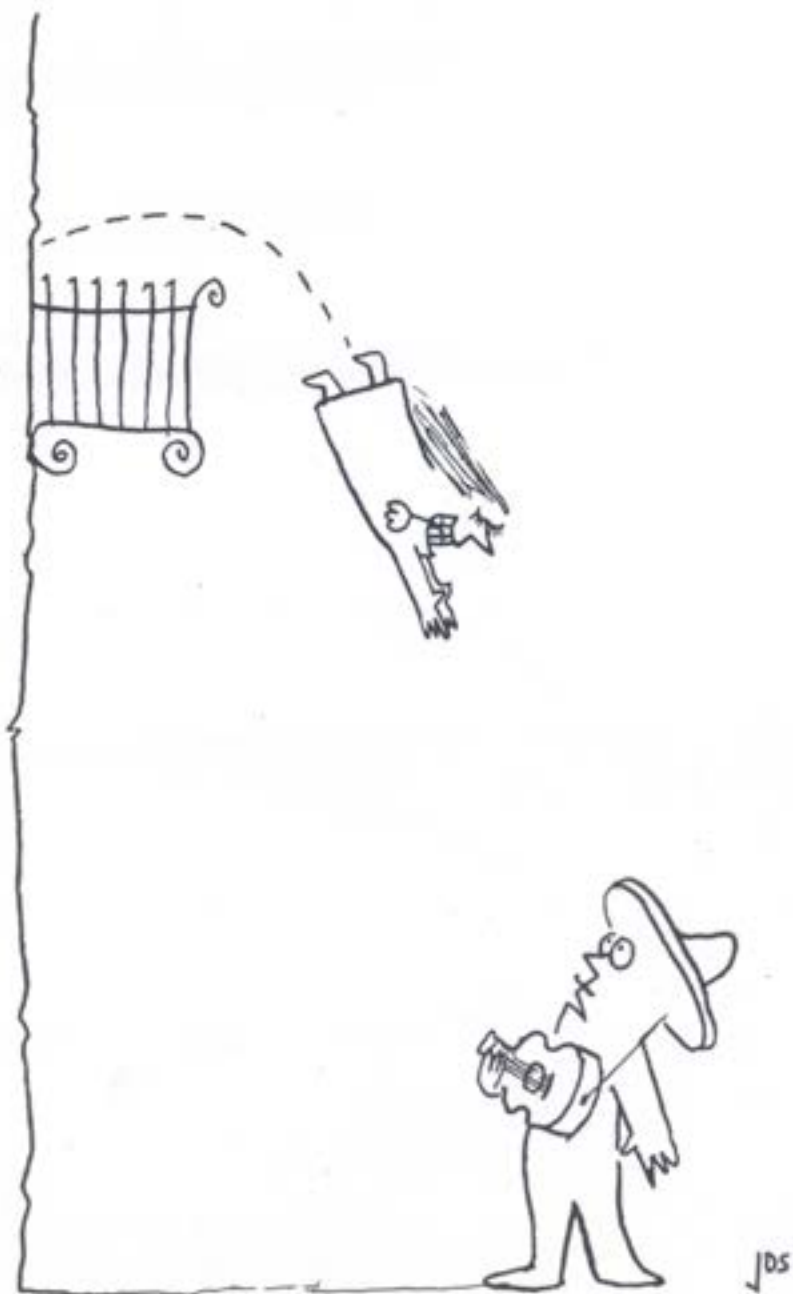


Jimmy

James Dowdell Stanley



— June 4, 1937 - February 24, 2013 —



Cover design: Jack Amos

James Dowdell Stanley died peacefully on Sunday, February 24, 2013 after a long illness. The son of James Selwyn Stanley and Sara von Schilling Stanley, he was born in Richmond Virginia on June 4, 1937. He attended Fay School in Southborough, Massachusetts, Deerfield Academy in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and Harvard University. An All American swimmer, Jimmy lowered Harvard's breaststroke record seven times, placed second in the 100 yard breaststroke at the 1958 national collegiate championships, and was inducted into Harvard's Varsity Hall of Fame in 1983. Also a talented cartoonist, he was elected president of the Harvard *Lampoon* as a second year student. After college he lived in New York City making documentary films and was an active member of the vibrant New York art scene. Jimmy took an interest in Chinese culture, taught himself the language, and relocated to Taiwan where he taught English. There he married and had two children. Returning back to the United States and eventually settling down in California, he became interested in computers and wrote two published books on computer programming. Friends and family remember him as possessing a brilliant, encyclopedic mind, an extraordinary sense of humor, and a gentle, congenial personality.

