

IL PLEUT

Il pleut des voix de femmes comme si elles étaient mortes même dans le souvenir
c'est vous aussi qu'il pleut
et ces nuages cabrés se prennent à hennir tout un univers de villes auriculaires
écoutez s'il pleut tandis que le regret et le dédain pleurent en bas
écoutez tomber les liens qui retiennent en haut et en bas une ancienne musique

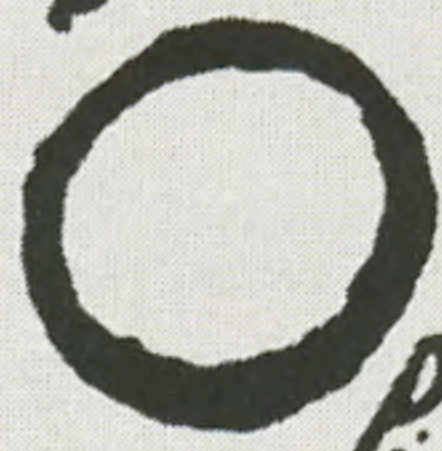
la RAI SON C'est ton Art Peanne comme un ema de l'ore
 à batailles la terre trem B Pa COA
 LA ME
 BAL
 LE A
 TRA
 VERS
 LE
 CORPS
 LE
 TRAVERSE SON LE

Que cet œillet te dise
 la loi des odeurs
 qu'on n'a pas encore
 promulguée et qui viendra
 un jour
 régner sur
 nos cerveaux
 bien +
 précise & + subtile

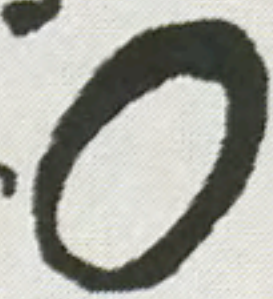
que
 les
 Sons
 qui
 nous dirigent
 Je préfère ton nez

à
 tous
 tes
 organes à mon amie
 Il est le trône de
 la
 future
 SA
 GES
 SE

nez de la pipe les odeurs-centre
 univers infiniment déliés qui

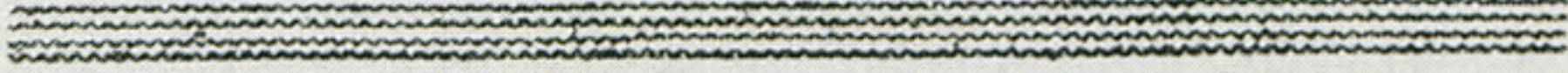


fourneuy forgent les chaînes
 rient les autres raisons formelles

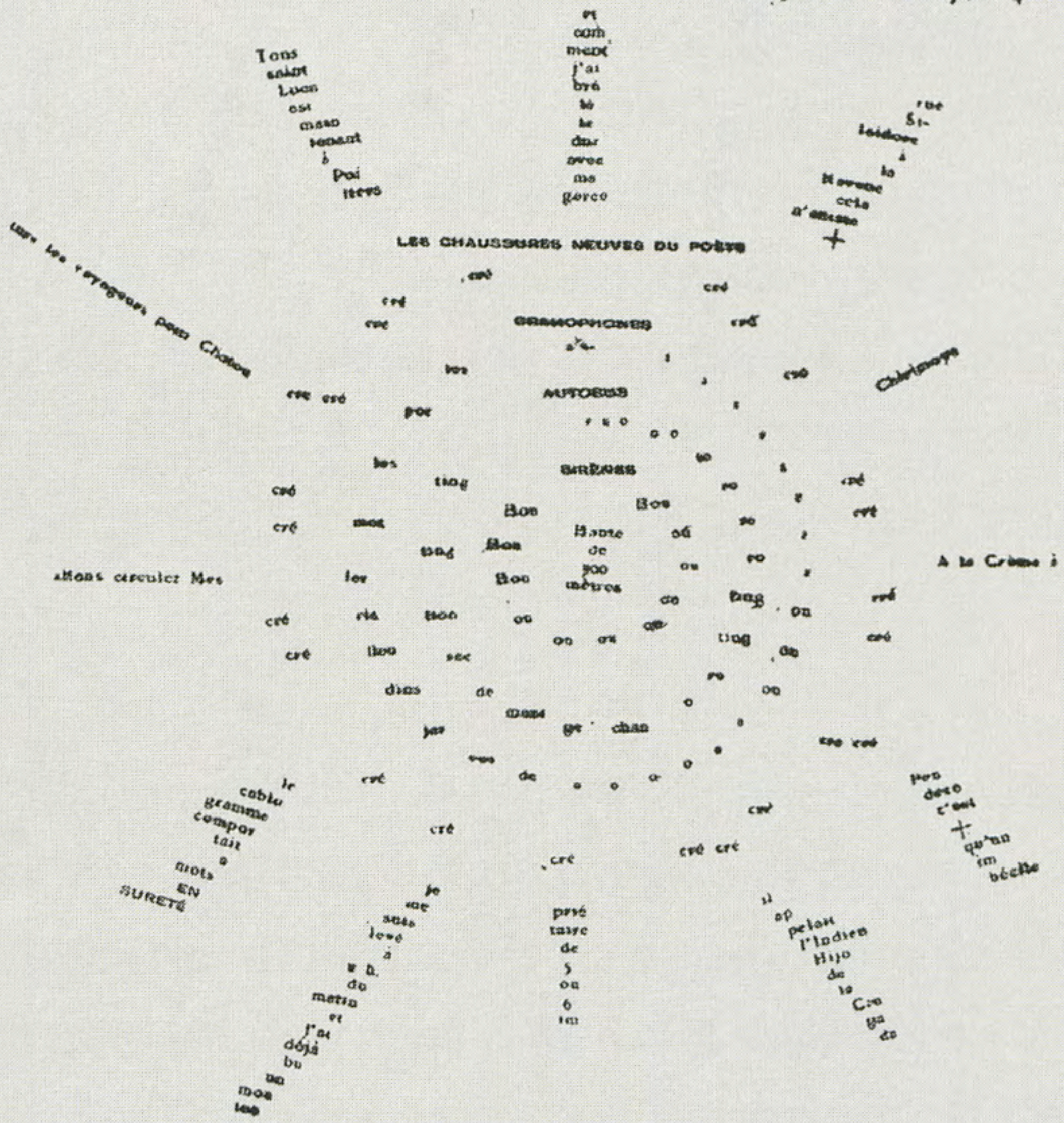


Te souviens-tu du tremblement de terre entre 1885 et 1890
ou coucha plus d'un mois sous la tente

