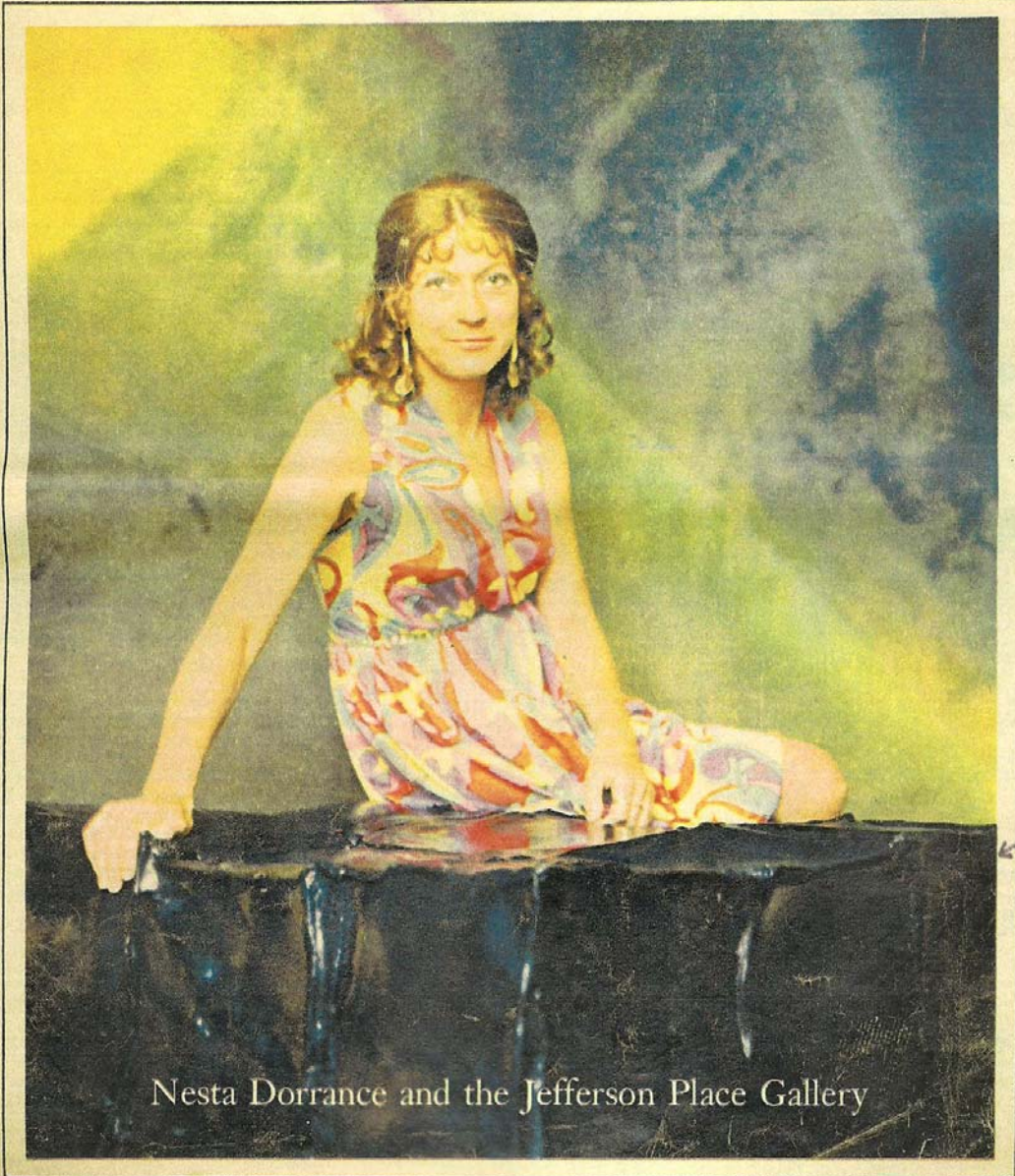


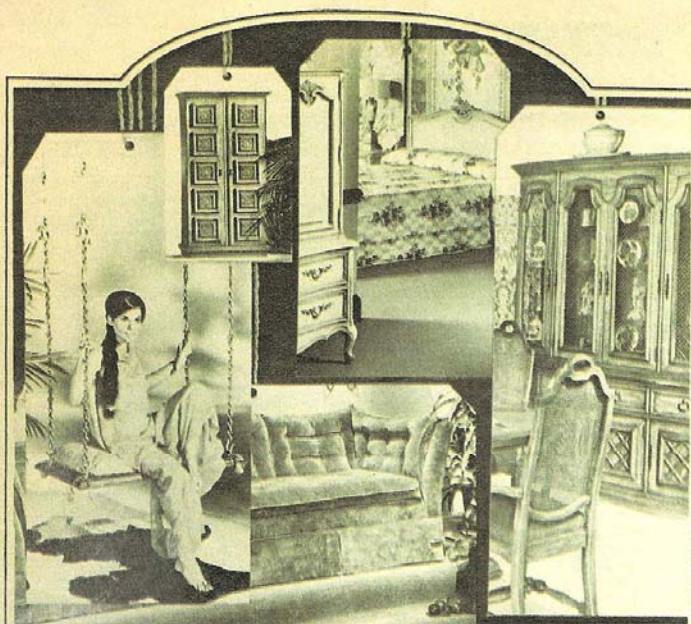
The Washington Post

Potomac

Sunday, September 21, 1969



Nesta Dorrance and the Jefferson Place Gallery



This Week Only!
Annual Clearance
 Furniture with "The Schneider Touch"

SOFAS with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"! CHAIRS with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"! BEDROOMS with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"! DINING ROOMS with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"! OCCASIONAL PIECES with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"! LAMPS with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"! SLEEP SOFAS with the "SCHNEIDER TOUCH"!

up to
50%
 (and more)
off!

