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ARTS
NEW YORK, N.Y.

FEB 1966

Whitney Annual: A depressing, senseless affair as usual, but this year marked a new low as much for the fact that even major artists agreed to show banal works as for the mystery of the museum staff's process of selection. Granted, anything can look dreary in that dull light. A few good paintings did not succumb: Joan Mitchell's somber *First Tree*, Hofmann's *Le Bouquet du Vive*, Frankenthaler's lush *Tangerine*, Goldberg's *End of Summer*, Noland's *Saturday Night*, De Kooning's *Two Women*, despite the high-pressure drawing, seemed

to flicker and fade in its insistent impasto. A small, irritated little Motherwell was stuck away in a corner. Newman's orange *Triad* seemed to dribble off at the edges. Rauschenberg's *Fossil for Bob Morris* looked like an exercise in perfect composition. Johns's *Flags* — one in orange, green and black; the other in gray relief — would not liven up, even with the introduction of one black and one white dot, top and bottom respectively, for an optic jolt. Some revisions of style were evident: Parker's untitled painting had a large Baroque quality, the action coming in from the edges; Leslie's *Alfred Leslie* was a head-on realist shot in grisaille (Philip Pearlstein's influence?); and Robert Indiana's *Alabama* with its Selma on the map and its slogan ("Just as in the anatomy of man every nation must have its hind part") was a stupid venture into social thought. The newspaper critics thought the show's variety testified to the liveliness of the national scene. I do not see how. (*Whitney Museum*). —W.B.

(William Berkson)

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1966.

11

3 ARTISTS' WORKS DESTROYED IN FIRE

One Painter Says He Lost
Half of His Total Work

By GRACE GLUECK

"It was like a horror film," said Alfred Leslie, the painter and filmmaker. "My whole studio burst into flames. I stood on the street and saw my paintings burning through the windows. All I could do was watch."

Mr. Leslie, a tenant of the building at 940 Broadway, at 22d Street, is one of three well-known New York artists who suffered severe losses in the blaze fire on Monday night in which 12 firemen died. Others are Adolph Gottlieb, a major figure of the abstract expressionist school, and Herb Brown, an expressionist painter recently known for his works of erotic art.

Mr. Leslie, whose paintings are owned by major museums in this country and abroad, was perhaps hardest hit of the three. He estimates that half of his work, produced over a period of 20 years, disappeared in the flames.

The loss included the entire contents of his film studio and nine of his most recent works, a group of 6½-by-10-foot portraits he was preparing for a January show.

Special Permission from City

The 39-year-old artist shared studio-living quarters on the top floor of the white brick building with his wife and 5-year-old son, under an artist-in-residence designation granted by the city. Artists-in-residence are allowed to live and work in buildings zoned for commercial use.

Mr. Leslie had occupied the quarters as a studio since 1959. He paid \$290 a month rent for 3,000 square feet of space.

"Everything was there," he said yesterday. "All of my paintings from 1946 to 1951—I was preparing to put them in storage."

"There were several films I had made with Frank O'Hara [the late poet and writer on art]. My books, letters, personal effects. And no insurance—the rates for the building were too high."

Mr. Gottlieb, an international prize-winner whose paintings sell for up to \$25,000 worked in a top-floor studio adjacent to Mr. Leslie's. Yesterday, he estimated his losses at close to \$100,000, including six canvases completed over the summer. But he said he considered himself lucky.

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The New York Times

714.

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Times Square, New York, N. Y. 10036

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1966.

10 Missing, 2 Dead In 22d Street Fire

Men Plunge Through Collapsing Floor
of Blazing Drugstore—9 Others Hurt
—Mayor Inspects the Damage

By ALBIN KREBS

At least two firemen were killed and 10 were missing early today in a fire that raged uncontrolled through three buildings on Broadway between 22d and 23d Streets.

Fire Commissioner Robert O. Lowery announced the men were missing, but said he would not identify any of the men until their families had been notified by Fire Department chaplains.

Reporters saw at least two bodies being removed from the wreckage of the Wonder Drug Store, 6 East 23d Street. The floor had caved in there and one fireman said "many" firemen had fallen through.

At least nine firemen were injured in the blaze, which started in the basement of 7 East 22d Street shortly after 9:30 P.M. and spread swiftly along Broadway.

