

# Galleries are best place to learn about art, artists

By DAVE HICKEY  
Star-Telegram Art Editor

I might be growing up. I don't want to raise false hopes, but I used to think talking about art to Texans was a fool's errand — like talking about your mistress to your wife. Since then, however, I have tried talking about Texas to art types, and, given a choice of windmills, I decided to take a shot at bestowing knowledge on my innocent, but intelligent fellow Texans. My chances of bestowing intelligence on art hipsters was certainly nil.

Now art hipsters are asking solicitous questions about writing for the "lay reader." In response, I point out that I am a lay writer, reminding them that, unlike sex, art is not a religion for me — only a game: serious play, but dead serious, nevertheless. But there's a lot they don't tell you about this kind of fun for mortal stakes, and a lot they never tell you, so I had hoped to explain the rules to at least one of my potential readers.

He's the one I know best: Me, 20-odd years ago, the last time I lived in Fort Worth, when I threw this paper rather than writing for it and found myself interested in art and not knowing what to do about it. My background is too typical to be unique, so I had hoped to deal with some things I would have liked to have known for the other me's out there.

Maybe they, too, in response to their first tentative overtures, have been given to understand that one pursues cultural interests in a university or a museum, and, like myself, don't find the prospect inviting, even taking into account their myriad art opportunities. In my case, like any libidinous street child I had my priorities in order. My questions prepared:

"Can I be interested in art and not be a Sissy? Or worse, a Dork? Or even worse: A Wimp?"

**THE ANSWER UNDER** the circumstances was "No," as long as culture was only available via schools. There was a whole world out there surrounding the serious commercial art world, but we didn't know about it. We didn't even know that we could go into commercial galleries. People entered the arts from our part of the middle class the way people used to enter the foreign legion, in flight and shame. The only thing we had in common with one another was contempt for algebra and ineptitude at commerce. Gallery girls scared us. How were we to know they were only neurotics in transit from Bennington to Bellvue?

I still would be of this opinion if I hadn't started hanging around the galleries in Midtown Manhattan five years later during my "street life phase." To be perfectly honest, I was first and foremost interested in their air conditioning and free toilet facilities, but sometime during a hot July afternoon I was chatting with the guys at Sidney Janis, and more to amuse themselves than anything else, they started to bring out paintings. Ellsworth Kelly's! One after another, just to look at them. I got so excited I asked to see some Wesslemans. Out they came. I was stunned. Pandorified.

Then, later that month I was involved in the same sort of loitering at Leo Castelli's uptown gallery and I found myself watching Leo flogging an Artshwager off on a lady from Los Angeles. My response was simple: "I wanna do that." And eventually I did. And I learned what dealers know, and you should too:

Dealers know that there are no stupid questions about art, only people too stupid to ask them. And they know that you don't learn anything in college, regardless of what curators might think. You learn about art by experiencing it and thinking about your responses, by being wrong a lot. But you do get better, dealers know.

They also know that no reputation is forever, and that some reputations never happen at all regardless of the quality of the work, that the race is not always to the swift as the good book says. And that an artist who works for 20 years

only to marry the beautician and fall under a truck, might be as good as the latest art star.

Dealers also know that you got to see the work and learn to make judgments before you buy it. So they'll show you anything. If they won't they're just picture floggers.

**I WISH I HAD** known this before but, knowing, I decided I'd check it out again. So in the last couple of weeks, just by hanging around commercial galleries (with an occasional museum or artist's studio thrown in), I've probably seen more individual works of art than even existed in, say, 1600. I started here in town, and my visits to Bill and Pam Campbell's Gallery One, and Dutch Phillips' Fort Worth Gallery served to remind me how much I enjoyed this kind of art prospecting.

For no particular reason, I drove over to Dallas and really fell into the rhythm, visiting, in no particular order, Carol Taylor, Delahunty, 500 Exposition and Mattingly Baker. Then, this weekend, (taking advantage of a museum show in Houston which required my on-the-scene contempt), I visited the galleries there: Starting off at Betty Moody's with sausage-and-biscuits and a drop-in by Houston artist Dick Wray, detouring through the executive deco of the DuBose and the Kauffman Gallery. (As sure as you don't touch bases you miss something.) I finished the morning looking at "everything" in Bill Graham's gallery-cum-garage apartment, all of which reflected his taste and involvement his small stable of artists.

