

Portraiture Exhibit at NJ Visual Arts Center Reveals Studies of Self, Anatomy, Ancestors

By MARYLOU MORANO
Specially Written for The Westfield Leader and The Times

SUMMIT — Portraiture is the artist's way of remembering others and self. "Identities: Contemporary Portraiture," currently on exhibit at the New Jersey Center for Visual Arts (NICVA) in Summit, spotlights the work of 36 artists who use this form of expression to create likenesses of themselves and others.

To understand portraiture is to get a glimpse of relationships. Using paintings, photographs, drawings and sculpture, the exhibiting artists — many internationally known — allow the viewer to consider relationships on three levels — the relationship of the artist to him or herself, the relationship of the artist to the subject of the artistic piece and the relationship of the artist or piece of art to the viewer.

One of the most visually appealing self-portraits is that of Chuck Close, 60. The piece is titled "Self Portrait" and is an approximately 5 feet by 5 feet, silk screen of an enlarged photograph of himself. The enlarging process imparts geometric shapes to the photo, bestowing the piece with a mosaic like texture.

Reaching back into one's past allows the artist to recall and portray family roots. New York City native Whitfield Lovell's "Strive" — a charcoal on wood with found objects attached — brings to life an ancestral portrait.

Los Angeles native Lezley Saar illustrates her life in "Tale of the Tragic Mulatto," a mixed media portrayal of growing up beholden to two races.

Self-portraiture can give the viewer an inside look at the artist — literally.

Gary Schneider, an artist from New York City and South African native, is exhibiting "Genetic Self Portrait: Retinas." A diptych, the work is a toned gelatin silver print of medical images of the artist's eyes translated into installations

of photographs. The exhibition is curated by Guest Curator Marion Dillon and is co-curated by Margaret Culbertson and Alice Dillon. "Identities: Contemporary Portraiture" will be on exhibit until

May 20. The exhibit is free and open to the public. Funding has been made possible in part by the New Jersey State Council of the Arts.

The New Jersey Center for Visual Arts, located at 68 Elm Street

in Summit, is open from noon to 4 p.m. from Monday to Friday, 7-9 p.m. on Thursday evenings and 2-4 p.m. Saturday and Sunday.

For more information, please call the NJCVA at (908) 273-9121.



Marylou Morano for The Westfield Leader and The Times



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MANY FACES OF PORTRAITURE...At left, Susan Hauptman offers self-portrait "Prima Donna Bitch," while Dawoud Bey portrays "Maura" in the unique piece above.

Westfield Glee Club Sets 76th Spring Concerts

WESTFIELD — The Westfield Glee Club will perform 76th Spring Concerts on Saturday, May 5, at 8 p.m. at Roosevelt Intermediate School in Westfield and on Sunday, May 6, at 4 p.m. at the First Presbyterian Church in Westfield.

The program will include Broadway tunes such as "Seventy Six Trombones" from *Music Man*. In the "Novelty Potpourri" section, the old college song, "Vive La Company" with up-dated text by Donald Moore will be sung and feature the trumpet playing of Eric Dill, drums played by Ken Phillips and piano accompaniment by Linda Eriksen.

Kristin Joham of Mountainside, a senior at Governor Livingston High School, will receive the Westfield Glee Club Scholarship Award and will be the featured artist. She will perform the Richard Strauss "Horn Concerto No. 1" and the Halsey Stevens "Sonata for Horn and Piano." Ms. Eriksen will provide piano accompaniment.

Tickets for both concerts will be available from Glee Club members and at the door for a donation of \$10 for students and senior citizens and \$12 for general admission.

For additional information, please call Dale Juntila at (908) 232-0673.

Lecture Series to Show Inspirational Baseball Film

WESTFIELD — Young baseball-star aspirants will be featured in an inspiring film that will represent the finale of this season's Westfield Lecture Series on Thursday, May 10, at 7:30 p.m. in the Parish House of The Presbyterian Church in Westfield.

General admission is \$5 per person, with \$3 for senior citizens.

Diamond in the Rough, an award-winning movie about talented inner-city baseball players, will be presented by filmmaker Alice Elliot. The story takes place in Washington Heights, former "crack capital" of New York City. There, an unusual coach has guided a high school baseball team of Dominican boys toward winning games and, against all odds, getting college scholarships. Many of the team's former players have gone on to careers in professional baseball. Several have played in World Series games.

The Westfield Lecture Series is sponsored by the Westfield Foundation and the Westfield Y. These events are made possible by the Union County Board of Chosen Freeholders through a HEART Grant administered by the Union County Division of Cultural and Heritage Affairs.

For further information, please call Dave Mueller at the Westfield Y at (908) 233-2700, extension no. 233.

Area Residents to Join Spring Concert With Youth Symphony

PRINCETON — The New Jersey Youth Symphony, which will be conducted by Barbara Barstow of New Jersey Youth Symphony, Inc., will hold its end of season Spring Concert on Sunday, May 13, 4 p.m. at Princeton University's Richardson Auditorium. Local residents will be featured in the concert.

Local residents participating in the Choir that evening include Jessica Landis of Mountainside and Amy Reinholtz of Berkeley Heights.

Members of the Youth Orchestra from the area include Carol Baron, Christina McCabe, Jason Tammam and Kelly Young, all of Westfield, Jessica Nichols of Mountainside, Bruce Smith, Jr. of Fanwood, and Berkeley Heights residents Billy Case, Bryan Gartner, Ellen Hukkelhoven and Ivan Lee.

