It Was Not a Great Decade in Painting

By Florence Berkman

Painting and sculpture in the last 10 years have become noisier, bigger, more pretentious and at the same time, it seems to me, emptier esthetically.

They have moved into "Show Biz," demanding the same instant attention), depending more upon on publicity techniques than upon quality in thought, feeling and craftsmanship.

Abstract - expressionism was at its height when the decade opened. The first art form to originate in the United States, it brought us to the attention of the art world. For centuries Europeans had looked with condescension upon our art and our artists (as indeed we did ourselves).

With the advent of abstract-expressionism they began to admire and imitate the new art forms invented by Pollock, deKooning, Gorky, Kline, Rothko — and New York City became the art capital of the world.

American artists were sitting on top of the world when the new decade dawned. The image of the artist before his easel in the cold attic vanished. The new school had turned the world "on" and its members became affluent entrepreneurs in the process, lionized by the new "Beautiful People" who paid up to six figures for their work.

But these 20th Century revolutionaries were accomplished artists, trained in the European tradition. They had technique so well in hand they could ignore it — which they did.

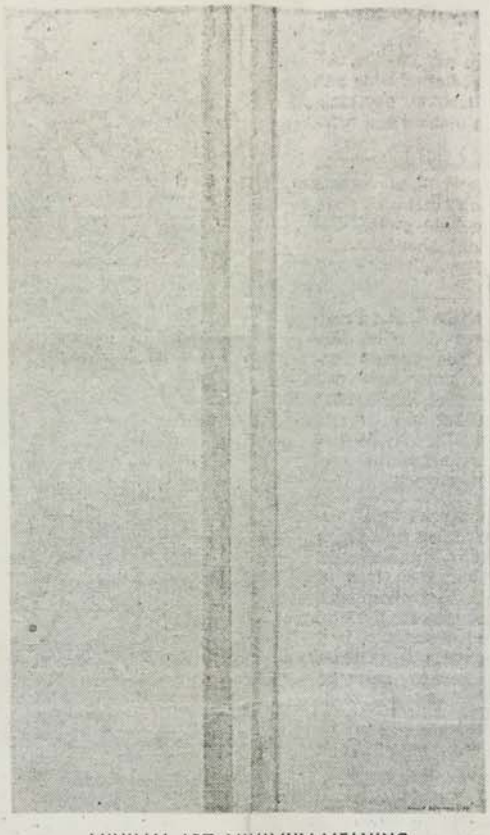
At first the public rejected this new art form. It could not relate to paintings which eliminated objects of the known world and in which broad areas of color or nervous, swirling brush strokes were the sole content. But museums and the collectors began to buy and the public followed.

Pop art took over in the early 60s. It was a rejection of the private, esoteric world of abstract-expressionism, and in a sense the beginning of the revolt of the young. Pop artists were out to satirize values of life in the U.S.

Warhol's "Campbell Soup" pointed up our supermarket culture; Lichtenstein, the billboard techniques which guaranteed happiness to those who bought a given car or refrigerator. Oldenburgh's paper girdles and bras (familiar images in the mass media); advertising techniques on TV for acid stomach and other reminders of human inperfections — "all made an acid comment on our times. Craftsmanship had gone out of the window. Only the comment was important.

Next came op art, lasting only a year. An offshoot of commerical art, it played around with design, with colors that moved back and forth and assaulted the retina.

About four years ago minimal art took over — minimal in form and content. Emphasis was on the simple shape of a simple object — a box, a rectangle, images that were part of the macnine age — heat ducts, industrial design. The minimal sculptor became only the designer for he sent his "idea" to a shop or factory to be fabricated there (the Tony Smith sculpture in front of the Wadsworth Atheneum). This sculpture was large in size, and meant to complement architecture which had become sterile in concept and needed decoration.



MINIMAL ART, MINIMUM MEANING

. . . "Concord", by Barnett Newman, was painted in 1949.

In painting, minimal artists Barnett Newman, Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, among others, covered huge canvases. Newman uses one color with one contrasting strip; Kelly uses two large areas of color; Stella likes white stripes on a dark background. (This is a simplified description, of course.) One looks at nothingness.

Conceptual art is now the thing. The main purpose is the "doing" of the works, the sensation it affords the artist. The work itself is not important, it's expendable. A hole is dug in the ground and then covered over — the artist has had his "experience".

Some art deals with laser beams and moving machinery — spill-over from space exploration perhaps. There are other minor catagories. All in all, in reviewing the decade the only happy note is that art can go nowhere but up. It seems to have hit bottom.

John I. H. Baur, director of the Whitney Museum in New York City, in a telephone interview, said the present Whitney Annual (to be reviewed later) shows a trend towards "pure sensual beauty, gorgeous color, sumptuous surface and a lyrical feeling inherent in paint". Painters are painting again. The images are different from the past but at least artists seem on the point of turning out work that in some way relates to our humanity.

The director warned that it is only a slight indication, but apparent enough to warrant comment. He found the 60s exciting because of the different movements and trends. He feels a mystical sense in Newman's paintings. "I respond to something. I think the many movements in this decade were a revolution to explore new possibilities, new boundaries, even if they seem meaningless."

Daniel Catton Rich, the distinguished director of the Worcester Art Museum, said in an interview he too enjoyed the increasing tempo of the changing styles in the 60s, and feels esthetic leasure in Newman's work and the arent simlicity of his work (one color with a stri). It is a surrounding exerience which requires more meditation on the part of the viewer. It parallels the current interest in meditation," he said.

