



SMALL WORLD DEPARTMENT: The scene was Chicago, sprinkly and windy. The time, mid-Sunday, and my good buddy was off to have brunch with his future Filipino in-laws before attending a matinee performance of the Phillipine Dance Group. With "matinee" on my own mind, I called a friend, female type, who lives in a new integrated, high rise apartment dwelling at 501 E. 32nd St. in Chicago. She said lunch, or rather brunch, would be fine but that was it! She had to be at a private art showing starting at 2 o'clock; she was going to attend with the artist and I could come over if I would agree not to "start up." I agreed, figuring that everything in the world is "subject to change".

My cab and I arrived nearly together. He left my hung-over head and part of my innards on a turn on Lake Shore Drive. The apartment was nice and in excellent taste. She shares it with a dog and a cat who co-exist well and tolerate her most of the time. The view of the lake (Michigan) was charming. On a clear day you can see the Loop. Not this Sunday but I know the Loop. My head and stomach were back there.

After the amenities which consisted of me repeating my promise not to "start up" (or I wouldn't even get brunch), my 20/20 vision spotted a drawing on the wall and I said, "That was done by Doc West's friend," and she said that he was the artist who was exhibiting. He had lived in Vegas, she recalled, and knew a Dr. West.

"Know him," I exploded, your artist friend did the damndest mural I ever saw and it is on a plaster wall and Doc and Dotty are trying to figure out how they are going to move the whole thing over to their new house when they move. How in the world do you move a plaster wall intact?

WALTER SANFORD, artist, friend, and human being, rapped on the door some thirty minutes later, interrupting the move I was making (in violation of the vow I had taken). It was good to see him again.

We called the Wests and visited briefly. Sanford told them of his accident which left him with four cracked ribs and a fat lip, a little shook but otherwise all right. After a non-productive discussion of the aforementioned plaster wall, we headed for the show, which was held in a renovated apartment in a section of Chicago called Old Town, the near North Side. Very chic and scene of the art exhibits in the Spring and Fall. The living room was two stories high and the

bed room was actually a balcony at a height where the ceiling normally would be. It is ideal for Joe Spaulding, artist's representative, bachelor, and worthy of a separate report. The setting was ideal for the display of an artistic ability.

Sanford is a born Chicagoan who has lived and worked in Detroit, Vegas, Mexico and France. His credits are excellent and many. His style, to me, has great vitality, great force, but I felt that he was, in some instances, too conscious of himself. His best grouping and yet the area in which this "consciousness of himself" was most evident was the section dubbed "Realism." The "Conference," the "Politician" and the "Actor" were each superb but the Preacher was premeditated, which may be a better descriptive word than "conscious". To this bearded boy, truly great art flows as a stream, in its own way, naturally. Sanford has this flow but he must let it flow in its own way. (If you are with me at this point, you have just completed your first lesson in Zen as successfully as one can do this.)

OTHER CATEGORIES included "Mexican Influence and Others", "Black and White", "Abstractions", "Collages" and some pencil drawings done in Mexico during the

summer of 1963. My own most favorable reaction was to "Red Rock". Of the abstracts, one was entitled "Woman". She was unlisted and I shared the Spaulding bathroom with her. She and the "Bridge" were (See "ON AND OFF" Page 15)

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