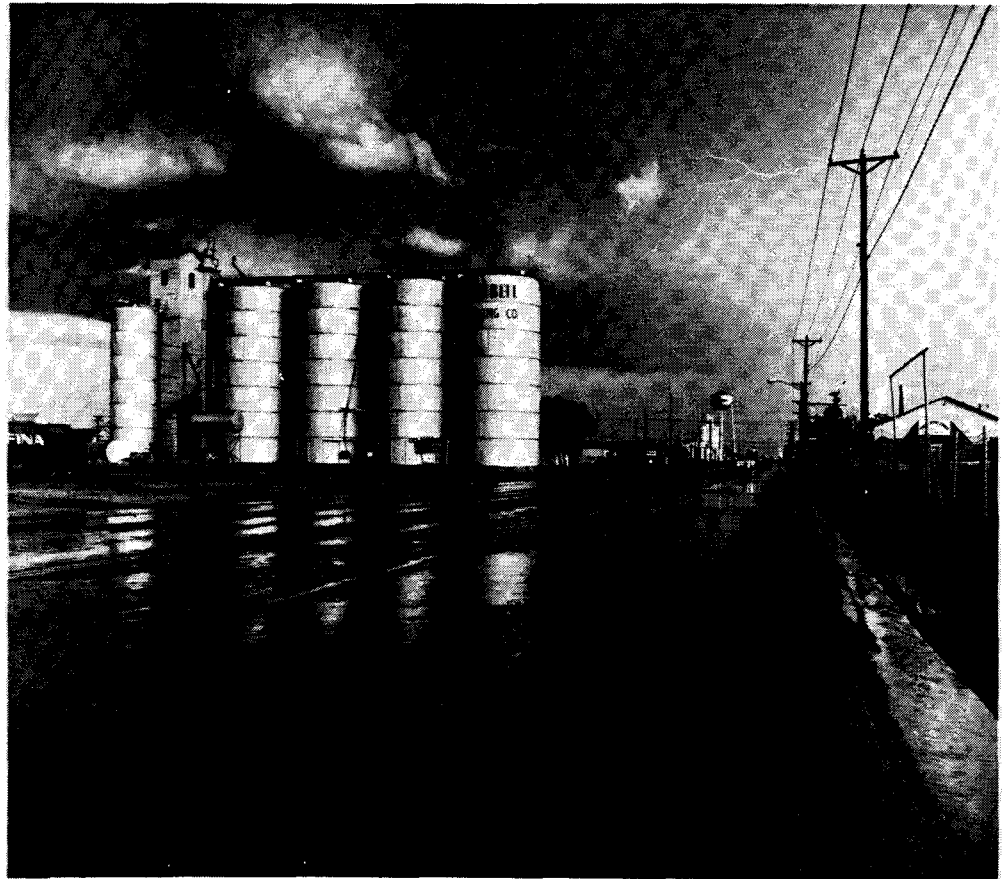
What Not to Miss

## PHOTOGRAPHY

In terms of media valence, there seem to be in photography events only two sizes available: colossal and diminutive. The only measure in between is a kind of oblivion—shows neither big enough to be irresistible nor small enough to be irresistibly esoteric. Significantly, this fall will bring more colossal shows than there were a few years ago.

Without much question, the media event in the medium of photography will be a major retrospective of Richard Avedon's fashion work at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Manhattan. The exhibition will open on September 14, and on the same day Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish a stunning and alluringly eccentric book of the photographer's work (most of it from *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*). Avedon, never less than a born director general, has planned his first invasion of the Met like the landing at Normandy. In a loft across the street from his studio, he and his designer and assistants have assembled to scale a mock-up of the rooms the exhibit will occupy, with proportionately sized prints, in order to lay out a show that will have all the calculated dash of Alexey Brodovitch's once splendid *Bazaar*.