"The artists have antennae — they are ahead of the philosophical and literary movements. The reduction in minimal art is not necessarily a reduction in the esthetic element."

But a more prevailing point of view from people involved in the arts is quite the opposite. They point out that museums are in the uncomfortable position of having to make quick comments on new art or they may miss a possible band-wagon build-up and as the Whitney direcor said, "It is difficult to assess how the 60s will look to the 80s."

One respected person said "Art in the 60s broke down all established values." Asked why the artists took that course, the reply was "Life seems worthless to the young. Artists feel the hopelessness, the futility of spending years to become an artist when it is so easy to become a non-artist. (The newly acquired Arakawa painting at the Wadsworth Atheneum is in the catagory of non-art.)

The Museum of Modern Art has put out a non-calendar. Asked why the museums allow themselves to become involved, another student of the art scene said, "One senses a straining on the part of the whole anti-materialistic, anti-establishment revolt of the young. It is a disillusionment with Vietnam, pollution, inflated art prices. The artists are making 'jokes of passion' to illustrate their frustrations."

BLACK ART-TECH ART-PRICK ART

Alex Gross

Evo, April 2, 1969

An inability to respond to change car wreck an institution more surely than the spiked boots of a hundred storm troopers. That is one of the lessons to be drawn from Sunday's demonstration at the Museum of Modern Art. A second lesson is that it is now abundantly clear that there are hawks and doves among demonstrators and museum staff alike, and that the doves on each side will have to learn to listen to each other or be drowned out by the battle cries of the hawks. The third lesson is that the demonstrators must come up with some new ideas of strategy soon or suffer the fate of all movements of strategy soon or suffen the fate of all movements and disband. Any further confront[illegible] plete lack of communication. Th[illegible] decide once and for [illegible] aim is to ne[illegible] tiate with the m[illegible] reforms, either directl[illegible] or indirctly, [illegible] setting up a completely alternat[illegible] and galleries. A deci[illegible]

[illegible] changing itself or only in going through the verbal motions.

The demonstration began peacefully enough, even in an atmosphere of modified joy, as the Museum had at the last [illegible] agreed to let the pro[illegible]

[illegible] um was thereby [illegible] protest and admitting that the artists concerned had a right to express their grievances. It was a sunny day, and the feeling of [illegible] Speaker succeeded sp[illegible] [illegible] loudn[illegible] [illegible] as a background [illegible] ings, the proof that a demons[illegible] actually taking place. Against this background a group of three or four hundred people happily exchanged views, identity-badged museum officials sometimes coming to heated words with demonstrators and on-lookers. Black artists were much in evidence with posters asserting the racism of the museum's curators. Journalists and photographers mingled with the crowd, and the overall feel was one of a joint spring outing of two rival churches, where no one agreed but every one felt it was necessary to listen. The need to bring the First International Ex-

A small incident occurred when a group of artists decided they wanted to leave by the museum's front door instead of the back gate on Fifty-fourth Street through which they had entered. It must be admitted that a feling did grow through the pleasant exchanges that the demonstrators were really regarded as some kind of poor relations to be segregated from the higher congregation of museum visitors. These were not allowed to join the demonstrators in the garden except on pain of losing their right to re-enter the museum. And the guards at the doors became more and more impatient with those trying to get through as the afternoon wore on. When the attempt was made to force the doors, [illegible] stalemate, with [illegible] others [illegible] finally reached [illegible] suitable to the museum, and the demonstrators were allowed to walk a gauntlet of museum visit[illegible]

[illegible] street. They beg[illegible] the demonstrators broke up, [illegible] even for themselves the free admission they had sought for all.

Television of course seized upon the one incident [illegible]

[illegible] to hold [illegible] artists were protesting — it was in fact the artists who were distributing leaflets calling for the public hearing (to be held on April 10th), an idea which [illegible]

[illegible] afternoon was had by everyone, not [illegible] museum staff, and if a small task force of thirty policemen, complete with a wide panoply of weapons, was hidden in the storage area beneath the cafeteria from early that morning, it would perhaps be fair not to call too much attention to their presence, since the museum had the wisdom never to call them into action.

The one dissatisfying aspect of the demonstration is that it is difficult to say what was accomplished of

received a concrete answer and no one from the museum staff either asked for or was given a chance to speak. These thirteen points have long been regarded by impartial observers as rather obvious in their nature — with the exception of the demand for a black artists' wing none of them is really controversial, and it is difficult to explain why they have not been granted by the museum long ago — except in terms of institutional paralysis.

It is this last factor which may prove ultimately most operative — after a long and worthy history in which they exhibited and defended the leading modern artists of the preceeding generation, the staff of the Modern Museum may simply have become too large, successful, and unwieldy to be able to function clearly either as a single entity or an institution. This, together with a dependence on clearing everything with the trustees, may explain why [illegible] their application [illegible] have not been kept [illegible] good faith. This is [illegible] explanation, so that [illegible] Modern Museum an instant granting of the thirteen points, as simple and self-evident as they are.

