World Journal Tribune - Wed. 10/5/66.

'Maskers' Cry: 'The Museums Must Go'

By JOHN MOLLESON

World Journal Tribune Staff

"Destroy the museums," a new radical rallying cry, has been raised by a group calling itself "Black Mask."

In a letter to this newspaper, marked for "immediate release," the Maskers said they would "close" the Museum of Modern Art at 12:30 p.m. on Monday, Oct. 10. They did not say how the closing would be accomplished, but did the Vandals ever say precisely how they would fall upon Rome?

Spokesmen for the museum, on 53rd St. west of Fifth Ave., said the threatened closing was news to them, so did the police. Neither had received the letter from "Black Mask."

The Museum of Modern Art had pickets at its doors on two occasions. Once a group demanded more abstract art. More recently, demonstrators protested they had had enough.

'WE BURN WITH REVOLUTION'

Individual artists show up from time to time carrying placards complaining of their own neglect. One artist appears as Diogenes, the lantern-bearing Greek, implying that honesty is not the museum's strongest asset.

The letter from "Black Mask" is a much more widespread attack, a broadside against the art, culture and science of the Establishment.

"A new spirit is rising," the letter begins. "Like the street of Watts, we burn with revolution. . . . The industrialist, the banker, the bourgeoisie, with their unlimited pretense and vulgarity, continue to stockpile art while they slaughter humanity. . . ."

"Sounds like a bunch of kids," said a member of the police intelligence. "Black Mask—never heard of them. I thought we had a line on most groups, but it seems that every day there are new ones."

The Maskers said the closing of the museum would be "a symbolic action . . . when America is on a path of total destruction." It is intended to mark "the opening of another front in the world-wide struggle against suppression," the letter said.

"They talk of vulgarity," a museum spokesman said. "But who is being vulgar now?"

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"SABBATH," BY MAX WEBER
"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life"

Journal of Art

Crowds See Jewish Museum's Exhibit on East Side Life

By EMILY GENAUER
World Journal Tribune Staff

What the girls in their mini-mini skirts (up to here) and their escorts (what do they call the bearded boys in Edwardian jackets and gray spats?) could have thought as they jammed the opening of the Jewish Museum's new exhibition, "The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," I cannot imagine.

Because the Jewish Museum has become the city's "in" museum, as the Museum of Modern Art used to be, and hasn't been now for 20 years. Its shows, almost invariably the first "official" presentation hereabouts of new art forms and isms still in the making and testing, have become a magnet for all the with-it kids.

And there they were at the opening—possibly because they hadn't stopped to read the invitations—of an exhibition completely removed from the museum's usual fare, intended, instead, through photographs, sound tracks, movies, posters, paintings, to recreate nostalgically, sentimentally, compassionately, respectfully, a grim and gone way of life with which their connection, if any exists at all, couldn't be more remote, and to whose values (tradition, family, togetherness, all sorts of orthodoxy) they couldn't be less sympathetic.

Maybe they turned up out of simple geographical curiosity as people come to shows of old New York prints, to see what the town looked like in the Old Days. Because the physical area whose life, during the period from 1870 to 1924, when the immigration quota system went into operation, is examined in depth in the exhibition, covers precisely the district (bounded by Brooklyn Bridge on the south, 14th St. on the north, Broadway on the west, and the East River on the east where many young people, among them hundreds of artists, have recently moved because of low rents.

CROWDS ARE COMING

For whatever reasons the crowds are coming, maybe some understanding of the relentless struggle, the ambitions, the straining for education, the need somehow to meld ancient faith, ethical ideals, and strict disciplines with visions of a dynamic and limitless future, will rub off on iconoclastic young visitors.

The 50 paintings in the exhibition are, on this level, rarely as effective. The work of well-known American artists drawn to the East Side because of its color and vitality (like Edward Hopper, Childe Hassam, John Sloan, George Bellows, Maurice Prendergast, George Luka, William Glackens), or by artists who were part of it (Gropper, Jacob Epstein, Chaim Gross, Max Weber, Raphael and Isaac Soyer, Walkowitz), are mostly too general, too organized, too devoid of distracting detail (as paintings should be) to have the immediacy of photographs, where identifiable and seemingly petty detail may be precisely the jog which heart or memory needs. Paintings work on another level, where fact is made symbol of something not deriving from a very special event or time in a very special place, but touching all human beings in all times and places In a documentary show it must suffer in comparison with photographs.

BOTH WAYS

The show's sound-tracks, however, magically serve to work both ways. There are old tapes by Tony Schwartz, recreating the street noises of New York's East Side; a recording by Stella Adler, recalling the days when the Yiddish theater was in its prime, and, best of all, a tape and movie of Zero Mostel reading, in translation, letters-to-the-editor sent over the years by readers of the Jewish Daily Forward, pouring out their problems in love, sweat shops, housing, child rearing. All these are universal.

But these are also, specifically, New York. And this is what will give them their special appeal their special meaning for countless New Yorkers who may have no connection whatever with the Lower East Side in the period around the turn of the century.

Crosby's Column

Do You Know What You Like?

By John Crosby

It has been my conviction for a long time that the average man has embraced much in modern art and modern music that he doesn't understand but, even worse, that he doesn't even like, and that this is a terrible thing. It does seem to me that the gulf between the public and the artists has never been wider, but this is one of those subjects that is unmentionable. It's one of the strangenesses of modern times that incest is perfectly proper dinner table conversation but that the competence of de Kooning would be a social gaff of colossal proportions.

The other day I had lunch with Abram Chasins, pianist-composer-critic-author, and he said some things about the public attitudes that are illuminating. "What is so bad is that the average man, who is more tolerant of art than at any other time in history, finds himself farther away from it rather than closer," said Mr. Chasins. "He can't respond emotionally. The average man is educated or was bullied into thinking he has a responsibility toward modern art. But the artist (and here Mr. Chasins is speaking of composers) is disregarding how he's used to using his ears. The artist feels not nearly so obligated to reach this average man as the average man feels responsibility to reach the artist."

This, Mr. Chasins feels, is a new situation in art. Always before the artist has felt a desire to communicate to others, not simply the desire to express himself, and while it is traditional for artists to be ahead of the public, he wants to be understood eventually. The classic attitude of the artist is: "Maybe you don't understand my work but your grandchildren will." But today's artists are not even interested in communicating to our grandchildren or to their grandchildren.

"The trouble is that the art of music and the art of painting and the business of music and the business of painting are two different things. The business of art has founded the new academy. The individual is very frightened of making mistakes for which history will hold him accountable. There is a myth that great men were not appreciated in their time. This is the mythology of music. Actually, it never happened to men whose music had the opportunity to be heard."

But this sort of timidity, this fearfulness that one ought to understand what one doesn't understand and that one should like what one doesn't like, has had the effect of placing the experimental or the difficult or the downright undecipherable artist—whether he be composer or painter—out of the range of criticism or of disapproval.

"The men who sell music," said Chasins ironically, "have implanted the theory in the minds of both the critics and the public: 'Be very careful. Just because you don't like it doesn't mean it's not great.' The complexity of modern music frustrates the average music lover who listens, grins and bears it and says, 'I don't know. Maybe it's great.' He's never been more tolerant because he's been intellectually conditioned to be careful."

This attitude, too, has tended to push both composer and artist toward the experimental and away from the traditional. It takes far more courage for an artist to be traditional because then he invites invidious comparisons. "Whereas if he comes up with something like nothing that's ever been heard before, he's unique," said Chasins. "Of course, great men of great talent have traditionally felt they must explore new techniques. But this is the professional's business, not the public's business. Experimentation is the bathroom of art. It should not be done in public."

Behind all the insecurity of both critics and public on the subject of art and music is a lack of confidence in what they like. "Our people must get to the point where they have to recognize artistic excellence without a gimmick," said Chasins. "Contests are becoming the major catalyst of our time. Fortunately, many of the prize contests like the Nobel Prizes are in the hands of excellent people. But the winner should not take all. We're all thinking in terms of championship as if this were a boxing contest. There are plenty of artists who deserve a place in our society who are not champions."

John Crosby's column also appears in the Sunday Herald Tribune's Lively Arts Section.

Herald Tribune
March 1, 1961

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Herald Tribune
March 1, 1961

ALEXANDRIA, LA.
DAILY TOWN TALK
— D. 24,093 —

JUN 24 1966

Museum of Modern Art at Age 37

Dowager Instead of Daredevil?

By Aline Mosby

NEW YORK (UPI) — The Museum of Modern Art jolted Americans 30 years ago by displaying dangling bits of metal and a solid black painting. But its last major exhibition was the work of an artist who has been dead these last 115 years.

The only people shocked by the show of English 19th century painter J. M. W. Turner were those art fans who claim the New York museum has abdicated its original aim to show the new and the daring.

They contend the museum at age 37 has become a dowager instead of a daredevil. The old girl of 53rd St., they say, has slowed to a placid walk.

Noted art critic Emily Genauer accuses the museum of coming down with hardening of the arteries.

Modern artist-architech Richard Baringer charges that it is a doddering conservative that lets other museums beat it to the latest art movements.

No 'Pop Art' Show

The Museum of Modern Art never has held an exhibition of "pop art" although it included several examples in shows on current U. S. art.

Its "op art" show was staged last year after the movement reached its peak. Kinetic art—sculpture and paintings that wiggle, squeak and flash lights—was hailed at a San Francisco exhibit as the most powerful new art movement today. Kinetics probably will be presented at the Museum of Modern Art "in a year or two," a spokesman said.

Baringer recalls that "in its early days the museum was the first to give shows to a lot of new artists such as (Alexander) Calder and (Jackson) Pollack, thus affecting the whole art scene.

"Now the museum is showing things that have happened. Leave that to the Metropolitan Museum. The Modern Museum should exhibit things that are happening today," he said.

"The best show today in New York is at the Jewish Museum, Sculpture that overlaps into painting and vice versa. A new movement. The Museum of Modern Art should have done it."

'Create a Stir

Other critics fire from the opposite side. Noted New York art gallery owner John Lefebre thinks the museum "probably shows too much pop art."

"But I won't quarrel with their right to create a stir," he said.

"They don't neglect the other side, either, and the Turner show is proof—they went back to the roots of modern art."

The director of the Turner exhibition, Monroe Wheeler, confirmed in an interview that the museum does not show art movements as soon as they burst upon the scene. In fact, he uses that point to ward off occasional attacks that the museum is a dictator that force-feeds the American public with pop and op.

"We follow the public rather than lead," he said. "We show what seems to us significant, after artists have done enough so that their work can be evaluated, and let the public make up their own minds. It's not our job to discover new artists but to report to the public what artists are doing.

He said he museum was continuing to buy "pop art" which will be shown in an exhibition of "new acquisitions" later this year.

European Forerunner

The museum elected to show Turner, he said, because Turner "is a modern artist in our view. He was the greatest European forerunner of the modern movement."

"Prehistoric cave paintings and the art of the South Seas are far older things than Turner's which have an affinity to today's art," he added.

Stolid or not, the Turner show has drawn the highest average daily attendance (5,300) in museum history. It has been such a success that the exhibition was extended to accommodate tourists.

Critics have sniped at the museum since its first exhibition—of Van Gogh, Seurat and other Post - Impressionists and impressionists—on Nov. 7, 1929. President Franklin Roosevelt dubbed the museum "a living museum, not a collection of curios and interesting objects."

In 1934 the brash, young museum caused a furor by displaying well-designed industrial objects such as typewriters and ball bearings. Another shocker was the hanging of an all-black painting by Ad Reinhardt (still in the museum, with a sign advising the viewer to watch long enough to see the various shades of black).

Public Knowledgeable

Wheeler hinks the museum may not seem so punchy today because it's not easy to shock the 1966 public. They see "more shocking things every day in the newspapers," he says.

Although he insists the museum has followed, not dictated, movements, critics credit it with being more of a trend-setter in past years. It was the first museum to give architect Mies Van Der Rohe recognition, possibly pushing acceptance of modern architecture throughout the nation. Its 1960 collection of 1900 furnishings and paintings was said by some to have launched the fad for "art nouveau" decor.

Without question, the museum has grown rich, with a permanent collection of 1,800 pieces, a department of architecture an design, 7,000 photos, 3,000 films and 7,000 prints. Two years ago it raised $25 million to more than double its exhibition space.

A change in direction may be in sight for the middle-aged museum. Its guiding director, Alfred Barr, retires soon. Museum directors have not yet picked a successor but the winner may bring new policies to the world's first and foremost museum of modern art

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.
TELEGRAM-TRIBUNE
D. 15,190

JUN 18 1966

This gallery at New York's Museum of Modern Art is hung with the severe paintings of Piet Mondrian, the late Dutch pioneer of geometric abstraction.

'Action art' boom started in cold water lofts of N.Y.

By SAM HUNTER

The boom that engulfs American art and sends reputations and painting prices rocketing started obscurely two decades ago in the cold water lofts of New York, not in the crowded auction rooms, the art galleries or museums.

At the close of the war, a group of pioneering abstract artists, notably Jackson Pollack, Arshile Gorky, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Hans Hofmann, Mark Rothko, David Smith, Barnett Newman and a few other dedicated individuals, began to fashion powerfully original styles in painting and sculpture that within a decade changed the face of American art.

"Action" painting and sculpture, the label attached by the critic Harold Rosenberg, mysteriously jelled during the early forties into a vital movement and shared impulse. With one courageous stroke, in a mood of crisis and breakthrough, a group of gifted artists demolished the two dominating and most honored fetishes of that era: the influence of the School of Paris, and the sentimental, social protest art that was the aftermath of the radical politics of the thirties.

At the outset, there were only a handful of commercial galleries in New York willing to show the new American vanguard: Peggy Guggenheim's "Art of This Century," the Betty Parsons, Charles Egan and Kootz galleries; only two or three critics took the work of the new artists seriously in print, and they had no collectors to speak of, other than the redoubtable Peggy Guggenheim.

Even that generous champion of artistic innovation, the Museum of Modern Art, failed to detect the outlines of a vital new movement, and withheld official sanction on any meaningful scale until the late fifties when a whole new corps of enthusiastic dealers and aggressive collectors entered the picture. Action painting overnight became extremely fashionable, sought after by individuals and institutions.

The vanguard artists sustained themselves, it seemed, on intellectual excitement and esthetic discovery alone during their first 10 crucial and impoverished years, forming a protective community of surprising solidarity.

At the Cedar Tavern in Greenwich Village, their combined social rendezvous and casual forum of ideas, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning and other avant-garde heroes could be found nightly, spinning out hilarious stories or soberly analyzing the work of Courbet, Manet or Picasso.

These were the legendary days of American art culture so rich now in nostalgia, as vividly productive of myth as the golden literary era of Paris in the twenties, the Paris of Hemingway, Gertrude Stein and Scott Fitzgerald.

At a point in time probably marked by Pollock's death in 1956, and dramatically emphasized by his memorial show at the Museum of Modern Art that same year, the surging culture boom discovered the new avant-garde. Native American genius and the new American money were swept together; the results have been revolutionary and transforming both in our social life and in their impact on the artist.

The immediate effect was a soaring art market, which many collectors shrewdly used as a hedge against inflation. In Pollock's case, comparable large paintings jumped from $6,000 just before his death to a reported $150,000 in recent years.

Today, New York has 300 commercial art galleries, with perhaps 50 that concentrate on advanced contemporary work. Museums that wished to present a progressive image in their communities found action painting indispensable; their trustees acquired it for their business board rooms, confirmed in their taste by the color pages of mass circulation magazines which hospitably welcomed the new art.

Countless private collections of modern and contemporary art were formed, many on a scale of magnificence scarcely known since the epic collecting period of the great turn-of-the-century fortunes that so enriched American museums. The art collection, modest or grand, became the badge and emblem of sophisticate taste in every community of any size or cultural pretension across the land.

Inevitably, with recognition, and with the passage of time, much of the urgency of common purpose that drew artists together vanished. The more successful began to isolate themselves once again, immersed in their own voyage of discovery and personal myth.

Others of the same generation slipped into a mild academicism as the momentum of the school ran down and, of course, a new crop of second generation artists soon emerged to challenge their position. Many of the older action painters have now abandoned New York to the young, and live in the country the year around, with the Hamptons, at the far eastern tip of Long Island, as their favorite base of operations.

Curiously, the old, familiar pattern of neglect and alienation suddenly resumed in the sixties. Outstanding older generation artists who only a short time ago were reigning stars in the national art sweepstakes found themselves the forgotten and disadvantaged poor of the culture boom. Their economic discomfort is not acute, but the winds of fashion, blowing from another quarter, have driven them back into teaching and other part-time occupations to support their painting and sculpture.

A fickle avant-garde audience has diverted public interest and energies to the young and brilliant pop and op artists who now dominate the New York and national art scene, and the art pages of magazines.

Popular interest in the arts, then, does not seem to affect the taste-making machinery in our culture, but reflects its more facile judgments, and the ruling passion for novelty and change.

American hostility to avant-gardism has now so far broken down that the ever-more rapid acceptance of novelty and gimmickry may soon become an actual cultural liability. We seem to wish to break with tradition before we have established it.

Despite their current neglect, I venture to say none of the older action painters would want to turn the clock back, to exchange their present position (whose most damaging feature, perhaps, is wounded pride) for the desperate hand-to-mouth existence of the depression and early post-war years. They have had enough of a taste of success to sustain them through this period of trial, and they certainly have too much confidence in their own values and identity to be demoralized by the more sensational examples of myth-making on the current art scene.

CLIPPING FILE - GENERAL CATEGORIES Xerox of J. Dustan

MUSEUM - General _____

PHILIP L. GOODWIN GALLERIES FOR ARCHITECTURE & DESIGN _____

ARCHITECTURE DEPT. _____

EDWARD STEICHEN PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER _____

PHOTOGRAPHY DEPT._____

PUBLICATIONS_____

FILM LIBRARY_____

PAUL J. SACHS GALLERIES FOR DRAWINGS & PRINT_____

DRAWING & PRINT DEPT._____

COLLECTIONS, USE OF_____

TOURISM_____

GOVERNMENT AND ART_____

RESTAURANT_____

GARDEN_____

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL_____

ART IN EMBASSIES PROJECT_____

CIRCULATING EXHIBITIONS - General_____

JUNIOR COUNCIL_____

ART LENDING SERVICE_____

CONCERTS_____

LECTURES_____

CHRISTMAS CARDS_____

MEMBERSHIP_____

INSTITUTE OF MODERN ART
Classes_____
Childrens' Carnival of Art_____
General_____

TRUSTEES & STAFF
Criticism of MOMA - ✓

"No museum can adequately handle modern art as a side issue . . ." p. 8 "An Effort to Secure $3,250,000 April, 1931
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

HOW MODERN is THE MUSEUM of MODERN ART ?

Lets look at the record

In 1939 the Museum professed to show ART IN OUR TIME—
Whose time Sargent, Homer, La Farge and Hartnett?
Or Picasso, Braque, Leger and Mondrian? Which time?
If the descendants of Sargent and Homer, what about the descendants of Picasso and Mondrian? What about American abstract art?
If he had been in America, what dizzy successes for Repin? Even for Meissonier? Or J. L. Gerome? What about Towne and Ward—British cattle painters—turned loose on a Missouri farm? A Minnesota grain elevator painted by Daubigny? Bellows' 'Stag at Sharkey's' done by Henri Regnault? The Nebraska prairies by Eugene Boudin? The Bowery by Eugene Carriere?

And MODERN MASTERS (to counterbalance the Italian Masters, as this feeble demonstration from a great period was advertised) Eakins, Homer, Ryder, Whistler—died in 1916, 1910, 1917, 1903. Those are the only Americans included. Are they the grandfathers of the Europeans they are shown with? Seurat, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Lautrec—died in 1886, 1890, 1903, 1881. These are the older Europeans represented.

ITALIAN MASTERS! — Caravaggio, Raphael, Bronzino! And such examples!
How easy to justify a Praxiteles show! How revolutionary the Egyptians!
And an Eighteenth Century JAPANESE!

WHAT DOES "MODERN" MEAN?

Does it mean ALL THE GREAT ART OF ALL TIME?
Then why the hundreds of living Americans?
Does it mean the POPULAR ART PRODUCED IN OUR TIME?
Then why the old masters?
Does it mean METROPOLITAN PLUS WHITNEY MUSEUM?
Then why a Museum of Modern Art?

and now the art of the three alarm fire !

How about Billy (Aquacade) Rose as the next trustee?

Shouldn't "modern" conceivably include the "Avant Garde"?
Why not a show of the English Abstractionists?
How about the younger European experimenters:
Hartung, Gorin, Magnelli, Hélion, Eggeling, Taeuber-Arp, Riemer, Seuphor, Schwab, Nebel, Sima, Max Bill, Stazewski, Erni, Tutundjian, Prinner?
What about the hundreds (literally) of modern and non-objective artists in America?

April 15, 1940 American Abstract Artists 13 West 17th Street, New York City

JOSEF ALBERS
ROSALIND BENGELSDORF
ILYA BOLOTOWSKY
BYRON BROWNE
JEANNE CARLES
GEORGE CAVALLON
[illegible]
[illegible] COLLEY
A. E. GALLATIN
FRITZ GLARNER
BALCOMB GREENE
GERTRUDE GREENE
HANANIAH HARARI
HARRY HOLTZMAN
CARL HOLTY
DOROTHY DEAL[illegible]
AGNES LYALL
GEORGE McNEIL
ALICE MASON
GEORGE L. K. MORRIS
L. MOHOLY-NAGY
I. RICE PEREIRA
MARGARET PETERSON
RALPH M. ROSENBORG
FLORENCE SWIFT
ALBERT SWINDEN
E. O. SCHNIEWIND
R. D. TURNBULL
VACLAV VYTLACIL
RUDOLPH WEISENBORN
WARREN WHEELOCK
FREDERICK WHITEMAN

Is the Artist a Reporter?

Is the MUSEUM a BUSINESS?

What about the P.M. contest and exhibition? What is journalistic art? Why should this evening tabloid P.M. try to revive it? What is the Museum trying to revive? Will the Museum sponsor the Police Gazette? What about Eastman, Leica, and Pathe News?
Why and when does a modern museum depart from presenting 'the Art of Today' to promoting the art of yesterday?
Why not day-before-yesterday? Why not Resurrections, Adorations and Madonnas?
Why not build Pyramids? Why not tear down the Museum and build a pyramid! As big as Radio City! With 100,000 slaves! Think of the publicity!

What is this — a three ring CIRCUS?

ART DEPT.: Nelson Rockefeller, head of the Museum of Modern Art, told a group that the Museum is spending more money than it is receiving—that this was the first time he ever was engaging in show-business, but that the off-balance wasn't worrying him . . . "It's all right," Rockefeller assured. "The Greatest Showman of our times—a man in Washington—works on the same principle."

Leonard Lyons
MARCH 21, 1940
NEW YORK POST

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JEANNE CARLES
GEORGE CAVALLON
A. N. CHRISTIE
ANNA COHEN
WERNER DREWES
ELEANOR DE LAITTRE
HERZL EMANUEL
JOHN FERREN
SUSIE FRELINGHUYSEN

A. E. GALLATIN
FRITZ GLARNER
BALCOMB GREENE
GERTRUDE GREENE
HANANIAH HARARI
HARRY HOLTZMAN
CARL HOLTY
DOROTHY JORALEMON
RAY KAISER
FREDERICK P. KANN
PAUL KELPE
LEO LANCES
IBRAM LASSAW

AGNES LYALL
GEORGE McNEIL
ALICE MASON
GEORGE L. K. MORRIS
L. MOHOLY-NAGY
I. RICE PEREIRA
MARGARET PETERSON
RALPH M. ROSENBORG
A. D. F. REINHARDT
LOUIS SCHANKER
CHARLES G. SHAW
ESPHYR SLOBODKINA
DAVID SMITH

FLORENCE SWIFT
ALBERT SWINDEN
E. O. SCHNIEWIND
R. D. TURNBULL
VACLAV VYTLACIL
RUDOLPH WEISENBORN
WARREN WHEELOCK
FREDERICK WHITEMAN
HARRY WILDENBERG
ROBERT JAY WOLFF
BECKFORD YOUNG
JANET YOUNG
W. M. ZOGBAUM

We have phrase alone

DETROIT, MICH.
FREE PRESS
D. 512,259 — S. 567,017

APR 10 1966

ART IN DETROIT

Copy-Cat Galleries And a Free Spirit Named Zubel

BY MORLEY DRIVER
Free Press Art Critic

So far, the art season in Detroit has been a series of uneven chapters from New York.

Ever since the J. L. Hudson Gallery opened, three seasons ago, many galleries have stopped making their own pace and tried to copy this new gallery. We have now arrived at the absurd situation that existed in New York three or four years ago when everybody was trying to show the same thing. Almost no artist who had not been "blessed" in some way by the Museum of Modern Art could get a showing in a New York Gallery.

Mrs. Driver

The J. L. Hudson Gallery is now considered one of the top Fine Arts galleries in the United States. We certainly needed such a gallery. What we do not need is a series of more or less reasonable facsimiles of it. The idea that might well be emulated is quality and an eye for excellence.

Unfortunately too many other galleries have decided that all that is needed is a New York name or a name that has some international claim to fame. Thus we have been dubiously blessed with a series of "big" pictures from small names and "little" pictures from big names.

It is time that Detroit galleries began to think seriously about Michigan artists. They could also get busy about artists from the surrounding states. What's happening in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado, Missouri etc., and etc.?

An exhibition by a Michigan artist with an international reputation, Zubel Kachadoorian, is now at the Artists Market — where he started — through April 23.

This fine collection of drawings and paintings is not New York School nor Paris School. This is the work of an uncommonly fine draftsman and a painter with a vivid imagination and a fluid, hinting line. Zubel's painting has the purity of mental intention and the mood of creation. This is a glowing, emotional and handsome exhibition that shows genuine artistic development.

The distinctive aspect of Zubel's work is that none of it gives one the idea that he is concerned with fashion. Nor is he trying to find a serious "looking" formula.

I think some of the oils are overworked as though the artist is never satisfied. No good artist is ever satisfied, but it is sometimes more useful to start over again than to rebuild.

All this work shows the understanding that the price of freedom is discipline as well as the fact that no art can live that is divorced from life.

Art on View And Upcoming

EXHIBITIONS — "Selections from Institute Collections" at **Detroit Institute of Arts** through mid-June. (Permanent galleries closed for renovation.) . . . **Gallery Selection** at **Arwin Galleries**, 222 W. Grand River, through Apr. 18 . . . The work of **Cyril Miles and her Highland Park College students at Hamtramck Public Library**, 2360 Caniff, through April . . . **Oil paintings** at **Three Fountains Clubhouse**, Wayne Road near Westland, April 16-17 . . . Recent prints and drawings by **Harold Altman** at **Franklin Siden Gallery**, David Whitney Bldg., Monday through Apr. 30 . . . Paintings and drawings by **Zubel Kachadoorian** at **Detroit Artists Market** through Apr. 23 . . . Painted concave constructions by **Richard Hackett** at **Gertaude Kaste Gallery**, Fisher Bldg., through Apr. 20 . . . Graphics by **Dean Meeker** at **Little Gallery**, Birmingham, through Apr. 30 . . . Paintings by **William House** at **Rubiner Gallery**, Royal Oak, through Apr. 20 . . . Watercolors by **Anatol Girs** at **International Art Center** through Tuesday . . . The **Canadian Society of Graphic Art** at **Willistead Art Gallery**, Windsor, through Apr. 28 . . . Recent graphic work by **Picasso** at **Donald Morris Gallery** through Saturday . . . **"Art Across America,"** exclusive Michigan showing at **Flint Institute of Arts** through Apr. 24.

EVENTS—Lecture on **Peter Paul Rubens** by **Michael Jaffe** at **Detroit Institute of Arts**, Apr. 14 at 8:15 p.m. Admission $1, students 50 cents.

Zubel Kachadoorian: Just being his distinctive self.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
WORLD JOURNAL-TRIBUNE
— S. 800,306 —
NEW YORK CITY METROPOLITAN AREA

OCT 5 1966

'Maskers' Cry: 'The Museums Must Go'

By JOHN MOLLESON
World Journal Tribune Staff

"Destroy the museums," a new radical rallying cry, has been raised by a group calling itself "Black Mask."

In a letter to this newspaper, marked for "immediate release," the Maskers said they would "close" the Museum of Modern Art at 12:30 p.m. on Monday, Oct. 10. They did not say how the closing would be accomplished, but did the Vandals ever say precisely how they would fall upon Rome?

Spokesmen for the museum, on 53rd St. west of Fifth Ave., said the threatened closing was news to them, so did the police. Neither had received the letter from "Black Mask."

The Museum of Modern Art had pickets at its doors on two occasions. Once a group demanded more abstract art. More recently, demonstrators protested they had had enough.

'WE BURN WITH REVOLUTION'

Individual artists show up from time to time carrying placards complaining of their own neglect. One artist appears as Diogenes, the lantern-bearing Greek, implying that honesty is not the museum's strongest asset.

The letter from "Black Mask" is a much more widespread attack, a broadside against the art, culture and science of the Establishment.

"A new spirit is rising," the letter begins. "Like the street of Watts, we burn with revolution. . . . The industrialist, the banker, the bourgeoisie, with their unlimited pretense and vulgarity, continue to stockpile art while they slaughter humanity. . . ."

"Sounds like a bunch of kids," said a member of the police intelligence. "Black Mask—never heard of them. I thought we had a line on most groups, but it seems that every day there are new ones."

The Maskers said the closing of the museum would be "a symbolic action . . . when America is on a path of total destruction." It is intended to mark "the opening of another front in the world-wide struggle against suppression," the letter said.

"They talk of vulgarity," a museum spokesman said. "But who is being vulgar now?"

CLIPPINGS - GENERAL

MUSEUM GENERAL POLICY _____

ATTACKS ON MOMA X Black Mask

ATTACKS ON MODERN ART _____

REACTIONARY ART CRITICISM ____

FRAUDS, ART _____

PRICES OF ART _____

CRITICS & WRITERS _____

GOV'T & ART _____

INDUSTRY & ART _____

GALLERIES (DEALERS) _____

MUSEUMS (GENERAL) _____

NATIONAL COUNCIL ON THE ARTS ____

N.Y. STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS ____

N.Y. CITY OFFICE OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS_____

N.Y. CITY PARKS DEPT.(HOVING) _____

FASHION & MOVIE SETS ____

COLLECTIONS, USE OF _____

ARCHITECTURE DEPT. _____

DESIGN COLLECTION _____

PHOTOGRAPHY DEPT. X

PUBLICATIONS _____

CIRCULATING EXHIBITIONS (GEN'L) _____

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL _____

ART IN EMBASSIES PROJECT _____

DRAWING & PRINTS DEPT. _____

FILM LIBRARY _____

JUNIOR COUNCIL _____

INST. OF MODERN ART
CLASSES _____
GENERAL _____

TOURISM _____

TRUSTEES AND STAFF _____

ART LENDING _____

OTHER ... _____

Sioux City, Iowa
Morning Journal
FEB - 2 '63

When It Comes to Art—

The Public Knows What It Likes

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

A RECENT story in the art section of Time magazine was captioned "Ad Absurdum." This may be a milepost, a breakthrough, a turning point. Somebody is beginning to whisper that maybe the emperor doesn't have any clothes on, after all.

Jones

The Time article concerned a painting by abstractionist Ad Reinhardt which has recently won a $1,000 prize at the Chicago Art Institute. It appears to be all black. But Mr. Reinhardt explains it as "a pure, abstraction - objective, timeless, spaceless, changeless, relationless, disinterested painting."

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In short, $1,000 worth of nothing.

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THE ENCOURAGING thing is that human gullibility may have diminished slightly since an almost equally asinine canvass, entitled "White on White," was received with not merely praise but awe when it was unveiled a few years ago at New York's far - out Musum of Modern Art.

It does seem impossible that absurdity in art can proceed much farther. How can you top the London "artist" who recently put down a piece of canvas 40 feet long and 14 feet wide, scattered several dozen tubes of assorted oils and a couple of gallons of liquid paint on it, and then drove around on the mess with his sports car?

But he was topped! By the wealthy art dealer who paid $440 for a two-square-yard piece of this joke.

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LAST YEAR the Pasadena, Cal., Art Museum displayed a collage consisting of a dirty, crumpled up American flag on which was thrown a punctured inner tube, a rusty door lock, an old wrench and several pieces of weathered wood. When veterans organizations protested such abuse of the flag the museum directors huffily defended "freedom of expression."

And the art critic of Pasadena Independent Star-News pontificated: "The aims of the artist may be shock, to which the viewer may add anguish or feelings of isolation or strange and unspeakable feelings that well from the unknown labyrinths of the mind." How's that for lofty confusion? We are waiting for one of the Pasadena city trash trucks to back up to the museum and dump in a masterpiece.

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AT THE BRUSSELS fair cided that America would display only old primitives or modern non - objective paintings by artists under 40.

Thus, while people from all the world admired the huge Russian works, showing heroic fighters at the barricades and happy peasants gathering in the harvest, they came out of the American pavilion puzzled. Did America have no art to show except the unschooled or the incomprehensible?