He is survived by his wife Elizabeth Liang Stanley, who devoted the last several years to caring for him, and his two children, of whom he was exceedingly proud. His son Richard Charles Stanley is an engineer in the energy industry, having studied Chemical Engineering at UC Berkeley, and is currently a part-time MBA student at UCLA's Anderson Graduate School of Management. His daughter Christine Sara Stanley is a talented athlete and musician who runs several gyms in San Diego, California, while also pursuing a professional career in Women's Mixed Martial Arts. He is also survived by his sister, Meredith Stanley Scott and her husband, Alfred, of Richmond, Virginia, his half-brother and half-sister, Thomas Eric Stanley and Ingelise Joan Stanley, both of Copenhagen, Denmark, and his sister-in-law Virginia Williams Stanley. He was predeceased by his brother, Peter von Schilling Stanley.















My memories of Jimmy date from the older days at Boulder Brook. Aunt Sara was not about to let her country bumpkin nephew grow up without exposing him to the sophistication of Virginia's capitol city. So I was bundled up several weekends

each year to stay at Boulder Brook and head off in the evenings, driven by Jim, to the Cotillion where I learned to "dance" and execute a proper bow.

During the days at Boulder Brook, Jimmy always went along for the ride and followed me around. Although he was five years younger, Jimmy quickly became my favorite cousin.

Jimmy visited us at Mt. Pleasant during the summers, usually when I had my friends staying. Our favorite trick at night was to wait up until midnight and then make Jimmy take a candle and walk to the graveyard. We had someone behind the tombstone ready to jump out and scare him at the appropriate time.

Sometimes we took Jimmy in our outboard motorboat about two and a half miles across the James River to go camping in our pup tent. Jimmy's job was to get up first in the morning and cook bacon and then clean up the dishes! Jimmy never said no. He was a good sport and had an indefatigable spirit. My favorite cousin.—*Dutch von Schilling*







"Every normal person thinks of something."



Jim was my best friend from freshman year till he died. At Harvard, we swam together, lived together, ate together, joined the Fly Club and Signet Society together, etc. Some thought we had our own private language. He introduced me to Kirsten, my first wife and mother of two of my children, when Robbie Macdonald and I visited him in Denmark in 1958. After college, we saw less of each other, although he visited me in Kansas, and I visited him in Virginia, Minnesota and California. And with Richard's help, he came to our 50th Reunion, which was appreciated by all of us. He was in his time about as charming and talented a person as I have ever known, and despite his difficulties was loved by all of us.—*Dick Seaton*



