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OCTOBER 1992

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BY AUGUST STRINDBERG

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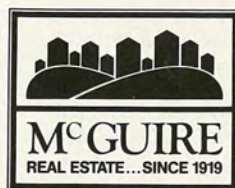
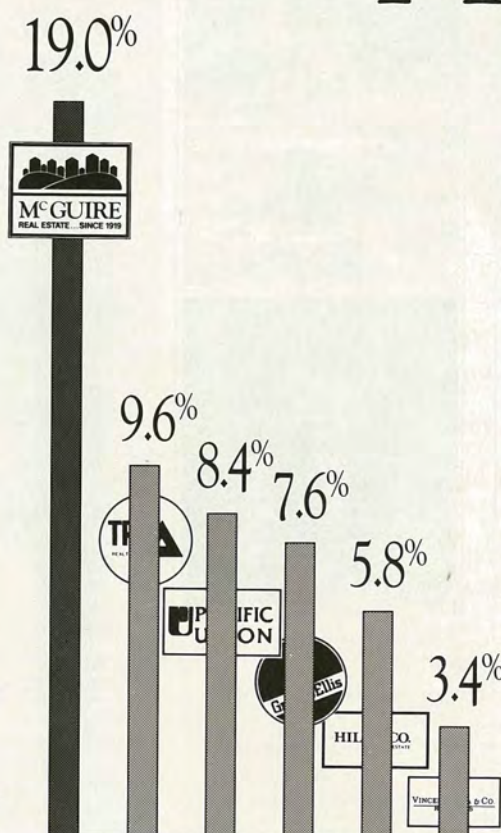
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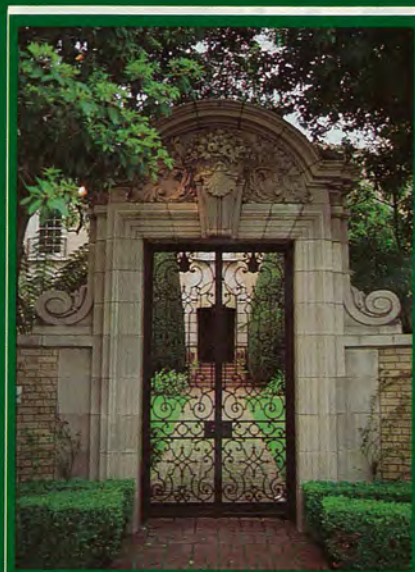
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San Francisco and Bay Area edition • October 1992 / Vol. 5, No. 10

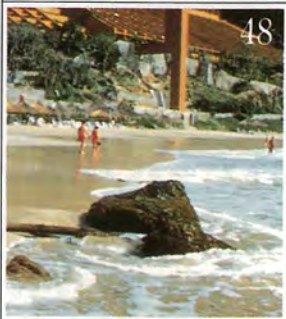
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PERFORMING ARTS magazine is published monthly by Performing Arts Network, Inc. to serve musical and theatrical attractions in Los Angeles, Orange County, San Francisco and San Diego. *Performing Arts* magazine is published at 3539 Motor Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90034-4800. Telephone (310) 839-8000. Fax (310) 839-5651. All rights reserved. © 1992 by Performing Arts Network, Inc. Reproduction from these magazines without written permission is prohibited.

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Moving to the Music

November is Swaying to An Unusual Beat

The 1985 terrorist attack on the Italian cruise ship Achille Lauro and the death of an elderly wheelchair-bound Jewish passenger at the hands of Palestinian hijackers is one of the decade's horrific events, almost imponderable in its seeming cowardice and casual cruelty.

In 1989, only four years past this sordid incident, six musical groups, the San Francisco Opera among them, commissioned an opera on the subject from the team that created *Nixon in China*: composer John Adams, librettist Alice Goodman, and director Peter Sellars. *The Death of Klinghoffer*, which premiered in Brussels in 1991, will open in San Francisco after performances in Los Angeles. It is certain to be one of the most scrutinized artistic actions in years; it has already aroused denunciations from Leon Klinghoffer's two surviving daughters (his wife, who was also a passenger on the Achille Lauro, died in 1986), and other viewers who felt it to be biased in favor of the Palestinian terrorists. Some have questioned the very morality of dramatizing an event so raw in the memory.

Although *The Death of Klinghoffer* has been performed by several European and American companies in the past year, a recording has not been released at the time of this writing. The various reactions both here and abroad have ranged from appreciation for Adams's purpose in examining the meaning of such a death to anger for its sympathy towards the Palestinian attackers and the tragic dilemma of their people. We cannot judge an artistic work in advance, but it seems important to anticipate it without titillation. The opera's importance will



THEATRE DE LA MONNAIE

emerge not from scandal but from its ability to move us from outrage to a deeper and more comprehensive passion.

Adams's *Nixon in China* is a serious and lively musical drama. Its subject matter however, although momentous in the scope of world affairs, will never have the resonance of our images of the death of Leon Klinghoffer. To examine this killing and attempt its contemplation is a very large endeavor, perhaps too large even for the considerable gifts of Adams, Goodman, and Sellars. We feel however, that it is an undertaking worthy of the attempt. Leon Klinghoffer's terrible death is alas not a private tragedy; it has become a public symbol whose meanings we struggle to decipher. November 7-24, San Francisco Opera House (415) 864-3330.

MORE MORRIS

The ineffable Mark Morris, whose dancers and choreography appear in *The Death of Klinghoffer*, will also appear in concert for one night only, with several local premieres on a program not yet announced.

Morris has resettled his Mark Morris Dance Group in New York City after a tumultuous two-and-a-half year engagement as resident choreographer of the Belgian national opera house, Brussels' Theatre de la Monnaie. (Morris's predecessor, Bejart also left in a huff.)

Although Morris's final creation for the Monnaie, a retelling of *The Nutcracker* called *The Hard Nut* was greeted almost rapturously by critics, his earlier work often aroused intense dislike and imaginatively vituperative newspaper headlines such as "Morris Again Spits in the Soup."

Top: San Francisco Opera presents the West Coast premiere of John Adams's *The Death of Klinghoffer* on November 7.
Above: Opera San José will offer the World Premiere of *Phaedra* on November 2 at Hotel St. Claire.

by Kate Regan Eaton

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Soup, we don't know, but insouciant penis-waving at the audience was possibly just too raunchy for the Belgians. His open declaration of homosexuality also created problems, he has said in numerous interviews.

Morris has his detractors, but at thirty-six, he has become a mature authority in the dance world; and there's more than attitude in his approach to dance-making. His choreography for American Ballet Theatre, for Mikhail Baryshnikov's White Oak Project, and for his own splendid dancers, while occasionally succumbing to camp, has been marked by wit, musicality, and more than a few instances of pure glory. One of the chief pleasures of course, is watching Morris's own chunky, deceptively soft-looking body move with such amazing grace. His powers are prodigious, and we're glad to have the prodigal boy back home. *November 21, Zellerbach Hall at UC Berkeley (510) 642-9988.*

HERE COMES HARNETT

Immensely popular in his lifetime, the *trompe l'oeil* painter Thomas Harnett was soon forgotten after his death in 1892 at the age of forty-four. It was a young art historian Alfred Frankenstein who in the 1930s both wrote the first scholarly study of Harnett's life, and discovered that many canvases attributed to Harnett were actually painted by his contemporary John Frederick Peto. Frankenstein, who later became one of the *San Francisco Chronicle's* most distinguished critics, writing with elegant percipience on every art from painting to ballet, thus in his studies of Harnett also uncovered another equally evocative American artist.

"William M. Harnett," the first comprehensive exhibition of this artist's work, will assemble some fifty paintings, all in the fool-the-eye genre of still life which he virtually revived in the United States. There is more to appreciate in his paintings than their ability to trick our sight of course. Harnett's composed collections of books, scraps of letters, old violins or rifles, and dead game convey mood and texture. The attention to detail becomes an act of devotion to the odd debris left about by human activity. There is never a landscape nor a human figure in these

soberly reflective still lifes: still and mysteriously vibrant. Looking has never seemed so complicitous an act as is in viewing these quietly beckoning canvases. *November 14–February 14, M.H. de Young Memorial Museum, Golden Gate Park (415) 750-3614.*

DIEBENKORN AGAIN

There has not been a retrospective of **Richard Diebenkorn's** work since the Oakland Museum's 1977 exhibition. Selected by Diebenkorn himself, the survey of sixty-three paintings opening at

— earth, fire, water, and sky — and how they merge. They are not so much implied landscapes as concrete dreams of a land we have almost forgotten how to see. *November 19–January 24, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, 401 Van Ness Avenue (415) 252-4000.*

DANCING IN OAKLAND

In its revival of important ballets of the early twentieth century, the dauntless **Oakland Ballet** has done everyone a favor. The dancers are enriched by the challenge of learning historic styles and reper-

tory, and their audiences catch the flavor of Russian ballet at the time of the revolutionary flowering. The impeccable high jinks of Bronislava Nijinska's 1924 *Le Train Bleu*, reconstructed by Irini Nijinska and Frank W.D. Ries in 1989, marked the merriest dance event of that year.

Nijinska was a choreographer of substance, and Oakland's reconstructions make us feel her powerful invention at work. The impending recreation of three Pavlova dances may be riskier business. Again aided by the dance historian Frank Ries, who bases his reconstructions on a diary of one of Pavlova's dancers, Oakland Ballet will perform three pas de deux from her American repertory.

Anna Pavlova was a great emotive artist, not a choreographer, and she selected pieces that traveled well, were easily



the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art comes to us at the end of a European tour and includes nineteen paintings from Bay Area collections that will be added especially for the SFMOMA presentation.

The exhibition is less retrospective of this steadily productive artist than a self-selected distillation of his painting. Diebenkorn is such an eloquent printmaker that one could regret the exclusion of his graphic work; however, there was a large exhibition of his prints in 1983 at the SFMOMA. The chance to see his painting, especially the figurative works of the 1950s and the abstract *Ocean Park* series that followed in the 1960s, is rarer.

Diebenkorn is a contemplative artist, in love with the wash of light and the play of colors in paintings that always have a sense of natural movement. His abstracts are meditations on the elements



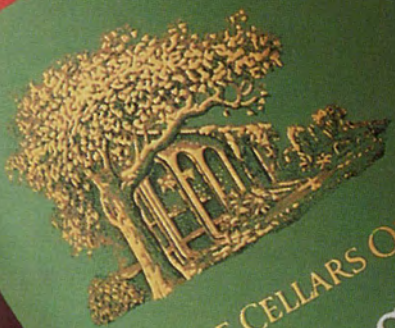
Above, left: *William M. Harnett's Still Life — Violin and Music (Music and Good Luck), 1888, part of the first comprehensive exhibition of Harnett's work at the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum, November 14–February 14.* Above: *The Mark Morris Dance Group in "Going Away Party" will be at Zellerbach Hall on November 21.* At left: *Oakland Ballet's Susan Taylor in Bronislava Nijinska's 1924 "Le Train Bleu," also at UC Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall, November 13–14.*

grasped by audiences that knew little of ballet and enhanced her radiant ethereality. She blithely rearranged choreography, performed the same dance to different music as she pleased, and generally went for effect over content, in her American and English tour, with a number of other important Russian dancers, with vaudeville, with conjurers and stage magicians and comic bicyclists. Ballet dancing, to many of her viewers, was a passing novelty.

Continued on page 60

It's time for a change to the wines of Ernest and Julio Gallo.





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Look To Tomorrow's Voices

"Here were these kids writing about these embarrassing, personal, volatile situations: divorce, gangs — it was like writing from the front."

*L*ike generations of New Yorkers before her, Deborah Salzer lit out from Manhattan to California ten years ago when opportunity beckoned out west.

Salzer's husband, a theatrical set designer, had landed a job with San Diego State University. Soon, Deborah found employment as an English tutor and curriculum writer for the San Diego City School District.

But it wasn't long before she missed the work she left behind. Since graduate school days at Greenwich Village's experimental Backstreet College (now located at Columbia University) she had trained youngsters in the art of theater.

In 1984 that longing led her to the door of San Diego's Gaslamp Quarter Theatre company, where she offered to help launch a playwriting program for children and teens under the theater's auspices. Officials there liked her ideas, and hired her as a consultant.

From that contact has bloomed Playwrights Project. Now an independent organization helmed by fifty-one year-old Salzer, it has become one of the west's leading greenhouses for developing and encouraging playwriting by young authors.

At a time of shrinking resources for arts education in primary and secondary grades, school districts throughout Southern California have enthusiastically embraced its educational workshops for students from kindergarten age through

high school. Salzer hopes to soon extend the group's outreach services, conducted by professional theater artists, throughout the state.

Meanwhile, the program's California Young Playwrights Contest annually attracts scores of original scripts from



"It's terribly important for young people to understand that they will be listened to if they make the effort to communicate effectively..."

state residents eighteen and under. Each receives a detailed evaluation of his or her work by Playwrights Project staff and volunteers. And four to six playwrights see their work staged by professional directors, designers and actors in the organization's yearly "Plays by Young

Writers" festival, the next of which will be held at San Diego's Old Globe Theatre in December.

Writers first produced by the Playwrights Project are now having their work staged by regional theaters and universities. One play, Josefina Lopez's acclaimed serious comedy *Simply Maria* snared an Emmy Award after it appeared on San Diego television station KPBS-TV.

Participating playwrights talk of benefits that go beyond positive notoriety and the thrill of seeing their work produced. Personal growth and a greater sense of who they are also accrues from the act of writing drama, they contend.

Playwrights Project was modeled after another leading children's playwriting vehicle, the Young Playwrights Festival sponsored by the New York-based Dramatists Guild. Salzer had been working for an East Harlem youth social program called Boys Harbor the year it was launched.

"One of the components was a performing group for young people, and we always had the challenge of finding interesting material for them to do," Salzer recalls.

When the festival opened Salzer contacted YPF founder Gerald Chapman and asked if she could use material from the winners. Chapman sent her five scripts; now she had her material. Suddenly however, Salzer's husband landed his new job, and Salzer had to quit her old one.

In San Diego her own longing to continue her work with theater and children matched what she perceived as a void in the school system.

"In my work as a tutor and curricu-

Jeff Rubio writes about theater for the Orange County Register and other publications, including American Theatre.

Above: Deborah Salzer, founder and executive director of San Diego's Playwrights Project. The organization's annual "Plays by Young Writers" festival will be held at the Old Globe Theatre in December.

by Jeff Rubio

lum writer I had the sense that there weren't exciting creative writing opportunities available for young people," Salzer says.

"I felt that the kids were writing because it was a task; that there wasn't really an excitement of the power of writing to move and persuade and excite other people and also to help you understand yourself, to make discoveries about yourself."

Having already successfully pitched the Gaslamp Quarter Theater on the young people's playwriting wing, Salzer approached school officials to enlist their support.

"I realized that in order to do it [a program] well you had to have it channeled through the school system. That's where the young writers are."

Administrators for San Diego City schools enthusiastically embraced her proposal. Armed with the not-for-profit umbrella of the theater and the support of the school system, the program next notched a grant from the California Arts Council and support from several major corporate sponsors. Things were looking up, but Salzer remained philosophical.

"I thought, if it worked, fine, and if it didn't, it would be a good experiment," she says.

In Spring of 1985, Salzer and her small staff of theater artists began teaching playwriting workshops in San Diego City Schools. In June they began accepting submissions for their competition.

Around the same time, the program received a high-profile endorsement when Salzer enlisted the help of a heavyweight American playwright, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* author Edward Albee. Salzer and her husband had been friends of the late Alan Schneider, the director who was closely associated with productions of Albee's plays. When Albee gave a eulogy for the departed Schneider, the Salzers were in attendance. At her husband's suggestion, Salzer contacted Albee about lending his talents and energies to the program. Like everyone else, Albee agreed to help.

"He came out for four or five days, and spoke to several groups about what it means for him to be a playwright and the purpose of theater and challenging the status quo," Salzer says.

"He's a brilliant teacher with tremen-

dous compassion and that came through the moment the kids met him. One young man said that meeting him renewed his faith in the human spirit. He really had a profound effect."

In January 1986, the school produced its first four winning plays. Salzer admits that the initial batch didn't exactly draw from a large pool.

"I remember being very worried that nobody would write any plays. As it turned out, all our scripts came from one or two students in San Diego because nobody knew of us.

"The big question had been: do we commit ourselves to a production or do we wait and see if anything would come in? We decided that in order to have any credence and stability as a program we needed to produce."



Playwright/teacher Edward Albee with young playwright, Aaron Thomas.

The first productions were workshop stagings at the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, performed around sets and props of the theater's regular productions. The writing was rough, too, but Salzer had cause for hope.

"The work was embryonic, but it was honest and it reaffirmed what I always believed: that the truth is always the most important part of theater and that young people recognize and respond to truthfulness in writing by their peers.

"Here were these kids writing about these embarrassing, personal, volatile situations: divorce, gangs — it was like writing from the front."

Salzer stresses the value of providing young people with a creative means of verbal expression.

"It's terribly important for young people

to understand that they will be listened to if they make an effort to communicate effectively, that it's worth it to learn that discipline and that the function of theater is to help them examine themselves."

The program expanded when the San Diego County Department of Education funded a proposal to take playwriting workshops to schools throughout its jurisdiction. In the classroom, an atmosphere of free expression was encouraged.

"The emphasis in these workshops was on writing about ideas and issues of real importance to the writers, without any censorship or judgmental attitudes on the parts of the teachers.

"Students would write plays and have them read by their peers. Over and over again they learned the vibrancy of theater."

Meanwhile, in its third year, the program's statewide call for plays produced what Salzer calls "an extraordinary script," from a seventeen year-old undocumented Mexican girl from East Los Angeles named Josefina Lopez.

"The play was one hundred pages — much longer than most submissions — and it came with this wonderful handwritten cover-letter that said: 'I am Hispanic and an artist,'" Salzer recalls.

"In those one hundred pages there were wonderfully imaginative scenes, a very strong, original voice. And there was an obviously autobiographical story of a young woman struggling to be a good girl in the eyes of her traditional, Spanish-speaking parents — who wanted her to be a secretary, cook tortillas and get married — and to simultaneously satisfy her own burning desire to be an artist, to be a writer, to go to school and to taste everything that life in this country had to offer."

The play, *Simply Maria*, was at the time a semifinalist in New York's Young Playwrights Festival. When it didn't win, freeing it up for a California premiere through Playwrights Project, part of Salzer was ecstatic.

"I thought, this voice came out of Southern California, it belongs here, and it would be a privilege to premiere it here."

To give the play a production that would be true to the cultural perspective of its writer, Salzer found a director

"I'm idealistic and I'm very proud of that. People can call it naïveté or innocence. But I really think that's why God put young people here — to constantly regenerate the hope for a better life."

Josefina Lopez, Playwright

who had just moved here from Mexico City named Luis Torner.

"He understood not only her vision but also the exaggerations, the wild color of

and admires her parents, and that in her heart she'll always retain her Mexican traditions, but that she needs to step out into the world. And as the character says this, young people are sniffing in the audience, Josefina is weeping next to me."

What the audience did not know was that life was about to echo the play.

"The next morning I put her on a plane to New York to study with Maria Irene Fornes at INTAR," Salzer says, referring to one of the country's leading developmental theaters for Hispanic writers.

Since then, *Simply Maria* has been revived by Luis Valdez and Teatro Campesino. Lopez has gone on to write other

they might turn into drama.

Playwrights Project, Salzer insists, starts with young people who are usually excited about writing, and theater or both. Salzer adds that most of the student writers "care tremendously about the nature of the world in which they will come of age."