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BUT IF YOU thought our Brussels fiasco couldn't be exceeded you were wrong. I quote from the gallery guide published at the recent Seattle world's fair:

"The sculptor and painter now forage imaginatively in the junk yard of a compulsively advancing society. The crushed automobile bodies of Chamberlain, and Stankiewicz's fantastic anatomies made of castoff boiler and machine parts, may be considered redemptive acts on behalf of a civilization that refuses to recognize its material splendor and squalor as a spiritual extension of itself. These annihilate the 19th century posture of art appreciation. In contemporary terms, there is an element of existential risk, a good deal of sheer nerve in these works."

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WELL, YOU CAN say that again! But get the arrogance and the effrontery. The "19th century posture of art appreciation" has been "annihilated." By whom? Who has destroyed the masters of the last century? Who has obliterated Copley and Constable, Turner and Toulouse Lautrec, Daumier and Degas, Renoir and Rodin, Gaugin and Van Gogh? Not the public.

Al Capp, the comic artist who creates Li'l Abner, has wryly suggested that the comics are the last refuge of sincere art in America. He says:

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"THERE — AND pretty nearly only there — natural forms are not perverted. People and things are represented in the image in which God created them; with their absurdities exaggerated in the funny strips and their grace and beauty emphasized in the romantic strips.

"We live in an age in which art has become a grotesque hoax on the public. Art standards are now largely dictated by critics who jeer at the understandable, by galleries which exhibit the messers and reject the masters."

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LAST MONTH Nikita Khrushchev made headlines by demanding that Soviet artists, experimenting with non-objectivity, should not have their works shown. He was wrong. There should be room for the display of all art attempts, even clear aberration.

But in the United States it's the other way around. Young objective painters are discouraged in every hand. Few American museums will honor or even hang an objective painting that is less than 50 years old. There are no prizes for American artists who still think that beauty and communication are legitimate artistic objectives.

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CLASSIC traditions are laughed at by an inbred cabal of art professors, museum curators, paint throwers, amateur welders, junk-gluers and assorted beatniks who have tried to drown out the voice of common sense by the thunder of their self-congratulation.

The tyranny of the American avant garde is as vicious as the tyranny of Khrushchev.

And so we have descended ad absurdum. And a few people — thank the Lord — are beginning to laugh.

(General Features)

SATURDAY NIGHT
TORONTO, ONT., CAN.
M. 103,200

OCT 1966

Art

THE LIVELINESS OF POP

By Harry Malcolmson

SWEET DREAMS, BABY indeed. That sock in the head in the Roy Lichtenstein print is what most people thought Pop Art had given the world when it began way back in 1962. Pop Art, they said, was banal and brutal, it was coarse and vulgar. It wouldn't last and anyway it wasn't art.

Four years later, it turns out the 1962 pundits were right and wrong. They were right in saying Pop is blunt and blatant, but that same directness has been Pop Art's glory. They were wrong in saying it wouldn't last. It's with us still and, although the Museum of Modern Art in New York has consistently refused it a show, it's been accepted. As for the rest, the cry "it isn't art" will forever greet the innovator; any new style has always to convince us that it's art before we will look at what we see.

The pace of this particular style change has been remarkable: the move from outcast to sainthood made with tremendous alacrity. It seems years since Warhol stupefied us with his paintings of Campbell Soup Cans or since the National Gallery of Canada refused to certify that Warhol's Brillo Boxes were sculpture. And it isn't just the art world that has relaxed its hostility. Benson & Hedges have now put together a large travelling show with some of the best Pop artists commissioned to do works for them. If they, dealing in a product with wide community contact, are prepared to stand behind Pop Art coast-to-coast one must assume that the public cannot be antagonistic.

Meanwhile, on another front, the critics and art historians have their teeth into the style and if left alone will shake it to death. Ellen Johnson in a recent critique on Pop Art in *Canadian Art* magazine says the dots of Roy Lichtenstein's comic book style should be compared with the pointillism of Seurat, while Andy Warhol should be coupled with Manet. She also says the advantage for the Pop artists of using ready-made images is that these images are so obvious, they soon recede from our attention and leave us conscious only of the formal values of the painting.

Well, I suppose it *is* possible not to see the girl in Mel Ramos' "Chic" at all; to note only the structural elements of the two rows of the letter C set in unison down the sides of the painting; to see the way the otherwise negative space between the arms of the letter C becomes positive because it is echoed by the shapes of the girl's eyes and by the silhouette of her left shoulder. Yet before the art historians emasculate Pop Art completely by dragging it screaming into art history, and while I can, thank God, still see the chick in Chic, I want to mention at random some reasons why I rejoice and marvel at Pop — now.

Politics. A fascinating paradox. The Pop artists as individuals have virtually no interest in politics whatever, yet even without conscious intent their work is the most political art since the great Mexican muralists.

The imagery of Pop Art represents an innocent, loving acceptance of the visual tinsel of advertising. Pop suggests it isn't the "real" values of brotherhood that tie humans in this society together, but the shared visual stimulation of the ubiquitous ad. With Pop, the whole business of culture as a judgmental exercise disappears. "The programmes are getting worse", people say about television, "but the commercials are getting better". And they consider that's not such a bad saw-off.

Pop Art isn't the only force that's put to death the widely based doctrinaire distrust of business and advertising technology of half a generation ago, but Pop has been a prime executioner. Pop Art is the cultural wing of People's Capitalism. The style is bound to be incomprehensible in some cultures. My guess is it will likely be dismissed (particularly when its Exhibition is sponsored by a cigarette company) when it arrives, say, in Spain or Yugoslavia. People there will think it not art but propaganda, in exactly the same way that we dismiss as propaganda the earnest workers of Soviet Social Realist Art.

Andy Warhol. Another reason why I like Pop. All right, he's not an artist in the traditional sense, but a figure who has given art a wrench from which it is not going to recover. His print, "Jacqueline Kennedy #2," is not about a widow's sorrow (as it seemed it must be) but about what McLuhan calls electric circuitry, about communication. The image of Mrs. Kennedy which Warhol uses was taken one morning by a press photographer. Then it was reproduced for transmission on a wire service machine. By nightfall it had been reproduced in eighty million newspapers across the globe. The same day, the same image had been reproduced on the evening newscasts of three U. S. television networks, representing the flash of say 20, 25 and 30 million reproductions at a crack.

Warhol's print isn't a memorial of the President's tragic death, but a memorial of that incredible photograph. How else then can Jacqueline Kennedy's image appear in Warhol's print other than itself: blurred, off-centre and coarse-grained.

THEN THERE are the images. What is real? Hasn't the painted orange of the Sunkist ad become more real than the blemished orange you take out of the refrigerator and hold in your hand? How else was Warhol to convincingly represent Campbell soup cans other than as stacked in a supermarket display; one soup can is ridiculous.

The English artist, Allen Jones, in his print "Miss America" tells us about his visit to the American West by means of illustration and postcard. At first the two coalesce, but then, as the print shows, the postcard is detached from the scene. Gradually, he tells us, the reality of the postcard will erase the recollection of the real countryside he visited.

Such is the whimsy as well as the profundity of Pop Art. The Benson & Hedges collection, which includes virtually all of the top Pop artists is both a delight and first-class Pop Art. If you wish to be bewildered and bemused, but most of all, bewitched, see it as it moves across the country.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
WORLD JOURNAL-TRIBUNE
— S. 800,306 —
NEW YORK CITY METROPOLITAN AREA
SEP 22 1966

"SABBATH," BY MAX WEBER
"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life"

Annie Makes 'Zoo's Who'

PHOENIX, Ariz., Sept. 22 (AP)—The birth of a female oryx has brought rejoicing at the Phoenix Zoo, which says the animals are the only ones of their kind in captivity outside Saudi Arabia.

Because the climate and terrain at Phoenix are more nearly like the native habitat of the oryx, a type of antelope, a herd of eight was established here.

The rare animals since gave birth to seven young—every one a male—before the birth of the first female announced yesterday. She'll be named Annie.

Not Unexpected

LONDON, Sept. 22 (UPI)—The Society of Civil Servants polled its members on working conditions and found that more than half of the younger civil servants hate their jobs.

Journal of Art

Crowds See Jewish Museum's Exhibit on East Side Life

By EMILY GENAUER
World Journal Tribune Staff

What the girls in their mini-mini skirts (up to here) and their escorts (what do they call the bearded boys in Edwardian jackets and gray spats?) could have thought as they jammed the opening of the Jewish Museum's new exhibition, "The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," I cannot imagine.

Because the Jewish Museum has become the city's "in" museum, as the Museum of Modern Art used to be, and hasn't been now for 20 years. Its shows, almost invariably the first "official" presentation hereabouts of new art forms and isms still in the making and testing, have become a magnet for all the with-it kids.

And there they were at the opening—possibly because they hadn't stopped to read the invitations—of an exhibition completely removed from the museum's usual fare, intended, instead, through photographs, sound tracks, movies, posters, paintings, to recreate nostalgically, sentimentally, compassionately, respectfully, a grim and gone way of life with which their connection, if any exists at all, couldn't be more remote, and to whose values (tradition, family, togetherness, all sorts of orthodoxy) they couldn't be less sympathetic.

Maybe they turned up out of simple geographical curiosity as people come to shows of old New York prints, to see what the town looked like in the Old Days. Because the physical area whose life, during the period from 1870 to 1924, when the immigration quota system went into operation, is examined in depth in the exhibition, covers precisely the district (bounded by Brooklyn Bridge on the south, 14th St. on the north, Broadway on the west, and the East River on the east where many young people, among them hundreds of artists, have recently moved because of low rents.

CROWDS ARE COMING

For whatever reasons the crowds are coming, maybe some understanding of the relentless struggle, the ambitions, the straining for education, the need somehow to meld ancient faith, ethical ideals, and strict disciplines with visions of a dynamic and limitless future, will rub off on iconoclastic young visitors.

The 50 paintings in the exhibition are, on this level, rarely as effective. The work of well-known American artists drawn to the East Side because of its color and vitality (like Edward Hopper, Childe Hassam, John Sloan, George Bellows, Maurice Prendergast, George Luks, William Glackens), or by artists who were part of it (Gropper, Jacob Epstein, Chaim Gross, Max Weber, Raphael and Isaac Soyer, Walkowitz), are mostly too general, too organized, too devoid of distracting detail (as paintings should be) to have the immediacy of photographs, where identifiable and seemingly petty detail may be precisely the jog which heart or memory needs. Paintings work on another level, where fact is made symbol of something not deriving from a very special event or time in a very special place, but touching all human beings in all times and places In a documentary show it must suffer in comparison with photographs.

BOTH WAYS

The show's sound-tracks, however, magically serve to work both ways. There are old tapes by Tony Schwartz, recreating the street noises of New York's East Side; a recording by Stella Adler, recalling the days when the Yiddish theater was in its prime, and, best of all, a tape and movie of Zero Mostel reading, in translation, letters-to-the-editor sent over the years by readers of the Jewish Daily Forward, pouring out their problems in love, sweat shops, housing, child rearing. All these are universal.

But these are also, specifically, New York. And this is what will give them their special appeal their special meaning for countless New Yorkers who may have no connection whatever with the Lower East Side in the period around the turn of the century.

PEORIA, ILL.
MORN. JOURNAL STAR
D. 35,616 — S. 120,977
PEORIA METROPOLITAN AREA

MAR 1 1967

IN MY OPINION

By SIDNEY BALDWIN

An 'Astonish Me' Sermon

Last November a church in Brooklyn Heights, the Spencer Memorial Church, asked one of the ten leading photographers in the country, Philippe Halsman, to give the sermon in connection with an exhibition of photographs. The sermon was printed in the March edition of "Photography" and deserves a much wider circulation than a commercial magazine will give it.

For Philippe Halsman began by saying that he did not expect to talk about religion, that he wanted to talk about art and, in his discussion of the problems that face an artist, he clarified many of the questions that the average man has been asking himself ever since the "nouveau art" came into being. Like hundreds of other people, I have asked myself why the world of art and, this includes painting, sculpture, music, writing, as well as the many crafts that have been coming to the surface, why the distortion, the emphasis on decay, the miserable results which we have been asked to accept as art have come about.

Mr. Halsman explains that the problem of the artist is one of choice. He must choose, out of all the material that he has, whether his tool is canvas or a typewriter, which he will perpetuate. Because Mr. Halsman is a photographer, his examples were largely taken from that department of art. The photographer begins his choice with the kind of camera and the kind of film he can use. When he has chosen his subject, he must decide — if it is to be a portrait — his lighting, the position of the figure, standing, sitting, leaning. And, when the position is determined, his choice is the speed and the opening of the lens, and after the picture is taken the matter of developing and printing and mounting and the final choice is shall he show the picture or shall he throw it away.

The matter of choice, says Mr. Halsman, has changed through the ages. In ancient Rome and Greece, the first purpose of art was to find and [illegible] The marble and consists of a few recorded moans of inarticulate grief.

* * *

In this class come the latest painters, who began by giving us squares and triangles of pure color, went on to Ad Reinhardt who is called "the Black Monk" of abstract expressionism. He is famous for his black paintings, five by five foot, completely black squares. These paintings will probably be hung in museums as examples of art in 1967. A few of them may be bought by private owners since it is the fashion "to follow the critic." But, since astonishment needs more and more stimulation, the time will come when literally nothing a man can conceive will be surprising.

Then the artist will be forced to return to the choices former generations have made. A picture of a pure black square, once it is seen, has little lasting value. It's rather like setting up the insides of a complicated machine with its wheels and bars and nuts and bolts and expecting continued admiration. Such a machine, like a printing press, is a handsome thing that does its work remarkably well, but its place is in a museum of mechanics and there is the only place it will have permanent value.

sculpture, which has withstood the attack of time to come down to us in beauty, has given us a basis from which to judge.

* * *

The ancient standards of painting were told in the Greek legend of two painters who vied with each other to determine before a group of seven judges which man was the greater artist. One of them unwrapped his painting from the cloth which covered it, showing a bunch of grapes so lifelike that the birds came to peck at the fruit. When the judges invited the second man to unwrap his painting, he said, "No, unwrap it yourselves." They found that the picture was not wrapped in cloth, that the cloth was the painting. They gave him the prize. It was easier to fool the birds than the judges.

* * *

The foremost art critic of today, Clement Greenberg, has gone back to a quotation of Serge Diaghilev of the Russian Imperial Ballet. When an artist asked him what he could do for the director, Diaghilev answered him, "Astonish me!"

"Astonish me." The attempt to accomplish this has swept the modern artist far away from the usual stream in which his associates have been navigating. Nothing by brush and paint can be surprising any more. Either the topic of a painting must be so revolting that the viewer is shocked or some trick of dangling a spoon in front of a painting is resorted to to surprise the viewer.

The Museum of Modern Art in New York is accepting this version of art, that it must be astonishing. They offered in a recent exhibit a mattress partly burned by a blowtorch. One has only turn the pages of the modern magazines, who spend thousands of dollars on their reproductions, to understand the attempts of the producer to astonish his audience. But astonishment is quickly sated and, since a modern painting is no longer expected to give continued pleasure, the struggle for art that is contemporary descends quickly into the realm of the objectionable.

Halsman says, regarding the matter of choice of the artist, he is being seduced to the form rather than the content. A modern composer, John Cage, has composed a silent piece called 4.33 in which an orchestra sits in complete silence for 4 minutes and 33 seconds. There is another musical composition, not yet performed, which is 60 seconds long, has no actors

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.
PRESS
D. 30,779
SEP 18 1966

World of Art

Small museum's defenders

John Canaday

New York Times News Service

HAVING COME to the end of a series of articles on small museums, this reporter confesses to a disconcerting sensation of having been chopped off at the knees by some letters that have come in — not because they registered objections, which they did, but because they indicated that the writers had no idea what the articles were supposed to have been all about.

The most extraordinary of these letters, from a New York art dealer of impeccable reputation, expressed dismay that a small museum might fill in its collection with reproductions. Then, in an incidental reference, the letter-writer revealed that his idea of a "small museum" was the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, Conn., or the Worcester, Mass., Art Museum — two of the most distinguished museums in the U.S.

The only conclusion to be drawn is that in the astral realms in which he operates, shuttling between New York and Europe, the dealer cannot conceive of the situation in Blankton, where a new and really small museum is trying to lift itself by its bootstraps, where 90 per cent of the population has never seen an original painting by an Old Master, where 89 per cent don't care whether they ever do see one, and where most sensible people think of art as a stopgap hobby for misfit kids and fading gentlewomen.

☆ ☆ ☆

ANOTHER group of objections came from friends of small museums in colleges. But these museums, too, have nothing in common with the problems that Blankton must cope with. As a single primary difference, the staff of the college art museum is integrated with the artists and scholars of the art department and with a full program in the humanities, while Blankton's harassed director is likely to have to make do with volunteers whose only qualification for museum work is a willingness to take a crack at it without pay.

Apparently not many people who are seriously interested in museums feel that the small museum is worth worrying about. But a representative of one very small museum in the Midwest makes out this case in a letter:

"I am disappointed that you find so little to admire in the small-museum movement in the U.S. I think we are more aware of our limitations than you suspect.

"We are brand new. That makes us typical. But during the two years of our existence, we have not striven for what could only be a fourth-rate collection.

"Instead, we strive to enlarge the experience of our audience. For most of that audience, we offer the chance to see works of other times, cultures and standards. In concrete terms, that means that we must (A) carry on a strong program with the schools and (B) spend our money on loan exhibitions.

"The emphasis is on stimulation rather than presenting what-we-can-assume that the appetite for quality, once born, will demand better and better food."

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS WOULD BE as good a statement of aims as a small museum could make. It is subject, however, to one great difficulty, in that "works of other times and cultures" are too valuable and too fragile to be shipped around in the rental exhibitions upon which small museum must depend.

As a result, the small museums across the country have become part of one mammoth tastemaking circuit radiating from New York, giving disproportionate emphasis to the standard table of esthetic values formulated by the Museum of Modern Art and proselytized in its rental shows.

The quarrel is not with the table the museum has set up, but only with its lack of competition. It has been sold so successfully that it is echoed in the great majority of traveling shows available elsewhere and too often echoed at a shoddy level.

PALO ALTO, CALIF.
TIMES
D. 38,638
SEP 5 1966

Drypoint display dry and pointless

By RAYMOND BARRIO

The 41 prints of Richard Diebenkorn, which went on exhibit recently at the San Francisco Museum of Art, are about as sad a group of etchings and drypoints as have ever been herded together by a single prominent contemporary West Coast artist.

Diebenkorn symbolizes a tempest that has been bubbling in the dome of modern art for several years, but which has all but petered out: Will the future return to art? To most artists in the van, today, this question is academic.

These are not happy prints. They do not look forward. They look backward. They seem to have been done as a kind of chore, under some academically driven artist-proving impetus, instead of—well, the only way to produce a work of art is because you have an irresistible inner compulsion to do it. These prints somehow succeed in conveying the opposite impression.

ASSIST

In 1959 and 1960, with a great assist from the University of Illinois and the New York Museum of Modern Art, along with some other long-fingered manipulators, curators in art museums and such, a wide and determined movement got under way to try to show the art world that not only had abstract expressionism run out of steam, but that misguided experimenting artists were finally coming home to woof with venuses and such. It never happened.

Artists, peculiarly enough, have been carrying on like individualists. Refusing to be shepherded. What has been happening? Instead of following siren wails, artists for the past five years have been creating whole new series of messes called pop and op and junk and stuffings and mobiles and tinkles and melted drips and floating sculptures.

Is this good? Who knows?

Yet Cezanne's enormously fruitful principle of form-organization, of pure composition, freed the creative artist forever from the tyranny of objects and subject matter. Except for the commercial artist, the fine artist no longer had to be a clever copier.

For no matter how brilliantly the literal figure may be drawn, it is a false step, a step backward. Art moves forward. Even when it means picking on junk.

Diebenkorn, who started out as an abstract expressionist, has a few pretty good compositions going here. No. 20, an etching, has some mystery, with soft lights and luminous darks.

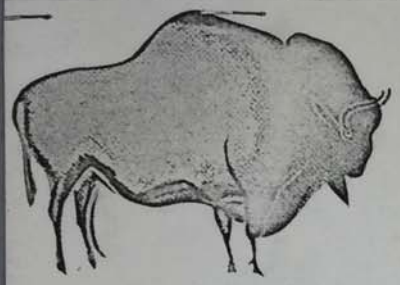
No. 29 has a dramatic design of the white limbs of a seated female against a black background. No. 33 sends some good, some ho-hum. Many bored figures sit or recline, some with personality, some without. There are faces; two women talk; of another pair, one drinks. A big hat flops on another female. There are tabletops cluttered with domestic bric-abrac.

Everywhere, subject matter, the stuff of illustration.

Practically every print (except No. 33) makes you think of some one or some thing, rather than of composition first.

The fact that Diebenkorn has very little artistic company (although admittedly a wide public) may be a sign of great individualism. It also may mean a cut-off from his fellow craftsmen. For the rest of the pack has gone baying off into some other more enticing and possibly riskier bayous.

The Diebenkorn exhibit will continue through Sept. 25 It may be seen in conjunction with Faralla's wood sculptures, which were reviewed in last Friday's edition of the Times.



WHAT IS DESIGN?

by Ralph M. Pearson

What is design? Cezanne spent most of his adult life trying to dig out the answer to that question from history, the old masters and his own internal sensitivities. And he succeeded; he became a modern master. Today, we read a magazine named "*Design*," call ourselves design students, interior decorators and designers, but—do we know what the term really means? Can its implications be learned in less than a lifetime of painful searching? Is it important that they should be, and if so, why?

A few years ago the United States was represented at the *Venice Biennale* by only two painters, Ben Shahn and Willem De Kooning. Time Magazine's canny, and sometimes discriminating, art critic at the time, Alexander Eliot, reproduced in color three of their paintings and, of the De Koonings, said, "They looked like angry snarls of tar, snow, syrup and a little blood dexterously applied with a bent spoon." Now, it really doesn't matter much what medium an artist uses. If he likes syrup and blood there is no aesthetic law against using them. Nor do his tools matter. But "angry snarls" is an eloquent way of saying "emotional release into chaos." And chaos is the antithesis of design. Here was a painter being given top honors as a representative of contemporary American art, who had abandoned the design of the ages for "angry snarls." The New York Museum of Modern Art, which made the selections, was honoring chaos. But, this museum also honors Cezanne, Renoir, van Gogh and Kandinsky, all master-designers in their individual ways. What does this equal honoring of the "sacred and profane" mean?

It must mean one of two things. Either the Museum considers design a transitory thing, like mood, that comes and goes and can be dispensed with. Or it is unaware of the presence or absence of design—from lack of experience. (Museum officials are often scholars and not practitioners.)

Artists who understand pictorial form (another term for design), consider this quality a *constant* that has existed all through art history, even back to the Stone Age. So we have an impasse. Design is not important, says our foremost modern museum. Design is important, say the artists who understand it. It looks as if you and I shall have to make our own decisions.

As an artist-turned-educator, and one who has made a rather thorough study of this great design field, I believe art museums are in no position to make such sweeping decisions. And I believe that the artists who know and use design properly are the qualified judges. Not being a neutralist, I shall try to prove this belief. You readers are judge and jury.

Right off, let me say that no true artist-designer thinks of design as a set of rules learned by rote and then mechanically applied. Each of us owns a "Department of Interior Sensitivity" on which we can draw to make aesthetic decisions. This sensitivity is a personal thing and will normally produce original decisions and actions—both in practice and the appreciation of critical opinion. But, through the ages there has been a remarkable agreement about which designs will stand the test of time! Designs that pleased Stone Age artists when they drew them in caves—the work of unknown primitives from forgotten places, still look good to us today. Design has proven itself to be a constant, unchanging criterion, regardless of the era involved. All art historians, theoretically, should recognize this constant, but, some do and *many* do not. The *many* get involved in personalities, likes and techniques, and overlook the constants.

Many people when they see or hear the word *design*, think of "decoration"—a pleasing pattern added to a textile, rug or tea-pot to make it "pretty" or beautiful. They get interested in periods or styles of designs. But design that is used should be indigenous; it should express *us*. To the genuine artist-designer this is the credo he lives by; his designs must be a personal expression of his own life and time. This applies whether he makes vases or skyscrapers, or produces "fine art" with profound meanings.

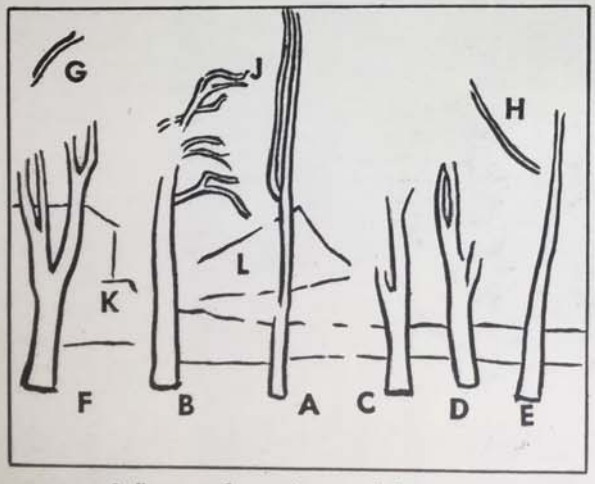
In pictures, design plays one of two major roles. In an abstraction it tries to play pure visual music; in realistic art, the design may be absorbed into the subject to increase its dramatic power. Realism—the creation of the reality of a subject—can be designed, whereas naturalism —the copying of actual surface appearances as seen in nature—cannot. Its parts may be "composed," or pleasingly arranged, but this is only a first step toward the complexity of pictorial design.

So, now we have set the background and can return to the basic question: What is design? To test our sensitivities, suppose we take a slow look at three pictures. Two of them—20,000 years apart in time—are of designed realism. The third is a current, designed abstraction. The test will be to decide if there is a tie-up between the three in this matter of design. Can they prove that design is a constant, untouched by time or type?

Design means the organization of all elements into a unified whole—to gain dramatic power and give aesthetic pleasure through the sense of sight. Paintings and sculp-

(Above) "Twentieth Century Baroque" by Robert Preusser.

(Above) "Chestnut Trees at Jas de Buffait" by Paul Cezanne



A diagram of several parts of the Cezanne painting.

tures have many elements open to such controls, the most obvious being subject (if any), form, color, space, texture, line and movement.

The Stone Age cave painting (page 23) in its direct and simple way, translates subject into a symbol (rather than a replica)—a symbol that is an intriguing shape. Turn it upside down. It still retains its honest appeal even when the subject matter is lost. It still suggests form, rather crudely in the body, but masterfully in the far hind leg. And note the linear motifs, delicate in horns and tail, bold in the legs, that add the spice of variety. There are no angry, or placid "snarls" of chaos in sight; all parts are built in a unified whole. It is good design.

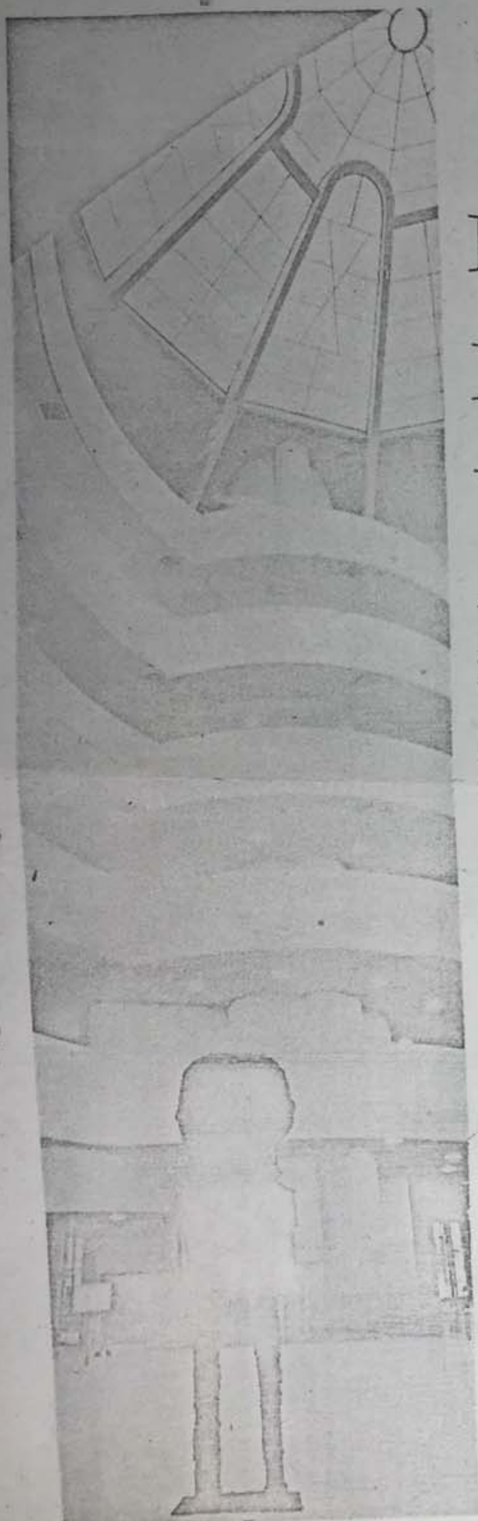
The Cezanne painting is not naturalism; it swirls with sensitive rhythms and counter-movements. Let your eyes play over its dominants of trees and branches. Do they respond to the subtle control? Do you sense *visual* chords almost like *musical* chords? Note the tangibles—the horizontal of the long wall ending with the slightly accented planes of the building (a foil to the off-verticals of the trees), the interval of rolling hill, the climax of the delicate triangular mountain, which becomes the focal point of the whole. Or are the two dark windows the major focal point? Our intellect can *see* these items but it is our senses and feelings which respond to them.

Let's stimulate our senses if they are lazy. It helps to segregate several items at a time (as in the sketch), and study them. Note that tree "A" is vertical and slender while "B" is vertical and heavier; that "F," "C" and "D" tip inward and "E" outward; that at "J" are rhythmic repeats, and at "G" and "H" opposed movements. Note the different types of trunks and how they have been emphasized—in a row of trees presumably all the same.

There is no sameness here, no monotony. Good design is no accident. Color, of course, is Cezanne's master tool. Even in black and white, you are aware that this artist is playing upon your sensitivities a half century after he painted the picture, just as a musician would play upon them.

The contemporary painting illustrated here is an abstraction that gains the same end—without the distraction of subject. Here space-forms, with textures added to enrich the surface, play their interlocking rhythms to delight eyes that are open. Space-pattern is dominant, but it grows more subtle by the advances and retreats of three-dimensional interplay. Contrast between large and small elements gives variety, as do the many texture changes. The title is "Twentieth Century Baroque." It is only an identifying label, but it is aptly chosen for the main function of the painting is to play pure visual music.

So as Attorney for the defense of Design, I have stated the case briefly. Is Design a word without meaning, subject to every blowing wind of current taste? Or is it an unchanging constant—as true today as it was on a cave wall, two thousand generations ago? You be the judge. ■



Guggenheim Museum

Exit Art, Enter Vaudeville

By John Canaday, from the (c) N.Y. Times

Now that the current offerings have expired, the New York art season can be put into some kind of perspective.

During the nine months from October to June, 2,162 shows opened in the New York galleries, not counting the museums. More than half of these were one man shows, which means that about 1,200 artists offered their wares.

The numbers mean only that standards of both creation and acceptance are sinking year by year. Last season the amateur-as-professional was with us in larger numbers than ever, and the entertainment - seeker-as-art-lover kept right up with him.

The confusion between art and show biz increased to such an extent that a large percentage of the shows (a more appropriate word than exhibitions) should have been covered as news notes in Variety instead of by critics in art publications. This was most specifically true of the happenings, which increased in number, apparently absorbing the energy that was once expended on the more demanding playground of amateur theatricals.

THE MAJOR VICTIM of art as vaudeville was Pop Art. The 1965-66 season may very well go down as Pop's obituary year, which is a shame, since Pop had a great potential as a return to figuration and immediate social reference understandable by the multitude while offering the necessary ingredients for gassy esthetic theorizing. But Pop pushed its own game too far.

Instead of developing its innovations, Pop merely repeated and exaggerated them. Claes Oldenburg (as an example), having startled some years ago with a deformed hamburger, was reduced by last year to startling, or attempting to startle, with deformed toilet seats.

Op Art fared a little better. Having been prostituted by the dress and fabric industries a year ago, and having got all that out of the way, Op was finished as a sensation and became acceptable as a has-been that could be dismembered to provide in bits and pieces whatever might contribute to art in general. Its best practitioners, with the exception of Vasarely, are elaborators rather than inventors.

"Sterile" and "Elementary" were translated into "Pure" and "Primary" in the triumphant art of the season, the minimal sculpture or art of "primary forms" representing the ultimate reactions against the romantic excesses of abstract expressionism. If the season belonged to any single artist, it belonged to Anthony Caro, who was known in this country to only a handful of enthusiasts a mere three years ago, and is now established as a downright patriarchal figure as a force in the growth of primary sculpture.

WHILE THE MUSEUM OF Modern Art took a look at itself in the trauma of middle age, New York's two secondary museums of modern art, the Jewish and the Guggenheim, stepped up their undeclared battle for the title of most-up-to-date. The Jewish Museum came off better with successful shows of kinetic art and primary structures — but at the expense of a great deal of attendant and dubious theatricality. Last season the openings at the Jewish Museum became the best promenade in town for freakish display.

The Guggenheim, weakened by internal dissensions, never seemed quite certain of its direction, and along with its big shows continued an error of policy with a number of apparently improvised small grab-bag fillers announced as exhibitions and presented under titles that could have been justified only by carefully researched collections.

