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Scene

Art and Politics

SoHo

The holidays I'm guessing were spent in the usual manner: home to family for Christmas, Tod and Eddie to Michigan, me to Long Island or the Bronx; the New Year – 1975 – rung in with our crowd at some Leftie party or neighborhood tavern, with maybe a pre-midnight ramble through Times Square to gape at the rubes. There are no details to offer, but I do know what was most on my own mind, and I wasn't looking to slacken the pace. I'd already spent most of December commuting among artists I'd been referred to by Cleve Gray, running around the city collecting the prints or paintings they'd donated, to include an iconic target print by Jasper Johns retrieved from the old bank on Houston Street the painter had converted into a live-in studio. There were over forty pieces in all.¹

I can pick up my own tracks in mid-January, a Friday morning and the day before our Art Benefit, when I walked the dozen blocks from my apartment down to So Ho to meet Lucy Lippard, an art critic on the rise who had volunteered to help hang the show. Tod's old flame, Marjorie, lent us her loft and secured as well the adjacent Onnasch Gallery for which we paid a minimal fee. Lippard could spare only a few hours, so we galloped around the space, Lucy directing, the Calder here, Johns over there, me securing the work while she drove the nail, and on through a large inventory including works by Andy Warhol, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Saul Steinberg, Judith Krassner, Robert Rauschenberg, Claes Oldenburg, Alex Katz, Frank Stella, to cite the biggest catches, as well as the odd piece from artists associated with the Left, like Leon Golub, then relatively obscure.

As we worked quickly and in silence, a large skulled, hirsute man in bib overalls appeared holding a manila envelope. His manner was rude and overbearing. "I'm Carl Andre," he announced, demanding that I produce rubber cement, and somehow I did, which he spread on the wall just inside the door, then slapped an 8×10 sheet of white paper covered with a geometric pattern of typescript onto the adhesive. "This," he said, handing me the envelope, "is the original." Turning on his heels he left without another word, and shot me a disgusted look over one shoulder when I called after him, "How much should I ask for this?"

A decade later Andre was tried in New York for the murder of his wife, the Cuban artist Ana Mendieta, who tumbled from their 34th floor apartment off Mercer Street. The way the story circulated in the city tabloids was that, despite the testimony of neighbors who had heard shouts of "no, no, no," and experts who maintained that suicides don't customarily yell out, in the absence of an eyewitness, Andre was acquitted on the grounds of reasonable doubt.

Lippard soon exhausted her few free hours, but before she took off we examined one of several pieces that remained against the wall. It was Leon Golub's four foot square of Masonite on which, against a background of day glow orange, the artist had stenciled slogans like "Hands Off Chile," and "CIA Assassins Killed Allende," suggesting the bright signage one would see at demonstrations. Good politics, Lippard and I agreed, but dubious art. I had formed the impression that Golub dashed this off on demand after he was asked to contribute something. With so many details to attend before the opening, and after Marjorie assured me she'd complete the task, I left soon after Lippard without putting up the remaining works, including the Golub.

Other than that momentary exchange, Lippard and I had hardly spoken a word. There was an attitude, but I couldn't place it. It's likely she saw my nexus to this happening for what it was: certainly nothing to do with art. I know I played the philistine with Andre, but that was just

a ready lance to prick his arrogance. That quip concealed a deeper dig, a topic Tod and I occasionally batted around, growling our contempt for certain artsy types, however we judged their work, for the dilettante purity of their avant-garde politics. Frank Stella, as a case in point, had lectured us in a letter, basically bourgeois-baiting us, spouting a lot of anti-imperialist froth, a bad boy act that may have titillated his well-heeled patrons. Another “right-on revolutionary,” we mocked derisively. We were the revolutionaries, not him! Stella did come across with an Attica poster which went unsold, and for many years has hung proudly in my bedroom.

Lippard, too, was a high-toned Leftie, but as an intellectual, a person Tod and I would have automatically taken seriously, although not necessarily read. The occasional art or cinema journal would pass between us; Tod had one friend who contributed to *Cineaste*. I found it difficult to engage the idiom of the few art journals I remember paging through, until a few years later I found the writing of Robert Smithson on the urban landscape useful to my own wandering around the red-lined waterfront of South Brooklyn.