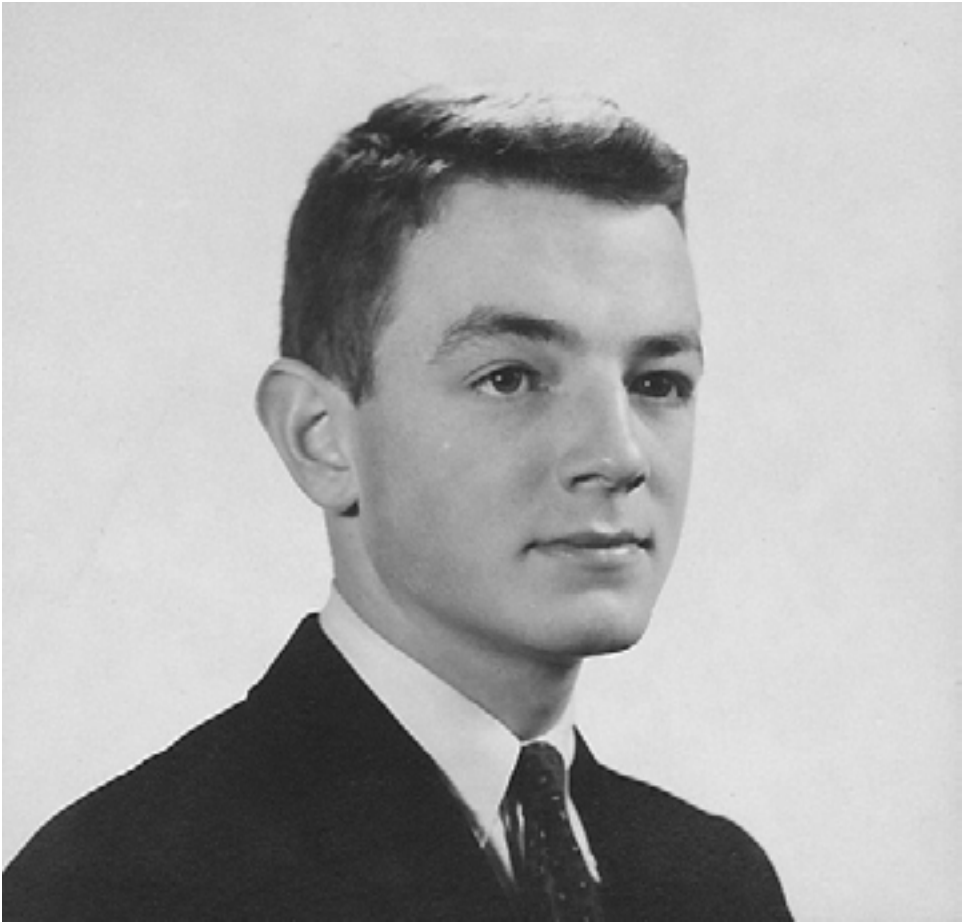
Jim Stanley, Dick Seaton, Ashton Hawkins and Aryn Khan





Jimmy was wistful, wry, deep and funny at the same time. In a way, Jimmy was a second older brother for me. He and Dick mentored me at Harvard, where I needed it. At the Fly Club we swam our way through an upper crust, domestic and international. I roomed with Peter and learned how his looks and talent combined to make him almost charismatic. Jimmy loved the classics. Peter loved folk music. At the time, those two seemed quite different, and they were, but both were guides in life for me. I know the bond between Dick and Jimmy was always strong. Dick's loyalty to Jimmy in his late years was something to admire.—*David Seaton*





His face had two different sides, like Lincoln's, didn't it? Everyone speaks of Lincoln as having a happy side and a sad side. In Jim's case, I have the sense of a very dominant, wide-open right side, slightly manic, but with a glint of apprehension at what he might find out, and a more settled, focused, but not-so-dominant left side.

I remember an episode at Deerfield where the right side was in full flow. He was chopping away furiously at a piece of paper with a heavy-duty paper cutter, totally in the moment, and oblivious of the fact that he was moving not just the paper but his thumb toward the big blade. "Stop! Stop!" I cried. "You're about to cut your thumb off." It broke the spell, the left side took over, and he did stop, not a second too soon. "Oh! — Thanks, Ward," he said, aghast. That was both of his sides speaking. I'm glad they did.—*Ward Elliott*





Jim was a class behind me at Harvard, and we met because we were both on the *Lampoon*. I enjoyed enormously, as did others, the wit and drawing talent that enriched the magazine and delighted his friends.

Everyone moved to New York, it seemed, and I had an apartment on 24th St. that I eventually shared briefly with Jim. I worked first on an editorial staff at McGraw-Hill, and there I met Diana Murray, and, through her, her husband at the time, the sculptor Bob Murray. It turned out we lived just a few blocks from each other.

Bob had moved to New York from Canada at the urging of Barnett Newman. (They had met at the Emma Lake summer workshop for artists in Canada, where Barney was a visiting artist.) Through Bob I first met Barney, and ended up spending a good deal of time with him, always wonderful and instructive moments.