The Museum of Modern Art, although it too seemed unwilling to let a week pass without announcing something new for the paying customers, never offered a slipshod show, no matter how small. This grande dame of modernism is paying a price for her insistence on quality; she sees her imitators taking some of the best subjects and whipping up shows at half the scale that would be required for a truly first-rate treatment. But the price is not too high — not as high, at any rate, as the price of compromise.

The Museum of Modern Art last season was in a state of crisis, but seemed determined to make the difficult transition from young matron to dowager as gracefully as possible.

The Whitney, as the fourth-rater after the Modern - Jewish - Guggenheim combination ever since it sold its all-American birthright by deciding that nothing happened in this country until the armory show, spent the season getting ready for the move to its new building. The Whitney's well-wishers, this department among them, have been holding their breath and keeping their fingers crossed to see whether the new building will revivify the institution or turn out to be another dog.

THE DISCOURAGING IMPRESSION is that the season turned up a lot of trash and that sensationalism and vanity stole the scene. But from Jacques Lipchitz on down (chronologically) the reputations that have managed to survive on a combination of quality and good management by dealers provided enough good shows to justify the season.

On the whole, the least conspicuous gallery shows included the majority of the most rewarding ones — which means that in spite of souped-up entertainment values and the smothering burden of amateurism, serious artists are managing somehow to survive — so far.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1967

Art: 39 Steps from Mission House to Boutique

By JOHN CANADAY

THE GREAT difficulty in reaching an evaluation of the Museum of Modern Art's contribution to American culture is that no statement, favorable or unfavorable, is without legitimate rebuttal supplied by the ramifications of the museum's all-pervasive influence since its founding 39 years ago. If you object that it has produced across the country a public for museum and "art center" programs where art is confused with light entertainment, you must also remember, that when Alfred H. Barr, Jr., created a new kind of museum in 1929, he created it against the grain of a tradition by which an art museum was a form of mortuary.

Mr. Barr was a young scholar who had somehow resisted the premature ossification that afflicted so many museum people at that time. He believed that art could come alive and grow in a museum conceived as a living organism. If he had been named director of the Metropolitan instead of the fledgling Modern, he would probably have revitalized that sleepy institution in the way Francis Henry Taylor revitalized it in 1940 to make it an instrument of public service instead of a repository.

If the example of the Museum of Modern Art did not supply Mr. Taylor with some of his ideas, it must at least have reinforced ideas independently arrived at. And the success of the new museum, which in its eleven years had attached to itself some of the biggest money names and collecting names in the country, supplied a lever for Mr. Taylor or for any other director who wanted money from his board for the expansion of his museum's activities.

Hence the Museum of Modern Art, quite aside from its concern with bringing 20th-century art to a 20th-century public, transformed our ideas of what a museum should be, and made American museums the most progressive in the world. It is difficult to remember, nowadays, how somnolent a place an art museum once could be, until your memory is jogged by a visit to some provincial European collection where no effort is made to attract a public or to edify a visitor by so much as a guided tour, where paintings and sculptures are available for seeing by anyone who is interested in seeing them, and that is that.

*

Such a policy may not be progressive, but it still recognizes art first of all as art, and such museums come as a relief, lately, after the American surfeit of ladies' art classes, kiddies' art classes, business men's art classes, Art Can Be Fun evenings (Giggles with Giotto, Pranks with Poussin), dances, fashion shows, treasure hunts (a clue in every painting, if you can find it), members' cocktail parties, lectures on the latest thing ("After Minimal Art—What?") and all the general coddling, cossetting, baby-sitting and competition for attention that has given American museums impressive attendance records at the price of giving the public the idea that the first function of a museum, the first function of art, is to supply a succession of sensations.

If the Museum of Modern Art cannot be blamed for the fact that other museums have reduced its premises to absurdity, neither can it be absolved from its failure to discern the cancerous spot in those premises when it began to spread through the museum's own organism. One ominous symptom was the museum's adoption of the word "exciting" as an adjective of esthetic description, and once it had been legitimitized in the museum's announcements and catalogues, it became the ultimate laudatory word in talk about the museum's shows in circles where "the Modern" and "Bergdorf's" were tossed off alternately and all but interchangeably.

There is, God knows, nothing much more profoundly exciting in a non-Vogue and non-Harper's Bazaar context than great art. But under the obligation to supply excitement after excitement month after month and year after year, while genuinely exciting material became exhausted, the museum began to put its premium on excitement first and significance second. The superficial characteristics of innovation and experiment were validated by the museum's Good Art Seal of Approval in works of art that lacked hopelessly and forever the truly innovational concepts that occur not month after month and year after year but at intervals of many decades or centuries in the development of art.

The Museum of Modern Art, seduced by its own image and backed up by its early record, has sponsored, in recent years, one superficial talent after another. By giving the ukase of the museum's Czaristic authority to inconsequential works of art it has stimulated new excitements in a cat-chasing-its-own-tail cycle of discovery, support, stimulation, discovery, support, and restimulation and around and around in response to a pseudo-growth that has not allowed time for even the most promising movements to strike roots deep enough to feed them.

*

Among the revolutionary concepts in the museum's formation, the one potentially most significant to the widest public was that of unifying within a single framework all the visual arts, including the movies, which at that time were recognized by only a handful of intellectuals as worthy of critical and historical attention; photography, which in 1929 was just emerging from its ambition to be a second-rate form of painting, and architecture and industrial design, the two arts that for undefeatable practical reasons have remained contemptuous of intellectualized evaluations, including the museum's. It is significant in the history of the Museum

Bob Greene

At the Museum of Modern Art—
—a terrible gap between the ideal and the fact.

ism. If he had been named director of the Metropolitan instead of the fledgling Modern, he would probably have revitalized that sleepy institution in the way Francis Henry Taylor revitalized it in 1940 to make it an instrument of public service instead of a repository.

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of Modern Art that its architecture and design program has not grown, while the program in general has multiplied many times. At the museum, nothing succeeds like a sales record. You may excite collectors and donors with your latest line of paintings and sculptures, but you cannot excite General Motors or the Uris Building Corporation with your ideas on how their automobiles and skyscrapers should look. The best you can do is to give a pat on the back to those designers and builders who have managed to produce and sell a product you approve of. And the museum is not greatly interested in post-sales values. What it is interested in is selling.

*

From the beginning the museum has been interested in selling. But selling, like excitement, has different levels of meaning. Modern art had to be sold to a laggard American public as a kind of missionary work, an idealistic project, years after that art had been accepted in Europe. The museum, to its eternal credit, made that sale. But in the process it oversold itself on itself to such an extent that the whole place, now grown to great size, is one enormous boutique. There are the main sales rooms and the sub sales rooms and something like the bargain specials—the little shows that keep the announcements of something new coming between the big shows. The atmosphere is not that of a place where art is offered for contemplation with the privilege of personal response. There is a goading to accept the offered product as the only acceptable one. There is, here, a terrible gap between the original ideal and the resultant fact of an institution whose administrators have been so close to it for so long that, surely, they have not been aware of the deterioration over the years.

This is the second of three articles on the Museum of Modern Art.

Visual Arts

Assessments Updated

By MILES A. SMITH

New York ⓜ

FOUR terse compass readings on where we stand in the visual arts today:

The period of "modern art" is over.

We're in a "postmodern" period. It Is "open-ended," so we can't be sure where it will lead.

Here in the late 1960's there is a temporary lull in "new things" in the visual arts.

This is a rather difficult time for the layman interested in art. Partly this is because he is confronted with "a lot of hard work" in trying to understand and appreciate the art of today. Partly it is because there aren't very many places where the best—emphasis on "best"—of today's art may be seen.

Key Figure

These four assessments of today's art scene come from Henry Geldzahler, who at 32 is one of the key figures in evaluating and interpreting contemporary painting and sculpture.

Geldzahler, who joined the staff of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1960, recently was named curator of the museum's newly formed "Department of Contemporary Arts," which will concern itself with all the arts of the 20th Century.

He also is consultant and program director of the visual arts for the National Council on the Arts, and in that capacity is in touch with what is developing all over the country.

Temporary Lull

"Compared with the feverish activity of the early Sixties we're in a temporary lull so far as something new is concerned," Geldzahler said in an interview.

"People whose names have been familiar for a while are still working. But no new Pop Artist of the first quality has arisen, and the abstractionists of today are pretty much the abstractionists of the early Sixties."

Geldzahler said he is "very much interested" in "that kind of sculpture in the abstract" which has been called by several names, such as "minimal art" or "primary structures" or "ABC art."

"The practitioners of this art are reductionists in the sense that they attempt to create a special effect with the least possible means," he said.

An Open Question

"Minimal art" often consists of a shape, or repeated shapes, of geometrical origin, sometimes without the use of color—and sometimes leaving open the question of whether it should be placed on the floor or hung on the wall. Geldzahler mentioned Tony Smith, Donald Judd and Dan Flavin as examples of this type of art.

Among the artists of the postmodern period, Geldzahler named the ones "to whose next works I look forward most eagerly" as Kenneth Noland, Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Claes Oldenburg—"and the films of Andy Warhol."

Noland formerly painted color targets and chevrons of color, and recently has been concentrating on parallel bands of color in huge diamonds or rectangles.

Stella also has been working in very large geometrical shapes that contain wide color bands and stripes.

Poons is known for his subtle, complex systems of spots (often elliptical in shape) floating through a tonal background. Sometimes he is grouped with the Op Art painters, but he is not really one of them.

Oldenburg is associated with Pop Art and is best known for his enormously enlarged hamburgers, household fixtures and melting typewriters, construted of plastics.

Warhol, a Pop Artist whose soup cans and boxes of scouring powder made him a topic of conversation, has been making "underground" movies.

Geldzahler made his point about the postmodern period by referring to the Museum of Modern Art.

"The modern period is over," he said. "We're in the postmodern period. There is still the Museum of Modern Art."

Extensive Admiration

By using such terms as "great" and "excellent," he made it clear that he has extensive admiration for the Museum of Modern Art's collections.

"Their great strength lies in the period from about 1890 to about 1940," he said. "Their masterpieces of this era—their Matisses and Picassos—never can be matched again in a museum.

"But in the years after the last war they haven't done as well. They also have a space problem. Their galleries were designed for hanging smaller paintings," he continued. "But the new works of art often are of great size. If they want to hang one Stella they have to take down two or more earlier works."

In declaring that "modern art" is a thing of the past, the curator said he was referring to such movements as cubism, fauvism, surrealism and futurism—"movements that already have a beginning, a middle and an end.

Sympathetic Note

"The postmodern period is open-ended," he went on. "We know something about its beginning and its middle. We know about (Jackson) Pollock, (Barnett) Newman, (Arshile) Gorky and others, and their influences. We also know that the implications of their work haven't been worked out yet."

He expressed a sympathetic note for today's layman.

"It is impossible to walk in off the street, into an exhibit of the toughest contemporary art—perhaps the word is 'difficult,' but I like to use the word 'tough'—and have an immediate and deep appreciation of it.

"There's a lot of hard work involved, because so much of what goes on in the art of today is based on art that preceded it. You just can't take a slice of it. You've got to go through the tunnel.

"It's also complicated by the fact that there are not so many places where you can see contemporary art at its best," he declared.

He mentioned New York City's museums, the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, N.Y., and the Pasadena (Calif.) Art Museum as providing the best opportunities to study the best examples of today's painting and sculpture.

BALTIMORE, MD.
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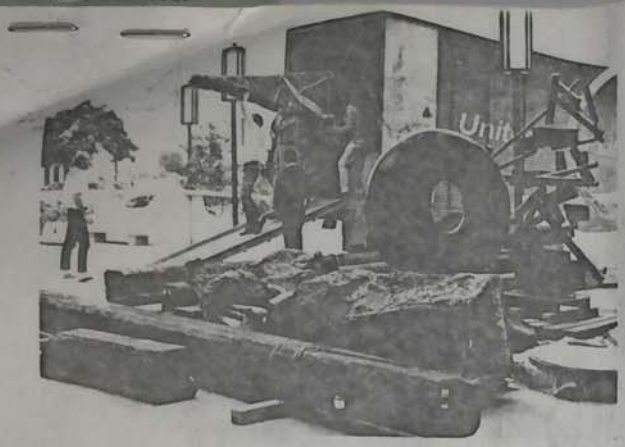
BALTIMORE METROPOLITAN AREA

DEC 12 1967



Top: The unloading of works by David Smith, Alexander Liberman, Mark Di Suvero and Reuben Nakian (foreground). Above: Installing of Mark Di Suvero's *Elohim Adonai*, 1966. Below: Richard Tuttle working on Tony Smith's *Cigarette*, wood mock-up.

"American Sculpture of the Sixties"

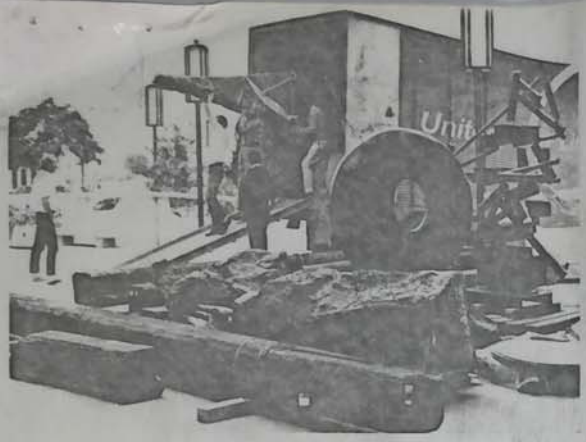
A Los Angeles 'Super Show'

By FREDERIC TUTEN

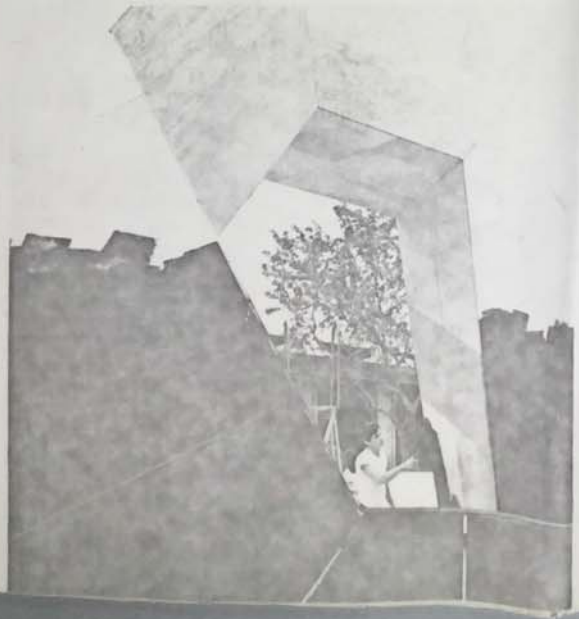
Size. Maurice Tuchman's exhibition, "American Sculpture of the Sixties," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art opened April 28. A gargantuan Californian culture epic two years in the making and with a cast of hundreds, if you include, among the eighty participating artists, carpenters, electricians, neon specialists (Antonakos' light sculpture was accompanied by seven pages of assembly instruction), shippers and movers, assorted assistants, boat builders, steel workers, mirror makers, glaziers, and more, many more to do the job of disensembling, assembling, constructing, and bringing all of the hundred and sixty-six pieces of sculpture together.

Mr. Bob Sinko, fine arts consultant of Santini Brothers Movers, who shipped over everything from the East—about one half on the exhibition—says it is the largest sculpture 'move' he ever managed. Occupying three vans, eighty pieces, weighing over 40,000 pounds, traveled over an aggregate of 276,000 miles, at a cost of over $15,000 ONE WAY. The return trip will be more costly and will require perhaps four to five vans, since sculpture is being made in Los Angeles especially for the show and, unless bought by the museum or by collectors, will be returned to New York and points east. It required seven men alone to take Robert Grosvenor's sculpture from the top of Loeb Student Center and into the van, and several men were needed to disensemble Di Suvero's huge piece in a Brooklyn junkyard. About one half of the costs of the show went for shipping and packing. At least twenty other trucks and vans brought sculpture to Los Angeles from all over the nation.

The two-hundred-and-sixty-page book-catalogue for the exhibition (containing ten essay-length contributions by the foremost art historians and critics of the nation, ranging from Lawrence Alloway to Barbara Rose, Max Kozloff, Irving Sandler and Clement Greenberg) alone cost $35,000. Twenty-three thousand copies of the book will be distributed among members of the museum. Four thousand hardcover copies will



Top: The unloading of works by David Smith, Alexander Liberman, Mark Di Suvero and Reuben Nakian (foreground). Above: Installing of Mark Di Suvero's *Elohim Adonai*, 1966. Below: Richard Tuttle working on Tony Smith's *Cigarette*, wood mock-up.



"American Sculpture of the Sixties"

A Los Angeles 'Super Show'

By FREDERIC TUTEN

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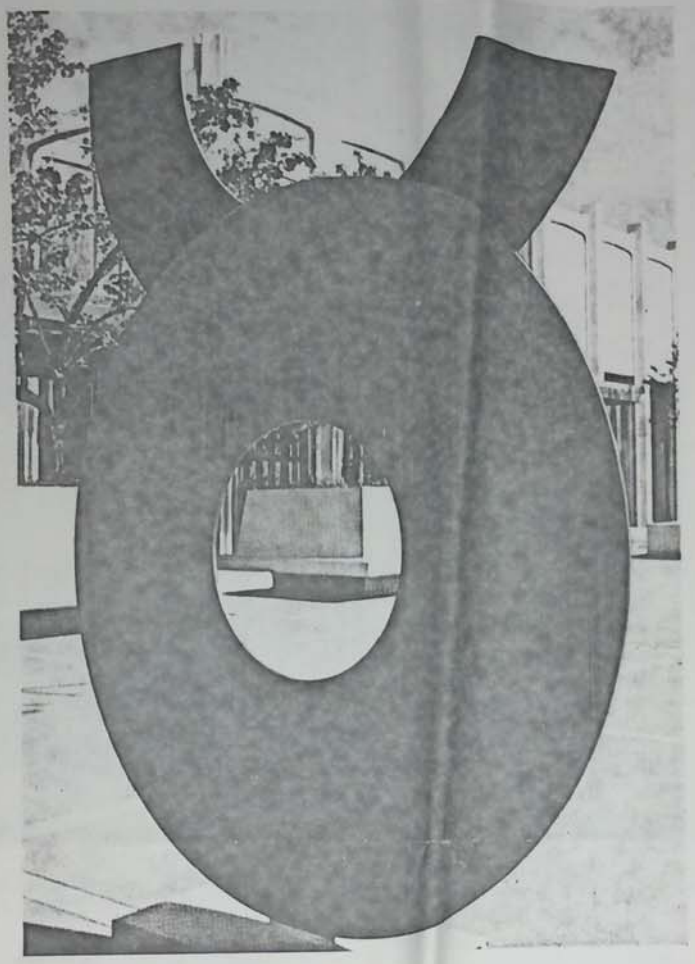

David Smith, *Circle III*, 1962, painted steel.

be printed by the New York Graphics Society and sold publicly. An event.

Probably the most expensive single show of modern American art by an American museum. Probably the most extraordinary sculpture show of the decade, perhaps the largest sculpture show ever presented west or east of the Mississippi. But what differentiates it—apart from considerations of quality—from the Whitney Museum's 1966-67 Annual Exhibition of Sculpture, which offered only eighteen works less than Tuchman's show? That the Los Angeles show was selected by one man rather than by a committee, that often each artist is represented by more than one of his sculptures (in Oldenburg's case, ten), that it accounts for a span of seven years, not one, are all superficial considerations beside the most apparent, the sizes of the sculpture. An entire building, plazas and even pool-fountain areas sprawl and spill over with some of the largest and most beautiful sculpture ever made in America. The wood mock-up for Tony Smith's *Cigarette* straddles the plaza over twenty-six feet high; Grosvenor's fiberglass, steel and wood piece, about the same height from the ground; Alexander Liberman's black painted steel totem-like *Ritual* is a mere eighteen feet high, *half* the height of George Rickey's red steel needle-prongs tilting and slicing in the wind. Von Schlegell's aluminum airplane-wing-like piece measures over six feet in height, forty-two feet wide, and five feet deep. A few more will suggest the rest: George Segal's tableau *The Gas Station* is approximately twenty-five feet long; Snelson's aluminum and steel hatched girder juts out thirty-two feet from the museum's face and Di Suvero's iron and wood construction *Elohim Adonai*, rests on a thirty-foot base and reaches

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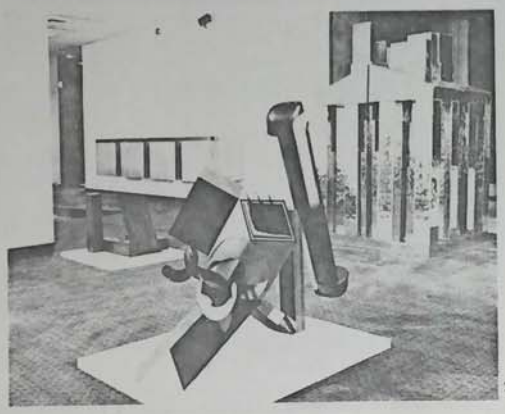

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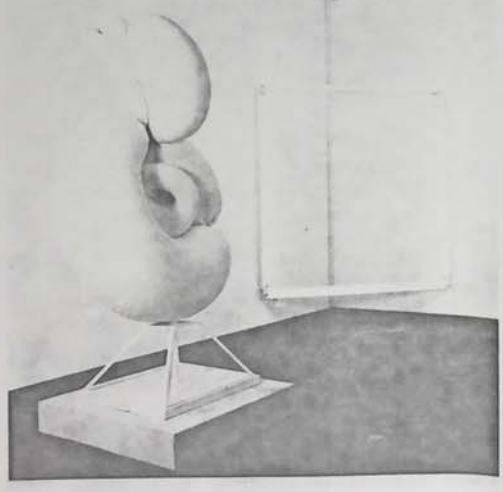

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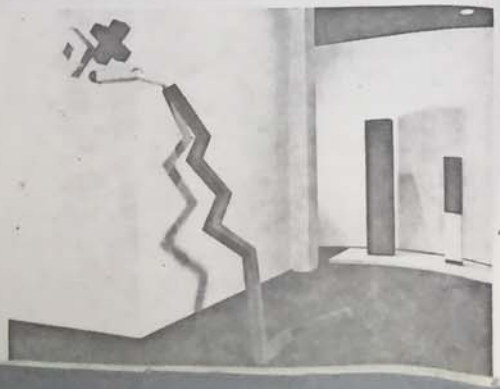

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1. Left: Alvin Light, *November 1964*; center: Forrest Myers, *Sando's Pipeline*; background: Tom Doyle, *Untitled* and *Over Owl's Creek*. 2. Foreground: Robert Hudson, *Space Window*; left: Lloyd Hamrol, *Five by Nine*; right: Tony Berlant, *The Marriage of New York and Athens*. 3. Left: Peter Agostini, *Burlesque Queen*; right: Dan Flavin, *Untitled*. 4. Left: Michael Todd, *Weehawken*; right: Anne Truitt, *Thirtieth* and *Shrove*.

twenty-two feet in height: there would be a problem finding a spot for it at any museum.

In the excellent introduction to his book-catalogue, Tuchman says: "Scale is of foremost concern to sculptors now—and the extraordinary sensitivity to it reveals how limited older sculpture was in this regard. Even Constructivist sculptures, probably (with Brancusi) the most salient point of origin for the new sculpture, now look unhappily like maquettes rather than full-fledged constructions. Scale in the past was too often arbitrary or obviously influenced by restricting conditions of process."

Apart from the sheer spectacle of size and number, the giantism of the show (there *are* small objects in the anthology, eight boxes by Cornell, and small pieces by Larry Bell and, comparatively speaking, minute sculpture by Kenneth Price), there are considerations which distinguish this exhibition from any of its kind in recent years and which have reverberations beyond the scope of a museum show, entering into areas of not only the theory of the function of museums but, in one or two instances, into the very aesthetics and philosophy of art.

When Tuchman envisioned this show two years ago, he had in mind an exhibition of seven or eight major sculptors. This number grew until he realized that nothing short of a major show would be reasonable in terms of giving an accurate representation of American sculpture of the sixties and in meeting the needs of the Los Angeles and California community, both audience and artists. For one, there was the matter of bringing together what he thought was the best and most indicative of the nation's sculpture to a community which perhaps would never have the opportunity of seeing such a representation unless it went East. And naturally, even then, there would be a problem of seeing so large a body of work at one time. The public function, then, is didactic, heuristic—the museum performing a community service. Henry Hopkins, Curator of Exhibitions and Publications at the museum, said that he hoped "the museum would bring the bigness of California culture to art, as well as to Disneyland: a responsible, awake community through art." For this reason alone the exhibition would have to be an anthology, not a trend, show. The exhibition would have to cut across "lines of direction," would have to play the role of sampler, not pace-setter or trend-maker or symptom definer, unlike such shows as William Seitz's "The Responsive Eye," or Kynaston McShine's "Primary Structures" at the Jewish Museum, or Lawrence Alloway's "Systemic Art" at the Guggenheim, in 1966.

Of course, to say this is to obscure for a moment the fact that thirty of the eighty sculptors *roughly* fall into the classification of primary structuralists or A B C artists or minimalists: men like Judd, Morris, Andre, De Lap, Todd, Bladen, Gray, Myers, Kipp, McCracken; that five are kinetic sculptors: Mattox, Benton, Lye (with programmed motion and sound), Rickey (motion by wind and gravity), and Von Huene; that of all only three are light-people: Anotonakos, Flavin, and Chryssa; that eleven, or about one eighth of the show, are 'older generation' artists: David Smith, Nakian, Kiesler, Noguchi (three pieces from 1962), Calder, Nevelson—artists whose production into or through the 'sixties continued to be significant or influential (Zogbaum, for example, who affected many young people in San Francisco).

Naturally there is overlapping, and naturally there will be some disagreement about what to call whom but, again, ap-

5. Left: Robert Hudson, *Space Wrap With a Western Cut*; right: Robert Grosvenor, *Still No Title*. 6. Richard Randell, *Blue Klacker and Five Striped Klacker*. 7. Stephan Von Huene, *The Hermaphrodite Horseback Rider*. 8. Alexander Calder, *Octopus*.

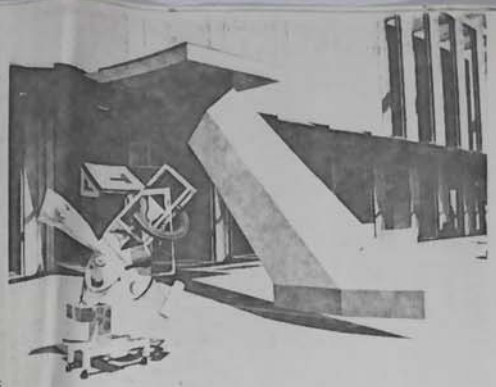
proximately thirty of the remaining artists belong to no camp, to their own arena: Keinholz, Chamberlain, Oldenburg, Westermann, Segal, Trova. A trend or a cross-section of what is today? Of the eighty, at least *thirty* are from California. Tuchman believes they are among the best and most representative of the country—several are well known, others are comparatively brand new to the East—and so, the second community function of the museum, to take California artists out of the status of regional artists by exposing or showing them with nationally and internationally known artists, in short, to bring the West to the East.

And, of course, there is the wish that a show of this nature will do for the museum what it hopes to do for California artists: place it on the map of *national* importance. Incidentally, the Los Angeles County Museum is *not* a museum of modern art, yet this, as well as other recent shows (New York School, a Man Ray retrospective, Albers and Kitaj exhibitions) would sufficiently qualify it for that role. This show represents an intense effort to establish the museum as a center for modern art on a national basis.

The story goes that when William Seitz began to organize his "Responsive Eye" show at the Museum of Modern Art, there sprang up overnight an entire crop of Op artists to meet the occasion, a battalion of Op converts closed ranks about MOMA. What this means in the history of the art of this period is speculative, but the implications for our time are interesting enough and can be interpreted as an example of the insidious nature of museums whose function appears to be the making of instant art history, and in that role decried as the betrayers of values, the handmaidens of the commercial galleries and the servers not of the concerns of art but of Show Biz. From another perspective, the museum's function, in this regard, is that of a vital force in the encouragement and stimulation of new creative life.

In the case of the Los Angeles show, where there was no trend to discover or to promulgate (although the inclusion of thirty California artists is something of a statement of position), the museum has encouraged artists by inviting twenty-three of them to create work specifically for the exhibition. This and the matter of the transportation of the sculpture, the logistic and economic problems of the show, have given rise to considerations of the nature of art which, while not necessarily new, have decidedly been rephrased in pragmatic terms. The artists asked to make sculpture for the show were invited to work in any mode or scale they desired. Artists who might have always wanted to work in a scale larger than what was conceivable to them in terms of showing their work in galleries, or artists whose large work was unable to be shown before, were liberated from space dictates. In the case of an artist like Harold Paris, whose work shown in the East has been of a reduced scale, the large room he constructed for the exhibition requires that we examine him again freshly. Carl Andre was flown from New York to Los Angeles to construct his *Lock* (made up of eight sheets of four-by-eight blue chipboards raised one half inch off the ground) according to the requirements of the environment—the museum—the ambience in which it would be seen. Snelson also came out to the museum to construct and put up his *Cantilever*.

In some instances the artists did not even make the sculpture themselves—a common enough situation now, as in the work



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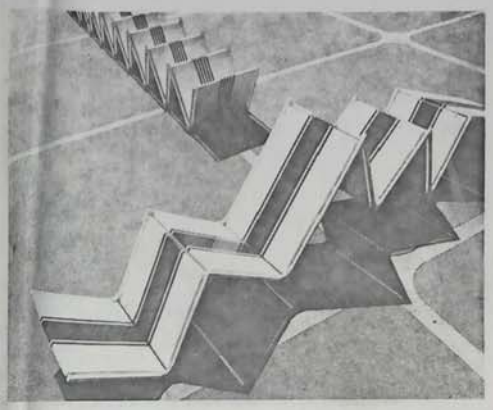

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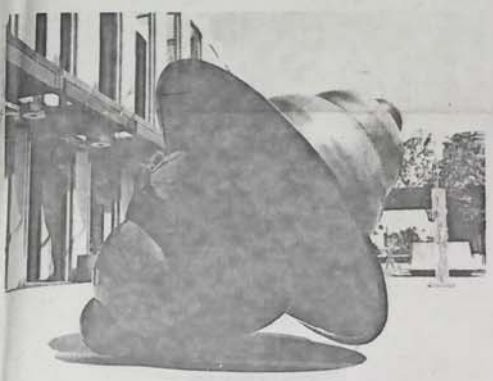

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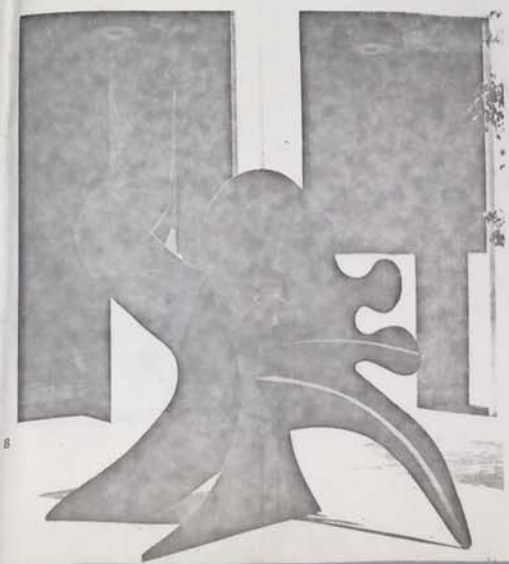

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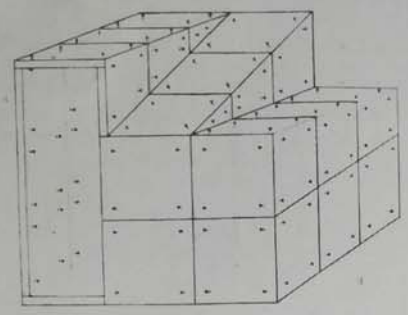
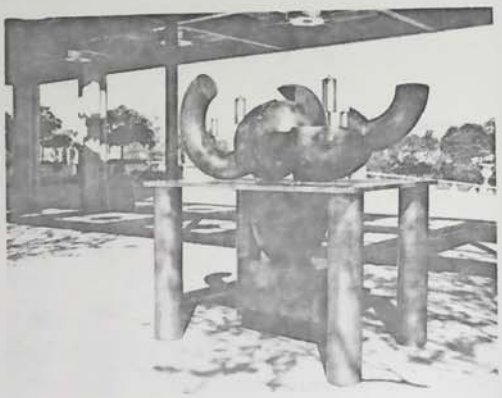


Top left: Lucas Samaras, drawing for *Corridor*. Top right: Assembling the Harold Paris room. On ladder, Ed Keinholz and Harold Paris. Below: W. R. Geis, III, *"Want Not . . ."* (foreground); Reuben Nakian, *Goddess of the Golden Thighs*. Peter Voulkos, *Firestone*. Carl Andre, *Lock*.



of Donald Judd—but left the construction or the supervision of the construction to assistants whom they had delegated. And in one case, the *museum* itself made the sculpture.