One such writer is Jim Knable. The sixteen year-old Sacramento native came to the program's attention through his play, *Jesus Scheme*, a satirical look at religion and the military in which a college student forms his own religion to dodge the draft. Knable wrote the play when he was fourteen, as conflict in the Persian Gulf loomed.

"I think playwriting is one of the purest forms of communication," Knable says. "You can tell people what's going on inside yourself and out in the world."

"I like to make a statement. I want to say something that hasn't been said before. If I can't do that, I hope to always be able to say something different."

Knable consulted by phone with a Playwrights Project director, Vonnice Vishnu, to prepare his play for production. He went to San Diego for rehearsals and stayed through previews and opening night.

He described the experience as "one new thing after another, and a great chance to work with professional people who really want to give playwrights a great experience."

"I've been lucky to have been exposed to the arts at home," says Knable, who acts and plays saxophone in addition to his writing. "But others aren't as fortunate, they don't have those values. So I think there needs to be a greater emphasis on them in the schools."

There was no emphasis on the arts — particularly on the verbal arts, in Josefina Lopez's home. "I grew up very frustrated because neither of my parents communicated very well. I would think, gosh, why is it that we don't know how to communicate? Why is it that we spend so much time learning other things when communication is the foundation of civilization and humanity?"

Now twenty-three, Josefina says she always knew she had some talent as a writer. But the experience of having her



Simply Maria, or the American Dream by Josefina Lopez was given a television production in 1989, co-produced by the Playwrights Project and KPBS-TV.

her writing," Salzer says.

The production received much attention in the press and local community. But for Salzer, the highlight of the project came when she sat next to Josefina in the theater the night her family came to see the play.

"She was very concerned that her father wouldn't understand. But both her parents laughed and enjoyed it."

"Near the end of the play the main character in the story decides to accept a scholarship to study in New York. She says goodbye to her family and leaves them a note saying how much she loves

full-length plays. In 1989, the Playwrights Project produced a television version of the play, hosted by Albee, which won an Emmy as the best locally produced program for young people in the country. It was a major step for the organization.

In 1990 Salzer's organization became a nonprofit, independent organization, and amicably severed ties with the Gaslamp, its sponsor for five years. The move was made without curtailing any of its components. In fact, Salzer has added a new, cross-generational program in which senior citizens, full of stories to tell, supply young writers with material

play produced gave her self-confidence and reassurance.

"I had been one of twelve semifinalists out of seven hundred other writers in another contest (the Young Playwrights Festival), which made me realize I had something. But I never received as much encouragement as I did after *Simply Maria* was staged here. It opened the door."

Lopez wants to use her writing to "change the negative representations of Latinos and especially Latinas in the theater and in Hollywood."

Such aspirations are far removed from her earliest impulses as a teenaged scribe.

"When I first started writing I used to write stories about Anglo girls because I didn't think I was important enough to write about," she says. "But now I realize my life is important, my experiences are as valid as anybody else's."

"Writing is such a powerful tool. I get angry, but I write letters, I write plays. It's amazing how much you can do by channeling your anger in a creative way."

Meanwhile, as Salzer continues to help fuel youthful passion for the art of playwriting, her own fulfillment continues to grow.

"The work I do is creative and invigorating. As someone who loves the theater, I think it's important that we contribute something now so that theater continues to be alive and thriving."

Mark Hofflund, a director at San Diego's Old Globe Theatre who loaned his directorial services to three of the organization's festivals, heartily lauds Salzer's contributions.

"The value of what Deborah does is incalculable. She helps young people at a time in their lives when they're looking towards joining the larger world; she puts them in contact with someone like Edward Albee, helps to give them a sense of vision, of what it means to be a writer, and to aspire to standards of excellence."

"All that might sound terribly idealistic, but it's a lot better for young people to be idealists than cynics. And it's plenty easy for them to be cynical these days."

Says playwright Lopez: "I'm idealistic and I'm very proud of that. People can call it naiveté or innocence. But I really think that's why God put young people here — to constantly regenerate the hope for a better life." □

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CAREY PERLOFF (Artistic Director) was appointed Artistic Director Designee of A.C.T. in November 1991 and assumed artistic leadership of the company in June 1992. She served as Artistic Director of New York's CSC Repertory Ltd.-The Classic Stage Company, from 1986 to 1992. Under Perloff's direction, CSC won the 1988 Obie Award for artistic excellence, as well as numerous Obies for acting, design, and production. While at CSC, she directed numerous innovative productions of classics and new works adapted from or inspired by classical works and themes, including the acclaimed world premiere of Ezra Pound's version of Sophocles' *Elektra* (with Pamela Reed and Nancy Marchand), the American premiere of Harold Pinter's *Mountain Language* (with Jean Stapleton and Peter Riegert) on a double bill with his *The Birthday Party*, Tony Harrison's *Phaedra Britannica*, Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Lynne Alvarez's translation of Tirso de Molina's *Don Juan of Seville*, Michael Feingold's version of Alexandre Dumas' *The Tower of Evil*, Beckett's *Happy Days* (with Charlotte Rae), Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* (with John Turturro), August Strindberg's *Creditors*, and Len Jenkins' *Candide*. Perloff has also directed plays in a wide variety of venues in New York, Los Angeles, and England. Her other New York credits include Kilburg Reedy's *Second Lady*; Terri Wagener's *The Man Who Could See Through Time*; *Leverage*, a musical theater/dance work created in collaboration with Max Rapkin and Ara Fitzgerald; Paula Cizmar's *Candy and Shelley Go to the Desert*; Sean O'Casey's *The Silver Tassie*; Brecht's *St. Joan of the Stockyards*; the New York premiere of David Allen's Australian play *Cheapside*; and many other new works for the theater. Her Lincoln Center Institute production of *Charlotte's Web* premiered at the Juilliard Opera Theatre and completed a highly successful six-month tour of New York public schools. In Los Angeles, she staged Pinter's *The Collection* at the Mark Taper Forum, winning a Drama-Logue Award for outstanding direction, and was Associate Director of Steven Berkoff's *Greek*, which won the Los Angeles Drama Critics' Circle Award for the best production of 1983. Perloff's production of Ingebor Bachman's

The Good God of Manhattan for Voices International (featuring Elizabeth McGovern) was broadcast on National Public Radio last winter. In England, she directed Mrozek's *Out at Sea*, David Edgar's *Mary Barnes*, and the British premiere of Mayakovsky's *The Bed Bug* for the Edinburgh Festival of 1983. This season Perloff directs Strindberg's *Creditors* and Euripides' *Hecuba* at A.C.T., and in the summer of 1993 she will direct *The Cave*, a new video opera by world-renowned composer Steve Reich and video artist Beryl Korot. *The Cave* will premiere in Vienna at the Theater an der Wien before touring to the Paris Opera, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Royce Hall at U.C.L.A., and the Holland Festival. Perloff was educated at Stanford University, receiving her B.A. (Phi Beta Kappa) in Classics and Comparative Literature, and as a Fulbright Fellow at Oxford University. She has served on the faculty of the Dramatic Writing Program at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts and taught acting and directing at NYU and at the Conservatory at CSC. Perloff has lectured and published widely on issues ranging from Harold Pinter's rehearsal process to the potential of radio drama in America. She served from 1985 to 1988 as an evaluator for the New York State Council on the Arts and from 1989 to 1991 as an on-site auditor for the National Endowment for the Arts. In 1990, Perloff initiated the National Theatre Translation Fund, with support from the Pew Charitable Trusts, to encourage new American translations of foreign plays. In 1987, the National Theatre Conference named her the "Theatrician with Outstanding Career Promise." She is the proud mother of Alexandra Perloff-Giles.

JOHN SULLIVAN (Managing Director) joined A.C.T. as its chief administrative and financial officer in 1986. A native San Franciscan, Sullivan has been active in the theater since the mid-1970s, when he directed Harvey Perr's *Afternoon Tea* for the Circle Repertory Company in New York. In 1977 he joined the staff of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles as a resident director and producer. As head of the Taper's Forum Laboratory he produced numerous new plays by such writers as David Mamet, Susan Yankowitz, and A.R. Gurney. More

recently he produced *The Detective*, a collaboration between Joseph Chaikin and Vaudeville Nouveau at San Francisco's Magic Theatre. A former deputy director of the California Arts Council, Sullivan has served on the boards of Theatre Bay Area and the San Francisco New Vaudeville Festival. He currently serves on the National Executive Committee of The League of Resident Theaters. After completing his graduate work at the University of Southern California's School of Cinema, Sullivan wrote and directed numerous short films for the educational and entertainment markets, including three that were featured on national Emmy Award broadcasts. For five years he was a consultant to the Rand Corporation, focusing his work on the process and societal impact of popular culture. As a communications consultant Sullivan has advised such diverse clients as the California Roundtable, Kansas City Power and Light, and Major League Rodeo. Among his writings is *The National Outdoor Leadership School's Wilderness Guide*, a manual for camping and mountaineering published by Simon and Schuster, and numerous articles for magazines and newspapers.

Before joining A.C.T. in 1990, **BENNY SATO AMBUSH** (Associate Artistic Director) was the Artistic/Producing Director of the Oakland Ensemble Theatre for eight years, where his directing credits included *Division Street*, *A Night at the Apollo*, *O. Henry's Christmas*, *Tamer of Horses*, and *Alterations*, which won a Drama-Logue Award for best direction. In 1991 he directed *Pigeon Egghead* in A.C.T.'s Plays in Progress Series, which inspired the creation of a Bay Area Native American theater company—Turtle Island Ensemble, now an A.C.T. project. He directed *Letters from a New England Negro* for the 1991 National Black Theater Festival in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and the 1992 International Theater Festival of Chicago. He recently directed *Fences* for the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in Portland and *Miss Evers' Boys* for the Alabama Festival, and he also directs the latter at A.C.T. this season. He is a board member of Theatre Communications Group (TCG) and has served as a National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) Management Fellow; an Assistant Director in Residence at Washington,



American Conservatory Theater

D.C.'s Arena Stage; an NEA Directing Fellow at the Pittsburgh Public Theater; a U.S. Information Agency (USIA)-sponsored lecturer to Kenyatta University in Nairobi, Kenya in 1987; and a USIA theater delegate to the U.S.S.R. in 1990. He has also served on the board of Theatre Bay Area and chaired its Theater Services Committee; is a member of the Multicultural Advisory Council for the California Arts Council; and has been active locally, regionally, and nationally in advocacy for cultural equity, non-traditional casting, and pluralism in American art. An alumnus of Brown University, Ambush received his M.F.A. in stage directing from the University of California, San Diego.

RICHARD SEYD (Associate Artistic Director) was appointed Associate Artistic Director of A.C.T. in 1992. He is a native of England, where he co-founded the Red Ladder Theatre, England's first professional political theater collective, for which he acted, directed, and produced for seven years. In San Francisco, Seyd worked first with the Asian American Theatre Workshop and the Moving Men Theatre Company. He has received Drama-Logue and Bay Area Theater Critics' Circle Awards for his productions of *Cloud 9*, *About Face*, and *Noises Off*. Seyd was Associate Producing Director at the Eureka Theatre Company and directed many productions there, including *Threepenny Opera*, *The Island*, and *The Wash*. Elsewhere he has directed the Pickle Family Circus in London; *Three High* with Geoff Hoyle, Bill Irwin, and Larry Pisoni at the Marines' Memorial Theatre; *A View from the Bridge* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* for Berkeley Repertory Theatre; *As You Like It* for the San Francisco Shakespeare Festival; and *Unfinished Stories* for the Mark Taper Forum's New Play Series. He directed *The Learned Ladies* with Jean Stapleton for CSC Repertory Ltd. in New York during the 1991-92 season, and was invited to direct *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as the opening production for the California Shakespeare Festival's new outdoor Amphitheater in 1991. Last season he directed *Sarah's Story* at the Los Angeles Theatre Center; *Born Yesterday* at Marin Theatre Company; and *King Lear* at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in Portland. This season he directs *The Learned Ladies* and the American premiere of Dario Fo's *The Pope and the Witch* at A.C.T.

SUSAN STAUTER (Conservatory Director) came to A.C.T. five years ago as Director of the Young Conservatory. She is a playwright (her *Miss Fairchild Sings* was produced at the Little Victory Theatre in Los Angeles), director (more than four hundred productions), actress (Cabaret Repertory Theatre), and educator. She earned her M.A. from California State University Fullerton, taught in Southern California for fourteen years (earning a citation for outstanding teaching in 1986-87), and served as founding Chairman of the Theater Department of the Los Angeles County High School for the Arts. At the Conservatory she has created and directed *Find Me a Hero*, *The Wildest Storm of All* (*Teenage Voices Confront AIDS*), and *To Whom It May Concern*, directed *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *Angels Fall*, and co-directed *Who Are These People?* She serves on the Superintendent's Task Force for the San Francisco School of the Arts and the board of directors of Bay Area Theatre Sports. Stauter has been a creative consultant at Disneyland and toured to Alaska as Playwright-in-Residence with the Oregon Shakespeare Festival's Educational Outreach Program. In the summer of 1991 she was the keynote speaker for the Educational Theatre Association of America's National Conference in St. Louis.

KATHLEEN DIMMICK (Resident Dramaturg) joins A.C.T. this season after two years as Associate Dramaturg at the Mark Taper Forum, where she served as Production Dramaturg for Heiner Muller's *The Task*, Ariel Dorfman's *Widows*, and for the Taper's New Work Festival. Her production dramaturgy credits also include *The Johnstown Vindicator* at the Harold Clurman Theatre, *The Year of the Baby* at New York's Home for Contemporary Theatre and Art, and *Leonce and Lena*, *What the Butler Saw*, and *Chopin in Space* at Yale Repertory Theatre. She also served as dramaturg for the operas *Riders to the Sea* and *Dialogues of the Carmelites* at the Yale School of Music. Her translations and adaptations include *L'Etoile au Front*, by Raymond Roussel, *Mansfield Park*, by Jane Austen, and *The Princess*, by Anton Chekov, and her articles have appeared in *Theater* and *American Theatre* magazines. Also a director, Dimmick directed *The Adventures of Por Quinly* at the Skir-

ball-Kenis Theatre in Los Angeles, *The Combat Poets*, part of the political platform at the Los Angeles Theatre Center, *Shaker Heights* at Home for Contemporary Theatre, *A Premonition* and *Instructions to the Phantom of the Opera* at New York's BACA Downtown, *Something About Baseball* at the Atlantic Theatre Company, and *Susan Schneider: Characters* at Manhattan Punch Line. She also directed workshop productions of *Yokohama Duty* at the Ensemble Studio Theater and the Los Angeles Theatre Center, as well as staged readings of other plays at Playwrights Horizons, New Dramatists, the Mark Taper Forum, and the Matrix Theatre. As an actor Dimmick has been a member of the New York Art Theatre, Odyssey Theatre Ensemble, and Scorpio Rising Theatre in Los Angeles, and was a founding member of Oakland's Alternate Theatre. For two years she was a Program Associate in Theater for the New York State Council on the Arts. Dimmick received an M.F.A. in Dramaturgy and Dramatic Criticism from the Yale School of Drama, where she was awarded the Kenneth Tynan Prize for Dramaturgy, and has taught in the English and Theatre Studies departments at Yale University.

DENNIS POWERS (Director of Casting and Publications) joined A.C.T. in 1967, during the company's first San Francisco season, after six years as an arts writer at the Oakland Tribune. Before being named to his present position by Carey Perloff, he worked with William Ball and Edward Hastings as a writer, editor, and casting associate. The A.C.T. productions on which he has collaborated as dramaturg or adaptor include *Oedipus Rex*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Bourgeois Gentleman*, *King Richard III*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Saint Joan*, and *Diamond Lil*. The most popular of his adaptations, the seventeen-year-old *A Christmas Carol*, was written with Laird Williamson, who was also his collaborator on *Christmas Miracles*, which premiered at the Denver Center Theatre Company in 1985 and was later published. Among the other theaters with which he has been associated are the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, Stanford Repertory Theater, Pacific Conservatory of the Performing Arts, and San Francisco's
Continued on page P-23



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Dear A.C.T. Theatergoer,

As we welcome you to the 1992-93 season at A.C.T., I feel many emotions: exhilaration, anticipation, curiosity, a slight breathlessness—the same emotions one feels when embarking upon a long-anticipated journey to new and untravelled places. Before such a journey there is always a period of calm in which one considers the voyage ahead, analyzes the road maps, secures the visas, repacks the suitcases, puts air in the tires, pulls out the compass—whatever it takes to prepare for the thrill of a long adventure.

We have spent the summer at A.C.T. doing just that, and we're ready to hit the road and begin to explore. Many of you have been travelling with A.C.T. for a long time, and remember the thrill of that first season, rushing from the measured insanity of Moliere's *Tartuffe* to the play-within-a-play of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. The new phase of A.C.T.'s life marked by this season grows out of that initial spark, a spark that has been carefully tended and nurtured over twenty-five years.

It is my job as the new Artistic Director of A.C.T. to help that spark burst into a flame that will blaze into the next twenty-five years. This is an enormous challenge. But I deeply believe that it is a challenge worth accepting, because in all my travels and work in and around the American theater, I have never come across a place quite like A.C.T. The energy generated at 450 Geary Street is dizzying: in a typical week this summer, playwright Joe Pintauro was in one studio rehearsing his new play *Reindeer Soup* with nine members of the Young Conservatory and one giant stuffed reindeer, a Summer Training Congress class was in another studio loudly learning to scan iambic pentameter, a crew of historical preservationists was drilling tiny holes

across the street at the Geary Theater to discover the original colors of the 1910 theater, a task force was meeting in Fred's Columbia Room to discuss A.C.T.'s role in the diverse cultural climate of the Bay Area, Joan Holden was laughing and arguing with Geoff Hoyle as they re-translated Dario Fo, John Sullivan was conference-calling Sacramento to make sure our FEMA check didn't turn into an I.O.U., and I was in



my office banging out rhythms in Greek and experimenting with ideas of Chorus in Sophocles and Euripides.

Amidst all this chaos we together generate that magical, mysterious art form we call theater. I hope that our work this season will reflect the best of who we are—a diverse and highly committed group of artists, craftspeople, and staff members coming together to shape a new artistic direction for A.C.T. It is a direction that celebrates the confluence of old and new, classical and experimental, with an emphasis on rich language, heightened theatricality, and bold, exciting dramatic literature. It is a direction that may never give you easy answers, but will always invite you to

engage in that extraordinary process in which live performers transform—and are transformed by—a writer's imagination.

