americans 1963

edited by DOROTHY C. MILLER with statements by the artists and others

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK
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Foreword and Acknowledgment

Americans 1963 is another in a series of American group exhibitions of a special type which have been held at the Museum of Modern Art at intervals ever since its founding in 1929. The first of these exhibitions, Paintings by Nineteen Living Americans, 1929-30, established the pattern — a small number of artists, a sizable body of work by each — which has been followed in most of the Museum’s American group shows since, with the exception of historical surveys such as American Painting and Sculpture 1862-1932, Romantic Painting in America, 1943, and Abstract Painting and Sculpture in America, 1951. The immediate predecessors of the present exhibition were Sixteen Americans, 1959-60, Twelve Americans, 1956, Fifteen Americans, 1952, Fourteen Americans, 1946, American Realists and Magic Realists, 1943, and Americans 1942: Eighteen Artists from Nine States.

This year, in Americans 1963, the work of fifteen artists is presented. For the first time the show is equally divided between painting and sculpture. As on preceding occasions strongly contrasting personalities and points of view have been brought together. The exhibition is not designed to illustrate a trend, make classifications or favor any age group. The artists have been selected simply as individuals — fifteen painters and sculptors of such consequence that they should, I believe, be more fully known to the Museum’s public. Each has had at least one showing in New York galleries, but through this exhibition many thousands of museum visitors will see their work for the first time.

On behalf of the Trustees of the Museum of Modern Art I wish first of all to thank the artists for their participation in the exhibition. I am deeply indebted to the lenders who have made so many key works of art available. For their contributions to the catalog I am grateful to the artists and to David Hayes, Katharine Kuh, Alfonso Ossorio, William Rubin and T. Henry Smith. Statements were written in 1963 for this catalog unless otherwise noted; the editors of Art International, Art News and Pax have permitted quotations from Ad Reinhardt’s articles published in their pages. T. Henry Smith reserves all rights to publication of his poem about Robert Indiana. For special assistance with loans I am grateful to Richard Hirsch, Thomas M. Messer and Gordon M. Smith. I am indebted to the following for photographs of the artists: F. W. Drummond, Hollis Frampton, Evelyn Hofer, Paula Horn, H. Landshoff, Marvin P. Lazarus, Hans Namuth, O. E. Nelson, Giulia Niccolai, Irwin Charles Rapport, John Rawlings, Dick Weldon and Hall Winslow. Works of art illustrated were photographed by Oliver Baker Associates, Rudolph Burckhardt, Robert McElroy, Peter Moore, O. E. Nelson, R. Peter Petersen, Eric Pollitzer, Walter Rosenblum, Walter Russell, John D. Schiff, F. Wilbur Seiders, Soichi Sunami and Charles Uht.

Dorothy C. Miller
Director of the Exhibition
My work is of an experimental nature and has centered on an investigation into the effects of complementary colors of full intensity when juxtaposed and the optical changes that occur as a result. Also, a study of the dynamic effect of the whole under changing conditions of light, and the effect of light on color.

Richard Anuszkiewicz
Richard Anuszkiewicz: *The Burning Glass*. 1961. Oil, 54\(\frac{1}{4}\)x50\(\frac{1}{6}\)". The Contemporaries.
I'm afraid I am rather vague about expressing philosophies of art and especially about my own work. I can only say that I do not know if what I am doing is art nor do I have any real concern. I just want to do what I believe and what I want to do, and what I must do to get what I want—something that is natural and something that exists in us all.

My concern is to build things that express our relation to this country—to other countries—to this world—to other worlds—in terms of myself.

To glimpse some of the fear, hope, ugliness, beauty and mystery that exists in us all and which hangs over all the young people today.

The individual is welcome to see and feel in them what he wishes in terms of himself.

