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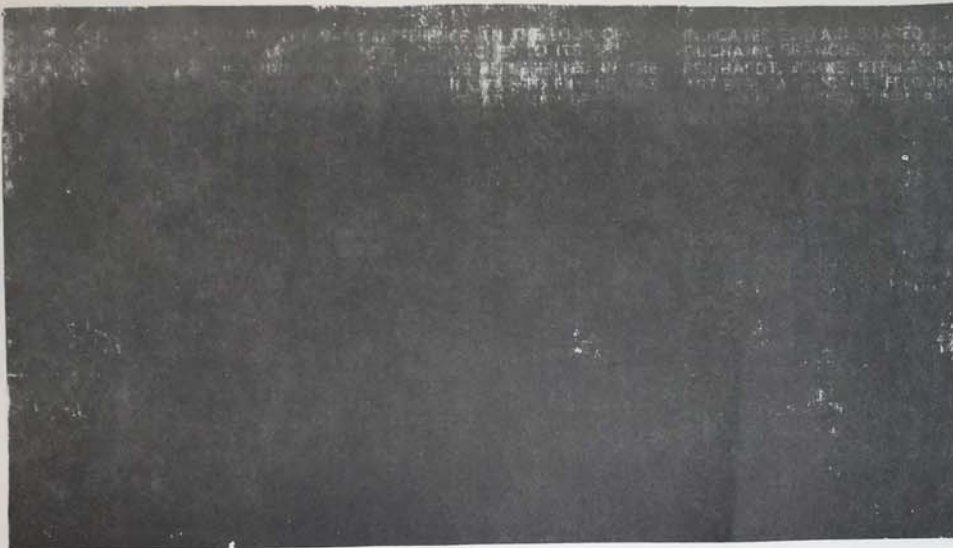
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## II Indian Triennale

Exhibition organized under the auspices of the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, with the aid of a grant from the Ben and Abby Grey Foundation.

Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi  
January 23- March 23, 1971

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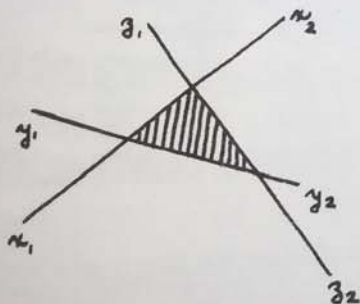
DESPITE THE MANY DIFFERENCES IN THE LOOK OF THEIR ART AND THEIR APPROACHES TO ITS CREATION, THE EIGHT ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THE EXHIBITION SHARE A COMMON IDEA: TO EXTEND THE NOTION OF WHAT A WORK OF ART MAY BE. THEY HAVE CHALLENGED THE CONCEPT OF THE WORK OF ART AS A DISCRETE OBJECT FOR SALE TO MUSEUMS AND COLLECTORS. BY EXTENSION THEY CHALLENGE THE MATERIALIST BASE OF OUR CULTURE AND ITS OVERRIDING IMPORTANCE FOR OUR SOCIETY. THEY MAKE AN ART WHOSE AIM IS TO EXPAND OUR CONSCIOUSNESS—OF SPACE, TIME, WEIGHT, TEXTURE, LIGHT, COLOR, PLACE. ART'S AIM HAS ALWAYS BEEN TO MAKE US MORE TRULY HUMAN. THE ARTISTS SHOWN HERE TRY TO EXPAND THE WAYS IN WHICH THIS CAN BE DONE BY TOUCHING MORE OF OUR SENSES AND BY MAKING THIS EXPERIENCE IN ITSELF A WORK OF ART.

THE SOURCES FOR THEIR ART ARE VARIOUS AND CONTRADICTORY, RANGING FROM THE PARED-DOWN PURITY OF RUSSIAN CONSTRUCTIVISM WITH ITS UNDERLYING MYSTICAL BENT, TO THE DENIAL OF ART PRESENTED BY THE DADAISTS. A LIST OF SOURCES AND AFFINITIES REVEALS THE DIFFICULTIES OF MAKING GENERALIZATIONS, BUT PERHAPS ALSO

INDICATES CERTAIN SHARED CONCERNS. MALEVICH, DUCHAMP, BRANCUSI, POLLOCK, NEWMAN, REINHARDT, JOHNS, STELLA, AMONG THE VISUAL ARTISTS; SATIE, CAGE, FELDMAN, YOUNG AND RILEY AMONG COMPOSERS; STEIN, BECKETT, ROBBE-GRILLET AMONG WRITERS.

FOR MANY OF THE ARTISTS, INDIAN THOUGHT AND THE INDIAN WAY OF LIFE HAVE GIVEN SPECIAL INSPIRATION, AND IT SEEMS PARTICULARLY APPROPRIATE THAT FIVE OF THE ARTISTS ARE CREATING NEW WORKS FOR THE TRIENNALE, RESPONDING TO THE UNIQUE SENSE OF PLACE WHICH INDIA PROVIDES. FOR ALL THE ARTISTS AND FOR THE ORGANIZERS OF THE EXHIBITION, IT IS AN HONOR TO PRESENT AMERICAN ART TO THE INDIAN PUBLIC.

COMMISSIONER OF THE EXHIBITION :  
WALDO RASMUSSEN  
DIRECTOR  
INTERNATIONAL PROGRAM  
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART  
NEW YORK.



THREE VECTOR MODEL

$x_1, \dots, x_2$  = OBJECTIVE VECTOR (PROPERTIES OF MATTER)  
 $y_1, \dots, y_2$  = SUBJECTIVE VECTOR (CAPABILITIES OF ARTIST)  
 $z_1, \dots, z_2$  = ECONOMIC VECTOR (RESOURCES AVAILABLE)

CLOSURE OF THREE VECTORS INDICATES POSSIBILITY OF ARTWORK

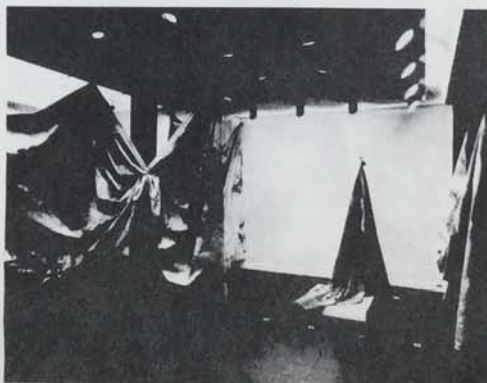
Carl Andre 12-10-70

CARL ANDRE Born Quincy, Massachusetts, 1935. Studied with Patrick Morgan at the Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, from 1951 to 1953, together with Frank Stella and Hollis Frampton, the film-maker. Worked on the Pennsylvania Railroad from 1953 to 1954. Moved to New York in 1957 and began working with Frank Stella in 1963. One-man exhibitions (selected list): Tibor de Nagy Gallery, New York, 1965; Gemeentemuseum, The Hague, 1969; Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1970. Group exhibitions (selected list): Jewish Museum, New York, 1966; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1968; Kunsthalle, Dusseldorf, 1969. Lives in New York.

"...all I am doing is putting Brancusi's Endless Column on the ground instead of in the air. Most sculpture is praptic with the male organ in the air. In my work Priapus is down to the floor. The engaged position is to run along the earth."

"Up to a certain time I was cutting into things. Then I realized that the thing I was cutting was the cut. Rather than cut into the material, I now use the material as the cut in space."

1. UNTITLED (1971)  
Sculpture to be constructed by the artist on location.



AM GILLIAY Born Tupelo, Mississippi, 1933. Received B. A. in 1955, and M. A. in 1961, both from the University of Louisville, Kentucky. Awarded a National Endowment on the Arts grant in 1967, and became a Workshop Fellow in the Washington Gallery of Modern Art in 1968. One-man shows (selected list): Adams Morgan Gallery, Washington D.C., 1963; Byron Gallery, New York, 1968; Galerie Darthea Speyer, Paris, 1970. Group exhibitions (selected list): First World Festival of Negro Art, Dakar, Senegal, 1966; Corcoran Gallery, Washington D. C., 1967; Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, 1970. Lives in Washington D. C. and teaches at the Maryland Institute of Art, Baltimore, and the Corcoran Art School, Washington D. C.

"I have made works that relate both to human and architectural scale using the resulting tensions to form the context for pictorial and sculptural ramifications with the enclosure."

"I am presently concerned with the important limitations of architecture to my concepts and have plans in which the work can exist unenclosed and out of doors. At the same time I am open to attitudes relative to the small scale depiction of 'articles-objects' leading to an exploration of the visual-tactile tensions of experiencing my work as enclosures made for human, architectural, or environmental scale."

2. BOW FORM P, 1969, acrylic and aluminum powder on canvas.
3. RELATIVE, 1970, acrylic on canvas.
4. ROCKIES RED, 1970, acrylic on canvas.

Courtesy: Jefferson Place Gallery, Washington, D.C.



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**LOVA HILT:** Born Hamburg, Germany, 1936. Awarded a Yale Norfolk Fellowship in 1957, and received B. F. A. from Yale University in 1959. Studied at Cooper Union, New York, from 1954 to 1959. One-man exhibitions: Fischbach Gallery, New York, 1969; Ricke Gallery, Cologne, 1969; Fischbach Gallery, New York, 1970. Group exhibitions (selected list): Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 1969; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1969; Kunsthalle, Bern, 1969. Died in New York, 1970.

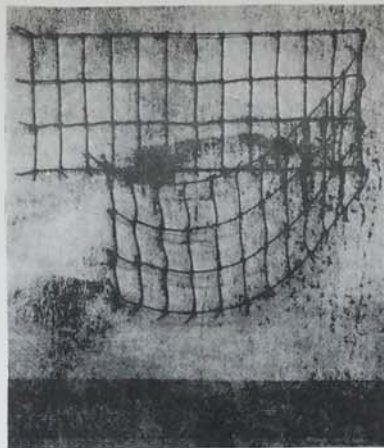
"There isn't a thing in my life that has happened that hasn't been extreme... and absurdity is the key word... it has to do with contradictions and oppositions... I was always aware that I should take order versus chaos, stringy versus mass, huge versus small, and I would try to find the most absurd or extreme opposites... I was always aware of their absurdity and also their formal contradictions and it was always more interesting than making something average, normal, right size, right proportion..."

5. REPETITION 19, IV (1968)

Fiberglass

19 units, each c. 50.8 cm. high and c. 30.5 cm diameter

Lent by The Museum of Modern Art, New York



**ROBERT ROHM:** Born Cincinnati, Ohio, 1934. Received B.I.D. from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, in 1955, and M.F.A. from the Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, in 1960. Awarded a Guggenheim Foundation grant to work in Mexico during 1964. One-man shows: Aspen Art Gallery, Aspen, Colorado, 1963; Royal Marks Gallery, New York, 1964; University of Rhode Island, Kingston, 1966. Group exhibitions (selected list): Whitney Museum of American Art, 1962, 1964, 1969, 1970; Rhode Island School of Design, Museum of Art, Providence, 1963; O.K. Harris, New York, 1969; Indianapolis Museum of Art, Indiana, 1970. Lives in Wakefield, Rhode Island.

"Even though things are fairly close to the wall, I see the space that they've fallen through as part of the piece... I see the path of their fall as kind of borrowed or occupied space... Visually, if it's clear enough, one would read that that's what happened and so that takes it out of the realm of drawing. It's not an illusion, it's what actually did happen. In that sense it's very real, even though there's nothing left in that space."

6. UNTITLED (BIG BULGE) (1970)

1/2 inch manila rope stained brown 48 inches by 240 inches

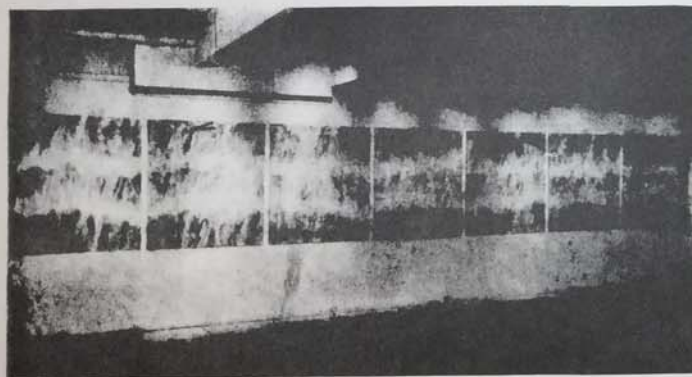
7. UNTITLED (SWING FOLD) (1970)

1/2 inch manila rope stained brown 60 inches by 72 inches

8-11. FOUR UNTITLED DRAWINGS (1970)

Rubber latex with acrylic and incised thread  
17 1/2 inches by 30 1/2 inches

Lent by O. K. Harris Gallery, New York

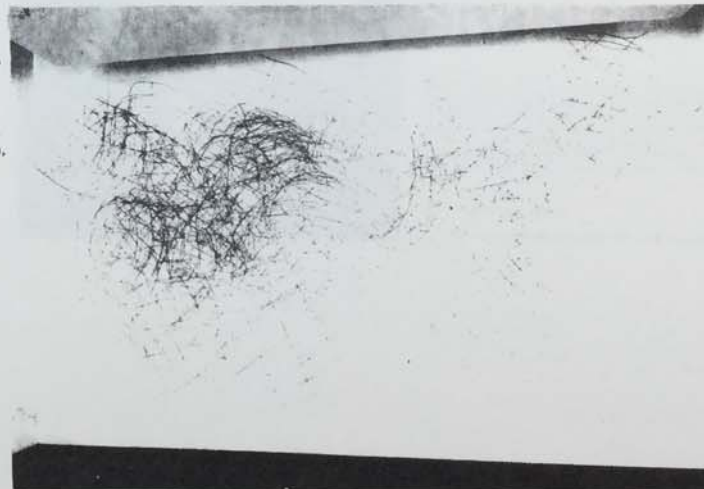


**ROBERT RYMAN:** Born Nashville, Tennessee, 1930. Studied at the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute from 1948 to 1949, and the George Peabody College for Teachers from 1949 to 1950. One-man exhibitions: Bianchini Gallery, New York, 1967; Galerie Heiner Friedrich, Munich, 1968; Konrad Fischer Gallery, Düsseldorf, 1968; Fischbach Gallery, New York, 1969. Group exhibitions (selected list): Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1966; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1967-1968; Kunsthalle, Bern, 1969; Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1969. Lives in New York.