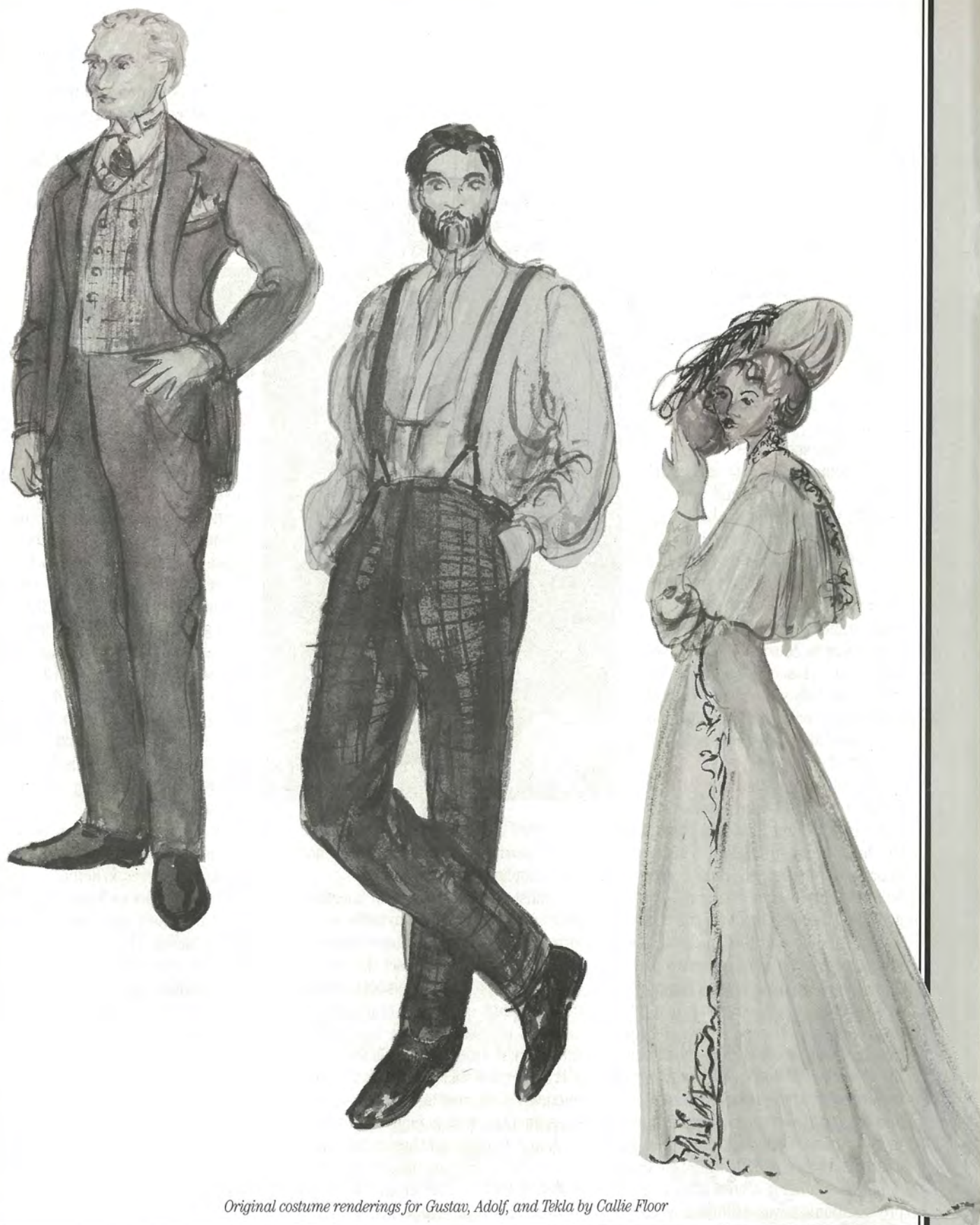
Engagement is everything. We have all experienced those rare moments when a work of art entered our consciousness and changed the way we thought about the world. At those moments, there is a sense of incredible exhilaration, as if a muscle long unused had been rediscovered. We must fight for those moments. The muscle of our imagination is in constant danger of atrophy in a media-saturated age such as our own. A generation without imagination is like a generation without red blood cells. Imagination helps us to co-exist in occasionally impossible circumstances, by allowing us to momentarily enter another person's frame of reference and to experience life from a different vantage point. Like falling through the looking glass, watching a play allows us to enter worlds we have only dreamed of, worlds in which the laws of gravity don't hold and anything can happen. Even when witnessing unfamiliar worlds, we can participate if the muscle of our imagination is strong enough to make the leap.

So I ask you to consider A.C.T. the place to go to give your imagination the workout it deserves. Whether by engaging with a mysterious Swedish sculptor, a poor Southern sharecropper, or an elder of ancient Thebes, you may come to see your own world with new eyes, if only for an evening.

Welcome to the American Conservatory Theater's Season of Discovery!

Sincerely,

Carey Perloff, Artistic Director



Original costume renderings for Gustav, Adolf, and Tekla by Callie Floor

American Conservatory Theater

presents

CREDITORS

(1888)

by August Strindberg

Translated by Paul Walsh

<i>Directed by</i>	Carey Perloff
<i>Scenery by</i>	Donald Eastman
<i>Costumes by</i>	Callie Floor
<i>Lighting by</i>	Frances Aronson
<i>Sound by</i>	Stephen LeGrand
<i>Hair and Makeup by</i>	Rick Echols
<i>Assistant Director</i>	David Zucker Saltz
<i>Casting Consultant</i>	Ellen Novack, C.S.A.

The Cast

<i>Adolf</i>	William Converse-Roberts
<i>Gustav</i>	Charles Lanyer
<i>Tekla</i>	Joan McMurtrey
<i>Women</i>	Debra Blondheim*, Julia Falvey*
<i>Porter</i>	Christopher Schedler*

A sitting room in a Swedish seaside resort.
Late summer.

Creditors will be performed without an intermission.

Understudies

Adolf, Gustav—Lawrence Hecht; *Tekla*—Deborah Sussel
Women—Catey Simonton*; *Porter*—Dan Ortega*

Stage Management Staff

Karen Van Zandt and Meryl Lind Shaw
Intern—Elisa Guthertz

*Students in the A.C.T. Academy

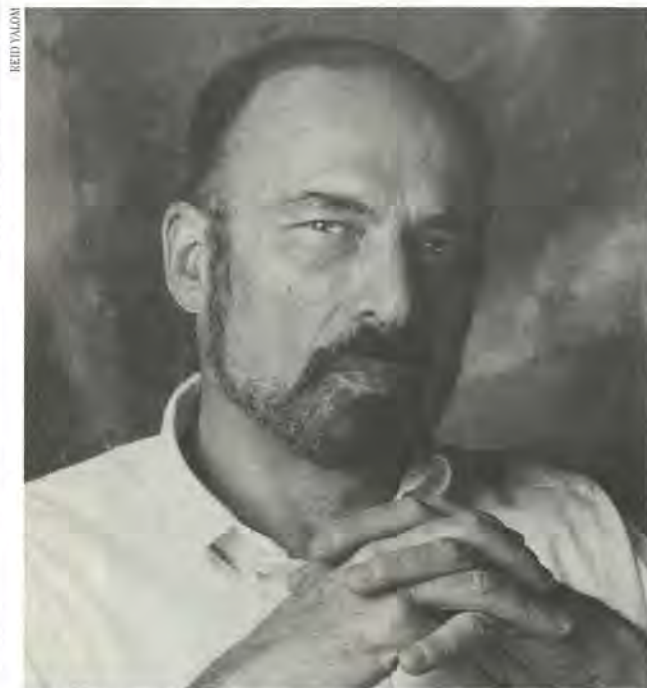
This production is made possible in part through the generous support of Ruth and Alan Stein.

Original cover illustration by Theo Rudnak.



Strindberg on the Couch: Love, Power, and Gender in *Creditors*

An Interview by David Zucker Saltz



*Irvin D. Yalom, M.D., is a professor of psychiatry at Stanford University. He is the author of the current best-selling novel *When Nietzsche Wept*, which depicts a fictional relationship between Friedrich Nietzsche, the great nineteenth-century philosopher, and Josef Breuer, Freud's mentor and one of the founding fathers of psychoanalysis. He is also the author of a best-selling collection of case studies, *Love's Executioner*, and of several widely used textbooks on psychotherapy.*



*Marilyn Yalom, Ph.D., is the senior scholar of the Institute for Research on Women and Gender at Stanford University. A former professor of French and comparative literature, she has written and edited many books and articles on women's literature. Her most recent book is *Maternity, Morality and the Literature of Madness*, and she is currently finishing a book titled *Bearing Witness: The French Revolution in Women's Memory*.*

*We invited Drs. Irvin and Marilyn Yalom to discuss their response to *Creditors*. The following dialogue was edited from an interview with Assistant Director David Zucker Saltz.*

IRVIN: It was really astounding to me how much pure Nietzsche there is in the play. The idea that the nature of the love relationship really is that of a power relationship is very Nietzschean. There's always the sense of someone in love getting stronger or weaker at the expense of the other. [*Strindberg and Nietzsche were contemporaries and mutual admirers; one week after finishing *Creditors*, Strindberg proclaimed that "my spiritual uterus has found a tremendous*

fertilizer in Friedrich Nietzsche, so that I feel as full as a pregnant bitch."

MARILYN: It's interesting that you're not making distinctions according to gender. It's the gender distinctions that jumped out at me more than anything else. The 1880s, starting with Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, was the first decade when the debate on the Woman Question began to extend across the whole continent, then across the ocean. Of course Ibsen and

Strindberg lined up on opposite sides of the question, with Ibsen supporting the Emancipated Woman and Strindberg becoming increasingly antagonistic toward Ibsen and feminism. I don't mean a simple hatred of women, but something much more nuanced. Both fear of women and, as a kind of paradoxical response to that fear, the idealization of what women should be, that they should be self-sacrificing mother figures. Once you elevate Woman to the pedestal, then she

becomes de-clawed. She's encaged and confined. Freud writes that a woman who doesn't treat her husband as a child in some way is failing in her duties. Fortunately Strindberg was a much better playwright than a thinker.

IRVIN: If you elevate someone, you put someone on a pedestal, that also has implications of control over the person. There is also very interesting material here on the loss of personal identity. In psychodynamic theory, if you get too close to the mother, you get caught up in her magnetic field and you lose yourself. If you get too far away from her, then you're lost, and you're out there in space all by yourself. So there's a great deal of difficulty finding the right distance. Or there's another interesting model, Otto Rank's model, which talks about life anxiety and death anxiety. You encounter anxiety in life as you begin to try to grow separate from others. So we try to heal that by going back into the other, almost merging with the other, but then you begin to lose yourself. So there's a constant sort of hurtling back and forth between life anxiety and death anxiety. Strindberg uses lots of wonderful metaphors for this: the capillary drain, sucking out your life blood, and the branch of the tree that tries to live on its own but forgets it has no roots.

MARILYN: The model is always of the woman sucking the energy from the male. I can see that whole trend going from Strindberg through Freud on into the fifties. The castrating mother. The wife who cannibalizes her husband's power. There's possibly some truth in this, if you think that the only way women in the past were able to have any kind of identity or power was mediated through their husbands or their sons. But think of all the women who diminish in their relationship with a powerful male, of the woman who feeds her husband and her husband's career.

IRVIN: The great playwrights and the early analysts were all males. If women had been permitted to become writers and playwrights then they would have presented it from a female perspective.

MARILYN: The models, as you say, are

male models. In the first act, we've got these two men talking about Tekla. The things they say about her—that she is a cannibal and a vampire—are ridiculous. But when she comes onstage, she's a much more interesting, complex, and well-rounded character than the monster these two men have been describing. This is a good example of how a writer transcends his own theories about women. This character surely uses all of her charm and her ability to shine as a feminine creature. If she did not, she would be relegated to the area of the androgynous viragos who were so vilified in Strindberg's time. So what does Tekla do? She uses her femininity in her relationship with these two men. How do they get at her? First of all they accuse her of sucking their blood, and then they say, "You're too old now to attract a male." That slap is the ultimate insult to a feminine woman.

IRVIN: I could come in from a male point of view and look at her behavior. Her behavior with Adolf, for example, is so obviously belittling, the way she makes him into a child, into "Little Brother." She is taking away his power. She's already done it to one man, Gustav. She's sucked out his power and left him, when the debt became too great, to find another man, Adolf, and she begins to draw from *him*, and now she's ready to leave *him* when *he's* weak. So it depends on where you



Drawing by Gunmar Widholm of Strindberg at the Intimate Theatre, founded by the playwright in 1907.

come into it. Where does it start? Adolf increased her art, her ability to work. Then she refuses to acknowledge the debt. That's an interesting dynamic as well. You begin to hate the person who's given you so much, because it reminds you of how much you've got from him. The same thing has been said about why De Gaulle was so hostile toward Great Britain and the United States after the war. It was because he owed them too much.

MARILYN: I think you have to look at it from another point of view. Here's a woman in a society that says to her, "You must be a submissive wife; you must be a self-sacrificing mother." What is the danger for a woman in that situation? It is to be completely crushed. To be run over by the steamroller of patriarchal society. How do you fight back when you're in that situation? You fight back with whatever weapons you have. You don't assuage the man's anxieties, because they're endless. You don't give in to his jealousy, because that's endless, too. The only way to hold your own in that kind of a relationship is to give evasive answers, to show yourself to be the other person's equal, and not to allow yourself to be run over by the male steamroller. I think Tekla does it perfectly. She has learned that the way to deal with this kind of man—who is jealous, who is possessive, who will suck her in—is to keep some kind of ironic distance, never to tell him more than he needs to know.

IRVIN: Let's forget for a moment what he's doing to her. She's keeping him uncertain and anxious. She's maintaining her power over him. This is exactly why Nietzsche and Strindberg hated women—because women gain power through their own weakness. They tease, they belittle, they make the man less. I'm not saying that's the way it is in nature, but that's how Strindberg and Nietzsche present it. If I were a therapist coming in to treat Adolf and Tekla, I wouldn't come in at that level. A therapist will say, "I'm not going to become a referee, and say who's right and who's wrong. You've got to go from this point forward." Each of them fuels the other's insecurities. Each one attempts to make the other one weaker.

MARILYN: But you've got to at least give



Jealousy, lithograph by Edvard Munch (1896), with Strindberg in foreground.

Tekla credit for relating towards Adolf and Gustav in a direct way, whereas the two men are relating to each other through her. Gustav loves and hates Adolf because Tekla loves and hates Adolf, and Adolf's involvement with Gustav, on an unconscious level, is mediated through Tekla. So in their relationship, the men are moving through Tekla. She's the third party.

IRVIN: There's the additional part. Adolf relates to Gustav through his relationship with Tekla, because there's a piece of Gustav in her. A Freudian analyst would say there's a kind of homosexual relationship involved here. The issues of male bonding, which are in a sense not related to her, are very important. [Strindberg himself wrote in his diary in 1901: "I cannot live in a spiritual marriage with a woman who is not my faithful wife, for if she is free and enters into a relationship with another man, she surrenders up my soul and transmits my love to a man—and thus makes me live in a forbidden relationship with a man's soul or body or both."] There are certain things Gustav slips into doing that don't necessarily serve his own motives of revenge on Adolf. For example, there is one section where he is trying to help Adolf get free from his view of Tekla. He says, put a pair of trousers and a mustache on her, and you'll see that there's nothing really magi-

cal about this person. He's trying to remove Adolf to a more cosmic perch so Adolf can get a better view of her. I see Gustav moving back and forth between a genuine therapeutic role and a diabolical revenge role. Certainly, Adolf is beginning to feel sorrier for Gustav, beginning to feel how Gustav must have felt. There's evidence there of empathy between the two of them.

MARILYN: I think there is some deep-seated guilt on the part of the man who takes the wife away from the first husband, and it's a lingering guilt. You could say that the play is imagined retribution for the crime of having stolen the woman in the first place. If we want to find biographical verification for that, it's very strong in Strindberg's relation to his wife Siri's first husband, with whom Strindberg, by the way, did have a friendship. They were a threesome for a short period of time.

IRVIN: Some writers work through certain injuries in their writing, coming up with better endings, if you will. Freud would use the term "repetition compulsion." Freud suggested that, if you keep experiencing something over and over again, you're attempting to master it. Strindberg may have been trying to do this, but he would have had to come up

with a better ending to be helpful. Maybe that's a manifestation of how he ultimately went into a deeper psychosis. [Strindberg suffered a serious psychotic break six years after writing *Creditors* and was unable to write for three years.] Another way of looking at this is as a way of transcending a personal tragedy by giving meaning to it through an artistic production.

MARILYN: That gets into the whole concept of the artist that was prevalent in the nineteenth century, the affectation of the mad artist that was particularly popular after 1870. There's a glorification of pathology in Strindberg's writing and in his person. I definitely see the play as influenced by the zeitgeist, the literary expression of the dynamics of the unconscious that could only have found the particular form that it found in a pre-Freudian era. One way to look at Freud's contribution is that, through reading writers such as Strindberg, Dostoyevsky, and George Sand, he was able to formulate, to make conscious, the unconscious motivations in their works.

IRVIN: That's exactly why Freud said he couldn't read Nietzsche—he got dizzy from the insights that he thought were his own. You can see that, much as Adolf accuses Tekla of having become nourished by him, Freud becomes nourished by these artistic productions. My book *When Nietzsche Wept* is an attempt to see how therapy might have developed without Freud. I describe an existential approach to therapy that's been obscured by the Freudian approach for half a century. In my work, often, I try to work much more with the here and now, without doing a great deal of in-depth analysis of the distant past. I see this play as highly contemporary from a psychotherapeutic standpoint. The dialogues are quite process-oriented. The characters are constantly getting behind the words and asking, "What does this mean about relationships?"—like a psychotherapist inspecting a patient's statement to see what he really meant. If we do a thought experiment, removing the major Freudian influences from our consciousness and thinking of them as having never been born, we can see how astoundingly creative Strindberg was.

The Battle of Brains

Strindberg followed contemporary scientific developments avidly, especially in the nascent but burgeoning sciences of psychology and neurology. In 1889, Strindberg wrote: "Psychological processes are what interest the people of our own day more than anything else. Our souls, so eager for knowledge, cannot rest satisfied with seeing what happens, but must also learn how it comes to happen. We want to see the wires themselves, to watch the machinery."

Strindberg was particularly fascinated by the growing literature on hypnosis and suggestibility. Beginning in 1882, every medical journal, philosophical and literary review, and daily newspaper carried articles on hypnotism. By the end of the decade, nearly eight hundred books and articles had been published.

In Paris, Dr. Jean Martin Charcot, a teacher of the young Sigmund Freud, was proclaiming that hypnosis, hysteria, and epilepsy were closely related phenomena. In a series of controversial public lectures—well-attended not only by physicians but by society people, actors, artists, and journalists—Charcot put on display hypnotized patients undergoing violent epileptic seizures.

In Nancy, Dr. Hippolyte Bernheim reported that he could induce a state of extreme suggestibility in people even without putting them into a hypnotic trance. Bernheim taught that "the impoverished human imagination is open to all sorts of impressions, good and bad, salutary and pernicious."

In Strindberg's native Sweden, Dr. Fredrick Bjornstrom published a book

illustrating, as he put it, "the dark sides of hypnotism, and the many injurious effects upon the physical and psychic life of man, which may result from the abuse of it." In this book, Bjornstrom warns that "even in those not hypnotized imagination can be so strong that they may be frightened to disease or death."

Bjornstrom offers the example of a girl who was told that "she had taken a strong poison," when in fact she had been given "a harmless drug. All the symptoms of poisoning were fully developed, when at the last minute she was informed of the joke and was saved." He also writes that

"with the consent of Napoleon III, a scientist had a criminal tied to a table, with his eyes blindfolded, under the pretext that he was going to open the man's carotid artery and let him bleed to death. With a needle he made a slight scratch on the criminal's neck and had water dropping into a vessel that stood underneath, while all around an awful silence prevailed. The victim, believing that he heard his lifeblood flowing away, really died after six minutes."

In his celebrated preface to *Miss Julie*, Strindberg explicitly acknowledges the impact of such ideas on his writing, and his observations about *Miss Julie* apply with even greater force to the play that he would write next, *Creditors*. He describes how characters "get ideas (suggestions as they are called) from one another," and in particular how "weaker" characters "steal and repeat words of the stronger....I have even made use of 'waking suggestions' (a variation of hypnotic suggestion), which have by now been so popularized that they cannot

arouse ridicule or skepticism as they would have done in Mesmer's time."