Lee Bontecou

from a letter of 1960
Lee Bontecou: *Untitled.* 1959. Welded steel, canvas, wire, 58 1/4 x 58 1/2". The Museum of Modern Art, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Maremont.
Lee Bontecou: *Untitled*. 1960-61. Welded steel, canvas, wire, 43 1/2 x 50". Albright-Knox Art Gallery
ABOVE: Lee Bontecou: Untitled. 1960. Welded steel, canvas, wire, 38\(\frac{1}{2}\)\times31\". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. List.

Lee Bontecou: Drawing. 1962. Pencil, 28\(\frac{1}{2}\)" x 22\(\frac{3}{4}\)". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull.
ABOVE: Lee Bontecou: Drawing. 1963. Pencil and soot on muslin, 36x42".
Private collection.

LEFT: Lee Bontecou: Drawing. 1963. Pencil and soot on muslin, 24x18".
Leo Castelli Gallery.
Chryssa

Signs and symbols of communication are the subject matter of Chryssa’s art: letters of the alphabet, books, newspapers, memorial tablets and directional and advertising signs. She transforms these into objects of contemplation, endowing them with the clarity of classical art. Her inspiration is contemporary and American: The New York Times and Times Square. She reveals unchanging qualities in daily phenomena and probes the essential nature of visual communication.

Her latest work, Americanoon, greatly surpasses in the richness and depth of its multiple aspects the individual and exacting analyses of light, space and proportion of her previous painting and sculpture. It represents a major development and synthesis in the steady evolution of her creativity.

David Hayes
Chryssa: *Arrow: Homage to Times Square*. 1957-60. Painted aluminum relief, 8x8'. Cordier & Ekstrom, Inc.


Essentially I believe that all great art is an attempt to reveal the structured, infinite and beautiful order that lies deep within all existence. I believe it is this concern which binds together all the highest forms of art down through the ages.

My vision is of a painting that declares this sensed reality in the purest and simplest terms—the total painting as the image—silent, emphatic, radiant. 

*Sally Hazelet Drummond*
Sally Hazelet Drummond: Bluebird. 1960. Oil, 24x24". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Craig P. Hazelet.

Sally Hazelet Drummond: Fusion II. 1960. Oil, 35\%21x35\%21. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Taubman.
Sally Hazelet Drummond: *Target for a Golden Arrow*. 1962. Oil, 32½x32½". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Barron.
Most of my work is based on the figure or figure groups, not as a physical display but as a basis for structural and spiritual relationships.

Competence in craft and technique frees the artist to make the broadest and most specific statement; but craft cannot be the end statement. The tiniest automobile is much better constructed than the best work of art.

Sometimes a couple of whacks with a hammer can get things going again.

As a piece of sculpture goes along it is always the next step that makes the difference—even after it is finished this can sometimes be said.

Now is the only time; things finished are no longer with me. I actually forget their physical aspects, and the things of the future won't materialize until I get to them (or there).

I haven't thought about art in years, I feel more like a witch doctor.

Edward Higgins
Edward Higgins: *Grasshopper*. 1961. Welded steel and epoxy, 24x40". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Weisman.


LEFT: Edward Higgins: Pair II. 1960. Welded steel and plaster, 27\(\frac{3}{4}\)x16\(\frac{1}{2}\)". Collection Mr. and Mrs. William A. M. Burden.

Robert Indiana

there have been many american
SIGN
painters

Riding on scaffolds some and they have left their letter
On a wall seven stories tall sometimes often they were O
Beying the monumental scale and billboards have arisen B
Eside our broad highways that are red and white and blue E
R than outdoors and we could not possibly be any happier
That in this country every man can read eat gas and rest T

In the meantime there have been some who have not been I
Interrested in billboards very much they have been more in D
Deed much more interested in us and as we have been reading D
Ing billboards they have been watching us so robert inD
Ana has been watching us we have been very interesting A
Nd we have made him interested in billboards he unfortuN
Ately now makes billboards look at us until ROBERT INDIANA

there never were any american
sign
PAINTERS

T Henry Smith
1961

Robert Indiana: *The Black Diamond American Dream* #2. 1962. Oil, 7'1"x7'1". Collection Mr. and Mrs. William A. M. Burden.
Gabriel Kohn