But it is ultimately also the thirteen points and [illegible] the Museum [illegible] will not simply go [illegible] day's demonstrators were to disappear, as they are living evidence of an art world undergoing changes far deeper than even [illegible] ble to make articu[illegible] of society is now [illegible] role of art within it. [illegible] all of these are essential to [illegible] as is the struggle for artists' rights [illegible] need for art to be accessible to all segments of society. These demands will not disappear overnight, whatever the fate of the present demonstrations may be. Anyone interested in attending a public hearing on these questions (and any of his own choosing) should come to the Auditorium of the School of Visual Arts, 209 East 23rd Street, on Thursday April 10th from six to ten in the evening.

photo by: Meholi Khonsari

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
D. 50,791

AUG 26 1966

ART, ETC. ...and Fine Living

"LOOK AT THIS a little while and it starts to jump all over the place," Bruno Palmer-Poroner, director of the East Hampton Gallery said obligingly.

I looked and looked and, then thinking to help it along, I stared. But it just lay there dead, lifeless and inert. "It" is an Op Art painting by one Lenore Laine. "It" is an oil of blue and green lozenges against a flat, orange background. "It" is a fatal bore as art and, worse, a failure as either optical illusion or a moment's entertainment.

Mr. Palmer-Poroner left me in confusion and frustration and went off to finish hanging the Op Art exhibition that would open in his gallery that evening. A cocky little lady, Grand Concourse-type, wandered in and, mistaking me for a gallery guide, asked:

"Hey, mister. Is this stuff called Modern Art? It's sure modern," she said in answer to her own question. "Modern" was an unconscious pejorative in her mouth. "Modern" means puzzling, dull, meaningless, and often ugly to her—and to many others like her who have been bullied by mouthy Advocates of Mid-Cult into going so far in the pursuit of "Contemporary Culture" as to become card-carrying members of the Museum of Modern Art.

Op Art troubles this woman. She would probably call it "dumb," as little kids used to call old Margaret O'Brien movies. She is afraid to hate it actively because she is fearful that that would be tantamount to admitting she lacked the intelligence or wit to see its virtues, if any.

Op Art alienates its audience just as it is the product of the alienated artist in whose empty brain rattles no thoughts beyond "It's the thing—It'll sell—Everybody's doing it—Publicity—Commercial tie-ins—etc."

Op Art is another giant step forward towards the death of art and withering of the pictorial imagination. If this is so, and it must be so, then the East Hampton Gallery, which specializes in this mindless stuff, has a courageous death-wish.

Edmund Wilson, typical of the true, testy litterateur in his distrust and contempt for art, once flayed abstract painters: "They might be useful as designers of lineoleum if they were capable of the necessary discipline."

I am sure that Mr. Wilson would agree that the Op Artists have the necessary discipline.

Frank and Dino, our favorite aging choir boys and candy-store cowboys, are bringing us all a little bit of Vegas on their latest records, both for Reprise.

Everybody will buy these new records —blue-haired ladies with permanent pews in Schrafft's, Black Hand sub-lieutenants, gum-snapping secretaries, mid-town make-out artists with swinging pads complete with Castro convertibles and a "stereo," and, of course, Members of the Clan.

Everybody, including Pat Lawford, nee Kennedy, will buy these records but only the makeout men will play them more than once—and that's only because Frank and Dino are the Twin Muses of Makeout and, without your Muses at your side, where are you?

"Sinatra at The Sands" frankly features Sinatra standards, a number of which he has recorded before—often. His portamento glide is as slippery as ever, but a little sand has crept into his famous tremolo. Frank's tessitura seems weak and wobbly and stands in sore need of help from friendly recording engineers.

Dean Martin's latest bid for Pop Immortality is called "A Million & One." On this record, Dino has chosen to sing a repertory of Teen-Scream numbers that include an equivocal cri-de-coeur entitled "I'm Living in Two Worlds." Dino strokes his glottis and vocally phumphers in his own, grand flatulent style. His diction isn't what it used to be, though. I could actually make out one or two of the words.

•

"In Denmark we call this 'block and fall'—you drink it in one block and you fall in the next!"

The waiter in the COPENHAGEN RESTAURANT (W. 58th St.) was talking about Akvavit, a potent Scandinavian liquor that competes with Slivovitz and Tequila for fast-schnockering honors.

At the Copenhagen, the Akvavit is served from bottles frozen in cakes of ice. Surely, the Copenhagen must be the only restaurant in New York that has to insure its sommelier's fingers against frostbite.

The Copenhagen is clean, spare and very Danish Modern in decor while being Danish Friendly at the same time. Signs of the old country are seen everywhere: Blond heads on the waiters, bottles of Tuborg, Carlsberg, and Aaalborg on the tables (no Budweiser in sight), and a groaning board of smorgaasbord in the middle of the dining area.

The Copenhagen smorgaasbord aficionados keep svelte and fit while eating this very rich food. They accomplish this singular feat by rushing athletically back and forth between their tables and the alluring smorgaasbord. O Happy Gluttony!

Main courses served at the Copenhagen include marvelous beef tartar crowned by a raw egg yolk and delicious roast loin of pork stuffed with apples, prunes and ligon berries.

Herring appetizers are served up with greens, looking like flower bouquets from the sea. At the hands of the Copenhagen chefs, the miserable little herring "doth suffer a sea change into something rich and strange."

For dessert, the Copenhagen's specialty is Roedgroed med Floede—Danish apple cake of eye-rolling richness and topped with whipped cream. Roedgroed med Floede makes the best mousse made taste like Junket.