Tony Smith's huge *Cigarette* was built by the artist Richard Tuttle who came from New York to construct it. *Cigarette* is truly a piece made for the occasion, for unless the wood mock-up is rendered in steel and is bought, it will be destroyed once the show is over. (Because it is so closely identified with the occasion, the work has an almost ritualistic aura—the death of a work of art coinciding with the termination of the event for which it was created also gives the work itself the quality of an event.) Tuttle also supervised the construction of Smith's *Die II*, a steel cube which was less expensive to have made in a California steel foundry than to have shipped out its eastern counterpart *Die*. In both instances the artist does not even see the construction (or reconstruction) of his work; in both instances a work is either destroyed or created or re-created (duplicated) on the basis of costs, on the basis of transport charges. Lucas Samaras' *Corridor*, a room environment of mirrors, was created without benefit of either his supervision or that of a guardian appointed by him. Samaras merely sent a scale model of the structure to the museum and left the task of its construction to the museum itself. The notions of permanence in art, the value of the unique, single work of art, and of the importance of the artist's signature or handiwork as a value in art, have again been fruitfully assaulted. Moreover, at Los Angeles the function of the museum seems to have extended itself to that of creator as well as exhibitor of art.

For those who feel that museum shows in New York have reflected mainly the tastes and interests of Fifty-seventh Street, this show will seem fresh. A point of view is being changed, enlarged—one that must include a view of the West as part of our national art. If nothing else, the sheer energy and enthusiasm that made this show (apart from the vast support the museum gave Tuchman, the Contemporary Arts Council, a private organization of fifty-five people dedicated to making the museum a vital art center, gave substantial subsidy to the project) is in itself a sociological event.

Maurice Tuchman's signature, ironically enough, often appears more clearly on the project than the artist's on his own work, and it is a signature large and persuasive.

Fødselshjelp for mod

Museum

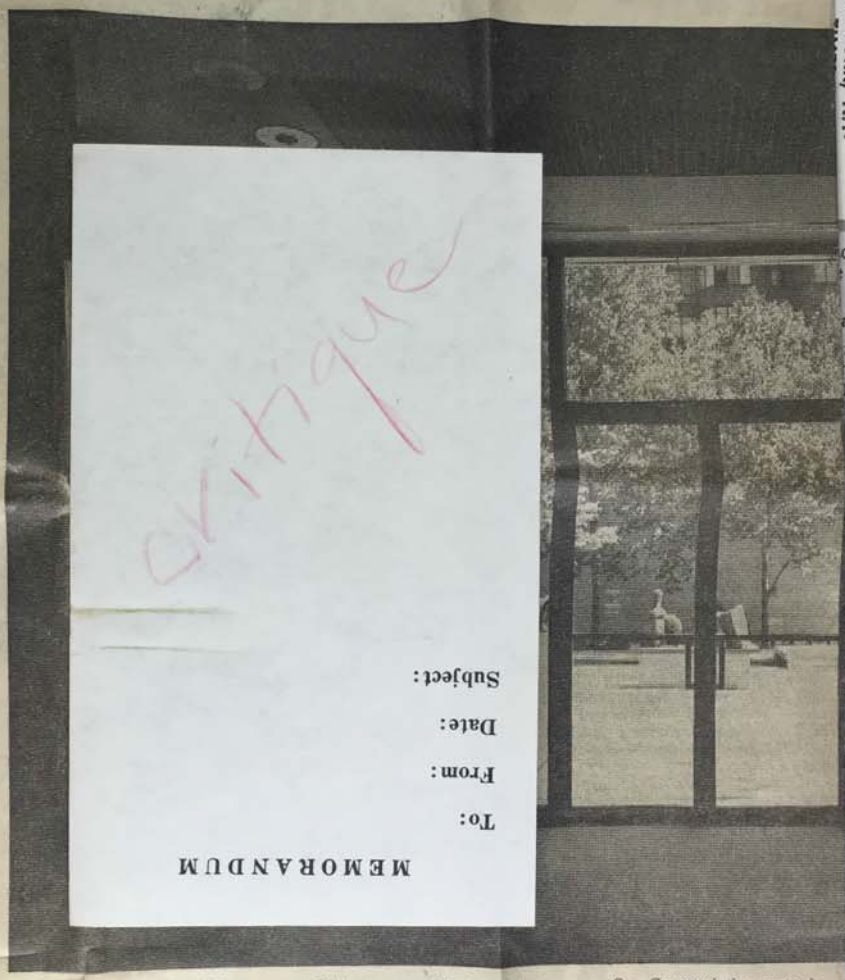
24/

Aldri er et museum blitt så kritisert som Guggenheim-museet på Fifth Avenue der det vokser frem mellom ærverdige leiegårder som et fremmedlegeme fra en annen klode. Man behøver bare kaste et blikk nedover avenyen til Metropolitan Museum med sin tradisjonelle, palélignende fasade for å bli klar over hvor radikalt Guggenheim-bygningen bryter med vante begreper om museums-arkitektur. Og selv om stormen omkring dets utforming og diskusjonene om dets hensiktsmessighet som museum har stilnet av, så hersker der neppe tvil—: Det store publikum har ikke tatt dette monster til sitt hjerte.

I mellomtiden har museet siden innvielsen i 1959 tatt imot ca. fire millioner besøkende, og dermed er noe vesentlig sagt. Museet er i stadig ekspansjon — man arbeider med et storstilt utvidelsesprogram som kommer til å gi museet en tredjedel mer utstillingsplass enn det nå har.

Når man kommer inn i den enorme hallen med et ocean av et marmorgulv, som er flankert av plamer og andre eksotiske trær, og øyet deretter følger den berømte rundgangen som snor seg oppover, stadig oppover, for til slutt å fortape seg i svimlende høyde under glasskuplen, er virkningen sjokkartet. Byggverkets indre dramatikk, dets rytme og storlinjete bevegelser kan umulig annet enn begeistre. Men når man tar heisen til øverste etasje og begynner «nedstigningen» til fots gjennom rundgangen med sine 30 «båser» som tjener som utstillingsrum i den buete veggflaten, blir man betenkt. Er dette god museal utforming? Neppe — selv om mester-arkitekten Frank Lloyd Wrigth hevdet at byggverket representerte «det første trinn i retning av organisk arkitektur» — bør ikke all arkitektur verdig navnet være det? Vel og bra at han ikke ønsket å lage et musealt rutinebygg, vel og bra at han ville tvinge fram stadig nye løsninger ved montering av forskjelligartede utstillinger, men i all ærbødighet: Er ikke dette et genis feilgrep?

Det skal mot til å begynne på den endeløse rundgangen. Ikke før har man begynt å betrakte et arbeid, før øyet uvilkårlig trekkes nedover mot nabo-«båsen» og videre nedover, øyet finner ikke hvile i betraktning av et kunstverk, det tvinges automatisk mot det neste i dette rundhorisontale arrangementet. Og all denne oversiktlighet virker psykisk lammende. Atter blir



critique

at visse sider av kunsthandelen og alle de kompliserte elementer som omgir kunsten har skiftet vekk fra Paris til New York. Muligens er New York i dag hovedsetet, jeg vet ikke — det ville i så fall ikke være første gang at kunsten skifter hovedsete — men hvorfor alt snakket? Forholdet kan være interessant politisk eller som økonomisk fenomen, men hvilken betydning har det vel for k u n s t e n ? Eller for dette museum? Det er likegyldig for oss hvor et kunstverk oppstår, bare det er godt.

Jeg prøver et nytt tema:

— Mr. Messer, den internasjonale kunsthandlervirksomheten blir mer og mer global og antar karakter av kartell — en ny type kunstnere oppstår i kjølvannet, han deltar i ambassademottakelser og endeløs selskapelig-

— Det var en tid da nesten alle malere følte det som en tvingende nødvendighet å uttrykke seg abstrakt. Kunst er ebbe og flo — og reaksjonen kom, mange av de samme malere vendte ihvertfall tilbake en stund til det figurative, og arbeidet parallelt med de egentlige figurative malerne. Jeg kan ikke se noe motsetningsforhold, de utfyller hverandre, — og Guggenheim-museet er selvsagt verken for eller imot.

Mr. Messer har snakket rolig hele tiden, uten å heve stemmen. Gjennom florlette gardiner fornemmer jeg lyset gjennom trekronene i Central Park som strømmer mot dette unge museet — et museum som i overskuelig fremtid vil være samtale-emne i kunstens verden, ei

— Og Guggenheim-museet — Frank Lloyd Wright har jo skapt et helt lukket rom?

— Jeg uttaler meg selvsagt ikke om en konkurrerende institusjon. Men for å ta prinsippene:

— Det finnes moderne museer som er så personlig utformet, så sterke, at rommene tar kvelertak på kunsten. Fordi arkitekten, hvor begavet han enn måtte være, ikke har kunnet underkaste seg kunstens krav. Jeg har sett

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Fødselshjelp for moderne kunst - - !

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Når han setter seg i den sorte skinnstolen bak skrivebordet får jeg et blikk fra vennlige øyne. Hodet er kraftig med fortettet styrke. Stemmen er harmonisk, han snakker rolig og dempet uten å famle etter ord. Dette er altså sjefen for museet, Thomas Messer, som ble født i Tsjekkoslovakia i 1920 og kom hit i 1939 — og som også har besøkt Norge et par ganger i forbindelse med museets Munch-utstilling i fjor. Hva mener han mon om tautrekningen mellom Paris og New York om lederstillingen innen kunstlivet?

— Barnesnakk, sier han oppgitt, nesten irritert. Det er sant at visse sider av kunsthandelen og alle de kompliserte elementer som omgir kunsten har skiftet vekk fra Paris til New York. Muligens er New York i dag hovedsetet, jeg vet ikke — det ville i så fall ikke være første gang at kunsten skifter hovedsete — men hvorfor alt snakket? Forholdet kan være interessant politisk eller som økonomisk fenomen, men hvilken betydning har det vel for kunsten? Eller for dette museum? Det er likegyldig for oss hvor et kunstverk oppstår, bare det er godt.

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Messer smiler. Vennlig. Mildt irettesettende.

— Intet kan stanse kunsten. Likegyldig hvordan utviklingen arter seg. Sant nok. Forholdet som De nevner er blitt en ikke uvesentlig del av kunstlivet i dag. Den overfladiske, fasjonable maler blomstrer i denne atmosfæren — men han er likegyldig. Det vil alltid være samme kunstnere som vil kunne assimileres av dette miljø uten å ta skade på sin sjel. De andre som ikke klarer det, vil [illegible] holde seg unna.

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Herskeren over dette mektige kunst-tempel er østerriker av fødsel med det fransk-klingende navn René d'Harnoncourt, — en kjempe av en kar som står ved vinduet og skuer ned på skulpturhaven og glassveggene ut mot den.

— De er ikke engstelig for å inda for meget lys [illegible] — for [illegible] fra omgivelsene utenfor rommet, Mr. d'Harnoncourt?

— Egentlig ikke, svarer denne mannen med den europeiske bakgrunn, som har vunnet ry for sine utstillinger av sydhavskunst, meksikansk kunst og amerikansk indianerkunst. — Skulpturhaven er tenkt og utført som et utvidet utstillingsrom med enkle flater og farver. Men jeg er enig i, at prinsippet med hele glassvegger, med åpne rum ut mot naturen, kan overdrives. Kunsten kan lett komme til å tape.

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— Er der ikke en veksel-virkning? Kan ikke dette museet med sin enorme innflytelse faktisk fremme en tendens ved å holde den opp for publikum uavlatelig? Man har for eksempel beskyldt museet for å støtte ensidig opp om non-figurativ kunst?

— Non-figurativ kunst har vært den dominerende retning i de senere år. Det har derfor vært riktig å vie denne uttrykksform en bred plass. Det er, som jeg sa, kunstnerne, ikke museene, som skaper retninger. Men se det heller slik . . . Tenk Dem en dal hugget ut av selve fjellet. Dypt dernede flyter en bekk i det brede elveleiet. Av og til flyter den på høyre side, av og til på venstre. En sjelden gang fylles elve-leiet helt opp, etter et voldsomt regnskyll. Vi kan, eventuelt, demme opp litt her eller der, flytte bekken noen millimeter til venstre eller høyre et stakket øyeblikk, kanskje røre litt i bunnen. Men det er også alt. Og ellers? I kunsthistorien har der alltid vært tider hvor visse talenter eksperimenterer langs samme retningslinjer, konvergerer og danner grupper. Felles tilknytningspunkter binder dem sammen en stund i en gjensidig utveksling av ideer. Så skiller de lag og fortsetter hver især sin egen utvikling langs egne veier. En slik gruppe blir «kanaliserende» for omgivelsene, den fungerer som samtidens katalysator. Dette museums mål er det samme som det alltid har vært: Å formidle forståelse av moderne kunst, å velge og vrake, ikke bare blant gårsdagens ytelser, men enda vanskeligere, å velge og vrake blant dagens forvirrende mangfoldighet av uttrykksformer, for å kunne presentere det vi anser som det beste og mest betydningsfulle i samtiden. Men opplysning er dessverre ikke det samme som innsikt. Og selvsagt kan vi ta feil.

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* The Museum of Modern Art, fra hallen med blikk inn i skulpturhaven. Foto: Alexandre Georges.

* Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, den store sentralhallen med galleriene.

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16
Midwifery for modern art --! Can the Museum of Modern Art make or mar a persuasion of art? They say so, yes. But I think they are mistaken. It is the artist who makes the persuasion, not the museums - and the talents, the real talents, they go their own way.

Clipping from
Sunnmørsposten
Aalesund

Country
Norway

Date
10.1.66

Fødselshjelp for moderne kunst --!

museum

241

Aldri er et museum blitt så kritisert som Guggenheim-museet på Fifth Avenue der det vokser frem mellom ærverdige leiegårder som et fremmedlegeme fra en annen klode. Man behøver bare kaste et blikk nedover avenyen til Metropolitan Museum med sin tradisjonelle, palélignende fasade for å bli klar over hvor radikalt Guggenheim-bygningen bryter med vante begreper om museums-arkitektur. Og selv om stormen omkring dets utforming og diskusjonene om dets hensiktsmessighet som museum har stilnet av, så hersker der neppe tvil—: Det store publikum har ikke tatt dette monster til sitt hjerte.

I mellomtiden har museet siden innvielsen i 1959 tatt imot ca. fire millioner besøkende, og dermed er noe vesentlig sagt. Museet er i stadig ekspansjon — man arbeider med et storstilt utvidelsesprogram som kommer til å gi museet en tredjedel mer utstillingsplass enn det nå har.

Når man kommer inn i den enorme hallen med et ocean av et marmorgulv, som er flankert av plamer og andre eksotiske trær, og øyet deretter følger den berømte rundgangen som snor seg oppover, stadig oppover, for til slutt å fortape seg i svimlende høyde under glasskuplen, er virkningen sjokkartet. Byggverkets indre dramatikk, dets rytme og storlinjete bevegelser kan umulig annet enn begeistre. Men når man tar heisen til øverste etasje og begynner «nedstigningen» til fots gjennom rundgangen med sine 30 «båser» som tjener som utstillingsrum i den buete veggflaten, blir man betenkt. Er dette god museal utforming? Neppe — selv om mester-arkitekten Frank Lloyd Wrigth hevdet at byggverket representerte «det første trinn i retning av organisk arkitektur» — bør ikke all arkitektur verdig navnet være det? Vel og bra at han ikke ønsket å lage et musealt rutinebygg, vel og bra at han ville tvinge fram stadig nye løsninger ved montering av forskjelligartede utstillinger, men i all ærbødighet: Er ikke dette et genis feilgrep?

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at visse sider av kunsthandelen og alle de kompliserte elementer som omgir kunsten har skiftet vekk fra Paris til New York. Muligens er New York i dag hovedsetet, jeg vet ikke — det ville i så fall ikke være første gang at kunsten skifter hovedsete — men hvorfor alt snakket? Forholdet kan være interessant politisk eller som økonomisk fenomen, men hvilken betydning har det vel for kunsten? Eller for dette museum? Det er likegyldig for oss hvor et kunstverk oppstår, bare det er godt.

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Fordi 4 tonn må sendes med jernbane og godsrute fra Gudbrandsdalen — Diskriminering av landsdelen

Arbeiderpartiets formann og parlamentariske fører, Trygve Bratteli, har holdt foredrag på

Også for vel ett år siden, straks før valget, holdt Bratteli foredrag for bygningsarbeider-

6

So the art-life of Sweden became strength and profile It is an enthousiastic support of the Swedish off-art, just now where the off-art is in stormy weather. He places our art-milieu in opposition to the American art-milieu, which experienced the mastodonish culture-houses, of the type of the Museum of Modern Art.

Nr 16

Så har Sveriges konstliv fått styrka och pro

"DET KONSTLIV s

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ett nödvändigt självfö
och inte som alltid
hämtar modeller för b
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Målaren Rune Jansson
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Rune Jansson avser me
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Leve

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Hellre då, menar Ru
son, konst som ornamen
sel, i all beskedlighet.

Debatten om off-konst
tade denna gång med ut
en på Svensk-Franska:
konstnärer gav ett alternativt förslag till vår nuvarande off-konst.

Alternativet bygger på två förutsättningar. Den ena är att Staden är ett enormt flöde av stimulans — de har alltså helt anammat tesen från utställningen "Hej stad".

Chicago

Eftersom Staden i detta fall givetvis är Stockholm, verkar tankegången patetiskt romantisk.
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CLAS BRUNIUS

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led — sjöleden går genom
marbykanalen, numera "S

6
So the art-life of Sweden became strength and profile
It is an enthousiastic support of the Swedish off-art, just now where the off-art is in stormy weather. He places our art-milieu in opposition to the American art-milieu, which experienced the mastodontish culture-houses, of the type of the Museum of Modern Art.

Så har Sveriges konstliv fått styrka och pro

Art 16

"DET KONSTLIV som växt fram här och till en väsentlig del i hela Norden har en helt annan struktur än i övriga västvärlden och en struktur som är riktigare. Den har förverkligats genom konstnärernas organisationer och det stöd som stat och kommun givit deras uttalade önskan. Det är mycket viktigt att detta arbete fortsättes, att vi äntligen får ett nödvändigt självförtroende och inte som alltid tidigare hämtar modeller för beteendet utifrån . . ."

Målaren Rune Jansson har skrivit detta. Inte i KRO:s medlemsblad som man skulle tro, utan i Arkitekten, SAR:s medlemsblad. Det är ett helhjärtat stöd åt den svenska off-konsten, just när off-konsten står i blåsväder. Han ställer vår konstmiljö i motsats till den amerikanska konstmiljön, där han har upplevt de mastodontiska kulturhusen, typ Museum of Modern Art, som

Milles härliga Sjögud — men sätt den i forsen nedanför Operan!

annan princip, som spelat e dig roll inom off-konsten. integrationstanken. Man sig alltså att konstnären ski beta i miljön, vara med på ma plan som arkitekten, gruppen, miljöplanerarna oc som ingår i begreppet stadi nad. Det är självklart en tanke — en konstnär som i lagarbete kan tillföra lage tiga synpunkter och framfö kan han inifrån bevaka sin dukts — konstverkets — öd ket är helt legitimt.

Men längre driven blir grationstanken orimlig. Kon kan inte programmeras av jön, annat än på det besk och på sitt sätt helt legitim som Rune Jansson avser me men ornamental trivsel. S produkter skall rivas på gång som den miljö de be rivs — det var en självkla Pompeji och är det väl ock Svenska bostäder, får man pas.

Leve off-konsten

förbrukade monument över en innehållslös folkbildningsambition, där publiksiffrorna ger en förljugen bild av konstintresset.

Hellre då, menar Rune Jansson, konst som ornamental trivsel, i all beskedlighet.

Debatten om off-konsten startade denna gång med utställningen på Svensk-Franska: en rad konstnärer gav ett alternativt förslag till vår nuvarande off-konst.

Alternativet bygger på två förutsättningar. Den ena är att Staden är ett enormt flöde av stimulans — de har alltså helt anammat tesen från utställningen "Hej stad".

Chicago

Eftersom Staden i detta fall givetvis är Stockholm, verkar tankegången patetiskt romantisk. Stockholm är ju en ganska idyllisk samling bebyggelse med en såsig och lite gammaldags trafik — inte den dynamiska storstad som det drömts om så många gånger. Situationen nu påminner om den gången då ett gäng tretitalsförfattare brukade stå på Södermalmstorg och drömma om Walt Whitmans Chicago, om den våldsamma dynamiken och den starka vinden längs fyrtioandra breddgraden. Men det var bara blåsten från Värtan och blänket av höstregnet i asfalten på Slussen som var reella.

Om konsten skall hävda sig i denna, som utställarna menar, våldsamt stimulerande miljö, måste den ha samma yttre format som staden i övrigt. Hela husfasader som PUB:s skall kläs i konstnärliga lösfusk, annars "fungerar" inte konsten. Det är en utopi —

i det ögonblick konsten blir större i format än den kommersiella reklamen, kommer de kommersiella intressena att begära ännu större plats. I ett av kommersiella intressen styrt samhälle som vårt måste striden om formatet alltid vinnas av kommersialismen.

Utställarnas andra förutsättning är att konst = sensuell stimulans. På utställningen finns ett projekt som accentuerar detta: ett akvarium för delfiner avsedda att beskådas genom vattnet. Dessa ädla varmblod är i rörelse mer konst än konst, menar man. För hundra år sedan preciserade Baudelaire tankegången i essän om Degas och dansen, men han gick mycket längre. Han tog fasta på de mest föraktade av organis-

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Men Baudelaire var därför inte beredd att sätta likhetstecken mellan konst och sensuell stimulans. Olle Granath har gjort en spetsig formulering av problemet. Han säger ungefär: Om konst = sensuell stimulans behöver vi inte konstnärerna. Då vore det mer rationellt att bygga ett enormt och fenomenalt kommunalt horhus.

Konst är inte = sensuell stimulans. Där tillkommer andra element — magiska, intellektuella, diverse annat . . .

Nu finns det sedan gammalt en

Konstverk som syftar kan inte bindas vid miljö integreras. Det skulle för att miljön — och därmed — är garanterat statisk, vil en orimlighet. Men därför man inte avstå från konstn projekt som integrerar då miljön. Där har det s många gånger: man har v mindre betydande kon framför ett mera betydande för att det mindre bety integrerat i miljön.

Sjöguden

Det är kortsynt. Miljön f ras alltid, det är det enda I Stockholm finns en härlig ur av Milles, "Sjöguden" står på Skeppsbron, på n vid Slussen. Det var en gå miljömässigt förstklassig ring, trots att "Sjöguden" i finner sig i "sitt rätta ele sjön. Den stod intill den dande sjöleden, Slussen, s pållare — eller, för att an det franska ordet, som en b både pållare och manslen festlig, rosig välkomnare v strypningen av den urgamla leden.

Men nu är Slussen ingen led — sjöleden går genom marbykanalen numera. "S den" är lika storartad för Miljöförändringen går inte ut konstverket. Fast visst kunde göra "Sjöguden" en tjänst, fö är han värd: när Strön rivs — om den rivs — man sätta "Sjöguden" i sitt element, i själva forsen ne Operan, kringvärvd av isfle sjöfågel. Där skulle hans roda trutbrunde skratt kom

närmare. För bra konstverk blir det alltid en miljö, förr eller senare.

När Arthur Engberg med procentregeln grundlade det ekonomiska systemet för off-konsten hade han många skäl. Det för honom viktigaste kanske inte längre är så viktigt. Det för oss viktiga är att det skapades en ekonomisk kanal för konstprojekt. Pengarna glider fram där, och om en konstnär har ett projekt innebär det att han har möjlighet att genomföra det ekonomiskt. Detta innebar en förbättring jämfört med det gamla mecenatsystemet. I många andra stater har läget inte förbättrats. Stat och kommun har bara trätt i stället för mecenaten, och de visar sig inte vara mera hörsamma för konstnärens krav än mecenaten var. Här hos oss har kanalen betytt att konstnären inte behövt känna sig som en tiggare, utan som en fullvärdig samhällsmedlem.

Sekundärt har de offentliga köpen betytt oerhört för den fria handeln med konst. Till stor del har det internationellt sett höga prisläget i Sverige skapats genom de offentliga inköpen. Inköpsnämnderna har inte prutat — som mecenaterna och de berömda samlarna. Det är bara Moderna museet med sitt ömkliga anslag som måste tigga sig till ett lågt pris, i utbyte mot äran.

Det höga prisläget har givetvis många konsekvenser. Jag vet att våra etablerade konsthandlare gnäller över det — men konst görs ju inte för konsthandlare.

En väsentlig vinst har det höga prisläget givit oss, allmänheten: Sverige har på de senaste femton åren blivit en från internationell synpunkt ekonomiskt intressant konstmarknad. Det betyder att konstnärer från hela världen vill komma hit och ställa ut. De gör det också. För bara ett par decennier sedan var det ovanligt att få se original av en aktuell utländsk konstnär. Sverige var konstnärligt sett en ö, med en liten spång till Paris via Svensk-Franska. Numera behöver en konstintresserad svensk inte känna sig desorienterad någonstans i Sverige. Han har — om han velat — kunnat se oändligt mycket mer än den förra generationen hade möjlighet till.

WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
JOURNAL
D. 70,506 — S. 83,765
WINSTON-SALEM METROPOLITAN AREA

JUN 21 1967

Modern Art: What Now?—III

Museum Exhibits Acute Schizophrenia

Last of Three Articles

By John Canaday

NEW YORK — The story goes (and rings true) that when Alfred J. Barr Jr. approached Gertrude Stein on the subject of her leaving her collection to the Museum of Modern Art, she replied that she was not interested because "you can be a museum or you can be modern, but you can't be both."

If that is what she said, the prophetess of the Rue de Fleurus (Miss Stein's Paris home) was not quite on the button. The Museum of Modern Art has shown, on occasion, that you can be a museum and modern too. But she was more right than wrong. The schizophrenia suggested by the institution's name became apparent in its early adulthood and, left untreated, has become acute during its early middle age.

The split in the museum's personality is most painful when its modern side is upturned. At heart, the Museum minded, emotionally geared to the faith that modern art has a historical rationale—as indeed it has. No art, ever, has been more conscious of its historical background, either as something to be revered or —a more vehement form of recognition — as something to be rejected.

It is this rejection of the past that the museum has never quite been able to accept, yet feels a contractual obligation to support. As a result, it has sought to negotiate a compromise with revolution, or any art that passes itself off as a revolutionary, by propounding mutually contradictory credos. Its credo as "the Modern" is that revolution is always good because revolution per se is desirable and so hurrah for revolution. Hurrah?

But its credo as a museum is that revolution is not really revolution at all. Everything has happened before. Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg are virtually indistinguishable from Giotto and Jacques Louis David, not to mention Phidias and Praxiteles. And the museum would have you believe that you have to look twice to be sure whether that color-field painter over yonder is Helen Frankenthaler or Joseph Mallard William Turner.

If this puts the case in terms of burlesque, it is not far removed from the demonstrated terms of the museum's recent historical confusions. The Turner show, its most popular success of the last several years, took a painter of genius, born in the 18th Century, who saw the cosmos in terms of air, water and fire, and attempted to reduce him to the level of a group of contemporary painters of considerable charm but minor consequence who see the cosmos in terms of a spot at the Venice Biennale.

The museum has been involved in an increasingly nervous relationship with a past that it yearns to harmonize with the present and even to employ as a guide for charting the course of the future. Like all historically minded people or institutions, it functions under an ingrained deterministic bias, by which the fact that something happened yesterday is bound to explain why something else happened today, which in turn must tell what is waiting in the wings to happen tomorrow. But the eccentric course of contemporary art since the decline of Abstract Expressionism has made the past less and less an area where the museum may discover the roots of the present, and more and more just a great bin of miscellaneous material where it must rummage to salvage a crutch.

The Monet show in 1960 was the museum's last demonstration that without bastardizing one half or the other of a hybrid personality you can, indeed, be a museum and modern too. But things have moved so rapidly that the museum's recent Jackson Pollock show was all museum, not at all modern in the sense of something immediately contemporary and still growing. It is here, in art that is immediately contemporary and still growing, that the museum meets its troubles and exhibits the irrational behavior based on private fantasy that characterizes schizophrenics.

MEMORANDUM

To:

From:

Date:

Subject:

Canaday

Martha

attack on MOMA

BOXOFFICE
KANSAS CITY, MO.
W. 18,000

JUN 19 1967

The Whitney Museum, which is the city's newest art showcase and taking the edge off the popularity of the Museum of Modern Art, will be the site of some scenes from Paramount's new James Coburn starrer, "T.P.A." The title means "The President's Analyst." Another Paramount location team coming in next week will be Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau to shoot some sequences in the picturesque upper West Side for the movie version of "The Odd Couple," Neil Simon's Broadway smash.

NEW YORK, N.Y.
TIMES
D. 652,135 — S. 1,355,614
NEW YORK CITY METROPOLITAN AREA

JUN 4 1967

Art

The Agony of the Museum of Modern Art

Bob Greene

ART LOVERS IN THE GARDEN: "All ages, all economic brackets and all degrees of intelligence above those that require institutional care."

By JOHN CANADAY

CLUB, school, playroom, public park, restaurant, movie house, social promenade, trysting place, trade showroom, propaganda and fashion center, the Museum of Modern Art, an institution housed at 11 West 53rd Street but with tentacles that have enveloped the United States and have extended around the world, is in a bad way.

"A bad way" is, of course, a relative term. The museum has no real money troubles, in spite of its reiterations that it scrapes along by observing Spartan economies. It is popular, one of the most popular entertainment palaces in town, having survived an early competitor, the Roxy, although recently its attendance figures have been cut down by a duckling so ugly that nobody ever thought it could become a rival, the Whitney Museum of American Art. And without any question at all, the Museum of Modern Art has been so powerful, and on the whole so beneficial a force in American cultural life, that it could coast for a long time before anybody realized that it was approaching a standstill. But it has been coasting. And when you are middle-aged, you coast a lot more slowly than you used to.

Middle age is a disastrous contradiction for a museum that began by originating the engagingly contradictory term "Museum of Modern Art," denying the character of museums as storehouses of antiquity and taking on all the immediate associations of youth, experiment, adventure and discovery. The trouble is that since its organization in 1929—that was a long time ago—the museum has achieved its goals so consummately that it has worked itself out of a job.

In its first brilliant years—specifically, from 1929 until 1943, when Alfred H. Barr, Jr. was director—the museum closed the gap between modern art and its potential public in this country. Since then it has forced a continuation of Mr. Barr's original program, and in doing so, in spite of some high spots, has created a standard by which youth, experiment, adventure and discovery have become the attributes of an American estheticism so persistent that if we cannot have youth, we must simulate it with face lifting; by which spirited eccentricity is applauded in the absence of significant experiment; by which artificially stimulated excitement passes for adventure, and discovery means a race to come up first with a predictable novelty. The museum has been fertile but it has not bred true: its progeny around the country (and for that matter in New York City) are subject to these unhappy malformations of its original character.

*

The museum itself has suffered in the same way, and when it changes directorial hands on July 1, the new men—Bates Lowry as Director and Walter Bareiss as Trustee Chairman—will inherit an institution that not only seems to have lost the capacity to do anything more than imitate itself, but also must compete with museums that have learned to imitate it. Both the Jewish Museum and the Guggenheim Museum shifted from their original policies to model themselves on the Museum of Modern Art. Even Huntington Hartford's confused and characterless Gallery of Modern Art, organized in declared opposition to the Museum of Modern Art, sometimes infringes on its territory. And even the Metropolitan Museum, in all its majesty, has tolerated a jazziness in its American section that, surely, we owe to the Museum of Modern Art's having bred a type of collector whose favor is better courted through the presence of Andy Warhol at a reception than by the acquisition of a Leonardo.

*

The museum's popularity with a large and varied public is indicative of a cultural backfire, which, although a form of cultural explosion, is not a desirable one. This may be true in all museums, but it is most distressingly true in a museum where people pass blind before a kind of art that they were never meant to understand and would offer them very little reward if they did. Perhaps we should think only of the one person in a hundred or several hundred who finds the museum something more than an expensively decorated place of entertainment with an impressive cachet. Yet it is difficult to look at these hordes of people of all ages, all economic brackets and all degrees of intelligence above those that require institutional care, and believe that the museum has really taught many of them to make any distinction between the great sculpture in the museum garden and the sculpture in the Central Park, unless indeed they prefer the latter for reasons quite clear to themselves.

The first job of the new administration may have to be the job that Thomas Hoving set himself as a first one at the Metropolitan—not to attract more people but to make the museum mean more to the people who come there. But this implies an art-historical approach on a broader basis than the Museum of Modern Art shows have allowed lately. You can talk about Jackson Pollock (to take the current show) forever without getting much beyond Jackson Pollock. To relate him to an understanding of art in general for anything but a specialized audience is like trying to explore a city by the exhaustive analysis of a single room.

When the museum first opened, Mr. Barr had great territories to explore for his public, and his success is apparent in the general knowledge of those territories today. Even for anyone who was around at the time, it is difficult to remember that the opening exhibition—combining Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Seurat—was an introduction to these men for a section of the public that today would take them for granted. At that time, too, you could introduce the public to a whole new area of understanding with an exhibition called "Cubism and Abstract Art" or another, "Surrealism and Fantastic Art." And when you held the first great American exhibition of Matisse (or Picasso) you were dealing with men of such range that to help people understand them was to increase the public's capacity for other kinds of experience as well. With the exhaustion of this material—or, rather, with the gap closed between it and the public—the decline of the Museum of Modern Art from its position as the most valuable educational force in the art world toward a position now in sight—that of a hothouse for preciosities—began.