Saturday, January 18th, the morning of the Art Benefit, broke with dismal weather, cold and drizzly, and did not much improve before we opened the gallery doors at 3 p.m. Only when the guests were already arriving did I realize that Golub’s work was nowhere to be seen. Fearing the artist might show up and make a scene, I spotted Marjorie across the room. “Where’s the Golub,” I mouthed, rushing over to her. Tod held that Marjorie’s psychiatrist boyfriend was pumping her with heavy psychotropics in those days to curb her allegedly wild, unfocused energy. A slightly maniacal smile curled her lips as she led me to a corner where the wine and cheese were spread. Lifting the white table cloth to reveal a Masonite edge, she snickered, “It’s right here.”

If Golub showed at the benefit, his presence, even if disgruntled, was not brought to my attention. As for Marjorie's *medication* as an explanation for this bit of erratic naughtiness – which, to be honest, tickled me as well - I couldn't say. Tod knew her as well as anyone. The two of them had moved to New York together from Detroit and lived in what was still Tod's apartment on lower First Avenue when I met him, already a few years after they'd broken up. Marjorie moved in a faster lane than our radical political world, and she had the mix of brains and beauty that opened the doors of powerful men, like the shrink Tod referred to. Tod stayed close his whole life to several of his old Michigan friends in the city, not just Marjorie, who herself never wandered far from that formative circle, but especially his old frat brother and Safe Return's valued collaborator, Jack Larson, who was very probably the only working artist I actually knew in those years.

The considerable amount of planning and thinking we'd put into this benefit did not result in the kind of turnout we had hoped for. Sales were disappointing. There was a decent flow of people all afternoon, most of them Safe Return supporters by invitation, along with a small but annoying element of bargain hunters from a print buyer's list we had rented and mailed, and whose low ball offers we spent the afternoon refusing. Two or three of the most fashionable pieces sold, but what we mostly heard was, "We like it but have to give it more thought."

What we were good at was promoting issues and ideas; we hadn't a clue about working the art market. That day only one or two of our donors was willing to spring big bucks for an artwork, even for a cause they believed in. The naïve are often chastised by the obvious. And by now I certainly understand that even people inclined to buy art by known painters have their

particular tastes, and all those big names we had didn't disable the potential buyers' aesthetic filters and loosen their purses.

Likely because I was so preoccupied directing traffic at the benefit, my own memories of this day were blurred by distraction, abetted by the repressive force of conflicted feelings that the undertaking had been a total bust. A very brief entry in the next issue of *Amnesty Report* several months later mentions that "Joseph Papp, theatrical producer at Lincoln Center spoke on behalf of universal amnesty," a detail I had completely forgotten.

In the end, a number of those we might have seen as tire kickers did think about a given work, and then purchase it. Onnasch kept the room open, and in the course of the next month, all the most desirable works eventually sold. By the time the Calder gouache brought in \$2,600, about two-thirds its asking price, receipts started adding up but never fulfilled our fantasy of a windfall in the range of a large foundation grant.

Some months later, and in an inspired moment I decided to whine to Alexander Calder about the art benefit's disappointing results, and ask if he would sign a small number of our posters, which we intended to market to the top end of our donor list. I'd suggested he sign twenty-five. When Calder wrote back agreeing to sign eighty, we promptly hired an overseas shipper to crate and dispatch them to the artist's home in France. For the better part of a year thereafter we peddled the signed posters for a hundred dollars each, and eventually managed to sell – or gift as a premium for a substantial donation - some sixty of them, the remaindered Tod and I split between us when we amiably dissolved our partnership in the early 1980s. In the end what the art benefit didn't deliver as a windfall, it compensated for with a steady, if modest, infusion of cash flow from these signed posters.

Artist Lobby

Nothing in the Safe Return files I have seen records even approximately when we got that phone call from the actor Richard Dreyfuss. He had become aware of Safe Return as I recall through the Burt Lancaster public service spot, which if it aired anywhere, it would certainly have been in Lancaster's own Hollywood backyard. Dreyfuss had come to New York for a theater project that foundered, then, his schedule momentarily wide open, he called us during the period we were planning the art benefit. I do find in correspondence with Cleve Gray we had initially cast the actor in the benefit's presenter role that the impresario Joe Papp eventually assumed. Over the next two years, through a mutual friend, I would come to know Rick Dreyfuss as an occasional companion. But our first contact was strictly political. Dreyfuss wanted to get involved, and so together he and Safe Return – with me directing the project and he rounding up the players - cooked up a plan to have a delegation of high profile actors and performers spend a day advocating for total amnesty on Capitol Hill.