The same year, in "The Battle of Brains," Strindberg put his fascination with hypnosis and human suggestibility into a broader perspective. He asserts that "all political, religious, and literary conflicts appear to me as deriving from the struggles of individuals and parties to transmit suggestions, that is, to form opinions, which is nothing more than the struggle for power, at present a battle of brains, since the battle of brawn has gone out of style."

—David Zucker Saltz



Arthur Sjögren's drawing of Strindberg as a chemist (1905)



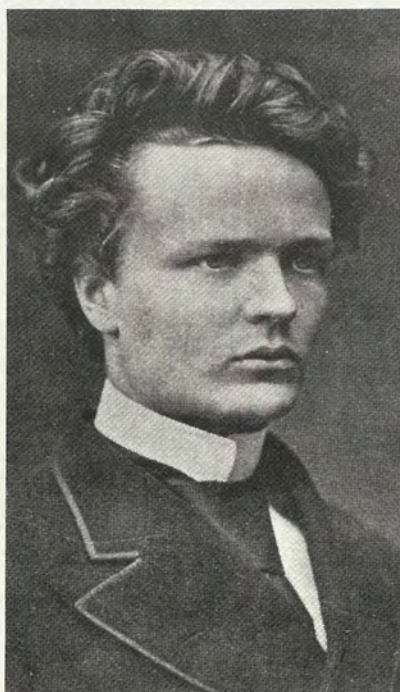
August Strindberg (1849-1912)

Today, August Strindberg is known principally as a dramatist whose plays, many of them decades ahead of their time, were a powerful force in the creation of the modern theater. Strindberg wrote some sixty plays, but his collected works fill fifty-five hefty volumes, and a new, more comprehensive edition now in progress is expected to run to seventy-five volumes. Plays, novels, short stories, poems, essays, autobiography, letters, diaries—Strindberg's prodigious output encompasses all of them, as well as scientific, medical, philosophical, and political writing. He rarely read what he had written, believing that the sanctity of the creative act shouldn't be violated by self-criticism or rewriting. Instead, he wrote quickly, sometimes feverishly, letting the pages fall to the floor beside him as he finished them. *Creditors* and his best-known play, *Miss Julie*, were both written in the summer of 1888, and each was completed in about two weeks.

Johan August Strindberg was born in Stockholm in 1849 to Ulrica Eleanora and Carl Oscar Strindberg. His father was a shipping agent who had married his mother, a waitress, in 1847, after she had already borne him two children. Strindberg was the fourth of twelve children, five of whom died in infancy. Basing his astrological chart on the date of his conception rather than his birth, he always identified strongly with Aries and the characteristics of the sign as he conceived them. At the age of forty-seven, he wrote to a friend, "I was born under the sign of the Ram. That sign represents Sacrifice. My reward, after a life's work like mine: to be butchered. Every success a consequence of suffering; every trace of happiness tainted by dirt; every encouragement a mockery; every good deed punished by crucifixion. But the Ram can also signify Spring, a renewal. Who knows what conclusions to draw?"

Never one to minimize his problems, Strindberg was nevertheless justified in seeing his life as a perpetual struggle, starting with a troubled childhood and adolescence, followed by early failures as

a schoolteacher, a medical student, and an actor, and continuing through the emotional turmoil and near-madness that marked his adult life. Veering unpredictably from wild elation to deep depression, he fascinated some as he alienated others, professionally as well as personally. He wrote plays that strode bravely into uncharted dramatic territory, only to have them misunderstood or



August Strindberg in 1874

flatly rejected by producers, publishers, and critics, especially in his early years, before he had gained a foothold in Swedish and European literary circles.

His three marriages—to Siri von Essen, Frida Uhl, and Harriet Bosse—had periods of happiness that were inevitably overshadowed by Strindberg's paranoia, jealousy, wild suspicions, and sexual ambivalence. The turbulence of his emotions often plunged the playwright—not to mention his wives and children—to the depths of despair, but at the same time it provided Strindberg with an inexhaustible source of material for his plays, novels, and short stories.

Critics have pointed out that although his dramas range far and wide in subject matter and style—from the historical to the psychological and from naturalism to expressionism—they are probably more consistently autobiographical than the works of any other major dramatist before Eugene O'Neill.

In *Creditors*, as in *Miss Julie*, Strindberg drew on his first marriage, compressing what other playwrights would have composed as a full-length, three-act drama into a single taut act running about ninety minutes. Always restlessly in search of the perfect form for his art, Strindberg forged a new kind of naturalism in writing the two plays, concentrating the drama on one crucial event, eliminating extraneous scenes and characters, using fragmented, ambiguous, highly suggestive dialogue and underscoring the work with a strong sexual realism. The play's three characters—Tekla, Adolf, and Gustav—offer a trio of shifting psychological portraits, revealing themselves not only by what they say, but by what remains unspeakable.

Tekla embodies aspects of Siri von Essen, Strindberg's first wife and the woman who most profoundly affected his life, just as Gustav is related to Baron Karl Gustav von Wrangel, Siri's former husband, and Adolf shares many characteristics with the playwright himself. Like other major works by Strindberg, *Creditors* is autobiographical on both a conscious and an unconscious level. At the time he wrote it, Strindberg saw himself as a painter and scientist as much as a dramatist, and both of these preoccupations find their way into the play. In the premiere production, Siri played the role of Tekla.

Strindberg's best-known plays also include *The Father* (1887), *The Stronger* (1889), *The Dance of Death* (1901), *Easter* (1901), *A Dream Play* (1902), *To Damascus* (1904), and *The Ghost Sonata* (1907).

—Dennis Powers

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Strindberg's Legacy

During his lifetime, Strindberg was often a controversial figure whose works provoked shock, outrage, and anger in his producer, publishers, critics, and audiences. He found powerful allies among progressive critics and fellow artists, but for most of his life genuine popular success eluded him, as did acceptance by the literary establishment. The Swedish Academy never invited him to join its ranks, nor was he ever a serious contender for the Nobel Prize, first given in 1901, eleven years before his death.

Today, Strindberg is acknowledged as a master dramatist and a profound influence on the modern theater. In 1936, in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Eugene O'Neill called Strindberg the "greatest genius of all modern dramatists...It was reading his plays...that, above all else, first gave me the vision of what modern drama could be, and first inspired me with the urge to write for the theater myself. If there is anything of lasting worth in my work, it is due to that original impulse from him, which has continued as my inspiration down all the years since then."

In one way or another, Strindberg has been an influential figure for a number of outstanding postwar playwrights, among them Jean-Paul Sartre, John Osborne, Tennessee Williams, Albert Camus, Arthur Adamov, Harold Pinter, and Edward Albee. Reproduced here are two sets of excerpts that offer interesting points of comparison. The first are from *Creditors* and Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*; the second from *Creditors* and Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Creditors

ADOLF: I believe you're beginning to lust after youth already.

TEKLA: What do you mean, "beginning?" I always have. That's why I fell in love with you. Have you anything against it?

ADOLF: No, but I'd prefer to be the only one.

TEKLA: (Jokingly) My heart is so large, little brother, that there's room enough for many more than you.

ADOLF: But your little brother doesn't want any more siblings.

TEKLA: Come to your playmate now, and you'll get a spanking for being jealous—no, envious is the word for it.

ADOLF: No, I don't want to play any more! I want to talk seriously.

TEKLA: (Laughing) Oh dear, he wants to be serious! Just look how serious he is! Now laugh a little. Like that!

Look Back in Anger

JIMMY: (Staring at her anxious face) You're very beautiful. A beautiful, great-eyed squirrel. (She nods brightly, relieved.) Hoarding, nut-munching squirrel. (She mimes this delightedly.) With highly polished, gleaming fur, and an ostrich feather of a tail.

ALISON: Wheeeeeeee!

JIMMY: How I envy you. (He stands, his arms around her neck.)

ALISON: You're a jolly super bear, too. A really sooooooooooooooper, marvelous bear.

JIMMY: Bears and squirrels are marvelous.

ALISON: Marvelous and beautiful. (She jumps up and down excitedly, making little "paw gestures.") Ooooooooooh! Ooooooooooh!

JIMMY: What the hell's that?

ALISON: That's a dance squirrels do when they're happy.

JIMMY: What makes you think you're happy?

Creditors

GUSTAV: . . . But tell me, since you've confided so much already, is there some other wound, some secret that torments you? . . . Have you no skeleton in the closet that you're hiding from yourself? Awhile ago, for example, you said you had a child that you sent away. Why isn't the child with you?

ADOLF: My wife wanted it like this.

GUSTAV: The reason? Tell me!

ADOLF: Because when it got to be three years old it began to look like him, [her] former husband!

GUSTAV: Ah! Have you seen the former husband?

ADOLF: No, never! I caught a brief glimpse once of a bad photograph, but I couldn't see any similarity.

GUSTAV: Well, a photograph never shows much of a likeness, and he could have changed since then. Anyway, I'm sure it didn't arouse any suspicions in you?

ADOLF: Not at all. The child was born a year after our wedding and the husband was travelling when I first met Tekla here—it was right here at the beach—in this very inn, in fact. That's why we come here every summer.

GUSTAV: Then you couldn't possibly have any suspicions. Nor need you have, either, for the children of a remarried widow will often resemble the dead husband. It's troublesome, of course, but that's why they used to burn widows in India, as you know....

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

GEORGE: . . . All right, Martha; your recitation, please.

MARTHA: (From far away) What, George?

GEORGE: (Prompting) "Our son..."

MARTHA: All right. Our son. Our son was born in a September night, a night not unlike tonight, though tomorrow, and twenty... one... years ago.

GEORGE: (Beginning of quiet asides) You see? I told you.

MARTHA: It was an easy birth...

GEORGE: Oh, Martha; no. You labored... how you labored.

MARTHA: It was an easy birth... once it had been... accepted, relaxed into.

GEORGE: Ah... yes. Better.

MARTHA: It was an easy birth, once it had been accepted, and I was young.

GEORGE: And I was younger... (Laughs quietly to himself)

MARTHA: And I was young, and he was a healthy child, a red, bawling child, with slippery, firm limbs...

GEORGE: Martha thinks she saw him at delivery...

MARTHA: And I had wanted a child... oh, I had wanted a child.

GEORGE: (Prodding her) A son? A daughter?

MARTHA: A child! (Quieter) A child. And I had my child.

GEORGE: Our child.

MARTHA: (With great sadness) Our child. And we raised him. (Laughs briefly, bitterly) Yes, we did; we raised him...

A Man Ahead of His Time

Sketch by A.C.T.
Scenic Artist
D.L. Campbell



Creditors challenges us to re-evaluate what is frequently dismissed as Strindberg's misogyny. Strindberg was in fact fascinated by the nature of both male-female and male-male relationships, topics still of intense interest today. Exploring the dynamics of male companionship and "bonding" and the processes by which women are defined as the object of male desire, *Creditors* reverberates with contemporary concerns.

At a time when gender roles and expectations are being re-evaluated and the parameters of interpersonal relationships redefined, as is evident in the collision of the so-called men's movement with ongoing feminist concerns, Strindberg's moving portrayal of passion and excess, written a century ago, remains surprisingly contemporary. Below are

excerpts from the writings of modern "experts" on masculinity and male-female communication that highlight the continuing relevance of Strindberg's quest to understand the mysteries of human interaction.

WOMAN vs. woman

The secret men seldom tell, and often do not know (consciously) is the extent to which our lives circle around our relationships to WOMAN. It takes half a lifetime of struggle for us to win a separate identity. We are haunted by WOMAN in her many manifestations. She is the center around which our lives circle. WOMAN is the mysterious ground of our being that we cannot penetrate. She is the audience before whom the dramas of our lives are played out. She is the judge who pronounces us guilty or inno-

cent. She is the Garden of Eden from which we are exiled and the paradise for which our bodies long. She is the goddess who can grant us salvation and the frigid mother who denies us. She has a mythic power over us. She is at once terrifying and fascinating.

We have invested so much of our identity, committed so much of our energy, and squandered so much of our power in trying to control, avoid, conquer, or demean women because we are so vulnerable to their mysterious power over us. Like sandy atolls in a monsoon-swept ocean, the male psyche is in continual danger of being inundated by the feminine sea. And this fragility is not psychological, not neurotic, not a symptom of abnormality, but is an ontological fact rooted in our being. Those men who allow themselves to feel it are stronger, not weaker, than those who pretend they are self-sufficient and autonomous. We emerged from WOMAN and we naturally fear that the individual self we have managed to erect, like a makeshift seawall, may be lost.

—*Fire in the Belly*, by Sam Keen
(Bantam Books, New York: 1991)

The Deep Male

We see more and more passivity in men, but also more and more naivete. The naive man feels a pride in being attacked. If his wife or girlfriend, furious, shouts that he is "chauvinist," a "sexist," a "man," he doesn't fight back, but just takes it. He opens his shirt so that she can see more clearly where to put the lances. He ends with three or four javelins sticking out of his body, and blood running all over the floor....

He feels, as he absorbs attacks, that he is doing the brave and advanced thing; he will surely be able to recover somewhere in isolation. A woman, so mysterious and superior, has given him some attention. To be attacked by someone you love—what could be more wonderful....

The naive man will lose what is most precious to him because of a lack of boundaries....Unaware of boundaries, he does not develop a good container for his

Continued on page P-17

WHO'S WHO



WILLIAM CONVERSE-ROBERTS has had the pleasure of performing in many regional theaters across the country, including Baltimore's Center Stage, The Guthrie Theater, the Dallas Shakespeare Festival, the Cincinnati Playhouse, the Yale Repertory Theatre, the Long Wharf Theatre, and the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts. At the New York Shakespeare Festival, he enjoyed success as Berowne in *Love's Labour's Lost*, winning an Obie Award for outstanding performance, and Macduff in *Macbeth*. He has also performed at Playwrights Horizons, the Manhattan Theatre Club, the Ark, and several other theaters in New York City. During the period from 1984 to 1986 he was featured in three films written and produced by Horton Foote — *1918*, *On Valentine's Day*, and *Courtship* — which later appeared as a miniseries on PBS entitled "The Story of a Marriage." He has also been seen on television in "Spenser: For Hire," "The Equalizer," "L.A. Law," "Crime Story," and for four years as Fred Dodd in "Days and Nights of Molly Dodd." Currently he is featured in NBC's "Reasonable Doubts."

LAWRENCE HECHT has performed in over thirty-five productions in his twenty years with A.C.T. A graduate of the University of San Francisco and A.C.T.'s Advanced Training Program, he studied with John Collins, Bill Ball, Allen Fletcher, and Ed Hastings. Hecht has also acted, directed, and served as Director of Actor Training for the Pacific Conservatory of the Performing Arts. He has per-



formed with Berkeley Repertory Theatre, San Jose Repertory Company, Encore Theatre Company, and the San Francisco Theatre Project, where he teaches and recently directed Steven Berkoff's adaptation of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*.



CHARLES LANYER was most recently seen at A.C.T. in the title role of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a role he has also filled at the Garden Grove Shakespeare Festival. He has previously appeared at A.C.T. as Mark in *Taking Steps*, Steve Crandall in *Broadway*, Johann in *Pillars of the Community*, and Bill in *The Hot l Baltimore*. At Berkeley Repertory Theatre he has portrayed Undershaft in *Major Barbara*, George in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, the Devil/Mendoza in *Man and Superman*, and Judge Brack in *Hedda Gabler*. At the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, he appeared as Dr. Douglas in *Miss Evers' Boys* and Yves in Sybille Pearson's *Untitled Play*. During five seasons at South Coast Repertory, his roles

included Dysart in *Equus*, Jack in *The Ruling Class*, Simon Hench in *Otherwise Engaged*, and Frederick the Great in *The Sorrows of Frederick*, among others. Off Broadway he appeared with Meryl Streep in *Alice in Concert* at the New York Shakespeare Festival. He has performed other leading roles for such national companies as the San Diego Shakespeare Festival, Seattle Repertory Theatre, Pacific Center of the Performing Arts Theatrefest, Los Angeles Theatre Center, and the Denver Center Theatre. Among his television and film credits are "The Robert Kennedy Story," "St. Elsewhere," "Hill Street Blues," "Matlock," "Moonlighting," and *The Stepfather*.



JOAN McMURTREY is pleased to be making her A.C.T. debut and returning to the Bay Area. Her previous Bay Area appearances include her portrayal of Ann Whitefield in *Man and Superman* at Berkeley Repertory Theatre, for which she won the Bay Area Theater Critics' Circle Award for best actress. Other theater credits include Josie in *Moon for the Misbegotten* at the Philadelphia Drama Guild; Elmire in *Tartuffe* at Boston's Huntington Theatre Company; and Rachel in *Reckless*, Mags in *Painting Churches*, and Helen Raymond in the premiere of *Pirates* at South Coast Repertory. After a season with the Actors Theater of Louisville, she spent four seasons with the Williamstown Theater Festival, where she performed as Ingrid in *Peer Gynt* and Malaki in the premiere of Tom Eysen's *Melody of a Glittering Parrot*. She has appeared in the



films *No Way Out*, *Outrageous Fortune*, *Class Action* with Gene Hackman, and *Welcome Home Roxy Carmichael* opposite Jeff Daniels. Among her many television credits are two seasons as Abigail Marsh on "Simon and Simon," as well as appearances on "L.A. Law," "Equal Justice," "Fresh Prince of Bel Air," "Murder She Wrote," and "Days and Nights of Molly Dodd." She recently completed work on the sequel to *A Woman Scorned: The Betty Broderick Story*. McMurtrey is a graduate of the Yale School of Drama and is a native of Chicago.

Before joining A.C.T. in 1967, **DEBORAH SUSSEL** received a B.F.A. from Carnegie-Mellon University, where she was awarded a Fulbright-Hayes Grant for study at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art, and spent a year with the Theatre of the Living Arts in Philadelphia. She taught in the A.C.T. Conserva-



tory and played leading roles with the company until 1972, appearing in *Charley's Aunt*, *Tartuffe*, *The Crucible*, *Twelfth Night*, *A Flea in Her Ear*, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad...*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the Eunuchs*, *The Tavern*, *The Relapse*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Private Lives*, *Par-*

adise Lost, and *The Immigrant*. In 1979 she returned to A.C.T. as speech and scansion coach and appeared at the Geary Theater in *Hay Fever* and *I Remember Mama*. In recent seasons she has appeared as Mrs. Cratchit in A.C.T.'s *A Christmas Carol* and as Mae in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. She is in private practice as a communications consultant and as a speech and dialect coach, and this summer she provided dialect and speech coaching for Marin Theatre Company productions of *Born Yesterday* and *Arms and the Man* and for *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *Woody Guthrie: An American Song* at Berkeley Repertory Theatre. She teaches acting at U.C. Berkeley, Mills College, and in the A.C.T. Conservatory's Advanced Training Program. Sussel has also performed numerous voice-overs in recorded work and has appeared in the films *Bullitt*, *June 19, 1953*, and *Tell Me a Riddle*.