This is the first of three articles on the Museum of Modern Art.

MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.
TIMES HERALD-RECORD
D. 28,386

JUL 24 1965

What's wrong with modern art museums?

Travelling posters stop at Monroe Museum

MONROE

Most people are familiar with the poster art of Toulouse-Lautrec, if only by way of Jose Ferrer. Few know that there was a so-called "poster craze" in America which swept the country for one wild year beginning in 1895. An estimated 6,000 collectors got into the act.

Before that time, illustrative art was bland, innocuous, and representational, well-suited to children's books about good little boys and girls. In the 1890's, an international style known as "Art Nouveau" developed. It encouraged a free, natural, flowing design with swirls, and influenced art, furniture and wallpaper designs, and architecture. Arabic motifs were particularly strong. In the United States, the style was mainly used by young artists for poster work.

Currently on view at the Village Hall in the Museum Village of Smith's Clove, Monroe, are 70 American art nouveau posters on loan from the Smithsonian Institution and the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. The travelling exhibit will continue through Sunday, Aug. 7.

The posters exhibit a wide range of styles. There are the billowy lines and flowery backgrounds of Will H. Bradley's works; the slightly morbid touch of William Carquevill e and Frank Hazenplug; the bold, beautiful line and flat colors of Edward Penfield; and interesting examples by the American painter, John Sloan.

The craze wore itself out by 1897, but the art form laid down the beginnings of modern advertising art.

The show may be viewed about every hour at the Village Hall, following the hourly lecture.

Art calendar

Middletown

THRALL LIBRARY: Experimental works by Rose P. Rosen on view through Friday, July 30, during library hours.

By JOAN MICHEL

NEW YORK CITY

How are museums like homes? A parallel seems far-fetched but it is a comparison that leaped to mind when this viewer recently visited two New York City museums devoted to modern art. One was the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd Street, just off Fifth Avenue, and the other, the Gallery of Modern Art at Columbus Circle.

Huntington Hartford's labor of love, the gallery, has an air of chaste, understated elegance. Richly panelled and carpeted, with parquet floors, concealed ceiling lighting, and a few modern sofas, it had a minimum of visitors. And paintings, which are decorously hung on the walls in single rows. The nucleus of the museum is from Hartford's private collection. The air of spaciousness reminds one of the apartment of well-to-do newly-weds. What there is, is in good taste--sparse but well-placed. Each painting dominates its small area, and one's attention is not distracted.

Unfortunately, the permanent collection, in my opinion, does not warrant the attention one can give it. Perhaps even mediocre art deserves at least a quick look. One can't feast on masterpieces alone.

The outstanding works are a series of portrait busts by Sir Jacob Epstein of such notables as Paul Robeson and G.B. Shaw. There are third and fourth rate works by such artists as Frederick J. Waugh, Gericault, Edgar Degas, Marie Cassatt, Edward Hopper, and Salvador Dali. A portrait of James Baldwin, the Negro writer and spokesman, by Marjorie Steele, Hartford's former wife and an amateur painter, is one of the more competently done pieces.

In all justice, the collection has two or three good paintings: a moonlit lake in eerie greens by Ralph Blakelock; a large canvas by Claude Monet, "The Jetty of Le Havre" which is flooded with light; and a portrait of Mrs. Kate Moore by John Singer Sargent with his exquisite touch for texture as manifested in the flesh tones, the draperies, and the flowing chiffon dress.

The gallery seems the result of a basic decision: with a limited budget, should the money go into the building and furnishings, or into the accessories, that is to say, the art collection? In this case, the decision seems to have favored the first choice.

The Museum of Modern Art, on the other hand, has become the granddaddy of establishments housing contemporary works. In its three decades or more, its owners have collected and collected and collected, like a magpie married couple.

Remembering it from the late 30's and 40's, when this reviewer haunted the place, it is a shocking sight after a hiatus of nearly 20 years. The once chaste atmosphere, where individual paintings nearly sprang out of the pristine purity of the white walls with a startling clarity, is gone.

Now the walls are literally crowded with paintings: excellent, good, and indifferent, each one fighting for attention. The impact on the eye is overwhelming and eventually numbing. How much ca n one absorb in an afternoon of viewing with any discernment? The walls have a Victorian clutter about them, much like the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where every inch of space is covered. Gone are the days when a single Mondrian, like a vividly painted nabisco cracker, dominated a display room.

The sculpture suffers even more. For instance, Lehmbruck's lovely nubile girl is almost cheek-by-jowl with welded, spiky stuff. It's impossible to back off to get a good long squint at a single work of sculpture--the chances are risky that one will knock over a couple of nearby stands. The viewer falters, not only knee-deep in sculpture, but in audience as well. The museum is almost as crowded as the Central Park Zoo on a sunny Sunday.

The exhibition rooms in the older part of the museum give the impression of a thoroughly used attic. As for the basement, with its theater for presenting films for historic note, it has deteriorated badly. It is, in fact, downright shoddy and dirty.

Somewhere, there must be a happy medium between newlywed paucity and middle-age clutter. Perhaps a few good pieces of art with some well-chosen mediocrities, sparingly displayed is the most advantageous.

Three centuries of American art

NEW YORK CITY

Some of the great names in American art are on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, through Oct. 17. Ranging in time from the Colonial period to the present, the 450 paintings represent roughly three centuries of American art.

Among those shown are works by Copley, Stuart, Cole, Eakins, Homer, Marin, and Hopper.

ALEXANDRIA, LA.
DAILY TOWN TALK
— D. 24,093 —

JUN 24 1966

Museum of Modern Art at Age 37

Dowager Instead of Daredevil?

By Aline Mosby

NEW YORK (UPI) — The Museum of Modern Art jolted Americans 30 years ago by displaying dangling bits of metal and a solid black painting. But its last major exhibition was the work of an artist who has been dead these last 115 years.

The only people shocked by the show of English 19th century painter J. M. W. Turner were those art fans who claim the New York museum has abdicated its original aim to show the new and the daring.

They contend the museum at age 37 has become a dowager instead of a daredevil. The old girl of 53rd St., they say, has slowed to a placid walk.

Noted art critic Emily Genauer accuses the museum of coming down with hardening of the arteries.

Modern artist-architech Richard Baringer charges that it is a doddering conservative that lets other museums beat it to the latest art movements.

No 'Pop Art' Show

The Museum of Modern Art never has held an exhibition of "pop art" although it included several examples in shows on current U. S. art.

Its "op art" show was staged last year after the movement reached its peak. Kinetic art—sculpture and paintings that wiggle, squeak and flash lights —was hailed at a San Francisco exhibit as the 'most powerful new art movement today. Kinetics probably will be presented at the Museum of Modern Art "in a year or two," a spokesman said.

Baringer recalls that "in its early days the museum was the first to give shows to a lot of new artists such as (Alexander) Calder and (Jackson) Pollack, thus affecting the whole art scene.

"Now the museum is showing things that have happened. Leave that to the Metropolitan Museum. The Modern Museum should exhibit things that are happening today," he said.

"The best show today in New York is at the Jewish Museum, Sculpture that overlaps into painting and vice versa. A new movement. The Museum of Modern Art should have done it."

'Create a Stir

Other critics fire from the opposite side. Noted New York art gallery owner John Lefebre thinks the museum "probably shows too much pop art."

"But I won't quarrel with their right to create a stir," he said.

"They don't neglect the other side, either, and the Turner show is proof—they went back to the roots of modern art."

The director of the Turner exhibition, Monroe Wheeler, confirmed in an interview that the museum does not show art movements as soon as they burst upon the scene. In fact, he uses that point to ward off occasional attacks that the museum is a dictator that force-feeds the American public with pop and op.

"We follow the public rather than lead," he said. "We show what seems to us significant, after artists have done enough so that their work can be evaluated, and let the public make up their own minds. It's not our job to discover new artists but to report to the public what artists are doing.

He said he museum was continuing to buy "pop art" which will be shown in an exhibition of "new acquisitions" later

In 1934 the brash, young museum caused a furor by displaying well-designed industrial objects such as typewriters and ball bearings. Another shocker was the hanging of an all-black painting by Ad Reinhardt (still in the museum, with a sign advising the viewer to watch long enough to see the various shades of black).

Public Knowledgeable

Wheeler hinks the museum may not seem so punchy today because it's not easy to shock the 1966 public. They see "more shocking things every day in the newspapers," he says.

Although he insists the museum has followed, not dictated, movements, critics credit it with being more of a trend-setter in past years. It was the first museum to give architect Mies Van Der Rohe recognition, possibly pushing acceptance of modern architecture throughout the nation. Its 1960 collection of 1900 furnishings and paintings was said by some to have launched the fad for "art nouveau" decor.

Without question, the museum has grown rich, with a permanent collection of 1,800 pieces, a department of architecture an design, 7,000 photos, 3,000 films and 7,000 prints. Two years ago it raised $25 million to more than double its exhibition space.

A change in direction may be in sight for the middle-aged museum. Its guiding director, Alfred Barr, retires soon. Museum directors have not yet picked a successor but the winner may bring new policies to the world's first and foremost museum of modern art

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instead of a daredevil. The old girl of 53rd St., they say, has slowed to a placid walk.

Noted art critic Emily Genauer accuses the museum of coming down with hardening of the arteries.

Modern artist-architech Richard Baringer charges that it is a doddering conservative that lets other museums beat it to the latest art movements.

No 'Pop Art' Show

The Museum of Modern Art never has held an exhibition of "pop art" although it included several examples in shows on current U. S. art.

Its "op art" show was staged last year after the movement reached its peak. Kinetic art—sculpture and paintings that wiggle, squeak and flash lights

should exhibit things that are happening today," he said.

"The best show today in New York is at the Jewish Museum, Sculpture that overlaps into painting and vice versa. A new movement. The Museum of Modern Art should have done it."

'Create a Stir

Other critics fire from the opposite side. Noted New York art gallery owner John Lefebre thinks the museum "probably shows too much pop art."

"But I won't quarrel with their right to create a stir," he said.

"They don't neglect the other side, either, and the Turner show is proof—they went back to the roots of modern art."

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European Forerunner

The museum elected to show Turner, he said, because Turner "is a modern artist in our view. He was the greatest European forerunner of the modern movement."

"Prehistoric cave paintings and the art of the South Seas are far older things than Turner's which have an affinity to today's art," he added.

Stolid or not, the Turner show has drawn the highest average daily attendance (5,300) in museum history. It has been such a success that the exhibition was extended to accommodate tourists.

Critics have sniped at the museum since its first exhibition—of Van Gogh, Seurat and other Post - Impressionists and impressionists—on Nov. 7, 1929. President Franklin Roosevelt dubbed the museum "a living museum, not a collection of curios and interesting objects."

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CRITIQUE-6 The New York Free Press, Thursday, February 29, 1968

art:

Museum of Modern Art Hires Guards to Keep Swenson Out

by Gregory Battcock

One amazing thing about the Museum of Modern Art is how loyal its employees are. There aren't many major institutions around nowadays, that can demand such obsequious behavior from its hirelings. At any rate, one would have thought the chattel slave of old completely out of the modern picture, particularly at the Modern Museum. I approached several acquaintances at the Museum for some inside information on the "Swenson" affair. Nobody would talk. They all said they didn't know anything.

This is the story. The art critic, Gene Swenson, has been picketing the Museum of Modern Art from 11 to 1 o'clock, every day for the past several weeks. He carries a large question mark as a sign. Swenson claims that a committee within the Museum has ordered Mr. Chapman (head of the 'security' department) to have his men keep Swenson out of the Museum. Employees of the Museum admit that they have been ordered to keep Swenson out. The Museum's publicity spokesman claims that Swenson is not, at this time, being barred from the Museum.

Swenson claimed, in a printed statement, that he would perform an "act of melodrama" at the Museum during an evening symposium held last week. This frightened the Museum people to death. The "act of melodrama" consisted of Swenson dressed in a paper vest. Written on the vest were the words, "VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD." Swenson carried a tin beggar's cup, and begged in front of the Museum. The Museum people don't know what Swenson wants from them. Swenson, an art historian, art critic, collector and connoisseur would like to go into the Museum to view the paintings he loves.

We find 'security' guards in several types of institutions today. They are in housing projects, to keep people from peeing in the elevators. Unfortunately, it isn't guards that keep people from peeing in elevators. It's better houses, school teachers who aren't frustrated cops, cops who aren't Nazi Storm Troopers, etc. We find guards in supermarkets to keep people from shoplifting. The guards don't stop them from shoplifting. Larger welfare checks, equal protection for the poor, an end to discrimination may stop them.

We find guards in subways who are there to reassure the white and the complacent. The security forces at colleges reassure the bewildered and suspicious outside world that every thing in academia is in order, and on the level. The guards in banks impress upon us the value of money.

The guards in museums protects us from the art. Swenson doesn't need protection from the art. Therefore, he doesn't deserve entry to the Museum. The museum today is an art bank. Some banks today are art museums. If there were more people like Swenson around, there would be fewer places for museum guards, and then, where would Pinkerton and Willmark be?

Since Swenson does not need protection from the art on display at the Museum, the inference to be found in the ruling by the Museum barring the art critic, is that the Museum feels the art needs protection from the critic. Guards are in museums, we are told, to protect the art. Actually, they rarely get that opportunity. As a rule, they protect the viewers from the art, which is often threatening, frequently provacative and sometimes shattering to the prevailing value structure.

Free Press Photo by Elliot Landy

Mr. Bates-Lowry, the new director of the Museum, is quoted in Thursday's Times as follows: "All these people coming here—are they really going away with something?" (not any of the paintings, I hope). "I have a feeling we're not doing enough," says Mr. Lowry. Swenson apparently agrees with Lowry's remarks. He has suggested, to at least one art critic, that a meeting should be set up between himself (Swenson) and Mr. Bates-Lowry, in order to discuss the various problems

(Continued on Page 10)

CRITIQUE-6 The New York Free Press, Thursday, February 29, 1968

Museum Keeps Swenson Out

(Continued from Page 6)

that have been created by the modern artist, and critic, and that tend toward corruption in art.

In the Times article, Mr. Bates-Lowry is reported to have said, about art critics and historians today, that, "Very few have attempted to redefine the broad general statements about the history of art in so far as it can tell us something about the history of mankind."

In the wonderful world of art, such comments are considered pretty far out—even nowadays. For an art historian or critic to ever concern himself with anything that might mean something to somebody, was (is) scandal. Lowry continued with the following remarks:

> "You train someone to do a mammoth dissertion. Rarely do they attempt to talk about the quality of painting or how it relates to the society that produced it. People who are to be interpreters of art to the public have had their sights turned away from the important areas. It's all description, and no interpretation."

Swenson agrees with every word of the above. Former Herald Tribune critics probably wouldn't understand it. Art News critics wouldn't accept a word of it. Swenson remarked: **"I'm not against interpretation."** He claims that he can teach the descriptive critic how to interpret.

While picketing the Museum, Swenson carries his question mark sign. A literal interpretation might find the question mark an indication of uncertainty. Actually, the question mark is itself the prime symbol, in writing, of existential man. Everything is question, and in question.

The Museum won't let Swenson in, because they don't know what to expect from him. They don't know what he wants. Today, nobody knows anything. We are not satisfied with answers anyway. It is not the Hellinistic Hermes that delights us, but the mysterious, unfinished Korous. Answers alone do not exist.

Mersault, Camus' existential hero, was executed because he did not seek an answer, and not because he was incapable of love or emotional involvement with his physical or metaphysical environment. Mersault did not attempt to understand or explain his actions or what was happening to him. It didn't matter.

In an article in last wek's Free Press, Dale Minor wrote the following, from Vietnam. He had seen three babies, burnt to a crisp, being taken away in an ambulance. Very appropriately, and with profound existential humility, he concluded his article with:

> Nor could we find out where they had been taken from. Neither, really, matters very much.

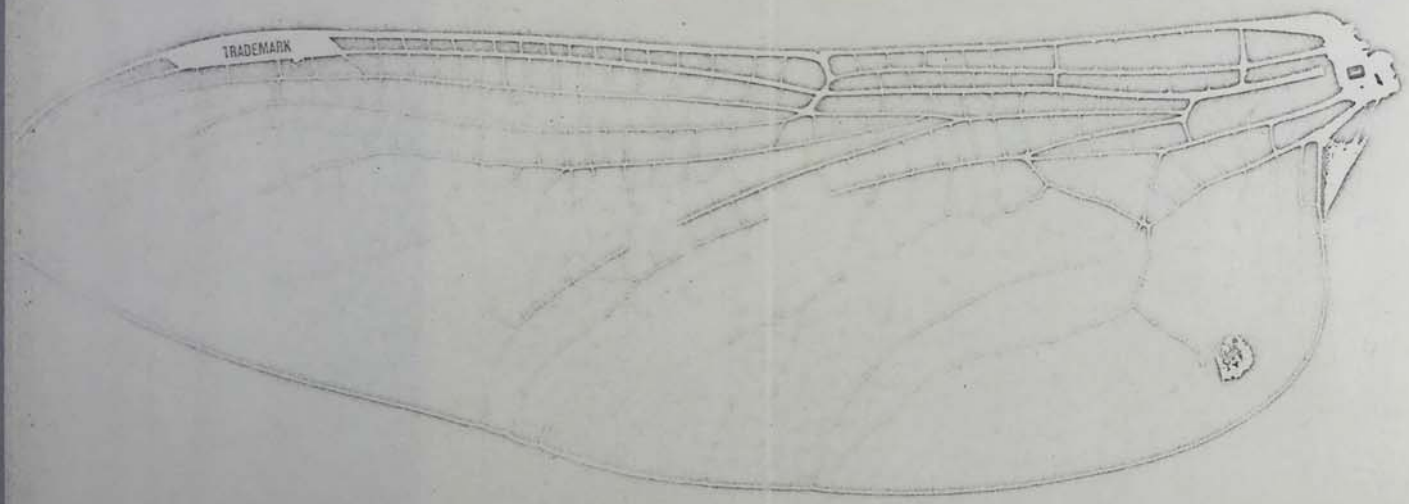
Nor, of course, does it matter when the mother died.

In the collection of the Modern Museum there hangs a painting by Barnet Newman. The picture contains a single stripe down the middle. In a piece of interpretive criticism by Nicolas Calas, the single "stripe" is seen as follows:

> Newman's crosses have not been contained in the Here by lines stretching out like arms across the horizon. Newman's crosses are crossless since the cross, besides being the symbol of the crucified, is also the emblem of a God. Barnet Newman identifies himself with the agony of a compassionate man who was crucified, not with the transfiguration of a mortal being. Acephalous crosses are for those who have been cut off from the hope of immortality. In the Now man is alone.

Swenson has bent Newman's acephalous cross: it now forms a question mark. Alone, Swenson pickets, itself an existential gesture as it provides confrontation in isolation. What does he want? Who could ever know. Will he achieve his goal? In as much as there is a goal, it has already been achieved. Equally, we have already lost the war.

EAST VILLAGE OTHER. MARCH, 1968



LAN the K's "poor paranoid's"

by Allan Katzman

Easter will be early this year and let us hope that the Resurrection will be too. The Christian world will not be the only ones enjoying the amenities come April 12th, 13th, and 14th. In New York, the underground and artist communities have two specific events planned out for the masses "yearning to be free."

A group calling themselves "The Transformation" has demanded an EASTER UPRISING-HOLY WEEK, 1968 which they term A CALL TO CULTURAL REVELATION: "We call on all groups to join us on the steps of the Museum of Modern Art from 7-11 p.m. This evening will be dedicated to the ritual dis-establishment of Dada and Surrealism. MOMA IS DEAD. DADA IS DEAD. Les enfants du parody celebrate the rites of spring. Recreate with us the first ritual act."

On April 14th, Easter Sunday, all day, a Human Be-In, a joyous reunion of the Tribes will take place at Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Unlike March 17th's Be-In which was called on account of rain, April 14th's will be the big one. Let us hope that He will be there too.

The west coast has its own thing planned for the coming holidays. On Easter-Saturday, April 13th, at 7:30 p.m. on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, they will celebrate The Festival of CHAULI (SHOW-OO-LEE). The theme of this parade — Theatre in the streets — will convey the spirit of Chauli: a coming together with joy, which will enrich the world of man. Anyone going west for the Resurrection can contact Michele, week day afternoons, 213-653-9341.

These then are the plans for the coming freakout. If you have spiritual hives, I suggest you join everyone at the cave when they push away the rock.

Art

The Door Count

RUTH BERENSON

WHEN MY REPORTORIAL duties last took me to the Kunsthistorisches Museum of Vienna, it was the Christmas season, a time when in this country museums are hives of frenetic activity, when it is nearly impossible to see anything without bumping into somebody. The Vienna museum was, however, almost completely deserted. As I made my way slowly through the vast galleries, my feet echoed hollowly on the polished floors; my every step was noted suspiciously by the rheumy-eyed guards, their fraying uniforms bulging over layers of sweaters to keep out the pervasive chill. I couldn't decide whether to linger so as to give them something to look at besides the pictures, or to hurry and leave them in peace.

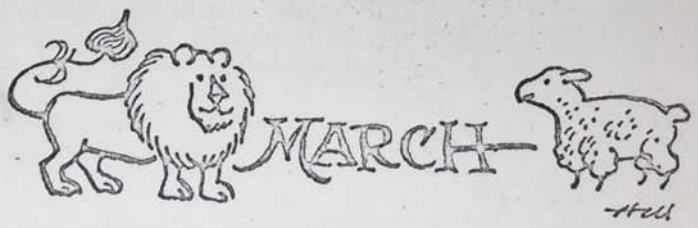
As I entered and left each room, they carefully put the ceiling lights on and off. Most of the pictures were covered with glass which reflected the light bulbs and made viewing difficult, but after a few minutes I was conscious only of what I had come to see: the Dürers, the Rembrandts, the Titians, the Breughels—and the fact that, incredibly, they were all mine and mine alone. I could look at each as long as I wanted; I could step backward without stepping on someone's toes; I could get up close without blocking someone's view; I could think what I liked without a lecturer's half-heard promptings or the distraction of another visitor's comments. It was an unhoped-for luxury—and one which the American museum-goer can scarcely hope to experience at home.

It is true that if one knows one's way about, there are a few empty corners in American museums which only the guards seem aware of. They are usually pretty hard to find, like the two rooms of wonderful Italian bronzes deep in the basement of Washington's National Gallery, or the so-called "Treasure Room"—also in the basement—of the Metropolitan. The average visitor's feet seldom permit him to get this far; instead, he follows the crowds and the electronic guided tours to the more easily accessible galleries where peace and quiet, though devoutly to be wished, are nearly impossible to come by.

AMERICAN MUSEUMS, today as never before, are crowded to the rafters. Chicago's Art Institute, Washington's National Gallery and New York's Metropolitan all reckon their attendance in the millions, and other cities are not far behind. This has been widely hailed as evidence of our much-vaunted "cultural explosion." The museums make every effort to ensure that the attendance figures will keep on rising, like the Gross National Product. They are also, of course, concerned with money for new acquisitions, but in a sense this has become a secondary matter—since what good is the greatest work of art if no one sees it? By this reasoning, the success or failure of a museum, like that of a movie or a Broadway show, is rated by the size of the audience—the "magic of the door count," as Russell Lynes put it.

Indefatigable publicity departments of even the newest and smallest galleries and art centers regularly release annual figures to the newspapers as if they were stockholders' reports. If they don't show a rise, the museum director is in serious trouble. The fact that, last year, attendance at the hitherto fabulously successful Museum of Modern Art in New York dropped by an alarming 200,000 may have had nothing to do with the retirement of its long-time director, René d'Harnoncourt. Nevertheless, new director Bates Lowry is doubtless expected to reverse this trend—or else.

Almost every American museum director has as much to do with public relations as with art, if not more. This has been true ever since painter Charles Willson Peale opened America's first museum in Philadelphia in 1785. Starting from scratch, with little of value to show (his exhibits consisted of Indian relics, the reconstructed skeleton of a prehistoric mammoth, portraits of the Founding Fathers by himself and his sons), unable to look to the government for help, Peale's museum, like ours today, was a private enterprise dependent on public support for survival. Since art in the young republic was looked on as a bit sissy, Peale tried—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—to build attendance by stressing its educational value; his museum aimed at "the improvement of the public taste." In the 1840s, P. T. Barnum went into the art-showing business. He got better results than Peale by pitching his sales-talk to the social climbers and the average person's interest in self-improvement. His museum on New York's Lower Broadway, said Barnum, was "nightly crowded with the elite of the city" seeking "instruction . . . blended with amusement." They kept on coming till the building burned down some ten years later.



Museums today appeal to the public in terms not very different from Barnum's. They attract members with black-tie openings of special exhibitions, glittering social affairs which are covered by society reporters. Members also receive expensive

illustrated catalogues, often unreadable, but eminently suited to coffee table display. And there are continuous special concerts, lectures, children's classes, which they alone may attend. So much for snob appeal. Even more energy is put into luring the masses with bus advertisements, radio and television programs, school classes, teen-age classes, electronic guided tours "explaining" the works of art. Last but by no means least are the rapidly proliferating museum shops, often staffed by comely volunteers, where merchandise ranges from Christmas cards to Polish toys to folk art from Afghanistan. Though supposedly non-profit-making, they not only manage to turn over tidy sums each year but—even more important—they raise the door count, since many people persist in going to museums once a year, to do their Christmas shopping.

It all mounts up. Last year the Metropolitan played host to 6,141,691 people—nearly as many as the population of greater Los Angeles. These included babies in strollers, school classes, harassed fathers ordered to take over the kids on a Saturday afternoon, interior decorators, Seventh Avenue designers seeking inspiration for next year's bikinis, tired shoppers, and young secretaries hoping an eligible young executive will turn up in front of a Rembrandt. They also doubtless included a goodly number of people who came to look at the art—though some of them may have found it pretty hard to see anything.

Art in America has, in fact, become another form of mass entertainment, like watching television or going to the movies. Madison Avenue techniques are used to tout museum merchandise, with the predictable result that the premises are jammed. But when all is said and seen, it is forgotten that art is something more than fun, something more than a stepping-stone to self-improvement. Museums are loath to admit the simple fact that appreciation of paintings and sculpture is the result of long hours spent in looking, in training the eye, in thinking about what one is seeing. Of all the forms of art, painting and sculpture are perhaps least suitable for a consumer goods' mass market. By making their institutions into arenas for yet another spectator sport, American museums are deluding the public they claim to be serving.

ON ART

By Hilton Kramer

Magnificent and Vulnerable

NOTWITHSTANDING the criticisms that are frequently and legitimately directed at the Museum of Modern Art, including those made recently in these pages ("The MoMA of Us All," May 25), the great strength of this institution has always consisted of its permanent collection of painting and sculpture. Elsewhere—at the Barnes Foundation in Pennsylvania, say—one might have a more varied and profound glimpse of particular artists (particularly Cézanne, Rousseau and Soutine). But nowhere in the world can one take in under a single roof so clear and comprehensive a view of the whole vast historical tapestry of modern art as that afforded by the Museum's permanent collection. The collection remains the Museum's chief glory and principal *raison d'être*—a fact easily lost sight of in the swirl of publicity that envelopes its unabated succession of temporary exhibitions, film showings, symposia, jazz concerts and other box-office attractions.

There are, to be sure, some significant lacunae in the collection which the Museum's directorship continues to show a curious disinclination to fill. (To cite but one example: It would scarcely be possible to guess the true stature of a great and prolific painter like Lovis Corinth from the Museum's single and minor *Self Portrait*—a picture not even outstanding among the artist's many works devoted to this theme, and one that in no way conveys the breadth of his accomplishment.) By and large, however, the Museum can boast an extraordinary assemblage of masterworks covering the 50 years (more or less) from the late 19th century to the middle '40s. It is the virtue—perhaps the only virtue—of the Museum's new, enlarged galleries that they provide an ampler installation of this collection than has been possible hitherto.

A number of these galleries would in themselves, simply because of the crucial role their contents have played in shaping the course of modern esthetic thought, be more than enough to sustain the eminence which the Museum now enjoys the world over. The magnificent room of Matisse paintings, sculptures and drawings, presided over by a trio of canvases—*The Red Studio, The Piano Lesson* and *The Moroccans*—that are among the very greatest statements of an artist who looks more and more like the greatest of our century; the incomparable Picasso collection; the vibrant room of Légers; the exquisite group of Brancusis; the immensely interesting survey of Russian Constructivist and Suprematist works—these would constitute, either separately or as a group, a major locus of 20th-century achievement even in the absence of extensive representations of other artists and movements.

In the Museum's superb collection, of course, these galleries—and not these alone—are only the gems in a huge and wide-ranging anthology. Arranged, as formerly, in historical groupings, the new and enlarged installation is especially interesting—more perhaps to habitués of the collection than to newcomers—for the additions which ampler space has now made it possible to include. Many of these additions are, necessarily, minor works; some are simply period pieces of no artistic consequence. Others, however, reflect a slight but distinct change in the esthetic weather. It is thus possible now to see more Beckmanns and Derains than the Museum has ever before admitted to permanent view. Both these artists are due for critical revaluation: This fall the Museum itself will house a large Beckmann retrospective that is certain to establish him among the major painters of the century, and a comparable Derain show is said to be in preparation elsewhere. The Museum, with its characteristic "intelligence" (in this case, one uses the word in its military sense), has apparently decided to cover its bets on both these eventualities.

V. S. Pritchett recently remarked that "There has been no period in this century so rich in works of imagination as the first 30 years . . ."; and it is as a repository of the art of that period that the Museum remains unrivalled anywhere in the world. Its distinction in this respect owes a great deal, I believe, to the

peculiar conjunctions of history and fate. Founded in 1929, the Museum took up its principal museological task—the assembling of such a collection—at the very moment when the "outburst," as Pritchett called it, was succumbing to political pressures and natural exhaustion.

The bulk of the Museum's most significant holdings thus antedate the Europe of Hitler and Stalin. A good many belong to the *belle époque* before World War I. To say this in no way diminishes the remarkable judgment and taste that went into the making of the collection, but it does underscore the fact that the Museum has, in the 35 years since its founding, stood in a completely different relation to the art of its time, and has not always proved to be equally shrewd in discharging its functions under these totally changed conditions.

For the Museum's collection is, if anything, far *too* up-to-date. Whereas its acquisitions from the earlier decades of the century could be deliberated with the leisure and wisdom which only a certain distance and historical hindsight permit, its acquisitions from the art of recent decades—indeed, of recent weeks—have been made in a breathless race with the artists themselves. These acquisitions of recent art point up very clearly, moreover, the Museum's most alarming characteristic: its vulnerability to publicity and fashion-mongering, and the chronic uncertainty of its governing values in the face of whatever happens to be making the noisiest claim on its attention at any given moment. Its acquisitions from the current scene exercise an immense and exceedingly unhealthy influence on the art market as well as on the writing of contemporary art history—and hence on the creation of new art, which in our faithless artistic climate is overly responsive to both.

The Museum has therefore been, to some extent, a victim of its own machinations, having to scoop up larger and ever more expensive handfuls of the kind of dubious artistic and pseudo-artistic work that its own policies have often played a major role in generating in the first place. Walking through the galleries now devoted to the art of the past two decades, one has the impression that the chief museological concern—or more accurately, the chief anxiety—has been to avoid missing out on anything that fashion and publicity have certified as "in"; that conformity to adventitious fads has played a far greater role than disinterested esthetic judgment in decisions affecting the selection.

Despite voluminous evidence to the contrary, the Museum still proceeds on the assumption that the hoopla of the moment is a reasonable guide to authentic achievement. Because of this disposition to welcome whatever happens to be making the headlines, or the gossip columns, the Museum's permanent collection is actually two collections: one—the more valuable—which embraces the work of artists whose principal achievements antedate the founding of the Museum, and another which reflects—sometimes accurately, oftentimes not—the art history that has unfolded concurrently with the Museum's own influential career. The first continues to be a source of endless pleasure and instruction; the second, a parable on the vanities and pretensions of the age.

ARCHITECTURALLY, neither the Museum's new galleries nor the alterations of its old building are particularly impressive. Designed by the ubiquitous Philip Johnson, the development of whose work from a lean Miesian classicism to its current phase of decorative overindulgence is convincing evidence that, in art as in sex, extreme repression often leads to bizarre perversions, the most that can be said for these architectural additions is that they do not by any means represent the worst that this designer is capable of. At their best, in the painting galleries, they provide clean, serviceable spaces in which to view the works at hand. At their worst—in those windows the shape of giant TV-screens; in the galleries devoted to the design, photography and drawing collections, which have all the atmosphere of a very posh millinery salon; and in the vast Main Hall, whose re-design has rendered it about as cozy as Grand Central Station—they are the work of an unremarkable duffer who has grown used to lavishing all his attention on the icing for a cake already slightly stale.

Johnson's one great architectural contribution—to New York as a city as well as to the Museum—is the sculpture garden which he designed some years ago and to which he has now made an addition. The latter is in the form of a large upper terrace overlooking the main garden, which, with its outdoor café, its trees and fountains and magnificent sculptures, remains the loveliest outdoor space in Manhattan. The new terrace is rather bland by comparison; one wonders if it is quite finished. But it is all the same a triumph of taste, and unlike almost everything else Johnson puts his hand to nowadays, seems actually to have been designed with its function—that is, with the people who are going to use it—clearly in mind.