BONJOUR MON FRÈRE ALBERT à Mexico



Jeunes filles à Chapultepec



La cravate et la montre

LA CRAVATE

DOU
LOU
REUSE
QUE TU
PORTES
ET QUI T'
ORNE O CI
VILISÉ
OTE- TU VEUX
LA BIEN
SI RESPI
RER

COMME L'ON
S'AMUSE
BI
EN

les heures la

et le
vers
dantesque
luisant et
cadavérique

Mon cœur beau
cœur té
de

le bel
inconnu

Il est — Et
5 en se
fin ra
ni fi
ni

la
les yeux vie
pas
se
l'enfant la

les Muses
aux portes de
ton corps

l'infini
redressé
par un fou
de philosophe

dou
leur
Agla de

semaine

la main

mou

rir

Tireis

S
O
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daire cubiste du Salon

d'Art

TOM

ne et

DES

Inde

pendants

al
land

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mar

men

are

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are
son

Wij voelen ons vereerd
dat onze wijn wordt geschonken
aan

DE WIJNKOPERIJ
DE Gouden Ton
DE Nieuwe
Geg. - DEN HAAG

bijzondere
gasten van
Lebelt

81

070-469216



GROENTEN, FRUIT, LEVENSMIDD.
KANAALWEG 25 - 070-551728

OOK VOOR HET OPMAKEN VAN FRUITSCHALEN
HEVENINGEN

■ RESTAURATIE ■ RENOVATIE ■ NIEUWBOUW ■

POSTBUS 13667 **KOZEL** 2501 ER D HAAG

■ 070-655035 ■ *VOLGEND JAAR 80 JAAR!* ■

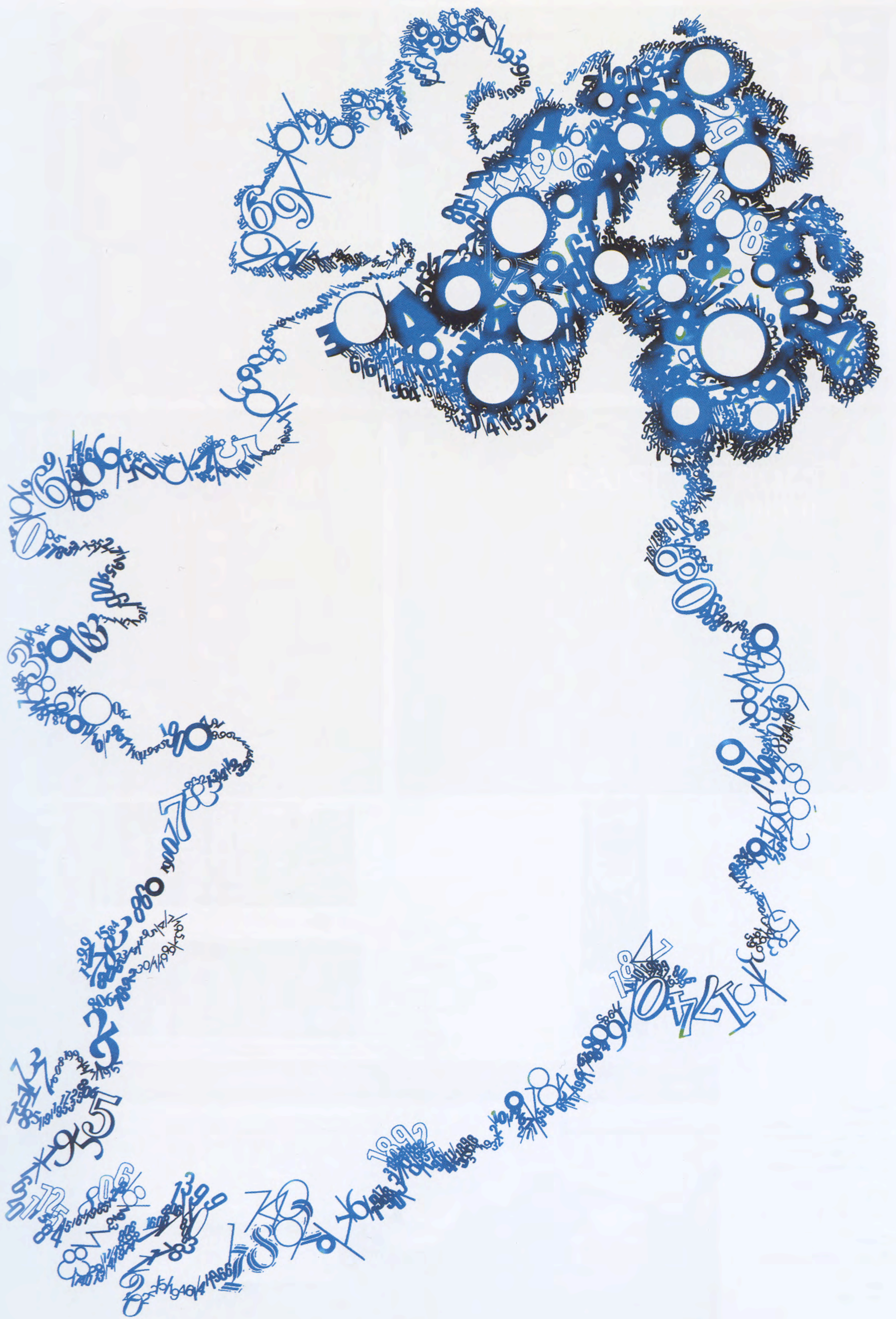
C A F F É T A B A C A N I M É

S C H I L L E M M M M E R

NAAST ETEN
EN DRINKEN
OOK DRINKEN
GRAMMA'S
OP HET
GEBIED
ZAT

ARCHITECTUUR
LITERATUUR
MUZIEK
FILOSOFIE
BEELDENDE
KUNST

DEN HAAG 070-609000
LANGE HOUTSTR.
1171



DE LA VIOLENCE

A LA POÉSIE

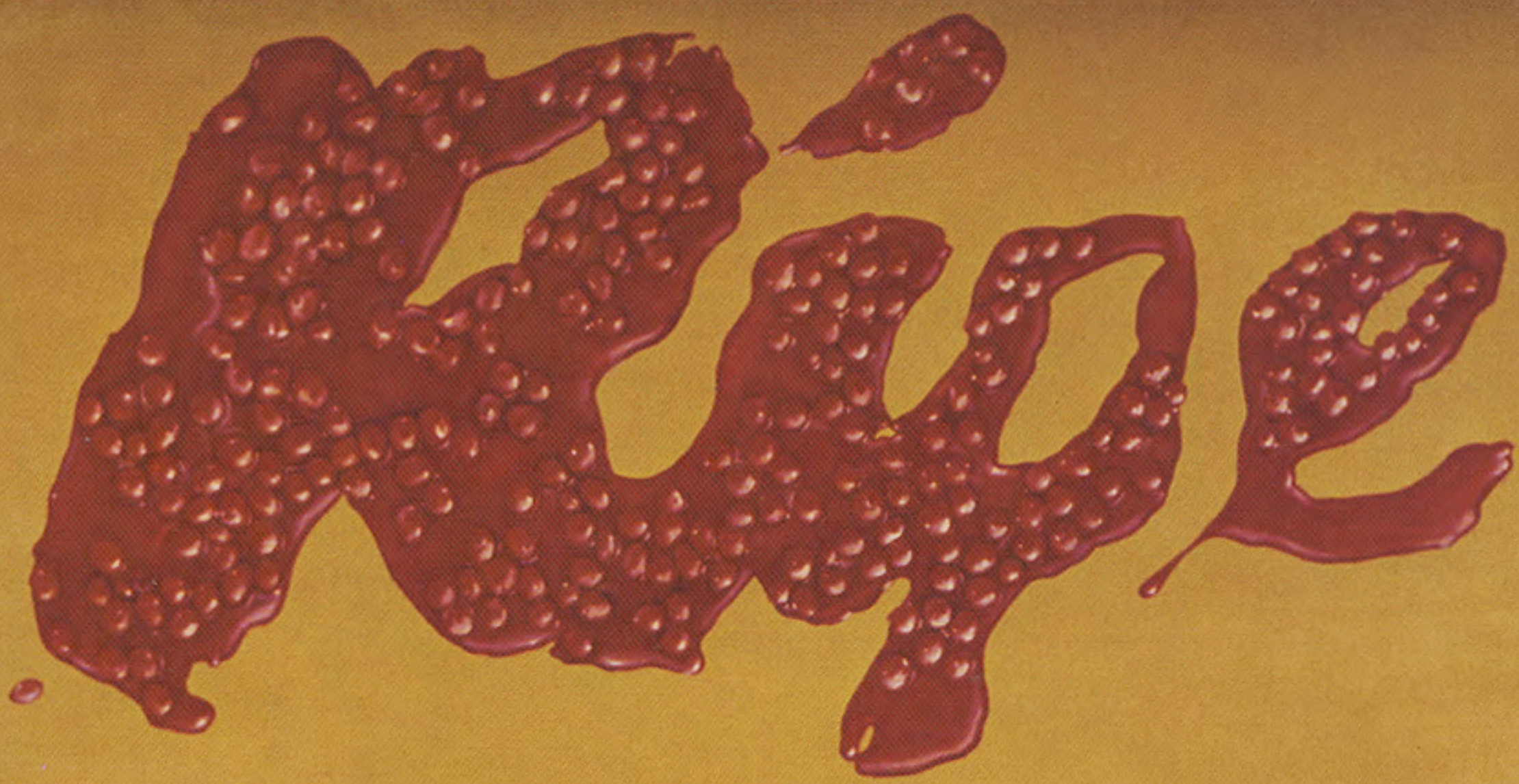
Basler Freilichtspiele
beim Letziturm im St. Albantal
15.-31. VIII 1963