Gabriel Kohn's is the first sculpture in wood to break with the tradition of the monolith. He manipulates rather than carves, but the resultant open character of his compositions owes little to Constructivism or three-dimensional collage. Where the metal sculptors who broke with the monolith emphasize linear and planar devices, Kohn insists upon the gravity of large masses. This language is his own; once seen it is easily recognized and never confused with that of other sculptors. His treatment of the material is as personal as are his forms. The sawn and laminated wood slats, glued and doweled together, recall the carpentry of the boatwright, and the marine ambiance suggested by some of his pieces (containing shapes reminiscent of rudders, prows, lobster pots and buoys) sustains this.

Kohn exaggerates when he insists that his special handling of the medium is of no importance. Yet he is right insofar as the importance of handling is clearly secondary. Kohn is not concerned with craftsmanship and his carpentry is no better than it has to be. The sculptures stand or fall by virtue of the originality of their conception—the relating of expressive shapes invented prior to, and independently of, their material realization.

A good deal of advanced modern sculpture—indeed, some of the best of it—involves the transposition of pictorial ideas into three dimensions. Kohn's work is more purely and more insistently sculptural than that. He has a central role in the revival that art is now experiencing.

William Rubin
ABOVE: Gabriel Kohn: *Dunkirk*. 1960. Laminated wood, $22\frac{1}{2} \times 44"$. Collection Professor William Rubin.

OPPOSITE: Gabriel Kohn: *Tilted Construction*. 1959. Laminated wood, $27\frac{7}{8} \times 18\frac{1}{2}"$. The Museum of Modern Art, Philip C. Johnson Fund.

Michael Lekakis

The distillation to which Michael Lekakis subjects his concepts results in a surface simplicity, a compression of energy, that at first glance belies the fecundity of his work. Used to the clang and effervescence of “Pop Art,” the odor of “do-it-yourself” rising from much work in plastics and alloys, and the flaccid optical shocks we meet today, it requires an almost conscious effort to meet the artist at a level where the force and depth of his message can be felt.

He carves directly in wood; his titles are allusively classical; his forms are essentially biomorphic: yet the resulting works emanate a timeless evocativeness all the more contemporary for its traditional roots. The material is pushed to extremes of tension unforeseen in wood—the continuous springing, floating and return of Chorös; the illuminating uncoiling of Python, that is both serpent and possessing spirit. There is a continual inter-evocation between form and title. The funneling hollow within Choani is repeated positively in the uncoiling spirals that it supports; its rhythms move from abyss, to growing solid, to the void without. This same coiled dynamic force sustains Helix (it is interesting to compare the formal similarity of this small sculpture to the Helicoide de la Roca Tarpeya in Caracas). The pulsations of Palmos I in which the rhythmic growth compresses itself and ceases when turned towards the pull of gravity, the unburgeoned potential inherent in Kyesis, the sense of atmospheric flight in Prisis and the movement of further release in Anapteroma are clear examples of Lekakis’ fulfillment of “how to do more than express oneself.” Finally, the contrast between the groping vertical forms of Aititos and the implicitly unending prayer of Ikesia are superb visualizations of Teilhard de Chardin’s “Man, the axis and the ‘arrow’ of evolution.”

As Lekakis has fertilized both traditional materials and concepts to produce works that are witnesses to the involving non-absurdity of existence, so too he links Heraclitus’ “informing rhythm of events and order in change” with a newly clarified and united vision of reality.

Alfonso Ossorio

Collection Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wise.


I can not talk about painting.
I have now even doubts that there is such a thing as art in general.
More and more I believe in the secret behavior of human beings.
Maybe all of us are creative if we listen to the secret of our inner voice.
It should not matter in what medium we try to express this.
I think of the child and the insane.
To search and to follow that inner silence is to live a life of the highest order.
Is this art?