In a city so egregiously indifferent to public amenties of any sort, Johnson's sculpture garden is a real oasis. But then—such are the contradictions of art—it is also an oasis from the cold-blooded chaos into which Johnson has transformed the Museum's own Main Hall. One is left wondering if landscape architecture may not be Johnson's real forte, after all. The problem of providing the public with felicitous indoor space in which contemplate works of art—a problem to which he has devoted a great deal of energy, if not thought, in recent years—continues to elude him.

ON ART

By Hilton Kramer

The MoMA of Us All

PUNDITS and ideologues who enjoy delivering themselves of knowing generalizations about the '30s rarely, if ever, mention the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Yet MoMA (as it is familiarly known in some quarters) has certainly had a greater impact on American culture than any of the Left-wing groups and publications so often mentioned as the salient influences of the time. Perhaps our notions about the '30s are still too ideologized, still too thoroughly hostage to the political imperatives of the present moment, to permit a view of that decade which grants full recognition to its true complexity. When the complete chronicle of this multifarious period comes to be written, I suspect it will bear very little resemblance to the easy historical caricature most of us carry around in our heads.

For in addition to the intense political commitments and social concerns about which we have heard so much (and been told—in actual detail—so little), there also flourished in the '30s what can only be described as a vigorous and intellectually robust estheticism. The abiding loyalty of this estheticism was precisely to those aspects of formalist, modernist art which were supposed to have been swamped by the facile progressivism of the Depression.

It was in the '30s, after all, that the New Criticism produced its most penetrating commentaries on modernist verse. It was then that the full artistic measure of Henry James was taken for the first time. And it was in the '30s, too, that modernist art in all its forms was given the imprimatur of an institution equipped to elucidate its history and disseminate its influence.

There are, indeed, some remarkable parallels between the influence enjoyed by the Museum of Modern Art since its establishment in the fall of 1929 and that of the New Criticism in the same period. Traditionally, the art museum had existed at a great intellectual distance not only from the common life of its time, but also from the *art* of its time. Le Corbusier's bitter description of the old fine-arts academies applies equally well to the old museums: "They are mortuaries; in their cold rooms there are only the dead. The door is kept well locked; nothing of the outside world can penetrate." And the description fits perfectly the antiquated methods of teaching literary history then in use in the universities—methods that precluded not only the study of great modernist writers but virtually any application of modernist discipline to the study of the past.

The 30's proved to be the turning point in the relation that obtained between academic and museological institutions on the one hand, and modernist values on the other. The general historical ferment of the period no doubt contributed something important to this change—a sense (shall we say?) that reactionary procedures in the arts were likely to succumb to the same historical forces that were undermining the outmoded assumptions of politics and economics. But of even greater importance to the change was the fact that the great modernist movements in both literature and the visual arts had largely run their course. Major figures like Picasso and Matisse, Eliot and Pound and Joyce, continued to produce, but their past achievements, together with those of their like-minded contemporaries, already constituted a heritage that had not yet been admitted to the cultural mainstream.

In effecting that admission—a task begun in the '30s, but only completed in the aftermath of World War II—the New Criticism and the Museum of Modern Art changed utterly the face of American culture. Thenceforth the estheticism that derived from modernist accomplishments, and that had formerly been the private possession of the initiated few, passed into general culture, secured a place for itself in pedagogic theory and popular taste, and became what it now eminently is, a vested interest even more powerful than the genteel academicism it has thoroughly displaced.

Where the Museum of Modern Art differed radically from the tenets of the New Criticism, however, was in its relation to what may legitimately be regarded as the major problem of modern culture—that is, to mass culture. The New Critics, with their literary roots in the Symbolist movement, with their taste for social and religious hierarchies and their animus against science, took as essentially aristocratic view of culture. For

them, poetry existed at the farthest possible remove from the corrupt language of mass culture, and their own critical methods were designed precisely to preserve poetry from the onslaught of democratic vulgarity and scientific barbarism.

The Museum's relation to mass culture has turned out to be quite the opposite. By combining in a single institution and under a unified bureaucratic impulse both fine art and applied art—the most exalted artistic achievements of the century side by side with workaday household objects and industrial design—the Museum has, from the beginning, been committed to a fundamental rapprochement between the elite art of the avant-garde studio and the mass-produced artifacts of the factory.

The consequences of such a program were not immediately apparent. In the depressed economic conditions of the '30s, the Museum's advocacy of the International Style in architecture and of "good design" in general could have little immediate impact in the practical sphere. Where its exhibitions, publications, and general proselytizing made themselves felt was in education and criticism, which succeeded in putting traditional, anti-modernist taste on the defensive.

In carrying out its evangelical crusade on behalf of modern architecture and design, moreover, the Museum enjoyed the sanction of important European movements—the Bauhaus in Germany and De Stijl in the Netherlands—which had synthesized advanced ideas in fine art and applied art into comprehensive visions for transforming the whole look and feel of industrial civilization. In the '30s, a tubular steel chair or a glass-enclosed skyscraper might seem, for the average visitor to the Museum's exhibitions, as Utopian and radical an image as any of the modernist paintings and sculptures to be found in its galleries. It was only when the changed economic situation of the postwar years permitted a full-scale realization of these "Utopian" designs that some aficionados of modern art came to realize that such designs, if exploited by canny speculators and massive advertising campaigns, lent themselves only too easily to a monotony, vulgarity, and Philistinism not evidently superior to what they were displacing.

It was only then, in fact, that it occurred to many partisans of modernism that the Museum had made a pact with mass culture which threatened the very existence of art in its pure and autonomous forms. Thereafter, these disaffected spectators continued to attend the Museum's splendid exhibitions of the modern masters, but at the same time directed increasingly bitter smiles at all the commercial flim-flam—automobiles, sporting goods, atrocious Hollywood movies—whose presence under the same roof promised to blur the very distinctions of feeling upon which the great modern painters had founded their art.

THE MUSEUM has thus moved ever closer to mortgaging its double role as curator of past artistic achievements and arbiter of new esthetic values to its program for accommodating the gross impedimenta of mass culture and technological innovation. Compared to the aristocratic stance of the New Criticism, such an accommodation—particularly when couched in the tasteful and reasonable terms commonly employed by the Museum—seems delightfully democratic, empirical and, in the best sense of the word, progressive. Yet it is the New Criticism which has proved to be the sterner and less corruptible defender of artistic excellence. Whatever the ultimate political implications of the New Criticism's elitist ideology may be, in the marketplace of critical values it has upheld standards which the Museum has often compromised. Whereas the reader of R. P. Blackmur, Allen Tate, and their followers has a sense—despite the annoyance he may feel over their incidental pretensions—that they have kept faith with the writers whose works first stimulated their efforts, the visitor caught up in the hurly-burly of the Museum's show-business atmosphere must often feel himself at an irretrievable distance from the ateliers which produced the masterworks of modern art.

This distance may be explained, in part anyway, by looking at what the Museum—considered purely as a social institution—has become. And at no time in recent history will its institutional profile have been more vividly dramatized than in the ceremonies which mark the Museum's reopening this week after five months devoted to building new galleries. With an opening address by Dr. Paul Tillich, the theologian, and the guest of honor no less a personage than Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, heretofore unknown for her contributions to the artistic life of our time, the Museum demonstrates once again its curious proclivity for placing art at the disposal of both God and mammon.

I shall discuss the Museum's new facilities and exhibitions in a subsequent article. For the moment, its gala opening ceremonies may suffice to suggest the social role which the Museum itself has now assumed. Far from preserving art against the encroachments of modern life, it has transformed itself into a cultural bazaar and a community center, fully integrated into our commercial and technological civilization and quite helpless, really, to resist the abiding values of that civilization. To the extent that this transformation reflects a general decline in artistic seriousness, the Museum represents in institutional form a compromise which each of us has made in a myriad of smaller, less detectible, but no less culpable ways.

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NEW YORK

4

MOMA's Middle-Age

by Emily Genauer

MOMA, they're whispering sadly in studios, galleries, art-lovers' living-rooms, has grown middle-aged. MOMA, otherwise known as the Museum of Modern Art, is only in her 37th year, and far too young to suffer from that endemic affliction of museums one might call art-thritis.

Still, there's no question but that she's lost the pliancy, the bounce, the rapturous enthusiasm of her youth. She has grown a little cautious. She worries about mistakes. She stays home showing off her increasing hoard of increasingly valuable possessions to an increasing number of guests, where once she sought to go out more among young and venturesome artists, gayly bringing them home even when her house was bare.

The latest invitation she's sent out, for instance, is for a big one-man exhibition she will give of the art of J. M. W. Turner, beginning March 23. Turner! He's been dead for 115 years. Even the "rediscovery" of that most fascinating of British 19th-century painters has been going on for almost two decades. Back in '47 the Metropolitan Museum did an English show which made clear Turner's influence on the French impressionists. Only two years ago the Brooklyn Museum did one pointing up his kinship with the abstract expressionists. So what else is new? And what will the Museum of Modern Art be proving now?

Precisely what those who have watched her from the beginning have always known. The museum will be saying once again, "I can do anything you can do —better." It is why she began off on her op show—"The Responsive Eye"—until the whole idea of retinal art began to seem exhausted, and then, last season, presented the brilliant survey of the field which drew the largest attendance in the museum's history. It is why careful plans are now under way for a large historical, analytical, comprehensive examination of kinetic art that won't be presented for another year and a half, although other museums have been filling their galleries for several seasons now with structures that sizzle, grind, bump and saw.

The Turner exhibition, when the museum presents it in March, probably will be, as predicted, the biggest, best, most provocative ever. The fact that Turner is an old master will be of no significance.

What the museum's critics forget—or never knew —is that MOMA has always been keen for old men as well as young. Its very first show consisted of paintings by Cezanne, Gauguin, Seurat and Van Gogh, works done, for the most part, some 30 to 45 years earlier. The large general public wasn't familiar with them, to be sure, but artists, critics, collectors, the art public around New York had known them or about them since the famous Armory show back in 1913.

A few months later the museum presented an exhibition of those three 19th-century masters: Homer, Ryder and Eakins. Shortly thereafter came a Corot-Daumier show.

What next to nobody remembers or can even imagine is that for two months in 1940 the Museum of Modern Art's shining, brand-new, glass-facaded building was hung with Raphael's *Madonna of the Chair*, Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, Mantegna's *St. George*, Michelangelo's circular marble bas-relief of the *Madonna and Child*, plus a number of other early Italian masterpieces. They had been loaned by the museums of Italy for showing at the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition, and were displayed at the Modern Museum on their way home to the Uffizi, the Pitti Palace, the Venice Academy, the Bargello, the Brera.

". . . Some of the Modern's greatest treasures are 85 years old. Are they still modern? Will they still be when they're a hundred? . . ."

This, to be sure, was a very special project. The museum's ordinary, continuing policy has from the beginning been to show works by insufficiently known masters of the past which throw some light on contemporary art, plus those which can be re-evaluated in the light thrown on *them* by contemporary art.

It was, in fact, just this continuing emphasis on the past that some early critics of the Modern Museum took exception to. A long time ago (in *Harper's Magazine*, back in 1944), I wrote a piece called "The Fur-Lined Museum" in which I sharply chided the museum for consistently presenting what I called "sure things and shockers."

The sure things, of course, were the established figures: Homer, Ryder, Cezanne, Van Gogh, etc. This was no pioneering joli, I complained. The shockers were even worse. Neglecting the large body of contemporary art that was earnest, searching and vital, without being outrageous or even spectacular, the museum was turning to the precious, bizarre, *outre* things that pull in the crowds, but then put them off modern art altogether.

And I cited the fur-lined-cup-and-saucer by Oppenheim, which had been included in a 1936 show, "Fantastic Art, Dada, and Surrealism," as well as Marcel Duchamp's *Why Not Sneeze?*, a small bird-cage containing lumps of sugar, parrot food and a thermometer, in the same show. Another shocker I mentioned as having no place in a museum presumably dedicated to art was a shoe-shine chair elaborately, proudly, pathetically decorated with tinsel by the bootblack who owned it.

Oh, how simple, how naive we were in that distant day just before and during World War II, when life was real and earnest, and high-jinks were for bored or dull-witted kids. Shockers, we called those silly toys! Today it is impossible even to imagine something that would shock the New York public. In the old days the idea of the museum (more important, of the dadaists whose work it showed and who made this part of their esthetic) was to shock a bland, conventional-minded public into sensibility. Now it has been shocked into insensibility.

A moot question is whether the Museum of Modern Art is not itself largely responsible for the present situation, whether its continuing presentation of deliberately irrational dada, under its immensely prestigious auspices, didn't encourage the avalanche of opportunistic latter-day dada, the ubiquitous "happenings," for instance, the underground movies, the billboard-size obscenities that the general public appears to *accept* as unthinkingly today as once it *rejected* unthinkingly much milder things. (One can't, of course, blame the museum for all of it. The stream of irrationality in art has been narrow but deep for centuries, a valid reflection of irrationality in life)

In any case, the mus- *(Continued on page 6)*

(Continued from page 4) eum, continuing to promote sure things, admits it has turned its back on the shockers, if such things can be said to exist at all any more. But, insists Rene d'Harnoncourt, its director, this is less a change in purpose than in method. To bear him out he cited, the other day, the museum's original program, which states its function as being "to help people enjoy, understand and use the visual arts of our time."

Only people have changed. Their notions of enjoyment, of understanding, of use, and even of what's art have changed. Today the museum must function in a world it certainly did make. The year it was opened, in an office building at 730 Fifth Avenue, it attracted an attendance of just under 190,000. During the complete year (1963) before it closed for several months of extensive expansion and alteration, its attendance reached 650,000. In the first year since its reopening in May, 1964, the figure exceeded a million.

But Mr. d'Harnoncourt believes that the new public is less informed than the old one, and needs more help. In the early days audiences at the Museum of Modern Art were composed of people who knew about modern art and were passionate to see and learn more about it, along with those who just came to see what all the excitement was about, but left either amused, untouched, or even scornful.

Today's vast audience knows less than the interested visitors of the old days, and cares much more than the sensation seekers of that time. It has been so steadily confronted with bizarre new "images" in mass media, it is confused. Still, today it is unthinkable that anybody would *boast* about know-nothingness in modern art. Thirty years ago this was commonplace—even in high places (like Capitol Hill, in Washington, where Congress voted a $2.6 million appropriation for the use and promotion of living arts this year alone).

The museum, therefore, must undertake, Mr. d'Harnoncourt believes, a job of serious and deliberate public education that it had not previously envisaged as its special responsibility. That the museum itself may directly and indirectly be responsible for many of the public's misapprehensions (art needn't be "understood" at all; it can be "enjoyed" on the level of sensation alone; one of its significant "uses" is as a status symbol; anything can be art, even if it's a tinselly shoe-shine chair) is not important now. Indeed, he insists that the press, and the space it has consistently given to art that is merely sensational, is most responsible. The answer is, of course, that we don't make or exhibit it; we just reproduce and talk about it. Pollock and the other abstract expressionists the Museum of Modern Art gave such importance to in the late '40s and early '50s were, of course, a bonanza to editors and writers. Where else could they find material at once so mystifying and so photogenic?

The point is that there is an enormous, interested, excited audience, not Out There, but crowding the museum halls right now, waiting to learn. And the museum's plan is to help it, in a way in which it alone is equipped to perform.

When it was founded, Mr. d'Harnoncourt reminds us, it was not a museum, really, but a gallery, an art center. It had no permament collection. Its resources were great financial backing and potential ("this is the house that jack built," some of us used to say, reading of the enormous contributions made by a board of trustees bearing names like Rockefeller,

"... The Museum of Modern Art does not see its function as 'art journalism,' says its director, or 'discovery' as a necessary part of its job ... Time is no longer of the essence ..."

Whitney, Ford, Field, Clark, Lewisohn, Goodyear, Bliss and Dale), the dedicated, active personal interest of knowledgeable trustees and other collectors, and the brains, imagination and taste of its staff.

These have been parlayed over the years into what now, even when compared with the Louvre's vastly enlarged modern collections opening this very day in the rebuilt Musee de l'Orangerie in Paris, is the greatest panoramic assemblage of modern art in the world. The first and most important work the museum can do, then, is to keep as much as possible of that assemblage on continuing exhibition all the time. At the moment it occupies about two-thirds of the museum's exhibition space. Up until 1942 there wasn't any provision in the museum for permanent showing of its collection.

Even more important—and this too has generally been forgotten—the museum wasn't sure for a long time that it even wanted any "permanent" collection. The big question was, how long does a work of modern art remain modern? In 1947 the museum was party to an agreement between the Metropolitan, the Whitney Museum and itself in which each laid out its own area of operation. The concern of the Whitney, which, it was planned then, would put up a new building adjacent to the Metropolitan, was going to be with present-day American art; the Modern's with all art after 1900 and the Metropolitan's with earlier works. Between 1947 and 1953, under this pact, the Museum of Modern Art sold 26 pre-1900 works to the Metropolitan, including two great Cezannes, and other works hardly less important. The money realized from their sale (as well as from the sale of additional works the Modern disposed of at auction) was to be used for the purchase of works by younger artists. The agreement was abrogated for several reasons, the most obvious being that collectors grew reluctant to leave their great pictures to the Museum of Modern Art. They decided, instead, to leave them directly to the Metropolitan, which would eventually receive them anyway. In the end the Modern actually bought back two early Matisses it had sold the Met.

The question is still germane. Some of the Modern's greatest treasures are 85 years old. Are they still modern? Will they be when they're 100? The museum's answer is that even if they aren't, in the strict sense of the word, knowledge of them will be essential for a real understanding of what *is* modern.

Its task now is to promote that understanding. It has a three-part plan. First, as already stated, it will keep a larger part of its masterworks on view, for museum regulars and for the increasing number of persons who come from all over the world expressly to see them.

Second, it will introduce a "new concept of broadening public education," as Mr. d'Harnoncourt describes it, to "assist people to form their own opinions; its guidance we'll give, not brain-washing. We don't want to be taste-makers. We can only hope to contribute to the making of certain preferences." This will be done through a continuing series of changing shows in all the areas—painting, sculpture, architecture, design, movies, photography—that the museum has covered from the beginning. In the film and photography departments, Mr. d'Harnoncourt concedes, the museum has not up to now kept on top of new developments. This, with the recent appointment of new department heads, will, he is certain, be changed.

In painting and sculpture it *has* remained abreast of developments, but the program here will also change. The reason is the disappearance of the time lag which used to exist between creation and exhibition in New York. The city is filled with commercially operated galleries and with several new museums eager to show works—any works—hot off the artist's easel or floor or junkyard or mechanical workshop. The Museum of Modern Art does not see its function as "art journalism," says its director, or "discovery" as a necessary part of its job. Its concern will be to put on the best possible shows, examining individuals' works, or new or old ideas and themes, even if they have already been picked at by other museums. Time is no longer of the essence. Hence the delayed op show, the upcoming kinetic show.

Will MOMA show pop? "Pop is a misnomer," says Mr. d'Harnoncourt, "a trade name for various kinds of art that have no basic relationship. The 'movement,' if it is one, is incoherent and negative, a catch-all for a variety of expressions devised chiefly in opposition to abstract expressionism."

But aren't all the new isms partly "negative," in that they're rebellions against the existing hierarchy, and is it just possible that since the hierarchy that pop is opposed to is indeed abstract expressionism, so staunchly supported by the Museum of Modern Art, this may be an explanation of the Museum's coolness to it?

Mr. d'Harnoncourt's reply is that many artists labeled "pop" have already had early showing at the museum, within different categories. If anyone, on the museum's staff, or even outside the museum, can make a really convincing case for pop as an esthetic rather than a sociological expression, the museum, he says, might still put on a survey of the field. If it should, the curator or invited outsider commissioned to present it, will, as always at the Modern, be given his head.

Here, he says, is why the museum won't ever grow middle-aged. Autonomy and creativity go hand in hand. Once the museum's exhibition committees and board are convinced that an exhibition is a good idea, the person commissioned to present it is left strictly alone. The result may be occasional shortcomings in individual projects. However, the freshness and vigor of the ideas and techniques which autonomy stimulates more than compensate.

There are other new aspects of the "educational" program the museum is about to embark on. For instance, the museum owns an enormous collection of what it calls "ephemera," which has never been organized for use. It has put on 785 exhibitions in its career, published 200 books, assembled some 160,000 photographs of works of art. In the course of presenting its exhibitions and books it has accumulated vast files of correspondence with virtually every significant figure in the art of our (Continued on page 25)

Alfred H. Barr jr.

(continued from page 6) time. All this must be correlated into files that will be the basis of a great international study center without parallel in the world.

Still another plan for the future will be the institution of a "gallery of introduction," an area where lively, readable and interesting labels, slides, reproductions, charts, etc., will be arranged to afford visitors to the museum a background for what they will see in the permanent collection and in special shows. Never, in this area, will original works of art be shown. The museum's idea is that a painting or sculpture must not be used as an illustration of anything, even itself. When the public has absorbed all it needs in the educational gallery, it will proceed to the originals, where enjoyment and contemplation will not be disturbed by interpolated reading matter.

Part three of the new program is that it will be more closely involved than ever with "what's happening."

Only where "what's happening" in the museum's early days might have been read to mean what's happening that's new in the studios, today it signifies what's happening in the community, the city, the state, the country. Mr. d'Harnoncourt and the museum are constantly being consulted by the administrators of the enormous projects for the promotion of the arts already under way on the city, regional and national level. He works with Roger Stevens' National Council of the Arts, with the New York State Council, with the New York City Beautification Committee, with many other agencies who will be responsible in 1966 alone for spending millions already voted for the national program, as well as for the use of art in New York City buildings.

". . . Alfred H. Barr Jr. (the Curator of the Permanent Collection) will reach retirement age next January. Mr. d'Harnoncourt (the Director) will reach it even earlier. The two top curatorial posts at the museum are presently vacant. An administrative re-organization plan will provide that the museum will combine the curatorial, exhibition and permanent-collection directorships . . . under a single figure . . . potentially the most powerful job in the modern art world . . ."

Rene d'Harnoncourt

It's all incalculably important, and the museum, in insisting that the true mark of youth is flexibility, is right. "It is fatal," as Mr. d'Harnoncourt says, "to neglect the facts of your biology, your capacity, your endowments, your environment. When you face up to them, you can be freer than ever before."

He sounds like a friendly family doctor talking to mama as she faces menopause. The point is you *can't* neglect the facts of your biology. Alfred H. Barr jr., the museum's first director and, since 1947, the director of its permanent collections, will reach the 65-year retirement age next January. Mr. d'Harnoncourt himself will reach it even earlier. The two top curatorial painting and sculpture posts at the museum are presently vacant. An administrative reorganization plan is in the works, which will provide that the museum will combine the curatorial, exhibition and permanent-collection directorship of the paintings and sculpture departments under a single figure, with assistants, in what is potentially the most powerful job in the modern art world.

Applications have poured in for the job even from Europe. The requirements, says Mr. d'Harnoncourt, are scholarship, of course, a record of past performance, the ability to make value judgments as well as to respect the judgments of other people, the capacity to work under pressure in an environment which is neither an ivory tower, a post in a reviewing stand, nor the head of a parade beating a drum. He stresses, above all, professional integrity, which, among other things, means not using the museum to promote yourself.

Applicants, come to MOMA at once.

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British Commonwealth's Obligation To India

By Richard Arkwright
Afro-Asian News Service

LONDON — History has made the world's looming racial question with its loose connotation of "color problem," to a great extent a Commonwealth one. And the emergence of "Afro-Asianism" as a political force, intensely self-aware in its outward relations if often at conflict within itself, may at any time involve some part of the Commonwealth in political dilemma, as between devotion to the concept of Afro-Asian solidarity — closely bound up, especially in Africa, with the question of race — and the value of the Commonwealth association.

Shrewd, pragmatic national statesmanship may often sidestep this dilemma. The strong all-party political sentiment in Britain against the evil of racial discrimination is a salient fact. The exclusion of South Africa from the Commonwealth was a unique manifestation of the latter's potency in a matter of moral principle of immediate concern to the Afro-Asian bloc.

But, in America and elsewhere, the color problem remains one of potential danger in the free world, and not least because of the cynical readiness of the enemies of democratic freedom to exploit it in their own political interest. Can the Commonwealth of itself do anything to solve the problem on a global scale?

Derek Ingram, in a striking book just published in London by George Allen and Unwin

tention is that the Commonwealth can work more effectively to reduce racial tensions than any other group of States in existence today.

Ingram looks forward to a "color-blind world"—a world in which distinction of color and race need no longer be the cause of international conflict or even be argued about, because as an irrational anachronism it will simply have ceased to exist.

For Color-Blind World

"Eventually," he writes in his conclusion to a survey which ranges over the whole Commonwealth (and which incidentally deals frankly with persisting color prejudice at certain social levels in Britain), "the peoples of the world must be color-blind. Otherwise the inevitable predominance of non-whites over whites holds the seeds of terrible strife... The Commonwealth is there as an instrument to this end, and all of us must try to use it."

"In the Commonwealth we have almost every permutation of color and racial problem," Ingram writes elsewhere. "This is why its continued existence can play such a large part in smothering political attitudes which are being struck up along racial lines." His strongly emphasized theme is that closer relations among its members must be cultivated if the Commonwealth is to play this solvent role. Mistaken pressures to split the Commonwealth over the race issue must be resisted.

"A common argument about the Commonwealth is that there is really no difference between what is going on in many Commonwealth countries and what

in So

argues convincingly that it can. His title is "Commonwealth for a Color-Blind World." His con-

My Neighbors

"How come you're always re-arranging the furniture?"

untangling of snarls of red tape, and, in short, the bringing to its citizens the hope of the end of frustrations which lead them to flee the city.

New York's Museum of Modern Art, affectionately, or derisively, known as "Moma", ruthlessly reflects the phenomena of life in this metropolis. Its director once defined the museum as a "torpedo moving through time, its head the ever-advancing present, its tail the ever-receding past of 50 to 100 years ago". Thus it attempts to capture the chaos of the day and age as reflected in art. As the "New Yorker" once said: "Don't throw out your old sink faucet — give it to Moma". And last year nearly three-quarters of a million paid and themselves.
to be "in" with the Museum—

It is ceaselessly said that New York is not the United States. Nor is the United States New York. Next week, before we leave the States, we will reflect further afield, and again face problems in contrast.

is going on [illegible]uth Africa. These other countries should be expelled from the Commonwealth, the argument goes, or else South Africa should never have been put in the position where she had no alternative but to leave.

"This line of thinking is quite invalid. It is South African Government policy to separate the Africans and the Europeans for all time. The color of a man's skin dictates his whole way of life. This is held by most decent-thinking people in the world to be a wrong approach. No nation in the Commonwealth rules its country by dividing the races within it.

"There are injustices in many places; minorities are certainly not always given fair treatment. Nevertheless, they are all struggling in one way or another to improve these relationships. Failures are generally recognized as such. As the fundamental basis of the Commonwealth must be non-racialism, South Africa under the present government was finally able to have no part in it, while the rest of the Commonwealth countries could. What matters is that the intent to do the right thing is present in the governments of the other countries."

India's Key Role

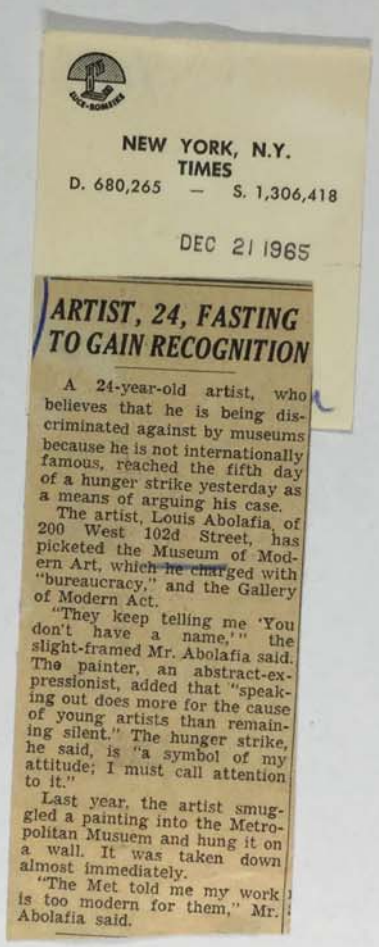
In the task of knitting the Commonwealth more closely together into a world pattern of non-racialism India is clearly seen by Ingram as having a key role. In a chapter headed "Our Debt to India," he declares: "The Commonwealth exists today simply and solely because of India. This statement is not an over-simplification. If India had not agreed to stay within the Commonwealth and if the Republic formula had not been worked out in 1949, the chances are that today there would merely be a group of five white countries banded together for their common good (or bad, as is more likely to have been the case).

"These would be Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa. It might have been called a Commonwealth, but I certainly would not call such a group a Commonwealth at all. The consequences of such a situation are too complex and far-reaching to be imagined. Plainly the racial divisions of the world would have been more marked than they are today. Politically, it is likely that Britain's foreign policy would have been several paces to the Right."

Ingram sees a need for India to expand and deepen her interest in Africa, where he considers that her "natural partner" is Nigeria — "Each has more stability than most of its neighbors. Each is moderate and mature in its foreign policy." In the Commonwealth as a whole "it would seem that for India the key relationships are Nigeria, Canada, Britain, Australia and Malaysia. Here is a framework within which great deal of practical cooperation could be built up."

But the campaign for global non-racialism "is not something that can be planned; there can be no program." The Commonwealth "could never lay down rules about racial matters; it can only work to a few guidelines. Already, by its stand on South Africa and its statement on race at the beginning of the Prime Ministers' communique in 1964, it has declared its position. At a future date perhaps more can be said. Mainly, however, it is the peoples of the member countries who have to give the greatest help.

"It is because the Commonwealth is about people, because it will consist as time passes of more and more organizations of people operating in a great array of everyday fields, that it has such an opportunity to wear down these barriers of race and color."



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DEC 21 1965

ARTIST, 24, FASTING TO GAIN RECOGNITION

A 24-year-old artist, who believes that he is being discriminated against by museums because he is not internationally famous, reached the fifth day of a hunger strike yesterday as a means of arguing his case.

The artist, Louis Abolafia, of 200 West 102d Street, has picketed the Museum of Modern Art, which he charged with "bureaucracy," and the Gallery of Modern Act.

"They keep telling me 'You don't have a name,'" the slight-framed Mr. Abolafia said. The painter, an abstract-expressionist, added that "speaking out does more for the cause of young artists than remaining silent." The hunger strike, he said, is "a symbol of my attitude; I must call attention to it."

Last year, the artist smuggled a painting into the Metropolitan Musuem and hung it on a wall. It was taken down almost immediately.

"The Met told me my work is too modern for them," Mr. Abolafia said.

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AKITA SAKIGAKE SHIMPO
(秋田・Akita)

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Date 1965. 6. 29

美術館への夢

歴史的な建設の時代

白井晟一（しらい せいいち）

歴史的な建設の時代

東京にりっぱな規模をもつ国立の近代美術館がつくられることになった。

いずれは国立劇場や体育館や音楽堂が威容を誇ってたちならぼうという東京なのだから、水道の出方が細くなったからといって、小路を大型バスにおいまくられてケガをしたりするくらいのことで、どんなところで美術館なんかたてるんだ、などと目にかどをたてるような大東京都民はいまい。

中身よりどちらかといえば体裁をたいじにしがちな同胞の気性は多少気になるが、それにしても世界的規模をもって文化向上のための公共建築がたつのをよろこんでも罰はあたるまい。

体育館や水泳プールをどんどんつくって国民の体位を上げ、オリンピックに金メダルをふやすだけではいかん、情操教育にはまず芸術の振興が肝心だ、ときばってくれる政治権力者の進んだ見識とやさしい親心が実を結んだんだと考えればよい。

私もまた国民の一人として、まして建設を仕事とする職業建築家として賛成せぬはずはない。

世界の第三流以下

さて日本の国立美術館は、東京、京都、奈良、ともに規模はとにかく、その機能や造形の程度は、世界的にはキタンなくいえば第三流以下だし、東京や京都の近代美術館にいたっては気の毒なくらいお粗末だ。

たとえば、姿ばかり成長した建築文化の時代といっても、今日のような高速コミュニケーションの網の中では、西洋美術館学の斜読などは朝飯前であり、マッシーブな資本の中で訓練された気のきいた技術で、ちょうどパリモードぐらいな新鮮さとディグニティ（威厳）をもった美術館などできないではすまされぬ。

本場の欧州でも

しかし美術館建築は、われわれのあいだでも昔からむずかしいものとされている。

古くはローマ、バチカンにある十八世紀のピオクレメンティーノや一世紀半前にシンケルがつくったドイツの古代美術館など名建築とされているが、いざ本場のヨーロッパへ見学にいってみると、「偉大なるフランス」のルーブルまでおちるまでもなく、トロカッテオにある近代美術館も、あるいはニューヨークの近代美術館（新館はしらず）にしてもよい手本とはいいかねる。

ことに現代建築の佳作として評判なグッゲンハイム美術館などは、建て物のショーとしてはたのしめるかもしれぬが、美術の殿堂としてはどうかと思う。足元があぶなくても実存的鑑賞で首がひねれるシュールレアリスムやアブストラクトの作品にかぎり効果的である。ピカソぐらいならとにかく百済観音や宗達などだったら、はだして逃げ出すほかない。

私の好みもあるが、ミラノにあるカストロ美術館や、小規模だが同じイタリアのベニスでスカルパ君が改装した美術館などは、建築家が本気で鑑賞空間に体当たり美術の擁信者としての誠実がとおっているのには共感を禁じえない。

ここには政治権力のにおいもなく、造形誇示の恣意（しい）を感じさせる表現もない。

もっともそこにはミケランジェロの未完成ピエタの絶品や、リッピのアナンシェーションというような第一級の美術品が並べられ、建築家は謙虚にならざるをえないのかもしれぬ。

"我々の美術館"を

わが国の場合、美術館の内容をつくる作品の質の問題はおくとして、その質のことになるといささか寒々たらざるをえない。

どちらにしても美術館建築は、機能や技術上の充実は当然のことだが、その内容となる美術品にたいする理解と信仰が設計態度の第一条件であるし、公館建築やスポーツホールなどとちがって、否応なしに長い年月を、文化の質の証人としてたち耐えてゆかねばならぬ建て物であることをわきまえてかからねばならぬ。

私はこんどの美術館の計画を、こういう建て物の性質からいって、今流行の官能的な造形への好奇にたいする反省のたいせつな機会にしてもらいたいし、大手をふってまかりとおるがちっとも血の通っていない伝統調デフォーメーションの様式についても、その硬直した凡庸さを見抜く、好個の試験紙にしてほしいと考えている。

競技設計にしろ、指名設計にしろ、審査員や関係者ばかりでなく、"われわれの美術館"を待とうという一般国民の真摯な関心と監視を期待したいのである。

人間内実の方向へ

すこし目をすえて歴史を展望する人なら、地上の文明が普遍的になるには、こうなるしかなかったのだと考えながらも今日の文化がようやくこうした世俗と官能にも疲れて、そろそろ人間内実の要求の方向へ移行してゆこうとしている暗示を見取ることができるのではないかと思う。

現代の文化をこのような次元でとらえることの当否はとにかく、こうした歴史的な建設の時代に遭遇して、この計画をすくなくともただ百五十兆円建設ブームの一そう（挿）話におわらせたくないと考える。

美術館は宗教建築ではないが、それは文化の質を官能的なものから[illegible]う精神的な方向へ[illegible]となれ[illegible]てよいのではないかという一建築家の期待であり、そして世間[illegible]のいう「冷えた」造形をもつわれらの美術館を参見たいと思うのだ。（建築設計家）

AKITA SAKIGAKE SHIMPO, Akita June 29, 1965

Art

Comment "Dream of Museum of Modern Art" by Seiichi Shirai

The New National Museum which has well-equipments will be built in Tokyo. In Japan, there are three National Museums in Tokyo, Kyoto and Nara, but they have not good function and form. Even in Europe and America, Museum of Modern Art in Torocatio(phonetic) and New York Museum of Modern Art are not so good.