CREDITORS DIRECTORS, DESIGNERS, AND STAFF

PAUL WALSH (Translator) is a freelance dramaturg and translator and Assistant Professor of Theatre Studies at Southern Methodist University's Meadows School of the Arts, where he teaches theater history and dramatic literature and heads the Critical Studies area in theater. He is on the Steering Board of the National Theatre Translation Fund and past regional vice president of Literary Managers and Dramaturgs of the Americas. His translation of *Creditors* was produced in 1992 in New York by CSC Repertory Ltd.-The Classic Stage Company and in Dallas by the Kitchen Dog Theatre. Other translations for production include Brecht's *Pantula and His Chauffeur Matti* for Theatre de la Jeune Lune in Minneapolis, Med Reventberg's *The Little Beast* for Actors Showcase at the Winnipeg Art Gallery, Strindberg's *Ghost Sonata* for Intrepid Theatre Productions in San Diego, and Strindberg's *The Pelican* and *The Stronger* for the Glen Morris Studio Theatre in Toronto. Walsh has worked as dramaturg on a number of productions with Theatre de la Jeune Lune, including the company-created *Children of Paradise* and *1789*, as well as Peter Barnes' *Red Noses*. He has also worked

with the Undermain Theatre and Moving Target Theatre in Dallas; the Guthrie Theatre Lab, Midwest Playwrights' Center, and Theatre in the Round in Minneapolis; Another Stage, Nemo Productions, and the Hart House Theatre in Toronto; and Andra Klass at Moderna Museet in Stockholm. Walsh holds a doctoral degree from the Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama at the University of Toronto. He has published articles in *Re-Interpreting Brecht*, *Strindberg's Dramaturgy*, *Studia Neophilologica*, *Scandinavian-Canadian Studies*, *Enclitic*, *Contemporary Literary Criticism Yearbook* (1985 and 1986), and *Canadian Theatre Review*, for which he served as special projects editor and book review editor.

DONALD EASTMAN (Scenic Design) makes his A.C.T. debut with this production. Principal designer for New York's CSC Repertory Ltd., his work with Carey Perloff includes *Phaedra Britannica*, *Don Juan of Seville*, *Happy Days*, *Elektra*, and *Creditors*. Other New York productions include *Cuba and His Teddy Bear* with Robert De Niro on Broadway, *Jungle of Cities* at the Public Theatre,

and productions for the New York Shakespeare Festival, Mabou Mines, the American Place Theatre, and La Mama E.T.C. His regional credits include the Long Wharf Theatre, Center Stage in Baltimore, Virginia Stage Company, Capital Repertory Company in Albany, New York, and Milwaukee Repertory Theater. A grantee of the National Opera Institute, he has designed for the Washington Opera, Spoleto Festival U.S.A., Virginia Opera, and Long Beach Opera. Eastman received the Obie Award for sustained excellence.

CALLIE FLOOR (Costume Design) earned her B.F.A. from the University of Utah and her Higher Diploma in Theatre Design from the Slade School of Fine Art, University College London. Since coming to the San Francisco Bay Area in 1987, she has designed for various Bay Area theaters, including the Oakland Ensemble Theatre, San Francisco Mime Troupe, Magic Theatre, Life on the Water, Zaccho Dance Theatre, Chabot College, and Theatre Rhinoceros. She has been honored with five Bay Area Theater Critics' Circle Award nominations, receiving one for the Magic Theatre's *Man of the Flesh*.

Favorite projects include *House of Yes*, for the Magic Theatre, *Sanctified* and *Face* for Ellen Sebastian, *Noyes Fludde* for the San Francisco Bay Revels, and *Promises, Promises!* for Chabot College. Floor is currently the resident designer for the San Francisco Bay Revels and also holds the position of Costume Rentals Supervisor for A.C.T.

FRANCES ARONSON (Lighting Design) is currently represented on Broadway by her work in *Falsettos* and recently lit *The Who's Tommy* for the La Jolla Playhouse. She is very pleased to continue her association with Carey Perloff, with whom she has collaborated on *Creditors*, *Happy Days*, *Elektra*, *Phaedra Britannica*, *Don Juan of Seville*, and *The Tower of Evil* at CSC Repertory Ltd. Her Off-Broadway credits include *Painting Churches*, *The Dining Room*, *Through the Leaves*, *Key Exchange*, and *The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives*. Other credits include numerous shows for Joe Papp's Public Theatre, Playwrights Horizons, Second Stage Theatre, and regional theaters across the country, including the Mark

Taper Forum, The Guthrie Theater, the Goodman Theatre, American Repertory Theatre, The Shakespeare Theatre at the Folger, and Arena Stage. Aronson received a 1990-91 Obie Award for sustained excellence of lighting design.

KAREN VAN ZANDT (Production Stage Manager) is now in her 14th season with A.C.T., where she has stage-managed productions of *Good*, *Charley's Aunt*, *Taking Steps*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Gospel at Colonus*, *Burn This*, *Twelfth Night*, *Saint Joan*, *Sunday in the Park with George*, *Another Part of the Forest*, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and *A Christmas Carol*. Other production credits in the Bay Area include *The Boys in Autumn* (with Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster), *Top Girls*, *Greater Tuna*, and *Love Letters*.

MERYL LIND SHAW (Assistant Stage Manager) debuts at A.C.T. after twelve years as Resident Stage Manager at Berkeley Repertory Theatre, where she stage-managed over forty shows, including *The Importance of Being Earnest*,

McTeague, *The Illusion*, *The Speed of Darkness*, *A View from the Bridge*, *The Misanthrope*, *Prelude to a Kiss*, *The Birthday Party*, *Execution of Justice*, and *U.S.A.* She stage-managed the world premiere of *In Perpetuity Throughout the Universe* at Baltimore's Center Stage and was Production Stage Manager at the California Shakespeare Festival for three seasons. She has also stage-managed at the San Francisco Shakespeare Festival, the Eureka Theatre Company, and the Alcazar. Shaw is a member of the board of directors of the California Shakespeare Festival.

DAVID ZUCKER SALTZ (Assistant Director), working for the first time with A.C.T., is a Lecturer in Humanities at Stanford University, where he is completing a Ph.D. in Drama. The productions he has directed at Stanford include *Marat/Sade*, *The Tempest*, and Strindberg's *Playing with Fire*. He is a founding member of the Credible Theater Company in Berkeley, where he directed *The Bay at Nice*. He has also published articles in scholarly journals about acting theory and modern drama.

A MAN AHEAD OF HIS TIME continued from page P-14

soul, nor a good container for two people. There's a leak in it somewhere. He may break the container himself when he sees an attractive face. As an artist he improvises; as a poet his work lacks meter and shape. Improvisation is not all wrong, but he tends to be proud of his lack of form because he feels suspicious of boundaries. The lack of boundaries will eventually damage him...

Somewhere in our past there's a dead body...a career mislaid, a relationship gone into the river, the corpse of a shamed boy.

—*Iron John*, by Robert Bly
(Random House, New York: 1992)

Male-Female Communication: An Oxymoron?

If women speak and hear a language of connection and intimacy, while men speak and hear a language of status and independence, then communication between men and women can be like cross-



Strindberg's first wife, Siri von Essen, in 1877

cultural communication, prey to a clash of conversational styles. Instead of different dialects, it has been said they speak different genderlects....

...Being in conflict also means being involved with each other. Although it is

true that many women are more comfortable using language to express rapport whereas many men are more comfortable using it for self-display, the situation is really more complicated than that, because self-display, when part of a mutual struggle, is also a kind of bonding. And conflict may be valued as a way of creating involvement with others.

To most women, conflict is a threat to connection, to be avoided at all costs. Disputes are preferably settled without direct confrontation. But to many men, conflict is the necessary means by which status is negotiated, so it is to be accepted and may even be sought, embraced, and enjoyed.

—*You Just Don't Understand*,
by Deborah Tannen, Ph.D.
(William Morrow, New York: 1990)

Marriage is...a drama in which a man and a woman must gradually divest themselves of their archetypes and stereotypes and come to love each other as perfectly flawed individuals.

—*Fire in the Belly*



NEWS FROM THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER

Creditors Owes a Debt of Gratitude

A.C.T.'s production of *Creditors* is sponsored by Alan and Ruth Stein of San Francisco. As Chairman of the A.C.T. Board of Trustees, Stein says that he and his wife chose August Strindberg's drama as the recipient of their support because it is Carey Perloff's San Francisco directing debut as well as the inaugural production of her first season as A.C.T.'s Artistic Director.

"Last year," says Mr. Stein, "the company celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. This season is the start of our second quarter-century, the beginning of a new period in A.C.T. history. Ruth and I wanted very much to honor the milestone that this production represents."

The Steins' involvement with A.C.T. goes back more than two decades to their early days in San Francisco, when Mr. Stein accepted the invitation of Cyril Magnin and Alan Becker to join them on the old California Association for A.C.T. board. In addition to his duties as Chairman of the current Board of Trustees, Mr. Stein also serves on the Museum of Modern Art board, of which he is a past president. He is a General Partner and the Director of Investment Banking of



Chairman of the A.C.T. Board of Trustees
Alan Stein and his wife Ruth



During rehearsals of his new play, *Reindeer Soup*, at A.C.T.'s Young Conservatory, playwright Joe Pintauro (left) discusses script revisions with student actors Adam Costello and Adela Laczynski and Young Conservatory Director Craig Slight. Pintauro spent several days working with the cast of *Reindeer Soup*, which was commissioned by the Young Conservatory for its 1992 Summer Performance Workshop.

Montgomery Securities, where he has also been a member of the Executive Committee since 1982. He has served as the Secretary of the Business and Transportation Agency for the State of California, and was Associate Dean of Executive Education at U.C. Berkeley's Business School. He is also the founding chairman of Bridge Housing, a nonprofit company formed to provide affordable housing.

As head of the capital campaign to raise \$24 million for the restoration and reopening of the Geary Theater, Stein has been working closely with Perloff to get major fundraising underway. "Carey has the vision and the ability to articulate it," Mr. Stein says, "and she's developed a lot of support in the community already. I believe that the percentage of subscription renewals that we've had this year, which is the highest in the company's history, is a strong indication of that support and people's faith in what Carey can do for A.C.T."

A.C.T. Harvests a New Crop of Talent

A.C.T. announces the selection of seven stellar performers from the Conservatory Advanced Training Program's thirty-one-member 1992 graduating class for this season's Professional Theater Internship Program. Admission to this one-year program is by invitation only and is dependent on the casting needs of the A.C.T. acting company and the repertory season. The program provides Advanced Training Program graduates an additional level of professional education that emphasizes rehearsal and performance in a wide variety of classical and contemporary styles, including advanced training in classical theater and ensemble acting skills. The program offers participants the opportunity to obtain hands-on experience by performing on the mainstage as part of the A.C.T. professional company, and in most cases



J. Todd Adams



Charla Cabot



Andrew DeAngelo



Brad DePlanche

the students receive Actors' Equity Association Professional Theater Intern contracts. Qualified participants may also elect to work toward a Master of Fine Arts in Acting degree as part of the program, since A.C.T. is the only independent theater company in the country accredited to award the degree.

We are proud to introduce A.C.T.'s 1992-93 Professional Theater Interns:

J. Todd Adams, originally from Highland, Utah, received his B.A. in English from Brigham Young University. He is this year's recipient of the 1992 Peninsula Children's Theater Association Fellowship Award. Last season he appeared in A.C.T.'s mainstage production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and his roles in A.C.T. studio productions included Mr. Morse in *The Hot l Baltimore*, Frederick in *Pirates of Penzance*, and Hotspur in Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Pt. 1*. Adams returns to A.C.T. this season from a summer with the Utah Shakespeare Festival.

Charla Cabot first came to A.C.T. to participate in the Conservatory's Summer Training Congress after graduating from the University of the Pacific and studying music at the Guildhall School of Music in London. Last spring she appeared in a scene from *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* at a benefit for the San Francisco Performing Arts Library and Museum, and she spent this past summer at the Colorado Shakespeare Festival. At A.C.T. she has appeared in *Cyrano*, sung in the A.C.T. Christmas Treat for two seasons, and rendered several unique performances in studio productions, including portrayals of King Henry in *Henry IV, Pt. 1*, Marion Clay in *Angels Fall*, and the deliciously decadent Jenny Diver in Brecht's

The Threepenny Opera as part of last spring's production of *The Recession Operas*.

Andrew DeAngelo was also introduced to A.C.T. by the Summer Training Congress, after he graduated with a B.F.A. in Theater from Chapman College. His A.C.T. studio production roles included Zappy in *Angels Fall*, the Major General in *Pirates of Penzance*, Richard II in *Henry IV, Pt. 1*, and Jailor Smith in *The Recession Operas*.

Brad DePlanche returns to A.C.T. from a summer with the Utah Shakespeare Festival. In addition to graduating from the Advanced Training Program, he has received dramatic training at the Interlochen Arts Academy, the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, South Coast Repertory, and the A.C.T. Summer Training Congress. His A.C.T. studio production appearances included Father Doherty in *Angels Fall*, Bunthorne in *Patience*, and Filch in *The Recession Operas*.

Tracey Huffman is a graduate of the University of Findlay, in Findlay, Ohio. Her film experience includes the lead role in *Forever Evil* and a stint as a puppeteer for *Gremlins*. Her A.C.T. studio roles included Lady Macbeth in *Macbeth*, Gwen in *5th of July*, Katisha in *The Mikado*, and Polly in *The Recession Operas*.

Cynthia Lynch journeyed west from Connecticut before obtaining her B.A. in English from Colorado College and joining the Advanced Training Program. She appeared in A.C.T. studio productions of *The Mound Builders* (as Delia Eriksen), *Pirates of Penzance* (as Edith), *The Winter's Tale* (as Paulina), and John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (as Jenny Diver), part of *The Recession Operas* project.

John Reynolds earned his B.A. from Colby College. At A.C.T. he has appeared as Mr. Katz in studio productions of *The Hot l Baltimore*, Grosvenor in *Patience*, Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, and Brown in *The Recession Operas*.

A.C.T. congratulates these outstanding young actors on their admission to the program and welcomes them back for an exhilarating season.



Tracey Huffman



Cynthia Lynch



John Reynolds

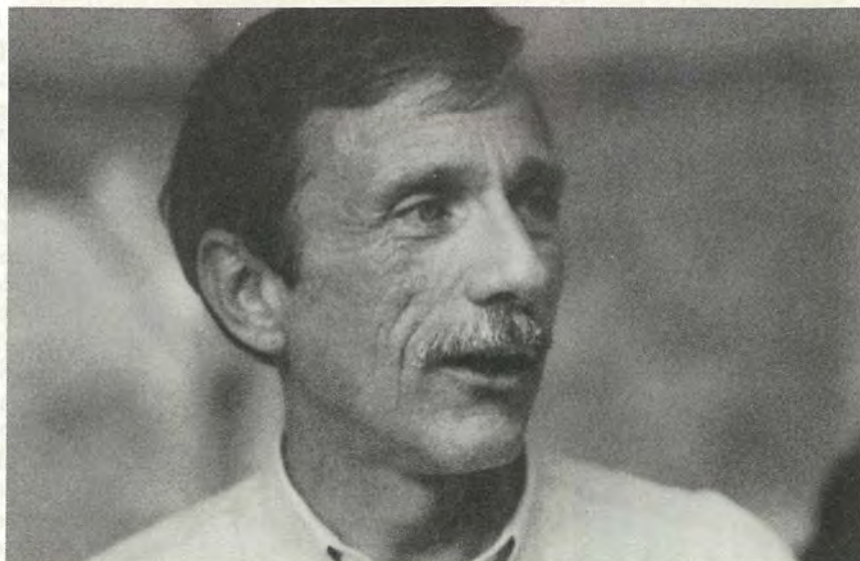


In Memory of Joseph M. Patterson (1944-1992)

On April 11, 1992, services were held at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco to celebrate the life of Joseph M. Patterson, A.C.T.'s Director of Finance from 1987 until his death on March 30 this year. A.C.T. mourns the loss of this dear friend and colleague who, in leaving us, took with him one of the national arts community's brightest minds and warmest hearts.

Over the course of his life, Joe dedicated much of his time and effort to his work in the performing arts. He began his career in 1966 as Business Manager of the Center Stage Theater in Baltimore. Later, he was the Subscription Director at Baltimore's Morris Mechanic Theater, and he was the General Manager of the Maryland Ballet from 1977 to 1978. After moving to San Francisco in 1978, he was named an NEA fellow in arts management at the San Francisco Ballet, and from 1978 until his arrival at A.C.T. he was Budget Administrator of the San Francisco Opera. As he moved through the worlds of opera, theater, and ballet, Joe developed a well-deserved reputation as one of the nation's most efficient, astute, and talented financial managers—as well as a compassionate man with a wonderful sense of humor.

To honor Joe's memory, his friends and colleagues—among them Dianne Prichard, A.C.T.'s General Manager; Christine Fiedler, currently Development Director at the Mark Taper Forum and formerly A.C.T.'s Development Director; Samuel Leftwich, owner of Leftwich & Associates Catering; and Marcia A. O'Dea, Managing Director of the California Shakespeare Festival—have arranged with The San Francisco Foundation to establish the **Joseph M. Patterson Fund**, which will be the source of an award to an administrator in the performing arts each year. The Fund will seek nominations of arts administrators throughout the country who reflect the skills and sensibilities Joe exemplified and who, like Joe, have dedicated their careers to enabling performers to pursue artistic excellence by providing the top quality administrative and financial management



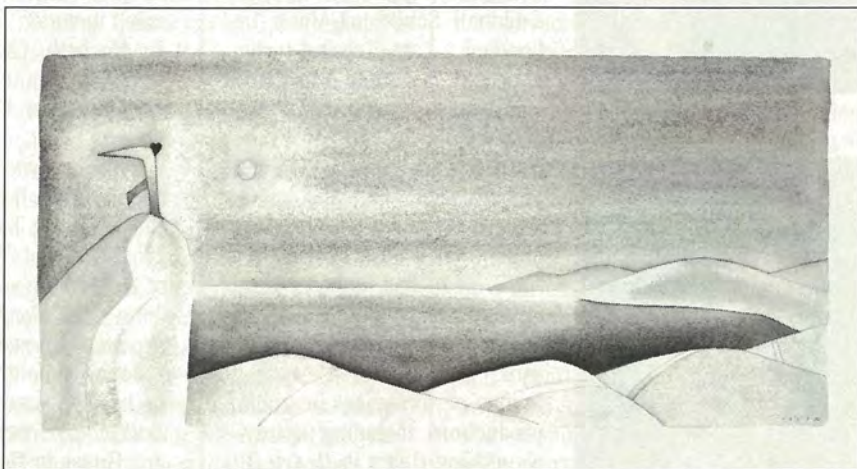
Joseph M. Patterson, A.C.T.'s Director of Finance, 1987-92

necessary to support their work. The award is unique in that it will be distributed nationally; while there are a number of nationwide artistic honors, there is no other national award that recognizes the merits and contributions of arts administrators.

Joe's contributions to the arts, his colleagues, and the lives of the artists he assisted were many and varied. "Joe often emerged as 'The Patron Saint of Hopeless Cashflows' and 'The Unsung Hero of the Bottom Line,'" remembers Fiedler. Adds Prichard, "He will be profoundly missed by those of us who were lucky enough to work with him or count ourselves among his friends. We want this Fund to ensure

that his name and memory live on. We hope that it will serve as a symbol of our respect and affection for Joe and will enrich the lives of others who share his personal and professional values."

The founders of the Fund hope to raise more than \$10,000 as an initial endowment that will generate sufficient interest income to yield the annual award. Gifts to the **Joseph M. Patterson Fund** should be directed to **The San Francisco Foundation, 685 Market Street, San Francisco, 94105-9716**. Contributions are tax deductible; donors should make checks payable to The San Francisco Foundation and enclose a note indicating that the gift is to be restricted to the Patterson Fund.