I had decided to spend some time photographing art and artists, and had left McGraw-Hill. Jim was at that time working for Richard de Rochemont. Barney had already had a few health issues, and Bob and I were concerned that there be some sort of permanent record of his persona. At that time one of his two studios was on Front St. in lower Manhattan, and we decided to document his life photographically, Jim to capture moving footage, and Bob and I to do stills. I was fortunate to be able to have photographed Barney at a wonderful moment in his life, and I have had the satisfaction of seeing some of the photos I took then illustrate articles about him. (I do not know where Jim's footage is, but hope it is at the Newman Foundation.)

Doing things with Barney was always great fun, and, if we were in lower Manhattan, we all usually ended at a Chinese restaurant, where Annalee would join us for dinner. Since my children have all gone to be happy in the West, I did see Jim on several visits to San Francisco. Regardless of the vicissitudes of his life, he never lost his basic kindness and zest for life.

Jimmy was a dear friend, and his take on life was always somewhat sardonic. He never expected anyone to be perfect, just human, as he was. It was a gift to know him.—Jonathan Holstein



I remember the summer in Richmond when Jimmy holed up—went to ground in a fit of introspection—and read the whole of *Remembrance of Times Past*, and then wouldn't talk about it. That was the summer he first talked about learning Chinese, and I've thought of Proust since then as inscrutable as well.

I remember the *Lampoon* set-up story of Jimmy attacking Santa in Harvard Square as a prearranged joke and then, of course, being beaten almost senseless by on-lookers.

And we all remember the wonderful new friends he brought to us in Richmond ... friends for life, even though for such a short time.

Jimmy and I were standing next to Preston at the Pinckneys' when he saw Betsey for the first time. She was dressed in jeans, a cut-off blouse and engineer boots. Her "date" roared up on his motorcycle. Betsey sashayed out—in a very sexy swagger—climbed on the back of the cycle and was gone with just a flip of her beautiful black hair. She did not look back.—*Billy Ellyson*



Jim dancing with our grandmother Holton—who was 81 at the time, at my brother Edward's wedding on Long Island in 1965.—*Dick Seaton*



I learned so much from him—in particular a love for the cinema. I have such wonderful memories of Jimmy, of our time together. He was no doubt my first love, he had such a big heart, he was a good man. If our paths separated, alas, that's the way it happens when one is young, but I have never forgotten him. These pictures bring back with such force his eyes, the way he looked at you, with a smidgeon of irony ... and yes, always tenderness. He was so human!—*Claude (Forthomme) Nougat*



I feel as if a part of me has been cut out ... both of your brothers were such a part of our lives ... of all the Pinckneys, and I can't imagine being without them.

When I think of the worlds he opened to me, and to my siblings ... from Peter and you to Preston to Ashton to Fritz and to all his Harvard friends. He gave me such a wonderful time in NYC when I moved there to work at the Museum of Modern Art ... the endless meals we all cooked together, the giggly lunches at the Knickerbocher Club, the introduction to Mr. de Rochemont, the movies, even the opera! He was the dearest of friends.

Thank heavens our mothers aren't here to frump as both yours and mine would be so, so upset at my writing by e-mail; forgive me.—*Pie Friendly*



Dear, dear Pie,

May I follow your practical lead and email you (no frumping from me) with my thanks for your very dear note remembering Jimmy and all the fun times you spent together. The snappy and very funny repartee that passed between you all is a wonderful memory for me, a gawking little sister sitting in the background. Thank goodness God gave us memories, particularly happy ones, we can visit and revisit. How fondly I think of Christmas eves spent at your beautiful house on Virginia Avenue, your parents' unceasing hospitality and the humor and laughter generated by that happy gathering of personalities. Those memories are forever.

We are relieved Jimmy has moved on. He was imprisoned for so many years, and now I believe he is free. He was greatly loved by all who took care of him, and he seemed to always look on the bright side. Except for the times he battled with depression, he enthusiastically explored life and new, interesting (and sometimes a bit strange) friends and became fascinated with some aspect of their lives. He taught English to Chinese immigrants after retiring and loved doing that.

