



## Smithsonian Institution

*National Museum of African American History and Culture*

### Playbill for Ma Rainey's Black Bottom

Extracted on Mar-25-2023 06:30:56

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[[image - B & W photograph of chef wearing tall chef's hat. On the counter (in full color) is an open bottle of Scotch and a glass partially filled with Scotch and ice cubes. The Scotch bottle's cork is laying between the bottle and the glass.]]

[[line]]  
DEWAR'S PROFILE:  
[[line]]

JEAN-CLAUDE NÉDÉLEC  
HOME: New York City.  
AGE: 35  
PROFESSION: Chef; co-owner Glorious Food, caterers.  
HOBBY: Eating meals prepared by others.  
LAST BOOK READ: Tom Jones, Henry Fielding.  
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Catered the Museum of Modern Art's reopening, with more than 10,000 people in six days.  
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I've been a food fanatic since I was a little boy in France. And, what may be more important, I'd rather work for me than anyone else I know."  
PROFILE: Energetic. Thrives on what the rest of us might call chaos. Sees a sit-down dinner for two thousand as an intimate little gathering.  
HIS SCOTCH: "Dewar's 'White Label', on the rocks. Its taste blends perfectly with the sense of accomplishment I feel when five parties have gone well. On the same night."

DEWAR'S<sup>®</sup> "WHITE LABEL"<sup>®</sup> BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF  
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ON A PERSONAL BIAS by Bernice Peck

AMIALE READER, perhaps it's only a cheeky assumption, mine, that we both find "serious" clothes dull (terribly expensive too) and radical extremes embarrassing to wear. This might make us both moderates—right?—preferring dash plus elegant ease. Anyway, to borrow Joan's cliché, can we talk?

FASHION, SIZING IT UP: Experience proves that a last season's too far-out fashion can wind up as this season's accepted semi-classic—once the public eye has accustomed itself. Or — as of right now — when the smarter, tonier designers, stores and fashion pages have seemingly "rethought" and gentled down the earlier radical versions.

Radical being the androgynous trend in its first barn-sized, dun-colored, aggressively mannish versions. Some were gross. Early along I'd tried



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with a preference as handy it think anything else a woman could put on. He said it then and I said it today. Like the existing golden rules, mine, he named it too. So he is not just a little pretentious, after all, is my principal affliction.

DEAR, as I hope you said, it is so useful as it is womanly. Has a vaguely shape-suggestive—and female—in its message of pleasure. A feminine force. The bottle itself is a woman's hand in a sculpted like a woman's body draped with in the folds of one of Lingens' own seductive designs. It won't be easy to come by, DEAR. In November you can try to—get it—only at Bergdorf Goodman and Bloomingdale's who also sell Lingens' clothes, and you'll be a golden—but it might make you feel like a modern goddess. Delicious, don't you think?

FRANCOISE OUT: What fun I have, savoring off of my own preferences and preferences. Well, why not? But if you want the latest fashions, there be some to check out from Bloomingdale's from London, come to redesign.

on a few outfits, massively oversized, forcefully male. My frank friend Margo (with me at the time) chortled, "Oh great! You look like a poor slob who's just inherited an obese uncle's wardrobe."

TODAY, THOUGH, the androgynous vogue comes through milder-mannered. Softened up. Tangy with color. You'll see a (reasonably) big-shouldered coat over a softly tailored suit or jacket with skirt-or-pant. Maybe a huge chiffon scarf, afloat—maybe a silver fox fling. Pretty pumps. A hat, could be. Or long slim earrings. A few unexpectedly feminine lures work charmingly with the masculine basics of fine fabrics and classy man-tailoring. (Nice, especially when your hands aren't jammed deep into pant-pockets, a la the Brideshead bunch.)

ON THE OTHER HAND: Fashion, fickle broad that she is, has sent along a quite opposite choice with the Paris couture collections—clothes for the woman who enjoys wearing her own figure. The news here: "femininity" is back. With curves. With bells on. The styles close in on the body (hello Marilyn Monroe!), a lot of slink, no slouch and every curve acknowledged.

AND EMANUEL UNGARO'S of all the curvy Paris collections, was applauded most vigorously by the worldwide fashion press. "His wrapped, shirred or draped dresses are so uniformly enticing," ran one report. Points were also given, of course, to Saint Laurent, Givenchy and Karl Lagerfeld—who actually curved Chanel's historically boxy little suits into the waist and under the fanny.

Ungaro, though, was the most talked about—for dressing women like women men love to look at. (His own romantic preference for exciting damey ladies is a matter of record.)

THIS SEASON Ungaro has extended the allure with a perfume so lovely it rivals anything else a woman could put on. He calls it Diva and I call it sublime. Like the exciting goddess-prima donna he named it for. So let me rave just a little (perfume, after all, is my principal affection).

Diva, as Ungaro intends, is as sensual as it is sensuous. Has a uniquely elegant eloquence—and finesse—in its message of pleasure. A luminous brew. The bottle itself (a collector's item) is sculpted like a woman's body draped softly in the folds of one of Ungaro's own seductive designs.

It won't be easy to come by, Diva. In November you can try it—and get it—but only at Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman Marcus who also sell Ungaro clothes. And yes it's expensive—but it might make you feel like a modern goddess. Delicious idea.

SPEAKING OUT: What fun I have, sounding off on my own preferences and prejudices. Well, why not? But if you want the latest bizarre bit, then be sure to check out those blunt-cut wigs from London, now in acid-green.



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