Hurry for best selection!

Interiors by
Schneider
 900 Seventh Street, N.W.
 (Corner Eye) EX. 3-1905
 Plenty of Free Parking

OPEN MON. AND THURS. UNTIL 9 P.M. OTHER DAYS UNTIL 6 P.M.

Potomac

© 1969 The Washington Post Company



on the cover: Douglas Chevalier's photograph of Nesta Dorrance at the Jefferson Place Gallery. See story on page 18.

| | |
|--|----|
| Take Note! | 7 |
| Of How To Get the Most Out Of the Teacher by John Graham | |
| Nesta Dorrance and the Jefferson Place Gallery | 15 |
| by Joan G. Lawlor photographs by Douglas Chevalier | |
| Two White House Summers | 33 |
| by Carl Word photographs by Douglas Chevalier | |
| Design | 38 |
| Decor Isn't Kid Stuff by Madeleine Lundberg photographs by Mark Balducin | |
| Treating the Young Schizophrenic | 41 |
| by Suzanne B. Fields photographs by Douglas Chevalier | |
| Potomac Fashions | 48 |
| The Maxi Warm-In by Miti Pierce photographs by Edward Hardin | |
| Potomac Games | 50 |
| last week's answers on page 54 | |
| Dining with Dresden | 52 |
| El Caribe Has Spanish Flair (and Prices) by Donald Dresden | |

From the Editor:

Toulouse-Lautrec drew posters for *Le Moulin Rouge*. Will Shakespeare was one of the greatest commercial successes in the show business of his time (and forget that "second-best bed" he left in his will). Painter Gene Davis covered the White House for our L Street neighbors, the *Washington Daily News*. Art and economics seem inseparable. Jean G. Lawlor, no slob in reporting art as art, proves this week she's also no slob in covering art as business. The example she takes is Washington's Jefferson Place Gallery.

Carl Word, himself an intern in the news department of *The Washington Post* this summer (and a frequent contributor to *Tuesday* magazine which appears locally in the *Sunday Star*) tells about young black men interning at the White House. Suzanne Fields writes about a different approach to treating one of the most common mental illnesses.

Next week, *Autumn Life*: Potomac's report on homes and gardens and Fall food and fun, featuring Madeleine Lundberg, Tom Stevenson and Donald Dresden.

—JOE ANDERSON

Nesta Dorrance and the Jefferson Place Gallery

By Jean G. Lawlor



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS CHEVAIER

The yellow pages list over 80 "art galleries," offering everything from African artifacts and Old Masters to pop art and beyond. This month many of these galleries open the new art season with the first of a continuous round of shows, touting works by new and established artists vying for a piece of the art market and, in some cases, of art history. In attendance will be collectors, museum curators, reporters, art students, and a pot pourri of other gallery-goers.

The most frantic attention will focus on Washington's "contemporary" art scene—centered roughly between Dupont Circle and the P Street Beach, a lively tree-lined section aswirl with Connecticut Avenue businessmen, embassy staffs, and sandalled street people. There, in a three block area, are two prestigious museum-type galleries, the Phillips Collection and the Corcoran's Dupont Center, and two set-breaking commercial galleries, the Henri and the Jefferson Place. Together, they offer the most vigorous concentration of contemporary art in town.

The Jefferson Place Gallery (the "JP"), like its art, bows to few conventions. Despite its name, the gallery is located on P Street. Although it enjoys a national reputation, it occupies two floors of a nondescript commercial building, barely identified by the name on the second story window and a recessed yellow door. Its owner and director is Nesta Dorrance, a recognized patroness of American art, who, still on a British passport, must annually register as an alien.

The JP's national reputation rests on the Washington artists it has launched. Kenneth Noland introduced his brightly-colored "target" paintings at the early Jeff Place in 1958, followed critical acclaim to Manhattan, and recently received wide publicity for his twenty-foot canvases of pastel, horizontal bands that strain the limits of peripheral vision. Gene Davis, now handled by the Henri Gallery, first showed his eye-boggling vertical stripes at the JP in 1962, more recently surprised gallery-goers

there with his revolutionary 2-inch micro-paintings, and placed his stripes in collections, ranging from the Smithsonian's Fine Arts Collection to Sargent Shriver's U.S. Embassy in Paris. Thomas Downing and Howard Mehring, two Washington-based painters of national importance, are represented in major collections from New York to the Los Angeles County Museum.

All but four of the original co-op artists have left for other galleries or cities. Constant turnover has made for a varied stable of talent. Of the JP's present crop of thirty-one artists, seven are under thirty, nine are women, one is black, and all but two live in the Washington area.

Sam Gilliam, 36, a tall, articulate man who wears John Lennon spectacles, recently began painting canvases up to 150 feet long that are meant to hang limply along the wall like crushed drapes. To do these (and the regular, watery-toned canvases that are his trademark), Gilliam dons galoshes and applies paint with a kitchen mop to canvas laid out on a warehouse floor. He says he is interested in scale more than color, in how the size of a work transforms a wall and a room.

Roberto Polo, 18, a handsome Cuban refugee whose family settled here because of their son's art-study grant, welds plastic cubes into sculptural, see-through honeycombs. "I'm not interested in flatness or color anymore. I see each sculpture in its own 'surprise space,' and I'm involved in how one experiences space. In order for visitors to my one-man show to see each work as a separate object, we put one sculpture almost blocking a doorway, so that people had to consider it separately in their struggle to get around it." Polo's family experiences the sculptures as objects every day, for he works with propane torch and heat lamps in all the rooms of their Falls Church apartment.