We had been surprised to learn that Rick Dreyfuss was himself a conscientious objector who had performed his alternative service at the L.A. County Hospital as a file clerk on the midnight shift. Dreyfuss had been an early opponent of the Vietnam War at Beverly Hills High, his political precocity owed to an activist mother with a lineage in the Old Left. It was his mother who explained to Dreyfuss the significance of the Geneva Accords, unsigned by the U.S., but which mandated the unification of a Vietnam divided under colonial rule.

Dreyfuss sought C.O. status after a snafu at his local draft board had him reclassified as 1-A, immediately eligible for conscription. I would learn all this from a formal interview with Dreyfuss, later excerpted in *Amnesty Report*. "I had a nervous breakdown for about six hours before I got it straightened out," he told me, "and the enormity of the [draft] threat... led me to file as a C.O." Those acculturated to religious objections of military service, say Quakers and

Mennonites, more easily obtain classification as conscientious objectors, and, if unwilling to accept alternative service as non-combatants or in certain civilian jobs, they resolutely accept incarceration.

Dreyfuss had no religion-based get-out-of-the-draft free card; moreover he was a non-practicing Jew and an agnostic. After receipt of that scary draft notice he decided to forego college, gave up his student deferment, and spent all of 1967 reading and studying about the war. He says he, “concentrated on arriving at some understanding of the difference between force and violence, without basing it on a God I don’t believe in.” He expected the draft board would turn him down, and was prepared to accept jail, or, preferably, exile in Canada. When the board’s decision supported his claim, an astounded Dreyfus happily spent the next two years on the night shift doing hospital grunt work, and eagerly pursued the passion that has always guided him toward the life of a working actor.

By the time he had wandered into the world of Safe Return, Dreyfuss was on a roll. His iconic portrayal of Curt in *American Graffiti* brought forth a succession of feature films; at the time we met he had just finished *Jaws*. His stock in Hollywood was high and rising. It’s odd, I never had the feeling that, wow, we’ve landed a genuine star. We would often plug theater people or actors into fund raisers as fan dancers, but in this case, the actor was by no means merely an adornment. Dreyfuss and I connected on a political level as mutually engaged operators.

The idea we set on was a one-day lobby on the Hill which took place on April 7th, and corralled and impressive cast of actors, many at the height of their celebrity. It was Monday morning, and we assembled early at La Guardia: Dick Shawn, Jack and Madeline Lee Guilford, Lynne Lipton, Michael Moriarity, Peter Boyle, Robert Klein, Bob Balaban, Rob Reiner, Joseph

Papp, Richard Dreyfuss and myself. Another list of stars and Hollywood notables that included Roy Scheider, Carl Reiner, Jon Voight, Joel Grey, Lily Tomlin, Burt Schneider, Leonard and Sandra Nimoy, Sally Kellerman and Sidney Lumet lent their names by way of public endorsement. The group at La Guardia were not happy campers, and many seemed sulky and not the least bit inclined to engage in conversation, least of all with someone like me, outside the craft. These were actors, an often introverted lot in my experience, even though some at that moment were big stars, and, as I say, it was very early.

I suppose it was Papp and Dreyfuss, who handed out assignments from a list I'd prepared of key members of Congress each participant was to visit, some fifty all told, and no one whose door we had to knock down to meet with a star. Safe Return, with Dreyfuss in full agreement, provided the message which this delegation had the access to deliver personally. We had a kick-off press conference in a hearing room of the New Senate Office Building thanks to Senator Phil Hart, who took the chair along with Joe Papp, and, with our panoply of stage and film stars – which included one radical politico – me – and FORA member and father of two resisters, John Tiller - fanned around him, explained to the assembled media why he now favored unconditional amnesty.

The truth is, I couldn't fully grasp - and if Tod thought differently he kept it to himself - that a powerful politician like Phil Hart was actually on our side of this issue. But he occupied a unique position in the Senate, highly popular among colleagues on both sides of the aisle, and was often referred to with great respect as the Conscience of the Senate. A year from the date of this action, Senator Hart would be dead of cancer, so it is also clear in retrospect that he had no concern about the effect a controversial stand on amnesty would have on his chances for re-election. Still, as a Democratic Senator in what was then a union-strong state, with the

reputation as one of the most liberal politicians in Washington, he might have swung toward total amnesty in any case. So beloved was Hart by his colleagues that, a year from when we had joined him there, they would name this new Senate Office Building in his honor.