12. VII (1969)

Enamelac on corrugated paper  
7 panels, each 60 inches by 60 inches

Lent by the artist



**ALAN SARIT:** Born New York, 1944. One-man exhibitions: Bykert Gallery, New York, 1968 and 1970. Group exhibitions (selected list): Oberlin College, 1968; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 1968; Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1969; Kunsthalle, Bern, 1969; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1969; Sidney Janis Gallery, New York, 1970. Lives in New York.

13. TRUE JUNGLE: CANOPY FOREST (1968)

Painted Wire  
108 inches by 216 inches by 48 inches - dimensions variable  
Lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art, Gift of The Howard and Jean Lipman Foundation, Inc.

14. UNTITLED (1971)

New work to be constructed by artist on location.

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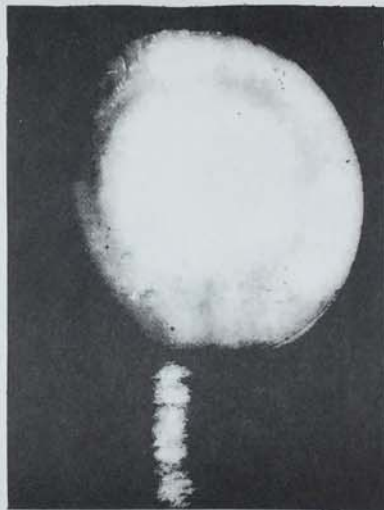
**RICHARD SERPA** Born San Francisco, 1939. Studied at the University of California in Berkeley and in Santa Barbara from 1957 to 1961. Received B.F.A. and M.F.A. from Yale University, 1961 to 1964. One-man exhibitions (selected list): Galleria La Salita, Rome, 1969; Galerie Ricke, Cologne, 1969; Galerie Lambert, Milan, 1969; Leo Castelli Gallery, New York, 1969. Group exhibitions (selected list): Kunstmarkt, Cologne, 1968; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 1969; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1963; Kunsthalle, Bern, 1969; Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1969; Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1969. Lives in New York.

"If you think of a circle as a closed-off beauty, in terms of Copernicus and of historical forms, then I'm not interested in the circle. But as dictated by my materials, arrived at by my process, that's something else. I am involved with no final end in my work. For me, the process itself suggests some kind of organization."

"The work involves a placement of juxtaposed materials for the sake of the idea: the projected sexual metaphor. The concern is not with the merit of any particular esthetic object. The works are psychological and obsessive... My ambition is to present a daisy chain."

15. UNTITLED (1971)

New work to be constructed by artist on location.



**KEITH SCYNLER** Born Mazon, Louisiana, 1941. Received B.A. from the University of Southwestern Louisiana, 1959 to 1963. Traveled and studied in France from 1963 to 1964. Received M.F.A. from Rutgers University, 1965 to 1966. One-man exhibitions: Douglass College, New Jersey, 1966; Galerie Ricke, Cologne, 1968. Group exhibitions (selected list): Leo Castelli Warehouse, New York, 1968; Kunstmarkt, Cologne, 1968; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1969; Kunsthalle, Bern, 1969; Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1969.

16. UNTITLED (1971)

New work to be constructed by artist on location.



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INDIAN EXPRESS  
February 4, 1971

## Unbroken continuity of time

By SANTO DAITTA

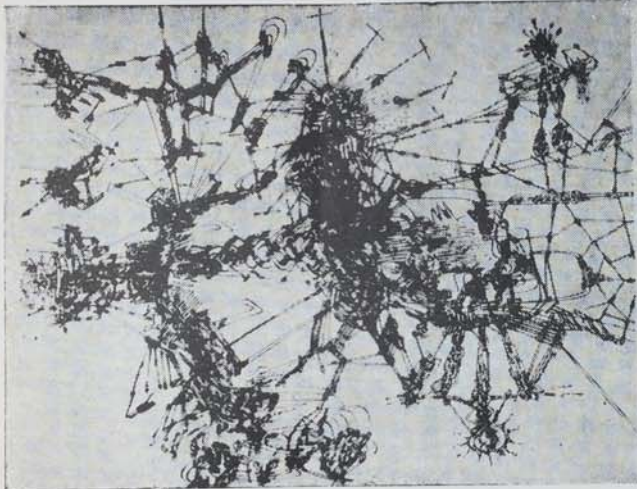
**NEW DELHI:** As the human mind garners up all psycho-somatic events at different layers of our consciousness, the world of art keeps all new forms, all new movements and colours through centuries. Sometimes the most archaic or the most primitive comes up as a new form. Last centuries "isms" appear in new garbs. The time past is always there in the time present, always, carrying the time future. It is only in the world of art that one can visually experience the unbroken continuity of time.

In any representative exhibition of contemporary world art, this is the first and most rewarding experience. The Second Triennale-India, 1971, now on view at the Lalit Kala Galleries, the National Gallery of Modern Art, and Triveni Kala Sangam, is as much a rewarding experience. With exhibits from nearly 50 countries the Second Triennale is a sprawling complex of exhibitions distributed around the Capital. The Lalit Kala Galleries houses the Indian section and about 20 guest countries; the National Gallery of Modern Art, Jaipur House, has the added attraction of an exhibition of books on world art. The Indian section, to be reviewed in a sequel write-up, offers a rich fare.

### US entries

At the Lalit Kala Galleries, the entries that first attract the embarrassed attention of the visitor are from the United States. A good number of them, constructed by the artists on location, refuse to go under any tag. It seems, anything that the artist chooses to spit out is art. Extending the art experience to almost everything (from improvised wood-and-bamboo gangway to a naive net of Manila rope), in a drugged rush for image-breaking imagery, they perhaps want to negate all the values of art and life. Continuous humming sound from a couple of microphones, set by an artist, forms a part of their show, and causes considerable "artistic" irritation to the visitors.

Besides the new American art forms, one can see two major parallel trends in the visual arts abroad. First, there is a growing tendency to re-



'Play in the Tower', an award-winning entry by the Cuban artist, Gallardo Mario, in Second Triennale.

duce form—all the emotional contents already drained out of it—to a sheer optical experience of colour or abstract line.

The award-winning entry from France by Jean Pierre Yvaral, as well as many other entries from the same country, belongs to this line. Fruhrtrunk Guntler and Geiger Rupprecht from the Federal Republic of Germany, Sphikas George from Cyprus (he cuts the canvas along the bends and angles of the colour patches), along with many others follow this cool, impersonal sway of colours.

The second trend is a nostalgic flight for the old imagery, the ancient mysteries and the grainless tonality of the evocative, surrealist imagery of the past. Austria's Hubert Aratym re-creates the futurist vortex of forms in his two

water-colours. And in serigraphs, woodcuts and etching, his brother-artist Fuchs Karnas explores the ancient mysteries in the female forms and saurians ("Sphinks"), Wunderlich Paul's (PDR) "Interiors" show surrealist dream sequences with female nudes and bull's horns (the fertility cult, again).

Another feature of this exhibition is surprisingly rich harvest of graphics. Particularly the aquatints by Betty Schmetz and lithographs by Octave Landuyt, both from Belgium, have been a most stimulating aesthetic experience. But the most baffling, yet prize-winning work comes from Brazil's Mira Schendel (graphic study, in ink on rice paper). I failed to see what tremendous depth of feeling, what philosophical simplification, what unprecedented-

ed aesthetic experience are recorded in a series of scrawls!

In his lyrical paper-scrolls with wood-engravings, P. Grammatopoulos Constantine (Greece) seems to re-live George Seferis's (the Greek Nobel Laureate) long quest for the lost poetry and splendour. Sohos Antonios seeks a harmony between the archaic and the classic Greek forms in his wood carvings.

From Cuba came a stunningly sensitive craftsman Gallardo Mario with his award-winning drawings. He is reminiscent of the distracting immortality of Kafka's "The Castle." Gonzalez Carmelo's xylograph, "The Death of Grimal" re-creates Picasso's "Guernica" in the best tradition of Latin American murals.

On view till March 31.

NATIONAL HERALD (India)  
January 31, 1971

## Second Triennale

By Our Art Critic

Fiasco That was what the preview of the Second Triennale turned out to be when this art critic turned up at the Rabinindra Bhavan galleries at the appointed time on Saturday evening. Electricians, carpenters and welders were still busy and making noises. The exhibits were mostly unnumbered. Quite a few still had the price tags on them.

Adding to the confusion were the exhibits themselves. One huge "work of art" at the entrance looked like a scaffolding covered up with a painted tarpaulin. Another was fibreglass net sprawling on wall and floor. A third was on the floor and it looked as if some child had arranged playthings. On one wall, an artist had stencilled his geometrical artistic designs. On another, an American artist had played a joke by putting canvases with white paint just as a house painter would do for his first coating. In the compound there was a huge bamboo construction as if made by Nagas. And, close to it a long cement block in the dugged-out lawn. And all these are "works of art." It is a bewildering exhibition.

The exhibits add up to one thing: has come to stay. What is anti-art? Any thing can be "work of art" so long as you say it.

There is no difference between painting and sculpture. Anything can be used—from plexiglass to fibreglass, from junk to marble, from paper to plastic sheet. And so on. So, what do we see at the long awaited Triennale? Op art, pop art, junk art, mobiles, hard-edge painting, etcetera. If there had been any kinetic sculpture, this art critic missed it.

Art is no more something to see and behold, contemplate and meditate. Art is not any more something with composition, harmony, rhythm, plastic values, etcetera. Anti-art has demolished all these cherished concepts.

The art-loving public must be thankful to the International Jury consisting of Prof. N. S. Bendre (India), Mr. B. Dorival (France), Dr. M. Mode (GDR), Mr. T. Ogawa (Japan), Mr. Pedro (Chile) and Mr. J. J. Sweeney (US) for their catholic tastes in selecting the exhibits. In a way, the assemblage is symbolic of India's belief in co-existence of diverse things, be they religions or art styles. A and Co-existence is the best of the African and

non-aligned countries are missing.

The six award-winners are: Mario Gallardo (Cuba), Jerry Panek (Poland) Ishwar Sagara (India), Mira Schendel (Brazil), Jiro Yoshihara (Japan) and Yvaral (France). Two artists have been chosen for Honourable Mention. They are Peter Nagel, Federal Republic of Germany, and Miroslav Sutej, Yugoslavia.

The exhibition will remain open till March 31. The exhibits are housed in the galleries of the Lalit Kala Akademi, the National Gallery of Modern Art and the Triveni Kala Sangam.

The exhibition also includes books and journals on art from twenty countries. During the Triennale, special cultural events will be arranged by the participating countries, featuring illustrated talks and films of art.

Over 150 Indian artists have boycotted this Triennale. On Sunday it will be inaugurated by the President, Mr. V. V. Giri.



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# VAGARIES OF MODERN ART

TIMES OF INDIA  
February 21, 1971

## American concept of modern art

**T**HE Second Triennale International Exhibition of Modern Art in New Delhi has made me wonder whether modern art has run its cycle and it is now on the threshold of decadence.

No less than 47 countries have participated in this international "meat" with as many as 360 top artists exhibiting more than 800 works under various categories. But most of the works do not deserve any attention because they hardly come up to any standard. Those that appear to be baffling and conspicuous because of their novelty and newness have attracted the attention of the Jury. But that is an altogether different matter.

### Relevant aspect

The commissioners representing most of the countries participating in the exhibition are conscious of the most relevant aspect of tradition. But the works represented do not betray any such awareness. For example, Mr. Hideo Tomiyama, the Commissioner for Japan, writes "Attempts have been made to introduce works which are extremely up-to-date among the varied movements of Japanese art and at the same time regarded as original for the Japanese or oriental viewpoints. Similarities in recent living environments of the world and active international art change have increasingly narrowed the relationship between countries. Though sharing common themes, each country is now at the stage of manifesting the genuine quality of its indigenous art. And Japan is no exception. Consequently, the artists who are represented here are international in style, yet Japanese in sensibility, unique in personalities, yet, wide in their outlook."

But where are the similarities. In living environments, say, between an Indian village and an American, or for that matter, a Japanese village? It is also difficult to agree that

"each country is now at the stage of manifesting the genuine quality of its indigenous art." On the contrary, it appears that indigenous art is fast losing its character and integrity in the name of Internationalism. It is again a debatable point whether indigenous art bereft of national style of expression can retain its characteristic sensibility if

dom of the artist. But uncontrolled freedom results in anarchy.

"A frenzied addition to Art," wrote Baudelaire, "is a canker that devours the rest." Goethe wrote in his mature old age in his *Annalen* in a sense of 'sacred fear': "What is the good of curbing sensuality, shaping the intellect, securing the

dian way of life have given special inspiration."

But it is not a new concept. It was always there in the past in every field of artistic activity irrespective of countries and climes.

The role of museums and collectors in changing the concept of work of art has been very ably discussed by Andre Malraux in his famous book, *The Voices of Silence*. He begins his discussion in the very first chapter under the caption "Museum without Walls" thus: "They (museums) bulked so large in the 19th century and are so much part of our lives today that we forget they have imposed on the spectator a wholly new attitude towards the work of art. For, they have tended to estrange the work they bring together from their original functions."

### Changed climate

"In the past a Gothic statue was a component part of the Cathedral; similarly, a classical picture was tied up with the setting of its period, and not expected to consort with works of different mood and outlook."

