

Trip to NYC Jan 2023

Arrived **Tuesday Jan 17**. Mary, Joe and Will had left the nest in great shape. At 5:30 went to the Tunicks, had cheese, crackers and a beer. Dinner was Pad Thai which I fed to Paul with Sharen's help. Once the meal had been cut up, Paul could raise it to his lips. He also could lift a glass of water and carefully put it down. Wonderful baked apples made by Susan...Paul had to take his pills and drink lots of water, then Sharen took him to bed.

Wednesday: Chrissy went to have her hairs styled and I walked to the Tunicks to take Paul for a walk. Sharen helped Paul rise from his indoor wheel chair, then I replaced that with the outdoor chair. It is lighter and designed to be able to lift the front wheel by pressing a back pedal. We walked up Riverside drive and then right to Broadway, where we passed the art deco Metro theater. We then turned left on 99th street and, after crossing Riverside had a view of the East River. We then came back and bought flowers for Susan and Paul.



I returned to the nest and met Dick Thorne for a drink on the roof patio. We spoke about Bill, Paul, and Dick's upcoming colonoscopy. Later Mr. McCarthy stopped by, presumably to check on the work being done by a neighboring building. Perhaps he was looking to see if Dick was involved in inappropriate behavior. Not a bad thing for Mr. McCarthy to do, given problems with the nest in the past few months.

I had planned to go to the Carter Burden Gallery by 4:30 but missed my stop and got off at 23rd street. The walk through the rain took 45 minutes so I arrived just before closing time at 5:00. Therese Bernbach, Dick Thorne, Amanda and Chrissy were there. They were celebrating Susan's remarkably inventive ceramic versions of a triangular candy box. Afterward, Dick went his own way and the others went to Portino, a charming Italian restaurant with OK food. Amanda then took an Uber with Therese back to Brooklyn, and Susan, displaying competent but remarkably aggressive driving, dropped us off on the East side.

Thursday: Chrissy and I met with Amanda, Howie and Callen at the Whitney Hopper show. We also went to the modernist show on the top floor. We were amazed at the way Hopper provides a puzzle, urging the viewer to find the pattern, emotion or even the lesson from the painting. Amanda and Howie returned to Brooklyn to continue celebrating her 42 birthday. Then, we went to the Ted Muehler gallery in SOHO. They focus on outstanding objects, gems, shells, corals or wood. They also sell fine porcelain objects from Nymphenburg, including tree forms, small egg-shaped bowls in soft pastel with very thin walls. We might want one but could not own something so precious and fragile. They showed us a number of earrings that featured slices of semiprecious stones. The one we got for Chrissy's birthday is an oval blue-gray color that shifts beautifully depending on light or perspective.

We then went to D. C. Moore gallery where they had a show of small works selected by a set of artists. Like the Hopper, they encouraged deep (close) examination that revealed clever insights. Chrissy got the catalogue for Eric Aho, and is thinking about buying a small one. Finally, we went to Pace which had a print that Chrissy really wants.

Friday: Chrissy and I went to the MET for a tour through British Galleries before 1900 and the 19th century black potters of South Carolina. The British show had some remarkable 18th century ceramics and furniture with Iris Moon as our guide. We delighted in this marble nude resting on a lion's pelts and saw many wonderful ceramics that were generated in the 17th through the 19th centuries.





We then moved to the show about black potters in South Carolina, featuring several large 4 by 3-foot pots largely used to store salted or cured meats. Dave the Potter was a self-educated slave who could make such pots with salt glazes and elegantly write on them.

There were a small number of common goblets and vases where the slaves had added facial features before the initial firing of the clay. These were related to traditional African sculpture. Since none are signed researchers are trying to group them by style, finish and clay differences. Contemporary versions of face jugs have proliferated in North Carolina so we were surprised by the story behind these earlier works.

The very large pot pictured seems to celebrate a courtship or marriage featuring a lactating pig, perhaps as part of the bargain.



After a nice lunch at Paola Osteria the Trust group then walked to Cooper Hewitt. We were third on the list and thus missed the show on Paris art nouveau. We then walked home before going to a birthday dinner with Callen, Adelyn, Merriweather and Alex Franklin at JoJo's.