Simply Imagine, an original watercolor, was commissioned by A.C.T. for its 1992-93 Season of Discovery subscription campaign from internationally acclaimed French artist Jean-Michel Folon. 18" x 28" color prints are available for purchase in the lobby for \$15.



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A.C.T. logo designed by Landor Associates.

DIRECTORS, DESIGNERS, AND STAFF

continued from page P-4

Valencia Rose Cabaret Theater. Powers' reviews and articles have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Saturday Review*, *Los Angeles Times*, *American Arts*, and *San Francisco Chronicle*.

JAMES HAIRE (Production Director) began his career on Broadway with Eva Le Gallienne's National Repertory Theater. Among the productions he stage-managed were *The Madwoman of Chaillot* with Le Gallienne, Sylvia Sydney, and Leora Dana, *The Rivals*, *John Brown's Body*, *She Swoops to Conquer*, and *The Comedy of Errors*. Haire also stage-managed the Broadway productions of *Georgy* (a musical by Carole Bayer Sager), *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, and the national tour of Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water*. Haire joined A.C.T. in 1971 as Production Stage Manager. In that capacity, he managed more than one hundred productions and took the company on numerous regional, national, and international tours. He assumed the position of Production Director in 1989.

STEPHEN LeGRAND (Music and Sound) is now in his seventh season as sound designer and composer for A.C.T. His work with the company has included musical compositions and sound design for *Good, Charley's Aunt*, *Taking Steps*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Seagull*, and *Faustus in Hell*. He wrote the music for *A Lie of the Mind*, *Saint Joan*, and *Hapgood* with his collaborator Eric Drew Feldman, with whom he has received awards for their scores for *The Lady's Not for Burning* at A.C.T., *The Tooth of Crime* and *The Rivals* at Berkeley Repertory Theatre, and *Fen* for the Eureka Theatre Company. LeGrand's work has included scores for *Yankee Dawg You Die* at Berkeley Rep and the Los Angeles Theatre Center, and *Lulu* and *Fuente Ovejuna* for Berkeley Rep. He also composed music for *The Wash* at the Mark Taper Forum.

RICK ECHOLS (Wigmaster) has designed hair and makeup for over two hundred productions at A.C.T. since 1971, including *Charley's Aunt*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Dark Sun*, *Hamlet*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and the company's touring productions to Connecticut, Hawaii, Russia, and Japan. He also created wigs and makeup for A.C.T.'s television productions of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *A Christmas Carol*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Among his other television and film credits are *A View to a Kill*, *Birdy*, "Over Easy" with Hugh Downs, *A Life in the Theatre* with Peter Evans and Ellis Rabb, "The Kathryn Crosby Show," and over one hundred commercials. Mr. Echols designed hair and makeup for the original production of *Cinderella* for the San Francisco Ballet, *Hamlet* with Anne Baxter and Christopher Walken for the American Shakespeare Festival, and *A Life* with Roy Dotrice for the Citadel Theatre in Edmonton, Canada. He worked on the national tours of *42nd Street* and *Sweet Charity* with Debbie Allen and toured to Las Vegas and London with Bing Crosby. Echols' other credits include wigs and makeup for Eureka Theatre Company's *Angels in America*.

ELLEN NOVACK (Casting Consultant) affiliates with A.C.T. for the first time this season. She was the managing and/or casting director for CSC Repertory Ltd. for six years and received Artios Award nominations for three plays she cast there: *Elektra*, *The Birthday Party*, and *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*. She has also cast more than twenty productions for the New York Shakespeare Festival and has worked at eighteen regional theaters. Her television credits include serving as casting director for NBC's "Another World" and casting the pilot "NYPD Mounted" for CBS. She is currently the casting director for ABC's "One Life to Live."

ssdc

The Director is a member of the Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers, Inc., an independent national labor union.

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES

A.C.T.'s administrative and Conservatory offices are located at 450 Geary Street, San Francisco, CA 94102. (415) 749-2200.

BOX OFFICE INFORMATION

A.C.T.'s Central Box Office

Location: 405 Geary Street at Mason, next to the Geary Theater, one block west of Union Square.

Box Office Hours: 10 a.m. - 9 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday; 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. Sunday and Monday.

Ticket Information/Charge By Phone: (415) 749-2ACT. Use your Visa, MasterCard, or American Express card.

Box Offices at the Stage Door Theater, Marines Memorial Theatre, and Orpheum Theatre: Full-service box offices will be open 90 minutes before each performance in these venues.

BASS: A.C.T. tickets are available at all Bass/TM centers, including The Warehouse and Tower Records/Video.

STAGE DOOR/ MARINES MEMORIAL/ ORPHEUM THEATRES	
Ticket Prices	
Previews:	
Orchestra/Loge	\$23
Balcony	\$18
Gallery	\$10
Sunday/Tuesday/Wednesday/Thursday	
Orchestra/Loge	\$29
Balcony	\$22
Gallery	\$11
Friday/Saturday	
Orchestra/Loge	\$36
Balcony	\$27
Gallery	\$12

Group Discounts: For groups of 15 or more, call Linda Graham at (415) 346-7805 for special prices.

Latecomers: Latecomers will be seated at an appropriate interval.

Mailing List: Call 749-2228 to request advance notice of shows, events, and subscription information.

Gift Certificates: Give A.C.T. to a friend, relative, co-worker, or client. Gift certificates are perfect for every celebration.

Discounts: Half-price tickets are frequently available on the day of performance at STBS on Union Square in San Francisco. Half-price Student and Senior Rush tickets are available at the theater box office 90 minutes prior to curtain. Matinee Senior Rush price is \$5. All

rush tickets are subject to availability, one ticket per valid I.D.

Ticket Policy: All sales are final, and there are no refunds. Only current subscribers enjoy ticket exchange privileges or lost ticket insurance. If at the last minute you are unable to attend, you may make a contribution by donating your tickets to A.C.T. The value of donated tickets will be acknowledged by mail. Tickets for performances already past cannot be considered as a donation.

Wheelchair Access: The Stage Door, Marines Memorial Theatre, and the Orpheum Theatre are accessible to persons in wheelchairs.

The Sennheiser Listening System is designed to provide clear, amplified sound anywhere in the auditorium. Headsets are available free of charge in the lobby before performance.

Photographs and Recordings of A.C.T. performances are strictly forbidden.

Smoking is not permitted in the auditorium.

Beepers! If you carry a pager, beeper, watch, or alarm, please make sure that it is set to the "off" position while you are in the theater to avoid disturbing the performance. Alternately, you may leave it with the House Manager, along with your seat number, so you can be notified if you are called.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS

A.C.T. Prologues are presented before the Tuesday evening Previews for all productions, except *A Christmas Carol*, in the same theater as the evening's play, from 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. Doors open at 5:00 p.m.

Post-performance Conversations: Informative after-show discussions concerning issues and ideas surrounding the evening's play will occasionally be scheduled throughout the season. Evening programs will have special inserts describing the speaker and topics for that evening. The Conversations, moderated by A.C.T. Associate Artistic Directors, are free of charge and are open to everyone. For information about upcoming Conversations, call 749-2228.

School Matinees: Matinees are offered at 1:00 p.m. to elementary, secondary, and college groups. Thousands of students attend these performances each season. Tickets are specially priced at just \$8. For more information, please call Jane Tarver, Student Matinee Coordinator, at 749-2230.

Conservatory: The A.C.T. conservatory offers classes, training, and advanced theater study for adults. Its Young Conservatory program

offers training for students between the ages of 8 and 18. Call 749-2350 for a free brochure.

Costume Rental: A large collection of costumes, ranging from hand-made period garments to modern sportswear, is available for rental by schools, theaters, production companies, and individuals. Call (415) 749-2296 for more information.

A.C.T. Venues:

ORPHEUM THEATRE:

The Orpheum Theatre is located on Market Street at Eighth, near the Civic Center BART/MUNI Station.

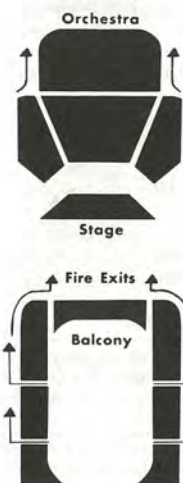
THE STAGE DOOR THEATER

The Stage Door Theater is located at 420 Mason Street at Geary, one block from Union Square.

MARINES MEMORIAL THEATRE

The Marines Memorial Theatre is located at 609 Sutter Street at Mason. Conveniently located within short walking distance of the Stage Door Theater, the Marines' Memorial Theatre is close to many fine restaurants near Union Square. Ask our Box Office for suggestions.

Stage Door Theater



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From Peak to Playa

The Natural Splendors of Mexico

Progress of a sort is coming to Morelia, arguably the grandest Spanish colonial town in Mexico, designated by UNESCO as a World Heritage Site, and situated at a lofty six thousand feet above sea level.

The vastly improved Highway 120 from Morelia to the nearby ancient mountain lake village of Pátzcuaro has been widened to a four-lane highway. This advance eliminates your basic Mexican concept of a "civilian" *grand prix* safely reducing the driving time in half *en route* through grazing lands and pine forests to The Place of Temples, sacred to the Tarascan Indians its original inhabitants.

Morelia, capital of Michoacán State (its name, like Michigan, derives from the Indian phrase Great Waters), has managed to preserve an earlier lifestyle materially aided by city ordinances that mandate colonial-style pink stone construction.

In another cosmic change, the Spanish/French chateau, Villa Montaña standing majestically on the hill above Morelia, has added television and direct-dial telephones to its rooms. These amenities might not be that noteworthy other than the fact that one of the most beautiful inns in Mexico has bowed to changing times and the perceived needs of American tourists to whom the *margarita*, *sopa tarasca*, *huevos rancheros* and *langostins* are simply not sufficient.

To the manor born, the owners Count Philippe and Countess Eva de Reiset have created a baronial forty-room hideaway with buttressed brick archways and tiled

patios complete with swimming pool, on four acres of Sierra Madre mountainside overlooking the Morelian plateau.

A statue of San Jorge (St. George) with sword protects the menagerie of stone animal carvings scattered on the brick



steps of a sculpture garden, enlivened with bougainvillea, jacaranda, orchids and floripondio. A breezy café-terrace is framed by "dancing" cypress trees. Rooms are furnished with priceless Mexican antiques — ornate mirrors, huge credenzas, iron candelabra, an occasional Madonna, and now on a contemporary note, a jacuzzi in the Presidential suite.

Needless to say, the mountaintop location makes air conditioning unnecessary.

What makes this place so remarkable is that Villa Montana is only thirty years

old and is the creation of a Connecticut Yankee, Raymond J. Cote. This émigré to central Mexico asked master builder Arnolfo Caesar to create a hotel that would seem to be at least five hundred years old using aged timbers, lacy iron-work and hand-cut local pink stone.

The craft work and atmosphere of Villa Montana matches in spirit the ambiance of nearby Morelia created by the will of an indomitable and remarkable priest, Bishop Vasco de Quiroga.

The good father arrived in 1540, at the behest of the Spanish monarchy to assume the role of protector of the Tarascan Indians who had been devastated by the conquistadors and almost destroyed as a race but were never conquered.

Among his lasting achievements was the creation of "cottage" industries. In order to assure each village a unique independence, Indians were taught non-competing craft specialties such as wood carving, wool weaving and pottery making — master skills which continue to this day and which make a travesty of the so-called "folk art" on sale to tourists in Mexico City.

The Casa de las Artesanías, located in what once was the Convent of San Francisco, has elaborate displays of this handiwork where each village has its own exhibit room. On the upper floors there are endless supplies of lacquerware from Uruapan; copperware from Santa Clara del Cobre; guitars from Paracho; green pottery from Patamban; brown pottery from Tzintzuntzan; ceramic "cartoon" figures from Ocumicho, chair making from Opopeo, and woven reeds and textiles from Erongaricuaru. There's shell jewelry,

J. Herbert Silverman is travel editor of ARTnews and contributes regularly to Wine & Spirits.

Above: The baronial forty-room Villa Montaña nestled on the Sierra Madre mountainside overlooking the Morelian plateau.
Opposite page: Morelia's Church of Our Lady glitters with gold-leaf.

by J. Herbert Silverman

straw-work and woodwork — toys and *auténtico* souvenirs by the dozen.

The resident cathedral has two hundred-foot towers and an odd mix of architectural styles summed up as "Mexican Baroque." The entrance is composed of three leather and wood doors, leading to a majestic interior with a great four thousand-six hundred-pipe organ. A smaller instrument is pressed into service for daily devotions.

The main altar, dominated by a tiled dome, is a copy of St. Peter's in Rome albeit without columns, and has a reliquary dedicated to the sacred heart of Jesus — a silver and gold masterwork weighing eight hundred kilos and fifty-

Jesuit educator.

The prelate was highly recognized for his scientific achievements and his literacy in Latin, Greek and Hebrew as well as the Indian languages, Nahuatl and Otomi. Today appropriately, the Palacio serves as tourist headquarters for the city.

Morelia is also the site of an old convent, Santa Rosa, the first music school in the Americas with the courtyard still resonating with the sounds of students practicing on their guitars. This is also the home of a children's choir which has been compared favorably to the Vienna Boys Choir.

Restoration in Morelia doesn't stop at homes and seminaries. The Bancomer



three meters high.

The church is located on the Plaza de Armas, the local *zócalo* (square) known also as the *Plaza de los Mártires* (Martyrs), a reminder of rebel priests executed here. They had participated in the revolt against Spanish domination in 1810 when the Mexican revolution was born.

In contrast, the Church of Our Lady in a more subdued neighborhood, glitters with gold-leaf and a carved ceiling recalling scenes of proselytizing Franciscans who brought Christianity to the Indians.

The Palacio Clavijero, a former Jesuit seminary, is a handsome edifice designed in pure Castillian style. It was named for Francisco Javier Clavijero, a brilliant

Building is a bank gracefully housed in a carefully preserved eighteenth century mansion with courtyard, colonnades and wrought iron interior decor.

Madero Avenue, the scaled-down Morelian equivalent of the Champs Élysées, is lined with private homes of rich merchants (now gentrified apartments) and offers access to Avenida Acueducto. Centerpiece is an eighteenth century one-mile-long stone aqueduct with two hundred fifty-three arches, built in 1785 in a record six months by the Bishop Antonio de San Miguel to alleviate a severe drought.

Among the best restaurants in Morelia is Masón San Diego (on the most beautiful *avenida* in town) with pink table

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cloths, palm and papyrus plants shading a blue pool and a cuisine which highlights a local delicacy, *pescado blanco de Pátzcuaro* (white fish) along with *trucha a la Parrilla* (trout seasoned with dijon mustard), a selection of *ravioles gigantes* (pasta), and *canelones* with a sauce béchamel. The wine list is notable.

The Fonda de las Mercedes (León Guzmán No. 47) is Mexican country cooking at its best, with a specialty whitefish as well as planked chicken, grilled shrimp, and a wonderful *crepas de zarzamora*.

It's all served in the hacienda atmosphere of a palm tree-framed courtyard decorated with bas relief Indian art, olive oil tubs and antique Mexican furniture. No modern technology here, a seventy-five year-old National Cash Register from Dayton, Ohio, totals your bill and if you need a receipt, it's handwritten.

The picturesque drive from Morelia to the aforementioned thirteen-mile-long Lake Pátzcuaro more than seven thousand feet above sea level, is at its spectacular best when the route curves across a massive hydroelectric dam.

The village of Pátzcuaro, near the lake, was the birthplace of a revolutionary heroine, Gertrudis Bocanegra, executed by a firing squad for her support of Mexican independence. She is remembered by a plaza which serves as the marketplace.

A village church here has been converted into a library and contains a painting of Eréndira, daughter of a resident Tarascan Indian noble family. She was believed to be the first Indian woman ever to mount a horse, when she rode off to find allies to fight the Spanish conqueror, Núñez de Guzmán, whose ravages were later repaired by Bishop de Quiroga.

Pátzcuaro was the capital of the mysterious Purepechan Indians who briefly appeared in the fourteenth century, were never linked to any other people of the Americas, and then wiped out by conquistadors.

Interestingly enough, their tongue contained no swear words. Those were later added by the Spanish.

Among the historical monuments here is a giant statue of Father José María Morelos, a major revolutionary leader, standing proudly on Janitzio Island in the

middle of the lake, who gave his name to the state capital formerly called Valladolid, its namesake city in Spain.

Normally Pátzcuaro is a sleepy "touristic" village of about three thousand souls but every November 2nd, The Day of the Dead Festival, it draws hundreds of artists and craftsmen from all over Mexico to its plazas, streets and alleys. The artful visitors add an infinite number of craft choices to the existing shops. The festival itself, ends a night-long vigil remembering the souls of the deceased but is actually a cheerful and slightly rowdy revelry.

Some of the best handicraft shops are located in the two hundred-year-old Casa



Straw vendor in the village of Pátzcuaro

of Eleven Patios framed with Romanesque arches and stone ramparts, now being restored to its eighteenth century magnificence. It comes replete with family-owned and operated boutiques where one can buy gaily-colored Mexican napkins (\$1), enameled jewelry boxes (\$3), hand-worked silver necklaces (\$50), and hand-carved floral-intaglio coffee tables (\$70).

The local cathedral has marble floors, alabaster railings and a Madonna, (The Virgin of Health, made from corn paste) under a blue and white canopy. Legend holds that if one passes under her train, a miracle will happen.

A fascinating museum has been established in the School of St. Nicholas, with

rooms surrounding a flora-filled patio.

This showplace contains such exhibits as a huge kitchen with a central cook stove fired by wood or coal. Wooden cooking utensils are conveniently mounted on the wall. The kitchen was the centerpiece of early Mexican homes, and this example is as large as a small one-family home.

Pátzcuaro has a colonial-style hotel, Los Escudos, owned by a lyrically named proprietor, J. Encarnación Báez Ponce de Leon, with a selection of varied-sized rooms some with wood-burning fireplaces. Ambiance is pure Mexican *villageois* including balconied windows overlooking the square.

At Tzintzuntzan, the main street is lined with well-managed shops selling delicate brown pottery. In this eclectic group, there are also crafts from towns like Quiroga and Tocuaro featuring humorous wicker fish and birds as well as "fearful" elaborately carved masks and animal figures made from *copalito* wood.

The sixteenth century monastery and church has a courtyard large enough to contain the Super Bowl stadium. In this case however, it's rimmed with olive trees brought here under special dispensation in the early 1700s when Spain forbade the export of this fruit tree.

A two-hour drive from Morelia northeasterly to Ezequiel Montes, in the state of Queretaro, reminds a visitor that Mexico, (land of the *margarita*, that cheerful blend of tequila, orange liqueur and lime juice) is also a wine producer of note. In fact, it was the first country in North America to plant vines.

Dona Dolores is a state-of-the-art winery here. Owned by Spain's giant Catalan Freixenet group, it offers a sparkling blend of chenin blanc, ugni blanc and pinot chardonnay made by the *méthode champenoise* technique. The winery follows in the centuries-old tradition of the company which bottles Castellblanch and Segua viudas in Spain, Henri Abele in Reims and Gloria Ferrer in California.

Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo

In sharp contrast to the mountain world of Morelia, Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo forms an amiable partnership of a successfully planned contemporary resort (Ixtapa), and a sleepy Mexican coast village (Zihu-

atanejo) side by side on the southern Pacific coast.

The comparison is best summed up by the fact that on the road between the two resorts, one will pass peasants on burros and golfers in Mercedes limousines headed for the latest version of a structured Mexican luxury resort.