New York has another photographic bonanza this autumn with the Museum of Modern Art's "Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960," which opened on July 28 and will run until October 2. Very much a survey of the specific tastes of John Szarkowski, the show is based on the MOMA photography director's proposition that a picture is either a mirror of the photographer's sensibility projected onto his subject matter or a window through which we see the



Frank Gohlke's "Grain Elevators and Lightning Flash, Lamesa, Texas," in *Mirrors and Windows*.

world as the artist wishes us to see it. Szarkowski's family of men and women includes Garry Winogrand, Ray Metzker, Diane Arbus, Bruce Davidson, and Lee Friedlander. After preoccupying critics and perhaps puzzling more than a few New Yorkers, "Mirrors and Windows" will travel to Cleveland, Minneapolis, Louisville, San Francisco, Champaign (Illinois), Richmond, and Milwaukee.

Formalist Ray Metzker, who will be represented in the MOMA show, will have his own exhibition at New York's International Center of Photography early in the fall. Since 1967, when he showed the highly graphic multiple compositions for which he is best known, Metzker has traveled through straight landscapes during the early Seventies and has emerged

into an alluring, carefully crafted surrealism.

Whether pictures are mirrors or windows, icons or effigies, the eye is their creator. One of the great photographic eyes of our time, extinguished too early, belonged to the Englishman Tony Ray-Jones, who gave us wonderfully empathetic views of the odd syncopations among his countrymen. In January, the Art Institute of Chicago is planning to hold a one-man show of Ray-Jones's sweet and trenchant lifework. It might almost make the Chicago winter worth facing.

—OWEN EDWARDS

## MUSIC

If I had the wings of an angel, the following are among the top musical events I'd be looking in on, and listening

to, during the fall weeks:

The New York Philharmonic has a new music director, a change that happens only about every 10 years. Zubin Mehta begins his term in Avery Fisher Hall on September 14, with a program that includes the premiere of an oboe concerto by Samuel Barber, in which Harold Gomberg is the soloist. As a famous Broadway character used to say, "Don't miss it if you can."

It is also a Schubert year, marking the 150th anniversary of his death, in 1828, and the Philharmonic schedule includes performances of all eight symphonies. Detroit's Symphony is venturing a little wider with a "Schubert in Vienna Festival" that will include, on November 11, his seldom heard opera *Alfonso und Estrella* in a concert ver-

sion, with Antal Dorati conducting.

Operatically, Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd* will be blooming on both coasts: first in San Francisco on September 16, with Richard Lewis, Geraint Evans, and Dale Duesing under the direction of David Asherton; and three nights later at the Metropolitan, with Peter Pears, Richard Stillwell, and James Morris, with Raymond Leppard conducting. In a San Francisco season that will include a monster gala on Sunday, November 19, with many of the world's greatest singers participating on behalf of Kurt Herbert Adler's twenty-fifth year as the company's general director, the appearance on October 14 of Montserrat Caballe and Luciano Pavarotti in Puccini's *Tosca* is not to be taken lightly.

Assorted enticements elsewhere will include on November 29 a premiere by the Lyric Opera of Chicago of *Paradise Lost*—an adaptation by Christopher Fry of Milton's poem, done for Krzysztof Penderecki—which has been awaiting completion for several years. San Diego will have an unusual attraction at its opening on October 7 in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, with Sherill Milnes as the Dane who sings the famous "Chanson Bacchique" ("Brindisi" or "Drinking Song").

Lorin Maazel, now well settled into his work as the Cleveland Orchestra's music director in succession to George Szell, will offer the orchestra's public two performances (on October 19 and 21) of Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem," a modern masterpiece too seldom heard.

And, back to New York, the production team of Nathaniel Merrill and Robert O'Hearn, who created such memorable Metropolitan scenic successes at Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, will be reunited at the New York State Theater, at Lincoln Plaza, for a new production of Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* by the New York City Opera. First performance: September 14.