On the rounds I tagged along with Dreyfuss. We made three stops as I recall, Senator Alan Cranston, a very powerful Democratic legislator from California, Congressman Don Riegle of Michigan, a Democratic convert, having recently changed parties [both these men would later have their hands slapped for their roles in the Savings and Loan scandal of the 1980s], and a moderate Republican Congresswoman from New Jersey, Jeane Kirkpatrick, later appointed the first U.S. woman Ambassador to the UN under Ronald Reagan. Riegle was accommodating, Kirkpatrick ceremonial, but the only debate was the one Dreyfuss engaged in with Cranston, his home state Senator. Despite a record embracing opposition to nuclear weapons and advocacy for world government, Cranston was no traditional liberal. Like so many men of his generation, he still had World War II in his head. Cranston was unyielding on the issue of amnesty. Dreyfuss laid into him, but Cranston didn't respond by making nice. He went toe to toe with the articulate and knowledgeable boychik, the color rising in both men, then cooling with a handshake.

Witnessing how fearless Dreyfuss was in confronting Cranston, a man whose craggy face spoke of ancient, unassailable authority, described moreover by the *Times* as "none too charismatic," I was able to visualize the encounter Dreyfuss acted out for me some time later of an incident that pitted him against a triad of studio moguls at a meeting to renegotiate his contract. Dreyfuss, who drips with charisma, acts out his anecdotes as if playing a scene while inflating a large and confident ego. There was considerable physicality when he reenacted sitting down with the moguls, and mimed slamming a tape recorder on an imaginary table. He gave them fair warning this was one Wonder Boy they couldn't pull the old bait and switch on.

There was considerable publicity around this Washington action, overwhelmingly visual, some of it of the People's Page variety, but all of which clearly blasted the message that the artists were on Capitol Hill to lobby for unconditional amnesty. We - Safe Return - established no contacts in the group that outlasted this action except for Ricard Dreyfuss, Bob Balaban and Joe Papp, with the notable exception, for me, of the actress Kathryn Grody. Kathryn and Dreyfuss were friends from their High School years when he dated her best friend, Julie, the daughter of the actor Lee J. Cobb. Having just finished a theater run in Florida, Kathryn, an activist in her own right, came to Washington at Rick Dreyfuss' invitation. It would be through this connection, not politics, that my contact with Dreyfuss endured the length of my relationship with Kathryn, who I began to date immediately on return to New York, where she occupied a walk-up in a Greenwich Village tenement.

Richard Dreyfuss was certainly a lively person to spend time with, and, rather than attempt to integrate his and my points of contact in their chronological contexts, I can sum them up as a mini-scene in the following paragraphs.

Mini-scene: Richard Dreyfuss

Two days after lobbying in DC, Rick Dreyfuss was booked on Mike Douglas' popular afternoon TV talk show. I was flattered when he asked me to accompany him in the limo the Douglas staff had hired to shuttle Dreyfuss to Philadelphia where the show originated live. I was there for moral support, and in an advisory role, to arm him as we sped along the Jersey Turnpike with taking points on topics he intended to discuss, whether the Vietnam War or Amnesty or his disgust overall with the state of the nation. From the Green Room I watched Dreyfuss joust with a young Donald Rumsfeld, a relic from Nixon's staff now attached to President Ford, while co-host, Lily Tomlin looked on and groaned, "Oh, give us a break, Donald," reacting to some inane

rigidity Rumsfeld professed around amnesty that was, not just impolitic given's his boss's fragile standing, but intergalactic in its insensitivity to the administration's public message of binding the wounds.

It must have been in this same general period that Dreyfuss returned to Washington for a second TV appearance and another round of lobbying on Capitol Hill, this time joined on the Metroliner from New York by the actor Bob Balaban and his wife Lynn Grossman, both of whom had been with us on April 7th, when Lynn, moving in the background, astutely photographed key moments of the actor/lobbyists in action. Also in their company on the train was a writer for *Rolling Stone* gathering material for a profile on Dreyfuss. The article appeared in July 1975, and I am only very belatedly aware of its existence, an anomaly all the more astounding considering how closely Tod and I aligned our work with the collection of our every mention in the public record. I am absolutely confident that, if I didn't know about this article, then neither did Tod.²

“A primary reason for this early morning dash to Washington,” reads the *Rolling Stone*, was “to appear on a local talk show on behalf of the Safe Return Amnesty Committee — a group lobbying for total amnesty for draft resisters and deserters of the Vietnam era” [a plug Tod and I would have circulated widely and wildly had we known about it]. Dreyfuss told the writer that he had originally gotten involved with Safe Return in a “casual and thoughtless way... and then it became an enormous responsibility,” albeit one he was apparently taking on freelance without having consulted the organization he was said to be representing. In my place as consigliere sat the bantam-sized, somewhat diffident, Bob Balaban, whispering into Dreyfuss' ear during the talk show's commercial breaks that he should stop talking about “communism” unless someone else brought it up first.