The afternoon was foreshortened by "art-for-the-sake-of-curatorial-ambition," but I still managed to ransack Watson-De Nagy and Hadler-Rodriguez. Everywhere I went, I looked at anything they'd show me, and took my time doing it; but nobody really minded. Naturally not, you say, since I'm now an "official" critic. Surprisingly, however, they hadn't minded before I was an official critic — when I was just an ex-dealer with no money.

Dealers like talking about art. They like looking at it, too, in variegated company, knowing that, no matter how often they've seen it, in different company, it will be a different work.

In fact, I entered the art world as a dealer, because I thought galleries were the best places to look at art. (They are, after all, private, and quiet, and well-lighted; and empty in the afternoons. There are no guards, and there are no pop quizzes afterwards.) Also, I found dealers, especially those involved with the careers of living artists, the subtlest and most worldly critics, and I still do. He usually likes what he shows, even understands it in most cases. Although, if he doesn't, it doesn't bother him. He will eventually. His job is to believe in it, and to sell it.

**AND WHETHER** he understands it or not, he still likes talking about it... with anyone — strangers off the street, the meter man, even other dealers. Pretty light stuff sometimes, but when I finally disengaged myself, I realized that none of my conversations or correspondence about art with critics, or curators, or academics, even approximated the special quality of my conversations with other dealers. From their multi-faceted mixture of seriousness, irony, gossip, analysis, humor, economics and respect for the artist, I had been able to derive my clearest vision of his task and his role in America's day-to-day culture.

It's a real pity people look down their noses at commercial art galleries. The people who run them provide the art world with its absolute front line of reconnaissance and engagement; they also provide a street entrance to an increasingly remote American sub-culture. Translated into "layman's language" this means that if you find a gallery you like and hang around in the afternoon, they'll show you stuff, and answer your dumb questions. I promise. They even told me how to pronounce Ed Ruscha.

Dealers know that there are no stupid questions about art, only people too stupid to ask them. And they know that you don't learn anything in college, regardless of what curators might think. You learn about art by experiencing it and thinking about your responses, by being wrong a lot.

**PALM READER**  
and  
**ADVISOR**  
REVEALS THE SEPARATED  
ADVISE ON ALL PLEASES  
SPECIAL READING.  
\$1 WITH THIS AD  
1408 BELLE PLACE  
(Corner of Comp Bldg)  
7-2323

**NEWSIS** OPEN  
11:45  
Child \$1.00 Adult \$2.00  
"SUPERMAN III"  
"STAR TREK II"

**LOEWS 275-7377**  
LINCOLN SQ. ARLINGTON  
COLLINS (FM 157) 8-130  
\$2.50 MON-SAT TIL 6PM  
SUN & HOLIDAYS TIL 2PM  
MAN WHO WASN'T THERE (R)  
(3-D) 12:20-2:10-5:30-7:35-9:40  
PRIVATE SCHOOL (R)  
12:20-2:10-4:00-5:50-7:40-9:30  
RETURN OF THE JEDI (PG)  
(DOUBT) 1:50-4:25-7:00-9:35  
VACATION (R)  
12:15-2:10-4:05-6:00-8:00-9:55  
CURSE OF PINK PANTHER (PG)  
12:25-2:25-4:20-6:15-8:10-10:05  
STAYING ALIVE (PG)  
12:35-2:35-4:30-6:25-8:20-10:15  
(IN DOLBY STEREO)

**MANSFIELD** 281-1177  
MAN WHO WASN'T THERE  
THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL  
OVER  
TRAINING PLACES  
48 HOURS (R)  
PHONE 281-1177  
**SOUTHSIDE TWIN**  
6200 OLD HEMPILL RD.  
TWILIGHT ZONE  
OUTLAND (PG)  
SUPERMAN III  
PIREX (PG)  
MONDAY & TUESDAY  
\$1.00 Per Person  
OPEN START  
7:45 AT DUSK

WIN GREAT ON-DISPLAY MULTIPLE PRIZES!  
WIN-PLUTT THEATRE TICKETS!  
Check Coca-Cola Products/Treasure Maps  
Caps and Tabs Valid  
Sun.-Thurs. after 6 p.m.