—IRVING KOLODIN

## DANCE

After a summer of al fresco or rustic theater performance, it's back to the cities for dance and dancers in the fall. In the Berkshires, the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival celebrated its forty-sixth anniversary. The New York City Ballet (NYCB) spent July in its lovely summer home at the Performing

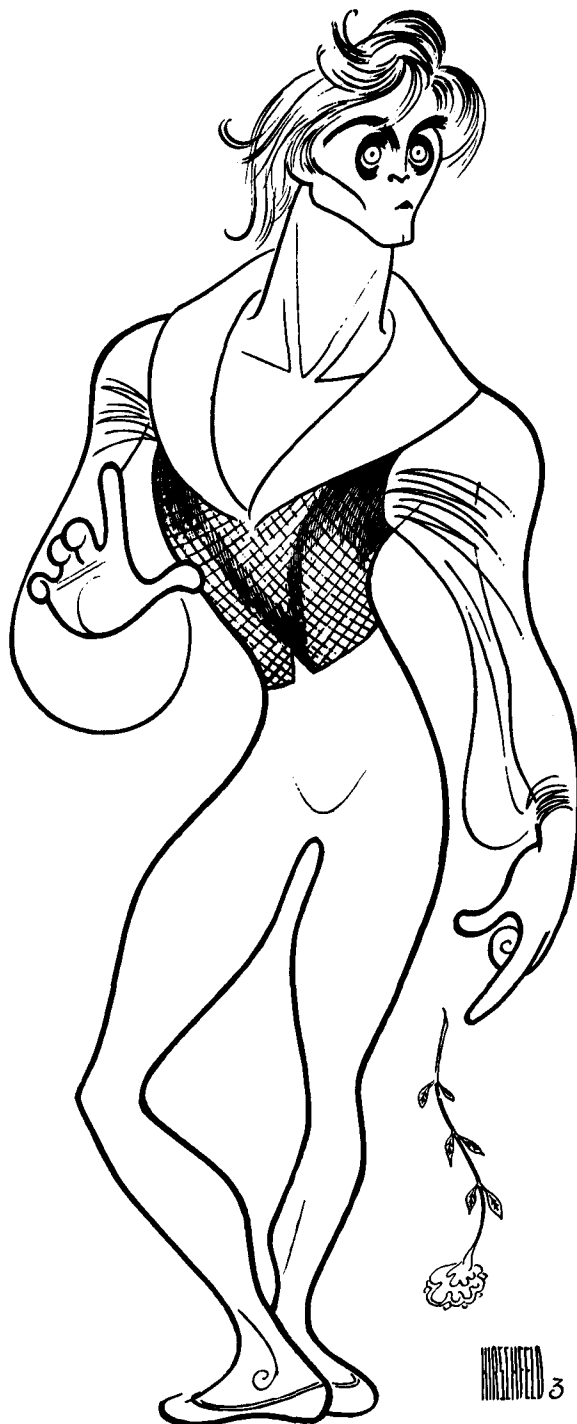
Arts Center, in Saratoga, New York. And many dancers spent their summers at such places as the Banff Center School of Fine Arts, in the Canadian Rockies. At Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell West, an audience of 10,000 watched the dazzling Mikhail Baryshnikov say farewell to the old classic ballet *Giselle* and to the American Ballet

Theatre (ABT) before he defected to the NYCB and George Balanchine's contemporary repertory.

The great Russian will be dancing with the NYCB at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater during the windup of the company's thirtieth-anniversary season (November 14–February 18), though he will not star, and Balanchine's world-famous staging of *The Nutcracker* will be featured for the twenty-fifth year in the annual Christmas engagement (November 30–December 31). At the Metropolitan Opera House, a grand jeté or two away, the ABT will open its customary two-week fall season on September 5 (its two-month season at the Met begins in April). On September 7, there will be a very special gala in honor of the great *premier danseur noble* of our day, Ivan Nagy, who at age thirty-five and the peak of his career is retiring from dancing (though perhaps not from the world of dance).