Last night there was a beautiful full moon, and it made me think what a perfect time it was to travel. He is free now. Peter died a year ago, also with the full moon lighting his way.—*Meredith Stanley Scott*



I treasure the times I shared with him starting at Harvard and extending into the seventies. I lost touch with him as his interest moved to the west coast and the orient, but I never lost the fond memories of years ago.—*Preston Brown*



First Peter, now Jimmy. All my teenage super heroes are gone. Regardless of problems and struggles later on, they were Richmond's finest super heroes. The Peter and Jimmy of our young years were true superlatives; so extraordinarily accomplished, generous of themselves, fun, and kind. Only we messy survive. It must be true that we cockroaches will be the only survivors.—*Tommy Pinckney*



I didn't know Jimmy well in his younger days, but Meredith and Alfred would frequently have Billy and me over for dinner when he was visiting Richmond. The last time we saw him, a few years ago at Meredith's with Peter and Ginny and Murray Bayliss, he was in high spirits. Funny, brilliant, happy and telling wonderful stories—some of which Meredith attempted to censor, without success. Billy and I are so happy to have this last memory of him, which is why I'm daring to add my comments to those of his lifelong friends.—*Catherine Ellyson*



Years ago, Meredith, Jimmy and I were driving out of Oakley farm in Warm Springs, and Meredith commented on how nice the spirea looked. "Sounds like a disease," I said. Then from the back seat came: "Mexican espionage ring decimated by spirea ... spirea—the bush that fertilizes itself."—*Alfred Scott*





Fritz, Preston, Gilbert, Sandy, Teddy Hamm and Roland Stebbins were friends at college and graduate school but also we spent three years—1962-65—living in a 19th century town house at 336 West 84th St. Jim Stanley was our good friend and regular guest.

While at Harvard, Jimmy was president of the *Lampoon*, a star of the swimming team, a member of the Fly and a gifted cartoonist as well as a wonderfully funny intelligent, warm and whimsical person—whom everyone liked.

He was an extraordinary person and a very dear friend to all of us. Jimmy and I saw each other constantly in his “New York” years working in the film business. He introduced our group who lived together at 336 W. 84th St. (including of course Preston, Fritz, Sandy Lieber, Gil Butler, Rolie Stebbins, Teddy Hamm, etc.) to several of his friends in the movie business as well as others—like Barney Newman and his wife Anna Lee.

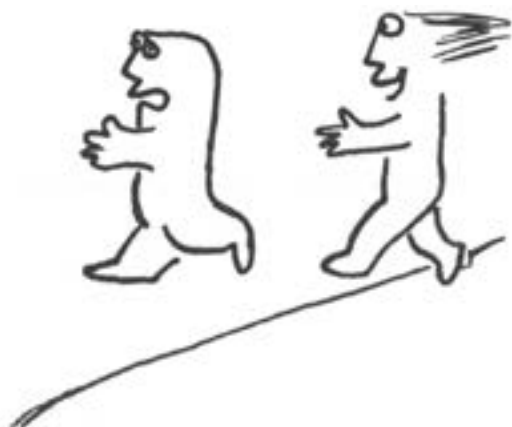
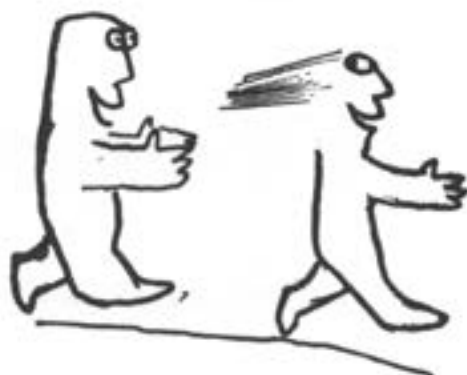
There was a time in 1963-4 that Jimmy would call every couple of months and ask us if he could come by with Barney—who was a famous “night owl.” Barney would hang out for several hours as we all drank wine and listened to Barney’s wonderful stories about the Cedar Bar and how he had been a high school teacher who only became an artist in his late 40’s plus lots of other tales.

