

Local gen'l

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

11 WEST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

TELEPHONE: CIRCLE 5-8900

FOR RELEASE

Sunday papers: March 1

Dailies: March 4

Magazines: March issues

PRESS PREVIEW: TUESDAY

March 3, 2-5 p.m.

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PAINTINGS FROM WELL-KNOWN EDWARD G. ROBINSON COLLECTION

TO GO ON VIEW AT MUSEUM

Forty paintings from the Edward G. Robinson Collection in Los Angeles will open in the first floor galleries of the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53 Street, with a special benefit preview on Tuesday, March 3, from 9 p.m. to midnight. A private opening for Museum Members will be held on Wednesday, March 4, from 4 to 7 p.m., and the galleries will open to the public on March 5.

These outstanding paintings, which have been selected and installed by Andrew C. Ritchie, Director of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, will remain on view through April 12 and will then be shown at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., from May 10 to June 14. This will be the first museum exhibition of any substantial portion of Mr. Robinson's noted collection.

The benefit opening, held at Mr. Robinson's request that some worthy cause be aided by the exhibition of his collection, is for the Museum's New York School Fund.

This fund is for the purpose of further co-operation with the public elementary and high schools in an educational program that has been in operation, with very limited funds, for nearly 17 years. The Museum at present circulates to 61 New York public high schools more than 100 different exhibits, teaching portfolios, work models and slide talks. In addition it supplies courses for teachers in elementary and high schools and for high school students. Additional funds raised will be used for more teacher training classes, for student scholarships and for educational work with teachers from outside New York who come here to seek advice and direction.

An admission fee of \$7.50 will be charged for the benefit preview.

The paintings to be shown are largely by French masters of the 19th and 20th centuries. Two American works are also included: the

well-known "Daughters of Revolution" by the late Grant Wood, and an important oil by Yasuo Kuniyoshi.

CHECKLIST:

- Bonnard. French, 1867-1947, "Street Scene, Paris." Oil on paper, 23 1/2 x 31 1/4"
"After the Bath." Oil on paper, 32 5/8 x 23 5/8"
- Boudin. French, 1824-1898, "Beach Scene, Trouville." 1880. Oil on wood, 7 1/2 x 12 3/4"
"Beach Scene, Trouville." 1887. Oil on wood, 7 1/4 x 13"
- Cézanne. French, 1839-1906, "The Black Clock." 1869-71. Oil on canvas, 22 x 28 1/2"
- Chagall. French, born Russia 1887, "Old Jew with Torah." Gouache, 24 x 18 1/2"
- Corot. French, 1796-1875, "L'Italienne." 1870. Oil on canvas, 28 1/2 x 23 1/4"
- Degas. French, 1834-1917, "Dancers Resting." Pastel, 30 x 41"
"Dancers Preparing to Go on Stage." Pastel, 20 x 12"
- Delacroix. French, 1798-1863, "Interior with Algerian Woman." 1857. Oil on wood, 15 1/4 x 11 7/8"
- Gauguin. French, 1848-1903, "Flowers of Tahiti." Oil on canvas, 37 x 23 1/4"
"Horsemen on the Beach." 1902. Oil on canvas, 28 1/2 x 35 1/2"
- Géricault. French, 1791-1824, "Trompette de la Garde." c. 1812-16. Oil on canvas, 28 3/4 x 23 1/2"
- van Gogh. Dutch, 1853-1890, "Le Père Tanguy." c. 1887. Oil on canvas, 25 1/2 x 20"
- Kuniyoshi. American, born Japan 1893, "Daily News." 1935. Oil on canvas, 50 x 33"
- Matisse. French, born 1869, "The Dinner Table." 1897. Oil on canvas, 39 1/2 x 51 1/2"
- Modigliani. Italian, 1884-1920, "The Zouave." 1918. Oil on canvas, 25 x 19"
- Monet. French, 1840-1926, "The Willows." 1880. Oil on canvas, 24 x 30"
- Morisot. French, 1841-1895, "Before the Theater." 1875. Oil on canvas, 23 5/8 x 12 1/4"
- Picasso. Spanish, born 1881, "The Entombment." 1901? Oil on canvas, 39 3/8 x 35 1/2"
- Pissarro. French, 1830-1903, "Portrait of Georges Pissarro at the Age of Five." 1878. Oil on canvas, 18 x 15"
"Boulevard des Italiens, Afternoon." 1897. Oil on canvas, 28 3/4 x 36 1/4"
"Le Pont Neuf." 1902. Oil on canvas, 25 7/8 x 32"
- Renoir. French, 1841-1919, "Little Girl with Hat." c. 1876. Oil on canvas, 18 x 15"
"Place de la Trinité." c. 1892. Oil on canvas, 21 x 25 3/4"
"After the Bath." 1910. Oil on canvas, 25 1/2 x 21 3/4"
- Rouault. French, born 1871, "The Vase of Flowers." 1926. Oil on canvas, 44 1/2 x 30 1/2"
"Two Peasants." Oil on paper, 35 x 24"
"Court in the Country." Oil on canvas, 25 x 40"
- Seurat. French, 1859-1891, "Le Crottoy." 1891? Oil on canvas, 27 1/2 x 34"
- Sickert. English, 1860-1942, "Study for 'Ennui.'" 1916. Oil on canvas, 18 1/4 x 15"
- Sisley. French, 1839-1899, "Pont de St. Cloud." 1875. Oil on canvas, 19 3/4 x 24"
- Soutine. Lithuanian, 1894-1943, "The Communicant." 1927. Oil on canvas, 32 1/8 x 18 7/8"
- Toulouse-Lautrec. French, 1864-1901, "Cipa Godebski." 1889-90. Oil on cardboard, 19 x 15"
"Jane Avril Dancing." 1893. Oil on cardboard, 39 3/4 x 29"
- Utrillo. French, born 1883, "Church of St. Médard." 1911? Oil on canvas, 23 1/4 x 28 1/4"
- Vuillard. French, 1868-1940, "Interior with Robinson Family." 1939. Pastel, 19 x 25"
"Oranges." Oil on canvas, 7 3/8 x 9 3/8"
"The Artist's Mother." Oil on cardboard, 17 3/4 x 21 1/2"
- Wood. American, 1892-1942, "Daughters of Revolution." 1932. Oil on wood, 20 x 40"