The article shows Rick Dreyfuss unplugged, uncensored, hilarious, and, above all, in possession of a deep passion for politics that would have rivaled any of my Movement comrades. Dreyfuss, however, did not see independent radical action as a path to change; he fantasized about running for high public office, winning a seat in the U.S. Senate. He would be a lot better at the job, he grouched, than New York's Senator Jacob Javits, who had declined to meet with him. "I was told the senator was in Europe," Dreyfuss says. "Bullshit. It was the first day of the new session, and, in my *humble* opinion, senators, for those occasions, go to the Riviera, or Monte Carlo..." A parable on the proper place of public servants follows, and ends with, "Fuck you, you work for me, Charlie."

Dreyfuss counseled me that I should become a history teacher. I told him he would make a superb stand-up comic; the guy kept me in stitches whenever I saw him. He demurred, claiming that his friends and former high school classmates, Rob Reiner and Albert Brooks, were both much wittier than he was, especially Brooks, "the funniest man in Hollywood." All three of these guys, from where I observed the culture, were heavily influenced by the masters of their parent's generation, notably Sid Caesar and including Rob's father, Carl Reiner, brilliant clowning satirists, or, in the case of the brashly sardonic Richard Dreyfuss, venturing into the sharp social commentary of Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce.

The common denominator here is what I think of as New York or Jewish humor, urbane, smart-aleck, in your face. Strangely, outside of New York and a few other major city centers, even after the success of TV's *Seinfeld*, many Americans just don't get Woody Allen. Indeed Dreyfuss reveled in the sense of himself as exotic, and his banter with the writer abruptly twisted in that direction. When talking about his first role, aged nine, at the Westside Jewish Center,

then drifting into his professional career, Dreyfuss emphasized how his early parts were “Jewish. You may not know it, but I’m Jewish,” he intones mockingly.

The writer then footnotes this thread with a jarringly incongruous aside of his own. “Well, Jews in California do tend to get assimilated.” “No,” Dreyfuss pounces. “I don’t feel that, Christians are very alien to me. There’s a whole metabolism, a texture...” I would judge these the most spontaneous and existentially authentic words Richard Dreyfuss was to speak during that interview. But he had put himself in a minefield, and had to wiggle his way out by blowing verbal smoke, a litany of absurd stereotypes projected – by the lights of my experience, quite faithful to his underlying point – onto the Christian other: “You can spot a Jew a mile away. They all look alike. They all dance alike, they all play basketball alike...” He bails finally with a bland disclaimer, “What are we talking about?” It was clearly an uncomfortable moment, and both men let it pass.

In the aftermath of these engagements with Capitol Hill, Rick Dreyfuss would connect Safe Return to his old friend Carl Borack who ran a small production company crafting spots for an oil corporation to promote an ecology-friendly message about California off shore drilling. To balance this bit of commercial buccaneering, Borack performed a mitzvah for the cause, and offered to shoot a series of PSA’s for Amnesty, about which more below. I’m sure I was in LA for another purpose than to take a meeting with Carl Borack in the large Quonset hut structure where he ran his operation, though I have found nothing to help connect the other dots. We discussed the PSAs, and I recall that Carl screened his spot for Mobile Oil, to which I responded politely, if vaguely. I certainly found it despicable, a reflex opinion lifted from the selectively Puritanical New Left playbook, all the more hypocritical given that my consciousness of stewardship for nature was at that stage woefully underdeveloped.

I remember standing around the large space, the cavernous core of which was empty except for a long strip of matting that formed a center aisle. When another man suddenly appeared Carl announced he had to take a break and indulge a bit of sword play. Turns out Carl had been a three weapon champion and Olympian on the American Fencing Team, well enough esteemed to enter that body's Hall of Fame and have fencing events named in his honor. I had a hard time integrating the Carl I had been meeting with, a typical Hollywood 'big talker' trimming his politics to the current fashion, with the gifted athlete lunging and thrusting in a fencing match before me. Later, we sat around a desk where Carl rolled a joint from a stash of "Hawaiian" scattered across the upturned lid of a large metal film canister. I recall distinctly that Rick Dreyfuss did not partake, but Borack and I toked greedily.