—CHAUNCEY HOWELL

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
TIMES
D. 131,537 — S. 139,914
TAMPA METROPOLITAN AREA

SEP 25 1966

Times Art by Richcreek

The Taste-Making Circuit

By JOHN CANADAY
from (c) the New York Times

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 who can sell anything from a Rembrandt to a Picasso out of stock on hand, expressed dismay at the suggestion 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., whose directors have been, and still are, among the biggest names in the field.

THE ONLY CONCLUSION to be drawn is that in the astral realms in which he operates, shuttling between New York and Europe to do his buying and selling, the dealer cannot conceive of the situation in Blankton, where a new and really small museum is trying to lift itself by its bootstraps while keeping its nose above water in a community where there has never been an art collector, 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 still think of art as a stopgap hobby for misfits kids and fading gentlewomen.

Another group of objections came from admiring 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, in order to eke out a working group, is likely to have to make do with volunteers whose only qualification for museum work is a willingness to take a crack at it for a little while 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, although I can speak only in behalf of the one for which I work.

"WE ARE BRAND-NEW. That makes us typical. But during the two and a half 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-own as what-should-be-admired. We assume that the appetite for quality, once born, will demand better and better food. If that appetite is to become the common experience of American national life, the small museum has a worthwhile job to do."

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 the small museum must depend.

AS A RESULT, the small museums across the country have become part of one mammoth taste-making 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.

This circumstance may be irremediable and may even be majestically inevitable as just one more manifestation of the nature of the modern world, which presses the so-called individual into a standard mold, whether the standard has to do with the kind of detergent he uses or the kind of art he feels free to like.

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TIMES
D. 652,135 — S. 1,355,614
NEW YORK CITY METROPOLITAN AREA
NOV 3 1966

Art: Manet Exhibition

Philadelphia Show Traces Painter's Rise From Student-Copyist to Master

By JOHN CANADAY

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2—Opening tonight with a gala and tomorrow to the public, the Manet exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art is certainly one of the very important shows of the year. A centenary celebration of sorts, it arrives only a shade more than 100 years after Manet made his first scandal with the exhibition of "Breakfast on the Grass" in 1863, a landmark in the history of modern art. In that same year Manet painted "Olympia," his best-known picture and possibly his masterpiece, which caused an even greater furore when it was exhibited in 1865.

The two paintings are now inextricably ensconced in the collections of the Louvre and do not travel. They are missed in Philadelphia, but the Louvre has sent four other Manets. Other museums and collectors around the world have been equally generous. Even the National Gallery in Washington, which has a rule against lending paintings, has made an exception with the important, early "Dead Toreador." Washington may still be feeling a bit guilty for having ravished Philadelphia with the acquisition of this and the other pictures in the Widener Collection, which everybody thought was going to remain in Philadelphia where it was formed.

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The exhibition includes nearly 200 paintings and graphic works, beginning with copies that Manet made in the Louvre as a student and concluding with a portrait, "Young Woman in Riding Costume," that he planned for the Salon of 1883, a Salon that he did not live to see. Hence, the exhibition shows Manet's brilliance in all its facets over his three decades from beginner to great master.

But the point of a major exhibition is not simply to restate a case, but to re-examine it. When hanging alongside other paintings, a Manet is so dazzling, technically, that one is likely to be unable to see beneath the paint. But in an all-Manet show, the brilliance, after a while, becomes an accepted standard of performance (as if your eyes were adjusting to a strong light) and the paintings begin to tell more strongly as interpretative images.

Manet is often merely brilliant (although "merely" is an odd word in the context of consummate brilliance), but in his portraits of women, such as "Repose," the enchanting portrait of Berthe Morisot on loan from the Rhode Island School of Design, or in the contrastingly agitated portrait of the eccentric Nina de Callias called "The Woman with the Fans," on loan from the Louvre, Manet shows himself to be an astutely responsive painter of the feminine essence. His portraits of women end by dominating this beautiful exhibition.

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For New Yorkers the Philadelphia Manet show should have one aspect that is not at all agreeable. It is one of the several important exhibitions of the year that New York museums have been uninterested in bringing to us. After closing in Philadelphia on Dec. 11, it goes to the Art Institute of Chicago, and will then be disassembled. In Chicago just now is the great "Treasures of Poland" exhibition, a rare and sumptuous group of loans from Polish museums that will also go to Philadelphia and the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa.

This month, the Cleveland Museum of Art will hold a show of medieval art from France that has not been paralleled in this country. And the most dazzling show of all, "The Age of Rembrandt," with loans that will never again be allowed to leave the Dutch museums, is the joint venture of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, the Toledo (Ohio) Museum of Art, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The list could be extended.

As far as the important art exhibitions are concerned, New York is becoming a cultural backwater. Our smug conviction that we are the art center of the country has only the weakest justification: we are only the center where the most buying and selling of art goes on, and we are not really much interested in art except as a sales product, whether the sales pitch is in dollars and cents or in the race to be first with the esthetic novelties.

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With four of our museums —the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim, the Whitney and the Jewish Museum—giving us shoddier and shoddier exhibitions as they compete with one another in the contemporary field where there is not enough legitimate material to go around, and with the Metropolitan Museum half-comatose in the field of temporary exhibitions, and with the excellent Morgan Library and Asia House too small (and too specialized) to accommodate most major exhibitions, New York is no longer in a position to pat itself on the back. Our exhibition record is very weak indeed.