Zihuatanejo means "Land of Women" in the multi-syllabled Tarascan Purépecha language. According to local folklore, a Tarascan king, Calzonzin chose the hillside above the sweeping bay for his royal court. He built a huge rock breakwater as a protection for his household "of many wives." Today, this private *playa* for



Golf Club at Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo.

Tarascan princesses, called *Las Gatas* is a scuba diver's paradise with its beautiful coral reefs. A dive center and a string of open-air "basic" seafood restaurants grace the beach.

The Tarascan kingdom evolved into an agricultural province where cotton, cacao and corn were the cash crops of the fifteenth century and whose early tourists included the notorious Hernán Cortés.

All that has changed, and this bay village of fishermen and farmers, northwest of Acapulco yielding to the blandishments of tourism, has paved some of the dirt roads (not all, thankfully), created a tiny but fascinating pre-Columbian museum, and a resort hotel, Villa del Sol, that could

have come from an El Greco painting.

During the colonial period the bay of Zihuatanejo was virtually uninhabited, although later it became a pirate's lair after the arrival on the Costa Grande of Sir Francis Drake.

The Villa del Sol is an adobe casita enclave of palms and tropical gardens on Playa de Ropa Beach whose assets include gentle surf, protecting palm *palapas* as a shelter against the tropical sun — and miracle of miracles — no wandering itinerant vendors on the beach, which by law is open to the public. They have transferred by government decree to waterfront "flea markets" in town offering native crafts from the nearby Sierra Madre mountain villages at bargain prices.

Vegetation at the Villa del Sol runs the gamut from royal palms and areca palms to the striking *palmas de la India* palms as well as long stretches of bougainvillea.

The entire area is cooled by breezes all day long from the Sierra Madre del Sur, and while temperatures do rise to tropical extremes during summer (low season), shaded areas on the beach are casually comfortable.

Rooms along meandering "flumes" have large canopied beds, some of the largest bathrooms in Mexico resortland, and satellite television where one can watch reruns of *Andy Hardy*, *Gypsy* or current whodunits. Some mini suites have a whirlpool or mini-outdoor pool and/or terrace or balcony. Room service is "self-service," and if you want an early orange juice to take back to your room, just wander over to the kitchen where a cheerful staff will quickly grant your request.

Under the ownership of Helmut W. Leins, a Munich-born engineer turned hotelier who arrived here in 1969 on a six-seater "bush" airplane and learned his Spanish from bricklayers building the foundations, the hotel publishes one of the more candid in-house guides to a resort. In its pages one can find instructions on dining. "Meal hours are a diplomatic compromise between the North American desire to dine fairly early and the Mexican preference for waiting until just before *death by starvation* occurs."

And on a welcome pacific note, "We play music over the system in the bar and restaurant and to be honest, we like clas-

sical the best (Mozart entertains nightly in the restaurant). Don't expect to hear Concrete Blond or David Lee Roth."

Cuisine is international with a guest "mix" of Americans, Europeans and Mexicans. Steaks are flown in from the states, vegetables come from Mexico City and the seafood is fresh and local.

While most guests seem content to while away their time at the bar or beach, master potter Panchito from the village of San Juan near Ixtapa who sells his wares at a tiny beachfront stall, also instructs guests on how to paint their own pottery. For only a few thousand pesos, aspiring potters can create masterpieces *al fresco* while enjoying a margarita.

A new hotel nearby, the deluxe Casa Que Canta (the House that Sings) is a thatched-roof showcase built of brown cement and native straw. The architecture and interior are reminiscent of the great Barcelona architect, Gaudí, in its imagery. No two suites are alike, the furniture, handpainted and handcrafted from Michoacán and the remainder of the furnishings are colonial antiques.

Zihuatanejo offers scuba diving, windsurfing, water skiing, tennis, and golf at nearby Robert Trent-Jones course.

If deep-sea fishing or diving is your sport of choice, take a small outboard called a *panga* across the harbor to Las Gatas.

Here Jean Claude "Carlo" Durand, a former Mexico City businessman turned beachcomber, is owner and dive master of a rustic and highly successful beachfront dive shop. Divers can venture into one hundred-foot canyons or snorkelers can have an ecstatic experience spotting coral reef fish ranging from delicate nudibranchs, sea horses, yellow barber fish and Cortes angelfish to the Mexican yellow "goatfish."

Or charter one of Amado Bustos's fishing vessels for one hundred-twenty dollars for six to seven hours and set out for yellow tuna, mako, marlin or sailfish.

Fishermen can tell Amado or any other skipper if they want to "catch and release." Seventy percent of the fish are being released. A "Tag-and-Release" program is also catching on and recently a marlin tagged here showed up in Australia.

If you keep your catch for dinner (like

a tuna, dorado, swordfish or roosterfish), the crew will fillet it and you can take it to a restaurant such as Casa Elvira or La Mesa del Capitán in the center of Zihuatanejo.

For Mexican cuisine at its most authentic try *guachinango* (red snapper) at Sirena Gorda (The Fat Siren) or *camarones* (giant shrimp) from the kitchen in Canaima on the beach.

It must be remembered that in the mid-1940s, Zihuatanejo was a frontier village, only three square blocks surrounded by coconut palms with a dirt road leading from its beach to an airstrip.

Wrote historian Ruth Anita Cowan,



Westin's Camino Real at Ixtapa.

"The accommodations were simple. Guests had cots separated by cotton muslin curtains and partitions of mosquito netting. Odd chickens or pigs strolling among the cots were not uncommon. The place opened up with the help of two films, *Accent to the Sky* and *Island of Passion*, a Spanish production made by a Mexican director."

The first church, Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe was built, and at the time, it took twenty-six hours to drive to Acapulco. Hunters found the area a paradise for ten dollars a day and would bring their own ammunition, a practice that is frowned upon today.

By contrast, the "invented" city of

Ixtapa only a short cab ride away from Zihuatanejo, is the result of a planning decision by the Mexican Central Bank to take advantage of the economic value of tourism. A computer model was used to select new sites for development. Cancun was chosen on the east coast. Ixtapa and Zihuatanejo on the Pacific.

The choice was felicitous, and Ixtapa has become a happy success — elegant, clean, safe, and lined with world-class hotels along Palmar Beach.

Possibly the most striking of the sleek hotels such as the Krystal, Omni and Sheraton Resort on Palmar Beach is the monumental Westin. The pyramidal hostelry, reached by a winding stone approach, is the only hotel on a secluded hillside above the sun-soaked beach with diving and snorkeling at hand.

The architecture verges on the stark, but the views of the sea framed by open walls are a triumph of resort design.

The Westin lobby is on the eighteenth floor and one takes an elevator down to a private beach.

Or walk through a tropical forest through aqueducts to a series of pools located at the base of the hotel along the seashore.

This resort hotel is at the beginning of the carefully landscaped Ixtapa Boulevard lined with handicraft shops, art galleries, restaurants and glittery all-night discos.

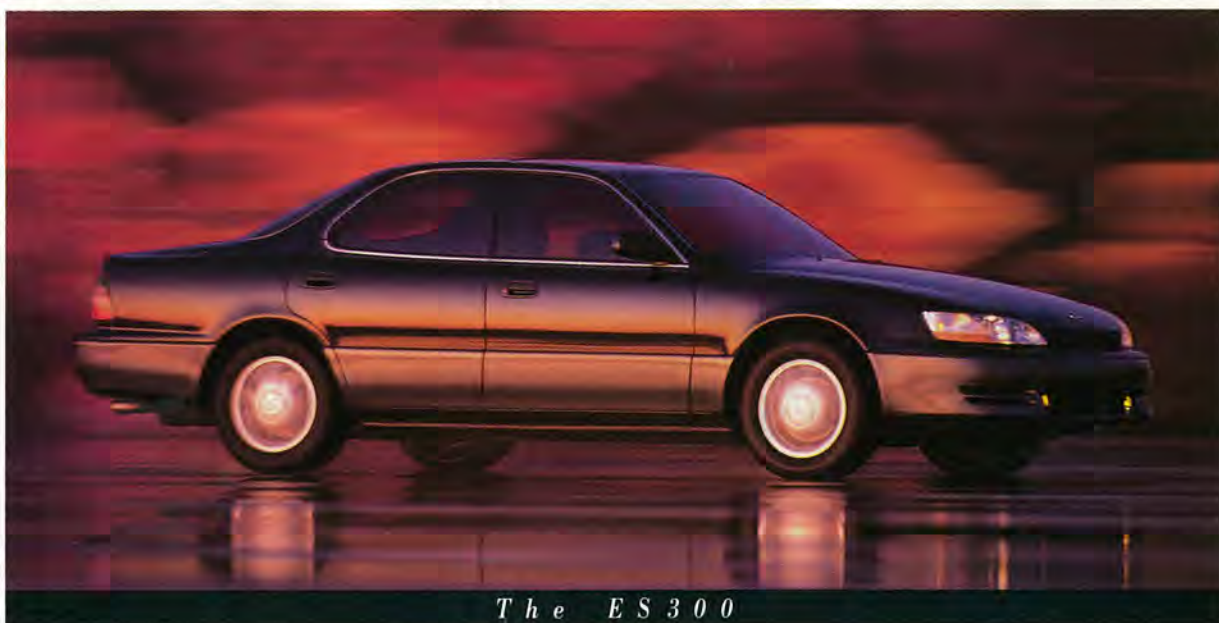
The Stouffer Presidente has the largest swimming pool in Ixtapa conveniently located on Playa Palmar with a lobby cooled by the prevailing winds and directly across from the main shopping area.

The Mercado de Artesanía Turístico is located across the boulevard and has one hundred-fifty vendors selling an omnipresent array of silver crafts, leather goods, woven textiles and hand-embroidered apparel.

Saving grace in the future of Ixtapa is that the planning for the community has placed a "cap" on overdevelopment. All current hotels are limited in size proportionate to the total land area.

Under the controlled plan, an existing four hundred-thirty-acre marina will be expanded with the completion of three hundred-fifty more slips and a new Plaza Las Glorias Hotel is slated to open next year. □

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En Route

A gently winding road stretches ahead, the vista of terraced vineyards broken only by a small village in the middle distance. Every other hilltop is crowned by a castle; each valley reveals a silvery river. Unpretentious but superb restaurants pop up at regular intervals along the way, none requiring more than a two kilometer detour from the main road. Just as dusk is falling, the traveler reaches the flawlessly restored small country inn where he is cheerfully greeted and offered the honeymoon suite, all other accommodation being either full or empty.

This is the universal driver's fantasy, and it varies only in the smallest particulars from one dreamer to another. Instead of vineyards, there might be Alps; in place of the river, an impossibly blue glimpse of the Adriatic; but the restaurants and the inn are invariably included. If an actual car figures in the vision at all, it is bound to be brand new, small enough to negotiate the narrowest streets, but spacious enough to accommodate a month's worth of luggage, a pair of bicycles, and a picnic hamper. Of course it will have a heater, air conditioning, a radio and automatic windows.

There is never any traffic in tourist dreams. The automobile could have been invented last week. The time is always off-season; that magical part of the

year when everyone else is at work or in school, though the weather remains warm and dry. You can park directly across from the Duomo in every town and city. In more elaborate versions of the dream, tickets for La Scala are hawked in the streets and dinner reservations are

for? The road between the vineyards must exist; the hilltop castles are closer than they look; the riverbank is the perfect place for a picnic, the undiscovered inn has reopened after extensive renovation, and the scaffolding has just been removed from all major monuments. The challenge

is merely a matter of retrieving these delights from the collective unconscious and turning them into reality.

In the driving segments of the dream, no one sees himself actually arriving at a foreign airport to claim the car ordered weeks earlier, a model bound to differ in several essential respects from the vague mental picture. Chances are that several luxuries Americans take for granted will be absent, though the lack of them may not be noticed until the weather turns hotter, colder and rainier, or until the driver encounters his first toll station. Hardly anyone tries to turn on the radio until he's found his way out of the airport. Then too, the unconscious mind has a tendency to disregard mundane details,

especially those that interfere with its pleasures. The word for this phenomenon is denial.

One of the things the unconscious ignores is the fact that automatic transmission has never truly captured the European imagination. A paltry twenty percent of European cars are provided with this luxury, considered both effete and unsafe by the rest of the world. We Americans seldom realize that driving in Europe is still more of a sport than a chore. When commuting to work can be



totally unnecessary. Even the most seasoned travelers may imagine themselves alone in the Sistine Chapel or viewing the Parthenon in the sole company of a significant other, under a full moon. Dreamers tend to censor past experience or transform it into something more agreeable. Ask any psychiatrist.

When you're stuck on an American freeway in rush hour, planning a flawless European holiday, the fantasy should be the diametric opposite of your present predicament, or what's an imagination

Elaine Kendall is an author, journalist and playwright who writes frequently on travel and the arts.

by Elaine Kendall

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accomplished by public transportation or walking, the automobile becomes a machine for fun. The driver expects his car to supply excitement, exercise, and even a *soupeçon* of danger. That's only reasonable when the cost of filling even a subcompact with gasoline is equal to a week's rental fee in the United States. When a person has just watched one hundred-thousand lire or the equivalent in francs gurgle into the gas tank, he feels entitled to a run for his money. He wants a machine responsive to his every command — a car slave, as it were. This attitude contributes to the general dilapidation of rental cars abroad. You should not expect the example you've reserved to be in pristine condition. Chances are that it will show signs of maltreatment if not downright abuse. The clutch is especially vulnerable. When an American points out defects to the rental agent, he will be told that evidence of wear and tear is normal; implying that anything else is the opposite of normal — irrational or worse. In cultures where driving is a sport, cars are the equipment. They take a beating, like soccer balls. The highway police are regarded as referees and their decisions as negotiable. For a few months after seat belts became mandatory in Italy, motorists snapped up T-shirts with a diagonal black stripe from shoulder to waist. Though these have become collector's items, a certain cavalier attitude persists.

C'est normale is an all-purpose phrase in French as well as the other Romance languages. Originally applied to war, politics or weather, it has been eagerly adopted by everyone involved with the service industry. Knowing this can be comforting when you see your vehicle for the first time. No other rental car on the lot will be in better condition. Complaints may get you one with Gitanes in the ashtray instead of Gaulois; with a trunk that locks and doors that don't; with two windshield wipers but no radio, but the virginal rental car exists only in brochures. (In France, you can buy a brand-new car and then sell it back to the company for a sum approximating the rental fee, but this alternative is not widely available, and usually involves returning the car to its place of purchase.)

If you ask for a clone of the imported car you drive in America, you will be told that models with those sybaritic amenities are made for export only, designed for countries with poor air-quality and incompetent drivers. Unless you habitually drive a classic, you'll find that after a few decades of non-use, the gear-shifting muscles have atrophied. They can however, readily be strengthened by squeezing a tennis ball between the hands while watching the late news. This simple exercise, performed conscientiously for a few weeks before departure, can make all the difference between delight and tendinitis.

Once having gotten away from the airport in the direction of the bucolic dream roads, you will probably find yourself on the European version (not equivalent) of the freeway. For one thing, the freeway is not free, but surprisingly costly. Before venturing on it, changing bills into small denominations and coins is mandatory. There's always a long line of envious foreigners waiting for the single tollbooth manned by an exasperated human, all watching wistfully as the locals zip through by flipping the fee into handy receptacles. As soon as you've mastered the simultaneous roll-down of the window and the hook shot into the basket on the left, you will have joined the vast club of people able to toss away thirty thousand lire without a backward glance.

Once out of the starting gate, you'll see a variety of International Road Signs, which resemble ours without being identical, much in the way the French language resembles Italian or Spanish. Many of these symbols tend to be both succinct and understated, the better to absorb them at high speeds. The triangle containing the Picasso doodle, for example, indicates a siege of switchbacks of unpredictable length and severity. Naturally, there's only room for a few squiggles in that tiny triangle. They're a hint, not a promise. As a general rule of thumb, add fifteen minutes to your estimated time of arrival for each bend in the squiggle; twenty if you're within one hundred kilometers of an Alp. Squiggle country is also tunnel country. Faced with the enormous difficulty and expense of building roads around mountains, brilliant European engineers prefer to tunnel

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under them. The tunnels vary in length and grade, but all are dark and narrow, guaranteed to produce the sensation of being dropped down a well and hauled up again. You supply your own illumination. On a drive from Florence to Nice for example, the hundreds of tunnels and the concomitant switching on and off of lights conditions the left ankle isometrically. In cars with a hand control, the wrist benefits, as do the tiny accommodation muscles of the eye. Passing in tunnels seems to be actively encouraged. Remember that the European driver is generally *en route* to pleasure of one sort or another. He's in a hurry. Otherwise, he'd be using a secondary road. The authorities appreciate this fact, and speed limits are exceedingly generous, when they exist at all. You get what you pay for, and what the European driver is buying on toll roads is velocity.

A winsome sign seldom encountered in the U.S. but immensely popular abroad consists of two rounded shapes within the red triangle. To the innocent, this symbol suggests turtles crossing, but it actually means dangerous, head-banging, axle-shattering bumps. Red triangles always signify trouble. The wine bottle logo, cork already drawn, has nothing to do with refreshment, but translates as an abruptly narrowing roadway. The red triangle containing an austere, perpendicular black line warns of indefinable danger — peril far too complex to be conveyed by anything more specific.

Signs with white symbols on a blue ground are less threatening. Sneeze, have a square of chocolate, talk, try something on the radio. The striped design in this color scheme looks like *gelato* in a cone, but means fierce and unpredictable cross winds. The illustration of a daddy holding a child by the hand indicates pedestrians exclusively, not pedestrians sometimes. A white bicycle is a command to stay away if you have an internal combustion engine. Bikes and cars never coexist abroad. Each has its own particular sphere, into which the other never penetrates.

Another aspect of the Continental turnpike that tends to disconcert Americans is the paucity of exits, perfectly understandable when you consider the antiquity of the major cities and the smallness

of the most enchanting towns. Building an exit for a village of five hundred people is like cutting up a whole elephant for one sandwich. Shooting people off into downtown L.A. is one thing; hurtling them out into the Siena Campo is another matter entirely. Exits are not only rare, but don't necessarily come in matched pairs. While there seem to be several hundred "*portes*" in the Periferique around Paris, other popular destinations often have none at all; feast or famine.

We're also inclined to forget that Europe has different rush hours; noon, three, and eight, to allow for the leisurely lunch and the late dinner. Stops for rest and food along the way are scarce because of the exalted place that food holds in Europe. The marvelous roads are designed to take you from one restaurant to another in the shortest possible time. One eats along the road only in dire emergencies; never by choice. In general, Europeans do not allow themselves to be caught *en route* at mealtimes, a precaution we should adopt once we're back home.

Once off the toll road, the gap between the driving dream and the driving reality begins to narrow. The vineyards and castles actually appear, and there are tasteful announcements of historic sites and alluring side trips. These are seldom in the immediate, or even the remote, vicinity. There's no point in putting up a sign if the subject is visible, so signs often come long before and after the place they advertise, which is either far away or already passed. This sensible system preserves the beauty of the landscape, controls crowding, and ensures the tourist's return to visit what he missed.

By far the favorite and most versatile continental semeiotic device is the arrow pointing in *toutes directions*, which is to say everywhere. Of course, no single road

can literally go everywhere, so this sign should be interpreted to mean that more signs will follow, and with any luck at all, one of them might be more specific and could actually point towards your particular destination, if that isn't beyond the sign's personal range. In Europe, cities, towns and villages are so close together that putting the next fifty kilometer's worth of civilization on a board would mean print too small to read. If you've picked the right general direction from the menu of towns in between where you are and where you're going, your choice will appear in due time.