PATERSON, N.J.
CALL
— D. 35,627 —

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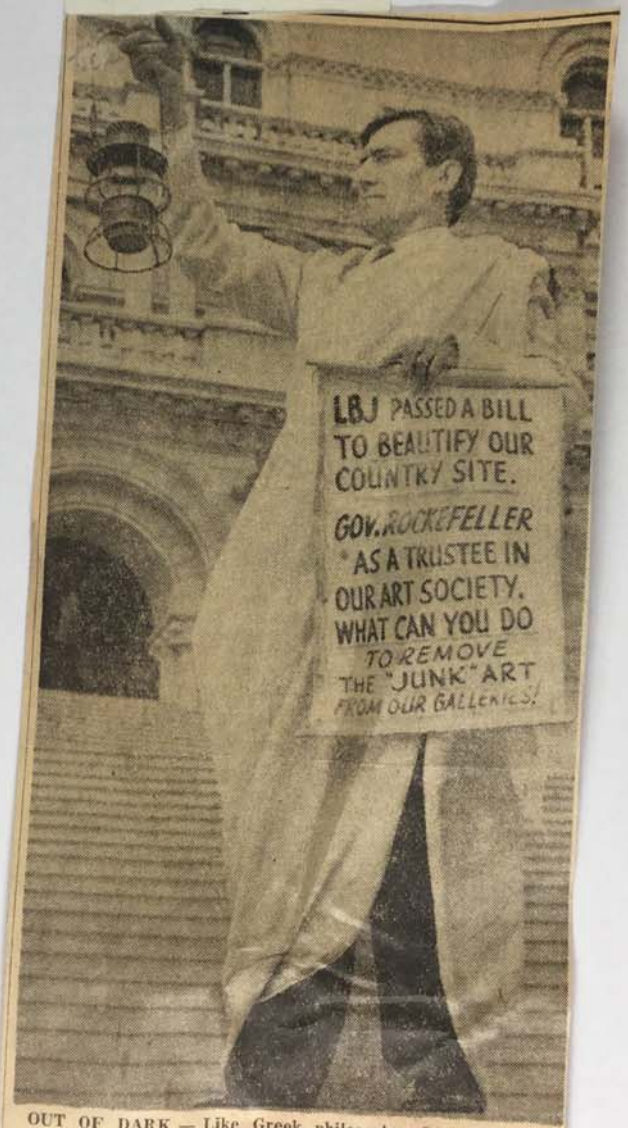

OUT OF DARK — Like Greek philosopher Diogenes, who roamed with lamp looking for honest men, Buffalo, N. Y., artist Louis Diogosz, roamed steps of New York State Capitol in Albany, seeking honest art and protesting what he calls junk art at Museum of Modern Art in New York.

New York Free Press CRITIQUE, 1

Aug. 1, 1968

Art: We must overthrow the administrators of art museums

by Gene Swenson

(The following notes by Mr. Swenson are in reply to a letter to the New York Free Press from Mr. William Rubin, Curator of the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Rubin expressed interest in new ideas about problems facing the art museums today . G. B.)

As a junior in college, I participated in a radio symposium on government aid to the arts. (Lillian Gish, a big Eisenhower supporter, was the "guest.") Although I was the most politically radical member of the panel in every other respect, I opposed government aid to the arts in any form whatsoever. I was opposed to the government even being interested. (Those were the days when Fred Waring and his glee club serenaded foreign dignitaries at the White House.) Aid meant interference, and "artist" was the only occupation that did not and should not have to deal with any public whatsoever. (Miss Gish was in the theater, and that as well as architecture were for me "special" cases.) The one thing an artist should

imperial publishers and more upon intrinsic merit)—our first responsibility is to correct present deficiencies where they are most glaring. In doing so we will undoubtedly create new problems, but this must not be an excuse for continuing the old policies which have proved so unsatisfactory if not altogether unworkable.

Recently I suggested that two curators be fired. I did not go far enough. The entire staffs of almost all cultural institutions above the "worker" level should also be swept out. Nothing they can offer us will be satisfactory (their employment now proves, if proof were necessary, their status as toadies for the rich). As the system is now set up, new policies must meet the approval of mysterious and anonymous boards of trustees who inevitably base their decisions upon the business philosophy which put them in those positions in the first place (how they must love Neo-Modern). The great problem in America today, aside from the abysmal state of our arts, is

art. Even in periods when its hiring policies are most debatable, it maintains the right atmosphere for fellowship among students; and contact among students is more important to a budding artist than the maintenance of certain income levels for the instructor (the only excuse for the present grading system).

Since the guaranteed annual wage is already assumed by most politicians, we ought to take it into our consideration. Let us assume that it will be on a "poverty" level. That **should** (if the government of the country changes and returns to humanitarian traditions) be sufficient to take a young artist through school and his twenties as well, giving him a traditional and highly beneficial contact with the unfortunates of society (the best education an artist can have). After he reaches the age of thirty, with his apprenticeship in life behind him, he ought to be in a position to decide whether or not art is the discipline to which he will submit himself. He ought by that

not have to do was fill out forms about his art.

Any re-thinking of conditions in the art world now, twelve years later, must take into consideration present conditions. My college notions were not merely naive and hopelessly optimistic; they did not take into consideration the extant nature of "free enterprise." My father had run a small filling-station in the mid-west, and I thought that an artist who worked as hard as my father could be assured of at least a poverty level income–for there is always virtue in hard work, although not necessarily notable excellence. The competent, then, could make a living and the great masters could at least pass as competent–as they had done even in the days of the French Academy (neither Courbet nor Manet went hungry). Add the government to these ideal conditions in America, I thought, and there will surely be some kind of interference somehow in some fashion.

Year after year I filled out forms, for "private" foundation grants (never getting one because my thinking was not orthodox-capitalist). Year after year I saw the "private" museums open their doors to specially groomed individuals who fitted their norms until finally I was barred from even entering the Museum of Modern Art (a banishment which, it appears, is permanent). The more exclusive galleries are not run like the museums by committees of businessmen; they are run by individual capitalists who, by chance and cunning and pay-offs (that, it appears, is how one is groomed), have learned to make or break the general run of artist. Superstitions die hard, and Capitalism (or "free" enterprise) has become the biggest bogey-man of them all.

On the basis of these present conditions we can begin planning a new approach to the economic troubles of the individual artist, which, after all, is the only excuse for government interest in the arts of painting and poetry according to the non-Confucianists surrounding us these days. Although we may eventually want to discuss the means of making the artist's work public–if only to fellow artists, in the form of city-owned storefront galleries (to take the economic burden off the co-operative galleries) and government-financed publications (to make consideration of first novels, for example, less dependent upon not whether we will preserve "free" enterprise against the encroachments of government but whether or not government can protect individual enterprise against the autonomous and imperial ambitions of a faceless interlocking directorate. This has been very much of a losing battle, with the exception of those thousand days early this decade.

Like it or not, the artist in a democracy is also a citizen. He is very often an apathetic citizen and, at certain periods, this might even be beneficial (although, at the moment, I cannot think of such an exception). A certain link to the people as a whole, through the men who govern us all, is inevitable even for the rich. A certain system of exhibiting, publishing, earning a living, and educating ourselves is inevitable (one hopes). What are the chief defects of the present system and how can they be corrected?

In the visual arts (which I know best), the need for a separation of functions has become essential. Art History in a school is not Design (that is the meaning of "having a discipline"). Nor is Art History the same as Criticism (not that one man cannot know about several disciplines at the same time). In the past curators have been closer to art historians than to painters and, as the last few years have shown, the advantages of the classical system probably outweigh its disadvantages–at least insofar as "official" encouragement of certain attitudes (like "avant-garde") is concerned in our "establishments." (The mixed-media argument, certainly cogent, is better discussed in connection with theater in my opinion.)

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Now we come to the greatest problem: the museum and gallery system. The galleries should be a proving ground for the museums (not the other way around, as for the last five years), and the museums in turn should be the bridge to the larger public. (This formulation assumes, perhaps incorrectly, that art is a peacetime enterprise for the most part and that Henry Adams' "dynamo" theory of history-acceleration has its limits.) The museum, then, is a public institution and should not be left in the hands of individuals whose only identification with the public is as a salesman (or saleswoman, as is the case with that great cultural "arbitrator," the New York Times). The public cannot consume art. In fact only individuals can savor true taste–intellectual and moral as well as gustatory. We need more museums, smaller museums, de-centralized museums (why not make that state office building proposed for Harlem into a museum?); and we need to limit the number of viewers permitted into a museum at the same time, a most sensible approach already in exemplary practice with Shakespeare-in-the-Park and at Russian museums. Certainly this can only be accomplished if we change the men who make general policy, especially those who now fill the seats of power–the clean sweep I suggested earlier. The present system

(continued on page 11)

Photograph Live

New York Free Press CRITIQUE, 1 August 1968

Art:

We must overthrow the administrators of art museums

(continued from page 10)

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This change-over will not be simple. After the war in Germany, so many Nazis were swept out that vacuums occurred which gave neo-Nazis more power than would have been the more democratic case with a slower change-over. The recent Cuban and Chinese examples of killing recalcitrant wrong-doers do not—at least yet—seem necessary. (I am, in fact, for abolishing capital punishment as are, it seems, the men who assassinate American political leaders at present.) If Rubin and Geldzahler were simply fired, they might become operators of the suggested storefront galleries through their political connections. Some such similar disaster might occur with the trustees, if they were forced to become useful.

I suggest—and it is only a suggestion—that mild reforms should occur first. The first, the mildest and the easiest reform would be to add an artist elected by the artists, an employee elected by the employees, a scholar elected by the scholars and an official either appointed by and responsible to the governor or elected by the public to the boards of trustees of every museum and foundation in our country. This would undoubtedly be a little unweildy at first, but as the senile trustees dropped dead one by one they need not be replaced until finally the number of people on each board becomes once again manageable. In addition the idea of multiple, de-centralized museums should soon catch hold if the decent opinions of mankind are taken into consideration again by America's "leaders."

Artists, being human, would undoubtedly desire a series of rewards after they reached the age of thirty. This would be difficult since rewards inevitably take the form of encouragement. French history painting and American abstract painting are two supreme examples of failure to encourage what is best in art. The sytem I hve thus far described at least has the advantage that, even if the worst are the ones to receive the rewards, at least the best won't be forced to live on as bestial a level as has been the case under the tyrannical demands of Capitalism. A progressive income-raising program such as has become standard union practice certainly should be expected as one of the demands artists will make as a group.

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NY Times 4/7/68

Art Notes

Rocking Le Bateau

By GRACE GLUECK

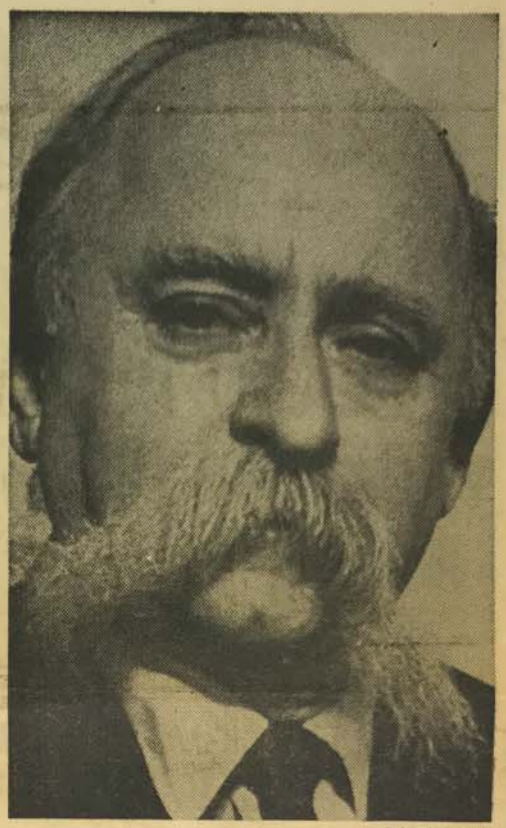
THOUGH the Metropolitan Museum isn't letting on officially, there's been some backstage bickering over its latest show, "Painting in France: 1900-1967," which opened yesterday.

A project of the International Exhibitions Foundation, an establishment Washington outfit headed by Mrs. John A. Pope, former director of the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service, the show is a five-museum pool job (it made its bow in February at Washington's National Gallery). Presented under the patronage of André Malraux, French Minister for Cultural Affairs, and chosen by his staff, it boasts 151 paintings by French and foreign artists working in Paris during the first 2/3 of the century.

When the show was assembled last summer in Paris, the Met dispatched two top staffers, Henry Geldzahler and Claus Virch, "to help make it more exciting for the Met," notes Virch. Though the French government incorporated some of the team's suggestions, Geldzahler felt the show "still wasn't selective enough."

"It's an official French idea of what French art should look like," he says. "What's more, philosophically it makes no sense. It's unfair to the young contemporaries to pit them against the great French masters of the past, who are also some of the great painters of all time."

Nor could Martial Raysse, a young "new realist" who says he is a "captive exhibitor" in the show (the French government owns his work) find kind words for it the other day. Here on a visit, he said he objected to the emphasis on "tachistes" (abstract expressionists)



Andrew Bolotowsky

Ilya Bolotowsky
The wingspread measures 14½"

French painter Fernand Leger joined. Mondrian insisted on paying the $4 annual dues, but Leger refused, and quit.)

Bolotowsky remembers the 1939 AAA demostration before the up-and-coming Museum of Modern Art, then not noted for its attention to domestic abstract painting. "We were irked, for instance, by the shows they gave to Eugene Speicher, a society portraitist, and another one of drawings for the newspaper PM," Bolotowsky recalls. "So we picketed. The mutual politeness was almost Victorian. Ad Reinhardt — an ace PM cartoonist—had designed some nice leaflets for us to hand around. Instead of calling the police, the museum sent out some cute secretaries to gather them up for its library collection. That's not the way things happen today, eh?"

"All the artists typical of the '50's are in it—and not enough of the new. Some, such as Fautrier and Bazaine are represented by two or three paintings, while some of the really great ones —Modigliani, Soutine, Kandinsky, have only one. The state people who put it together are old-fashioned and late in their insistence on tachism. Besides, the Americans did tachisme better. People in New York think badly enough today of European painting, and the show won't help matters."

Despite top-level, private criticism of the show, both here and in Washington, the Met has stuck with it. Why? No one's saying, but for its centennial celebration in 1970, the Big M has requested a number of "masterpiece" loans from the obdurate French government. Obviously, it doesn't want to rock the boat.

PROTO-COOL

Ilya Bolotowsky, painter, film-maker, playwright, art educator, translator, lecturer and amateur airplane pilot, is having his umpteenth one-man show at the Grace Borgenicht gallery. Through the work continues in a direction he began around 1933 (after mulling over a canvas by Mondrian), his geometric constructions and paintings seem strictly au courant in today's climate of neo-Cool.

"In my paintings I avoid all associations," the Mondrian disciple explains, stroking a Cossack-type mustachio whose wingspread measures 14½". "I try for perfect harmony, using neutral elements. I want things absolutely pure and simple. I save my feelings for my films and my plays."

Giving his emotions almost equal time, Bolotowsky has turned out eight dramas (two, "The Neurotic Lion" and "Darling, Poor Darling." were performed last month at Finch College to the accompaniment of music written and played by his 18-year-old son Andrew, a flutist), and a couple of dozen films. Just to keep busy, he has also produced a Russian-English dictionary of art terms.

Born in St. Petersburg 61 years ago, Bolotowsky came to the U. S. in 1923, ("My family was pro-Kerensky.") Thirteen years later, he helped found the American Abstract Artists, whose early members included Ibram Lassaw, George L. K. Morris, and the late Ad Reinhardt. (Later Mondrian and the

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

TO WHAT extent do taste and talent help, and to what extent do they interfere with each other? This question, as far as American art is concerned, has been raised most conspicuously lately in sculpture, first by Alexander Calder and now by the accomplished and perhaps more serious Isamu Noguchi, who is having his first show in many years at the Egan Gallery (through April 2). The artist who deals with three dimensions is more easily hypnotized, it would seem, by his own facility than is the one confined to a flat surface—where that repetitiousness of rhythm which so often goes with excessive taste tends to be quicker to declare itself as the surrender to decorativeness that it usually is. Symmetry is not as disturbing in sculpture as it is in painting, and the object, symmetrical or not, does not lose itself in the décor as readily as

the picture—which, on the other hand, has the advantage of not becoming confused with the furniture. The element of tangibility also plays a part here. The eye, seeing a piece of sculpture, enjoys the triumph of human intention over resistant matter with more immediacy, and the artist is more tempted to rejoice in that triumph for its own sake alone.

In the case both of Calder and Noguchi the "modern" is treated as a convention with a closed canon of forms, derived in the main from Miró and Arp, the two School of Paris artists who have done most to rescue the emphasized contour from cubism. Noguchi's variations on the curved and straight line stay closer to traditional sculpture than does Calder's less somatic art, and his affinity is with Brancusi rather than the constructivists; he works with the remnants of volumes as well as with lines and planes, and in the more traditional material of stone. It is for this reason perhaps that Noguchi's taste makes itself even more noticeable—or, let me say, intrusive—than Calder's.

Noguchi machines and bevels his marble or slate into clean-shaped, glass-smooth plates, rods, and cusps which he fits together into compositions that adhere most often to the vertical scheme of the human figure. There is in general a geometric regularity in the exactness of shape and in the repetition of a limited set of ovals, curves, and straight lines. Sometimes, however, he works in bas-relief and manipulates his forms against the naked wall as a background —as in the black-slate "Open Window," one of the finest pieces of the show; or he inserts knobs and rods into a flat slab of wood placed on the wall like a picture. Whatever affiliations some of Noguchi's pieces may still have with the statue, his art is, as we can see, fully in the midst of the adventure in genres that is modern advanced sculpture.

Several things in this show are exquisite—even when they measure five feet feet or more in height. But Noguchi's ability to achieve miniature grace on a large scale is the source precisely of some of the reservations this writer feels with respect to his art. Where is strength? Where are profundity and originality? Noguchi is an ambitious artist who asks to be judged on these terms. Few living artists, here or abroad, are capable of an equal felicity of effect; and given the ends he sets himself, he sometimes comes close to perfection. But these ends are not high enough, they are set within the reach of taste but require too little exertion on the part of talent; Noguchi reaches them by what seems too often a display merely of facility—a facility few can match, but facility none the less.

The stone Noguchi favors for his most ambitious efforts strikes me, also, as being inappropriate to his ideas, most of which seem to demand metal or wood. I would take as proof of this the greater success in this show of his one large piece in wood, the balsa "Cronos," which moved me as nothing else did, despite—or exactly because of—a lack of clarity in the relations of the horns and cusps that hang high up inside its arch. Another strength of "Cronos" is the rough finish of its surface,

MASON CITY, IOWA
GLOBE-GAZETTE
— D. 26,555 —

APR 26 1968

What's the next step for art?

Ed. Note — Richard Leet is the director and resident artist of Mason City's Charles H. MacNider Art Museum.

By RICHARD LEET

"What is coming next?" and "Why?" are two questions that today might be heard often in any art gallery.

Robert Rauschenberg, noted contemporary artist, gave the following reply to the first question . . . "I don't know, but I hope I'm in it!"

Rauschenberg's statement indicates that there is real interest in the rapid change in art styles today. His statement was related to a Grinnell audience by Henry Geldzahler, curator of contemporary arts for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He spoke at a Grinnell College sponsored conference on "The Museum as Tastemaker in Contemporary Art."

At this conference, which I attended, several speakers projected numerous stimulating and , p e r h a p s, argumentative thoughts.

Geldzahler opened discussion by stating that some observers hold that a few people, mostly on the east coast, are trying to control our minds. He suggested that museums may influence taste as they designate varying amounts of space to different kinds of

Art with Leet

exhibit m a t e r i a l s. But he noted that museums make no attempt to "foist" tastes on the public. Museums can encourage trends, but they do not start them.

Sam Hunter, visiting critic from Cornell University, New York, said museums often are thought to serve only in the role of custodial repositories. The Museum of Modern Art, focusing attention on contemporary art, has been instrumental in bringing about some change in this regard.

Hunter believes that museums, dealer galleries, artists, and our publicity and communications systems bring innovations to our attention, but they do not necessarily make taste by showing these innovations. What they do is make the work accessible.

The artists, in reaching out, exploring and discussing with each other, follow and test their creative inclinations and re-define art.

"If anything affects taste in the United States," Hunter said, "it is a more intelligent, avant-garde audience which exerts pressure as it gets bored and ready for new experiences."

All speakers agreed that re-definition of art is a constant phenomenon, and that history reveals both the public and museums as almost always being slow to accept new developments. Hunter pointed out that even the Museum of Modern Art is a spectacular case in point.

In the last five years, contrary to it's usual leading and open-minded position, it has been very laggard. The Museum missed pop art; missed primary structures; and now doesn't seem interested in viewing the latest developments. It is becoming a historical museum. Other museums have taken up the slack — the Guggenheim and the Jewish Museum, in particular, in New York.

Geldzahler, objecting to the connotation of taste-making as brainwashing, suggested that it was inevitable that someone would influence taste . . . "if not the museums as tastemakers, who then . . . CBS, NBC, Time, Life . . . ?"

It became very apparent before the conference ended that the key factor in the total picture was the artist. The artist's work is the reflection of an age, expression of our time, and a look at tomorrow.

WORKSHOP STARTED

DUBLIN (AP) — The Abbey Theater is starting a workshop for playwrights in August, with the aim of stimulating more creative activity.

Some criticism has been directed at the Abbey recently for over-reliance on adaptations of books. Announcement of the school was made by Thomas MacAnna, artistic director of the theater.

Art:
We must seize the Metropolitan Museum this summer

by Gregory Battcock

"Art of the Real," Museum of Modern Art.
"New York Collects," Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Until Labor Day.

"New York Collects," summer exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is the 14th in a series of exhibitions of paintings and sculptures from private collections in the City of New York. The exhibition is an abomination and a travesty. It is a hoax and, as such, has proven a brilliant success. The Museum's own catalog admits: "This year's 'New York Collects,' ... proves to be one of the Museum's most successful and popular events." Mr. Guy-Phillipe de Montebello, Associate Curator at the Museum, has the gall to write in the catalog for this appalling insult: "When the summer approaches and the exodus from the hot, humid city begins, many paintings which decorate favored spots over sofas and sideboards in New York houses, are removed and trucked to the Museum where they are placed on exhibition until Labor Day."

We might paraphrase these remarks to read: "When the Rich are Away, the Poor will play." And, pay, since admission to the show costs a dollar. On top of it all we are supposed to be grateful for the owners of the documents on display for their generosity in lending the works to the museum, so that the public may have the opportunity to enjoy them. Enjoy them indeed. The public that cannot afford to participate in the summer exodus from the hot humid city, so aptly described in the catalog, are not, you can be quite sure, going to end up spending their free afternoon in the tropical, non-airconditioned galleries of the Metropolitan Museum, admiring those inspiring works that normally grace the sideboards in the dining rooms of the Henry Pearlman's and the Harry Payne Bingham's.

The sociology of this exhibition is much more important than the exhibition itself. This is true despite the fact that the exhibition is of truly monumental proportions, and includes many of the greatest masterpieces that Western Man, or rather a handful of rich Western Men, have endowed. It is, even though some modern works have been included this year, an old fashioned type of exhibition. The question is, why is it allowed to happen? There are perhaps more impressionist paintings in this show than there are in the Museum of the Impressionists in the Tuilleries.

It's difficult to look at these works without thinking about their year-round settings. One imagines the dining rooms on Park Avenue with the plastic chair coverings. The dowagers and their poodles, English prams with English nannies and French mademoiselles come to mind. Votes for Rockefeller and private sympathies for Nixon are written all over these lovely paintings. The people who own these works are the ones who say: "Don't over-tip dear. They won't have any respect." In the catalog to this exhibition the names of the owners, except in only one instance, are listed along with the titles and artists. At the very least you'd think that the vacationing owners might have felt a slight embarrassment at having their names used, but there is no end to the pride of the monied classes.

In effect, what the Metropolitan Museum, and the rich of New York are saying to the people of the city is a loud and righteous "Let Them Eat Cake." It's amazing that we still ingest this attitude without the slightest indigestion. On the other hand, the exhibition is perhaps a very good idea. It will possibly go a long way to polarize views concerning the viability of the art institution within the modern culture. What is amazing is that the museum despite all the warnings, still considers itself free from the protest and turmoil that is beginning to chip away at the bastions of other contemporary institutions.

A great many works on exhibit in the current show are, without any doubt, important documents in the History of Western Man. As such, they cannot be "possessed' by private individuals, no matter how wealthy. They are not simply "Things" hanging there, to be judged by ordinary material criteria, but rather they are ideas, provocations and thoughts. They are communicative documents, of simply astonishing potential. Surely, at this stage of the game, nobody would disagree with the idea that these major art works belong to all men; we would all subscribe to a theory that suggested the placement of these documents in readily accessible locations, for the beneficence of all the people. Then why on earth will we tolerate their being removed, come Labor Day, back to the empty walls over the sideboards in the private apartments of the very rich?

Perhaps it might be put this way. Would we allow a single person to privately control the printing and distribution of Tolstoy's "War and Peace?" Or Camus' "The Stranger?" Or indeed any work of literature? Certainly not. No person has this right. These books are not the private property of one person. One person cannot decide whether the rest of humanity may or may not know them. Well, with paintings we have a special problem. There is only one of each. If the paintings have the intellectual content, the historical, artistic and sociological validity that the works of literature have, then the rich individual may not own them—he may not keep them from us. But, he does. And he jealously guards this "right."

There are signs all around the exhibition at the Met prohibiting photography. And the catalog itself includes no illustrations. And, no press photos from the exhibition are available. Why? These are privately owned pictures, and the rights of the owners must be respected. This is an astounding attitude. It is Medieval and hypocritical. As far as I can tell, there is no argument that can legitimately support this robbery.

What can be done? Firstly, all art works in private ownership must be registered with a central art authority. (This might be modified to read all art works over 25 years old, or something.) The rich should be urged to continue support for new, live artists. Not that they give these artists much support anyway. They don't. Those art works in private ownership that are considered of general interest to the larger culture, will simply be impounded by the government. Whether or not retribution will be made to the owners is not clear. Perhaps, as punishment, the rich should be made to pay fines that would then be turned over to artist relief agencies.

Current tax relief which is scandalously offered the rich in their art dealings will, of course, be abolished. Under the guise of "art," or "culture" the rich are awarded substantial tax deductions in certain types of "buying" and "donating" of art works. Thus, anything from Keane to Wyeth, from Washington Square Art Show to Scarsdale Women's Club Modern is called art, and becomes a tax evasion scheme. And, even if it were all an honest little gimmick, should the rich be rewarded, or encouraged to hoard public cultural documents in the first place?

Metropolitan Museum officials will probably point out that many of the works lent to these summer exhibitions would otherwise never get on public view, and we should be

(Continued on Page 12)

keg
The keg is full

Biermann." Bentley himself is the
r, Allan Miller plays the guitar,

are—it's at 701 Seventh Avenue. See you in the fall.

Art:
We must seize the Metropolitan

(Continued from page 10)

thankful. That's a scream. They will add that a number of the paintings will eventually pass on to the Museum itself. So what? Eventually isn't now.

Someone is bound to bring up the question of reproductions. As the rich themselves know, reproductions aren't the same. As a matter of fact, they aren't at all acceptable, except perhaps as reference material for the scholar. Sticking reproductions all over the place is stupid. If they want, let THEM hang the reproductions over the sideboards, and give us the art works.

One effect of this exclusive policy to painting as an art form may be an unexpected one. We know that when an art form is isolated sufficiently from the culture at large it, curiously, ceases to have meaning. It becomes drained of profound content, and becomes awkwardly decorative. One good example of this development is opera. It was kept out of the hands of the people for so long that, no matter how many free Carmens they do in the Bronx Botanical Garden, it no longer contains a shred of vitality. We can, quite simply, get along fine without it. Will this be the fate of painting?

It seems unlikely that the Metropolitan Museum will change its attitudes toward the paintings owned by New York rich. They will probably return the paintings, come Labor Day, as promised. Of course, the museum should just keep them. What this will mean then, is that the Metropolitan Museum itself will have to be changed. Change will not come from within the established bureaucracy. The appointment of new trustees, announced this week, assures the continuance of prevalent attitudes. These new Metropolitan trustees include Mrs. McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Peter H.B. Frelinghuysen and Andre Meyer. Mrs. Bundy is the wife of the Ford Foundation President. Mr. Sulzberger owns The New York Times. Mr. Frelinghuysen is a politician, bank director and vice president of the American Bible Society. Mr. Meyer is a banker, owns loads of French Impressionist paintings and is a director of the National Broadcasting Company. Thus all are directly involved in the control and administration of communication. It is entirely appropriate that they help control the Metropolitan Museum and the archaic views on totalitarian control of communication that the museum represents.

The Metropolitan Museum is surprisingly blind to the new social environment. There is absolutely no indication that the museum will change its views. But, clearly, they will have to be changed.

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Scene In Art:

Fort Worth Museums Live With Harmony

By JANET KUTNER
Art Critic of The News

FORT WORTH, Texas —A most unusual —and fortunate — spirit of cooperation among the Fort Worth Art Center, the Amon Carter Museum and the yet to be opened Kimball Art Foundation in Fort Worth has enabled that city's Art Center to enjoy the rare luxury of concentrating almost exclusively on the contemporary art scene. The possibility of having three museums within walking distance of one another, each devoted to a separate area of art, is turning into a beautiful reality.

It was agreed two years ago that the Amon Carter, having already broadened its original title of Museum of Western Art to include the Western Hemisphere, would have as its focus American art up through the beginning of the 20th century. The Kimball Foundation, with large sums of money for acquisitions compared to other institutions in this part of the country (or anywhere for that matter), would collect and exhibit European art through the early 20th century. The Art Center, meanwhile, would emphasize modern contemporary, from after the early 1900's through the very latest thing going.

So far, two years after its inception as a hopeful idea, the plan is working well. True, the final test will not come until the Kimball opens in approximately two years, but if the joint effort continues, as there is no reason why it should not, it will be the first time such a cooperative plan has been carried out by three museums in the same community in this country.

WHAT WILL BE eliminated on a long term basis is the kind of thing that happened in New York this year when every major museum decided to show the modern contemporary scene at the same time. The Metropolitan, the Guggenheim, the Whitney and the Museum of Modern Art all did this, having other areas of artistic imporatance uncovered because of their lack of communication and cooperation — and oversaturating the public with one particular kind of art.

Though educating the trustees of an avant garde museum such as the Art Center toward appreciating some of the newer art can prove to be a problem, this seems not to have been as much of a factor in Fort Worth as it might have been elsewhere. Evidently, the decision to become a truly modern museum was made by a majority of its trustees, has been carried to fruition and, equally important, has been supported financially.