Wilhelm Tell

1963



ily





WINDY

Issue 3.4

Art and writing by

Liz Arnold

Sally Barker

John Beagles

Dave Beech

William Blake

Iain Borden

City Racing

Michael Corris

Cross Fish

Nick Eagleton

Paul Elliman

everything Editorial

Jane Gang

Rachel Garfield

Alison Gill

Alexander Gorlizki

Mark Hutchinson

Daniel Jewesbury

Alison Jones

Jeff Koons

Paul McCarthy

Paul O'Neil

Jemima Stehli

Nicola Tyson

V E R Y

H O

M A S

Z I D E

silencio	silencio	silencio
silencio	silencio	silencio
silencio		silencio
silencio	silencio	silencio
silencio	silencio	silencio

ping pong

ping pong ping

pong ping pong

ping pong

w w

d i

n n n

i d i d

w

w

o
bo
blow
blow blow
blow blow blow
blow blow
blow
bo
o
go so
grow show
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grow grow grow o show show show
grow grow show show
grow show
go so
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А.Б.ВУ

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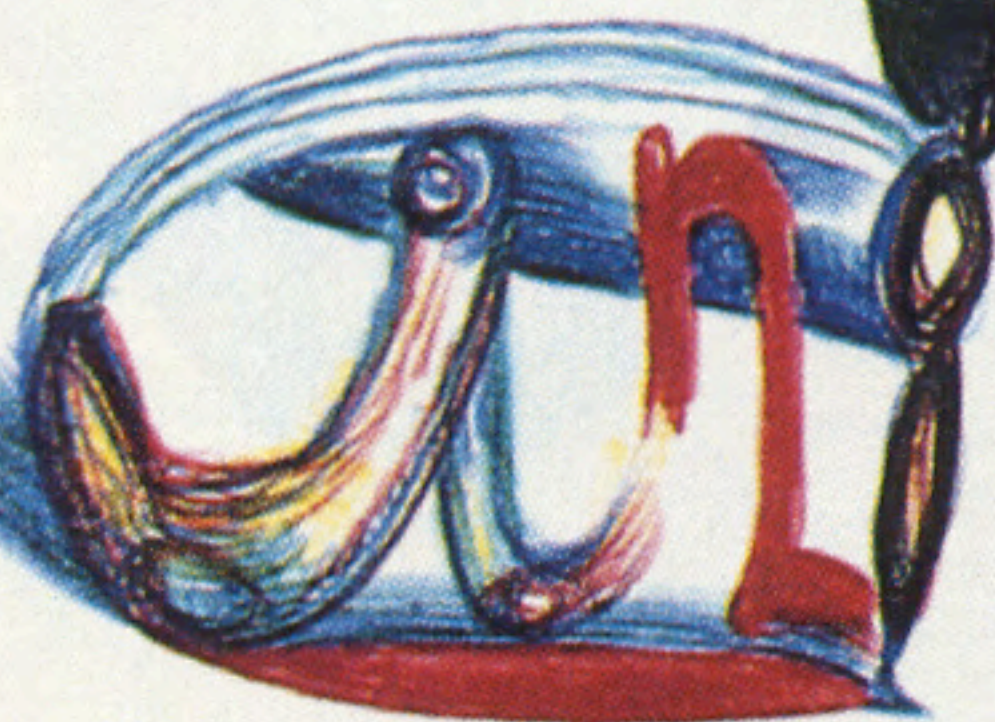
Р

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S P

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ing



elongated
and than some
the you know





CR *imp*

cept
Swing

BARN
 BARN
 BARN

M *IMP*

a GIRIM tale
 of wooden ships



WE PUT TO THE TEST
 as for the quantity
 FROM FAR and AWAY IT COME
 R P A



Le Malade
imaginaire
ou
Le Silence
de Molière

ARTHUR NAUZYCIEL

Théâtre
CDDB de
LORIENT

15 REPRESENTATIONS DU 4 AU 20 MARS 1999

CRÉATION D'APRÈS "LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE" DE MOLIÈRE ET "LE SILENCE DE MOLIÈRE" DE GIOVANNI MACCHIA / MISE EN SCÈNE ET ADAPTATION ARTHUR NAUZYCIEL / AVEC GILLES BLANCHARD, NATHALIE DUVERNE, MARC ERNOTTE, MICHELE GODDET, ISABELLE HURTIN, PIERRE LAMANDÉ, CATHERINE MOUCHET, ARTHUR NAUZYCIEL, ÉMILE NAUCZYCIEL, LAURENT POITRENAUX / SCÉNOGRAPHIE CLAUDE CHESTIER / COSTUMES CLAUDE CHESTIER & PASCALE ROBIN / LUMIÈRES MARIE-CHRISTINE SOMA / SON XAVIER JACQUOT / MUSIQUE JEAN-CHRISTOPHE MARTI / ASSISTANT PIERRE LAMANDÉ / COLLABORATION BÉRANGÈRE JANNELLE & CÉLIA HOUDART / RÉGIE SABINE SCANGA PRODUCTION CDDB THÉÂTRE DE LORIENT, CDN DE SAVOIE, CIE 41751 ARTHUR NAUZYCIEL / AVEC L'AIDE DE L'ADAMI ET DU JTN CDDB CENTRE DRAMATIQUE DE BRETAGNE THÉÂTRE DE LORIENT 11 RUE CLAIRE DRONEAU 56100 LORIENT TÉL 02 9783 0101

COMEDIE
FRANCAISE

ERASMO
DURAS

VIGNER

ERASMO

Théâtre
CDDB
de
LORIENT

CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE ET PHOTO: M. PARIS

CRÉATION DE MARGUERITE DURAS / MISE EN SCÈNE ET SCÉNOGRAPHIE ERIC VIGNER / ASSISTÉ DE BRUNO GRAZIANI /
AVEC CATHERINE SAMIE ET CATHERINE HIEGEL SOCIÉTAIRES DE LA COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE / DRAMATURGIE SABINE QUIRICONI /
COSTUMES PAUL QUENSON / LUMIÈRES MARIE-CHRISTINE SOMA / SON XAVIER JACQUOT / MAQUILLAGES SOIZIC SIDOIT /
PHOTOGRAPHIES ALAIN FONTERAY / COPRODUCTION COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE / CDDB THÉÂTRE DE LORIENT
CDDB CENTRE DRAMATIQUE DE BRETAGNE THÉÂTRE DE LORIENT 11 RUE CLAIRE DRONEAU 56100 LORIENT TEL 02 9783 0101

7 REPRESENTATIONS DU 16 AU 23 OCTOBRE 2002



TICKET OUTLETS


San Francisco
Guy Larkin Book
Psychodelic Shop
Hilly Lo - Union Square
Terra Square - 1818 Polk

Berkeley
Discount Records
Shakespeare & Co.

Mill Valley
The Mad Hatter
Sausalito
Basal Pharmacy

HUMAN RIGHTS WEEK: DECEMBER 10TH THROUGH 17TH

© 1988 by the American Civil Liberties Union



HUMAN RIGHTS WEEK

ALL HUMAN BEINGS ARE BORN FREE & EQUAL IN DIGNITY & RIGHTS: EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO LIFE, LIBERTY & SECURITY OF PERSON; ALL ARE EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW; NO ONE SHALL BE SUBJECTED TO ARBITRARY ARREST; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO OWN PROPERTY; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF THOUGHT, CONSCIENCE & RELIGION; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF OPINION & EXPRESSION; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF PEACEFUL ASSEMBLY; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE PART IN THE GOVERNMENT OF HIS COUNTRY, DIRECTLY OR THROUGH FREELY CHOSEN REPRESENTATIVES; EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO EDUCATION.