The San Francisco Ballet (the nation's oldest regional ballet and long absent from New York) will be appearing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM) from October 26 to November 5. Directed by veteran Lew Christensen and youthful Michael Smuin, the repertory of this energetic, talented troupe will include Christensen's now historic *Filling Station* (1938), with its score by Virgil Thomson; Smuin's full-length *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev); and the Oriental *Shinju*. BAM also promises the return of the enchanting Pennsylvania Ballet (November 21–26) and from October 26–29, of Los Indianos—a gaucho group from, believe it or not, Paris!

Manhattan's City Center Theater, on Fifty-fifth Street, will present its regulars: Alvin Ailey (November 8–December 17), in an engagement celebrating the interracial troupe's twentieth anniversary, with all manner of surprises in store; and the Joffrey Ballet (October 17–November 26). Merce Cunningham, vet-



The dazzling Mikhail Baryshnikov has left the ABT to defect to the NYCB this fall.

eran of the American modern dance avant-garde, will be at the City Center with his company from September 26–October 8. Young Eliot Feld and his ballet have not yet settled on a New York theater for November, but they will be on view during October in Los Angeles, Ames (Iowa), Minneapolis, Chicago, and on the campus of Purdue University.

The Houston Ballet, directed by England's Ben Stevenson, is the Southwest's biggest and very probably its most ambitious dance company. The full-length spectacle ballets, choreographed by Stevenson, include *The Sleeping Beauty* (opening September 28), *The Nutcracker* (opening December 16), and *Swan Lake* (which will be given next spring). But the Houston 1978–79 season itself gets under way on September 21 with the first American production of the late John Cranko's *The Lady and the Fool* (an early ballet by that great choreographer) and a world premiere by Norman Walker, the American modern dance choreographer.

I strongly recommend that you make sure to see Bella Lewitzky's West Coast company. This superb dancer-choreographer—one of the two great pioneers (the other, the late Lester Horton) of modern dance west of the Mississippi—is ever in the avant-garde, and it's an enormously theatrical avant-garde. You may not understand everything Bella is saying in her brilliantly architectural and sculptural movement designs, but you'll love it anyway. This fall, audiences will be cheering her in Albuquerque (October 3–4), Glendale (October 20), and Las Vegas—where she'll be the surest bet (tentative dates, November 3–4). Then she's on to San Jose; Columbus (Ohio); and in the new year, the Northeast. A feature of Bella's current programs are dances choreographed in collaboration with the award-winning (four Cotys) designer Rudi Gernreich. For Bella, Gernreich has gone far

beyond leotards and unisex costumes to duotards (one leotard designed for two dancers) and other fanciful fabric structures that stretch and contract with the dancing bodies in myriad patterns new to the most ancient art of dancing. —WALTER TERRY

## THE MOVIES

The notion of a fall season for movies seems about as outdated as star-studded openings, searchlights stabbing the crisp night air, flashbulbs popping, and limos jockeying for the most dramatic position. In fact, if there's anything resembling a seasonal ritual in the modern film industry, it's the early summer onrush of Hollywood's version of heat lightning—*Jaws 2*, *Omen II*, and various other me toos that have been specifically designed to be seen through bug-splattered windshields or from begummed wooden seats in seaside movie houses. Nevertheless, as surely as there will be an autumnal equinox and an end to crabgrass, there will be new movies. And some may even bring a few bright moments to our sun-dried, sand-clogged, mosquito-tormented souls.

For those who will allow Marlon Brando any excess (I will admit to being such a devotee), there are two noteworthy events coming up.