Richard Lindner

Richard Lindner: *Napoleon Still Life*. 1962. Oil, 49⅓ x 39⅓". Collection Mr. and Mrs. René Bouché.
Marisol

Delicate plaster hands, impassive wooden faces, an occasional painted area of elegance—these ingredients tell little or nothing about Marisol’s work, about the pathos, irony and outrageous satire with which she invests her sculpture. Whether she designs a single figure or a large group, she invariably ends up with a biting comment on human foibles. That so young an artist has mature technical control seems less surprising than that she has something of her own to say. With fertile imagination Marisol transforms daily experiences into unexpected phenomena. No one has deflated human pomposity with greater insight.

Katharine Kuh


I am for an art that takes its form from the lines of life, that twists and extends impossibly and accumulates and spits and drips, and is sweet and stupid as life itself. I am for an artist who vanishes, turning up in a white cap, painting signs or hallways.

I am for art that comes out of a chimney like black hair and scatters in the sky. I am for art that spills out of an old man's purse when he is bounced off a passing fender. I am for the art out of a doggy's mouth, falling five floors from the roof. I am for the art that a kid licks, after peeling away the wrapper. I am for an art that is smoked, like a cigarette, smells, like a pair of shoes. I am for art that flaps like a flag, or helps blow noses, like a handkerchief. I am for art that is put on and taken off, like pants, which develops holes, like socks, which is eaten, like a piece of pie. . . .

I am for art you can sit on. . . . I am for art that is flipped on and off with a switch. I am for art that unfolds like a map, that you can squeeze, like your sweety's arm, or kiss, like a pet dog. Which expands and squeaks, like an accordion, which you can spill your dinner on, like an old tablecloth. I am for an art you can hammer with, stitch with, sew with, paste with, file with. I am for an art that tells you the time of day and which helps old ladies across the street.
I am for the art of red and white gasoline pumps and blinking biscuit signs. I am for the art of old plaster and new enamel. I am for the art of slag and black coal and dead birds. I am for the art of scratchings in the asphalt. I am for the art of bending and kicking things and breaking them and by pulling on them making them fall down. I am for the art of sat-on bananas.

I am for the art of underwear and the art of taxicabs. I am for the art of ice cream cones dropped on concrete. I am for the blinking arts, lighting up the night. I am for art falling, splashing, wiggling, jumping, going on and off. I am for the art of fat truck-tires and black eyes. I am for Kool-Art, 7-Up-Art, Pepsi Art, Sunkist Art, Dro-bomb Art, Vam Art, Pamryl Art, San-O-Med Art, 39 cents Art and 9.99 Art.

I am for the white art of refrigerators and their muscular openings and closings. I am for the art of decapitated teddy-bears, exploded umbrellas, chairs with their brown bones broken, burning Xmas trees, firecracker ends, pigeon bones, and boxes with men sleeping in them. I am for the art of hung, bloody rabbits and wrinkly chickens, tambourines and plastic phonographs, and abandoned boxes tied like pharaohs.

—from a statement for Environments Situations Spaces, exhibition catalog, Martha Jackson Gallery, 1961


BELOW: Claes Oldenburg: Sewing Machine. 1961. Enamel paint on plaster, 46\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 63\(\frac{1}{2}\)". Collection the artist.


Claes Oldenburg: *Strong Arm*. 1961. Enamel paint on plaster, 41x32". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Burton Tremaine.

Claes Oldenburg: *7 Up*. 1961. Enamel paint on plaster, 54x36". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Burton Tremaine.
A square (neutral, shapeless) canvas, five feet wide, five feet high, as high as a man, as wide as a man's outstretched arms (not large, not small, sizeless), trisected (no composition), one horizontal form negating one vertical form (formless, no top, no bottom, directionless), three (more or less) dark (lightless) non-contrasting (colorless) colors, brushwork brushed out to remove brushwork, a mat, flat, free-hand painted surface (glossless, textureless, non-linear, no hard edge, no soft edge) which does not reflect its surroundings — a pure, abstract, non-objective, timeless, spaceless, changeless, relationless, disinterested painting — an object that is self-conscious (no unconsciousness) ideal, transcendent, aware of no thing but Art (absolutely no anti-art). 1961