By 3:30 A.M., the fire was still out of control and the search for the missing men had been suspended because of the possibility that the building might collapse.

Mayor Lindsay joined Commissioner Lowery at the scene shortly before 1 A.M. They went into the ruins of the drugstore—where search efforts for the missing men were being concentrated at 2 A.M.—to inspect the huge hole in

the floor. "It's terrible in there," Mr. Lindsay said when he came out. "The heat and smoke are unbearable."

After the second body was removed and covered with a tarpaulin, Mr. Lindsay, shaking his head, followed the men carrying it to an ambulance. That body, and the one found earlier, were taken to the Bellevue Hospital morgue.

Mr. Lowery said men "from several companies" were on the first floor and the cellar of the building when the fire "suddenly accelerated." A backdraft "blew the basement wall down," he said, and several firemen fell through into the cellar of the drugstore.

The missing men were believed to have been trapped in the collapse of the wall. Dozens of other firemen were able to free themselves from the debris and stagger out.



TWELVE FIREMEN REPORTED MISSING: Buildings on northeast corner of Broadway and 22d Street are engulfed by five-alarm fire. At least two bodies were removed.

Some acid chemicals and fabrics stored in the building were apparently responsible for the great clouds of choking black smoke that swirled up.

'Buddies Still Down There'

Fireman John Donovan, who managed to scramble out of the basement, was treated at Bellevue and returned to the scene. With tears in his eyes, he told Mr. Lowery:

"I was in the back of the drugstore, fighting the fire, when all of a sudden, I felt the blast. Then a hole, I went, I fell through it, a hole in the floor just opened up. Some of my buddies pulled me out and now my other buddies are still down there."

The fire, accompanied by huge black clouds of smoke, wrecked the building in which it started and spread quickly to another commercial building, five stories high, at 6 East 23d Street. Directly across Broadway is the famed Flatiron Building, the city's first skyscraper.

By midnight, nine stores—six

Continued on Page 37, Column 5

12 FEARED DEAD IN FIRE ON 22D ST.

Continued From Page 1, Col. 3

on Broadway opposite the Flatiron Building and three on 23d Street—had been heavily damaged by fire or water.

Two hundred firemen, manning more than 40 pieces of equipment, were called to fight the blaze. Some shot great streams of water from the city's new super-pumper No. 1, which is equipped with a tower and platform from which firemen can direct the stream.

According to first reports, none of the nine firemen killed by the blaze was seriously injured. Two were treated at the scene, two were admitted to Bellevue Hospital for treatment of smoke inhalation, and five were released after treatment at Bellevue for minor cuts and bruises.

The Bellevue Hospital disaster unit, with eight doctors and seven nurses available, responded to the Fire Department's call shortly after the first alarm.

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Joseph James Akston
Founder, Publisher and Editor

Alvin Demick
Executive Publisher
S. Edwards
Executive Editor

Susan Brockman, David Margolis
Assistants to the Editor

Alfred Werner Senior Editor

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Lawrence Alloway
Dore Ashton

Peter Forakis Cartoons
Bruce Hooton Archives
John Margolies Architecture
Linda Rosenkrantz Art Market
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David Tanner Copy Editor

CONTRIBUTORS

Adam Ritchie
David Rosand
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Peter Ruta Art Director
Djordje Milicevic Staff Photographer

CORRESPONDENTS/U.S.A.

Daniel Millsaps Washington, D.C.
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Advertising Shirley Safer
Circulation Jacque Whitted

Advertising All-American Media for England
Representatives Paul Singer-Lawrence
Abroad 54 Burton Court
London SW 3
Telephone: SLO 3592
All-American Media
for France, Belgium, Switzerland
Georges de Gendre et Cie.
88 Rue de Provence
Paris 9

Address all correspondence to: S. Edwards,
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On the Cover: A ball on string; motion detail
from Julio Le Parc's kinetic construction, *Formes
Virtuelles*, from the artist's winning entry at the
33rd Biennale in Venice. More on the Biennale
will be found on pages 16-19. (Photo courtesy
Howard Wise Gallery.)