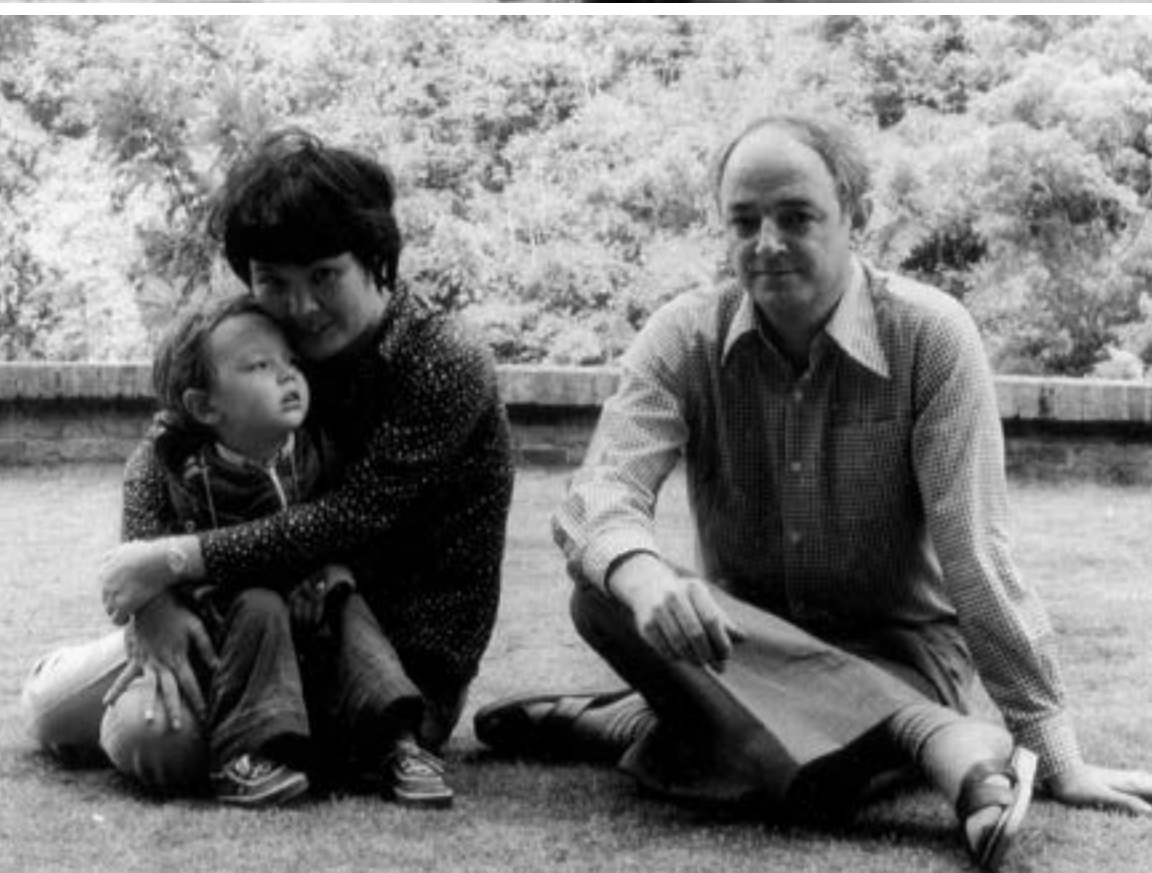
Somewhere there exists an unfinished documentary that Jimmy had made of Barney walking through parts of the downtown area even below Wall St.—all of which which was deserted on weekends. Jimmy filmed and recorded Barney pointing out the great buildings he loved and reminiscing about “his New York” in the 20’ and 30’s.—*Ashton Hawkins*



O Ash, what a lovely man he was. I wish both Peter and Jimmy were with us for years to come. What a lovely time it was when we were young, and the Pinckney and Stanley families almost living in each others’ pockets. And of course, through Jimmy, Pie met you ... and Preston and I met.—*Betsey Apple*