Nobody will dispute Andre Malraux's contention as such. But does not for that matter the changed climate of industrial civilisation demand a different kind of art? It has to be created in a closed environment with all the age-old experiences of space, time, weight, texture light and colour pervading the entire expanse of the universe, in an abstracted form.

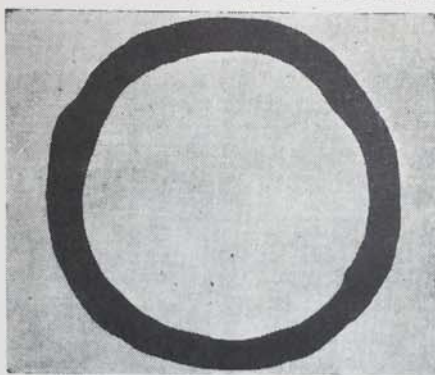
If the new industrial civilisation demanded easel paintings and indoor sculptures specifically meant and executed for decorating public halls and private rooms, it is quite in the fitness of things. "In China", Andre Malraux says, "a painting was not exhibited, but unfurled before an art-lover in a fitting state of grace. Its function was to deepen and enhance his communion with universe." That is exactly the point.

A true artist does not paint or sculpt with the idea of displaying his work in a museum or with the commercial idea of selling it to a collector. But the irony is there. In spite of the professed idealism some of these artists' works have found place on the Lalit Kala Gallery walls consorting with other odd kinds of works and some of them again have been sold to some of the museums and galleries at home.

### Order reversed

The whole idea seems to be like this: if the artist of today inhaled from the outer environment and exhaled into the interior, these artists profess only to reverse the order by inhaling from the closed interior environment of the modern living and exhaling into the exterior. The Eastern attitude to life, philosophically speaking, on the other hand, suggested inhaling directly from the outer environment of nature and exhaling as a natural process into the same atmosphere and thus having a direct communion with nature itself. But is that possible today in the present environment?

The reverse order advocated by the young American artists, if followed, may turn out to be an extension of the Hippie culture which is already very much in



BLACK CIRCLE ON WHITE by Jiro Yoshihara (Japan).

the style is borrowed, the core of aesthetic sensibility suffers. As a matter of fact, an alien style never carries home any significant creative impulse. A style grows according to the peculiar needs of the sensibility inherent in its own environment. There is the crux of the problem of modern art. It does not grow from within. It is more of a superimposed phenomenon.

A pseudo Internationalist or anti-Traditionalist may argue that the accumulated knowledge gained through a particular cultural stream is not only useless today but also interferes with the free-

supremacy of reason? Imagination lies in wait as the most powerful enemy, naturally raw and unencumbered of absurdity. It breaks out against all civilizing restraints like a savage who takes delight in grimming idols."

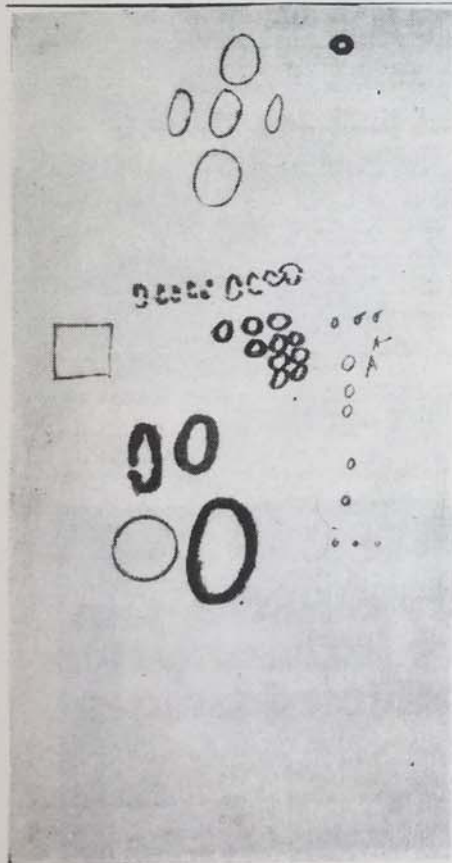
### Extreme cases

Plato goes even a step further and advocates the banning of an over-imaginative, over-animated artist who exceeds the limit and thus alienates himself from the social norms of behaviour. He says in a rather sarcastic way: "If any such man will come to us to show his art, we shall kneel down before him as a rare and holy and delectable being. We shall anoint him with myrrh and set a garland of wool upon his head and send him away to another city."

Let me now mention certain extreme cases of absurdities perpetrated in the name of art at the Triennale. The write-up issued by the American Section of the exhibition introducing the artists says: "The eight artists represented in the exhibition share a common idea: to extend the notion of what a work of art may be. They have challenged the concept of the work of art as a discreet object for sale to museums and collectors. By extension they challenge the materialist base of our culture and its over-riding importance for our society. They make an art whose aim is to expand our consciousness — of space, time, weight, texture light, colour, place."

### Truly human

"Art's aim has always been to make us more truly human. The artists shown here try to expand the ways in which this can be done by rousing more of our senses and by making this experience in itself a work of art. For many of the artists, Indian thought and the In-



GRAPHIC STUDY by Mira Schendel (Brazil).

Continued from page 7 column 6

vogue in America and is in the process of engulfing our own.

In his attempt to reverse the order and go beyond the museum walls and collectors' chests one of these eight young artists from America has erected a fabrication of a scaffolding constructed with wooden poles outside the Akademi buildings, and another has constructed a long nervous drain-like structure with cement on the lawn outside. These constructions, if we may call them sculptures, will themselves belie the very high sounding concept.

The Indian thought and the Indian way of life as interpreted by Indian aesthetics or Indian philosophy could never have guided artistic creations in this fashion. The fisherman's net hanging against a wall of the Akademi hall forming a bulge at the loose end is a far cry from the Indian sense of aesthetics.

### Wise saying

The visual experience itself is enough. But according to these eight young artists this experience is in itself a work of art! This is however not all. There is also an exhibition in the American Section a contraption of a microphone (which is definitely of materialist base) creating a noisy, monotonous sound which is supposed to have multifaceted dimensions, modellings, curves and contours, space, texture, light, colour and time, thus creating an invisible sculpture into the atmosphere itself.

This reminds me of the wise saying from the Buddhist scripture: "Since a Tathagata, even when actually present, is incomprehensible, it is inept to say of Him — of the uttermost person, the Supernal person, the attainer of the supernal — that after dying the Tathagata is, or is not, or both is and is not or neither is nor is not."

All these absurdities which are the result of utter bankruptcy in creative faculty portend a decadence. If the previous "Two decades of American Art" gave us a severe jolt three years ago, we feel completely knocked out this time.

Continued on page 9 column 4



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ever it may mean), Mr. Hunter (of Australia) came too long a way to do too little. It has little validity for us any way. As sheer obstruct designs, the 'Rang Valli' patterns by countless Indian housewives (no artists they) deserve more attention. Between this and the American exhibit on the one hand and the poor, less than even academic, efforts of Kuwait and Zambia one might gauge the frightfully enormous distance the context of art has made from the most conventional and commonplace to the shatteringly unconventional, "revolutionary" and the absurd.

It was therefore with a sigh of relief—it was rich recompense—that I turned to the Japanese, West German, French and Italian sections. Japan exhibits 20 works by seven artists which are, in spite of their modernism with a capital 'M' and sophistication, full of a certain quality, mind and method, compelling admiration and concentration.

In fact, the sophistication has more than a bit of Japanese tradition. The same is equally true of the West German section, particularly of Amex, Koberling, and Peter Nagel. They are magnificent canvases, vital and evocative, oases of fantasy in a land that sails high on the waves of the most demanding technology.

France, too, raises its banner high but with beautiful, immensely mature works by Yvaral Jean Pierre, Morisson Philippe and the incomparable M. Vasirely.

The Indian section with 105 works by about 50 artists makes a real good impact and within its compass represents all the shades of the contemporary Indian mood. With Krishna Reddy, Sadas, Gujral, Palitkar, Paniker, Hebbat and Chintamani Kar, we have the younger contemporaries, all of whom have shown already outstanding talent such as Om Prakash, Biren De, Santosh, Piraji Sagara, Sultan Ali; and the younger still like Bikash Bhattacharya, Ganesh Pyne, Ajit Chakrabarty, Jagmohan Chopra, Bishamber Khanna, Homi Patel, Ishwar Sagara, Deepak Bannerji, to have only a few. I cannot help thinking of the works of those who are not there and who ought to have been there. I am sad that they chose to make the Triennale a scapegoat, whatever the differences they may have with the institution. This is no fault of the National Committee composed of Mr. Sanyal, Dr. Mulk Raj Anand and Nisim Ezekiel. The Indian section is very good, but still the poor without a few more good works. It is a thousand pities.

(To be followed by two more installments.)

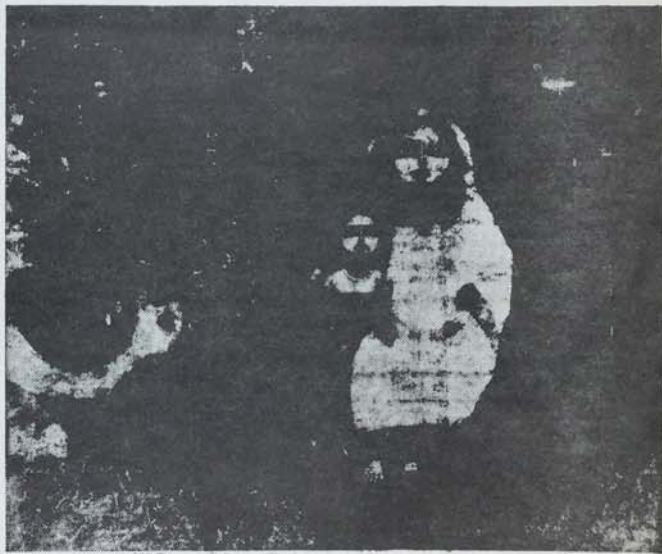
On view daily from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 3 to 5 p.m. for a month.

Our Staff Reporter adds: Mr. Giel said in his inaugural speech that the Indian Triennale was the finest manifestation of the get-together of nations on the level of art. He continued that while we may not follow any style or philosophy of art not in tune with our own sensibilities, we should be aware of what happened elsewhere, and this was the opportunity the Triennale gave the less fortunate among us who could not go abroad.

He was particularly happy that the standard had been good, a view that was endorsed by Mr. Mario Pedrosa on behalf of the international jury. Mr. Pedrosa was especially full of praise for the Indian section and the 'magnificent' organizational work of the Akademi.



Black Circle on White, a painting in acrylic on canvas by Jiro Yoshihara of Japan.



Mother and Child, a painting in tempera by Ganesh Pyne, in the Indian section.



Detail of a Collage by Piraji Sagara in the Indian section.



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# Serious works by competent American artists

TIMES OF INDIA  
February 14, 1971

**THE American exhibits in the Second Triennale-India-1971 in New Delhi have evoked derisive comments and peals of laughter. They are being treated by the visitors to the large galleries of Rabindra Bhavan as "huge or outrageous jokes".**

on the ground instead of in the air. Most sculpture is priapic, with the male organ in the air. In my work, the priapus is down to the floor. The engaged position is to run along the earth." A formation of 19 actual fibre-glass containers of large size constitutes exhibit No. 5 "Repetition: 19-IV" by Eva Hesse. This is not

"joke" effect on the visitors is caused by the artist's use of the actual objects to give expression to their aesthetic vision. This is something which is not familiar to our people and, as such, it causes consternation. But, then, it has to be realised that in art things have come full circle. At first, in the very primi-

might as well gaze mystified at the leafless champa tree nearby or be lost in admiration over the rain-drenched, dust-laden tarpaulin over the empty boxwood cases at the back."

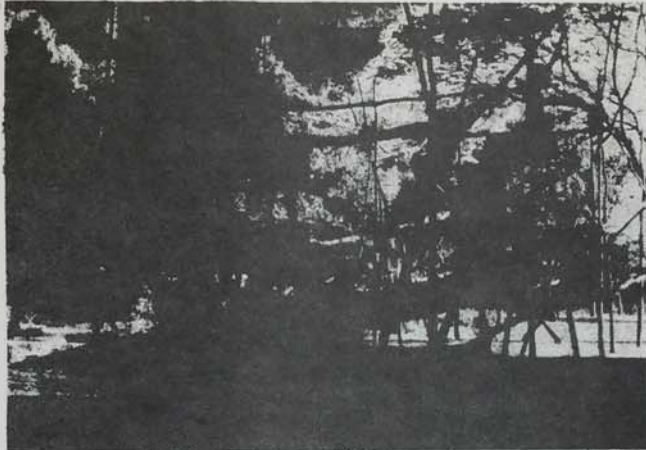
This is exactly what the American artists want us to do—that is, to look at the actual objects through their eyes to enable us "to gaze mystified at the leafless champa tree or to lose oneself in admiration "over the rain-drenched dust-laden tarpaulin over the empty boxwood cases at the back." If these exhibits awaken us to the wonderland of the shapes and colours that can be created by artists out of actual objects, they have more than justified themselves.

To those who decry these works because they do not concern themselves with the higher human and spiritual values in which we Indians are deeply interested, it may be pointed out that art cannot be pinned down to a dogmatic pattern, and that any art which succeeds in expressing the spirit of beauty in any way is significant.

As for those artists who run down this experimental art because it comes from the West, they should remember that all the techniques, styles and concepts of the art they practise come from the West. Even their recent preoccupation with Tantric art, Indian iconography and symbols emanates from the American practitioners of the psychedelic art in the West and the trends in the international art market. Anyway, there is no justification for our airs of superiority. Whatever may be the ultimate end of the works of these experimental artists, they, unlike our artists, are original in their concepts and contents. They do discover new frontiers and horizons in the sphere of new materials and treatments.

