



Colored ink on rice paper
and oils

IRIS BRODY

November 5 - 30

CARUS GALLERY

243 East 82 Street

New York 28 TR. 9-4660

Gallery hours 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

Left by a Painter: Her Life, in Pictures

By DON KIRK

For Iris Brody life was the delicacy of a small child's figure, the beauty of an old woman's face, the gloom in a pair of large, searching eyes.

Iris learned how to project that gloom into the eyes of the figures she sketched in high school, in her apartment in The Bronx, in walks through crowded streets.

As she grew older Iris perfected her skill, penning quick lines on colored rice paper, deepening her preoccupation with delicacy and gloom.

At 33, Iris was a full-fledged artist with the sensitivity and experience to depict the sadnesses, the loves of little people in a mass-production world geared to the nuclear age.

This week, at 33, Iris was a suicide, the victim of a five-story leap from the roof of her apartment building at 1271 Grant Av.

She left no notes. The story of her death was in her life and in her legacy, the 1,000 line sketches and 30 oil paintings she had extracted from that life in the past 17 years.

Parents Being Divorced

The story begins with Iris in her late teens, attending the Art Students League of New York. She was quarreling with her mother, Dolly, and her father, Nathan, who were divorcing each other.

She met a man, so she said later, who told her he was a writer and an artist. She wanted to leave home and the disputes with her parents. She married the writer and divorced him several years later.

She retained one memento of the marriage—an addiction to drugs. She was persuaded they would make her a better artist. For several more years Iris drifted between her apartment

in The Bronx and Greenwich Village. She sketched for \$5 bills, for clothes, for meals, for a place to sleep, for a shot. Later, she met a bass fiddle player and lived with him.

David Greer, a ship's mate with a passion for collecting the works of young artists, saw Iris painting in Greenwich Village. He bought several sketches and noted her name and address.

A Showing

A year later he opened the Collector's Gallery at 49 W. 53d St. Among his first exhibits was a showing of 25 of Iris' sketches. They all were sold at good prices and the girl was on her way to success.

Greer and his brother, Manuel, let Iris paint in their studio. They lent her money and found more buyers. They took her to Bellevue Hospital and a private hospital to be cured of the use of drugs.

Six months ago she gave birth to a baby boy, Michael Joel. The father was the bass fiddle player with whom she was living. She dropped the drug habit for the last few months of her life for the sake of the child.

Back in The Bronx

But the musician deserted her after the birth. That meant she had to live again in The Bronx with her mother. They resumed arguing, this time about the baby and her work. Iris was trying to find another apartment an the Greers were helping her.

The story ends with Iris and her mother in another bitter argument Tuesday. Iris put on her hat and coat, walked outside, then walked back up to the roof.

About 25 people, including Iris' parents and the Greers, were at funeral services for her yesterday in the Riverside



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Chapel, 179th and Grand Concourse. Burial was in Cedar Park Cemetery, Paramus, N. J.