NEWBURGH, N.Y.
NEWS
— D. 30,427 —
NEWBURGH METROPOLITAN AREA

FEB 8 1967

As Others See It

Leftists Use Rich to Advance Modern Art, Says McKinney

To the Editor,

I have often stated my belief that the so-called "modern art" movement is largely a movement by left-wingers and their sympathizers, rich and otherwise, which is run more or less for the benefit of left-wingers and "socially significant" left-wing causes, including the advancement of world communism.

Al Capp, the famous cartoonist, has stated his opinion that much of modern art looks like "rejects from a diaper service." Much of the cheap junk can be turned on a mass production, assembly - line basis. It acquires value only when it is bought, and this "Midas touch" is enthusiastically provided by the ultra-liberal or left-wing rich, who give "value" to trash by buying it at exorbitant prices.

It is not the least surprising to me that Nelson A. Rockefeller, governor of New York, has been chairman of the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Rockefeller once became enamoured with the work of a Mexican artist, Diego Rivera who happened to be more than a bit too closely tied to the Communist movement. Mr. Rockefeller enthusiastically commissioned Mr. Rivera to paint the chief mural in Rockefeller Center.

As it turned out, it may have been a tremendous joy for Nelson Rockefeller and Diego Rivera, but it was still a bit too "advanced" for the American public of that time. The painting—a mural painted on plaster—included a heroic head of the former No. 1 Communist of the world, Lenin, and a scabious girl who was supposed to represent "life under capitalism."

The painting was destroyed at a cost of $21,500. The question still haunts the mural—Was it the result of ignorance or calculated design?

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BUFFALO, N.Y.
COURIER EXPRESS
D. 157,419 — S. 297,843
BUFFALO METROPOLITAN AREA

MAR 1 1967

Dlugosz 'Pickets' Art Museum

Courier-Express Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON—Louis Dlugosz, the Lackawanna (N.Y.) artist who is indignant about the state of modern art, carried his crusade to the nation's capital Tuesday.

Equipped with toga, a Diogenes-like lamp and mimeographed copies of a statement on why he feels art is being polluted, Dlugosz "picketed" the Museum of Modern Art here.

His chief target is the proposition before Congress to spend $15-million to house the so - called Hirshhorn Collection of Modern Art, which he said is worth no more than the $4.95 a gallon for the paint on the canvases, and $12 a ton for the scrap metal in the sculpture.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
VILLAGER
— W. 27,000 —
NEW YORK CITY METROPOLITAN AREA

AUG 15 1968

Local Art

by Rufus Foshee

The Whitney Museum and Big Business

At no time since the Whitney Museum moved into its new quarters, almost two years ago, has its walls and garden level been so lacking in high quality work as now. Hopefully, the situation will be upgraded when "Artists Under Forty" opens Aug. 16.

About a year and a half ago, a representative of one of New York's largest and most important galleries, made a wish that "art galleries would get out of show business." Presumably he would have included museums. One might go a step further and say that the museums should get out of "business" and big business should get out of museums. The public has been highly indignant in instances where municipal and federal governments have exerted what was felt to be undue influence over educational and other public affairs, such as international art exhibits. It occurs to me that big business has now exerted too much influence over contemporary art. Did everyone really believe that "media is the message?"

One is no longer shocked to find furniture exhibits in the Museum of Modern Art nor a media exhibit in the Whitney. The present one is called, "Light: Object and Image."

The entire exhibition gallery of the Whitney's main floor is taken up by USCO/Intermedia's "Imagination — an information column, 1968." This is really show business at its worst! It is a combination of politics and big business.

There is nothing new in this exhibit. The larger part of Stanley Landsman's work, which occupies the largest gallery of the Whitney's third floor, is more like the plaza of the Seagram Building at Christmas than anything else that comes to mind. "Light: Object and Image" does, if this is the point, reflect the Coney Island world so many Americans live in today, and many without recourse. Perhaps this is what Mr. Robert Doty, who organized the exhibit, is trying to tell us. This is ironic, since traditionally artists have rebelled against such direct reflection of the world they live in. Why, one may ask, should artists want to bring New York and other metropolitan street corners into the museums. Of course there is always the possibility that the public will see "the thing" differently enclosed by museum walls. After all, even long practiced art collectors

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For some time Chryssa, the Greek born artist of wide reputation, has been the leading exponent of lights and images. If one wishes to see the masterful hand at work, they may do so right in the garden level of the Whitney. Chryssa's outstanding piece called "The Gate," is on loan and a promised gift from Mr. and Mrs. Albert List. In that one piece, Chryssa has accomplished more than the five artists in the Whitney's third floor extravaganza.

BOSTON, MASS.
EVENING GLOBE
— D. 144,855 —

AUG 12 1966

An Old Argument Revived

By HERBERT A. KENNY
Editor for the Arts

The furor over the Robert Motherwell painting in the Kennedy Memorial Building was as predictable as winds n March.

The painting, bold blacks, yellows, some ed and blue, on a white urface, is entitled New England Elegy," nd takes as its point of eference the assassina- on of the young Presi- ent for whom the twin owers are named. The ainting is done in the yle known as "ab- ract expressionism."

The argument about the ultimate significance of nonrepresentational paintings as opposed to the significance of contemporary representational paintings has been going on for almost half a century.