Of course, these works belong to the category of experimental art. And the right approach to experimental art is to view it with no preconceived dogmas and prejudices and with no feelings of scepticism and cynicism. We should approach it with a fund of wonder, curiosity and understanding. Such creations should be assessed for their possibilities and potentialities of liberation and discovery, and not only for their measures of achievement. In this context, we should not forget that throughout the history of art, we owe almost all good art to experimental art. All the waves of new experiments and new movements—such as Impressionism, Fauvism, Dadaism, Cubism, Expressionism, Surrealism and Abstract Art—have been initially greeted with boos and insults. But ultimately the joke has in most cases been turned on the disparaging and doubting this has been so in the past; so will it be in the future.

H. L. Prasher



The most controversial exhibit at the Triennale which confounded laymen and critics alike. It is by Keth Sonnier.

to be laughed at, mocked at and even scoffed at.

It would not have mattered had this reaction been confined to the layman, and the semi-or-pseudo-educated who are ignorant of developments in art and culture. But the pity is that such response is shared by our intellectuals and artists who should know better. There is, therefore, an imperative need to point out to all these "good" people that these exhibits are no "huge jokes", but serious works of art created by competent artists with great technical expertise and ideas.

Of course, to a certain extent the artists are impelled by the desire to be different and sensational. But there is nothing wrong with it. It is the driving force behind all adventurous undertakings, explorations and experiments. The achievement of these artists lies in the discovery of new dimensions and directions in techniques, artistic concepts and contents, and in the utilisation of new materials and processes and aesthetic purposes. Whether these works are of an ephemeral nature or are likely to attain permanence, future alone will tell.

## In earnest

These artists are very much in earnest. They have a highly developed sense of aesthetic values and significant content. They have definite aims and ideas. To appreciate them, one should try to understand their impulses and good points.

For instance, take the most controversial exhibit. Right outside the Lalit Kala Akademi, on the lawn nearby, stands something like a shabby building scaffolding of *ballis* (wooden poles). In its very presence there causes surprise. Everyone asks why this scaffolding since there is no building under construction nearby. It comes as a shock to the visitors to learn that this is exhibit No. 16 by Keth Sonnier. But from the artistic point of view, it is something to be admired. It is a construction of merit, emphasising the elementary structural issues, and manipulating tectonic values like the vertical, horizontal and parallel positions.

At a little distance from this constructivist creation, on another portion of the lawn, lie side by side two concrete poles of varying thickness and proportions. This is exhibit No. 15 by Richard Serra. In the words of the artist, it involves a placement of juxtaposed materials for the sake of an idea: the projected sexual metaphor, and has a psychological and obsessive basis.

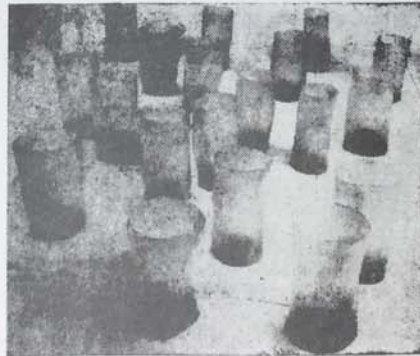
Stepping inside the Art Galleries, a horizontal coloured bar lies on the floor. This is exhibit No. 1. Artist Carl Andre explains his aim as follows: "All I am doing is putting Brancusi's 'Endless Column'

only aesthetically satisfactory but has also deep "sexual connotation" and is "anthropomorphic." There hang some pieces which look like the fishermen's nets made of manila rope. These are exhibit No. 6 "Big Bulge" and No. 7 "Swing Fold" by Robert Rohn. Exhibit No. 9 is also by the same artist—it is made out of rubber latex with acrylic and incised thread. These exhibits embody the geometrical organisation and extension of space through the media of new materials.

A junk of a maze of painted wire, all in tangles, forms exhibit No. 13 "The Jungle: Canopy Forest" by Allan Saert. Here the artist utilises a new material to create a work of constructivist nature and to compose an abstraction with expressionistic shades through the linear rhythms. Two speckled pieces of canvases of big size are suspended vertically. These are exhibit No. 3 "Relative" and No. 4 "Rockies Red" by Sam Gilliam. The artist says that his work is "an exploration of the visual-tactile tensions" and "an enclosure made for human, architectural or environmental scale." A portion of a wall is covered by seven panels which seem to have nothing on them except faint strokes of enameled work on corrugated paper. This is exhibit No. 12 by

purpose of bringing home to us the same aesthetic values that characterize all good art. Possibly, the

There is nothing jocular or scandalous about the creation of rhythms of form and colour through the manipulation and formations of actual objects. Basically, the aesthetic content of all art, whether representational or abstract, is the same in essence. And the actual objects, too, have their aesthetic content, which artists alone can bring out through selection and arrangement. It has been said that abstract art serves to bring us in direct contact with shapes and colours and pure design. Similarly, the art which uses actual objects for its artistic creations serves the



Not just a formation of containers but an anthropomorphic work of art by Eva Hesse with sexual connotation.

Robert Ryman. Herein the artist devises new modes to make us commune with the beauty of design in all its simplicity and to make us walk in space in our imagination. Besides trying to convey the impulses and ideas mentioned above, the artists are out to capture the same aesthetic values that characterize all good art. Possibly, the

inherent beauty and aesthetic values of actual objects. Commenting on the scaffolding exhibit, the art critic of a local contemporary wrote: "But I thought it was too much of a joke to expect us to take the ramp of 'ballis' seriously, least as a work of art, nor the innocuous fallen concrete poles close to it. One



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## Art

## How to Look Silly and Insult Your Host

By JOHN CANADAY

IF everything went according to schedule (as almost nothing ever does in India), the Second Triennale-India closed on March 31 after a run of two months during which, so far as I was able to ascertain on the spot, it pleased only two people—neither of them me. This international show, modeled after those of Venice and São Paulo, was a sorry affair, and the sorriest part of it, as well as the most pretentious and most expensive, was the American section, which was devoted to examples of the currently moribund minimal-conceptual esthetic debacle. During a year when the Museum of Modern Art incurred its record deficit, its International Program, which was responsible for the American section, found money not

only to transport the kinds of works of non-art that have been making people ask for their money back at the Guggenheim International, but also to transport artists and supervisors to work on the spot in New Delhi. I've no figures on the cost, but a dollar sixty-eight would have been excessive expenditure for a show that managed to make more enemies for this country than any other single art event within my knowledge.

The American diplomatic corps loathed it; representatives of American foundations dedicated to international goodwill were appalled by it; participating Indian artists were so offended by it that there was a mass withdrawal on the basis that the American section was insult-

ing. This was a rather advanced point of view; the Indians are ahead of us there. Americans, including those who have asked for their money back at the Guggenheim, are only beginning to realize that they don't have to lie down and be insulted by any more exhibitions like the Guggenheim International and the Museum of Modern Art's related "Communications" show.

Both of the two people I managed to find who said they liked the American section were teen-age female art students, one of them wearing the handsomest nose ring I have ever seen, who had picked up somewhere the word "exciting," so popular during the 1950's in New York as an adjective of esthetic description. "It's very exciting," they said of

the American section, casting their minority vote against the American public and the majority of American critics, who, bored to death, have finally admitted that the cult of the new for the sake of the new has finally reached bottom and that the bottom is a void.

The artists chosen by Waldo Rasmussen, who is director of the Museum of Modern Art's International Program and was commissioner for the American section of Triennale-India, were the ubiquitous Carl Andre and Sam Gilliam, Eva Hesse, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Ryman, Alaa Saret, Richard Serra, Keith Sonnier, La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, the two last-named having worked up a sound and light program that I missed. The non-art of this group received the only decent installation in the entire show, Mr. Rasmussen having supervised the job. Unfortunately the section thus became the most conspicuous of all, whereas if it had been installed in the haphazard way of the other sections, it would have been mistaken as a depository for discarded installation material and would have escaped attention.

Of the 47 participating countries, which included such tiny ones as Fiji and Sikkim, France and the Federal Republic of Germany sent the best selections, both attempting something like a survey of current and recent movements. But like the other sections these were so miserably hung and lit that even Vasarely looked dull. The funniest pictures came from the U.S.S.R., where mod-

ernism has got in the form of an edition of Art Deco into Social Realism. By looking hard in small rooms of one of the three buildings in which the Triennale was installed, you could find some excellent work among the graphics exhibited by Czechoslovakia, Sweden, and Yugoslavia.

The Triennale-India was organized to give Indian artists first-hand contact with art everywhere, but it turned out to be more a warning than an inspiration. If catching up with Europe and America leads only to "the dissolution of the work of art" which Mr. Rasmussen states as an idea behind his selection, then catching up hardly seems worthwhile.

The reaction of Indian artists that the American section was insulting was quite valid. An exhibition sent to a certain country, any country, should be selected with some understanding of the audience it will meet there. A comprehensible show of American art of the last ten years or so could have been arranged if anyone had bothered to give a few moments thought to what India is. India is not Italy and it is not Brazil. It is a wonderful, impossible, puzzling, persistently ancient and incredibly complex country where the raw life of the streets was a revelation of the full silliness of the American section in a generally lifeless show. There is more life in any one of India's tens of thousands of anonymous wall paintings, like the very ordinary one illustrated here, than in the total oeuvre of Mr. Rasmussen's precious coterie.



John Canaday

Anonymous wall painting, street shrine, Jaipur, India  
"Perfectly ordinary, but a rebuke all the same"

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1971

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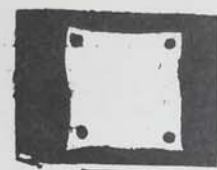
ECONOMIC TIMES, Bombay  
February 14, 1971

"As in the First Triennale, the Americans have provided by far the most provocatively avant-garde section. Last time, a few of the participants had at least some link with the American art of the immediate post-war years. Even at this distance of three years I remember how moved I was on seeing a Jackson Pollock original.

On the contrary the current exhibits in the U.S. section are all cerebrally conceived and it is not at all easy to establish a rapport with them. A few artists explain their work cogently, but the fact that they are intelligently articulate is no compensation for the frigid and unevocative nature of their work."

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HINDUSTAN TIMES  
February 3, 1971



**exhibitions**

**THE** varieties of selves we have, the same varieties of expression we will have. A Tower of Babel is likely to result from the condition. It is possible, however, to learn other man's tongues, though their grammars—at first—may be exhausting.

It is with these thoughts we wonder through the art show called the Triennale. In its Bahin-dra Bhavan section, especially, we do not always understand other voices, even though we hear them or have heard them earlier in other shows.

The most single and forcible examples of what we don't understand and begin to understand only by a dogged application of mind rather than via natural instinct or habit is the art from two countries—the nether world of America and the antipodal one of Australia. The artists would like us to break out of set habits of viewing reality or actuality. The art that they present or represent is, in our terms, of our given sensibility, nil or else it is material for art but not art itself, since there is only a little craft to it.

**Pure ideas**

If there is no seeming art to stencilled walls, to nets hanging broken from walls to enameled white surfaces, to random wires, to laxy hung coloured cloths from ceiling, etc., what are they—only ideas, pure ideas, born of the dreadfully gnawing need to return to fresh beginnings—clean, earthy and simple.

It is such need, receding from the heart or head hurtlingness of the machine but especially of the organizational machine (that helpful under certain circumstances, under other squeezes the pipe of mere defenceless humans) which these artists manifest. Un-complication, that's their answer to the majesty of organized power. And since their's is an art which cannot be cashed on, they on their terms remain 'free', incorruptible.

Here then is gesture as art, not art as gesture. A sop to overcivilisations sophistications.

As a contrast, as we turn to the offerings in the West German and French sections, we feel the same need, the confrontation by the god of technology, lead to a total conversion to the neutralities of that god, to the surrender, or else, to the ride of that god to art's own very own ends.

The craft of the machine is very, very accurate, a total, nay, a totalitarian approach in which the human has no place. There are no errors and no fumbblings and idiosyncrasies here. Here you are awed by the order of atoms and electrons, by a complete determinism.

**Hypnotism**

Hypnotism is the result, as you watch the widdits of Vasarely. And what of Yvaral!—once again the mystery of whirling ciphers, the play with ones optical centres, with ones reflexes, without in any way involving the human in the man.

These machine or mechanical designs are over-mastering by their very impersonality. Besides them the similarly objective compositions, or oil sketches rather, of Mathieu appear conventional and tepid. The works which for me, were art, less self-conscious, little likely to cause a revolution, but silent instead, and well-crafted, were the aquatint and etching by Foster. Here, without the glare of colour the eye rested, a respite not allowed by all the experiment of the others.

If the constructivist art is potential for great new architecture, in piecemeal, in gallery, it is empty, disembodied thought, or solipsistic gaiety, divorced from the lifeblood of feeling or the bee-hive of mortal meaning.

The Federal Republic of Germany is also in the race for the oil abstracts from Schumacher, we have also the figurative hallucinations of Antes.

We then have too the chic ex-

**Triennale art (1)**

By Keshav Malik

ercises of Wunderlich. Fruh-trunk's lines, and Geiger's acry-lics are suave as suave can be. But warm as all this work is it leaves us cold. The essential mystery or simplicity is not there despite the surface appearances of the same qualities.

Nagel's semi-photographic ex-actitudes are also not our lan- guage. Koberling is the one oil painter who keeps our attention and emotions in place, with his white-painted landscapes. Novelty and respect for the conservative in the human psyche are kept in a balance.

Antes and Fruhtrunk, painters rather than innovators, have a harder time because they cultivate an already well-ploughed field.

The same could be said for Brit- tain's one painter entry, of Alan Davis. Here is a child-like pain- ter jostling with scores of simi- lar others. And the repetition in his own 20 works, of which the framed with glass water-colours are the best, is a trifle tiring.