The painting leaves the studio as a purist, abstract, non-objective object of art, returns as a record of everyday (surrealist, expressionist) experience (“chance” spots, defacements, hand-markings, accident — “happenings,” scratches), and is repainted, restored into a new painting painted in the same old way (negating the negation of art), again and again, over and over again, until it is just “right” again. 1960

A clearly defined object, independent and separate from all other objects and circumstances, in which we cannot see whatever we choose or make of it anything we want, whose meaning is not detachable or translatable, where nothing can be added and nothing can be taken away. A free, unmanipulated and unmanipulatable, useless, unmarketable, irreducible, unphotographable, unreproducible, inexplicable icon. A non-entertainment, not for art-commerce or mass-art-publics, non-expressionist, not for oneself. 1955
The one thing to say about art is that it is one thing. Art is art-as-art and everything else is everything else. Art-as-art is nothing but art. Art is not what is not art.

The one object of fifty years of abstract art is to present art-as-art and as nothing else, to make it into the one thing it is only, separating and defining it more and more, making it purer and emptier, more absolute and more exclusive—non-objective, non-representational, non-figurative, non-imagist, non-expressionist, non-subjective. The only and one way to say what abstract art or art-as-art is, is to say what it is not.

The one subject of a hundred years of modern art is that awareness of art of itself, of art preoccupied with its own process and means, with its own identity and distinction, art concerned with its own unique statement, art conscious of its own evolution and history and destiny, toward its own freedom, its own dignity, its own essence, its own reason, its own morality and its own conscience. Art does not need the meanings of "realism" or "naturalism," "regionalism" or "nationalism," "individualism" or "socialism" or "mysticism," or of any other ideas.

The one thing to say about art and life is that art is not life and life is not art. A "slice-of-life" art is no better or worse than a "slice-of-art" life. Fine art is not a "means of making a living" or a "way of living a life," and an artist who dedicates his life to his art, or his art to his life, burdens his art with his life and his life with his art. Art that is a matter of life and death is neither fine nor free.

The one assault on fine art is the ceaseless attempt to subserve it as a means to some other end or value. The one fight in art is not between art and non-art but between true art and false art, between pure art and action-assemblage art, between abstract art and surrealist-expressionist-anti-art, between free art and servile art. Abstract art has its own integrity, not some other "integration" with something else. Any combining, mixing, adding, diluting, exploiting, vulgarizing or popularizing abstract art deprives art of its essence and depraves the artist's artistic consciousness. Art is free, but it is not a free-for-all.

The one struggle in art is the struggle of artists against artists, of artist against artist, of the artist-as-artist within and against the artist-as-man, -animal, or -vegetable. Artists who claim that their art-work comes from nature, life, reality, earth or heaven, are subjectively and objectively rascals or rustics. The art of "figuring" or "picturing" is not a fine art. "New images of man"—figures and "nature-in-abstraction"—pictures are fakes. An artist who is lobbying as a "creature of circumstances" or log-rolling as a "victim of fate" is not a fine master-artist. No one ever forces an artist to be pure.

* * *

The one meaning in art comes from art-working and the more an artist works, the more there is to do. Artists come from artists, art-forms come from art-forms, painting comes from painting. The one direction in fine or abstract art today is in the painting of the same one form over and over again. The one intensity and the one perfection comes only from long and lonely routine attention and repetition. The one originality exists only where all artists work in the same tradition and master the same convention. The one freedom is realized only through the most conscious art-discipline and through the most regular studio-ritual. Only a standardized, prescribed form can be imageless, only a stereotyped image can be formless, only a formula-ized art can be formula-less. A painter who does not know what or how or where to paint is not a fine artist.