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ARTISTS SAY:

"Nudes Now"

TEN PAINTERS: CONTEMPORARY APPROACHES TO THE FIGURE

Rolf-Gunter Dienst

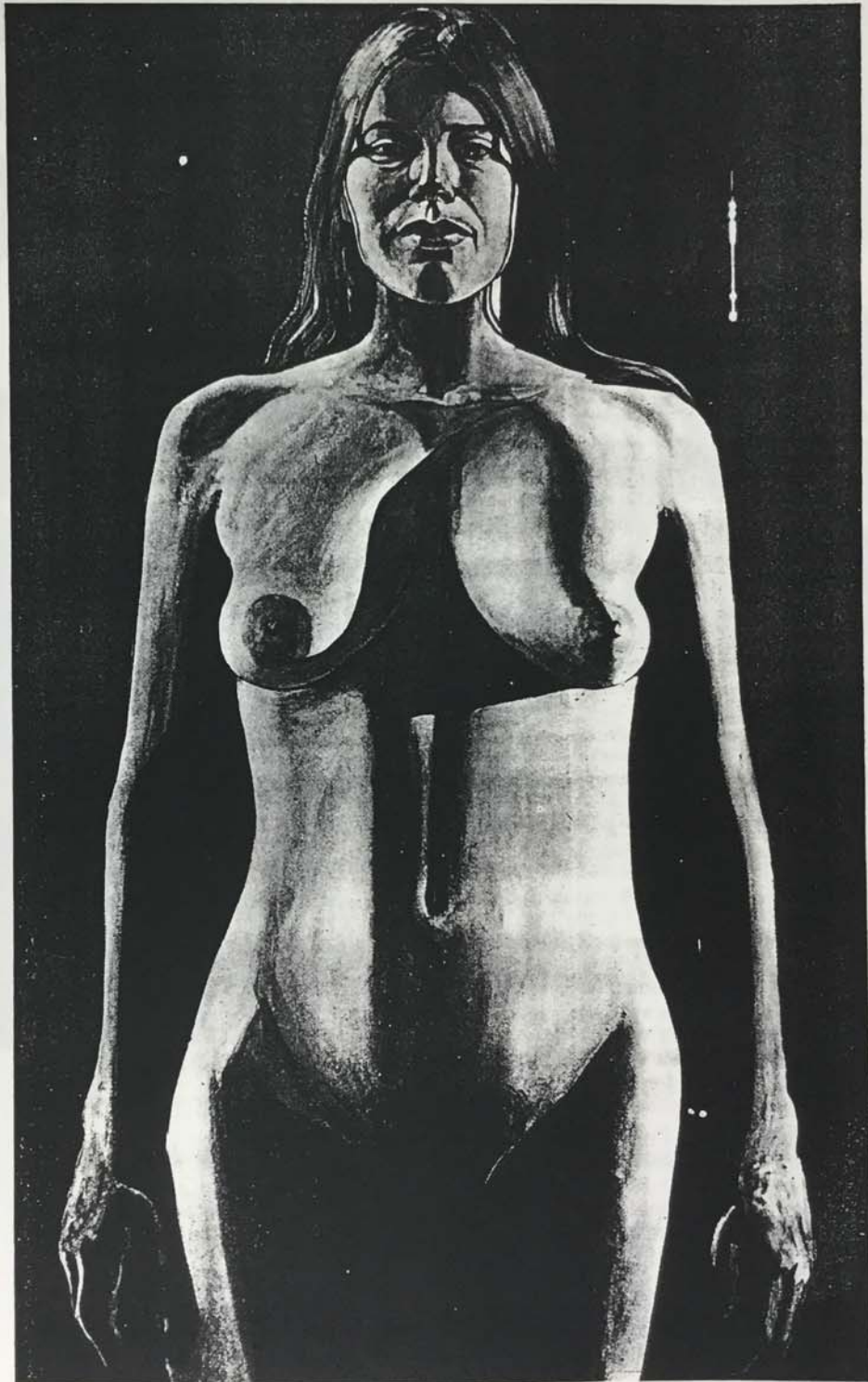
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ALFRED LESLIE

Part 1 . . .
Naked, the Art of Confrontation;
20 rules on how to paint the
nude person

Eliminate: color
environment
gesture
movement
anonymity
interpretation
atmosphere
space
foreshortening
composition

Emphasize: symmetry
scale
specifics
contour
contrast
frontality
stasis
presence
accuracy
seriatim