The symbols that Davis uses so lavishly are drawn from cultures wide apart, one doubts though if they add up to a sum greater than

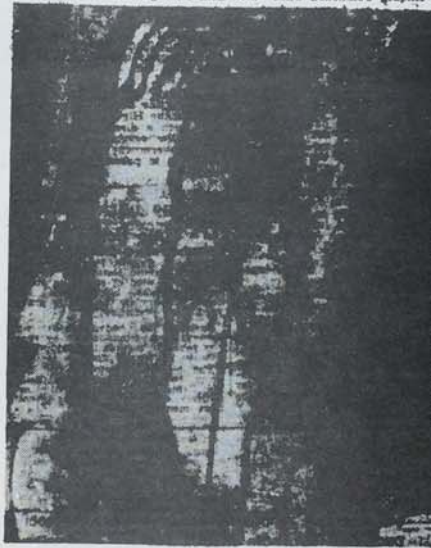
Cyprus: A little of everything. Relief and cut outs frankly deriv- ed from more Western countries, and not as slick. Markid's Woman Taking Shower best work and a good one even in the larger con- text as well.

Hungary: Competent pattern work by Isak in 'national colours'. Then, there's the simple folkish graphics by Hoznik are good. Also here are the more colour works and the Black and White a composition (like from else- where) among the better ones.

Czechoslovakia: Here the gay of the West as well as the gloom of the East mingle. The detailed graphics by Hoznik are good. Some like dream freizes or gauze, or else, elsewhere, the skeleton in cupboard work and thus morose.

Also here are the more colour works and the Black and White a composition (like from else- where) among the better ones.

Brazil: One of the few coun- tries which gives a variety in its exhibits, but also excellence. If we have the hard surface work in the Dance, Parafita. Move- ment . . . by Daja, we also have the colour excellences of Scor- zelli. Mira Schendler's graphic of



**Three-eyed figure with black vest by Horst Antes.**  
(Federal Republic of Germany).

the parts. They don't gall, re- maining picturesque as though for a child, rather than centering upon a centre. Although world shows are by now in disfavour in the West itself, one wonders if Europe could not have sent larger, and more varied, entries for our own education!

Canada, to all appearances in search for the new, gives us lit- tle. In the context of a large ex- hibition the works by Hara Fap- theodorou on Indian themes are Shergilish and in which we ap- pear too flattering. Her White Horse and Devil are at least ef- forts though not fulfillments quite, in tapping deeper reserves.

The German Democratic Re- public by Canada's side is cor- rect in its aesthetic manners, which means learning on the past. The sculptures of Lichtenfeld and Symmank's lithographs will however, detain us for a second or two.

Bulgaria's is a slight entry. If the oils by Petrov remind us of the work of Nirvale Manuchar, the graphics 'markets' and 'his- torical scenes' by Panjotov are much better, as though wrought out of congealed blood.

Greece makes a much better im- pression by its larger entries, but also quality, as in the Fantasia, Atlas and other paintings by Grammatopoulos. Here we get the Greek light, delicate and clear. Vessiliou's company style matches these interesting mock- rococo. Wood sculptures are good old classic. Other oils so-so

joined rice paper is tasteful and yet modern. A difficult achieve- ment. Belgium has some strik- ing etchings in black (once again) on hands with faces. Very apoc- yptic and even eerie. Substan- tial work here.

Austria, by Belgium's side, in heavy weight—heavy, in colours of dark wine, as in the serigraph compositions of Anstym. Byan- tine mood is back, as though but with the gay of today. Good morning has humour, for instance, as also the AZOU. Ernest Fuchs however, is the more serious artist with his dark brooding figures. Without the contemporary touch and being literary, it will go well with the mythic work of other ages.

Cuba: Serpa's graphics are like jellyfish or parachutes afloat, very weightless work, and essen- tial. Alonso Gallardo is not that striking. And the Latin frenzy comes out well in the Hombre De Hoy.

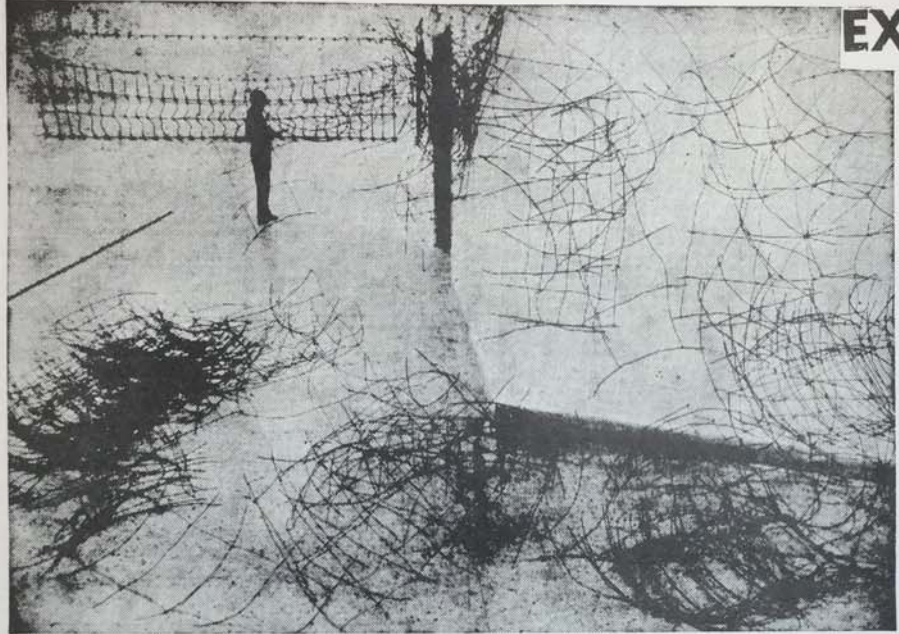
While Ceylon has not very liv- ing works, Denmark has mere slight, if witty, doodles. In its prints Indonesia is like us, with the gods, etc., and as also in the treatment of the surface of a work. Sedjolo's leather-like works for instance. Iskender's Sen is also noticed. But best is Suroyo's Cal.

Hongkong has a few but fine works. One excellent painting in metal by Yee in brassy color on silver. The other is the Chi- nese ink work by Kwan. The other entries also are respectable.



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# TRIENNALE A TRANSCENDENT EXPERIENCE



A section of the American Corner, showing a wire arrangement, True Jungle, by Allan Saert and a rope arrangement by Robert Rohm.

**By Our Art Critic**

With the inauguration of the Second Indian Triennale at Rabin-dra Bhavan on Sunday evening by the President, one of the most controversial issues of the Indian art world in recent years came to a happy ending, despite the differences of a few artists with the Akademi on some issues which really need to be tackled on a serious level, and despite the unnecessary bickering and intestine differences in the matter of style, belief and personality.

Part of the causes responsible for this unhappy prelude to the Triennale which is, all said and done, a most significant happening, is understandable and not beyond remedy.

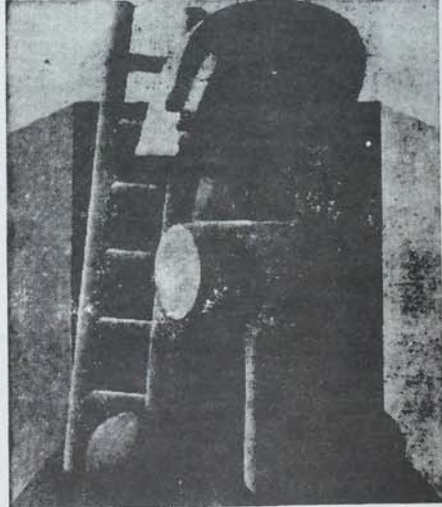
But the small opposition, which is itself torn within, carried it too far and out of all proportion. That the Akademi has ultimately succeeded in bringing about the Triennale in the face of endless woes organizational and otherwise with details of exhibits and consignments pouring in till the last minute is a tribute to the men in the organization.

The mammoth exhibition of world art, housed in three galleries—at the Lalit Kala Galleries (basement included), the Sridharani Gallery and the first floor of the National Gallery of Modern Art (at Jalpur House)—of over eight hundred works of art by 360 artists from 46 countries, is bigger and by far more representative of

lavaki (Poland), made over the six coveted gold medals, and very deservedly, too, to Mario Gallardo (Cuba), Jerzy Panek (Poland), Ishwar Sagara (India), Mira Sehdel, Jiro Yoshihara (Japan) and Ivaral of France. Peter Vogel of the Federal Republic of Germany and Mirostov Sutej of Yugoslavia received honourable mention.

It will need weeks before one can digest this gargantuan feast of art (your critic is not excluded), to see the work of the creative genius of so many countries in the light of their intellectual and artistic climate and context. We are more than likely to be baffled, to be reduced to certain desperation, not only because you will be put to so much of strain and as surely lofted on uncharted journeys of adventure and imagination, but because you might as often be knocked out completely by what you behold.

The American exhibit, for example, will remain for long the most talked-about section of the Triennale. If this was the American aim, the success is assured! It is in full strength and occupies the largest section in the exhibition. It provides a most stimulating, startling and shocking experience. It is all part of the bargain in the name of art. The untitled manila rope by Robert Rohm is, let me admit, very interesting. Even more so is the wire sculpture or arrangement (or what do I call



Figure, Ladder, Tube and Sphere, by Horst Antes of the Federal Republic of Germany.

the creative expression of the participating nations than the first Indian Triennale, which was put up with 32 countries and still made an impact.

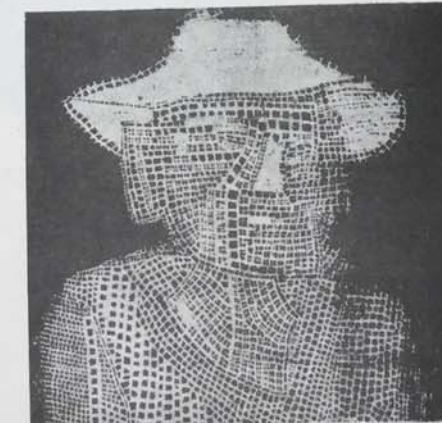
The participation on a major level by several countries, particularly Japan, Italy, France, West Germany, Poland, the USA, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, New Zealand, Spain, Sweden, and Yugoslavia, renders this international meet really noteworthy—and on a world class—as well as point out towards the certain sign of maturity of the youngest of international exhibitions.

The international jury consisting of Professor N. S. Bindra, Mr. Bernard Dorival (France), Mr. James Johnson Sweeney (USA), Mr. Mario Pedrosa (Chile), Dr. Heinz Mode (G.D.R.), Mr. Tadasi Ogura (Japan) and Ryzard Stanis-

lavski (Poland), made over the six coveted gold medals, and very deservedly, too, to Mario Gallardo (Cuba), Jerzy Panek (Poland), Ishwar Sagara (India), Mira Sehdel, Jiro Yoshihara (Japan) and Ivaral of France. Peter Vogel of the Federal Republic of Germany and Mirostov Sutej of Yugoslavia received honourable mention.

It will need weeks before one can digest this gargantuan feast of art (your critic is not excluded), to see the work of the creative genius of so many countries in the light of their intellectual and artistic climate and context. We are more than likely to be baffled, to be reduced to certain desperation, not only because you will be put to so much of strain and as surely lofted on uncharted journeys of adventure and imagination, but because you might as often be knocked out completely by what you behold.

The American exhibit, for example, will remain for long the most talked-about section of the Triennale. If this was the American aim, the success is assured! It is in full strength and occupies the largest section in the exhibition. It provides a most stimulating, startling and shocking experience. It is all part of the bargain in the name of art. The untitled manila rope by Robert Rohm is, let me admit, very interesting. Even more so is the wire sculpture or arrangement (or what do I call



Self-portrait with a white hat, a woodcut by Jerzy Panek of Poland.



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TIMES OF INDIA  
February 1, 1971

## V. V. Giri's plea for art gallery & museum in every district

By Our Art Critic

**T**HE President, Mr. V. V. Giri, inaugurated on Sunday the Second Triennale-India (1971) at Rabindra Bhavan, New Delhi.

He characterised the Triennale as one of the finest international get-togethers on the level of art. It is an opportunity for our artists to know what their contemporaries are doing in other countries, and thereby enlarge their vision. We may not necessarily follow any style or philosophy of art, which however valid it may be in its own context, may not yet be in tune with our own sensibilities. But awareness on this comprehensive scale is in itself even valid and salutary.

He took the opportunity to underline the need to ensure that enjoyment and appreciation was available not only to the select and privileged few but to the masses. He suggested that in every district headquarters, there should be a permanent art museum and gallery.

Earlier Mr. Karl Khandayilla, new Chairman of the Lalit Kala Akademi, welcomed the President. Prof. N. S. Banerji, Chairman of the International Jury and Mr. Mario Pedrosa of Chief, detailed the difficulties selecting artists for awarding six gold medals.

The Triennale is undoubtedly a big show. No wonder since 47 countries are participating in it with 800 works by 350 artists, India alone contributing over 100 works. The exhibits are spread over the art galleries of the Lalit Kala

Akademi at Rabindra Bhavan, National Gallery of Modern Art at Jaipur House, and Triveni Kala Sangam, Tansen Marg.

But, after all, bigness is nothing to crow about. If the resources are there, 'tamashas' on a large scale can be arranged easily. In certain quarters, the wisdom of holding this Triennale has been questioned with some justification. For one thing, triennales and biennales have become discredited even in Western countries. Further, the issue of holding it has brought about schism in the ranks of our artists. Above all, the whole undertaking costs a good deal of public money which, it is felt, should be spent on giving substantial aid and facilities to struggling artists.

In view of this context of the situation, the question that assumes great importance is how far is the Second Triennale worthwhile?

Fortunately for all concerned it has some good points. It is something to be appreciated that right at our doorstep, we have the golden opportunity of seeing the works of so many artists from so many countries, direct and at first hand, right in the originals. But, more than that, the Second Triennale is notable for presenting to us the most stimulating and refreshing experimental trends going in Western countries. Experimental art, indeed, is the saving grace of this show. It offers us lots of works which are more in tune with the environment of technology and machines and which convert the artists into "engineers" of plastic values and emotions.