TU FA TAL A SZER LE RE

SZÉLES
VÁLTOZATBAN
IS

14 ÉVEN

ALUL NEM
AJÁNLOTT

MAGYARUL BESZÉLŐ, MEGRÁZÓ ANGOL FILM



62

PROPERA
LORDARD
LORDARD

LORDARD

LORDARD

LORDARD

LORDARD

LORDARD

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LORDARD

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LORDARD

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LORDARD

THE HAGUE 1995

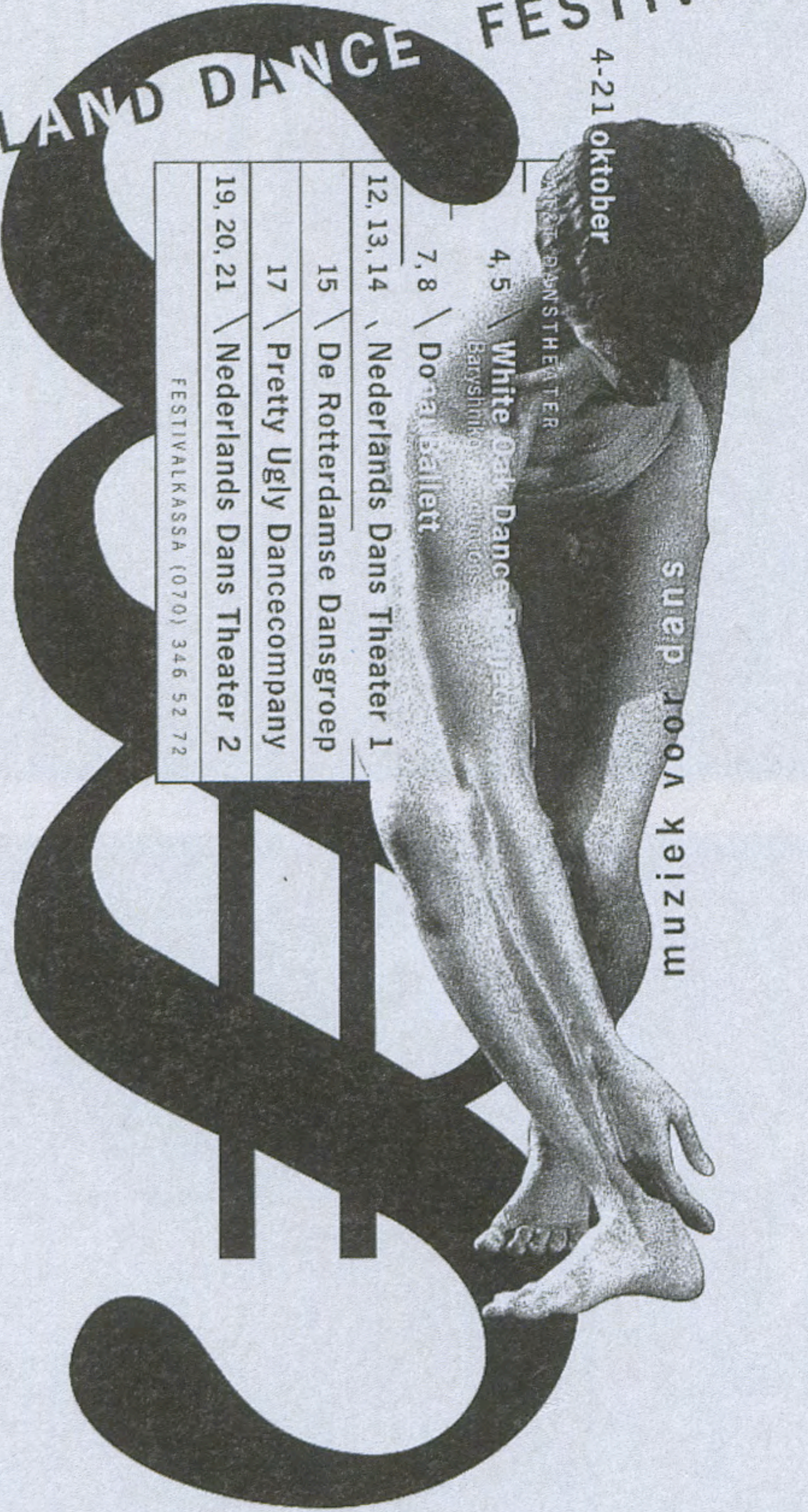
HOLLAND DANCE FESTIVAL

4-21 oktober

AT THE DANSTHEATER

suop joon keiznuw

4, 5	White Oak Dance Project Barry Shiffman
7, 8	Dorina Ballet
12, 13, 14	Nederlands Dans Theater 1
15	De Rotterdamse Dansgroep
17	Pretty Ugly Dancecompany
19, 20, 21	Nederlands Dans Theater 2
FESTIVALKASSA (070) 346 52 72	



Gran premio dell'Autodromo

17 ottobre 1948

Monza

ABBINATO ALLA

CITENA ITALIA



MACBETH

SHAKESPEARE

L'HIPPODROME MERCREDI 7 NOVEMBRE 2001 À 20H30
JEUDI 8 NOVEMBRE À 19H
MISE EN SCÈNE SYLVAIN MAURICE
CRÉATION AVIGNON 2001
TÉL. 03 27 99 66 66

À L'HIPPODRONE DOUAI

22 JANVIER 2003 20 H

23 JANVIER 2003 19 H

03 27 99 66 66

LACASCADE
TCHERKHON

100000

ORCHESTRE
OPHILHARMONIQUE
DE STRASBOURG

WAGNER

FRANCK

HAHN

À L'HIPPODROME DOUAI

12 NOVEMBRE 2002

20 H 30

03 27 99 66 66

BALET



THOMAS KUPSCH

Choreografie a režie Petr Šimek

Městské divadlo Ústí nad Labem

so that her idea of the tale was something like this :—“Fury said to

a mouse, That
he met
in the
house,
' Let us
both go
to law :

I will
prosecute
you.—

Come, I'll
take no
denial ;

We must
have a
trial :
For
really
this
morning
I've
nothing
to do.'

Said the
mouse to
the cur,
' Such a
trial,
dear sir,

With no
jury or
judge,
would be
wasting
our breath.
' I'll be
judge,
I'll be

jury,'
Said
cunning
old Fury;
' I'll try
the whole
cause,
and
condemn
you
to
death.

prince amer de l'écueil

s'en coiffe comme de l'héroïque-

irrésistible mais contenu

par sa petite raison virile

en foudre

soucieux

expiatoire et pubère

muet

rire

que

Si

(La lucide seigneuriale aigrette de vertige

au front invisible

scintille

puis ombrage

une stature mignonne ténébreuse debout

en sa torsion de sirène

le temps

de souffleter

par d'impatientes squames ultimes bifurquées

un mystère

faux roc évaporé en brume

qui imposa

une borne à l'infini)

c'était

issu stellaire

le nombre

EXISTÂT-IL

autrement qu'hallucination éparse d'agonie

COMMENÇAT-IL ET CESSÂT-IL

sourdant que nié et clos quand apparut.

enfin

par quelque profusion répandue en rareté

SE CHIFFRÂT-IL

évidence de la somme pour peu qu'une

ILLUMINÂT-IL

ce serait

pire

non

d'avantage ni moins

mais autant indifféremment

LE HASARD

(Choit

la plume

C'ÉTAIT

à la stelloire

LE NOMBRE

EXISTÂT-IL

autrement qu'hallucination éparse d'agonie

COMMENÇÂT-IL ET CESSÂT-IL

sourdant que nié et clos quand apparu

enfin

par quelque profusion répandue en rareté

SE CHIFFRÂT-IL

évidence de la somme pour peu qu'une

ILLUMINÂT-IL

CE SERAIT

pire

non

davantage ni moins

indifféremment mais autant

LE HASARD

Choit

la plume

rythmique suspens du sinistre

s'ensevelir

aux écumes originelles

naguères d'où sursauta son délire jusqu'à une cime

flétrie

par la neutralité identique du gouffre

(
Ici la voix

)
les fanglots

qui pourra

délire de la vertu?