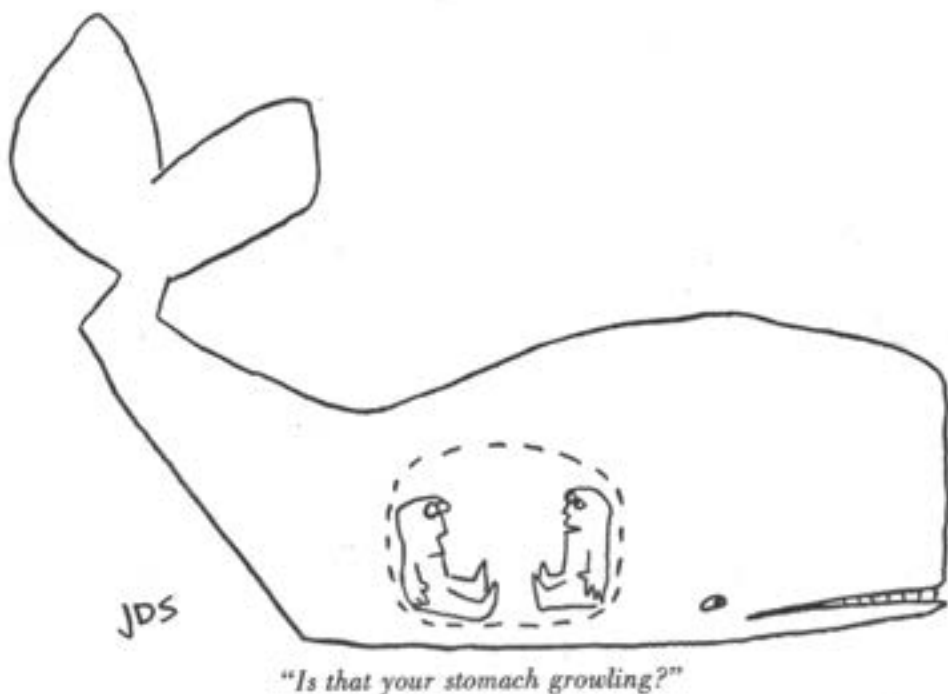












Meeting Jimmy in about 1960 was a life-changing experience for me and subsequently my sisters Ildiko Butler and Marianne Perkin. Jimmy's quirky and clever mind and original thinking was always fascinating. It was not long before we had lunch with Aryn Aga Khan and Ashton, at the former's Sutton Place apartment, and from there on life was interesting and a lot of fun in the company of Jimmy's amusing friends. It was really the *jeunesse dorée* of our New York cohorts. Lots of talk about art, skating in Central Park, skiing in Sugarbush and compliments of Ashton, skiing in St Moritz. Quite a few of the Harvard friends were brave enough to come to the Hungarian Balls at the Plaza Hotel learning to dance the *Csardas*. Through Jimmy, my sister Ildiko met her husband Gilbert Butler (at the Balls) and my sister Marianne, Dick Perkin.—Emoke (Kiss) Sanders











Jimmy, you were at the center of things, without trying except to follow your inner directives. When our Eliot House three year double triple formed, you brought Dick Seaton from Kansas. Ward and Floyd wouldn't have joined without you. By recruiting you, Lymie and I got all of us. You drifted in and out of the suite—practice, 'Poon, Fly Club—but when present you filled the space—days at a time draped over the couch, Bach on the hi-fi and an eyebrow arched at passers by. It had been like that at Deerfield 1955, after swimming championships, but then only hours at a time—Prokofiev's Classical Symphony. None of us then could assess, much less influence, the ups and downs of human moods, except as experienced in ourselves. We had no idea how they were taking you westward to zeniths and nadirs out of our sight. Except steadfast Seaton, the friend you deserved and kept while we fell into narrower ways. Thank goodness for the 50th reunion, when your quiet collapse made us realize why we had come. You re-centered us from Tercentenary Theater to Mount Auburn where Dick placed you for safe-keeping. In retrospect, what meant most to me about those beautiful June days was seeing you, recognized by name and basking once more in that benign hopeful Stanley smile.—Ol' Tom (*Nuzum*)

It's been a long hard struggle, and now he's free!

Ginny Stanley



Jimmy's life story is emblematic of his spirit of adventure. It is a "multi-media" swath of The Road Not Taken in which Jim "took the one less traveled by / And that has made all the difference" ... I have enjoyed seeing the photos of Jim and his capricious cartoons. This has brought Jim back to life again in our mind's eye.—Tom L'Esperance