Rockne Krebs, 30, an ex-Navy lieutenant who wears Edwardian suits and cowboy scarves, makes insubstantial light pieces with helium-neon lasers. These laser beams are concentrated lines of direct light that don't diffuse like flash-

light beams. Krebs is interested in new materials and processes rather than the traditional media of metal and stone. He would like to make structures for the air. In mid-July Krebs left for Palo Alto, California and the labs of Hewlett-Packard, the electronics firm. What he produces "in residence" there, in this unusual collaboration of artist and scientists, will be considered for the U.S. Exhibit at the 1970 World's Fair in Osaka, Japan.

Washington in the early fifties had no gallery in which serious artists could show contemporary paintings and sculpture alone. Local collectors looked to galleries in Paris and New York and no one gave attention to talent in the Capital. Artists had to make their living by something other than their art. Kenneth Noland, for a time, drove a D.C. taxi and Gene Davis oversaw Triple A's Annual Safety Patrol Parade. In 1957, Joe Summerford, Helene Herzbrun, Robert Gates, all American U. art professors, and painter Mary Orwen decided to fill Washington's gallery gap with a showcase of their own. They wanted to give local, avant-garde artists a chance to be seen.

Enlisted to manage the cooperative was Alice Denney, who saw the JP as "a theater of ideas . . . There'll be no Sunday painters, and the rooms won't be crammed with ceramics and jewelry." Soon a total of twelve artists had paid their monthly \$10 shares in the venture, and the first show opened October 13. Leslie Ahlander, art critic for The Washington Post, taunted Washington collectors to pay attention to the early shows. "The time has certainly come when the best of the Washington artists should be accepted on their own merits . . . Here is a challenge to acquire works for their quality rather than the names for prestige purposes."

When Noland's large-scale canvases were first shown at JP, visitors expressed the fear that such paintings might overpower their homes, but Alice Denney prophetically quipped, "I think people are going to buy paintings to cover whole walls. The day of wallpaper will be over." In spite of the group's insights, however,

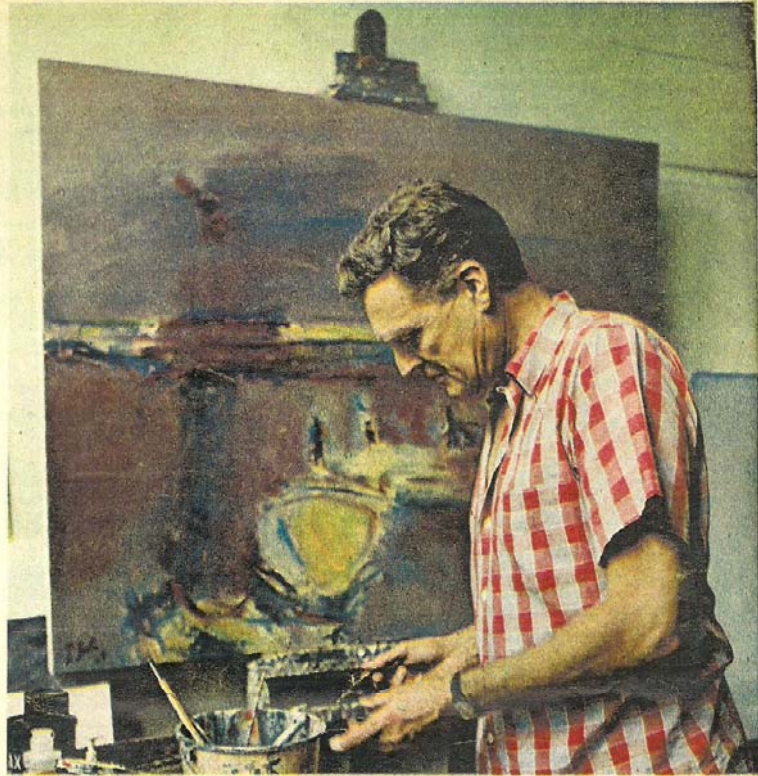
the timing was not right. Washington was not only hesitant to buy contemporary art but also hesitant about coming out to see it. The gallery landlord, Alexander Dematatis, a Washington realtor, more than once called a meeting of the Greek Society to coincide with JP opening nights. The Society provided a voluble, cosmopolitan group of gallery-goers and a pleasant reception for out-of-town artists.

Sometimes an artist's only customer during an entire show would be Alice Denney herself. She gleefully concedes that much of her own strong collection came from those shows that wouldn't sell. In 1961, when the members decided to disband their non-profit cooperative, Alice went on to involve herself in other local art events. She helped initiate the Washington Gallery of Art (which last year became Corcoran's Dupont Center), and in 1963 she assisted in the selection of works for America's exhibit in the Venice Biennale. She became Washington's first lady of pop culture in 1966 when she sponsored the Now Festival, a four-day celebration of happenings and mind-teasers, that brought Andy Warhol, famed for his Campbell soup can painting and tedious movies, with his bizarre entourage to Washington. Currently, she is the local link to a national venture that puts artists into industry, EAT (Experiment in Art and Technology).

When Nesta Dorrance took on the Jefferson Place in 1961, she got: the gallery's name, a short list of patrons, and less than \$50 in petty cash. She had known members of the original co-op group when she took painting at American U., and she had been the co-op's first real customer when she bought a Robert Gates canvas in 1957. Actually, the transfer was an informal, verbal agreement among friends. The co-op had been somewhat indifferent to profits; now Nesta was committed to making a business survive.