In Warner Bros.' *Superman*, Brando plays the wonder boy's father, who is preparing to fire his son into space from the doomed planet of Krypton. The script is the product of several writers, not the least of whom is Mario Puzo. There are possibly a thousand reasons not to see this movie, but for those who reveled in the theatrical outrages of *Missouri Breaks*, Brando will prove irresistible. *Superman* will be released as the kids escape for Christmas vacation, at about the same time Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* will be coming out. In this transplant of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* to Vietnam, Brando plays an American special ser-

vice officer who sets himself up as the warlord of a private army. The film, the production of which has been beset by both genius and natural disaster in almost equal (and equally problematic) measure, has almost become a legend before its time. Michael Herr, author of *Dispatches*, is writing a voice-over narration, and the film seems bound to be either an unforgettable last hurrah for the Seventies or a bomb called anticlimax.

Vietnam also makes an appearance in Universal's *The Deer Hunter*, which stars Robert DeNiro in a story about two close friends who go together to high school, to work, and to war.

The appetite for memoirs of another, seemingly simpler war is as healthy as ever. *Force 10 from Navarone* takes us to the Balkans, a more or less virgin territory for World War II films, and in a less virgin story line sends one of those multifaceted strike forces into northern Greece to destroy one of those undestroyable bridges. Edward Fox, a splendid actor who is, however, beginning to reek of cordite, has obviously not yet gone a bridge too far. In *Brass Target*, starring Sophia Loren, Max Von Sydow, John Cassavetes, and George Kennedy, an assassination plot—conspiracy centers on, of all people, George Patton. Not exactly a sequel to *Patton*, and probably not the end of him either. *The Wild Geese* might as well be set in the Second World War, though it happens not to be. Such redoubtable war horses as Richard Burton, Sterling Hayden, Hardy Kruger, and Stewart Granger strike off into muddled Africa to rescue a valuable political prisoner—this film could serve as a sequel to every task force movie ever made.

The fall will see its share of clones, offspring, and first cousins: *Oliver's Story*, starring the ever-so-slightly aged Ryan O'Neal, is *Love Story*—1 (Jennie). *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*, directed by the astonishingly unpredictable

Richard Lester, is *Cassidy* and *Kid-2* (namely, and possibly fatally, Paul Newman and Robert Redford). William Katt and Tom Berenger are trying to follow in (or is it precede?) some fairly inimitable footsteps.

Cloning is what *The Boys from Brazil* is about. Based on Ira Levin's book about the search for Hitler's master geneticist, the film stars Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier, James Mason, and Lili Palmer. And why, I feel compelled to ask, hasn't Hollywood found a way to make clones of them?

Wait, there's more. Animation strikes back with a re-release of Disney's *Pinocchio*; with Avco-Embassy's *Water-ship Down*, starring rabbits; and with *Lord of the Rings*, in which United Artists has mischievously married stately Tolkien to fiendish Ralph Bakshi. The new Woody Allen movie, scheduled for release by United Artists in October, is called *Interiors*—interiors that we may assume will bear scant resemblance to those found in the latest issue of *House and Garden*. Jacqueline Bisset will be back (thank God) this time in a high-calorie mystery, *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*. American International offers up yet another son of Bikini Beach Bongo with *California Dreaming*, in their words a "funny, sad, sensitive" film about folks in surf city. United Artists shamelessly describes *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, which will star Paul Sorvino and Anne Ditchburn, as "a tender love story set in New York involving a dancer and a hard-nosed newspaper reporter." Given the terrible circular nature of life, that reporter may be Clark Kent, Marlon Brando's son. Remember? —OWEN EDWARDS

## FINE ARTS

*Vita brevis est, ars longa*. In these palmy museum days, life is too short for anyone to see all the glory that is offered. A small sampling of this fall's shows, from Seneca's time to our own:



On September 27, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art will finally unveil the little Temple of Dendur, saved from the waters of the Aswan Dam and presented as a gift to America for its part in the rescue of treasures that would otherwise have been lost. The only complete Egyptian temple in the Western Hemisphere, Dendur was reconstructed stone by stone, following the ancient Egyptian mason lines still visible on the blocks. An example of late Egyptian architecture, it is

of Tibetan Art and Ethnography" (November 5–December 31). From the seventh century A.D. till the Communist take-over, in 1959, the Himalayas, a kind of natural climate control, held an entire culture in their medieval past. Today, Tibet's ancient gods, devils, and rituals live on outside the mountain kingdom in mystical works of art that are steeped in symbolism and that combine simple shapes with an overlay of complicated decoration. The Newark Museum's collection is one of

move on to Detroit and later on to Paris). The exhibit will bring together 400 objects, from paintings to porcelains, furniture to photographs, (three quarters of the work has never been seen outside France). Included are three Delacroix, four Ingres, five Manets, and four Monets, as well as paintings by Winterhalter and by Cabanel—the Romantics, the Neoclassicists, the Realist and Impressionist revolutionaries, and the academic establishment—coexisting cheek by jowl in

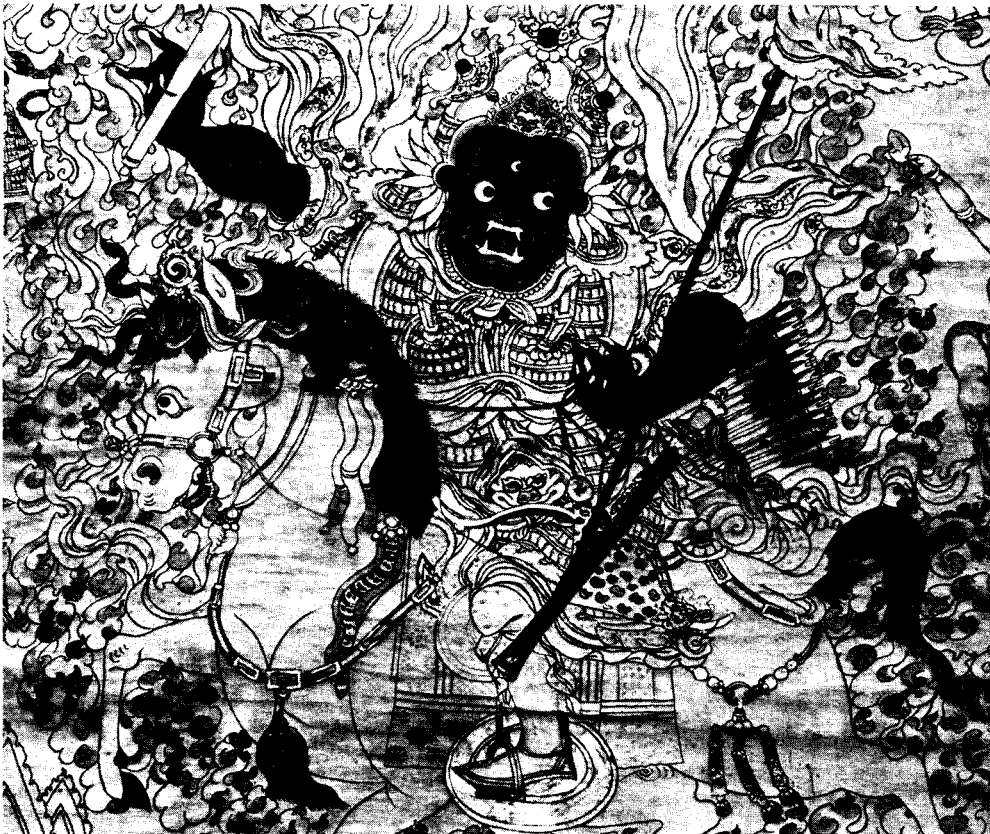
in this country. Approximately 40 paintings, including an almost complete reconstruction of his series, *The Frieze of Life*, form the core of the exhibit. But there will also be an extensive selection of prints on his obsessive themes of love, despair, sickness, and death. There will be 20 watercolors never before exhibited outside Norway; and more than 20 self-portraits.

