

By Ann Gerhart and Annie Groer



BY MARK FINE/STAFF FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen in all his glory.

## Caldwell Gets the Gielgud

**W**hen I first heard of the birth of this award, I wanted it, and I couldn't for the life of me figure out why you didn't give it to me," actress **Zoe Caldwell** declared last night at the Folger Shakespeare Library's annual gala. It took just three years for the Tony winner—who last played Washington as Maria Callas in "Master Class"—to win the Shakespeare Guild's John Gielgud Award for Excellence in the Dramatic Arts. She was serenaded by two of her costars from that show who are now in New York in "Ragtime"—singer **Audra McDonald** and composer and pianist **David Loud**. The veddy British library was transformed into "Stratford-on-Odeon," complete with French cafes

servicing everything from raw oysters and pâté to onion soup and pastries. The movable feast was the brainchild of the gala co-chairs—men, not women for a change: lawyers **C. Boyden Gray**, former Export-Import Bank chief **John D. Macomber**, both in tuxedos, and architect **Hugh Newell Jacobsen**, a Napoleonic vision in plumed hat and enormous epaulets. Former Paris Review editor **George Plimpton** set the Gallic tone early with tales of 1950s Paris and then shifted to the '90s, telling the 250 guests who each bought \$1,000 tickets, "All of you have paid almost three times what **Al Gore** paid"—\$353 to charities in 1997. "I am told he spent 96 cents a day, so you have done much better than that."

### HOW YOU KNOW

■ **Bob Dole** may never give up getting close to the White House. He's agreed to deliver a college commencement address at the Ellipse next month, where the magnificent mansion serves as backdrop. The former Senate majority leader, who lives in the Watergate, has sort of adopted his neighborhood college, George Washington University. Sunday, at the third small breakfast meeting he has held with students and the university's president, **Stephen Joel Trachtenberg**, Dole asked seniors what they want him to say at their commencement, set for May 17.

"He is a master of the art of compromise," said **Jennie Josephson**, a journalism major who knows what she still needs to learn. "We want him to talk about that."  
 ■ The martini lounges draw but a certain clientele. It took a real dive bar in Mount Pleasant to lure **Elliott Smith** in on Friday night after the Portland singer-songwriter's sold-out show at the Black Cat. Last month at the Oscars, Smith performed his nominated song "Miss Misery" from the film "Good Will Hunting." At the Raven Grill, he mostly fended off groupies.  
 ■ The Smithsonian finally opens its controversial sweatshop exhibit to the public tomorrow. But first, the party! At a reception tonight at the National Museum of American History, **Kathie Lee Gifford** will lend her weight as issue queen of sweatshops. The talk-show host got caught up in a flap over working conditions at factories manufacturing her Kmart clothing line. She's bringing her husband,

**Frank**, and **Ethel Kennedy** (whose late son, Michael, was married to Frank Gifford's daughter, Victoria). But don't expect Nike head **Phil Knight** to swoosh in. Today, Labor Secretary **Alexis Herman** views the exhibit and talks about how much work remains for her regulators in trying to erase abuse.  
 ■ It's all over but the shouting: Rep. **Cynthia McKinney** (D-Ga.) has leaped to **Jane Fonda's** defense. The earnest former actress irritated some folks down in

Georgia last week by comparing parts of the state to a Third World country. Democratic Gov. **Zell Miller** blasted Fonda for not seeing clearly from her penthouse, and Fonda apologized.  
 "It seems to me that Ms. Fonda was only speaking the painful truth," said McKinney, who wrote in a letter to Fonda that she had seen plenty of dirt roads leading to shantytowns with no running water. "I saw a lot of pain. . . I make no apologies for talking about it."



BY ANNE GROER—THE WASHINGTON POST

Happy hucksters **Christopher Buckley**, left, and **John Tierney** celebrate their self-help satire, "God Is My Broker: A Monk-Tycoon Reveals the 7½ Laws of Spiritual and Financial Growth," at a book party here Saturday. Their old Yale buddy **Pitt Harding**, center, plays Brother Ty. (Law 7: The only way to get rich from a get-rich book is to write one. And it's working! **Barry Levinson** bought the screenplay options for \$750,000.)

## DOONESBURY By GARRY TRUDEAU





# Party lines: people, places and politics



Photos by James R. Brantley/The Washington Times  
 Pamela and Malcolm Peabody (left), Robin Jacobsen and Michael Sullivan dress in the Parisian mode for the gala. Left: Actress Zoe Caldwell receives this year's Sir John Gielgud Award.

couldn't resist a bit of ribbing as he adjusted his bicorne hat to an exaggerated angle of panache. "I told Boyden he looked shabby," he said, "but he's a Republican — and it takes a Democrat to have fun."

But the tuxedo-clad Mr. Gray was quick to parry in terms of the bottom line. "He shamed us both," he said, "but we Republicans outnumber the Democrats here 2-to-1."