Nonrepresentational modes, particularly abstract expressionism, has captured the museums.

Representational painting—but not all modes of it—still holds the hearts of the general public.

The general public is not without its supporters among the experts some of whom dismiss abstract expressionism as nothing more than decoration . . . at best.

Some facts in the controversy should be remembered:

(1) The overwhelming majority of museums, critics and experts acknowledge the validity, the integrity, and the artistic worth of abstract expressionism.

(2) Among abstract expressionists, Robert Motherwell is deemed a leading exponent and one of the country's greatest artists.

(3) Even among those critics who dismiss the ultimate artistic value of expressionist paintings, Motherwell would be acknowledged a leading practitioner of the mode.

(4) In the matters of artistic endeavors public opinion is highly conservative.

(5) Whatever the government paid Motherwell for the painting, it has made a good bargain: it could sell it promptly (as a result of the controversy) for double the price to any number of museums or collectors.

One critic remarked: "The public protest over the painting should not be taken too seriously.

The people who are clamoring for a representational picture—either glorifying President Kennedy or merely portraying him, wouldn't walk across the street to see an art exhibition of the finest of representational paintings.

"This is demonstrated by the fact that not five people a day, less, not five a week—local residents that is—walk to the top floor of the Boston Public Library to see the murals by John Singer Sargent which are perhaps the finest in the country."

Another said: "The painting has already served its purpose. It has reminded us all vigorously that President Kennedy was shot down in a brutal, heart-rending assassination, a cruel, extravagant fate. The picture shows this through the grief it expresses."

The purpose of the painting would be just that: to prevent any observer from forgetting.

Encountering the painting and having in mind the grim disaster of that 1963 November 22 noontime in Dallas, the dispassionate observer might well feel within him a philosophical resignation to the day's events at the same moment that his emotional resentment arose. If that were so, the picture would have fulfilled art's noblest functions.

A generation or more can pass before the worth of any painting can be finally determined. Some of the masters of yesterday were ignored or derided in their day; some works that won immediate acceptance are now buried in the cellars of museums.

Abstract expressionism and other modern art forms—from Cezanne on — had a hard time winning acceptance.

The Museum of Modern Art in New York had to be formed to house them when the Metropolitan turned its back. The Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston was formed for the same purpose.

It is interesting that abstract expressionism is still resented when the avant-garde has come to regard it as "old hat" and "conservative."

The final judgment will rest with posterity.

How Latest Dictionary Defines Art Terms

The latest edition of the Random House Dictionary of the English Language, published this month gives the following definitions of Abstract Expressionism and Expressionism:

Abstract Expressionism: (Fine Arts) a style of painting in which paint is applied in an apparently random manner producing images that may or may not have reference to forms exterior to the picture: thought to derive from Surrealism and Expressionism.

Expressionism: (Fine Arts) (a) (usually lower case) a manner of painting, drawing, sculpting, etc., in which forms derived from nature are distorted or exaggerated and colors are intensified for emotive or expressive purposes. (b) A style of art developed in the 20th Century characterized chiefly by heavy, often black lines that define forms sharply, contrasting, often vivid colors, and subjective or symbolic treatment of thematic material.

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CLIPPING FILE - GENERAL CATEGORIES Criticism - [redacted] (Reactionary)

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

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 the United States government, with incredible stupidity, turned over the selection of its art exhibit to a jury of longhairs that decided 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)

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(General Features)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
NEWS
— D. 173,170 —
INDIANAPOLIS METROPOLITAN AREA

OCT 26 1967

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

'Honest Art' Searcher's Candle Is Extinguished

By JIM ABRAMS

Dressed as Diogenes, in a sheet and carrying a candle, sculptor **LOUIS DLUGOSZ,** 51, went to the Philadelphia Museum of Art seeking what he calls "honest art."

Officials made Dlugosz put out the candle because of the fire prevention laws. The sculptor, who works in a Lackawanna, N.Y., steel mill, was protesting an exhibit of far-out modern sculpture.

"If this is art, they should put spotlights on junk yards," he said. He said the New York Museum of Modern Art had bought two of his more conventional sculptures but had not put them on display.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JUNE 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 Alice in Wonderland sculpture in 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.

NO ONE'S

[so I'll talk

A big Klee exhibition at the **Guggenheim,** huge Tiepolos at the **Met,** Ad Reinhardt and Yves Klein at the **Jewish.** The Guggenheim had a batch of 'primary' or 'hard-edge' boys re-christened 'Systemic'. Sisley and treasures from the **Walters Art Gallery** in Baltimore at **Wildenstein**. Nolde at **Knoedler's.** Boudin at **Hirschl and Adler.** But no smasheroo like the Jewish 'Primary Structure' show or the **Museum of Modern Art's** great small Matisse show. Biggest museum event was the new **Whitney.** What did they have to offer? A controversial sculpture and print show – so-so. A Wyeth *père* round-up that pulled in 6,000 people a day and just about clinched how much of an artist he is *not*. Handsome big Nevelson retrospective. That's about it.