Nesta puts gallery-goers at ease with her elegant, reserved manner and her genuine respect for the art she shows. Her cinnamon red hair is pulled to the back of her head in a chic ponytail, but a few loose curls form a girlish frame for her face. She has the figure of a model and wears her clothes as if she were one. Her voice is low and husky, her accent hard to place—a mixture of Swansea (her birthplace) Welsh and London (School of Economics) English, her two "homes" before coming to Washington eighteen years ago. Now that her daughter Deborah is beginning medical studies abroad, Nesta lives alone and recuperates after a busy week in her "brown room." This is the retreat she calls "shades of Elinor Glyn or Hershey gone mad," a room that comes as a surprise in a house of bright paintings and family antiques.

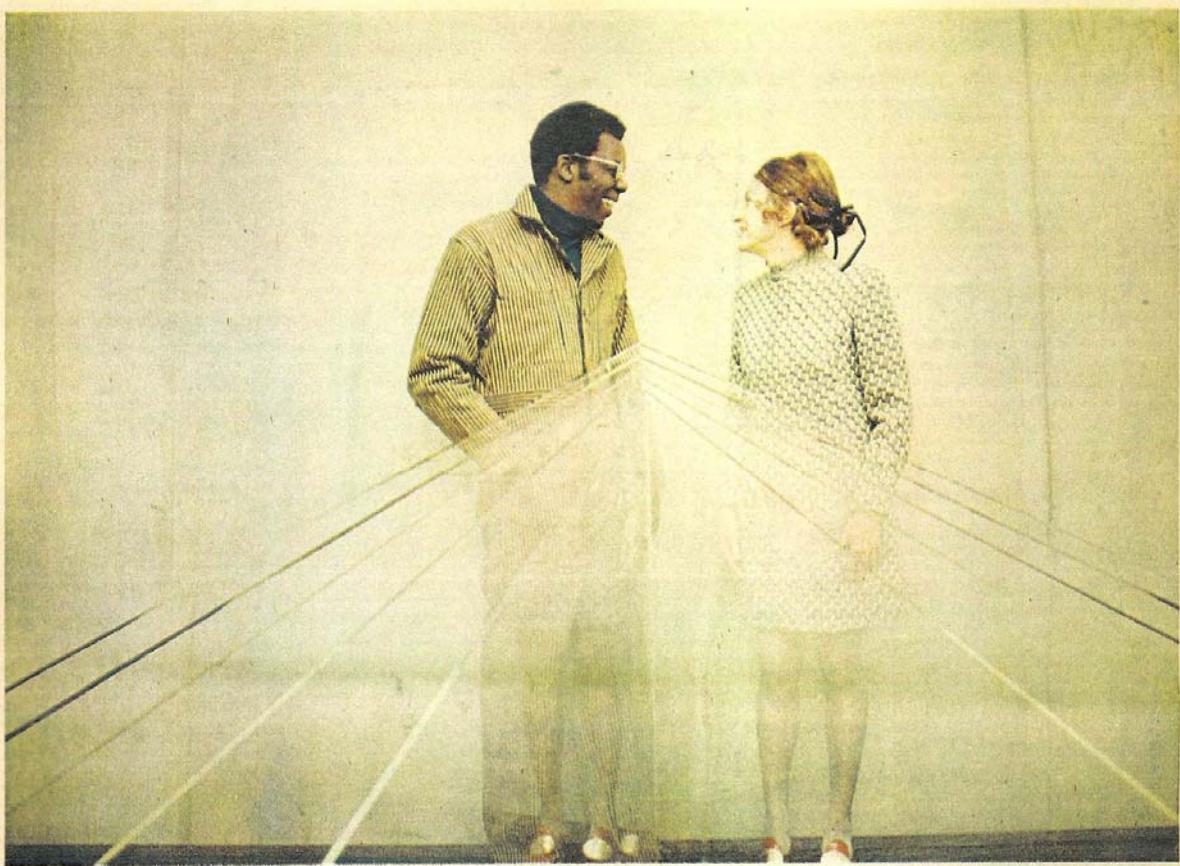
From the beginning of her commercial experiment, Nesta has gone it alone, and from the first, as now, she says she's working from instinct. She can sense that an art work is good but she can't necessarily verbalize it. The rationalizing can always come later, she feels. The immediate response is intuitive, and she banks



Robert Gates of the American University fine arts department



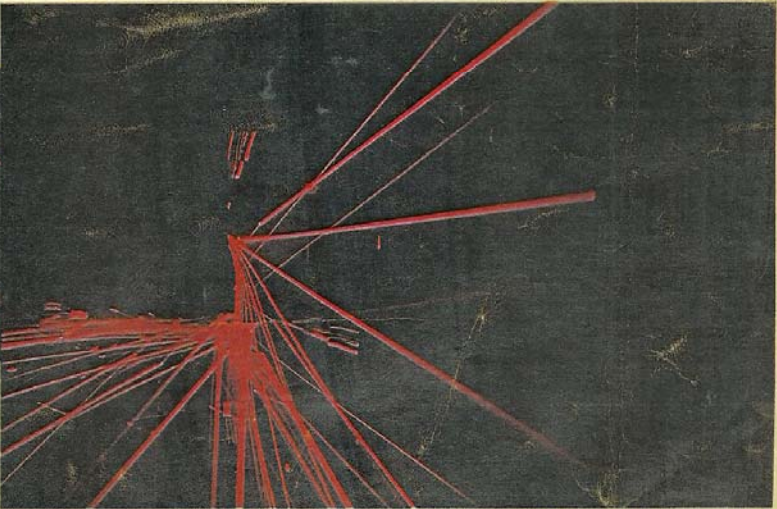
Helen Herzbrun in her studio



Sam Gilliam and NESTA Dorrance study a plexiglas sculpture by Rockne Krebs.



Rockne Krebs "wrapped" in laser beams in a double-exposure photograph



on that. One who sells art is, as she puts it, "selling his own eye."