Voilà donc

jamais

puisse

oh!
& le fang

finissez

vos horreurs

oh!

les pleurs

écoutez

gémissez

frémissez

mes fanglots

la vertu

imesco

THE BALD SOPRANO

followed by an unpublished scene. Translated by Donald M. Allen. *Typographical* interpretations by Massin and *photographic* interpretations by Henry Cohen. Based on the Nicolas Bataille Paris production. Grove Press, Inc. New York



Stretch her mouth very wide.

let's
ah! oh!
oh!
let me gnash my teeth

crocodile!
ulysses



cabana

In going to live in my
among my cacao trees

EEEE trees on cacao farms don't bear coconuts they yield cacao!
cacao trees on cacao farms don't bear coconuts they yield EEEEE!

figural shadowing of invisible

Wassail

tatterdemalion revel

houses containing vision

houses of recognition

trim father nodding to trim mother

remembered name in Quiet

remembered precepts

4.

Twenty lines of

boughs bend into hindering

Boreas

the thin thaw wanders off

Presence

October drawing to its long

late edge

Understanding of time endlessly

sliding

(trees hung with false dreams)

endlessly running on

Distant forget

Tiny words of substance cross

the darkness

Who are they

(others between the trees)

falling into lines of human

habitation

Tread softly my misgiving heart

To chart all

Verisimilitude

Throw my body at the mark

Parents among savages

Their house was garlanded with dead

theologies

(fierceness of the young)

Then to move forward into unknown

Crumbling compulsion of syllables

Glass face

caressing the athwart night

1983

LEAR: . . . Now, our joy,
Although our last, and least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA: Nothing, my lord.

LEAR: Nothing?

CORDELIA: Nothing.

LEAR: Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

KING LEAR Act I.

Scene I

White Foolscape

BOOK OF CORDELIA

heroine in ass-skin

mouthing O Helpful

= father revived waking when

nickname Hero men take pity spittle speak

only nonsense

my bleeding foot

I am maria wainscotted

cap o' rushes tatter-coat

common as sal salt sally

S (golden) no huge a tiny

bellowing augury

NEMESIS singing from cask

turnspit scullion the apples pick them Transformation

wax forehead ash

shoe fits monkey-face oh hmm

It grows dark The shoe fits She stays a long something

Lent is where she lives shalbe shalbe

loving like salt (value of salt)

Lir was an ocean God whose children turned into swans
heard the birds pass overhead
Fianoula Oodh Fiachra Conn
circle of One
threshing the sun
or asleep threshing nor
nor blood nor flesh nor bone nor

corona
chromosphere
Cordelia

no no no

the hoth(heath
sline(clear
crystal
song
le
lac
pure
semblance
aperçu

giggling in a whistling wind
unbonneted he runs

hrr

hrru

hurry
hare

haloo

cry Whoop
and cry Spy!

pauses measures feet in syllables caesura Copernicus

the sun
is a cloud
of dust.

has his children brought him to this pass?
Whowe

arrowy sleet

bale the sea
out and in

stormstil stormstil
shuttle and whiz

There are nets on the hills

we have traveled all night

homeless

images of flying off

recreant

confusion of people

of revolt

recreant

leaving home constantly

where

shadowy crustaceans

swim in great schools

shoals

of salt

in colonial core (wick inlet and low light)

L E A R

leans on his lance he

has holes instead of eyes

blind (folded)

bare (footed)

nuclear (hooded)

windbridled

for how or to who

salute of armed men who continually remove their hats to make clear
their peaceful

intentions

Murderers!

Cordelia dies

(heartrending)

reclasp her hands into obscurity

(henceforth and fro)

I will go to my desk

I will sit quietly

(as if nothing
has happened

what is eaten is gone. If I wasn't lucky I'd starve.)

children of Lir

lear

whistling would in air ha

nameless appear—

Can you not see

arme armes

give tongue

are you silent o my swift

all coherence gone?

Thrift thrift

we are left darkling

waiting in the wings again

thral in the heart of Hell.

have forgotten—

louise
dugan

JACK

carmen

louise drops a coin

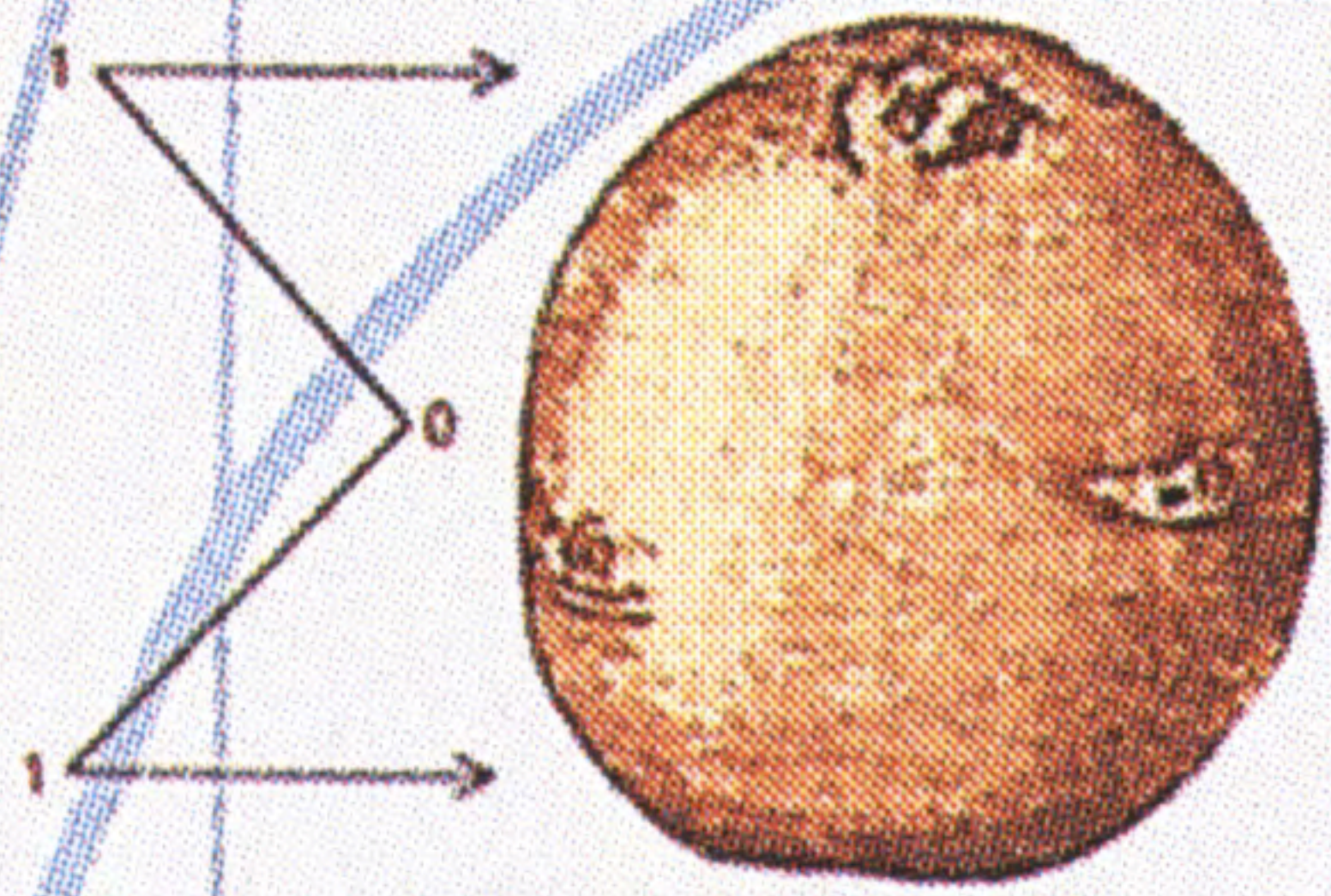
in mr. juke
he plays

20

anyway as far as french fries go
garlic is superior
i mean like they say
it's like having a dozen mothers
it stimulates the immune system
excellent for colds

if potatoes did that they'd be more renowned
Philly don't do that with the ketchup
just eat what's on your plate!

