MIAMI’S SIZZLING ART SCENE

INA GARTEN IN PARIS

A PRINCE AMONG JEWELERS

PLUS: THE ULTIMATE WINE CELLAR

BROOKE SHIELDS IN FABULOUS HOLIDAY FASHION

NOVEMBER 2008
November Must-Sees

11/12

ARCHITECT Eero Saarinen's legacy survives in the sweeping curves of St. Louis's Gateway Arch and the former TWA terminal at New York City's JFK airport. The Walker Art Center and Minneapolis Institute of Arts jointly honor the iconic architect with a retrospective, "Eero Saarinen: Shaping the Future," through January 4. walkerart.org.

DESTINATION The Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art has transformed a 27,000-square-foot former mill on its North Adams campus into a site featuring 100 wall drawings by Sol LeWitt. There's plenty of time to visit—the show is on view from the 16th until 2033. massmoca.org.

PORTRAITS From Kurt Cobain to Prince William, Elizabeth Peyton has painted them all. "Live Forever: Elizabeth Peyton," the artist's first U.S. survey, presents an illustrated overview of contemporary culture, at Manhattan's New Museum through January 11. newmuseum.org.

DANCE Celebrating its seventy-fifth year, the San Francisco Ballet makes its first-ever appearance at Segerstrom Hall in the Orange County Performing Arts Center from the 11th to the 16th. It will debut five newly commissioned works for a Southern California audience. ocpac.org.

11/1
Get inspired by the late, great French couturier at the American premiere of "Yves Saint Laurent" at San Francisco's de Young Museum. Opening on the 1st and running through March 1, the exhibit tracks the influences behind the clothes. deyoungmuseum.org.

11/16
Returning to the New York Botanical Garden through November 16, "Kiku: The Art of the Japanese Chrysanthemum" celebrates the meticulous craft of turning these luscious blooms into living art. nybg.org.

THROUGH

S.F. Ballet dancers.

Figure from Calder's Circus.
Avedon’s Eye

Richard Avedon loved performers, especially when he had them all to himself.

EVEN THE MOST familiar face can tell a new story, something Richard Avedon intimately understood. For more than fifty years, the late, legendary photographer made portraiture the focus of his personal work, and he often sought out actors, musicians, dancers and the like—people whose personas were already highly cultivated—as collaborators. Comfortable in front of an audience, these artists made themselves available, often to an extreme degree, to Avedon, who used their gifts to explore compelling questions about our collective humanity. In Richard Avedon Performance (Abrams; $75), images of more than 200 cultural figures form an A-list salon of sorts—one that will convene on both coasts this fall as companion exhibitions open in San Francisco (at the Fraenkel Gallery, November 6 through December 27) and New York (at Pace/MacGill, November 11 through January 2, 2009).

On the following pages, T&C previews the book—conceived by Norma Stevens, executive director of the Richard Avedon Foundation—with a selection of photographs and a memoir by classical pianist Mitsuko Uchida, who describes her experiences before the camera of a provocative creative equal.

When I walked into Dick’s studio it was quite extraordinary.

We never met before and I had always loved Dick’s pictures. My record company would say, “Oh, you are always so difficult, you don’t like this, you don’t like that. Who do you want to photograph you for your front cover?” I would say, “Richard Avedon.” And they laughed.

“Would you like a cup of tea?” he asked. And I said, “Let’s have it. Yes!” Within five minutes we were talking about the different nature of death in Shostakovich and Schubert. Shostakovich that he loved so much. Dick felt that Shostakovich was obsessed with death. And we started discussing. I mentioned Schubert: his obsession with death and his coming to terms with it at the very end of his life. That was within virtually five minutes of meeting each other. We never looked back. That was the start.

I just sat on this high stool and he kept saying, “Oh, that was wonderful. Oh, that was so good.” Dick’s way of photographing was very special. He never told you “Stick there! Don’t move!” No. No. He would just stand there and talk to you. And he always stood next to the camera. I asked him, “You don’t need to look through the camera?” And he would say, “No. I have done it all my life.”

But then when he pushed on the shutter, wham! His entire body shook as if he had been hit by a lorry. I have never seen

anything like it. And it happened every time. (But it didn't happen at our last session, a month before he died.)

The second time, one year and a half later, I was getting photographed with Ian Bostridge, the tenor, for our cover of the recording of Die Schöne Müllerin by Schubert. So we got to New York one day and we were photographed and it was very serious and very funny at the same time. He made us laugh. And he made us make faces. And through all of that he probably loosened us up. And we got some amazingly beautiful pictures. And at a given point he said, "That's it! It's done! It's all done, anybody want a solo shoot?"

And Ian and I simultaneously, without an upbeat, without any conductor, we both said, "Me!" He said, "Okay, quick, five minutes each." I got it first. I had this long, long thing on, a kind of cufflike shawl. I just stood there. And, whoosh, and that's it. Out of three minutes of a photo shoot, one with the closed eyes and three or four others that are so startling that I almost feel embarrassed. People might think I look like this, which I don't, you see.

In retrospect, I realized he was not photographing a moment of stillness. He caught that moment of motion. He caught me between two breaths. That moment of "whish" that nobody notices. Actually, in music on a good day, I try to hear some notes faster than some others. You get into the note faster than you are hearing. I felt as if Dick actually saw faster than somebody else, so he could catch a moment of in-between actions, when people are not self-conscious.

Whoosh. In between, Dick caught the moment that you never knew existed.

It was the beginning of August in New York and we were being photographed, Ian Bostridge and myself. When we finished we went back to Dick's little kitchen. He told me that he was working on a book. It was to become Woman in the Mirror. He showed me one by one, one after the other, all of the pictures. And there was my picture and after, there was Lorraine Hunt Lieberson.

He said, "I need one more woman. I need one more. You and Lorraine, and I need one more." He turned to me and said, "Give me a beautiful woman!" "Ooo?" I asked, "What do you mean? What sort of woman do you want?" He thought for a second and then said, "I want somebody who gives me hope for the future." I understood. And that was the last time that I stood face to face with Dick.
ANNA MAGNANI, actor, New York, 1953.