If Munch was possessed by despair, Matisse must have been as possessed by joy. And it is hard to imagine another response to the upcoming "Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art" (October 27–January 5), the show that will inaugurate the fiftieth-anniversary celebration of New York's Museum of Modern Art. The museum, which already has the greatest single collection of Matisse in the world, will dust off the works currently in storage and hang all its promised gifts—140 works in all. Many will be on public display for the first time. The show follows Matisse from his early paintings of the 1890s to the end of his career, encompassing sculpture, drawings, prints, chasubles designed for the chapel at Vence, and finally "La Piscine," the 54-foot-long cutout made when the master was eighty years old and bedridden.

Mark Rothko learned a good deal from Matisse and then subtly subverted the lessons. The last time a museum gave Rothko a show was in 1961; since then we have heard little about him other than the lurid court battle over his estate. From October 27 to January 14, the Guggenheim Museum, in New York, will present the first exhibition to cover Rothko's lifework, from his realistic paintings of the mid-1920s to the large and often somber clouds of color he trapped on canvas in the period just before his death, in 1970. After January, the show will travel to Houston, Minneapolis, and Los Angeles.

*Ars longa* indeed.

—VICKI GOLDBERG



"Bse'i Khrab Can," a linear painting of a celestial warrior will be exhibited in Tibet, A Lost World.

carved with reliefs of Augustus Caesar, the reigning pharaoh. The Met has tucked Dendur inside a completely controlled environment — a new glass wing designed by Roche/Dinkeloo that controls dust, humidity, and light to ensure that the temple will outlast its two-thousandth birthday.

Another lost culture will come to life in Cincinnati in a show organized by the American Federation of Arts: "Tibet, A Lost World—The Newark Museum Collection

the most inclusive in the Western world. The show will travel to Worcester, Massachusetts, to Denver, and to Buffalo and Purchase, New York.

Napoleon III presided, not always entirely happily, over a great blossoming of French art. He was once so incensed by a Courbet that he threatened to whack it with his riding crop. "The Second Empire: Art in France Under Napoleon III" will open in Philadelphia on October 1 (on November 26 the show will

Philadelphia as they never quite did in the emperor's time.

Late in the same century the unconscious was discovered, and Edvard Munch shifted his canvas to catch the inner light of psychic turmoil. "Edvard Munch: Symbols and Images" will be at Washington's National Gallery from November 11 to February 19. Ninety percent of Munch's oeuvre is in Norway, unknown even to most travelers. This show will be the most comprehensive of the artist's work ever mounted



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# SATURDAY REVIEW: THE ARTS

## The Stieglitz Collection: When Photography Was Young

by Vicki Goldberg

**T**HIS SUMMER, three enormous banners billowed over the facade of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, announcing the season's most luminous treasures inside: Monet at Giverny, The Arts Under Napoleon, The Stieglitz Collection. Stieglitz and photography have obviously moved up since the day in 1902 when the Metropolitan's director was appalled to think that photographs might ever hang in the museum: "Why, Mr. Stieglitz, you won't insist that a photograph can possibly be a work of art.... You are a fanatic." Stieglitz conceded the point readily enough but insisted that "time will show that my fanaticism is not completely ill founded."

Time and Stieglitz won the battle he waged as editor, writer, photographer, and gallery director. So we had 214 works of art from Stieglitz's own collection on display at the Met from May 18 to July 16, and better still, a catalog of the museum's entire holdings from his collection. *The Collection of Alfred Stieglitz* (Metropolitan Museum of Art/Viking, \$30) includes 580 photographs by 50 photographers.