**PLUTT THEATRES**  
\$2.25 MONDAY  
THRU SATURDAY  
ON ALL SHOWS BEFORE 6 P.M.  
SUN. & HOLS. — 1st SHOW ONLY  
TIMES SHOWN: TODAY ONLY

**RIDGLEA**  
6125 CAMP BOWIE / 732-7101  
"WAR GAMES" (PG)  
1:00-3:15-5:30-7:45-10:00

**WEDGWOOD 1 & 2**  
1-20 @ TRAIL LAKE / 282-0649  
"NATIONAL LAMPOONS  
VACATION" (R)  
11:45-1:45-3:45-5:45-7:45-9:45

"CLASS" (R)  
12:00-2:00-4:00-6:00-8:00-10:00  
**BELAIRE 1 & 2**  
404 E. PIPELINE, HURST / 282-2131

"THE STAR CHAMBER"  
12:45-3:00-5:15-7:30-9:45 (R)  
"RISKY BUSINESS" (R)  
12:00-2:00-4:00-6:00-8:10-10:00

**WESTERN HILLS 4**  
6467 CAMP BOWIE / 732-7601  
"KRULL" (PG)  
12:00-2:25-4:50-7:25-9:50

"MAN WHO WASN'T  
THERE" (R)  
1:10-3:20-5:30-7:40-9:50  
"STAYING ALIVE" (PG)  
11:50-1:50-3:50-5:50-7:50-9:50

"TRADING PLACES"  
12:30-2:50-5:10-7:30-9:50 (R)  
**CINEMA 4 - ARL.**  
COLLINS & PIONEER / 461-0002

"CLASS" (R)  
12:00-2:00-4:00-6:00-8:00-10:00  
"SNOW WHITE" (G)  
12:45-2:30-4:15-6:00-7:45-9:30

"TRADING PLACES"  
12:30-2:50-5:10-7:30-9:50 (R)  
"FLASHDANCE" (R)  
12:00-2:00-4:00-6:00-8:00-10:00

## Producing musical from the writer's side

New York Times News Service

**NEW YORK** — Four years ago, Russell Baker, reporter and columnist for *The New York Times*, found himself in the middle of one of the most colorful stories of his career. He had written the book for a Broadway musical that opened out of town and was in deep trouble. Like countless Broadway authors before him, Baker went to work day after day feverishly rewriting the show. But at night, in the solitude of his Toronto hotel room, his journalistic instincts took over. He recorded all the gory details of the experience in a diary.

Baker intended to have the diary published in book form, but his collaborators on the musical — Cy Coleman, the composer, and Barbara Fried,

the lyricist — had other ideas. "We convinced Russell it would be better to do a show," Coleman says.

And so, a show it is. Baker, Coleman and Fried have written a new musical, as yet untitled, which tells the story of a frenzied attempt to put on a Broadway musical. The show in the musical happens to be the show that collapsed out of town. At first it was called *Home Again*, but it was retitled *Home Again*, *Home Again* by a producer who said it needed a "funnier" title. The entire story of the new musical is told through the eyes of a character Baker has modeled on himself — a librettist who also happens to be a journalist.

**ALL NEW THE THIRD DIMENSION IS TERROR ALL NEW**

# JAWS 3-D

PG

**LA HULEN 6**  
1-8208 Hulen St. 294-2621  
12:00-2:00-4:00-6:00-8:00-10:00

**LA CINEMA 6**  
1-8208 Bedford-Euless Rd. 284-3494  
12:05-2:05-4:05-6:05-8:05-10:05

**AMC THEATRES FORUM 6**  
1303 S. W. 303 ARL. 640-1303

**AMC THEATRES IRVING 6**  
8111 Irving Blvd. 752-7523

NOW THERE'S A NEW NAME FOR TERROR

# Cape

THE ART ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY Presents  
A DANIEL H. BART & ROBERT SWAGER PRODUCTION  
BY MALCOLM JOHNSON  
Starring DANIEL H. BART, KELLY DAWY, PAULINO, and CHRISTOPHER SUGG  
Music by CARLOS BERISTAIN. Screenplay by JOHN CASAS, DAWY and  
LUCIANA CASAS. Based on the Novel by STEPHEN KING  
Produced by DANIEL H. BART and ROBERT SWAGER. Directed by LEWIS TEAGLE

**GENERAL CINEMA 5 CINEMA Y**  
1-30 at Cherry Lane 246-5564  
12:00-2:00-4:00-6:00-8:00-10:00

**LA HULEN 6**  
1-8208 Hulen St. 294-2621  
12:15-2:15-4:15-6:15-8:15-10:15

**GENERAL CINEMA 5 SEMINARY SOUTH**  
Seminary South Cir. 921-0211  
12:10-2:10-4:10-6:10-10:10

**GENERAL CINEMA 5 RICHLAND PLAZA**  
Jct. Rts. 183&121 284-9255  
12:10-2:10-4:10-6:10-10:10

**GENERAL CINEMA 5 SIX FLAGS MALL**  
Hwys 80 & 360 649-3311  
1:30-3:30-5:30-7:30-9:30

**AMC THEATRES TIMES FOR TODAY ONLY**

\$2.00 (TILE PRICES—LIMITED TO SEATS MONDAY-SATURDAY—ALL SHOWS BEFORE 6:00 P.M. SUNDAY & HOLIDAYS—FIRST SHOW ONLY EXCLUDING SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS)