Now that I was dating Kathryn Grody, my world became more and more populated with New York actors, both established and aspiring, our tickets comped for most of the shows we saw, often night after night. How it came about that Kathryn and I, at Rick Dreyfuss' invitation, ended up in Mobile, Alabama to spend several days on the set of Stephen Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, I cannot reconstruct. We stayed in the actor's rented bungalow; I read the screenplay, and thought it was garbage. The film was shot in a giant hanger outside Mobile. The mountain, several stories high, that Dreyfuss' character climbs to get to the spot where the alien ship will land, was constructed inside this improvised sound stage. Kathryn and I were on the set when the movie's final scene, the landing of the aliens and return of the earthlings, was shot in a choppy sequence of interminable delays. The pace of film production reminded me of the rote rhythms of life in the Army, and was equally autocratic, thus colossally unappealing.

I don't remember Kathryn Grody coming with us on another limo ride, this time to New Haven, to see an out-of-town preview at the Long Wharf Theatre of David Rabe's *Streamers*, last in a trilogy of plays in which Vietnam War vets are portrayed in the major roles. It's hardly surprising that I myself engaged Rabe's material on an intimately personal level. But Dreyfuss, too, was beside himself with praise for this emotionally explosive, finely polished piece of theater-craft. Rabe's Vietnam vets are raw, deeply scarred and deeply revealed, and the actors playing them rode the playwright's dialog into superb performances. Rabe created characters tailor made for this generation of fine young male actors to inhabit and interpret. And I have no doubt that Richard Dreyfuss saw himself on the stage that night, and felt a tinge of envy that he wasn't.³

My strangest memory of time spent in Rick Dreyfuss' company, just the two of us at first, then joined by two others, bordered on the surreal. The *Rolling Stone* writer had mentioned hanging out in the actor's small sublet on upper Broadway in the landmark Ansonia Hotel, where Dreyfuss had now summoned me to join him in an evening of political discussion. The grand piano ate up space in an apartment that was already cramped, and gave it an air of Bohemian reclusion. We make small talk, over shots of Remy I think. And when the two men arrived, we all trooped into the bedroom where, under muted lighting, we formed a circle on the rug as befitted the gathering of a small clandestine cell. Who the fourth man was I can't recall. But the third man was Corin Redgrave, actor and Trotskyist firebrand like his big sister Vanessa. There must have been a topic Dreyfuss wished to debate with this known actor politico. If there was, it's completely lost to me. I remember only the tedium of listening for an hour or so as Redgrave thoroughly dominated the talk, and displayed a truly remarkable zeal for Marxist orthodoxy that, if nothing else illuminated how the likes of Cotton Mather sprang from the soils of the British

Isles. Poor Dreyfuss tried to argue with Redgrave, for this meeting was about more than a gaping difference of political content and style. It was also a bout between hard boiled actors, each in his own way a true believer.

The *Rolling Stone* interviewer had investigated a bag filled with new books while foraging about in Dreyfuss' pad, over a hundred dollars' worth of titles on Thomas Paine in preparation for a reading Dreyfuss was scheduled to do in Boston. This was likely one of the counter-bicentennial events organized by Jeremy Rifkin, a nice bit of symmetry given the close genealogy linking Jeremy's group and ours. Also in the bag of books was *Confessions of a Poker Player*, and now even decades into the future, this title adds a layer of context to one occasion when I found myself driving with Dreyfuss somewhere in rural California, and we stopped at a seedy roadside casino where he went in, lit a cigar, and was dealt into a couple of hands of five-card stud, quickly shedding a role of cash like someone who suddenly found himself with money to burn.

¹. Andre, Andrews, Baranik, Brooks, Calder, Dougherty, de Kooning, Dine, Edwards, Golub, Graves, Gray, Guerilla Art Action Group, Haacke, Hilman, Johns, Johnson, Katz, Kovloff, Krasner, Lancaster, Larson, Levi, LeWitt, Motherwell, Morley, Oldenberg, Olsen-Ecker, Perlstein, Richter, Ringgold, Romano, Rosenquist, Sleigh, Sonnenberg, Sonnier, Spero, Steinberg, Stella, Stevens, Teplin, Twarkov, Twomley, Warhol, Wesselman, Youngerman, Yunkers.

². "Jawing with Richard Dreyfuss," by Michael Rogers, *Rolling Stone*, July 31, 1975.

³. The others plays in this trilogy are, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*.