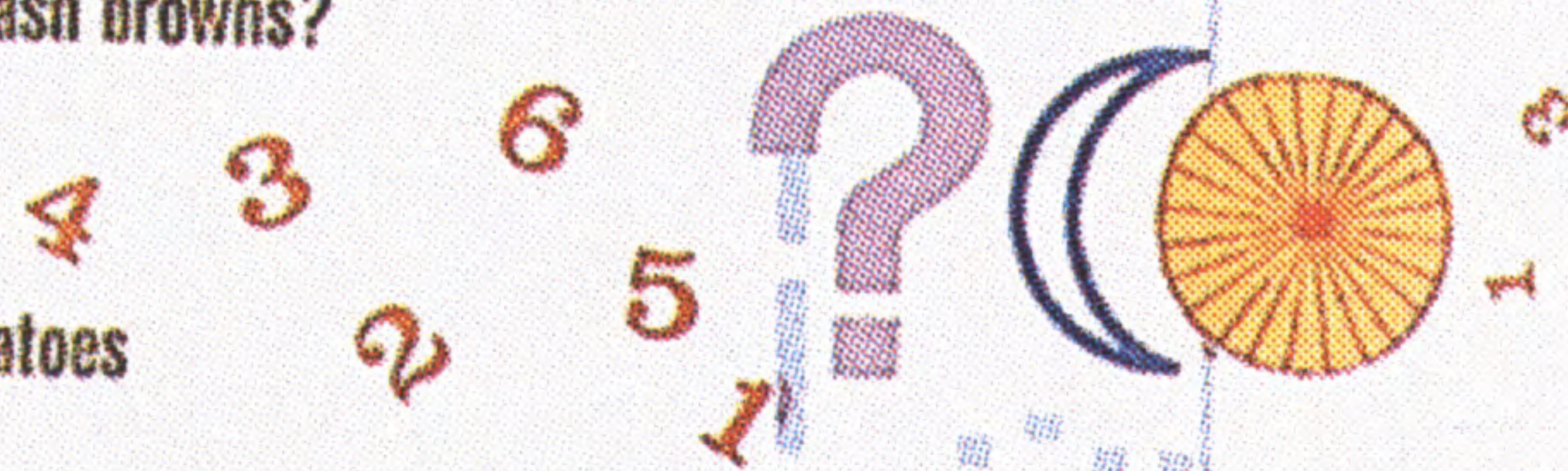
potatoes are famous because they're cheap and they fill you up



you'd have to eat an overwhelming amount of garlic
to have a full stomach
and then you would also have a very full intestine

why write a book about potatoes?

who cares? who cares about french fries hash browns?
who cares about potatoes?
its a dead end!
half the people don't give a damn about potatoes



an order a dream fries large

if half the people read my book
i'll be very happy
a quarter of the people

nobody gives a shit about the history of the potato in america!!!

i don't know
why don't you write write a book write a book about
write a book about
ah come on you're wastin yer time
i'm tellin ya there's no money in it
nobody says you haveta be a food-scientist to enjoy life
nature'll tell you let me tell you
don't make a religion outta what you shouldn't eat

i can write a book let me tell ya

flash

carmen

all eyes on flash
who offers evidence
with tarot cards in hand

21

four eights much news
the fool!
the yellow color of the wheel represents air or breath
these eight red spokes combine the number eight with
the symbol of rhythm the color red

three eights much journeying
she said i think there's a curse on my life
i said sure i'd be glad to read your palm
just i told her
just this is what you've gotta do
must do and now
go to sleep under a tomato
a ripe juicy tomato
then a cucumber
no more than six inches above the eyes
i warned her

i warned her the cure comes slowly
patience

she was in a hurry!

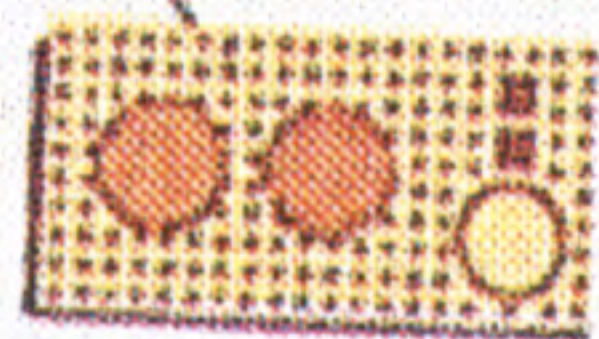
i said all your money must be blessed
dipped in music
hand held under the light of a yellow full moon to dry
for three days maybe more
then bring all your jewelry to the river all of it
ask a fish for forgiveness

will that be all?

an order a deep sea melt with tartar and a junior slip large

she looked at me like i was crazy
i said listen you asked me and this is my advice
and remember give your watch to the waves
on the last day of the year
next thing i know she's lyin on the ground outside

KETCHUP MURDER UPDATE!
CLAIRVOYANT SPEAKS UP
WITH TAROT AS GUIDES
POLICE PURSUE ALL LEADS



PABLO PICASSO

Voyez ce peintre il prend les choses avec leur ombre aussi et d'un coup d'œil sublimatoire
 Il se déchire en accords profonds et agréables à respirer tel l'orgue que j'aime entendre
 Des Arlequines jouent dans le rose et bleus d'un beau-ciel Ce souvenir revit
 les rêves et les actives mains Orient plein de glaciers L'hiver est rigoureux
 Lustres or toile irisée or loi des stries de feu fond en murmurant.
 Bleu flamme légère argent des ondes bleues après le grand cri
 Tout en restant elles touchent cette sirène violon
 Faons lourdes ailes l'incandescence quelques brasses encore
 Bourdons femmes striées éclat de plonge on-dia-mant
 Arlequins semblables à Dieu en variété Aussi distingués qu'un lac
 Fleurs brillant comme deux perles monstres qui palpitent
 Lys cerclés d'or, je n'étais pas seul! fais onduler les remords
 montant de l'énorme mer

Nouveau monde très matinal
 L'aventure de ce vieux cheval
 Au soir de la pêche merveilleuse
 Air de petits violons au fond des
 Dans le couchant puis au bout de
 Regarde la tête géante et immense
 L'argent sera vite remplacé par
 Morte pendue à l'hameçon... c'est
 L'humide voix des acrobates
 Grimace parmi les assauts du vent
 Ouis les vagues et le fracas d'une
 Enfin la grotte à l'atmosphère dorée
 Ce saphir veiné
 Rois de phosphore
 La danse des
 Le cadre bleu

en Amérique
 l'œil du masque
 anges rangés
 l'an des dieux
 la main verte
 tout notre or
 la danse bleue
 des maisons
 qui s'assoupit
 femme bleue
 par la vertu
 il faut rire!

sous les arbres les bottines entre des plumes bleues
 dix mouches lui fait face quand il songe à toi
 tandis que l'air agile s'ouvrait aussi
 Au milieu des regrets dans une vaste grotte.