The one work for the fine artist, the one painting, is the painting of the one-size-canvas—the single-scheme, one formal device, one color-monochrome, one linear-division in each direction, one symmetry, one texture, one free-hand-brushing, one rhythm, one working everything into one dissolution and one indivisibility, each painting into one overall uniformity and non-irregularity. Everything into irreducibility, unreproducibility, imperceptibility. Nothing "usable," "manipulatable," "salable," "dealable," "collectable," "graspable." No art as a commodity or a jobbery. Art is not the spiritual side of business.
The one standard in art is oneness and fineness, rightness and purity, abstractness and evanescence. The one thing to say about art is its breathlessness, lifelessness, deathlessness, contentlessness, formlessness, spacelessness and timelessness. This is always the end of art.

from Twelve Rules for a New Academy, Art News, May 1957

"The Guardian of the True Tradition in Art" is the Academy of Fine Art: "to give certain rules to our art and to render it pure." The first rule and absolute standard of fine art, and painting, which is the highest and freest art, is the purity of it. The more uses, relations and "additions" a painting has, the less pure it is. The more stuff in it, the busier the work of art, the worse it is. "More is less."

The less an artist thinks in non-artistic terms and the less he exploits the easy, common skills, the more of an artist he is. "The less an artist obtrudes himself in his painting, the purer and clearer his aims."

The less exposed a painting is to a chance public, the better. "Less is more."

The Six Traditions to be studied are: (1) the pure icon, (2) pure perspective, pure line and pure brushwork, (3) the pure landscape, (4) the pure portrait, (5) the pure still-life, (6) pure form, pure color and pure monochrome. "The art of painting consists of four characters: vertical and horizontal, combining and scattering." "Study ten thousand paintings and walk ten thousand miles." "Externally keep yourself away from all relationships, and internally, have no hankerings in your heart." "The pure old men of old slept without dreams and waked without anxiety."

The Six General Canons or the Six Noes to be learned are: (1) No Realism or Existentialism. "When the vulgar and commonplace dominate, the spirit subsides." (2) No Impressionism. "The artist should once and forever emancipate himself from the bondage of appearance." "The eye is a menace to clear sight." (3) No Expressionism or Surrealism. "The laying bare of oneself," autobiographically or socially, "is obscene." (4) No Fauvism, primitivism or brute art. "Art begins with the getting-rid of nature." (5) No Constructivism, craft, sculpture, plasticism, or graphic arts. No collage, paste, paper, sand or string. "Sculpture is a very mechanical exercise causing much perspiration, which mingling with grit, turns into mud." (6) No "trompe-l'oeil," interior or architectural decoration. The qualities and sensitivities of these activities lie outside free and intellectual art.

The Twelve Technical Rules (or How to Achieve the Twelve Things to Avoid) to be followed are:

1. No texture. Texture is naturalistic, mechanical, and a vulgar quality, especially pigment-texture or impasto. Palette-knifing, canvas-stabbing, paint-scumbling and other action-techniques are unintelligent and to be avoided. No accidents or automatism.

2. No brushwork or calligraphy. Hand-writing, hand-working and hand-jerking are personal and in poor taste. No signature or trade-marking. "Brushwork should be invisible." "One should never let the influence of evil demons gain control of the brush."

3. No sketching or drawing. Everything, where to begin and where to end, should be worked out in the mind beforehand. "In painting the idea should exist in the mind before the brush is taken up." No line or outline. "Madmen see outlines and therefore they draw them." A line is a figure, a "square is a face." No shading or streaking.

4. No forms. "The finest has no shape." No figure or fore- or background. No volume or mass, no cylinder, sphere or cone, or cube or boogie-woogie. No push or pull. "No shape or substance."

5. No design. "Design is everywhere."

6. No colors. "Color blinds." "Color sticks in one's eyes like something caught in one's throat." "Colors are an aspect of appearance and so only of the surface," are "a distracting embellishment," and "manifest an indiscreet personality with shameful insistence." Colors are barbaric, physical, unstable, sug-
gest life, “cannot be completely controlled” and “should be concealed.” No white. “White is a color, and all colors.” White is “not artistic, appropriate and pleasing for kitchen fixtures, and hardly the medium for expressing truth and beauty.” White on white is “a transition from pigment to light” and “a screen for the projection of light” and “moving” pictures.