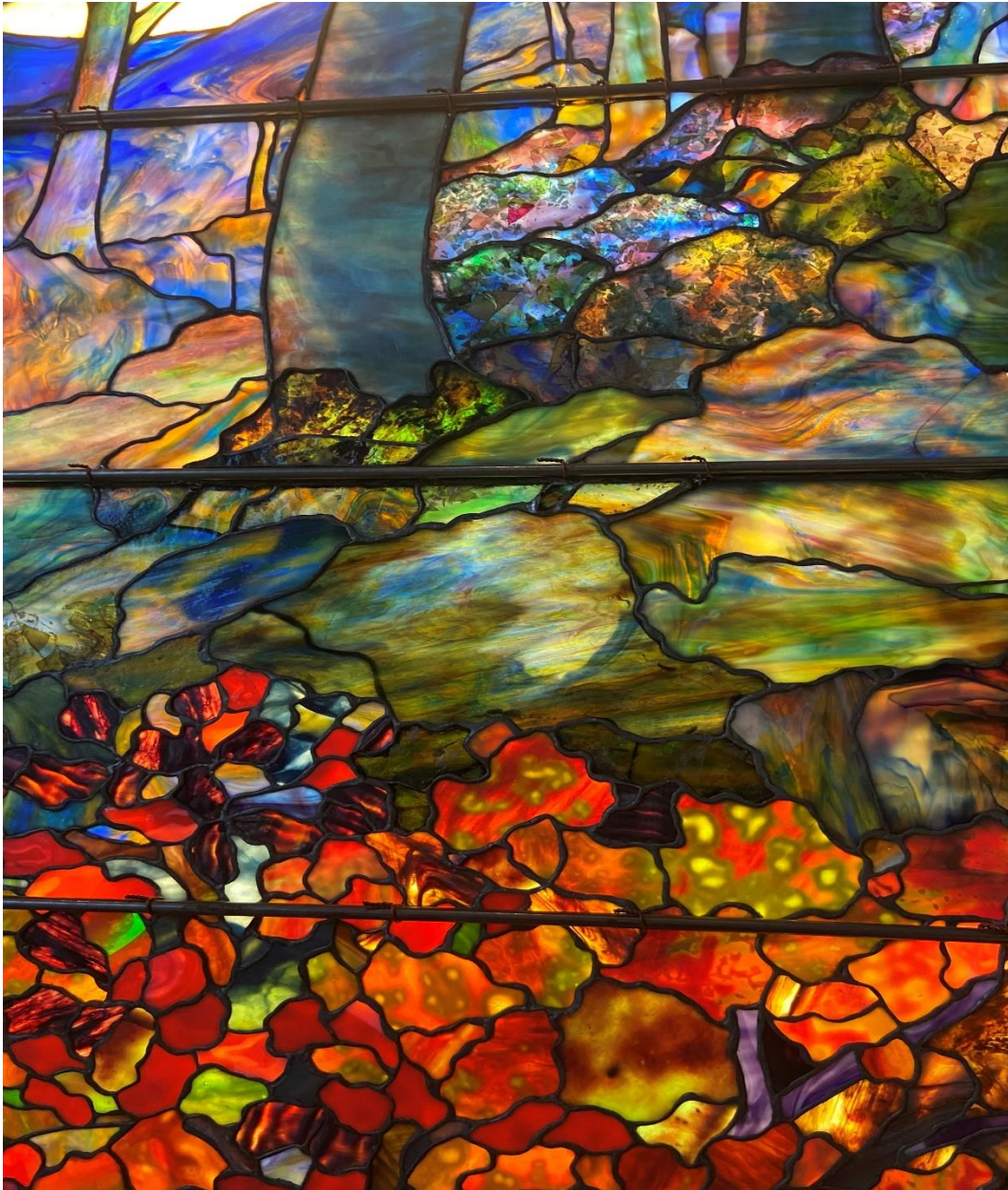
Saturday: Chrissy rested so I went to the Winter Show and the visit at the Met. The show had beautiful ceramics, revolutionary table settings, and stunning Asian wall papers, but overall it has declined as its supporters have aged.



The head curator of American Decorative Arts, Alice Frelinghuysen, led us through the Wigmore collection at the Met, showing items related to a promised gift to the museum. It included outstanding examples from the American Aesthetic movement arising out of the Gilded Age. The works were innovative in generating stories, novel construction using precious woods, enamel and gems. The general celebration of nature features cabinets with stunning images of flowers, falling gold flowers and red sassafras leaves. A huge work table had Northern hemisphere stars in location and a map of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Gems everywhere were used for specific colors or shapes rather than for individual value.



Alice then took us to see the Tiffany window showing a lake and waterfall amid different kinds of plants and stones. She then opened the door to show us the back of the window with its bank of lights and many levels of glass generating these desired results. Looked at closely from front, the colors were too varied, but at a distance of 12 feet those differences merged beautifully.



Sunday afternoon Chrissy and I joined with Callen to go to Tom Stoppard's Leopoldstadt at the Longacre theater. The theater was packed, the production outstanding, well worth the almost \$700 for our two tickets. It followed the destruction of two interrelated Jewish families in Vienna. One was led by a successful businessman married to a blond Catholic, and the other by a Jewish mathematical scholar. The play ends with a survivor listing the places where all the family members died. The final part raises questions about the roles of three survivors and the rest of us in the audience.



Sunday evening we had a lovely dinner with Howie and Amanda at Celestine restaurant in DUMBO (Down Under Manhattan Bridge Overpass). On Monday, we played with the Klein family watching Gus make muffins, mob his Mommy and count fingers to be able to be freed from the jaws of death!