A list of points along the way, made the night before with map in hand, practically guarantees success. A magnifying glass is essential, because European city streets tend to change names without notice. In a twinkling, the Rue de la République can become the Boulevard of the 14th of July, or magically transform itself into the Place of the Fallen Martyrs, only to change back into République once the history lesson is over. Asking people encountered along the road is risky, particularly in France, where "right" is *droit*, and straight ahead is *tout droit*, or "many rights." Without a fine ear for the language and a superb memory, verbal directions can be worse than none. In many American families, one member speaks and the other drives, meaning that the information is already garbled by the time it reaches the person behind the wheel. A subtler reason why asking for directions is dangerous is the vast brotherhood of the lost. The pedestrians wandering around are likely to be visitors like you, though their native language is probably not English. If they do happen to live there, they may not know the next town any better than Angelenos know Oxnard.

The closer you get to lunchtime, the worse your chances of finding a native on the street in any European city, and lunchtime is when the worldly traveler needs directions fast, since the streets are empty by 12:30 p.m., and the chefs remove their white hats promptly at 1:50 p.m. Starting early in the day helps, but if you really want your drive through Europe to match the dream, start early in the year. □



Fall Forward

A look ahead at what autumn has to offer

It's been ten shopping years since the outdoor elevators, the multiple theaters, the hundreds of shops started pleasing thousands of people. The Beverly Center virtually changed the face of West Hollywood when it replaced the pony rides on Beverly Boulevard and La Cienega. Some were grumbling then, but its design and innovations have set a pace



Leading the fashion pack will be New York designer Todd Oldham who recently won the Council of Fashion Designers of America award for Best Young Designer. He is designated as Artist in Residence and as such will interact with Otis School of Art and Design to guide and teach. His creativity and style will also be previewed in a fashion show.



and standard for shopping centers all over the world.

On September 12, they're celebrating with a festival of fashion, a soiree of shopping, a gala of goodies. There will be fashion seminars, trunk shows, gourmet food tastings and special appearances.

Barbara Foley, former west coast fashion editor of Women's Wear Daily and W, is fashion editor of Performing Arts magazine and writes frequently for the Los Angeles Times magazine.



Swimwear *contessa* Ann Cole will also be on hand at Canyon Beachwear to review her fall cruise collection. Cheryl Schuman, responsible for the eyewear of practically everyone in the movies, will appear at Optometric Options for consultations. Jose Eber will offer his expertise at a hair seminar all about fall trends. Menswear designer William B. will show his fall collection at Traffic. Alice Moriere will create her handpainted lamps for

Above (left to right): The Beverly Center celebrates its tenth anniversary on September 12 with a festival of fashion with such notables as Artist-in-Residence Todd Oldham; designer William B.; and swimwear *contessa* Ann Cole.

by Barbara Foley

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public viewing at By Design. Even animals will be in the act at a pet fashion show at Beverly Pet Center. Nearly every store is involved so September 12 will be a day to be at The Beverly Center.

AN EYE FULL

Summer is not the only time to wear sunglasses. Bausch and Lomb report that ultraviolet protection is necessary year round because of the damage UV rays can do to corneas. Their new Ray-Ban collection of "Bewitching" sunglasses give a nod to Hollywood glamour in cat-eye and oval shapes with tortoise, black, and blond frames. According to a recent issue of Fortune magazine, Ray-Ban commands 40% of the world market in better sunglasses, so you'll be able to buy them at better stores everywhere.



achieve results not normally found by using at-home skin care products. His magic ingredient is glycolic acid — a substance found naturally in sugar cane — which exfoliates through loosening the bond that holds dead cells together at the skin's surface. It is not a drug. It does not require a prescription. It does not have any of the harsh side-effects often associated with Retin-A, yet it helps to lessen fine lines, smooth the texture of skin, help in managing acne, and lighten hyperpigmentation (age spots). For more information and where to buy, call 1-800-242-1103.

TO THE MAX

Brown tones are big in makeup for fall and Max Factor makes a strong statement about those colors for eyes. They say that warm shades of sienna, mahogany and, brown will enhance the features of every woman regardless of coloring or age. Makeup artists at fashion shoots have known this for a while. Now Max Factor makes it available for fall in eyeshadow, their 200 Calorie Mascara in dark chocolate, and ultra-thin eyeliner in their two new shades of sienna and mahogany. □



A SECOND CHANCE

Charles of the Ritz believes everyone's skin deserves to act, feel, and look younger. Their new product, Timeless Essence, promises to renew skin without harsh acids or exfoliators. A compound called Methoxypopyl Gluconamide penetrates the upper epidermal layers to help free lifeless cells from the outer surface of the skin. Over a two-week period, European women saw fine lines reduce and an increase in their skin's translucency. Apply as a night cream. Awaken to more beautiful skin.

SPEAKING OF AGING SKIN

Dr. Howard Murad, a dermatologist, researcher, lecturer, and assistant clinical professor at UCLA, is the founder of Murad Skin Research Laboratories. He sought a product that would combine the best of modern science with nature to



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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Continued from page 11

The historical interest of Pavlova's *divertissements* aside, they will move us today only if they recapture a sense of her personal charm, which unquestionably resonates in the photographs and films she left behind. Pavlova traveled so widely and danced so long — she died, still on tour, at the age of fifty — that she became a legend even to those who never saw her.

She certainly elicited some peculiarly rapturous reviews. In 1910, the *London Times* drama critic, A.B. Walkley praised her technical accomplishments and elegance, then went on to assure his readers soberly, "In the presence of art of this stamp, one's pleasure in purely aesthetic. Indeed the sex-element (though of course necessarily somewhere in the unconscious) counts for very little; for a man, the dancing of Mr. Mordkin (her partner) is almost as pleasure-giving as that of Mlle. Pavlova."

Working from the extremely detailed dance diary of Mlle. Lola Menzeli, who danced with Pavlova's traveling company before World War I, Reis has reconstructed the *Gavotte Pavlova*, a Napoleonic period piece set to Lincke's all too memorable *Glow Worm Idyll*; a Grand Pas de Deux very loosely based on choreography by Petipa; and excerpts

from *The Fairy Doll*, a popular full-length ballet from which Massine later drew his *Boutique Fantasque*.

Speaking from his home in Santa Barbara, Reis commented that Menzeli's notes and diagrams for Pavlova's repertory were so complete that "probably Lola was cribbing dances for her own later use."

Reis, a professor of dance at University of California Santa Barbara who has made something of a speciality in reconstructing early twentieth century dances, is intent upon drawing "that fine line between mannerisms and style. Pavlova was a fine actress, and each of these adagios has an emotive sense. I believe the Oakland dancers, who are always so willing to try out things, can bring them to life."

Program III indicates the eclecticism of Oakland's repertory; in addition to the Pavlova dances, it includes Margaret Jenkins's radically beautiful *Sightings*, excerpts from Eugene Loring's 1953 *Capitol of the World*, Ron Thiele's playful *How'd They Catch Me?*, and company director Ronn Guidi's *Carnival d'Aix*. November 13-14, Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley (510) 452-9288.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENS . . .

David Gordon, who doesn't like to describe his work as "choreography" but



David Gordon's Obie-winning *The Mysteries and What's So Funny* with music by Philip Glass, is presented by San Francisco Performances at Fort Mason's Cowell Theater, November 18-22.

STEPHANIE BARTIN

has given us some of the loveliest dance of modern times, will bring his Obie-winning new theater piece, *The Mysteries and What's So Funny* to the Cowell Theater for a San Francisco premiere. In collaboration with composer Philip Glass and Red Grooms, Gordon has created something that resembles a play but lacks the conventional dramatic structure and relies as much on fluid movement as it does on the text, also written by Gordon.

The Mysteries and What's So Funny juxtaposes the life of Marcel Duchamp (played by the effervescent and imperishable Valda Setterfield, Gordon's wife), an artist who insisted that art be composed of serious fun, and the comfortably chaotic interactions of a multi-generational family. Completed and first performed in the summer of 1991, it is Gordon's latest look at the poignancy and humor inherent in growing up, aging, staying in love, raising children, and being an artist all the time. Few dance makers have looked so lovingly and with such unflinching honesty at the changes that life makes us undergo. *Presented by San Francisco Performances, November 18-22 at Cowell Theater, Fort Mason. (415) 392-4400.*

IN BRIEF

Theater: Berkeley Repertory Theatre presents the West Coast premiere of Caryl Churchill's *Mad Forrest*, set in pre- and post-revolutionary Romania, a scary place. November 4-December 20, 2025 Addison Street, Berkeley (510) 845-4700

Music: The Northern California premiere of Paul McCartney's *Liverpool Oratorio*, a semi-autobiographical work, will be performed by the Winifred Baker Chorale and the San Francisco Civic Chorale. November 20-21, Grace Cathedral, San Francisco (415) 453-8853

Dance: Footwork's three-month Edge Festival of dance/performance art continues with Coleen Mulvihill and J.A. Deane in *Interiors*, November 5-7, Project Artaud, 450 Florida Street; Wing It Performance Ensemble in *God, Sex and Power*, November 12-14, Footwork, 3221 22nd Street; Rachel Kaplan's *The Probable Site of the Garden of Eden*, November 19-21 at Footwork (415) 824-5044. □

SAN FRANCISCO

Restaurant Guide



BRASSERIE SAVOY, 580 Geary at Jones, SF (415/474-8686). Continental Breakfast 6:30 AM-9:30 AM Daily, Dinner and Bar 5:30 PM-10:30 PM Daily, Fri & Sat till 11:00 PM, Dessert and Bar 10:30 PM-11:00 PM Sun-Thu. Chef Tony Najola's spirit of the best French bistros with savvy style & quality of California cuisine. Featuring fresh seafood and an extensive wine list. Hailed by *Food and Wine Magazine* and *Gourmet Magazine*. *Esquire Magazine* selected the Brasserie as one of the best new restaurants of 1991: "The Brasserie Savoy seems to sum up all that is good about San Francisco restaurants, from the warm welcome at the door to the last sip of good, strong coffee." Valet Parking. AE V MC DIS JCB RR

CAFE 222 at HOTEL NIKKO, 222 Mason St., SF (415/394-1100). Daily B 6:30 AM-11 AM, L 11 AM-2:30 PM, D 6 PM-9:30 PM. Bistro-style reflects a Pacific Rim flavor, featuring an innovative blend of California freshness and Asian spices, as well as Japanese specialties. Located on the second floor of HOTEL NIKKO. Two hour free validated parking for L & D is provided. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CAMPTON PLACE RESTAURANT, 340 Stockton St., SF (415/781-5155) B 7 AM-11 AM Mon-Fri, 8 AM-11:30 Sat, 8 AM-2:30 PM Sun BR, L 11:30 AM-2:30 PM Mon-Fri, 12 Noon-2:30 PM Sat, D 5:30 PM-10 PM Sun-Thu, 5:30 PM-10:30 PM Fri & Sat. Third time winner of Conde Nast Traveler's distinguished restaurant award, "Chef Jan Birnbaum rarely misses at his new American cooking." Valet parking. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CALIFORNIA PIZZA KITCHEN, 438 Geary St. (415/563-8911). Daily L-D 11:30 AM-10 PM Mon-Thurs, 11:30 AM - 11 PM Fri-Sat, 1:00-9 PM Sun. Voted "Outstanding Restaurant" by *Esquire Magazine*. Redefines pizza, offering 28 original varieties; barbecue & Santa Fe chicken, BLT and more. All wood-fired to sear in flavors. Pastas, salads and desserts. Located right across from the theaters. AE MC V DC

IL CAFFÈ, Opera Plaza — 601 Van Ness (415/928-0400). L 11:30 AM-2:30 PM Mon-Fri, D 5:00 PM-10:30 PM Mon-Fri, D 5:00 PM-11:00 PM Sat & Sun. Food of Italian heritage. Artistic banquet events. Reservations accepted. AE DC CB V MC Airplus, JCB

IVY'S, 398 Hayes St, SF (415/626-3930). D 5:30 PM-10:30 PM Mon-Thu, 5:30 PM-11:30 PM Sat, 5:00 PM-10:30 PM Sun, BR Sun 11:00 AM-3 PM. Nightly pasta and fish specialties. Full bar, special appetizer menu at bar. MC V DIS

KULETO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT, 221 Powell St., (415/397-7720). B 7:30 AM-10:30 AM, L & D 11:30 AM-11 PM. Wonderful antipasto, pastas, grilled fish, meat & poultry. Considered San Francisco's favorite Northern Italian restaurant. AE DC CB V MC DIS

LA SCENE, 490 Geary St., (at Taylor and A.C.T. theater, downtown in the Warwick Regis Hotel) (415/292-6430). Cocktails nightly at 5:00 PM, D Tue-Sat at 5:00 PM. Contemporary American menu, "specialty" dishes include Tournedo of Salmon served with Peppered Gratin of Potatoes and Cabernet Sauce; half peppered quail and wild mushrooms in filo with tangy house chutney; grilled Ahi tuna with warm lentil salad, braised leeks and cervil essence. Valet parking, Mason O'Farrell & Union Square garage. AE V MC DIS

MAX'S OPERA CAFE, 601 Van Ness (Golden Gate St.) at Opera Plaza (415/771-7300). 11:30 AM-10 PM Mon, 11:30 AM-12 PM Tue-Thu, 11:30 AM-1 AM Fri & Sat, 11:30 AM-11 PM Sun. Upscale New York style deli. Fare with wide variety of dinner entrees served after 5 PM. V MC AE DIS DC

McCORMICK & KULETO'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT AND CRAB CAKE LOUNGE & BAR, Ghirardelli Square, 900 North Point Street, Corner of Beach and Larkin. Restaurant 929-1730, Banquet 929-8374. Featuring 30 to 50 fresh seafood varieties daily. With an unobstructed view of the bay, serving lunch, dinner daily and Sunday brunch. Moderate. Valet Parking. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

PACIFIC GRILL at THE PAN PACIFIC HOTEL, 500 Post St. (at Mason). (415/771-8600) Daily B 7:00 AM-11 AM, L 11:30 AM-2:30 PM, D 5:30 PM-10:30 PM, Sun BR 10 AM-2 PM. Light, California Cuisine with Asian influence and frequently changing menu. Chef Hans Wiegand's specialties include crab cakes with sturgeon caviar, roasted rack of lamb with Meyer lemon & curry, & grilled sturgeon with chile sauce. Piano entertainment & complimentary valet parking during L-D. AE DC ER JCB MC V

VICTOR'S RESTAURANT at The Westin St. Francis, 335 Powell St. on Union Square, 32nd Floor (415/774-0253). Daily D 6 PM-10:30 PM, special 3-course sunset dinner 6 PM-7 PM. French California cuisine. Chef Joel's Sonoma duck foie gras, Braised filet of baby salmon, Hot mesquite smoked rack of lamb, Maine lobster ragout. Master Sommelier selection of 25,000 bottles. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS.

ZOLA'S, 395 Hayes St., SF (415/564-4824). D 5:30 PM-10:30 PM Tue-Sat, 5 PM-9 PM Sun, closed Mon. Mediterranean cuisine; shellfish gratin with Meyer lemon sabayon, penne with tomato, pepper and vodka cream, cassoulet. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

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The Golden Age

*I*n the old days you could see me for fifty cents," Ed Wynn said in the late 1940s when he tried and failed to adapt his kind of comedy to the new medium of television: "And look how I've progressed — now you can see me for nothing." The great clown, who began at around the turn of the century to develop his trademark persona of "the Perfect Fool," ended up playing a few dramatic roles, including an Emmy-winning performance in Rod Serling's 1956 landmark drama, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. But shortly before his death ten years later, Wynn delivered his verdict on television: "What kind of medium is it," he mused aloud to Hollywood columnist James Bacon, "that has Dinah Shore getting laughs and Ed Wynn making people cry?"

Another famous comic, Bert Lahr, had an even harder time. "No one knows who Bert Lahr is," complained a bright young producer about the Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz*, which became — thanks to television — the most watched film in history. While doing a Frito-Lay commercial, Lahr remarked to his producer at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, Carroll Carroll: "Ain't it ironic? After all the things I've done in show business, I gotta be kept alive by a potato chip?"

What came to be known as the golden age of radio — and later, of television — was anything but that for some of the people who had to scramble to learn new tricks in mid-life. Just as the advent of sound destroyed the careers of many film stars of the silent era, so radio and television posed enormous challenges — as well as opportunities — to actors who had had a career already on the stage or screen.

When Bob Hope first tried to make the



switch from vaudeville to radio on *The Rudy Vallee Show*, engineers were mystified by a regular thumping sound produced only during Hope's routine. They went to observe his act in the studio and found that the nervous comic unconsciously kept kicking the mike to punch up the last line of each joke.

Beyond such technical glitches, performers were daunted by the insatiable appetite of radio and television for new material. On the vaudeville circuits, headliners and lesser bananas endlessly criss-crossed the country doing the same act for decades, sometimes a lifetime. "In vaudeville seventeen minutes of good material could last for years," George Burns has observed from experience, "while on radio, seventeen minutes of good material would last seventeen minutes."

Thievery was an even greater problem. "In the old days," another of the veteran vaudevillians, Bert Wheeler, remarked in the early Fifties, "I could buy a complete vaudeville routine for five hundred bucks and use it for five years without changing a line. Today, you pay a thousand bucks for a sketch that lasts one television program — that is if a friend hasn't dropped by for rehearsal and beats you to the airwaves with it."

The undisputed prince of piracy in the Fifties and Sixties was Mr. Television himself, Milton Berle, whom Walter Winchell had dubbed the "Thief of Bad Gags." Berle has rarely denied this criminal record and seems to enjoy his reputation, even. "No gag is new," he once defended himself, "until it is forgotten."

Performing for millions of people, sometimes several times a week, quickly exhausted any comedian's repertoire. One way to deal with the chronic shortage of material was to invite fellow comics on to the show. This caused another kind of problem, which is as old as theatre itself: how to prevent the invited performer from upstaging the host.

Milton Berle, not one to hide beneath a bushel, if he ever knew one, would fidget, yawn and grimace through any of the acts by his visitor. In extreme circumstances, he grabbed an over-active guest by the lapel and jostled him until only his back was seen by the camera. Jackie Gleason had prepared himself for such a confrontation by arranging rows of straight pins along his lapels. "It didn't bother Milton at all," George Burns recalls in his book *All My Best Friends*. "He just screamed and turned Gleason around."

Jackie Gleason, an original comic if ever there was one, received his moniker as "the Great One" because of his love for the classics. He happened to be drinking one time at New York's Stork Club with Orson Welles who was testing Gleason on his knowledge of Shakespeare. Welles would throw out the name of a character and his boon companion had to come up with one of the speeches. After a while, Orson Welles posed a trick question, to which Gleason replied:

"Wait a minute, pal, that isn't Shakespeare, that's Aeschylus." Welles was so dumbfounded that he said unto Gleason: "You're the Great One."

Occasionally, when the comic well threatened to run dry, Shakespeare came to the rescue. Once, after Gleason performed Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," in his television persona of Reggie Van Gleason III, the actor received a telegram from Richard Burton:

"Dear Jackie," it read, "this is the first time I ever understood that speech."

Above: Ed Wynn in *Boys and Girls Together*, 1940, by Hirschfeld.

by Peter Hay

Peter Hay's ninth book, Canned Laughter — The Best Stories from Radio and Television's Golden Years, has just been published by Oxford University Press.

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