**A REVELATION**  
The American section is a revelation to most of us. All eight artists from the U.S.A. discover for us new frontiers in the way of using different materials and treatments. Outside Rabindra Bhavan, there are two exhibits captioned 'Untitled' by Keith Sonnier and Richard Serra. Keith Sonnier's construction is made out of building scaffolding materials. Eva Hesse's exhibit "Repetition 19 (IV)" is amazing. It consists of a formation of 19 fibreglass units (each c. 50.2 high and c. 20.5 in diameter). Robert Rohn astonishes us with works made out of manila rope stained brown, rubber, latex, acrylic and incised thread. Robert Ryman shows us enamel work on corrugated paper in seven panels. In "Suspended Painting," Sam Gilliam used acrylic on canvas.

To dismiss such creations and constructions wherein the actual objects become objects of art, as "toys" or "novelties" is not the right approach to experimental art. These works are like explorations and, as explorations, should be valued for their potentialities of discovery and liberation rather than on their actual achievements.

**OUTSTANDING PAINTINGS**  
The French and the German sections offer outstanding paintings. The plastic values of the exhibits by Mathieu Goerres, Claise Genevieve and Morisson Philippe are of high order. The organisation of space and colour areas is disciplined and integrated. Yvral Jean Pierre's exhibits "No. 5 and 6" made out of wood, plastic and wire, arouse great interest by their qualities of optical effects and abstract designs.

In the West German section, Horst Antes, Paul Wunderlich, Emil Scheu-macher, Bernd Kobertling, Ruppert Geiger and Gunter Frustrunk reveal new dimensions in the treatment of form and colour.

The Italian section is equally fascinating in the utilisation of new materials like plexiglass and aluminium for artistic construction and organisation. The most notable contributions are by Ludwig Wilding, Giovanni Campus, Anna Antoniazzi, Luigi Ferro, Sara Campesan, Sircana, Renato Spagnoli, Bruno Demattio and Bruno Munario. The Greek and Cuban sections contain some striking works. The Greek painters, Spyros Vassiliou and Jannis Spyropoulos, incorporate some magical quality into their compositions.

The Cuban painters, Alonso and Ferrera, are strong in the expressionistic quality.

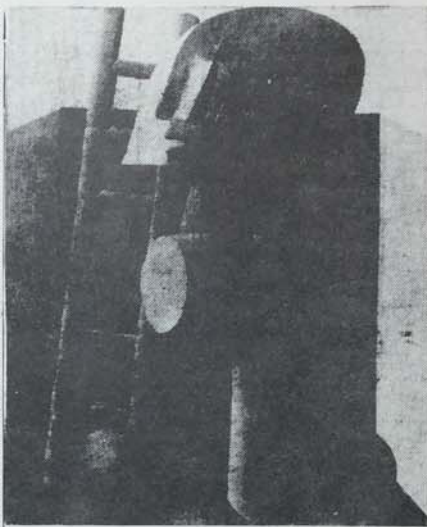
Japan's exhibits are outstanding for their formal purity and simplicity. The most notable Japanese artists are: Nagai, Kurozaki and Horiuti.

There are good works in other sections, as well.

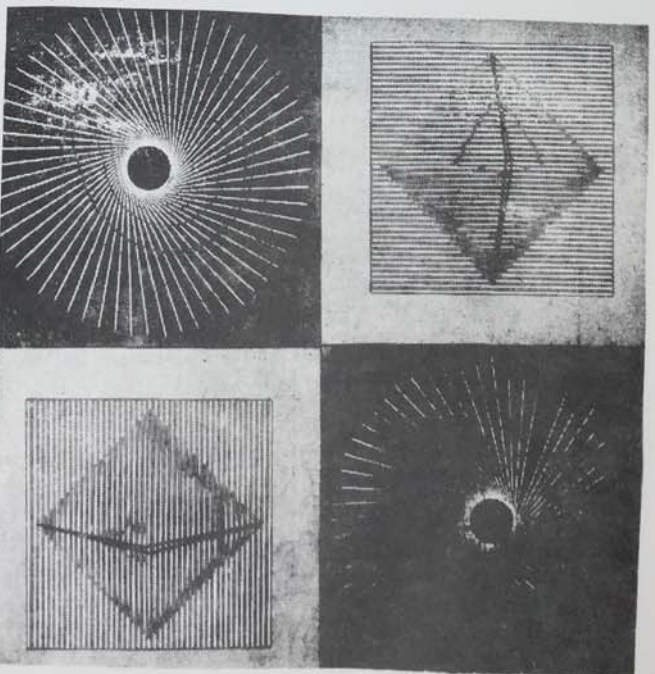
The Indian section somehow does not come out favourably. With the exception of the works of Om Parkash, Biren De, G. R. Santosh, Paramjit Singh and A. Ramachandran and the graphics, the rest of the exhibits including the sculptures (with the exception of the pieces by Dhanraj Bhagat) give the impression of a handicrafts emporium. The montages and paintings revolving around Indian symbols, texts and motifs are weighed down by the decorative force.

The exhibit of Ishwara Sagara which has been awarded a gold medal, also falls in the same category. Such decorative works may appeal to foreigners but are not meaningful since they are not inspired by the inner urges of experiences. They seem to be created under the pressure of world art market which has suddenly got interested in Indian iconography, symbols and tantric art. Compared with them, the best works of the psychedelic art in America are more convincing since the artists are inspired by the visions they actually see by taking LSD drugs. The sculptures in the Indian section do not rise above the level of exercises in mere workmanship.

Open till March 31 (between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.)



"Figure, Ladder, Tube, Sphere" by Horst Antes (West Germany).



"Plan Espace" and "Interference B" by Yvral Jean Pierre (France).



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NEW YORK TIMES  
May 2, 1971

**Art Mailbag**

## Defending Our Show in India

TO THE EDITOR:

JOHN CANADAY'S article on the American exhibition organized for the Second Indian Triennale includes some factual errors and ambiguities which should be clarified for The Times's readers. As the director of the exhibition, I would like to respond.

1. Mr. Canaday states that

the American section was the most expensive in the Triennale, while acknowledging he has no figures on costs. The total costs for the exhibition were \$20,000. Since other countries shipped a larger number of works, and printed catalogues with color plates, as we did not, it seems more likely that the American section was

less expensive than others.

2. Mr. Canaday refers to withdrawal of participating Indian artists from the Triennale "... on the basis that the American section was insulting." This didn't happen, nor have I heard it even rumored. What did happen was a boycott of the Triennale and its Indian organ-

Continued on Page 26

## Show in India

Continued from Page 21

izers, the Lalit Kala Akademi, by a group of Indian artists protesting the bureaucracy of the Akademi and its selection procedures for the Indian section. This boycott was organized several months in advance of the Triennale, so it could hardly have referred to the then non-existent American section.

3. Mr. Canaday suggested that "... a comprehensible show of American art of the last ten years or so could have been arranged if anyone had bothered to give a few moments thought to what India is." It should be noted that the International Council of this museum sent the exhibition "Two Decades of American Painting" (which I selected) to New Delhi in 1967, with over a hundred works representing 35 artists from Albers, Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock, Rothko and Hofmann, to Johns, Rauschenberg, Noland, Stella, Lichtenstein and others. The American section for the first Triennale, selected by Ellen Johnson, Curator of Oberlin College, included Cornell, Davis, Judd, Morris, O'Keefe, Oldenburg and others.

Naturally both exhibitions were taken into consideration in planning the present one, and while Mr. Canaday would not agree with my judgment, I at least had the opportunity to visit India for several weeks in 1967 and have been acquainted with a good many Indian artists since then. The criterion of selection was to show more recent work, especially that which has moved away from easel painting and pedestal sculpture towards new materials and new concepts of space, time and place. With these concepts it seemed particularly appropriate to invite four artists (Andre, Gilliam, Saret and Sonnier) to make new works in New Delhi.

WALDO RASMUSSEN,  
Director,  
International Program,  
The Museum of Modern Art  
New York

Mr. Canaday replies:

Apparently I was misinformed as to the reason for the Indian artists' withdrawal. This is too bad, but the general detestation in which the American section was held gave me no cause to question the reason given me.

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WESTERLY, R.I.  
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APR 4 1971

## Artist Finds Medium Along Waterfront

Robert Rohm, whose sculpture won a place among works of eight artists selected to represent the U.S. at the International Triennial in New Delhi this spring, buys most of his material at the Point Judith Fisherman's Co-op in Galilee. Rohm, an associate professor of art at the University of Rhode Island, is a sculptor in rope.

"I particularly like a material which is basic and common to all," he commented last week. "Rope is readily available and in constant view in one form or another. And from a practical point of view, it's excellent — it solves the whole storage problem, the transportation problem."

"The pieces I did immediately before I began using rope were a series of aluminum extrusions, very linear. With rope, I could continue the linear feeling without the cost factor of aluminum. I found I could work out an idea at the pace I wanted, without being slowed down by the technical problems of working with a rigid material. Rope can hang free on the wall not bound by the perimeters of edge."

Two rope pieces were selected by the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art for the exhibition which will travel from New Delhi to Bombay, Calcutta, Melbourne and Sidney before returning to the U.S. in October. Wall pieces, they are fifteen and twenty feet long. The council also selected four of his rubber latex "drawings" for the collection which includes work of seven sculptors and one painter.

One-man exhibitions of Rohm rope sculptures this year have included showings at the Parker Street 470 Gallery, Boston; and the O. K. Harris Gallery, New York.

Many members of the URI faculty were drawn to its seacoast campus by an existing love of boats. Rohm, who came to Rhode Island from Brooklyn's Pratt Institute and Colorado's Aspen Art School, is not a sailor.

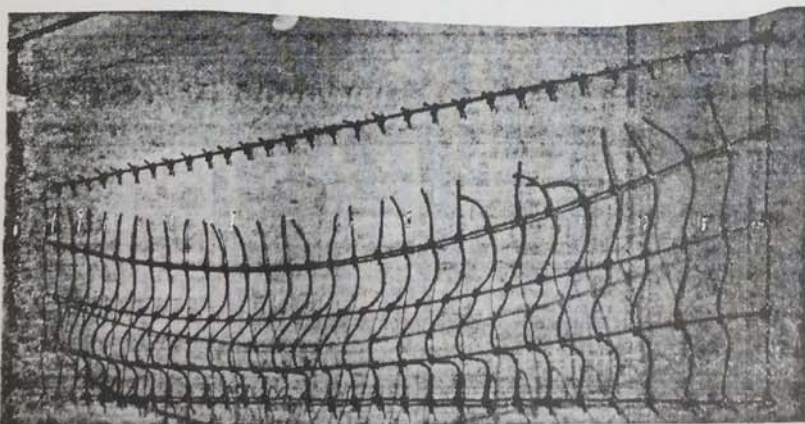
"I don't know about sails and rigging," he said. "But my family loves the sea and I enjoy talking to the fishermen at the Co-op. It's an authentic place, a place with romance, and it's a good place to buy rope." —



ART SAMPLE — Behind Sculptor Robert Rohm, one of eight artists selected to represent the U. S. at the New Delhi Triennial, is a sample of his favorite material. Rohm, a URI associate professor of art, likes to work with marine rope.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
JOURNAL  
D. 67,022 — S. 205,601  
PROVIDENCE METROPOLITAN AREA

APR 4 1971



'BIG BULGE' is a sample of the Robert Rohm rope sculpture to be shown at the New Delhi Triennial.

## International exhibit selects Rohm's work

ROBERT ROHM, associate professor of art at the University of Rhode Island, is one of eight artists whose work has been selected by the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art to represent the United States at the International Triennial Exhibition in New Delhi, India.

The exhibition will be sent to Bombay, Calcutta, Melbourne and Sydney before returning to this country in October.

Rohm's sculpture, highly individualized, is done with rope which he ties into patterns and uses as wall sculpture. Some of these are 15 to 20 feet in length. The Council selected two such pieces and four of Rohm's rubber latex "drawings" for the exhibition.

THE MUSEUM OF ART, Rhode Island School of Design, will present "Caricature," opening Thursday, as its annual exhibition prepared by the graduate students of Brown University's Art Department.

The show is the out-growth of a three-semester seminar conducted by Prof. Juergen Schulz and will trace through 110 prints and drawings the evolution of caricature in Europe over the course of four centuries.

"Caricature" is the fourth exhibition organized by Brown graduate students. As part of the effort a catalogue has been produced by the students and loans have been obtained from some 40 public and private collections, including the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle and the collection of the Dukes of Devonshire at Chatsworth.



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QUEST  
May-June 1971

Dnyaneshwar Nadkarni

### INDIA'S SECOND TRIENNALE

THREE years after the Lalit Kala Akademi, under Dr. Mulk Raj Anand's chairmanship, sponsored the country's first Triennale of contemporary art in New Delhi, the second Triennale—also organised by the same team—opened in February last. In the interim a new chairman had been appointed and the status of the exhibit's Indian section shrouded in unprecedentedly bitter controversy.

The second Triennale, from the mere fact of being a successor to the first, fails to produce a comparable impact. This, despite the fact that 45 countries, as against 32 in the first Triennale, participate in it. One reason for this may be that the exhibitions of British sculpture, modern American art, Australian art, graphics from East and West Germany as well as from Poland, and Mexican art, all of which were seen here before the first Triennale, had whetted one's appetite for an international showing on a larger scale.

On the other hand, between the first and the second Triennale there has been only one important foreign showing here: that of French tapestry and stained glass art. The Americans had a show of modern work in Delhi but did not send it to Bombay, where only prints from the US have been shown. This is also true of recent exhibitions coming from the UK and West Germany.

This time the exhibits in the Triennale are dispersed over three venues: Rabindra Bhavan, the Shridharani Galleries nearby and the National Gallery of Modern Art. The most representative specimens of art from abroad are to be seen at the first two while the third makes for a mixed bag of good, bad and indifferent art.