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WITH EXHIBITION ONLY

STATEMENT BY EDWARD G. ROBINSON

I am not a collector. I'm just an innocent bystander who has been taken over by a collection. It is true that there are quite a number of paintings on the walls of my home, and that on occasion many of them have been invited to special exhibitions in various museums. But honestly, I am not a collector. I used to be one. I remember as if it were only yesterday the delight I felt as I spread out upon the floor of my bedroom the Edward G. Robinson Collection of rare cigar bands. I didn't play at it. A collector doesn't; it's hard work; it's an obsession. I left this field of gentle fanaticism to those self-denying people who make it their life work - the collectors. I am just a lover of paintings. I do what I do for the sheer joy of it.

You don't collect paintings - they collect you. They know and tell you with whom they want to keep company and who is an intruder. And after a while, if you really love them, you learn to respect their judgment. But it's a rewarding love affair even if it takes over your house, your family, your income and your life.

As far back as I can remember, I cut reproductions of paintings from magazines and filled scrapbooks with them. My passion for pictures must often have been a nuisance to my friends. When they married or had babies, I would present them with color prints of masterpieces, often insisting on taking down pictures to which they were attached and personally hanging my gifts in their place. I was quite sure I knew which works of art were good for people. Today, the very thought of telling others what they should or should not like in art makes me shudder. For the greatest joy I have had in acquiring works of art has come from trusting and exercising my own taste.

I doubt that anyone can force himself to like any particular work of art. I know that I cannot. Sometimes a work of art is beyond my temperament and my experience. I may in time grow up to the point where I fall in love with it, but perhaps that particular work just isn't for me at all. Why try to force such things? Surely there is enough wonderful art in the world to satisfy every taste.

The courage of artists amazes me. Think of painting in a new way, with a new approach, of being alone and unshown, of being laughed at, called mad, and yet going on knowing how right you are, and sometimes dying before any recognition is offered. New paths are rough, new roads lead to many strange directions. It is easy to take a road - but to make one is something else again.

My wife and I didn't get around to buying important paintings, that is important for us, until I went to Hollywood (where everything is important!) to become a menace to law and order. If I hadn't become a movie gangster, it is highly probable that not one of my paintings would have had the chance to collect me. Here is a paradox: Turn killer and you have the means to satisfy your thirst for beauty. When Hollywood conveyed me, through devious and sin-stained roles, to a succession of sizzling electric chairs, the paintings began to appear. Crime, it seems, sometimes does pay.

It didn't take much thought for me to realize that a lot of other people besides us should have the opportunity to enjoy these fine works. And so we opened our doors to visitors twice a week. On those days, to get a little privacy, I sometimes had to sneak in the back door and climb up to the attic. To make matters worse, our paintings began voicing protests by seeming ill at ease. Dark wood paneling may go all right with 17th-century pictures painted in blacks and browns, but it is not kind to paintings alive with bright or delicate colors. The pictures kept pleading for a radical change of environment. Plead? They insisted.

Then a thought struck us: Why not build a gallery adjoining the house so people could see the paintings in the gallery and we could have the house to ourselves again? Well, we built a gallery and redecorated the house. The house was now in cream and silvery tones, and the pictures greatly approved when they came home. The sad little Renoir girl above the fireplace in our living room smiled for the first time. Some of the best paintings were still in the house, and we couldn't say no when visitors to the gallery wanted to see those too. Thanks to the experts, our cherished hope for privacy was GONE.

To add to this, the art lovers would arrive in groups. When their lecturers did not show up, my wife or I had to step in and improvise talks. Our butler also caught the fever and became quite expert as a lecturer on art. It seemed indecent to ask him to serve the roast. Well - that is what can come of longing for great works of art, committing a few cinematic murders, and buying beautiful paintings with ill-gotten gains. And because you love them so much, they come to own you, body and soul. You and your home too.