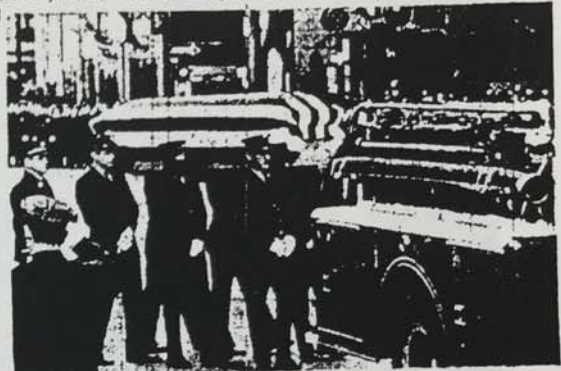


Maxine Gartenstein

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the village Voice

Vol. XII, No. 2 • New York, N. Y. • Thursday, October 27, 1966



SIX WENT OUT, ONE CAME BACK. No one knows why the fire on East 22nd-23rd Street last Tuesday night killed more firemen than any other fire in the history of the New York City Fire Department. Why had the floor collapsed to incinerate 12 men? What was the physical condition of the smoldering cellar? The city will undoubtedly pore uneasily over its records.

Five of the fire's victims came out of Engine Company 18 on 10th Street just off Greenwich Avenue. Joseph Priore, 42, had been assigned to "18" for one night. This was his first fire as a lieutenant. Daniel Rey, 26, was stationed at "18." He was a Probationary Fireman, and this was his first fire. And there were three others: Firemen First Grade James V. Galanaugh, James Kelly 2nd, and Bernard A. Tepper.

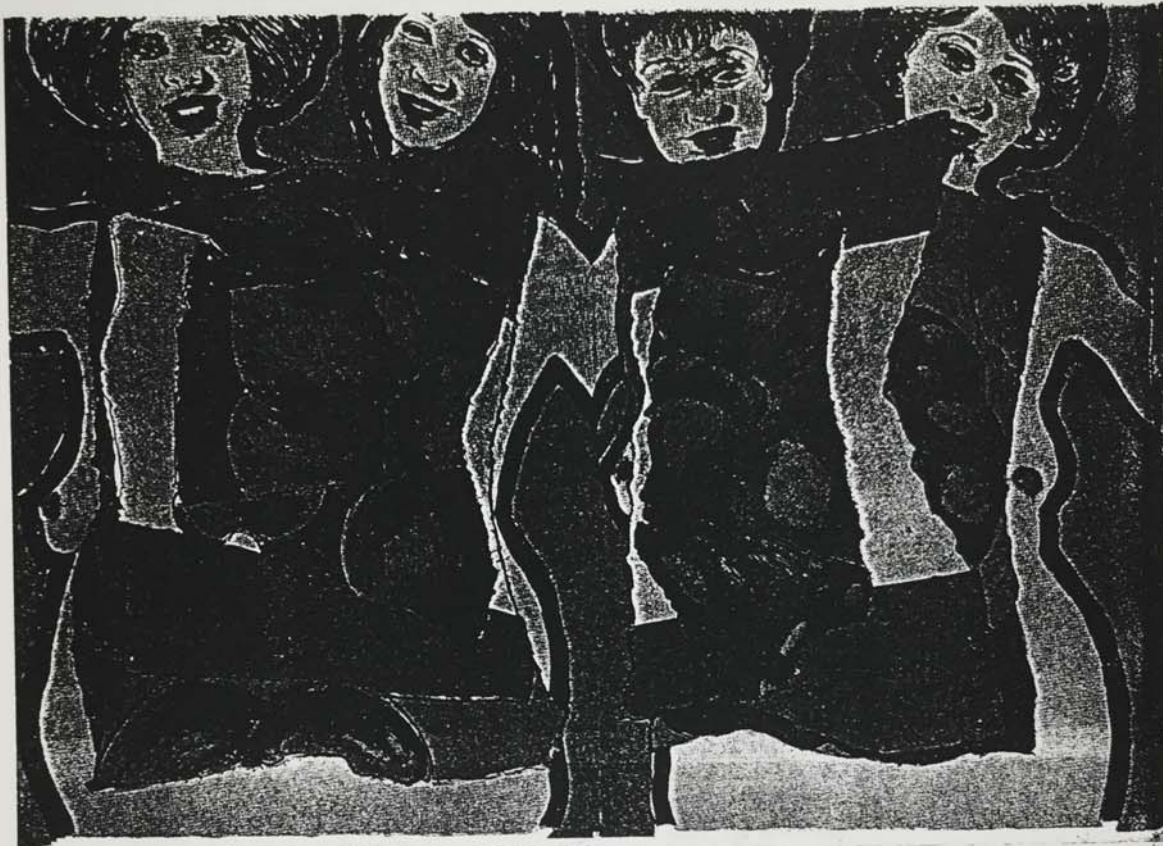
The fire was discovered by artist Herb Brown, who lived in a brownstone at 7 East 22nd Street with his wife and four children. He and his family escaped the fire, but lost their studio-home and all their possessions. The fire took "1000 paintings—my life's work," said Brown. The Red Cross had to put up the family.