Nesta Dorrance is, in the best sense of the word, a "promoter." Except for a few weeks in late summer, the gallery sponsors a different one-man or group show every three weeks. Each show involves two days spent placing or hanging art in the gallery, a Tuesday night opening "party," publicity in art magazines and papers, the mailing of hundreds of announcements, and the handling of sales. In return for these services, the gallery receives 40 per cent of any sales transaction.

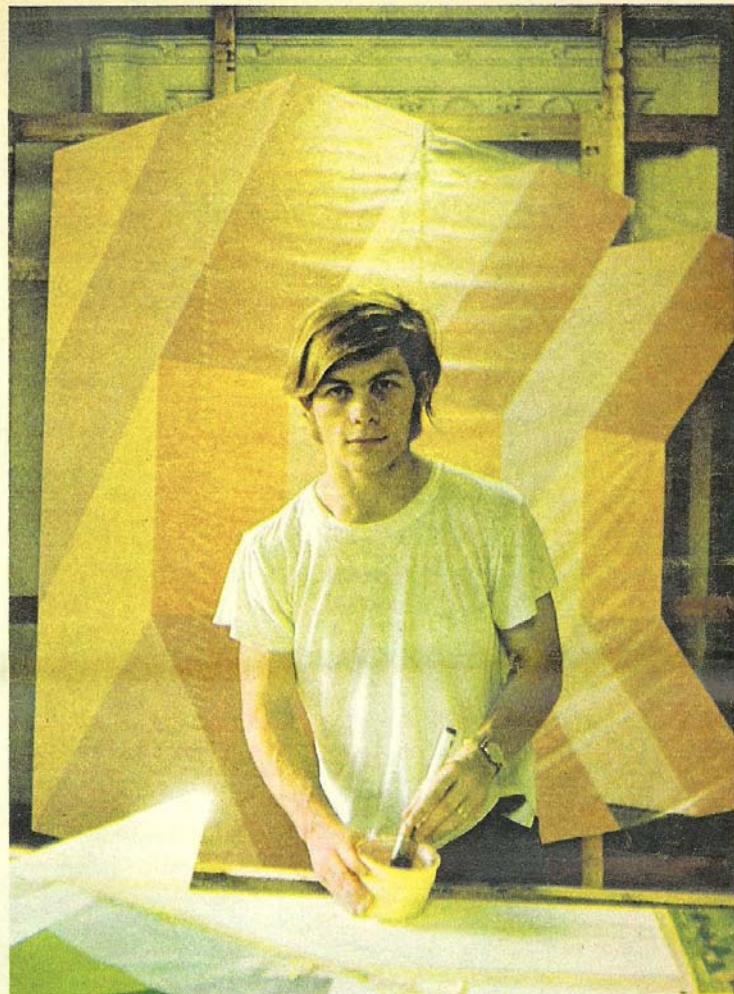
With thirty-one artists in the JP gallery, not all can be given one-man shows every year, and not all produce at such a rate that they want such frequent exposure. However, if Nesta feels that an artist has "a new statement to make," she is flexible enough to work out a show for him on her schedule. She has her eye out for new artists, too and regularly she looks at color slides or visits studios, but she won't take on any artist unless she can give him a show. "I'd never enter an agreement with him otherwise. It's unfair to bind someone to the gallery, unless I can promise that."

Artists in Nesta's stable praise her professional ability to handle a show and her personal ability to keep cool while doing it. "Until recently," Nesta says, "we opened on Mondays, but that meant taking down one show and putting up another all on Sunday. Tuesday openings now give us a little more time to think." Working with an artist at setting up his work can cause as much tension as the last-minute efforts before the opening of a Broadway play. "Hanging a show is crucial. After all, each work needs its own space, and if good paintings are hung badly, they look terrible."

"Artists and I usually agree about where canvases should go. Sam (Gilliam) was unsure about the location of one painting in his recent show. I held out for it to stay as it was, and the next day he came back, went up the stairs, studied it again, and said I was right." Nesta, after all, is "selling her eye" to Sam Gilliam, too. Unlike some notorious New York gallery directors, she avoids confrontations. She sees herself as "a calming influence. I'm just here to make things smooth for the artists. They're the prima donnas."

For almost every show, Nesta must repaint the white walls or wash off new fingerprints. At different times, she has even added temporary walls to cover a distracting window or to support an extra-wide canvas. For his show in late winter, Rockne Krebs wanted to position a laser so that its one red beam would seem to pierce a dividing wall. "It's the art that matters. We needed to drill a hole through the wall, so we did it." Then Krebs, his wife, and his ex-Navy roommate worked to set up other lasers that transformed one room into a grid of beams, mirrored almost to infinity. (To save time that weekend, Krebs slept on the carpet of the gallery floor.)

For his show in the spring, Roberto Polo had ordered a num-



Eric Rudd and one of his three-dimensional paintings



A little wine and a lot of conversation at a Jefferson Place Gallery show.



Sam Gilliam and his drapery canvases.

ber of large pre-fabricated cubes to use as bases for his sculpture. By Tuesday morning they had still not been delivered, so Nesta helped Polo scrounge for bases. They called Sheila Isham and others who brought bases of her own and at four o'clock the delivery came. "Very tense," said Nesta, but by 5 o'clock Tuesday evening, every piece was in its place, ready for the opening night visitors.

A JP Opening Tuesday

5 P.M. Nesta has just left for a quick trip home where she changes from working outfit to hostess clothes. The gallery is quiet and empty except for her assistant Annie Bissell or a friend who has offered to watch things. On his opening night, Polo "watched" the gallery during the transition time. He sat on the floor and looked at his work; he wandered from room to room hearing nothing but the muffled sounds of rush-hour traffic. "What weird sensations to be alone with my sculpture like that. I experienced my 'souvenirs' as I never had before. It was exhilarating!"