Prends les araignées roses à la nage

Regrets d'invisibles pièges l'air

Paisible se souleva mais sur le clavier

Guitare-tempête

O gai trémolo

Il ne rit pas

Ton pauvre

L'ombre agile

Immense désir

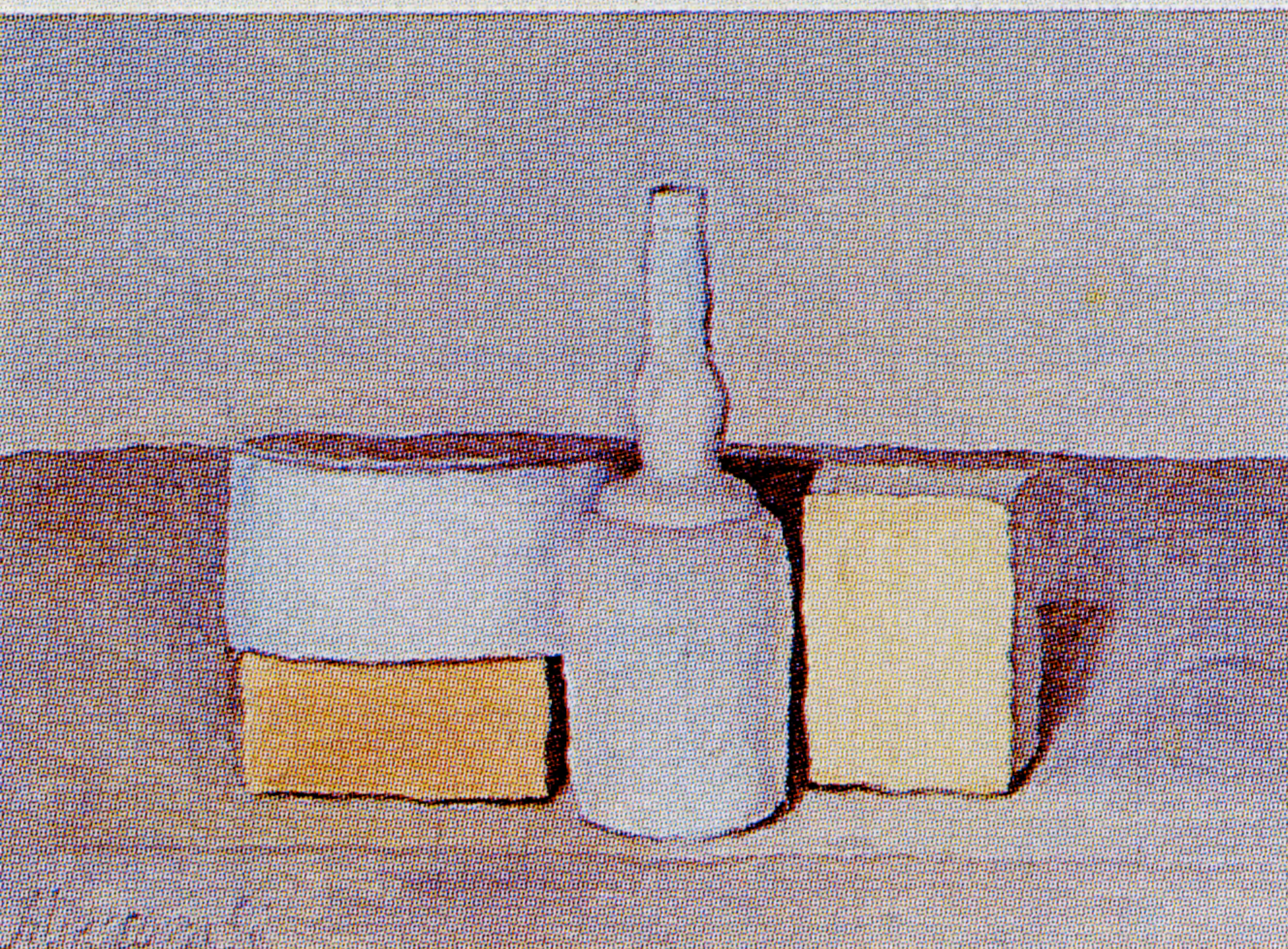
Je vis nos yeux

J'entendis sa voix

L'acrobate à cheval le poète à moustaches un oiseau mort et tant d'enfants sans larmes

Choses cassées des livres déchirés des couches de poussière et des aurores déferlant!

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE



Giorgio Morandi, *Group Study with Two Blue Vases*, 1950. Oil on canvas, 20 1/2 x 27 1/2. Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

It seems almost paradoxical to write words around the silent act of Giorgio Morandi, the still life painter known for his still lifes of bottles, vases, bowls, and other table objects, as well as for his apparently simple landscape sketches. He is an artist whose few words and conversations, consisting not so much of what he said as the variations of light on the object as painting itself, is a capturing of the sensation of the object, an indication of its quality; it is an act of silence and its double.

The writing about Morandi tends to gravitate around two poles. There's either the "we know everything there is to know about Morandi by now," closed-book approach that has minimized the importance of his art basically as the notable and diverse record of his quiet painting, vases, and the hand colors of his paintings, or, conversely, with what his friends have said about his simple life and the places they've shared where he worked. He there's the "we really know nothing about Morandi" school of thought, this one influenced by the idea that his friends have expressed the disquieting belief

THE WORLD IN A BOTTLE

intention that might embarrass, and that Morandi himself will take issue of his relation to the world, or, rather, to worldliness. He came to Italy—populated the market. A recollection of 1940, at the *Biennale Biennale* of November 4, 1950, by James Thrall Soby, the curator, art historian, and former director of the painting and sculpture section of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, is appropriate to this last point: "When I asked him the price of a painting he had agreed to sell me, he mentioned a figure so obviously low that I told him I should be satisfied at least by the 'no' he implied. 'I am these years nearly seven years, and I make one picture in three days about changing them.'"

Neither of these views is wrong, but neither really places Morandi as his full depth. They are each photographs in their own way, bearing the impression of a static, detached, or Morandi was painter of bottles, a man detached from the world, a "poor" researcher. The picture is the way in which he is most recognizable in the history books. Yet if we search the content of the recorded image, we find that Morandi is in fact in many ways a model Italian artist of the new century, and dynamically so. I think that many moments come in the development of the Italian art of Morandi's time in which the artist has to place, whether as evidence and as an active participant. A look at his various alliances and affiliations quickly dispels history's image of him as an artist detached from his time. He is there in Florence, in 1914, when the movement seems to get a new boost from Rome. He is among the few to sense the message of a new direction in Giuseppe Chiarini's *Manifesto*. He is the artist at the decisive moment of the return to tradition after World War I, a debt widespread in Europe, and in Italy linked with Pintor, from the magazine and artist's group of the same name. And he is a contemporary voice in the early events of the *Manifesto*, also included in tradition, and in the "Disegno Nazionale" department Italian art's national identity. After World War II, he even ends up among the inspirations

by Maurizio
Laguarda
Del Amo

life and a drawing to the open Futurist exhibition organized in Rome by the young dealer Giuseppe Lippmann. Yet the 24-year-old painter had already participated, in February of that year, in the "Seconde Biennale della Biennale" (Second exposition of the Biennale), this avant-garde movement looked more toward the past than Futurism allowed, but Morandi's work was such that he could still find a place in it.