THE PHOTOGRAPH above by Fred W. McDarragh is of the funeral of 10 of the 12 firemen on Friday morning. Below, artist Alfred Leslie, whose studio-home was also burned out, talks to Herb Brown, holding baby. (Photograph by Fred Hurvich.)

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Volume 63, Number 3, May, 1960

FOUNDED 1902
ART NEWS



From *Le Life*, "a book like hundred flower garden": Lithograph by Alfred Leslie, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches high.

By Walasse Ting

Near 1¢ Life

The artist gets an idea and it results in 17 tons of paper which go into 2,100 books, each book a 9-pound baby with 27 painters as parents

Author: Walasse Ting, Chinese born and trained, New York inflected Expressionist international poet-painter, is one of the most energetic artists of the 1960s. His jumbo solo production, *Le Life*, a volume of poems and lithographs, is distributed by the Lefebvre Gallery, New York, and Klipstein & Kornfeld, Berne.

Hot summer: Ladies and gentlemen go to Times Square for neon flowers and air-conditioned movies, against mosquitoes in bed.

Where can I find a book exciting as Times Square, color bright as neon light, hot as expresso. I face the big red pizza and green earthworms, and decide to make a book like hundred flower garden.

Young mother and daughter from Midwest make me feel happiness so quickly, want to buy house and life insurance for them, I follow 4 beautiful legs walking.

I see people piled up like cactus, after drinking bad wine. They try give heaven to me talking about God very proud. God come to my left ear run away through right ear. Suddenly I have idea,

If I love God
I can love my mother
Who say cannot?
If I love mother
I can love woman
And sleep on her bed
If I can
Sleep with woman
I love mother
And if I love mother
My woman is God

Once I went to party, very fancy, big businessmen, oilmen, gasmen, bombmen. I feel lonely, [Continued on page 67]

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wrote this poem in a visiting card.

What is small business?
 Nobody small
 You launch steamship
 I push locomotive
 You talk to mountains
 I listen to sea
 You embrace rainbow
 I kiss rain
 You cover sun with your finger
 I move moon in my eyes
 Thousand flowers
 Blossom in our big heart
 Thousand years

I wrote 61 poems in '61 in a small black room like coffin, inside room only salami, whisky, sexy photographs from Times Square. No Bible, no cookbook, no telephone book, no check-book. Two short fingers typing talking about World & Garbage, You & I, Egg & Earth.

Is artist like a dog?

In Communist country must follow government like photograph, in capitalist country must follow rich men with stock. 61 poems, no money to publish, just dream, day and night, angel come to publish book.

Ebi Kornfeld and Sam Francis like John Garfield and Humphrey Bogart, put down machinegun read ten minutes say: "We are not angels, but we are going to publish the book, even if we go to jail, it is O.K.!"

Sam Francis take his money from Swiss bank to buy 17 tons white paper like white snow. All lithographs as hundred kind of flowers in spring melt on pages.

Four printing companies work one year, everything must be perfect, changes and reprintings, money running away like April rain in Paris.

A book like this in nineteenth century, 68 original lithographs by Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Monet, Daumier. . . ?

What will man in 22nd century think of *le Life*?

Some artists come Paris to make lithographs. In New York I carry zinc plates to their studios, we drink and laugh. Once upon a time.

Alechinsky: Arrive factory smoking cigar like London fog, he push blue ghosts down into stone.

Oldenburg: Master of drawing, said Alechinsky. I think his line like fish, his hand like fishtail.

Lichtenstein: Spent two weeks, each hour one dot, looks like gentlemen prefer the blond.

Dine: Great thinker as Newton. He must feel cool all the time, that's why he makes so many robes for winter.

