

To Do

Some Arbitrary Tips And Recommendations

A True New Yorker knows that her soul resides in her feet, and she's always on the prowl for attractive walking shoes. Words of hope come from one New York woman who writes, "You don't have to wear big, ugly, clammy running shoes to walk comfortable on cement. Go to Eddris Shoes owned by Eddie Ford at 314 East 78th Street (879-2985). Handmade from glove leather, wider than department store shoes, and moderately priced (\$64 - \$129), Ford's shoes have one great quality in common: they don't need breaking in. Before I discovered this shop, I had to go to the podiatrist's every month. Since beginning to buy my shoes at Eddris, I haven't been in 10 years."

57th Street, Up and Down

There's a Honeycomb of Art Galleries on 57th Street, all waiting somewhere above street level for the intrepid rider of elevators. These galleries show work ranging from the serenely traditional to the quirkily avant-garde. While they are not the sprawling spaces of Soho, you are as free to roam and ponder works here as there, unperturbed by dealers or receptionists. A tour of the street's galleries, from Sixth Avenue to Madison, provides a leisurely respite from the consumerism below.

Lillian Heidenberg, at 50 West 57th on the eighth floor is intimate in scale but ambitious in scope. Works by Moore, Mito, Vuillard, Bonnard, and Chadwick share space comfortably with contemporary artists such as Yrjo Edelmann.

Lever Meyerson, at 16 West 57th on the fifth floor, opened only last May, and its elegantly airy quarters are ideally suited to modern abstraction. You can muse over works by Hans Hofmann, Sam Francis, Robert Motherwell, and Lee Krasner, among others.

Zabriskie Gallery, at 724 Fifth Avenue on the twelfth floor, in business for 30 years, shows painting, sculpture, and photography. The sculpture ranges from the witty metal cutout constructions of Tim Woodman to the sensuous figures in clay by Mary Frank.

Down on the fifth floor is Holly Solomon Gallery, which immigrated to 724 Fifth from Soho in 1984. Here you'll find modest materials take on an inventive and unpredictable life of their own: pieces of wire and other bric-a-brac have been transformed by Judy Pfaff into colorful constructions growing from floor and walls, and Robert Kushner has incorporated sequins, lamé, fabric and acrylic into handmade paper for his dazzling mixed-media paintings.

At the elegant, 55-year-old Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 East 57th on the fourth floor, School of Paris painters-- Chagall, Riopelle, and Hantai-- share the focus with foreign artists who have worked in Paris, such as Sauro, Millares, and Zao-Wou-Ki. And Pace Gallery, at 32 East 57th, shows Nevelson, Chuck Close, and Lucas Samaras.

Edited by Susan B. Adams.

** this article is to the right of the above, on the same page.*

Giants

They Might Be Giants consists of two Johns-- Flansburgh and Linnell, respectively-- plus an unnamed boom box that joins them onstage at high-class joints like CBGB, the Pyramid, and Darinka to act as their band. The Johns play guitar and accordion and write songs with nondescript titles-- "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," "Nothing's Gonna Change My Clothes,"—that have helped earn them a cult following.

They're also pop catbirds. Their compositions are letter-perfect send-ups of contemporary pop that make normal, romantic songwriting sound hopelessly serious. Part mix-and-match nonsense, part trash parody, the songs on They Might Be Giants (available from Bar/None, P.O. Box 1704, Main Post Office, Hoboken, N.J. 07030) resound with cultural lunacy. A tune about a rabid child who stays home and talks on the CB all day precedes a gentle, and twisted lament: "Hide away folk family/Or else someone's gonna get ya/Hide away folk family/Better hide away." If the 19 cuts on the record aren't enough, there's the Giants' free Dial-A-Song service (1-718-387-6962), the perfect musical coffee break.

** Original Article scanned by **Valerie Barr.***

Transcription by Cyrano Cole.