7. No light. No bright or direct light in or over the painting. Dim, late afternoon, non-reflecting twilight is best outside. No chiaroscuro, “the malodorant reality of craftsmen, beggars, topers with rags and wrinkles.”
8. No space. Space should be empty, should not project, and should not be flat. “The painting should be behind the picture frame.” The frame should isolate and protect the painting from its surroundings. Space divisions within the painting should not be seen.

9. No time. “Clock-time is inconsequential.” “There is no ancient or modern, no past or future in art. A work of art is always present.” The present is the future of the past, and the past of the future.

10. No size or scale. Breadth and depth of thought and feeling in art have no relation to physical size. Large sizes are aggressive, positivist, intemperate, venal and graceless.

11. No movement. “Everything is on the move. Art should be still.”

12. No object, no subject, no matter. No symbols, images, visions or ready-mades. Neither pleasure nor pain. No mindless working or mindless non-working. No chess playing.

Supplementary regulations: No easel or palette. Low, flat, sturdy benches work well. Brushes should be new, clean, flat, even, 1 inch wide, and strong. “If the heart is upright, the brush is firm.” No noise. The brush should pass over the surface lightly and smoothly and quietly. No rubbing or scraping. Paint should be permanent, free of impurities, mixed and stored in jars. The scent should be of “pure spirits of turpentine, unadulterated and freshly distilled.” “The glue should be as clean and clear as possible.” Canvas is better than silk or paper, linen better than cotton. There should be no shine in the finish. Gloss reflects and relates to the changing surroundings. “A picture is finished when all traces of the means used to bring about the end have disappeared.”

The fine art studio should have a “rain-tight roof” and be 25 feet wide and 50 feet long, with extra space for storage and sink. “The room where the artist paints should be a wide and secluded chamber, warm in winter and cool in summer.” Paintings should be stored away and not continually looked at. The ceiling should be 12 feet high. The studio should be separate from the home and living, “away from the claims of concubination and matrimony.”

The fine artist should have a fine mind, “free of all passion, ill-will and delusion.”

* * *

The department of fine art should be separate from other departments in the academy-university, and its aim the education and “correction of the artist”-as-artist, not the “enlightenment of the public” or the popularization of art. The art-college should be a cloister-ivy-hall-ivy-tower-community of artists, an artists union and congress and club, a “center of consciousness and conscience,” not a success-school or service-station or rest-home or house of artists’ ill-fame.

* * *

The museum of fine art should exclude everything but fine art, and be separate from museums of ethnology, geology, archaeology, history, decorative-arts, industrial-arts, military-arts, and museums of other things. A museum is a treasure-house and tomb, not a counting-house or amusement-center. A museum should not be an art-curator’s personal-monument or an art-collector-sanctifying-establishment or an art-history-manufacturing-plant or an artists’ market-block.

* * *

The government-bureau of fine art should keep art free from free-enterprise, and when artists are unable to conduct themselves properly or are not able to govern or correct themselves, and when an art-milieu becomes over-professionalized, over-amateurized, over-irrationalized or over-managerialized, it should speak softly and carry a big stick.

Ad Reinhardt
I try to paint what I think about, while purging myself of devices that will put boundaries on my picture. A reality may knock me on the floor and the finished picture may do the same or better, but the process in between is nerve-racking. The manner of painting and materials used seem expendable to me just as long as they serve the idea. The anonymity of recent history strikes me as does the time it takes to recognize things.

James Rosenquist
James Rosenquist: Portrait of the Scull Family. 1962. Oil, 67" x 79". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull.
James Rosenquist: *Over the Square*. 1963. Oil, 7x7'. Green Gallery.
I employ auto bumpers which are, to me, inspirational. I move them around. Put them together. Add. Subtract. Then if all goes well something exciting begins to happen. It is like a voyage of discovery, like going somewhere one has not been before and that is when the going is good.