6 P.M. A tuxedoed bartender gazes out the third floor window and then turns back to a small table covered with a white linen cloth. He sets out seven rows of five wine glasses each and opens one bottle of cold, white wine. He can hear a few people who have arrived and are coming lowly from the gallery rooms on the floor below—stopping to look at canvases by the stairs or at the landing—a secretary still in her office dress, a young wife in a pants suit there ahead of her working husband, a graying gentleman in a double-breasted suit bending solicitously toward an identification label on the wall, and a hippie couple on its way to Dupont Circle. They quietly take turns at the wine table, and then sip slowly as they go back to looking again.

7 P.M. Both gallery floors and the staircase between are filled with people who hold their glasses tightly, rarely spilling or drinking from them because it's still daylight outside and a Tuesday. In two's and three's they gather around the printed lists of works and prices. Strangers introduce themselves; friends wave at

each other across the room—nothing more or less than a good party. Nesta greets the familiar faces by name or with a surprised smile. Usually she stands with the showing artist, and they talk to others of the stable who've come to wish their colleague well. This is not necessarily a scene for official Washington. Rarely would a celebrity-watcher or society columnist find his newsmakers here. In spite of the fact Nesta numbers important Washingtonians among her customers, an opening at the JP is more likely to be a low-key gathering of the invited and the passer-by. Not a fashion show, Gallery-goers arrive in everything from a simple black dress and sandals to a dashiki or a paint-spattered T-shirt.

There are a variety of benefits that come from an artist's affiliation with a gallery. For Sheila Isham, who paints cloud-soft canvases with a spray gun, the JP is a form of protection. She bemoaned a

morning lost to work because of three phone hassles over a sale and regretted not calling Nesta, the businesswoman, to handle it. But besides being a buffer and bookkeeper, Nesta sees that her artists get word of financial aid and grants of free studio space. She handles inquiries about works not currently being shown, and she stimulates museums to take interest in the artists she represents. Recently she saw to it that works by Gilliam, Paul Reed, and others were made available for the new U.S. Ambassador's home in Mogadishu, Somalia.

Selling art is not, however, as clean-cut a business as selling groceries. It often calls for the director to do a bit of social tightrope walking. In New York, for example, gallery owners and artists are often pressured to donate works to museums or large collections. Nesta recently handled the sale of a painting by Howard Mehring to the Whitney Museum. When asked if a museum ever gets a large discount or gift through her, she exclaimed "No! The artist needs the money to keep working more than he needs the publicity." But some small allowance (10 per cent) is allowed in sales to museums, "a standard deduction, which is certainly not unfair. No more than 10 per cent, however, is considered, and no haggling ever allowed."

The Washington art scene has its own peculiar pressures. Some say that there is a tradition in Washington for one gallery owner not to attend the openings of a competitor, but Nesta says she attends any opening that shows the work of a friend. All are expected to come out for

art events such as first night at the National Collection or a Corcoran Biennial Exhibition. Nesta says she must often be diplomatic about sales within the JP itself. "It can get sticky when potential buyers are friends of the artist they're considering. They usually like to come to the gallery when I'm here alone, so if they decide not to buy, there'll be no embarrassment. Some buyers wish to keep their anonymity even after a sale is final, and I respect that wish."

Gallery economics have changed in the last ten years. Washington art collectors are more interested and more numerous than the early co-op could have foreseen. In the early days, it was possible to shop the Jefferson Place for a "bargain." A few hundred dollars would buy a large Mehring then; the asking price for a small one of that same period is now close to \$2,000. Sketches used to go for \$25, and the top price for a large oil was \$500. At the JP today, the least expensive items are a silk screen by Blaine Larson for about \$45 and a drawing by Robert Gates for \$75. Most of the works handled are in the \$100 to \$1,000 range, with the most expensive work now on sale being a large (nine by sixteen-foot) Sam Gilliam canvas for \$6,000.

In spite of what may seem to be high prices most serious painters and sculptors still can't work at art full-time. Of the artists handled by the JP, many have jobs in their non-studio hours or a working wife or both. David Moy designs the lay-outs for Potomac Magazine; Paul Reed is the Peace Corps' art director; Willem deLooper is a slide librarian at the Phillips

Collection; Jennie Lea Knight does anatomical drawings for an NIH laboratory; and Michael Clark sometimes illustrates manuscripts for the Smithsonian.

Some support doesn't come from art-related jobs at all. Roberto Polo recently hired himself out part-time as a jewelry salesman and gift-wraper. Sam Gilliam's wife Dorothy writes free-lance articles on urban problems and pinch-hits as a panelist on TV's Panorama show. For some, like Bel Contreras, there is delight in leading two lives. From nine to five he is Chief of the Visual Presentation Branch at The Agency for International Development, and this, he says, keeps him from "the monastic life of a full-time painter."

Recent Washington history should convince local buyers that, even if there are no "bargains" anymore, there may be many good investments. Collectors are still called upon to take risks on good, relatively unknown artists. The galleries that are making excitement in Washington are those that don't offer the comfortable subject matter and the familiar forms. Taking risks is after all the role of an explorer in any field. As Gene Davis says, "once Sabin had perfected the polio vaccine, why should any serious scientist waste his time trying to re-invent it?"