So why 'disaster'? You've listed some shows you liked. Even some you found beautiful [*sic*]. Yes, but it becomes clearer all the time that the sort of pressure, the *necessity*, the exhilaration, maybe sometimes the hysteria that went on in the 'fifties, wasn't there. All those marvellous red sales stars! Those bitchy crowds! The feeling that more and more artists were earning their livings as *artists*. Now, going to the galleries regularly, no set pattern to it, makes you realise that very few people are *actively*, *deeply* interested. Not just in the art of the present, but in any art. A couple of people (I'm not counting friends and enemies at openings) and so few red stars. So few. Fine shows on the whole like Kelly's or Frankenthaler's, Bruder's, Gene Davis's, didn't sell nearly as much as they should (Kelly sold only *one* painting – admittedly a spectacularly beautiful 23-foot long series of rainbow panels, the 'best' thing in his show). There were, it's true, several sell-outs or near sell-outs: Caro, Willenbecher, Samaras, Lindner, Isabel Bishop, Tooker, De Rivera and Gussow. Some others. I didn't see them all. But nothing like ten years ago. The buyers just aren't there. They don't even *come*. And publicity is misleading. Even colour pages in a magazine like *Time* don't guarantee any real money – sales measured against the heavy cost of metal constructions, say, and exhibition overheads.

What else? The Critical situation is appalling. *The Times* no longer reviews daily (with rare exceptions) – just another proof of the attitude in general that art is not news. Reviews appear lumped together in little paragraphs on Saturday – notoriously a day when many skip reading *The Times* (the excuse used to be that there wasn't enough advertising. Now that there are as many as three pages on Sunday alone, there are far fewer reviews, let's say a dozen for the dozens of shows that open per week). On Sundays *The Times* features more pretentious 'essays' on some major show or whim of the reviewer and what can only be described as an art 'gossip column'. The writing of these is entrusted to a journalist and sometime writer of whodunnits who can write charmingly and with originality but seems at a loss when confronted with much that's

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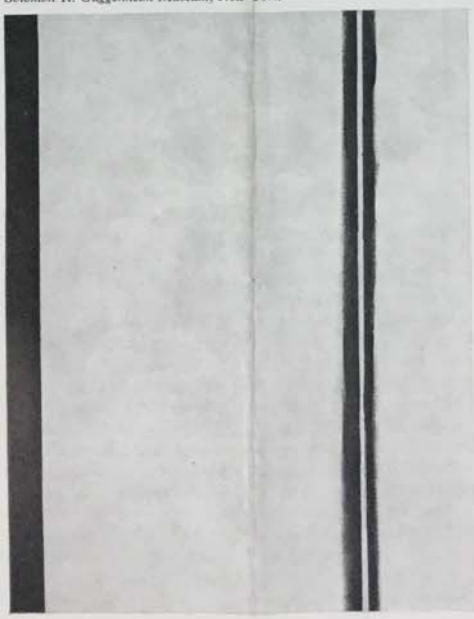
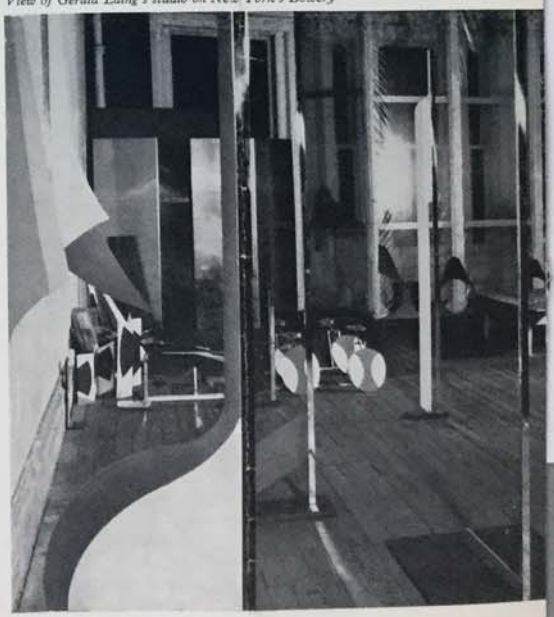
Barnett Newman Fourth Station 1960 *Oil on canvas* 78" × 60"
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York



View of Gerald Laing's studio on New York's Bowery



NEW YORK

NO ONE'S LOOKING

[so I'll talk to myself]

SEEMS TO ME, rushing or wandering out the art galleries and museums of New York, that this season has been nearly a total disaster. Especially for the artists. Oh yes, plenty has been going on, but nothing much has happened. Exaggeration to be sure. Just that feeling of expectations unfulfilled, hoped-for elation met with depression. The yes-but syndrome. What am I talking about? A number of things, I'm afraid. Well, start somewhere. Make a list of shows that did reach you or charge you or move you or change you. Not easy to do. A list of living artists? Retrospectives of dead ones? Just go ahead! Begin.

Okay, Modigliani nudes; late Burchfield watercolours; Tony Smith; 'unknown' Winslow Homers; Nicholas Krushenick; Prendergast; Dan Flavin; Red Grooms; Harold Bruder; Robert Morris; Robert Irwin; De Rivera and Gussow; Ronald Bladen; Gene Davis; Isobel Bishop . . . You're hesitating. Well, there were other shows which were uneven or not entirely satisfactory. Subjective as hell, I admit. What were they? Let's see – Beckmann; Ellsworth Kelly (too many paintings hung too close together for one thing); Richard Smith; Kienholz; Caro; Kline; Tapies; Tooker; Frankenthaler; Alex Katz; Flemming and Ross; Balthus; Calder; Richard Lindner; Hofmann; Morris Louis; Poons; Westerman; Liberman (sculpture); D'Arcangelo; Nevelson (at **Pace Gallery**); Willenbecher. Some shows I didn't really like that were important to the scene: Dine, Hartigan, Jenkins, Wesselman, Bontecou, James Wyeth, Olitski. Quite a list!