**AMC THEATRES FORUM 6**  
FORUM 6 MATINEES DAILY

**JOHN TRAVOLTA STAYING ALIVE** (1:45 @ \$2.00) 2:45-5:00 3:45-5:45  
Approved by **KRULL** (1:00 @ \$2.00) 3:15-5:30 7:45-10:15

**NATIONAL VACATION** (1:30 @ \$2.00) 1:30-3:30 7:30-9:30  
**CHEVY CHASE** (1:30 @ \$2.00) 7:30-9:30

**THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 3:15-5:30 7:45-10:15

**AMC THEATRES IRVING 6**

**JOHN TRAVOLTA STAYING ALIVE** (1:45 @ \$2.00) 2:45-5:00 3:45-5:45  
Approved by **KRULL** (1:00 @ \$2.00) 3:15-5:30 7:45-10:15

**NATIONAL VACATION** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 1:15-3:15 7:15-9:15  
**CHEVY CHASE** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 7:15-9:15

**SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT III** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 2:30-5:30 7:30-9:45

**THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE** (12:30 @ \$2.00) 12:30-2:30 4:30-6:30 8:30-10:30

**JOHN TRAVOLTA STAYING ALIVE** (1:45 @ \$2.00) 2:45-5:00 3:45-5:45  
Approved by **KRULL** (1:00 @ \$2.00) 3:15-5:30 7:45-10:15

**NATIONAL VACATION** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 1:15-3:15 7:15-9:15  
**CHEVY CHASE** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 7:15-9:15

**SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT III** (1:15 @ \$2.00) 2:30-5:30 7:30-9:45

**BROADWAY MUSICALS... AND MORE!**

PROFESSIONAL THEATRE AT ITS BEST

Visit LA CANTINA BEFORE THE SHOW

**SECOND BIG WEEK**  
PERFORMANCES MONDAY THRU SATURDAY AT 8:15 P.M.

**SPECIAL MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 P.M.**

# Annie

**LIMITED SEATING AVAILABLE**  
**CASA TICKET OFFICE OPEN 1 'TIL 5 TODAY**

**TICKETS ALSO AT ALL TICKETRON OUTLETS INCLUDING ALL DILLARD'S DEPT. STORES**  
**CHARGE IT BY PHONE — METRO 265-0789**

**CASA TICKET PRICES: MONDAY \$11.00**  
**TUES. THRU FRI. \$12.00**  
**SAT. NIGHT \$13.00**  
**SAT. MATINEE \$10.00**

**CASA MANANA**  
FORT WORTH'S THEATRE IN THE ROUND

BROADWAY IN FORT WORTH — 3101 W. Lancaster

CASA MANANA IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION OWNED BY THE CITIZENS OF THE COMMUNITY.

## WIN A BICYCLE AT SESAME PLACE!

Everyday from Monday, August 15th through Sunday, August 21st, 10 new Huff® bicycles will be given away in the 1983 Sesame Place Bicycle Bonanza!

To enter just fill out an entry form at the front gate of the park. No purchase is necessary and everybody 17 and under is eligible. Winners will be picked in a drawing every night at 8 pm from entries received that day. (There's a limit of one entry per kid per day.) And you don't have to be present to win.

Winners get to pick one of the 6 different Huff® models on display at Sesame Place (this includes a slick 10-speed and the rugged Thunder Road®). So come check it out at the park and take advantage of the special 25¢ coupon that's good for a hot dog and a small drink during the week of the Bonanza.

Pick up your coupon at Sesame Place.

All drawings to be held at Sesame Place, Irving, Texas. A total of 70 bicycles will be awarded. Approximate cash value is \$100.00. Decision of the judges is final. Odds of winning are dependent upon number of entries received. Winners will be notified by registered mail and may be requested to provide proof of age. Official rules available at Sesame Place. 25¢ coupon expires Aug. 21, 1983.

**SESAME PLACE**  
Big Bird ©1983 Muppets, Inc. ®

To get to Sesame Place just take the Airport Freeway. (Highway 183) to Esters Rd.