Sam Francis: Cannot make a lithograph without buying women's hair dryer.

Indiana: Romantic man only love to Eat and Die, I wonder is the American way of death, French style of eating best?

Jorn: When he draws he looks at stone, eyes like Chinese, singing like bee, his fingers bring honey to stone.

Kimber Smith: Beersmith. Drink 14 beers in left hand while making a diamond form.

Kiki: Plastic go-go girl, paint pink Venus, icebox Venus, space Venus.

Reinhold: Big man wear van Gogh shoes, love cheese, draws lonely monsters from heart like himself.

Bram van Velde: Silent like ocean, soft as sky, old as infant.

Kaprow: He sit sidewalk in Paris, wonder and worry, do all Happenings come in dark?

Davie: He is newspaper boy, he never carry engine, he doesn't like to leave home, sorry make him go to London airport to sign lithographs.

Jensen: I put zinc plates on his bed, he stands like shrimp. Hot day to make warm lithographs, sweat drops from his head to zinc plates, he refuse stop to eat ice cream.

Baj: Serious when eating pizza, laughing when meeting glossy generals.

Rauschenberg: Make lithograph like cocktail, love lithograph stone.

Mitchell and Riopelle: He is pilot, she is sky; he is sailor, she is sea; she is garden, he is big rock.

Wesselmann: He is cat, doesn't like to move. Beautiful wife great American nude all one.

Ramos: Football hero never eat hero sandwich, loves only glamour girls.

Warhol: Golden boy living inside silver-screen world. At midnight he eats Campbell's soup, little tomatoes is his flavor.

Leslie: Body like Hercules, paint self-portrait like modern giant. Very honest: eat Sunday breakfast in same restaurant for 5 years.

Rosenquist: Mind fly in universe like jet, thought is important for him; think first, paint second.

Appel: Paint first, thought second. He is like heavy rain in summer. A tiger behind snake bar.

Sonderborg: One arm drive sport car, fast hand like dragon fist, make lithograph like woodcut, always love to make love before art.

Saura: Every girl in love with him. He makes lithograph like oil, also love to make love before art.

Ting: Make lithograph, broke stone like karate, love to make love after art.

Fahlstrom: Everything is little funny thing in the world.

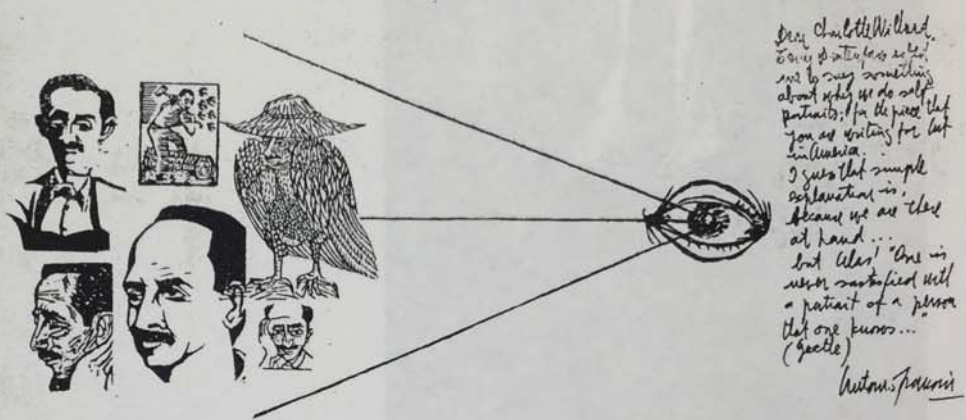
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Art in America

March-April 1966

Vol. 54, Number Two

EYE TO I



Self-portraits by contemporary artists, all of them executed or chosen by the artists especially for this article, and the statements that accompany them, reveal far more than immediately meets the eye

Charlotte Willard

An important law of the new physics, the Gibbs Law of Entropy, holds that things tend to deteriorate, to lose their distinctiveness and move from a state in which distinctions and forms exist to a state of chaos and sameness. Does it sound familiar? Certainly the trend to formlessness, to uniformity and also to chaos, are everywhere around us. Against this destructive aspect of nature, the artist is a bulwark and an ally.