Funds from the city, a modest $35,000 per year plus maintenance service for the museum property, do little other than pay staff salaries. Memberships (Fort Worth, by the way, has approximately 2,800-3,000 members, putting it on a par in that area with Dallas and Houston), bring in another $25,000.

With so modest a budget for operations, it is significant to ask why Henry T. Hopkins, formerly curator of exhibitions and publications at the Los Angeles County Museum, agreed to take the job as director of a museum that was, just two years ago, not only struggling but which had lost much of its excitement for the public and no doubt for the trustees as well.

CERTAINLY THE MUSEUM'S annual $70,000 endowment for the express purpose of accessions (left as part of the Benjamin J. Tillar Trust), and made available to Hopkins for the purchase of works of art in the modern vein, must have been central to his decision. A young museum such as the Art Center, buying new art, has proportionately more potential for acquisitions with even so modest a sum than museums aiming for basically more established and therefore more expensive works of art. Another part of the attraction for Hopkins was the promise of $100,000 annually for three years in art donated or money given outright.

Foremost in the operating schedule of the museum have been exhibitions and acquisitions. The museum had an almost unbelievable 14 shows last year, which no doubt accounts for the increase by 15,000 in its attendance. Trailblazer shows for the Fort Worth — Dallas area in general have included the disc paintings of Robert Irwin and Doug Wheeler (1969) and contemporary American "Drawings" (1969). Proceeding as though nothing valid and important going on in art today need be overlooked simply because some way not understand or like it, the museum had already had shows including almost evey phase of the latest art forms: Environmental, minimal, optical, light sculpture and others.

Accessions since Hopkins' arrival range from Sam Francis, Ellsworth Kelly and Wassily Kandinsky oil paintings to Peter Alexander's cast polyester sculpture to Gaston Rachaise and Picasso bronzes. The museum has an extensive collection of prints and drawings and is now concentrating on building up its collection of suites not only for its own use but for loan to smaller museums and schools.

THE COLLECTION is strongest in the newer areas, lacking in the Abstract Expressionists such as Kline, Pollock and DeKooning (which are well represented in Dallas Museum of Fine Art's collection with good examples in each case), and leaving for now the collecting of some of the more recent artists to several young collectors in Fort Worth who will hopefully make them available for loan so the museum can buy in areas not already represented in the community.

Lke the other Dallas and Fort Worth museums, the Art Center depends heavily on other museums for loans to the shows it originates and in return loans from its permanent collection when requested to do so. The Museum's Eakins (part of the collection before the new direction of modern concentration was formed) is now at the Metropolitan Museum in New York for the America 19th century show and will go from there to the Whitney for its Eakins show. The Feininger, now in the big Bauhaus show in Canada, goes to Pasadena and South America. The Clifford Still is on its way back from an Abstract Expressionist show in Corpus Christi.

through April.

ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM, WEAPON OF THE COLD WAR

EVA COCKCROFT

To understand why a particular art movement becomes successful under a given set of historical circumstances requires an examination of the specifics of patronage and the ideological needs of the powerful. During the Renaissance and earlier, patronage of the arts went hand in hand with official power. Art and artists occupied a clearly defined place in the social structure and served specific functions in society. After the Industrial Revolution, with the decline of the academies, development of the gallery system, and rise of the museums, the role of artists became less clearly defined, and the objects artists fashioned increasingly became part of a general flow of commodities in a market economy. Artists, no longer having direct contact with the patrons of the arts, retained little or no control over the disposition of their works.

In rejecting the materialistic values of bourgeois society and indulging in the myth that they could exist entirely outside the dominant culture in bohemian enclaves, avant-garde artists generally refused to recognize or accept their role as producers of a cultural commodity. As a result, especially in the United States, many artists abdicated responsibility both to their own economic interests and to the uses to which their artwork was put after it entered the marketplace.

Museums, for their part, enlarged their role to become more than mere repositories of past art, and began to exhibit and collect contemporary art. Particularly in the United States, museums became a dominant force on the art scene. In many ways, American museums came to fulfill the role of official patronage — but without accountability to anyone but themselves. The U.S. museum, unlike its European counterpart, developed primarily as a private institution. Founded and supported by the giants of industry and finance, American museums were set up on the model of their corporate parents. To this day they are governed largely by self-perpetuating boards of trustees composed primarily of rich donors. It is these boards of trustees — often the same "prominent citizens" who control banks and corporations and help shape the formulation of foreign policy — which ultimately determine museum policy, hire and fire directors, and to which the professional staff is held accountable. Examination of the rising success of Abstract Expressionism in America after World War II, therefore, entails consideration of the role of the leading museum of contemporary art — The Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) — and the ideological needs of its officers during a period of virulent anticommunism and an intensifying "cold war."

In an article entitled "American Painting During the Cold War," published in the May, 1973, issue of Artforum, Max Kozloff pointed out the similarity between "American cold war rhetoric" and the way many Abstract Expressionist artists phrased their existentialist individualist credos. However, Kozloff failed to examine the full import of this seminal insight, claiming instead that "this was a coincidence that must surely have gone unnoticed by rulers and ruled alike." Not so.

Links between cultural cold war politics and the success of Abstract Expressionism are by no means coincidental, or unnoticeable. They were consciously forged at the time by some of the most influential figures controlling museum policies and advocating enlightened cold war tactics designed to woo European intellectuals.

The political relationship between Abstract Expressionism and the cold war can be clearly perceived through the international programs of MOMA. As a tastemaker in the sphere of contemporary American art, the impact of MOMA — a major supporter of the Abstract Expressionist movement — can hardly be overestimated. In this context, the fact that MOMA has always been a Rockefeller-dominated institution becomes particularly relevant (other families financing the museum, although to a lesser extent than the Rockefellers, include the Whitneys, Paleys, Blisses, Warburgs, and Lewisohns).

MOMA was founded in 1929, mainly through the efforts of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In 1939, Nelson Rockefeller became president of MOMA. Although Nelson vacated the MOMA presidency in 1940 to become President Roosevelt's coordinator of the Office of Inter-American Affairs and later assistant secretary of state for Latin American affairs, he dominated the museum throughout the 1940s and 1950s, returning to MOMA's presidency in 1946. In the 1960s and 1970s, David Rockefeller and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, assumed the responsibility of the museum for the family. At the same time, almost every secretary of state after the end of World War II, right up to the present, has been an individual trained and groomed by the various foundations and agencies controlled or managed by the Rockefellers. The development of American cold war politics was directly shaped by the Rockefellers in particular and by expanding corporations and banks in general (David Rockefeller is also chairman of the board of Chase Manhattan Bank, the financial center of the Rockefeller dynasty).

The involvement of The Museum of Modern Art in American foreign policy became unmistakably clear during World War II. In June, 1941, a Central Press wire story claimed MOMA as the "latest and strangest recruit in Uncle Sam's defense line-up." The story quoted the Chairman of the Museum's Board of Trustees, John Hay Whitney, on how the Museum could serve as a weapon for national defense to "educate, inspire, and strengthen the hearts and wills of free men in defense of their own freedom." Whitney spent the war years working for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS, predecessor of CIA), as did many another notable cold warrior (e.g., Walt Whitman Rostow). In 1967, Whitney's charity trust was exposed as a CIA conduit (*New York Times*, February 25, 1967). Throughout the early 1940s MOMA engaged in a number of war-related programs which set the pattern for its later activities as a key institution in the cold war.

Primarily, MOMA became a minor war contractor, fulfilling 38 contracts for cultural materials totalling $1,590,234 for the Library of Congress, the Office of War Information, and especially Nelson Rockefeller's Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. For Nelson's Inter-American Affairs Office, "mother's museum" put together 19 exhibitions of contemporary American painting which were shipped

around Latin America, an area in which Nelson Rockefeller had developed his most lucrative investments — e.g., Creole Petroleum, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, and the single most important economic interest in oil-rich Venezuela.

After the war, staff from the Inter-American Affairs Office were transferred to MOMA's foreign activities. René d'Harnoncourt, who had proven himself an expert in the organization and installation of art exhibits when he helped American Ambassador Dwight Morrow cultivate the Mexican muralists at the time Mexico's oil nationalism threatened Rockefeller oil interests, was appointed head of the art section of Nelson's Office of Inter-American Affairs in 1943. A year later, he was brought to MOMA as vice-president in charge of foreign activities. In 1949, d'Harnoncourt became MOMA's director. The man who was to direct MOMA's international programs in the 1950s, Porter A. McCray, also worked in the Office of Inter-American Affairs during the war.

McCray is a particularly powerful and effective man in the history of cultural imperialism. He was trained as an architect at Yale University and introduced to the Rockefeller orbit through Rockefeller's architect Wallace Harrison. After the war, Nelson Rockefeller brought McCray into MOMA as director of circulating exhibits. From 1946 to 1949, while the Museum was without a director, McCray served as a member of MOMA's coordinating committee. In 1951, McCray took a year's leave of absence from the Museum to work for the exhibitions section of the Marshall Plan in Paris. In 1952, when MOMA's international program was launched with a five-year grant of $625,000 from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, McCray became its director. He continued in that job, going on to head the program's expanded version, the International Council of MOMA (1956), during some of the most crucial years of the cold war. According to Russell Lynes, in his comprehensive new book *Good Old Modern: An Intimate Portrait of the Museum of Modern Art*, the purpose of MOMA's international program was overtly political: "to let it be known especially in Europe that America was not the cultural backwater that the Russians, during that tense period called 'the cold war,' were trying to demonstrate that it was."

MOMA's international program, under McCray's directorship, provided exhibitions of contemporary American art — primarily the Abstract Expressionists — for international exhibitions in London, Paris, São Paulo, and Tokyo (it also brought foreign shows to the United States). It assumed a quasi-official character, providing the "U.S. representation" in shows where most nations were represented by government-sponsored exhibits. The U.S. Government's difficulties in handling the delicate issues of free speech and free artistic expression, generated by the McCarthyist hysteria of the early 1950s, made it necessary and convenient for MOMA to assume this role of international representation for the United States. For example, the State Department refused to take the responsibility for U.S. representation at the Venice Biennale, perhaps the most important of international-cultural-political art events, where all the European countries including the Soviet Union competed for cultural honors. MOMA bought the U.S. pavilion in Venice and took sole responsibility for the exhibitions from 1954 to 1962. This was the only case of a privately owned (instead of government-owned) pavilion at the Venice Biennale.

The CIA, primarily through the activities of Thomas W. Braden, also was active in the cold war cultural offensive. Braden, in fact, represents once again the important role of The Museum of Modern Art in the cold war. Before joining the CIA in 1950 to supervise its cultural activities from 1951 to 1954, Braden had been MOMA's executive secretary from April 1948 to November 1949. In defense of his political cultural activities, Braden published an article "I'm Glad the CIA is 'Immoral'," in the May 20, 1967 issue of *Saturday Evening Post*. According to Braden, enlightened members of the governmental bureaucracy recognized in the 1950s that "dissenting opinions within the framework of agreement on cold-war fundamentals" could be an effective propaganda weapon abroad. However, rabid anticommunists in Congress and the nation as a whole made official sponsorship of many cultural projects impracticable. In Braden's words, "... the idea that Congress would have approved of many of our projects was about as likely as the John Birch society's approving medicare." As the 1967 exposés revealed, the CIA funded a host of cultural programs and intellectual endeavors, from the National Student Association (NSA) to *Encounter* magazine and innumerable lesser-known "liberal and socialist" fronts.

In the cultural field, for example, CIA went so far as to fund a Paris tour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1952. This was done, according to Braden, to avoid the severe security restrictions imposed by the U.S. Congress, which would have required security clearance for every last musician in order to procure official funds for the tour. "Does anyone think that congressmen would foster a foreign tour by an artist who has or had had left-wing connections?" Braden asked in his article to explain the need for CIA funding. The money was well spent, Braden asserted, because "the Boston Symphony Orchestra won more acclaim for the U.S. in Paris than John Foster Dulles or Dwight D. Eisenhower could have bought with a hundred speeches." As this example suggests, CIA's purposes of supporting international intellectual and cultural activities were not limited to espionage or establishing contact with leading foreign intellectuals. More crucially, CIA sought to influence the foreign intellectual community and to present a strong propaganda image of the United States as a "free" society as opposed to the "regimented" communist bloc.

The functions of both CIA's undercover aid operations and the Modern Museum's international programs were similar. Freed from the kinds of pressure of unsubtle red-baiting and super-jingoism applied to official governmental agencies like the United States Information Agency (USIA), CIA and MOMA cultural projects could provide the well-funded and more persuasive arguments and exhibits needed to sell the rest of the world on the benefits of life and art under capitalism.

In the world of art, Abstract Expressionism constituted the ideal style for these propaganda activities. It was the perfect contrast to "the regimented, traditional, and narrow" nature of "socialist realism." It was new, fresh, and creative. Artistically avant-garde and original, Abstract Expressionism could show the United States as culturally up-to-date in competition with Paris. This was possible because Pollock, as well as most of the other avant-garde American artists, had left behind his earlier interest in political activism. This change was manifested in the organization of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors in 1943, a group which included several of the Abstract Expressionists. Founded in opposition to the politically motivated Artists Congress, the new Federation was led by artists who, in Kozloff's words, were "interested more in aesthetic values than in political action." On the one hand, the earlier political activism of some of the Abstract Expressionists was a liability in terms of gaining congressional approval for government-sponsored cultural projects. On the other hand, from a cold warrior's point of view, such linkages to controversial political activities might actually heighten the value of these artists as a propaganda weapon in demonstrating the virtues of "freedom of expression" in an "open and free society."

Heralded as the artistic "coming of age" of America, Abstract Expressionist painting was exported abroad almost from the beginning. Willem de Kooning's work was included in the U.S. representation at the Venice Biennale as early as 1948. By 1950, he was joined by Arshile Gorky and Pollock. The U.S. representation at the Biennales in São Paulo beginning in 1951 averaged three Abstract Expressionists per show. They were also represented at international shows in Venezuela, India, Japan, etc. By 1956, a MOMA show called "Modern Art in the U.S.," including works by 12 Abstract Expressionists (Baziotes, Gorky, Guston, Hartigan, de Kooning, Kline, Motherwell, Pollock, Rothko, Stamos, Still, and Tomlin), toured eight European cities, including Vienna and Belgrade.

In terms of cultural propaganda, the functions of both the CIA cultural apparatus and MOMA's international programs were similar and, in fact, mutually supportive. As director of MOMA's international activities throughout the 1950s, Porter A. McCray in effect carried out governmental functions, even as Braden and the CIA served the interests of the Rockefellers and other corporate luminaries in the American ruling class. McCray served as one of the Rockefellers' main agents in furthering programs for the export of American culture to areas considered vital to Rockefeller interests: Latin America during the war, Europe immediately afterwards, most of the world during the 1950s, and — in the 1960s — Asia. In 1962–63, McCray undertook a year's travel in Asia and Africa under the joint auspices of the State Department and MOMA. In October, 1963, when Asia had become a particularly crucial area for the United States, McCray left MOMA to become director of the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Fund, a newly created cultural exchange program directed specifically toward Asia.

The U.S. Government simply could not handle the needs of cultural imperialism alone during the cold war, at least overtly. Illustrative of the government's problems were the 1956 art-show scandals of the USIA — and the solution provided by MOMA. In May, 1956, a show of paintings by American artists called *Sport in Art*, organized by *Sports Illustrated* for USIA, was scheduled to be shown in conjunction with the Olympic Games in Australia. This show had to be cancelled after strong protests in Dallas, Texas, where the show toured before being sent abroad. A right-wing group in Dallas, the Patriotic Council, had objected to the exhibition on the grounds that four of the artists included had once belonged to communist-front

groups.

In June, 1956, an even more serious case of thought censorship hit the press. The USIA abruptly cancelled a major show of American art, "100 American Artists." According to the June 21 issue of the *New York Times*, this show had been planned as "one of the most important exhibits of American painting ever sent abroad." The show was organized for USIA by the American Federation of Arts, a nonprofit organization based in New York, which refused to cooperate with USIA's attempt to force it to exclude about ten artists considered by the information agency to be "social hazards" and "unacceptable" for political reasons. The Federation's trustees voted unanimously not to participate in the show if any paintings were barred by the Government, citing a 1954 resolution that art "should be judged on its merits as a work of art and not by the political or social views of the artist."

Objections against censorship were also raised by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom (which was revealed as receiving CIA funds in the 1967 exposés). Theodore Streibert, Director of USIA, testifying before Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee, acknowledged that USIA had a policy against the use of politically suspect works in foreign exhibitions. The USIA, as a government agency, was handcuffed by the noisy and vitriolic speeches of right-wing congressmen like Representative George A. Dondero (Michigan) who regularly denounced from the House floor abstract art and "brainwashed artists in the uniform of the Red art brigade." As reported on June 21, 1956, by the *New York Times*, Fulbright replied: "unless the agency changes its policy it should not try to send any more exhibitions overseas."[1]

The Rockefellers promptly arranged a solution to this dilemma. In 1956, the international program of The Museum of Modern Art was greatly expanded in both its financial base and in its aims. It was reconstituted as the International Council of MOMA and officially launched six months after the censorship scandal of USIA's "100 American Artists" show. MOMA's newly expanded role in representing the United States abroad was explained in a *New York Times* article of December 30, 1956. According to the *Times*,

> The government is leery of anything so controversial as art and hampered by the discreditable interference on the part of some politicians who are completely apathetic to art except when they encounter something really significant. . . . Some of the immediate projects which the Council is taking over financially are United States participation in three major international art exhibitions and a show of modern painting to travel in Europe.

This major show of American painting was produced two years later by MOMA's International Council as "The New American Painting," an elaborate traveling exhibition of the Abstract Expressionists. The exhibition, which included a comprehensive catalogue by the prestigious Alfred H. Barr, Jr., toured eight European countries in 1958–59. Barr's introduction to the catalogue exemplified the cold war propaganda role of Abstract Expressionist art.

> Indeed one often hears Existentialist echoes in their words, but their "anxiety," their commitment, their "dreadful freedom" concern their work primarily. They defiantly reject the conventional values of the society which surrounds them, but they are not politically engagés even though their paintings have been praised and condemned as symbolic demonstrations of freedom in a world in which freedom connotes a political attitude.

As the director of MOMA from its inception until 1944, Barr was the single most important man in shaping the Museum's artistic character and determining the success or failure of individual American artists and art movements. Even after leaving MOMA's directorship, Barr continued to serve as the Museum's reigning tastemaker. His support of Abstract Expressionist artists played an influential role in their success. In addition to his role at MOMA, Barr was an artistic advisor to Peggy Guggenheim, whose Surrealist-oriented Art of This Century Gallery gave some of these artists their first important shows in the mid-1940s. For example, Peggy Guggenheim's gallery offered one-man shows to Jackson Pollock in 1943, 1945, 1947, Hans Hofmann in 1944, Robert Motherwell in 1944, and Mark Rothko in 1945. Barr was so enthusiastic about the work of the Abstract Expressionists that he often attended their informal meetings and even chaired some of their panel discussions at their meeting place, The Club, in New York City.

Barr's "credentials" as a cultural cold warrior, and the political rationale behind the promotion and export of Abstract Expressionist art during the cold war years, are set forth in a *New York Times Magazine* article Barr wrote in 1952, "Is Modern Art Communistic?," a condemnation of "social realism" in Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. Barr argued in his article that totalitarianism and Realism go together. Abstract art, on the other hand, is feared and prohibited by the Hitlers and Stalins (as well as the Donderos of the world, who would equate abstraction with communism). In his battle against the ignorant right-wing McCarthyists at home, Barr reflected the attitudes of enlightened cold warriors like CIA's Braden and MOMA's McCray. However, in the case of MOMA's international policies, unlike those of CIA, it was not necessary to use subterfuge. Similar aims as those of CIA's cultural operations could be pursued openly with the support of Nelson Rockefeller's millions.

Especially important was the attempt to influence intellectuals and artists behind the "iron curtain." During the post-Stalin era in 1956, when the Polish government under Gomulka became more liberal, Tadeusz Kantor, an artist from Cracow, impressed by the work of Pollock and other abstractionists which he had seen during an earlier trip to Paris, began to lead the movement away from socialist realism in Poland. Irrespective of the role of this art movement within the internal artistic evolution of Polish art, this kind of development was seen as a triumph for "our side." In 1961, Kantor and 14 other nonobjective Polish painters were given an exhibition at MOMA. Examples like this one reflect the success of the political aims of the international programs of MOMA.

Having succeeded so handsomely through MOMA in supporting the cold war, Nelson Rockefeller moved on, in the 1960's, to launch the Council of the Americas and its cultural component, the Center for Inter-American Relations. Funded almost entirely by Rockefeller money and that of other American investors in Latin America, the Council advises the U.S. Government on foreign policy, even as does the older and more influential Council on Foreign Relations (headed by David Rockefeller, the CFR is where Henry Kissinger began his rise to power). The Center for Inter-American Relations represents a thinly veiled cultural attempt to woo back respect from Latin America in the aftermath of the Cuban Revolution and the disgraceful Bay of Pigs and Missile Crisis incidents. In its Park Avenue offices of a former mansion donated by the Rockefeller family, the Center offers exhibits of Latin American art and guest lectures by leading Latin American painters and intellectuals. Like the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Fund for Asia, the Center is yet another link in a continuing and expanding chain of Rockefeller-dominated imperialism.

The alleged separation of art from politics proclaimed throughout the "free world" with the resurgence of abstraction after World War II was part of a general tendency in intellectual circles toward "objectivity." So foreign to the newly developing apolitical milieu of the 1950s was the idea of political commitment — not only to artists but also to many other intellectuals — that one social historian, Daniel Bell, eventually was to proclaim the postwar period as "the end of ideology." Abstract Expressionism neatly fit the needs of this supposedly new historical epoch. By giving their painting an individualist emphasis and eliminating recognizable subject matter, the Abstract Expressionists succeeded in creating an important new art movement. They also contributed, whether they knew it or not, to a purely political phenomenon — the supposed divorce between art and politics which so perfectly served America's needs in the cold war.

Attempts to claim that styles of art are politically neutral when there is no overt political subject matter are as simplistic as Dondero-ish attacks on all abstract art as "subversive." Intelligent and sophisticated cold warriors like Braden and his fellows in the CIA recognized that dissenting intellectuals who believe themselves to be acting freely could be useful tools in the international propaganda war. Rich and powerful patrons of the arts, men like Rockefeller and Whitney, who control the museums and help oversee foreign policy, also recognize the value of culture in the political arena. The artist creates freely. But his work is promoted and used by others for their own purposes. Rockefeller, through Barr and others at the Museum his mother founded and the family controlled, consciously used Abstract Expressionism, "the symbol of political freedom," for political ends. ■

1 Cited in Russell Lynes, *Good Old Modern*, New York, 1973, p. 233.

2 For Pollock's connections with the Communist Party see Francis V. O'Connor, *Jackson Pollock*, New York, 1967, pp. 14, 21, 23, and Harold Rosenberg, "The Search for Jackson Pollock," *Art News*, February, 1961, p. 58. The question here is not whether or not Jackson Pollock was, in fact, affiliated with the Communist Party in the 1930s, but, simply, if there were enough "left-wing" connections to make him "politically suspect" in the eyes of right-wing congressmen.

3 For a more complete history of the right-wing offensive against art in the 1950s and the role of Dondero, see William Hauptman, "The Suppression of Art in the McCarthy Decade," *Artforum*, October, 1973, pp. 48–52.

New York Free Press CRITIQUE, 18 July 1968

Art:
We must seize the Metropolitan Museum this summer

by Gregory Battcock

"Art of the Real," Museum of Modern Art.
"New York Collects," Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Until Labor Day.

"New York Collects," summer exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is the 14th in a series of exhibitions of paintings and sculptures from private collections in the City of New York. The exhibition is an abomination and a travesty. It is a hoax and, as such, has proven a brilliant success. The Museum's own catalog admits: "This year's 'New York Collects,' ... proves to be one of the Museum's most successful and popular events." Mr. Guy-Phillipe de Montebello, Associate Curator at the Museum, has the gall to write in the catalog for this appalling insult: "When the summer approaches and the exodus from the hot, humid city begins, many paintings which decorate favored spots over sofas and sideboards in New York houses, are removed and trucked to the Museum where they are placed on exhibition until Labor Day."

We might paraphrase these remarks to read: "When the Rich are Away, the Poor will play." And, pay, since admission to the show costs a dollar. On top of it all we are supposed to be grateful for the owners of the documents on display for their generosity in lending the works to the museum, so that the public may have the opportunity to enjoy them. Enjoy them indeed. The public that cannot afford to participate in the summer exodus from the hot humid city, so aptly described in the catalog, are not, you can be quite sure, going to end up spending their free afternoon in the tropical, non-airconditioned galleries of the Metropolitan Museum, admiring those inspiring works that normally grace the sideboards in the dining rooms of the Henry Pearlman's and the Harry Payne Bingham's.

The sociology of this exhibition is much more important than the exhibition itself. This is true despite the fact that the exhibition is of truly monumental proportions, and includes many of the greatest masterpieces that Western Man, or rather a handful of rich Western Men, have endowed. It is, even though some modern works have been included this year, an old fashioned type of exhibition. The question is, why is it allowed to happen? There are perhaps more impressionist paintings in this show than there are in the Museum of the Impressionists in the Tuilleries.

It's difficult to look at these works without thinking about their year-round settings. One imagines the dining rooms on Park Avenue with the plastic chair coverings. The dowagers and their poodles, English prams with English nannies and French mademoiselles come to mind. Votes for Rockefeller and private sympathies for Nixon are written all over these lovely paintings. The people who own these works are the ones who say: "Don't over-tip dear. They won't have any respect." In the catalog to this exhibition the names of the owners, except in only one instance, are listed along with the titles and artists. At the very least you'd think that the vacationing owners might have felt a slight embarrassment at having their names used, but there is no end to the pride of the monied classes.

In effect, what the Metropolitan Museum, and the rich of New York are saying to the people of the city is a loud and righteous "Let Them Eat Cake." It's amazing that we still ingest this attitude without the slightest indigestion. On the other hand, the exhibition is perhaps a very good idea. It will possibly go a long way to polarize views concerning the viability of the art institution within the modern culture. What is amazing is that the museum despite all the warnings, still considers itself free from the protest and turmoil that is beginning to chip away at the bastions of other contemporary institutions.

A great many works on exhibit in the current show are, without any doubt, important documents in the History of Western Man. As such, they cannot be "possessed' by private individuals, no matter how wealthy. They are not simply "Things" hanging there, to be judged by ordinary material criteria, but rather they are ideas, provocations and thoughts. They are communicative documents, of simply astonishing potential. Surely, at this stage of the game, nobody would disagree with the idea that these major art works belong to all men; we would all subscribe to a theory that suggested the placement of these documents in readily accessible locations, for the beneficence of all the people. Then why on earth will we tolerate their being removed, come Labor Day, back to the empty walls over the sideboards in the private apartments of the very rich?

Perhaps it might be put this way. Would we allow a single person to privately control the printing and distribution of Tolstoy's "War and Peace?" Or Camus' "The Stranger?" Or indeed any work of literature? Certainly not. No person has this right. These books are not the private property of one person. One person cannot decide whether the rest of humanity may or may not know them. Well, with paintings we have a special problem. There is only one of each. If the paintings have the intellectual content, the historical, artistic and sociological validity that the works of literature have, then the rich individual may not own them—he may not keep them from us. But, he does. And he jealously guards this "right."

There are signs all around the exhibition at the Met prohibiting photography. And the catalog itself includes no illustrations. And, no press photos from the exhibition are available. Why? These are privately owned pictures, and the rights of the owners must be respected. This is an astounding attitude. It is Medieval and hypocritical. As far as I can tell, there is no argument that can legitimately support this robbery.

What can be done? Firstly, all art works in private ownership must be registered with a central art authority. (This might be modified to read all art works over 25 years old, or something.) The rich should be urged to continue support for new, live artists. Not that they give these artists much support anyway. They don't. Those art works in private ownership that are considered of general interest to the larger culture, will simply be impounded by the government. Whether or not retribution will be made to the owners is not clear. Perhaps, as punishment, the rich should be made to pay fines that would then be turned over to artist relief agencies.

Current tax relief which is scandalously offered the rich in their art dealings will, of course, be abolished. Under the guise of "art," or "culture" the rich are awarded substantial tax deductions in certain types of "buying" and "donating" of art works. Thus, anything from Keane to Wyeth, from Washington Square Art Show to Scarsdale Women's Club Modern is called art, and becomes a tax evasion scheme. And, even if it were all an honest little gimmick, should the rich be rewarded, or encouraged to hoard public cultural documents in the first place?

Metropolitan Museum officials will probably point out that many of the works lent to these summer exhibitions would otherwise never get on public view, and we should be

(Continued on Page 12)

singer, Allan Miller plays the guitar, [illegible] the fall.

Art:
We must seize the Metropolitan

(Continued from page 10)

thankful. That's a scream. They will add that a number of the paintings will eventually pass on to the Museum itself. So what? Eventually isn't now.

Someone is bound to bring up the question of reproductions. As the rich themselves know, reproductions aren't the same. As a matter of fact, they aren't at all acceptable, except perhaps as reference material for the scholar. Sticking reproductions all over the place is stupid. If they want, let THEM hang the reproductions over the sideboards, and give us the art works.

One effect of this exclusive policy to painting as an art form may be an unexpected one. We know that when an art form is isolated sufficiently from the culture at large it, curiously, ceases to have meaning. It becomes drained of profound content, and becomes awkwardly decorative. One good example of this development is opera. It was kept out of the hands of the people for so long that, no matter how many free Carmens they do in the Bronx Botanical Garden, it no longer contains a shred of vitality. We can, quite simply, get along fine without it. Will this be the fate of painting?

It seems unlikely that the Metropolitan Museum will change its attitudes toward the paintings owned by New York rich. They will probably return the paintings, come Labor Day, as promised. Of course, the museum should just keep them. What this will mean then, is that the Metropolitan Museum itself will have to be changed. Change will not come from within the established bureaucracy. The appointment of new trustees, announced this week, assures the continuance of prevalent attitudes. These new Metropolitan trustees include Mrs. McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Peter H.B. Frelinghuysen and Andre Meyer. Mrs. Bundy is the wife of the Ford Foundation President. Mr. Sulzberger owns The New York Times. Mr. Frelinghuysen is a politician, bank director and vice president of the American Bible Society. Mr. Meyer is a banker, owns loads of French Impressionist paintings and is a director of the National Broadcasting Company. Thus all are directly involved in the control and administration of communication. It is entirely appropriate that they help control the Metropolitan Museum and the archaic views on totalitarian control of communication that the museum represents.

The Metropolitan Museum is surprisingly blind to the new social environment. There is absolutely no indication that the museum will change its views. But, clearly, they will have to be changed.

SOUTHFIELD, MICH.
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DETROIT METROPOLITAN AREA

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The Object Is Art

By Ilona Weissman

'Peace, Life and Love,' on Exhibit

There's a gallery owner in Detroit who refers to himself as "the last angry man of the art world. . . forever writing letters of protest."

He's Bob Garelick, whose art gallery has been located on Livernois for almost 20 years. The gallery was probably the first to exhibit the works of well - known American and European artists in this area and is responsible for launching many private art collections around town.

Bob Garelick has been the subject of much controversy for many reasons. One is that he is not afraid to voice his views on any subject. Not too long ago he criticized, in the press, the Robert Morris exhibit at the Art Institute. (This was the artist who had huge chunks of highway concrete dumped on the Institute's lawn and who built the box containing the recorded sounds of its construction).

GARELICK described the show as a "bigfraud.. like the emperor's new clothes." Demanding the resignation of certain museum officials, it was his feeling that taxpayer's money should be used to encourage local artists.

A few years back, he withdrew his $500 prize money from the Michigan Artists Show because he felt that the New York jurors were "prejudiced against objective painters."

Abstract and non-objective art have never found a permanent home in Bob Garelick's gallery. Instead, he has concentrated on exhibiting art that can be universally understood because its subject matter is recognizable. Realistic art. Humanistic art. In his words, "art has to communicate something -- not as a Western Union message, but with esthetic qualities."

PHILIP Evergood, William Gropper, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn and Raphael Soyer are among noted American painters whose works are often shown in this gallery. Sometimes referred to as "Social Realists," their paintings and prints have frequently been a personal protest against the injustices of the "system." Many Michigan artists have exhibited here also through the years.

The current show at Garelick's is on the theme of "Peace, Life and Love." It incorporates artists who "like to talk about people." Included are paintings, drawings, sculpture and pariginal prints by Leonard Baskin, Philip Evergood, Jacob Epstein, Kathe Kollwitz, Mervin Jules, Picasso and others. It is a rather subdued show. But these are artists who have had something important to express, in a representational manner, about the world they have lived in.

BOB Garelick has consistently exhibited this realistic type of art to support his cause. Most likely, there have been difficult times. After all, the newer artists on the scene who fashion giant stuffed hamburgers from cloth or paint bright street signs on canvas and make neon sculpture also are trying to express something about their culture.

Impatient with such art, Garelick says, "It's almost a fashion world -- every season something new. One can become lost."

And, he continues, such institutions as the Museum of Modern Art "want gimmicks -- they find realism subversive." Pretty strong statements. But these are the opinions of a man who continues to participate in what's going on in the world through the kind of art that he chooses to exhibit.