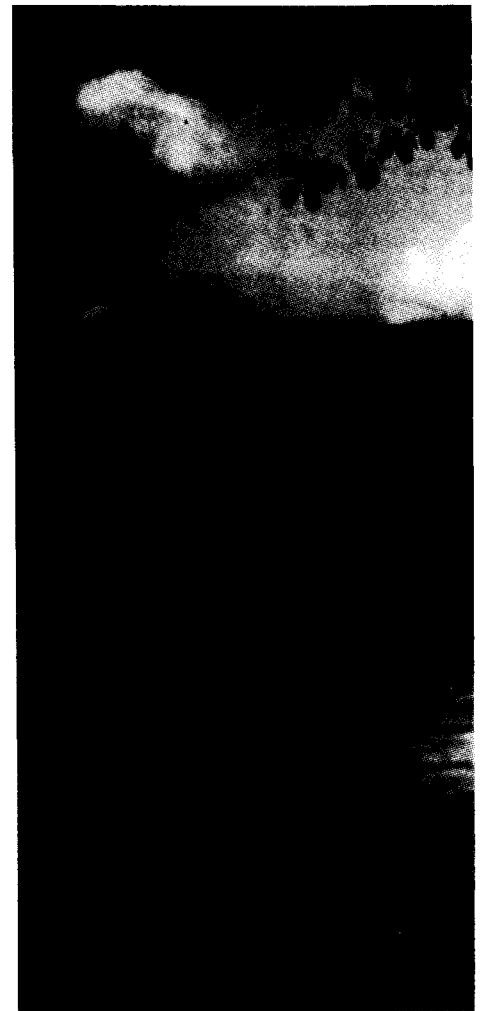
Stieglitz's collection is as fine a survey of Photo-Secession and of international photography over the years 1890-1910 (with a few important footnotes before and after) as we are likely to get for some time. Though there are significant omissions, there are many fine examples by such as Steichen, J. Craig Annan, Clarence White, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Gertrude Kasëbier, Heinrich Kuehn (and from later years, Strand and Sheeler), and a host of names that were solid once but have melted away with time. Weston J. Naef, associate curator of prints and

photographs at the Metropolitan, organized the show with the aid of a grant from Vivitar Corporation. He also wrote the catalog, which should prove indispensable to anyone seriously interested in the period. The bibliography is exemplary, the catalog gathers together information on some photographers that is not readily available elsewhere, and Naef not only illuminates such matters as the influence of technical changes on imagery but has unearthed such choice and arcane details as who owned the pedigreed staghound in Seeley's photograph.

We need no longer ask the question that dogged these photographers: But is it art? Ask rather: How does it look today?

Some of it looks no less than delicious. The Steichen landscapes were recently on loan to New York's Museum of Modern Art and were lovelier still on second acquaintance. The wistful quality of the nightscenes and the blurry, cowering, and rather silly nudes could be seen in context and fitted into the spirit of the times. By dint of microscopic examination, Naef discovered what even Stieglitz did not know about the tinted Steichens he owned: They were actually ingenious copies Steichen had made of his own unique prints.

The big photographs from Vienna, by Kuehn, Henneberg, and Watzek, struck me as astonishing in size, handsome in organization, marvels of surface. (Most are gum prints, that manipulative process that can cloud details and wash the image in tender color.) The Coburns have a formal strength that has not weakened with the years; the Annans poise in a kind of haunted, haunting stillness; and there



are many exceptionally fine single images by less well-known photographers.

But one part of the exhibit called forth only a sigh. Those 20 years at the turn of the century must have been awash in mawkish sentimentality, the photographers repeatedly coming down with attacks of *September Morn* or "the littlest angel." Today, Kasëbier's mothers and children look suspiciously like greeting cards; Anne W. Brigman's storm-ridden nude in a Batman rig is tediously symbolic; and F. Holland Day's seven self-portraits as Christ on the cross are downright vulgar.

**M**ORE DIFFICULT is the group of boring pictures. Every show has its quota; still, these are distressing in view of the grand claims and grand aims to scale the heights of art. In their eagerness to be artists, many of these photographers imitated other media, producing a "fuzzy artiness" that Ansel Adams later said eluded him. Today, the fuzz is not so distasteful, but the art is another matter. Indeed, the most beautiful as-