Frivolity was the order of the night, but earlier on, the event had its serious side as well. Before the portals of Paris could be opened, arriving guests were ushered into the library's 16th-century Elizabethan Theater for the evening's only formal segment, an hour of high-brow entertainment from raconteurs **Robert MacNell** and **George Plimpton**, a fine aria from "Macbeth" sung by soprano **Audra McDonald**, and the presentation of the Shakespeare Guild's Sir John Gielgud Award for Excellence in the Dramatic Arts to four-time Tony winner **Zoe Caldwell**.

"A brilliant and impregnable representative, not only with the public but with her peers," intoned Mr. Jacobi, who had the honor, as last year's recipient, of bestowing the John Safer-sculpted trophy to Miss Caldwell, 64, for "brilliance, integrity and emotional truth" in her chosen profession. "She can terrify an audience and move them to tears of joy and pain — often at the same time," he said, not hesitating in the slightest to go the full measure in describing his colleague and friend as "an actor's actor," the profession's ultimate accolade.

"If we're not in the business of humanity, we're not in business," the "deeply, deeply proud" Miss Caldwell told the crowd, putting her chosen craft in proper perspective after recounting a hilarious tale about sniping over the possession of the sword of Edmund Kean among stage rivals Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir Laurence Olivier ("who took it to Westminster Abbey with him").

"And now it's time to go into the party," the actress said to the dying-amused-by-his-opportunity-to-swagger-about-in-an-elaborate-gold-encrusted-dress-uniform-once-worn-by-a-Hollywood-actor-playing-the-role-of-Marshal-Michel-Ney, Napoleon's favorite general. Asked why his conservative counterparts had failed to appear in costume, he

— Kevin Chaffee

## Congo lines come to the Folger

It was just when the conga line was snaking its way through the usually placid precincts of the New Reading Room that a few remaining holdouts finally acknowledged what other guests had been saying all along: The Folger Shakespeare Library's spring gala was quite definitely the best party le tout Washington had seen in many a year.

"A conga line in Washington? At the Folger Library? Incredible!" exclaimed very amused special guest **Sir Derek Jacobi**, his mouth open in wonderment at the sight of former Sen. **Alan Simpson**, former protocol chief **Selwa "Lucky" Roosevelt** and the other luminaries, dowagers and diplomats — many in 1920s Parisian fancy-dress attire — whooping it up on the dance floor Monday night at the unheard-of hour of 11:30 p.m.

Torch singers, exotic "Apache" dancers doing violent tangos and a trio of wiggling hoochie-cochie girls added to the excitement during the Moulin Rouge-meets-Pigalle floor show taking place in the transformed chamber, redubbed "Chou-Chou's Cabaret" for the occasion. There the frenetic **Doc Scantlin** and his Imperial Palms Orchestra kept things hopping throughout the night.

"The best party I've been to, maybe



ever," said Mrs. Roosevelt, whose Lola Montez-ish, Gypsy-like garb was one of the evening's most effective efforts.

As far as \$1,000-a-pop benefits go, it was an unusual affair indeed, for there was no cocktail reception or customary five-course seated-with-place-cards dinner to get through — with table companions long on job title but short on style or wit.

Guests seemed delighted by their freedom to wander about the library's vaulted Great Hall and reading rooms, stopping for a drink, some soupe a l'oignon, cas-

soulet or fruits de mer at bistro sites painstakingly decorated to recreate Paris' Les Halles market (with heaping piles of produce courtesy of Sutton Place Gourmet). Jimmy's Bar and all the famous cafes — La Coupole, Les Deux Magots, the Cafe Flore, the Cafe du Dome and the Brasserie Lipp — also were part of the scene.

"We wanted to break with tradition, let people walk around and have fun," said the library's director, **Werner Gundersheimer**, who heartily approved an additional radical departure: persuading three men to take charge of what had heretofore been the exclusive terrain of the city's grandest dames.

Architect **Hugh Newell Jacobsen**, former Export-Import Bank President **John D. Macomber** and lawyer **C. Boyden Gray** acquitted themselves commendably in their co-chairmen's task, with the flamboyant Mr. Jacobsen supervising concept and design and his partners concentrating on fund raising.

"Je suis de trop!" Mr. Jacobsen bellowed early in the night, hugely amused by his opportunity to swagger about in an elaborate gold-encrusted dress uniform once worn by a Hollywood actor playing the role of Marshal Michel Ney, Napoleon's favorite general. Asked why his conservative counterparts had failed to appear in costume, he



Hugh Newell Jacobsen, attired as Napoleon's favorite general, Marshal Michel Ney, chats with Chris and Lucy Buckley. Center: "Apache" dancers add to the excitement in "Chou-Chou's Cabaret," the evening's incarnation of the Folger Shakespeare Library's New Reading Room. Below: Keeping with the evening's theme, invitations to the Folger Library's spring gala used Parisian imagery.