As in the first Triennale, the American

section proves a talking point. But there is a vital difference between the US show of 1968 and that of the current year. The former had made a concerted attempt to encompass the entire post-war perspective, ranging from the mystic lyricism of octogenarian Georgia O'Keeffe and the scintillating Abstract Expressionism of Jackson Pollock to the *Soft Toaster* of Claes Oldenburg, the artifacts of Joseph Cornell and the pioneering kinetic art of Stanley Landsman. This wide range, aided by the lucid critical analysis of Professor Ellen H. Johnson which was available to viewers, made the American section of the first Triennale a vitally educative experience for the serious-minded gallery-goer.

In the current exhibit, the intentions are equally serious but the eight artists on view telescope a very short chronological segment of recent developments across the Atlantic. Thus although quite a few of them are intelligently articulate about what they have set out to do, their work does not allow the Indian viewer to bridge the gap between his knowledge of American art as projected by the 1968 showing and commentary and his first embarrassing acquaintance with so-called minimal art which, even for the local cognoscenti, still grows in the womb of posterity.

From this point of view these artists can be divided into those who offer links with their past and those who make an apparently clean break with it. Both groups, however, are united by a common aim: to explore and enlarge one's very concept of a work of art. We need not concern ourselves with the sociological implications of this exploration. For the individual this exploration embraces all the frontiers of one's

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environment: space, time, weight, texture, light, colour, place. By trying to expand our consciousness of these, the Americans differentiate between the traditional view of a work of art as an object to be displayed and sold and its transcendental concept as the very essence of our experience of the above dimensions.

In the first group may be included Sam Gilliam who simply dispenses with the picture frame and moulds a huge canvas itself to yield some architectural-cum-sculptural value (*Bow Form P*). He also paints this free-flowing form liberated from the two-dimensional rectangular frame with multi-coloured acrylic and aluminium powder. It is easy to link in one's mind this work with the untitled 'sculpture' in black felt designed by Robert Morris for the US section of the first Triennale. Both utilise conventional art/craft material not for extraneous purposes but for projecting its intrinsic characteristics as a part of our tactile and visual experience.

Robert Rohn uses an unconventional material like manila rope and, with part of a rectangular net made of it dipping down from a wall, 'captures' space, which is the legitimate task of a sculptor. 'Even though things are fairly close to the wall', he says, 'I see the space they've fallen through as part of the piece... I see the path of their fall as a kind of borrowed or occupied space'. The logic of the work is self-evident.

Eva Hesse's arrangement of 19 broadly cylindrical shaped units of fibreglass, open at both top and bottom (*Repetition*) can effortlessly forge a logical link with a semi-abstract work such as Henry Moore's disintegrated and roughly carved variation on his familiar *Reclining Figure*, which was on view at Battersea Park in 1966 and from which Eva's work is divided by a mere two years.

A very similar treatment of space is evident in Alan Saret's *True Jungle: Canopy Forest*, which is a free-flowing mesh of green wire true to its title. His untitled ramp of wood and bamboo, specially constructed on the lawns of Rabindra Bhavan, carries for-

ward this unorthodox exploration of the relationship between space and mass (which is really what "form" is all about), although it obviously trespasses into the territory of architecture. What is notable here is the spontaneous reaction of a 27-year old New York artist to a characteristically Indian material and to the indigenous structure which is so uniquely prompted by it.

And now we turn to the extremists in whose case dissociation of the end-product from the artist's personality reaches a state of computerised manufacture. To this group belongs Robert Ryman who displays seven square panels in a row, all identically splashed with textured, white-on-white enamelac. Although one can see the legitimate forbears of this work in the neo-Plastic abstracts of Mondrian, it is difficult for us to respond to this visually vacuous monotony except through arbitrary contemplation of the nature of Nirvana!

Carl Andre, whom I met in Delhi (and found reluctant to expatiate on painting on the ground that he is a sculptor!), displays a multi-coloured strip of plasticine which lies on the floor. 'All I am doing', he says, 'is putting Brancusi's *Endless Column* on the ground instead of in the air. Most sculpture is priapic with the male organ in the air. In my work Priapus is down to the floor. The engaged position is to run along the earth... Up to a certain time I was cutting into things. Then I realised that the thing I was cutting was the cut. Rather than cut into the material, I now use the material as the cut in space'.

A brilliantly pithy summing-up of the modern sculptor's essential objective. But this does not make Andre's actual "sculpture" any less impersonal or lacking in aesthetic finality. Like many of his contemporaries, he seems to have surrendered himself to the abstract fascination of a theory and cut himself adrift from all relationship with sensuous experience expected of a sculpture.

There is even more mechanical work from Richard Serra who is as intriguingly

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articulate as Andre. It is a strip of concrete, of course untitled, whose construction the artist directed from New York by means of photographs! This is, indeed, in the true spirit of Moholy-Nagy's painting of a neo-Plastic work executed with instructions over the telephone. Few viewers will even notice this work as it lies recumbant in the soil near Saret's ramp. It looks rather like the leftover remnant of a demolished plinth and can enthuse neither sculptors nor architects as a thought-provoking model.

The height of absurdity, however, is reached in only one American entry. Keith Somnier has fitted two microphones near the entrance of the Rabindra Bhavan annexe which, reportedly, used to emit a "noisy, throbbing" sound. But, on the fifth day of the Triennale, it was mysteriously silent; this indicated that neither the sponsors nor the local American representatives were aware of the sorry plight of this exhibit which was reduced to the handiwork of an electrician. Whether sound is a constituent of the plastic arts remains a moot point.

The lone Australian exhibitor, 24-year old Robin Hunter, has painted three walls of a room with stencilled squares and rectangles in shades of grey and white acrylic. He thus becomes blood brother to the American, Robert Ryman. Despite the disconcerting anonymity of his series of six squares, what Hunter has to say aptly sums up the philosophy of minimal art: "I want to make something alien—alien to myself. I want to produce something that is neutral—if it is neutral enough it just is. I suppose that these are questions about existence. If something is to exist simply then all symbols and associations have to be eliminated. Looking back, I think that my paintings on canvas probably looked precious, even though I was not involved in appearances—that is too much like making *objets d'art*."

Few artists will agree more wholeheartedly with Hunter than a majority of the Italian entrants whom their sponsors honestly call 'aesthetic operators'. With the exceptions of Bruno Munari's mobiles, the Op and kinetic pieces by Aliviani, Pietra,

Campean and Adrian, and the breast-like silver protuberances inside a transparent sphere to be seen in Franco Costalonga's *Sphere*, the remaining 11 artists have consciously produced objects which would serve as instruments for visual education (and supply models of a clear and distinct perception of images having their own structure and their own laws of kinetic development.)

Most of these laboratory-produced objects, so different from Cornell's imaginatively inventive artifacts, leave the viewer cold. They present a horrid intuition of the clinical and streamlined atmosphere that surrounds H. G. Wells's *Things to Come*.

Thus these artists stand on opposite shores from ours. They stress the contemporary irony of art having become an international idiom. One is prepared to welcome this new development within strict limits as for instance, it is reflected in the sections of West Germany, Japan and a few other European and Latin American countries.

The two countries which fully maintain the impact they had created at the first Triennale are West Germany and Japan. Three years ago, the former country had sent a choice collection of sculptures by eight young artists fully reflecting the tremendous strides made by Germany in this genre, and in the complementary disciplines of designing and architecture, in the years when the Bauhaus was already a distant memory. This time the Federal Republic shows the very distinctive work of seven painters.

There is, first, a wide range of abstracts comprising the vigorous Expressionism of Emil Schumacher, the lyricism of Bernd Koberling's river, land and snow-scapes, the constructionism blended with a fleeting touch of psychedelic colours of Gunter Fruhtrunk and the ultimate geometrical simplicity of Rupprecht Geiger. This quartet which includes two painters in their sixties can trace a direct link with those fruitful years of abstract experimentation which followed the Cubist phase in Europe after the first war.

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The three figurative painters, Horst Antes, Peter Nagel and Paul Wunderlich, all project an implicitly humanist vision. Horst Antes paints variations of a truncated human figure with a grotesque double or triple eye emphasising the demonic stance of both face and hands. In *Figure, Ladder, Tube, Sphere*, there is a surrealist juxtaposition between the figure and the still-life-like objects.

The photographic polish of mini-tonal painting which one associates with surrealists like Dali and Magritte is also evident in the works of Nagel and Wunderlich, both of whom share an affinity of technique. Nagel paints representational situations with a mixture of clinical detachment and suppressed empathy for such themes as a screaming child or a dog sporting with a ball. His *Boy With Ninepins* is a masterpiece of draughtsmanship, composition and thematic depth.

Wunderlich is far more sophisticated. He, too, uses photographs as a starting point and this is evident from the precision of his studied arrangement of such paraphernalia as boudoir chairs or zebra-skin rugs in his *Interiors*. The female nude, projected either as a limbless tailor's dummy or a torso in a semi-erotic posture, contrasts its curves with the severe geometrical lines that complete the structure of the painting.

"The surreal atmosphere", the West German Commissioner, Thomas Grochowiak, aptly says about Wunderlich, 'established by the shimmering palette, is worldly and elegant on the one hand, weird and morbid on the other.'

Japan, too, is represented by seven artists who show paintings, sculptures and graphics. At the first Triennale its exhibits had ranged from the indigenous flamboyance of Tabuchi to the sophisticated abstractionism of Kuwayama. In the current showing it is only the fast-imbibed American influence (or, rather, the international affinity) which is evident. Relating the Japanese exhibits of the two Triennales, it becomes obvious that this modernism essayed by Japanese painters and sculptors is not

an experiment in sensationalism but is born out of deep conviction.

The wood block prints, *Darkness in Red*, of Akira Kurozaki have an affinity with the surrealist precision of the German, Wunderlich, although his vision is not grounded in any fantasy bearing on human figures. A similarly abstract surrealist fantasy is at work in the paintings, *Mystagogy of Space*, of Josaku Maeda. These works remind one of an elaborate tattoo design although its vortex-like patterns suggest a mystic scheme.

Kazumasa Nagai's relief prints show an intelligent exploitation of linear symmetry which is but proper to his medium. The 66-year old abstract artist Jiro Yoshihara deservedly gets a gold medal for his very simply but powerfully designed duo of *White Circle on Black* and vice versa. These huge circles suck in your consciousness and instinctively involve you in a mood of near-religious contemplation.

Both Keiji Usami and Hideo Yoshihara are represented by Pop work whose stylised use of the human figure is typical of the American tradition in this mass media-oriented art. While both show a sophisticated sense of design, the first tries to project a valid sociological viewpoint in his series entitled *Heroes on the Street*.

Masakazu Horiuti's sculptures present ingenious variations on geometrical plastic motivations. But his most memorable piece is *Vulva and Nostrils* in bronze, which provides a peep-show of its wittily juxtaposed female biological equipment.

Most of the Scandinavian and West European countries have again sent graphics instead of paintings proper. This severely limits the appeal of their sections, especially when, as in the case of Norway, one is confronted with seven coldly geometrical serigraphs by a single artist. Denmark, on the other hand, although as meagrely represented, combines a weirdness of motif with a psychedelic colour scheme. Sweden does still better, with five graphic artists covering an intriguing range of themes and techniques.



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A broad humanism distinguishes the works of Ruth Goldmann-Grosin. This is particularly true of her *Holiday Picture* trio which is informed by a radical political sensibility. The graves in No. 3 of this series, *And I Asked Why My Tree Was Allowed to Grow and Not Theirs*, are very much reminiscent of the sleeping wartime figures of Henry Moore's feelingly executed drawings taking shelter during London air-raids in underground railway stations. Such work has a universality which makes for a pertinent contrast with the superficially 'international' idiom of the dehumanized, Italian 'operators'.

In his weird vision of human strife and destruction, projected through close-ups of locust or cockroach-like creatures, Per Svensson also indicates as implicit political radicalism. The most memorable work in the Swedish section, however, is Bengt Bockman's intricate etching, *Very Superior Old Persons*, which equates the cross-section of a house with the many strata of social experience itself and makes meticulous satirical comments with the aid of human specimens involved in some tactical crisis.

As against the very comprehensive exhibit sent by Britain for the first Triennale, this time the country is represented by 20 canvases from a single artist, 51-year old Alan Davie. A many-faceted man, this Scot writes poetry and plays jazz. There is a primitive power about his apparently crude brushwork and a vision which ranges from Miro-like infant imagery to mystic symbolism. It is not surprising that critics have pinpointed the sacred picture-writing of the ancient Americans and the Egyptians as a source of his inspiration. 'Art', says Davie, 'is the evocation of the inexpressible by images, symbols, sounds, movements or rituals.'

*Image of the Fish God* (1956) and *Green Dragon's Puzzle* (1970) span the years of this exploration, although Davie's paintings can be enjoyed for their introspective poetry without benefit of the knowledge of their symbolical connotation. His work, seen for the first time in India, should serve as a

model of the genuine spiritual quest in art in an environment infested with pseudo-Tantric motivation.

Austria, Belgium and Switzerland all restrict themselves to graphics. An Austrian artist not listed in the catalogue presents three semi-surrealistic and decoratively psychedelic works with such captivating titles as *Sad Not So Sad Is Rainshine from Rainday on a Rainy Day* (in which the raindrops aptly approximate tears). Hubert Aratyn's watercolours hark back to Lyonel Feininger's constructivist technique, while Ernst Fuchs's sensuously erotic anatomy in the series, *Sphinx*, reminds one of the draughtsmanship of both Beardsley and Blake.

Among the Belgians, Claus Luc is notable for his Klee-like imagery while Landuyt Octave's lithographs possess the stark power of totem art. A weird fantasy also distinguishes the hybrid creatures of the Swiss Walter Wegmueller's etchings, while both Pop and Op art are represented respectively by the lithographs and serigraphs of Lecolitre and Bill. These three small countries together stand witness to the fact that new-fangled techniques and fashions have not emasculated the humanism of post-war European art.