Is Washington really a gallery town? Maybe, but there are still a few services galleries here



LA PLATA, MARYLAND
20646
P. O. Box 268
Off. #1, 1st Fl. Col. Bldg.
Colonial Shopping Ctr.
Phone 934-4349
Washington: 753-6371

SALISBURY, MD. 21801
Hwy. 13 N., Delmar Rd.
P. O. Box 1797
Phone PI 2-7188

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
22401
P. O. Box 806
N. Washington Hwy.
U. S. 1 North
Phone 373-3024

WINCHESTER, VA. 22601
P. O. Box 617
1834 Valley Ave.
Hwy. 11, South
Phone 667-8093

NOW You Can Afford to Build a New Home



The 4-bedroom COLUMBIA



We have Barrels of INSTANT MORTGAGE MONEY

The center of a woman's world is her home. That's why, at Jim Walter Homes, we make it easy for you to build a new home for your family now. We have all the mortgage money you need to build now and we offer 100% financing to qualified property owners. All you do is select from over 20 beautiful, low cost, high quality homes. We'll build the home of your choice almost anywhere you own property.

When you think of a new home... think of...

Jim Walter Homes

Built on your property Over 20 models 100% financing

We'll finish the interior of your new home to almost any stage of completion you want. By doing some of the interior yourself, you'll realize a tremendous savings. If you like, we'll furnish the interior finishing materials and include the cost in your mortgage. So why wait? You can give your family a beautiful new home **now**.

A Complete Line of Second Home Cottages

Call, send the coupon or stop by for the new catalog and complete information.



JIM WALTER CORP.
(Mail to the nearest office)

I would like to know more about your building and financing plan. Please send me a free catalog. I am interested in a...

Home Cottage

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

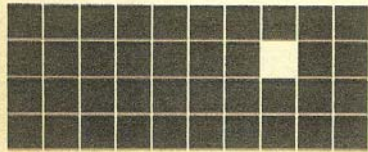
Telephone _____

My property is located in _____ County.

Planning in advance of need can ease a time of sorrow for family and friends

A pre-arrangement plan eliminates the need for others to make hasty decisions in an atmosphere of grief and tension. It is an act of thoughtfulness that requires no expenditure. It takes only consideration. This booklet will give you information on pre-arrangement planning as well as other matters families should know. We will mail it on request. You incur no cost or obligation.

what everyone should know about funerals



JOSEPH GAWLER'S
SONS, INC. *Funeral Directors Since 1850*

5130 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., at Harrison Street
Private parking for more than 100 cars



Jennie Lee Knight sculpting wood

cannot provide. Recently, for example, the art department of a local university was offered funds for the purchase of an important sculpture. Time was short; the information had to be returned to the donor by a deadline. But the department claims it could find no clearing house in Washington, no one aficionado who knew what was for sale out of what collections. Nesta disagrees. "Galleries in D.C. can be liaisons for major purchases; Washington buyers don't use us enough. We know whom to call in New York and can serve as advice-centers. But no one knows everything, and even New York has no central "clearing house." There are waiting lists for the works of major artists, and even super-solvent buyers need liaisons to the supply.

Is Washington now an artist's town? Quite a few artists think not. New York City, they feel, is still where things happen, where the chances of contact with other artists and important collectors are multiplied. One said, "The big collectors fly between New York and Los Angeles, and they don't make stopovers in the Capital. Just having a New York gallery represent

you is not the same thing as being there." But Nesta and others see it differently. "Artists wish to show in New York as well as here now. Washington isn't a stepping stone anymore."

Some local artists, however, have expressed the fear that gallery emphasis is being put on novelty rather than quality. One of them, Joe Summerford, an original JP co-op artist and American U. art professor, feels that "too many galleries are interested only in the unique position-takers. They pressure artists into making breakthroughs, and artists are often forced to do so in order to survive."

Summerford blames the artist as much as anyone for this kind of exploitation. Too much, he feels, depends upon promotion by the dealers, the museum people, and the press. He cited one ex-Washington painter whose well-deserved success has come out of a single art critic's "push-program." "The gallery system will continue to be a commercial one, but historically, the great artists have always survived outside it. If a large number of artists would choose to function outside the galleries, we might be rid of this present romanticism that sees novelty as good and all older styles as retarded."

Some recent American art has pushed this criticism of the gallery system even farther. Last year an artist filled an entire German gallery with one foot of warm, black soil. He ridiculed the limits of gallery space as well as the absurdity of possessing art by buying it. Since then artists have been concerned with glacier movement, rain clouds, erosion, holes, and random street debris. The axiom back of it all is that the precious displays of the traditional gallery are irrelevant now; art exists in city streets and even unseemly desert places. Taken to extremes, this implies the demise of the gallery, at least as a front-line, risk-taking force.

New Yorker Robert Scull, recently feted by the Corcoran Gallery for his support of major artists, might well be called the deMedici of new pop art. Last year Scull commissioned an "earthwork" (a series of concrete-filled holes) in a piece of Nevada desert he did not own and could not see (except in a photo) without hiring a private plane (which he did) to take him there. If all patrons were satisfied with this momentary experience of a work of art rather than permanent possession of it, the economics of art that all galleries and most artists thrive on would be destroyed.

There are precedents, of course, for art that is temporary, public, and unbuyable. The American Indians created elaborate, geometric sand-paintings which they destroyed at sundown, and children still delight in drawing careful, color-filled pictures and throwing them away. But what is surprising now is that "serious" artists claim that there need be no "test of time," that art which is every man's and free is indeed the "priceless" art.

If all human space can be art-space, then the gallery is a valid showcase in new terms. Paul Reed, who paints polysided, irregular canvases in hard-edge color, doesn't seem bothered by "death of the gallery" talk. He says, "There will always be the desire to have things in your own home that are of high quality."

Nesta foresees the gallery as an even greater



Chun Chen



Nesta at work in the gallery

ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS ½ PRICE SALE

STARTS THIS SUNDAY 10:00 A.M.—6:00 P.M.