Admission is \$10 or \$5 for senior citizens and students. For information, please call (908) 771-5544.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.To celebrate Music Week, the Musical Club of Westfield will hold an evening recital on Wednesday, May 9, at 8 p.m. at the First Baptist Church in Westfield. "All Ye Who Love Music," "Come Ye Sons of Art," "I Will Sing with the Spirit," "Die Nachtigal," "In Still Night" and "Gute Nacht" will be performed, as well as several other pieces. Refreshments will be served by the refreshment committee. For more information, please call (908) 241-6210. To become an active or associate member of the club, please call (908) 232-2173.

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Freddy Got Fingered Gets Totally Out of Hand

By Michael S. Goldberger

One Popcorn, Poor • Two Popcorns, Fair • Three Popcorns, Good • Four Popcorns, Excellent



No popcorns

If you don't care to read this review, I can't blame you. Why waste your time? More likely than not you already know what this unsavory farce is about. Because *Freddy Got Fingered* is the exception that proves the rule — the book you can judge by its cover.

Plus the TV advertisements have made no secret of this movie's obviously fetid and declassé content.

Quite the contrary, they have celebrated its repugnance and touted its indecency. However, for those sympathetic souls who want to keep me company through this painful process, here's the deal.

The current crown prince of youthful rebellion, comedian Tom Green as would-be animator Gord Brody ventures beyond the pale in his quest to shock and disgust. And while more obnoxious than genuinely daring, he is successful in that dubious pursuit.

Freddy Got Fingered takes bad taste to a new low while raising the bar on genuinely lousy filmmaking. And what's worse, while straining for laughs in this feature length glob of extreme potty humor, director, star and co-writer Green is not very funny at all.

It's bad enough the film is obsessed with body parts. But what makes it even more beastly, literally and figuratively, is that those parts, replete with various and sundry body fluids, usually belong to animals. But have no fear. We are assured that not one animal was harmed during the making of this film. Too bad we can't guarantee the same for those humans who view Green's feeble-minded swill.

The MTV-bred absurdist embarrassingly reminds of the adolescent who has just acquired his first clump of dirty words. The child must then zealously squeeze each and every one of those bon mots into every sentence he utters from that point on. Furthermore, the self-centered annoyance doesn't care what anyone thinks of his irritating mania. It becomes tiresome.

Thus, 20 minutes into *Freddy Got Fingered*, after it is obvious that Green has spewed all the shock treatment he has to offer in his rather limited under-

standing of motion picture construction, the exit signs begin to beckon.

Of course in this situation, like the captain of the Titanic, the film critic cannot leave his assignment. That's just in case he's wrong and some miraculous story twist saves the day and vindicates auteur Green. Like when his character delivers a baby much against the wishes of the horrified mother (who would have preferred a doctor). He then proceeds to swing the newborn around the room by its umbilical cord, tether ball style, spurring blood adorning the walls like a Dracula-inspired Jackson Pollock.

If you haven't left the theater by this point, it's time to check if your health plan covers psychiatric care. Again, I can't leave. How would it look if the film critic walked out and the ages later decided that Green was really his generation's Lenny Bruce — an important social critic and defender of free speech? Yeah, right.

The story line itself, a wretched bit of garble about father-son relationships, would make Freud himself cringe.

A slacker living in his parents' basement, 27-year-old Gord wants to be an animator. He also wants his dad to be proud of him. Problem is, his drawings are neither funny nor particularly interesting. Another problem is, he's an absolute idiot. But when the Portland, Oregon, resident lands a job in Hollywood as a cheese sandwich maker, Dad (Rip Torn) is so happy to be rid of the dolt that he buys him a car for the odyssey. In an extraordinary display of skill and purpose, Torn manages his usually solid performance despite the impossibly pathetic morass around him.

Once ensconced in Los Angeles, where he can shop his cartoons around when he's not creating a disaster at the sandwich works, Gord meets love interest Betty (Marisa Coughlan), a wheelchair-bound lass with aspirations of being a rocket scientist...what else? In any case, her paraplegia gives Green the opportunity of combining jokes about infirmity with some rather inept bits of sexual perversion.

Meanwhile, Gord's younger brother Freddy, who is gainfully employed and no burden to his parents, receives little or no attention from Dad. And so just to add insult to injury, the young adult is mistakenly institutionalized in a home for molested children when a frustrated and crazed Gord deceitfully blows the whistle on his father.

Come to think of it, some of this stuff probably sounded funny on paper, especially if you possess no sense of taste, have completely lost touch with what life is like outside of Hollywood, and have had a few cocktails. Sadly, it translates quite differently.

For starters, Green's bad boy act is bogus. For all his naughtiness, when compared to those acerbic wits who really know what they're doing, he is a rather tepid satirist. Then, there is the snickering arrogance prevalent throughout, like when real-life girlfriend Drew Barrymore makes a cameo appearance; it's an uncomfortable indulgence, and assumes that we'd be interested in what is ostensibly Green's big budget home movie — a place for him and his pals to act out their private jokes and boring neuroses.

Surely it was a red letter day for the First Amendment when 20th Century Fox didn't make Green change the title from *Freddy Got Fingered*.

But one wonders if he is actually cognizant of his biggest achievement. For try as he may to abash or anger, no stunt Green perpetrates on screen can match the outlandish feat of actually getting this stunning waste of celluloid made. Which makes him the Hollywood equivalent of a used car salesman.

I won't tell you what was or wasn't done to Freddy. But rest assured it's not as bad as what Tom Green is doing to anyone who plunks down good money to see this awfully bad movie.

Freddy Got Fingered, rated R, is a 20th Century Fox release directed by Tom Green and stars Tom Green, Rip Torn and Marisa Coughlan. Running time: 90 minutes.



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