Most of the East European countries share this quality in large measure. A stylised naturalism emanates from the oils and graphics of Bulgarian artists, among whom Kiril Petros sports a stained-glass-like technique. The graphics of the Czech Jiri Anderle can claim the classic draughtsmanship of a Leonardo, while his other two compatriots, John and Hloznik, possess respectively the imaginative sense of design useful in landscape and the veiled cynicism demanded by a contorted view of wartime humanity and a *Merry Animal World*.

There is nothing exciting in the G.D.R. section. Lichtenfeld's bronze figures derive closely from Maillol, while the other sculptures and oils are even more academic. While the Hungarian Csik presents Feininger-oriented oils, Viola Berki shows much more individuality with landscapes which

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imbibe such varied influences as the medieval Bosch, Russian icons and Chinese silk-screen painting. Gzinke's woodcuts are austere in concept and much less orthodox in technique than the self-portraits of the gold medal-winning Pole, Jerzy Panek. The small Polish section is as enlightening as at the first Triennale and includes abstract-like landscapes in primary colours by Dominik, sociologically pertinent studies of the human condition which Przybylski's penchant for a weird anatomy makes stand out from other lithographs on view, and Rosolowicz's Op creations in aluminium and glass.

An even richer variety of genres characterises the Yugoslav section. We have the child-like surrealistic fantasies of Predrag Nives and Bora, the psychedelic collages of Miroslav, the spare, economically painted still-lives of Francina, the mechanistic sculptures of Milija and the icon-like schemes of Dimitar, all dominated by Rotar France's bronze sculpture, *Bowl with Cores*. This is a large cross-section of a bowl filled with six large balls, suggesting an embryo-like structure.

The Soviet section is as dated as it was at the first Triennale, including the usual futile essays in unimaginative 'socialist realism'.

The Canadian entry is inexplicably restricted to eight canvases by the Greek-born Hara Papatheodorou. Devoted to Indian themes, all of them are reminiscent of the work of Anrita Sher-Gil in their unpretentious empathy for the simple folk of this country. However, one would have wished for a legitimately Canadian section. Greece itself sends a fairly tame exhibit in which one painter is, strangely enough, much like our own Bhupen Khakhar (who, in turn, seems to derive from the 19th century French painter Henri Rousseau!). Ireland is represented by five canvases of Michael Farrell, which are comparable to the polished near-photographic paintings of Nagel and Wunderlich. His Celtic inspiration, mentioned in the introduction to his work, is however not very apparent.

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France, with a much better integrated section than at the first Triennale, sends oils in the constructionist technique, some Abstract Expressionist work and technologically oriented graphics. Both Vasarely and Mathieu who represent the first two genres are veterans of the abstract movement in Europe. Their contribution is historically extended by the kinetic works in wood, plastic and wire of Yvaral called a jury, perhaps fearful of being called orthodox, has blessed with a gold medal.

The French share the Americans' concern about the claustrophobic encirclement of man by modern machinery. But they meet the alleged horror of technology on its own terms and without reducing themselves to automata. Hence perhaps the absence from this section of the extremities of minimal art.

As in the politico-economic sphere, in art, too, we have a developing world. Its extent does not, of course, approximate precisely with the territories of the developing countries for some, like Spain and New Zealand, register a higher degree of economic progress than some of the Latin American countries and India. In the case of the former what is strange is that the winds of *avant-garde* movements prevalent in Europe and Australia have not touched them in spite of geographical contiguity.

In this group of nations the most vigorous work comes from Brazil and Cuba. In the Brazilian section, Perez's graphics embody a muscular interweaving of semi-abstract forms, while Scorzelli's collages, with their subtle overlapping of transparent coloured paper, project a geometrically organic structure of colour. Using plaster, cloth and acrylic, Cavalcanti develops poetic shapes which have both grandeur and mobility and make a stylised play with form, space and mass. This sculptural work is, properly speaking, an extension of the *impasto* technique.

Mira Schendell's gold medal-winning *Graphic Study* is a sequence of 10 child-art-like doodles drawn with ink on rice paper.

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Their simple, geometrical fantasy reminds us of the peculiar hieroglyphs which the Canadian short film-maker, Norman McClaren, uses to such wonderful comic effect.

Some of the Cuban artists expectedly show an awareness of present-day political reality, but their work can claim expert draughtsmanship and imaginative composition. Galardo's meticulous drawings have a kinship with the British cartoonist Ronald Searle, while Serpa's drawings have a mystic, lyrical touch. Bravo's lithographs derive intelligently from the modern comic strip, while Gonzalez's xylographs show conviction in their social-realist orientation. Like Brazil, Cuba seems to nourish its modern movements on the inherent strengths of academism.

The trio which represents Cyprus works in three different directions. Joachim sends free-ranging abstractions incorporating a subtle decorative element, Maktids paints naturalistic studies with a purposeful roughness, among which *Woman Taking A Shower* evokes the same compassion as did Toulouse-Lautrec's 19th century studies of Parisian prostitutes. Sphikas's shaped canvases comprise forays into the realm of Op art.

There is nothing to enthuse about in the Spanish section at the Triennale. It is as if the days of El Greco, Goya and Picasso were long past. The use of leather constitutes a mild novelty in the decorative work of De Vidales as does that of felt in the constructivist compositions of Soria. Fajardo makes a more imaginative use of yet another medium, aluminium.

Among the West Asian countries Kuwait sends some oils in a dated style, Syria is represented by equally superficial work, while the abstracts from Turkey are derivative and weak. From among the two African sections, Nigeria shows faint merit in the indigenous human figures in ebony and marble of Ben Osawe and the twisted abstract forms of Osunde's *Nigerian Crisis*. Zambia's is one of the worst sections in the

Triennale and loudly declares the underdeveloped state of its art.

Similarly sub-standard exhibits have been sent by Ceylon, while the Indonesian section can claim at least four artists who present worthwhile entries in the representational or abstract manner. Compared with their performance at the first Triennale, this country's leading artists (e.g., Affandi) still seem to be in a groove.

Among the smaller countries Hong Kong sends some evocative landscapes oriented towards Chinese scroll painting. Bland Douglas's *Palmsnest* harks back to the colours and hieroglyphs of Egyptian frescoes. Korea plays safe with the Chinese manner, with the exception of Pyo's geometrical abstract. The Nepalese section is as bad as it was at the first Triennale, while the Sikkimese restrict themselves to some indigenous crafts and traditional scroll-painting. The same policy is followed by Fiji.

The most ludicrous section belongs to Venezuela. Its single representative, Dagnino, who seems to have settled down in Varanasi, submits 11 very weakly drawn, pseudo-mystic sketches of his Indian environment which are empty of any intelligent meaning.

From New Zealand alone comes work which holds promise of a technically versatile grasp of the graphic medium. Both Pickemere and Webb show simplicity and strength of design in their very expressive landscapes, while another lady, Kate Coolahan, presents semi-surrealistic visions of the human entity. Barry Cleavin is yet another surrealist from this island country which has imbibed contemporary and classical European influences without surrendering the individuality of its aboriginal past.

There is a similar readiness to absorb Western influence intelligently in the Philippines section. One also sees here a variety of materials and techniques, the sculptures of Mercado and Saprid being particularly humane in their outlook.

Before one comes to the Indian section, it is necessary to sum up briefly the nature of the controversy that preceded the opening of

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the Triennale. Dissatisfied not only with the manner of selection for the Indian section but also with the entire administrative and constitutional set-up of the Lalit Kala Akademi (which sponsors the Triennales), a large number of artists from Ahmedabad, Baroda, Bombay, Delhi and other centres banded themselves together last year to launch a protest. Prominent among these are Gulam Sheikh and Bhupen Khakhar, whose little magazine *Vishlek* first gave vent to the anti-Triennale feeling which was exercising the minds of most major artists in this country. Other leaders of the protest include Krishen Khanna, who was one of the two Indian commissioners for the first Triennale and whose painting, on being awarded a gold medal, provoked the Prime Minister to make some snide remarks against him thus, in turn, making him return the medal in protest.

After having successfully whittled down the impact of the Indian section, these artists have formed an all-India Council of Artists designed to serve as a watch-dog body for the purpose of protecting the interests of Indian artists. What they propose to do for the professional welfare of their comrades is not very clear at the moment. In February they organised an auction of works of art in Delhi and collected nearly Rs 25,000 to serve as the nucleus of their funds for the Council. Vivan Sundaram is the Secretary of the *ad hoc* executive committee of the Council, while J. Swaminathan, Eric Bowen and Ambadas are other prominent supporters.

In the interim two developments have taken place. Dr Mulk Raj Anand, who masterminded both the first and the second Triennale, is no longer chairman of the Akademi and has been succeeded by Karl Khandalavala. The Government, having shelved the recommendations of the Honi Bhabha committee, has appointed the Khosla committee to go into the workings of the three Akademies. It is expected that at least the semblance of a reform will follow from the report of the Khosla committee,

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which at present is going round the country recording evidence.

Surprisingly, in the Indian section there is a large number of graphics as if we, too, suffered from logistic difficulties in the matter of paintings proper. Graphics, no doubt, constitute one of the most expressive and technically challenging modern media but they can hardly take the place of paintings in an exhibition claiming any status. The works of Bimal Banerji, D. P. Banerji, Jagmohan Chopra, Gunen Ganguli and Krishna Reddy belong to this genre and all of them indicate a firm grasp of the medium.

Among the painters Tantrism, both genuine and spurious, not unexpectedly dominates the entries. In the first category, G. R. Santosh stands out with his large-sized canvases which register a natural chronological development in his recent career. They combine, in a simple but luminous colour scheme, stylised and symmetrical sections of nude torsos with Tantric symbols. Their overall effect is one leading to profound mental peace and contemplation.

Santosh is followed at some distance by Prabhakar Barwe and S. B. Palsikar. Barwe's work, although not among his best, also prompts introspection. Palsikar's canvases are strongly motivated abstracts, sporting a hieroglyph-like use of impasto. They are superior to his earlier, sparsely exhibited, work in the Tantric school.

Among the abstractionists, Biren De impresses with his organic colour structures and the vibrant luminosity of his paint. He may be compared with Pratulla Mohanti, whose water colours seem superficially decorative by contrast. Sunil Das is yet another Tantric abstractionist who is comfortable with his symbols.

Three painters, all in their thirties, stress the new directions which many young Delhi-based artists are so confidently following these days. All of them have a surrealist trait which is most marked in the work of Bikash Bhattacharjee. His *April 28* is probably a self-portrait sporting a decapitated head (which may be compared with the New Zealander, Kate Coolahan's



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*The Measure*), while *Deathless Antique* presents the weirdly reverent image of a pregnant goddess.

A. Ramachandran, in his *The Anatomy Lesson*, essays a satirical take-off on Rembrandt's original, with the face of Hitler looking down from a corner of the big, rectangular, canvas on the sight of an autopsy of one of his countless victims.

Paramjit Singh's three canvases portray natural objects against landscapes in an Expressionist manner. His technique is comparable to the photographic finish of the West German painters. Indeed, all these three artists possess the academic polish natural to surrealists.

Jogen Chowdhury is also a surrealist and presents an imaginatively handled series entitled *Reminiscence of Dream*. Yet another Bengali artist worthy of note is Ganesh Pyne, whose three works in tempera speak of individually stylised draughtsmanship (which is such a contrast to the effeminate Bengal school) and confidently eloquent motivation.

Om Prakash presents two neatly painted geometrical abstracts, but their decorative emphasis spoils their neo-Plastic character. Jayant Parikh's *Clouds Watching the Reflections*, in typically warm colours, is much better than his recent work. Among the more promising artists are A. C. K. Raja and L. S. Rajput, both of them comparatively unknown. In a properly representative section, perhaps they would have had no chance of being exhibited.

There are a few senior or experienced artists represented by some half-hearted work. These include Satish Gujral, whose three-dimensional collages indicate a derivative, hybrid and alien sensibility while making no progress with new material. Jatin Das, using his typically flamboyant reds, greens and pinks, betrays a weakness in draughtsmanship in *Three Figures* of an enormous size. He has no affinity at all with the British Francis Bacon (as some critics have hinted), but there is a trace of Picasso's D'Avignon phase in the last of the three figures. Homi Patel's abstracts are not

the best he is capable of, while Gautam Vaghela's Tantric-oriented duo is superficially folk-artish in concept. Heber, K.C. S. Paniker and Nirode Mazumdar are in the same old groove of work which they used to present years ago. This is also true of Badri Narayan, who however remains among our few representational painters with some freshness of viewpoint.

One of the worst paintings in the Indian section, Ishwar Sagara's *Temple*, has been awarded a gold medal in open international competition! It is in a pseudo-folk art manner which apparently ingratiates itself with the tourists. The moustachioed Sun-god, the palm-prints on the temple wall and the holy bull are all 'Indian' motifs which work towards this impression without contributing to the organic evolution of the visual scheme of the painting. The woman seen in the painting is drawn and painted in imitation of our miniature painting. What is most surprising about the award of the gold medal is the fact that this is a very badly, almost commercially, painted work.

There are very few sculptures worthy of comment in the Indian section. Most of them are dated in concept, derivative of styles long ago spurned by the West and empty of invention. Among the very few exceptions are Ramesh Pateria's marble carvings, *Stirrings of the Ego* and *Unknown in Me*. He has, however, shown far better work earlier.

P. V. Janakiram presents metal sculptures which keep him in the same old groove of symmetrical iconography and, surprisingly, he in his turn is feebly imitated by S. Nandagopal. On the whole the sculpture section does not compare favourably with the graphics, or with the paintings either.

To sum up, the Triennale still remains a highly educative experience. It is to be hoped that by the time we start preparing for the third Triennale, the quarrel between the Council of Indian Artists and the Lalit Kala Akademi will have been patched up and also that the Akademi will have the courage to reject the work of some of the obviously feeble participants from abroad.