YOUR CHOICE OF OVER 1,000 ORIGINAL OILS
BY LEADING AMERICAN & EUROPEAN ARTISTS
ALL ½ PRICE—OR LESS
HUNDREDS AVAILABLE
\$1.99 to \$24.99

PICTURE FRAMING

WITHOUT A DOUBT ONE OF THE BIGGEST AND MOST
UNBELIEVABLE SELECTIONS OF MOULDINGS ANYWHERE.
ALL WORK DONE IN OUR OWN SHOP ON THE PREMISES.

GLOBAL ARTS LTD.

7715 WISCONSIN AVE.—BETHESDA, MD.

(Next to Bethesda Theater)

HOURS MONDAY thru SUNDAY 10-6 657-3330

NOW!

OPEN TO THE
PUBLIC

for the first time VISIT THE AREA'S ONLY
**WHOLESALE LIVING ROOM
SHOWROOM** buy now at dealer
and decorator prices



Deluxe would like to interest the people who can appreciate the finest in living room furniture without paying the retail price. Since we are expanding, you can now visit our showroom without a decorator or dealer and pay the same price they previously paid. You will see the most extensive and dramatic display of 120 pieces of quality custom styled sofas and chairs and coordinating tables and lamps in the Wash. Met. Area, with a selection of fabrics from every textile mill in the country and also imports. Since Deluxe creates its own furniture they will be delighted to design pieces to your precise specifications. Either way, you are getting the very finest at wholesale prices, the kind of prices once offered only to dealers and decorators.

Visit us soon — you'll be very glad you did.

Deluxe Furniture Manufacturers, Inc.

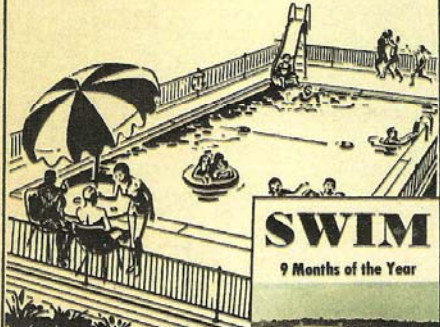
12260 Wilkins Avenue, Rockville, Maryland

Rockville Pike North to Randolph, right on Randolph, left on Parklawn, left on Wilkins 10 to 2 daily, 10 to 3 Saturdays

942-1800

WE ARE LIVING ROOM SPECIALISTS ONLY

Sylvan's Fall POOL SALE



SWIM
9 Months of the Year

BUY NOW!

IMMEDIATE INSTALLATION
THE ALL-NEW

Vacationer

ALL ALUMINUM POOL

Priced to fit everyone's budget. Not a Franchised Dealer! No Subcontractors!

*no painting, staining, or maintenance * 3' walkways, extended lounge deck * baked white enamel finish decorator fence * available in depth 3 1/2' to 7' or 3 1/2' constant * buy direct from Sylvan, the manufacturer

SAVE FROM \$500 to \$900 *

BANK FINANCING AVAILABLE

Ask About our Deferred Pay Plan

SYLVAN POOLS
INCORPORATED

WHEN YOU BUY FROM SYLVAN . . . YOU BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

CALL NOW! Collect
(NO OBLIGATION)

(202) 776-3400
WASHINGTON, D.C.

(302) 792-7772
BALTIMORE, MD.

SYLVAN SALES, SERVICE & SUPPLY CENTERS
OPEN DURING BUSINESS HOURS ONLY

FAIRFAX, VA.
703-591-5654
WHEATON, MD.
301-949-1750

SYLVAN POOLS INC. ^{WP 8/71}
BOX 159
LAUREL, MD. 20810

I am interested in the new all aluminum VACATIONER. Please send brochure, without obligation.

PHONE
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

*Depending on size and accessories selected.



Sandy Waters

influence than it is now. She has a theory about what a good gallery can and should be, even if she doesn't verbalize it on cue—and that is: that good art is good—it works—it hits you between the eyes—it must exist—it needs to be seen—and its creator needs rewards and encouragement so that he can make something good again.

Walter Hopps, acting director of the Corcoran, sees the existence of good commercial galleries in the Capital as a necessity. Although he places Washington as one of the top five major art cities in the country, he feels it has been the least active of those five in terms of commercial activity. The reason for this is he sees it, is the District's unique problem: "We have urban density without the money and the leisure time that usually go along with such density; in New York City, there's been an art-buying public for 150 years. Our potential patrons are often in the suburbs, and that makes Washington a tough town for the art business. As any concerned museum director, I look to the galleries to be vigorous, to keep artists alive that are worth believing in."

And what about Washington ten years from now Hopps says there is every sign that the art public is growing; a few more strong galleries are slated to open here soon; and interest in seeing the work of living artists has come of age. "Art is inextricably part of the big picture. It is linked to the socio-economic and political future of the country; it is not a separate world."

Hopps foresees the involvement of arts and artists in new kinds of commercial enterprise, perhaps a system of agents not linked to display space or a sophisticated cooperative in which the artists themselves are stockholders and hire their own personnel. Such changes would work to bring and keep artists here. A real "art scene," Hopps believes, is always traceable to the thrust made by artists themselves.

Inevitably a brilliant Washington artist will be discovered and rewarded even without gallery sponsorship. But canvas now costs \$8 a yard and a tube of acrylic paint \$2.50. Without buyers, most artists would have to opt for the nine-to-five job. The majority of Washington's serious painters choose to be affiliated with a commercial gallery; quite a few feel local art interest could support more galleries than the city has now. Without the attention of a Nesta Dorrance, the artist would undoubtedly find shows more difficult to come by and recognition slower in coming. Certainly for the gallery-goers of Washington, life would be a lot less fun.



Joan G. Lawlor (Mrs. Gary Cohen) earlier wrote for Potomac on William J. Smith, poet. She is a freelance writer and English teacher.