Morandi found security in certain elements of what had come before him, for example the work of landscape painter. "When I was 18 or 20, a most important year for me because, for a moment, he was culture we young people found the reason that had already been fought by Dadaism." He recalled fifty years later, in 1962, in the magazine *L'Espresso*. Such fact would write, "Morandi is classical in the Italian style that is, at the same time real and ideal, abstract and subjective, and traditional. His style is modern, and at the same time traditional and Italian." And in the Italian "Seconde Biennale" exhibition Morandi was a selection of Italian modernism and a room of paintings by Henri Matisse, the two poles of construction, in other words, of a new space of color and the strength of form in light. Yet another pole of influence can be discerned in the painting of the Decadent movement, in which, as Soby's suggestion, a small volume published by the Venice

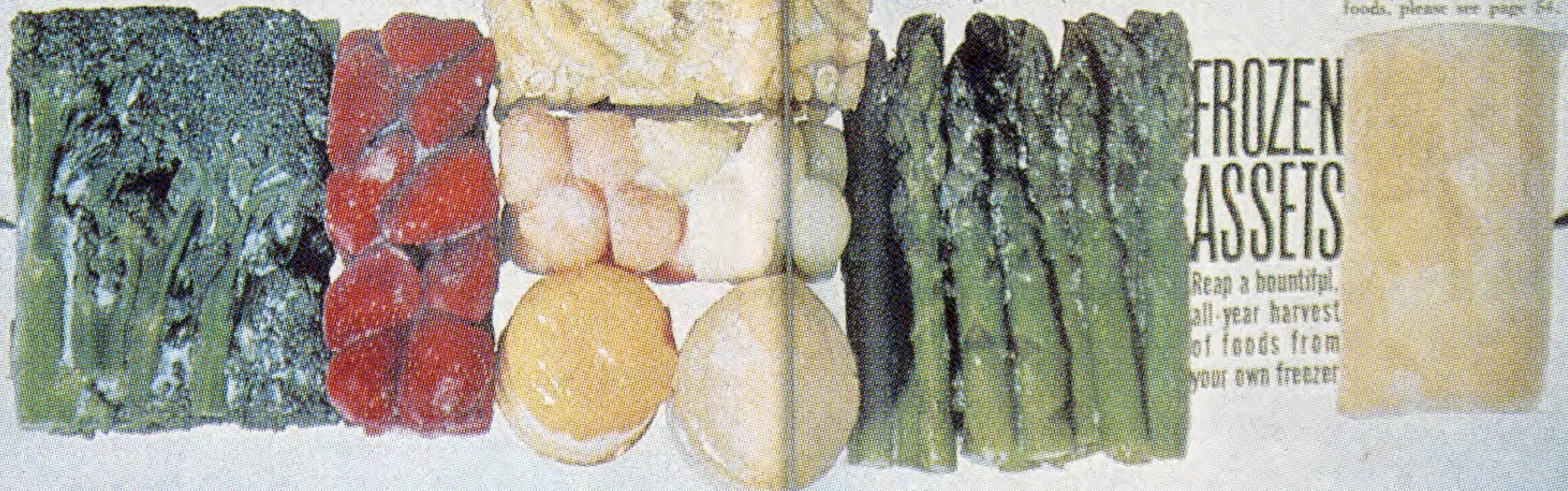
Forgive us for moralizing, but have you given any thought, recently, to the miracle of frozen foods? Do you remember, not so many years ago, when for a month or two we feasted on strawberries, asparagus, peaches, and corn on the cob till they came out our ears; then fasted without them for the balance of the year?

Or have you asked yourself, lately, how often you'd serve chicken pie if you had to bake it, or beef Bourguignon if you had to make it? Yet when these popular dishes are available on twenty minutes' notice, they can appear often on anyone's table.

Or have you tallied the many, many woman hours frozen foods are saving you practically every day? Consider the biscuit-baking time, the pea-shelling time, the melon-scooping time, the potato-peeling time, the orange-squeezing time, the waffle-making time, and so on.

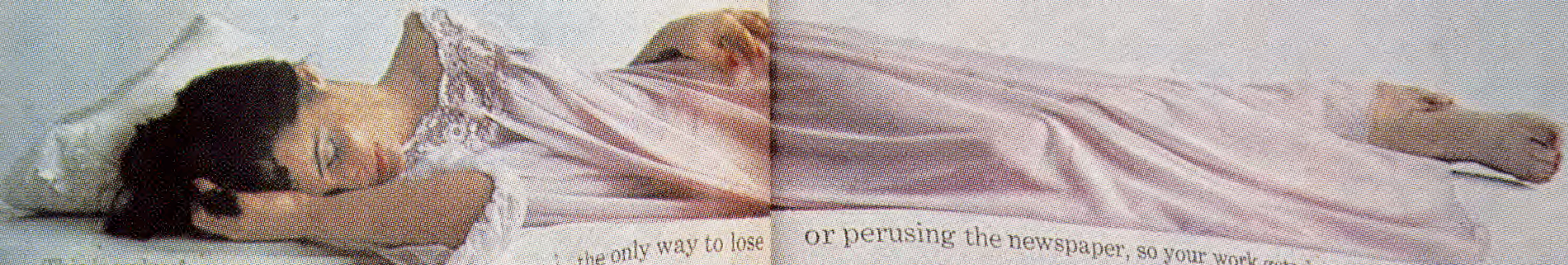
And in return for all this bounty, have you established the very few simple routines that frozen foods require? Do you ... Write the purchase date on the package before you store it, and then make it a point to use the oldest food first? ... Keep more perishable foods you've frozen yourself readily accessible? ... Remove frost from the inside of the freezer when it is $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick? ... Wrap packages in newspaper when you defrost freezer and, if possible, keep in the refrigerator to prevent thawing?

In preparing food, do you ... Follow to the letter instructions on timing, amount of water and seasoning, and whether or not to cover pan? ... Glid the lid by adding some deliciously different touch to a bought product? For a collection of such piquant recipes for frozen foods, please see page 54.



**FROZEN
ASSETS**
Reap a bountiful,
all-year harvest
of foods from
your own freezer

the forty-winks reducing plan



This is a plan for growing slimmer and shapelier. It involves a diet—the only way to lose pounds is to take in fewer calories. It involves exercise—the most effective way to slough off inches is by toning muscles. But this plan has a third ingredient, which supplies what most plans lack—a feeling of comfort and well-being while you lose. The secret: a half-hour nap every afternoon. ¶ Your first reaction may be one of disbelief. You've probably always heard that sleeping puts on weight, but this is not true—nothing adds weight except eating. What rest can do for most people is reduce the compulsion to eat. Tired and tense, you feel you need the midmorning pastry or midafternoon sandwich for energy to keep going; rested and relaxed, you're less likely to want it. Perhaps a nap seems out of the question—you could never find the time, or you couldn't fall asleep in the middle of the day. These are common problems; but often, both can be solved. Some women may choose a time while the children are in school or while the baby, too, naps. Others may enlist the cooperation of another family member or exchange services with a neighbor. It may mean cutting down on the time you spend over coffee in the morning

or perusing the newspaper, so your work gets done a little earlier. It will certainly take some juggling, and it won't be a cinch for most women, who are pretty overwhelmed with household chores; but for many, we believe it can be managed. As for your nagging inability to fall asleep, that can be remedied. The exercises on pages 78 to 81 should relax and just pleasantly tire your body, and the yawning trick described on page 82 is near magic. (No reason you shouldn't use it at night, too.) ¶ We know it's easy to prepare all sorts of plans and assume, impractically, that all women have the time to follow them. But we feel this plan has such special merit that we hope it can be tried out by a majority of our readers. Here's what we propose: At a given time each afternoon, muffle the telephone, and retire to your bedroom. Spend about twenty minutes doing the nonstrenuous exercises, and be sure to do them in order. Then pull-down the shades; go through the yawning routine; and sleep or, at least, doze for the balance of the hour. Practice this for one week; at the end of that time, we predict you'll be noticeably slimmer and prettier, and you will have no gnawing hunger pangs as you follow the diet on page 102.

TONNAGE

When is a heavy weight of advertising dollars bound to succeed? And when is "Tonnage" bound to fail? Is the smartest advertiser the one with the biggest budget? If you look at the history of advertising you will observe the following facts:

There are advertisers who slackened or weakened their efforts (sometimes at critical times) and the results can be seen in the forgotten trademarks of the past. On the other hand, there are advertisers who mounted massive advertising campaigns—costing many millions of dollars—who have failed to increase their sales. The question of the advertising appropriation should always be preceded by these questions: Do I have an idea which will sell my product? Has my agency been thorough enough to arrive at a sound selling strategy, and ingenious enough to express it in an arresting and interesting way? If the answers to these questions are "yes," advertising tonnage can be regarded as an investment, instead of an expense. Everything depends on the idea. Ideas sell products because—people buy ideas.