By his nature, irreconcilable to uniformity, he says to us . . . "Look at this unique landscape, this woman, this bottle, this idea, this way of painting!" He works in color and in stone because he insists he can see a special beauty that has never been observed, an expression that has never been put down, a feeling that has never been given visual presence. The source of his art, his conviction, is his individual being—his self—that human self which alone of all forces on earth has the power to organize chaos and make it yield a meaning—the self that must be examined and explored, the only force against entropy. The self-portrait that grows out of such forays is a denial of uniformity, a testament to the infinite variety of life. It says, in effect, that of the billions of people on earth, this face, this body, this way of putting it down, this idea of my self is unparalleled. No other form of energy in the world can claim such transforming power. In his work and particularly in his self portrait, the artist restates his belief in that complex masterpiece of nature—the individual man.

Charlotte Willard is Art Editor of the New York Post.

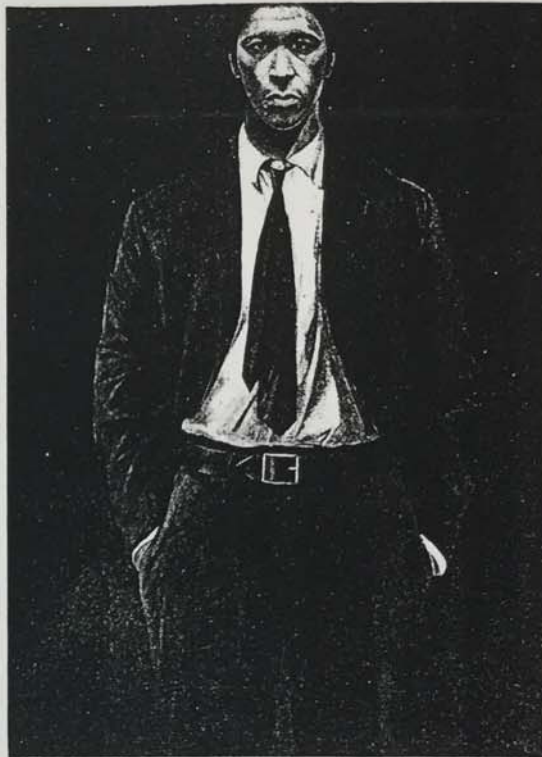
Shattering the conventional shell we all wear for the street, in his self-portrait the artist tries to reveal the human being that lives behind the fashionable beard or the Paris shift, the sports coat and the dark glasses. The eye penetrates the "I" to reveal its essence.

The best portraits are therefore capsulated personal histories of explorations, adventures, inventions which tell not only how an artist appears to himself, but more profoundly what he feels about himself, what he indeed believes and what are the clues to his view of the world—which is why self-portraits are eternally fascinating. For in the end they tell us not only about the artist but about ourselves, in so far as we share their humanity, their striving for identity, for individuality, for a unique and personal self.

When Art in America first scheduled this album of self-portraits, the subject had not been given attention for years. Since then, in the last year, there have been at least four shows of self-portraits by contemporary artists, four times more than had been organized in our memory. Obviously the trend is current, and the interest in this form of journey into the self is growing. The portraits we have commissioned and collected represent painters, sculptors, photographers and graphic artists. They range from straightforward realistic images to such anonymous but distinct identification as an X-ray of a skull. In choosing them, our only criterion was that in some way the portrait must carry the essence of the artist, that essence which comes through paint or pencil or stone, a living thing.

(album of self-portraits, pages 50-59)

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Alfred Leslie, oil, 1961. Martha Jackson Gallery, New York.

Alfred Leslie, a cinematographer and abstract expressionist now immersed in figure painting, is a writer as well.

"How do I look? . . . Anyway you care to be seen . . . by everyone, except us out here, of course . . . Well, I'm pretty sure now that you others are not me.

"As if I can see myself! By heavens, I'd have to think then . . . and what would I think about when I was looking? Mightn't my mind alter the see?

"My heavens, I look like a fiction of myself.

"Painting oneself is certainly as hopeless as photographing oneself. That is: you can never know what you look like. Your mirror image is reversed and never the same size as you think it is. It's always smaller than you are. And the same issue of scale exists with a blown-up life-size photo which looks smaller than the real person, and that is not just an issue of fatness, for a cast of a living person also looks smaller than the person, or rather 'a' person. But all this is nothing new. Men make images of themselves and others not merely to speculate on 'is my nose too small, my eyes too close, my smile too wide?'—but to try and 'see' themselves in their own world. And they themselves get in between their mind and their eye."