With painting the final criterion is how it looks. This being so, I try to make my own painting as beautiful as I can.

All theories must fall in the face of the fact of the painting, and how it looks.

During the last several years I have been interested in paintings made up primarily of horizontal stripes and bands. Some of these appear as landscape—some as "pure" painting. I've always been more interested in the painting than the landscape.

David Simpson
David Simpson: *Fire Wall*. 1962. Oil, 8'x37¼".
Robert Elkon Gallery.
An asterisk preceding the title indicates that the work is illustrated. In the dimensions, height precedes width. Lenders to the exhibition are listed on page 4.

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ


The Harpist and the Nine Muses. 1963. Oil on canvas, 42¾x42¼". Mr. and Mrs. George D. Revington, West Lafayette, Indiana.


The Symbolic City as Center of the Earth. 1963. Oil on canvas, 60x60". The Contemporaries, New York.


LEE BONTECOU


*Untitled*. 1959. Welded steel, canvas and wire, \(58\frac{1}{4}\) x \(58\frac{1}{4}\)". The Museum of Modern Art, New York, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Maremont. Ill. p. 13.


*Drawing*. 1962. Pencil on paper, \(28\frac{1}{4}\) x \(22\frac{1}{2}\)". Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, New York. Ill. p. 18.

*Drawing*. 1963. Pencil and soot on muslin, \(47^\circ\) diameter. Leo Castelli Gallery, New York.


*Drawing*. 1963. Pencil and soot on muslin, \(18\times 17^\circ\). Mr. and Mrs. Leo Castelli, New York.


SALLY HAZELET DRUMMOND


*Bluebird*. 1960. Oil on canvas, \(24\times 24^\circ\). Mr. and Mrs. Craig P. Hazelet, Louisville, Kentucky. Ill. p. 27.

*Fusion II*. 1960. Oil on canvas, \(35\frac{1}{4}\times 35\frac{1}{4}\)". Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Taubman, Oak Park, Michigan. Ill. p. 30.


EDWARD HIGGINS


ROBERT INDIANA


GABRIEL KOHN

MICHAEL LEKAKIS


RICHARD LINDNER


The Scream. 1958. Oil on canvas, 60x40". Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Benenson, New York.


*Napoleon Still Life. 1962. Oil on canvas, 49½x39½". Mr. and Mrs. René Bouché, New York. Ill. p. 65.


MARISOL


CLAES THURE OLDENBURG


*Céline, Backwards. 1959. Newsprint over wire frame, 32x40″. Collection the artist.


AD REINHARDT

Abstract Painting, 1960. Oil on canvas, 60x60". Collection the artist.

*Abstract Painting, 1960-61. Oil on canvas, 60x60". Betty Parsons Gallery, New York. Ill. p. 84.


Abstract Painting, No. 5, 1962. Oil on canvas, 60x60". Iris Clert, Paris.

Abstract Painting, No. 3, 1960-63. Oil on canvas, 60x60". Collection the artist.

Abstract Painting, No. 4, 1963. Oil on canvas, 60x60". Dwan Gallery, Los Angeles.

Abstract Painting, No. 6, 1963. Oil on canvas, 60x60". Collection the artist.

JAMES ROSENQUIST


*Pushbutton. 1960-61. Oil on canvas, 6'11"x8'9½". Dott. Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, Milan, Italy. Ill. p. 89.

*The Light that Won't Fail, I. 1961. Oil on canvas, 6x8'. Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection, Greenwich, Connecticut. Ill. p. 90.


*Portrait of the Scull Family. 1962. Oil on canvas with appendage, 6'7"x7'9". Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, New York. Ill. p. 91.

*Air Hammer. 1962. Oil on canvas, 6'6½"x6'4½". Dott. Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, Milan, Italy. Detail ill. p. 87.


JASON SELEY


DAVID SIMPSON