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So why 'disaster'? You've listed some shows you liked. Even some you found beautiful [*sic*]. Yes, but it becomes clearer all the time that the sort of pressure, the *necessity*, the exhilaration, maybe sometimes the hysteria that went on in the 'fifties, wasn't there. All those marvellous red sales stars! Those bitchy crowds! The feeling that more and more artists were earning their livings as *artists*. Now, going to the galleries regularly, no set pattern to it, makes you realise that very few people are *actively*, *deeply* interested. Not just in the art of the present, but in any art. A couple of people (I'm not counting friends and enemies at openings) and so few red stars. So few. Fine shows on the whole like Kelly's or Frankenthaler's, Bruder's, Gene Davis's, didn't sell nearly as much as they should (Kelly sold only *one* painting – admittedly a spectacularly beautiful 23-foot long series of rainbow panels, the 'best' thing in his show). There were, it's true, several sell-outs or near sell-outs: Caro, Willenbecher, Samaras, Lindner, Isabel Bishop, Tooker, De Rivera and Gussow. Some others. I didn't see them all. But nothing like ten years ago. The buyers just aren't there. They don't even *come*. And publicity is misleading. Even colour pages in a magazine like *Time* don't guarantee any real money – sales measured against the heavy cost of metal constructions, say, and exhibition overheads.

What else? The Critical situation is appalling. *The Times* no longer reviews daily (with rare exceptions) – just another proof of the attitude in general that art is not news. Reviews appear lumped together in little paragraphs on Saturday – notoriously a day when many skip reading *The Times* (the excuse used to be that there wasn't enough advertising. Now that there are as many as three pages on Sunday alone, there are far fewer reviews, let's say a dozen for the dozens of shows that open per week). On Sundays *The Times* features more pretentious 'essays' on some major show or whim of the reviewer and what can only be described as an art 'gossip column'. The writing of these is entrusted to a journalist and sometime writer of whodunnits who can write charmingly and with originality but seems at a loss when confronted with much that's going on; a good man who appears to be yearning for some other supposedly better time; and a reporter. Often shows are reviewed on the last day they're open or dismissed with snide flippancy like 'Stripes. Stripes. Stripes.' Carl Knath's show wasn't reviewed at all! Nor was Kelly's! The *World Journal Tribune* seems to try harder with Friday collective reviews and some Sunday feature pages. Its reviewers appear to have a bit more goodwill, but they would hardly set the world on fire (maybe impossible in big newspapers these days?). *Art News* at least prints articles on a lot of shows. But often important artists not beloved by them are covered in very short reviews. Fame or status doesn't seem any protection. Maybe the signing on of Harold Rosenberg by the *New Yorker* will help. Let's hope so.

So, besides the fabled joys of creativity for its own sake, what else is there in it for the artist? Little, or lousy, or no criticism; few or no sales. He just has to go back to teaching or part-time jobs, or hustling his girlfriends. Not new? No, not new. But still crummy.

There have been some interesting grumbles lately. Several artists have talked about maybe not showing (quite a few major American painters withdrew some time ago – Rothko, Newman, Morris Graves, Still, Hopper, de Kooning, O'Keefe, Benton, for example) or finding a place where they could show one or two works as they felt they were really completed instead of the terrible pressure to put out yearly 'models'. Some have talked of simply inviting people to come to see their work in their studios from time to time. Perhaps a more subtle and actual development, possibly a revolutionary development, is a sort of tendency to maximum-minimal exhibitions. Let me explain: no less than two group shows – at **Dwan** and **Feigen** – consisted of *models* for projected works, works too big or costly to actually make without certainty of purchase and placement. Contributors to the shows – and they were exciting shows – were guys like Oldenburg, Gerald Laing, Tony Smith, Sol Le Witt, Robert Smithson, Ronald Bladen, Buckminster Fuller, John Willenbecher. There were all kinds of ideas for indoor and outdoor situations. Besides, both Bladen and Smith held one-man shows of full-scale mock-ups painted black intended for execution in metal. Bladen showed only one huge wedge which 'stood' on one edge. Smith placed a thrilling group of forms in Bryant Park (they were marvellous after a snowfall). Some other artists did similar things. Peter Forakis showed a 40-foot cardboard zigzag at **Park Place**. Edward Keinholz went even further. He only *described* on framed typewritten pages signed with his thumb-print, a series of highly original ideas he called *Concept Tableaux*. Ironically, his 'show' was marred – except for the one actual piece which was a disappointment to me – by the over-glamorous, expensive-looking bronze plaques that announced each of the typed sheets. I got the idea they were supposed to 'justify' a mere idea by their costly 'reality'. Too bad. They were so alien to his anti-elegant power.

Anything more?

The Times quoted **Park-Bernet** about sculpture the other day. Interesting, as one of the important dealers had told me that he hadn't sold a painting but that sculpture was doing very well. The Park-Bernet man was reported as saying that sculpture prices have 'gone way up' and they were holding their third all-sculpture sale since 1965. He thought that the fact that 'good examples can be obtained relatively more cheaply than comparable examples of painting' might account for the sales' success.

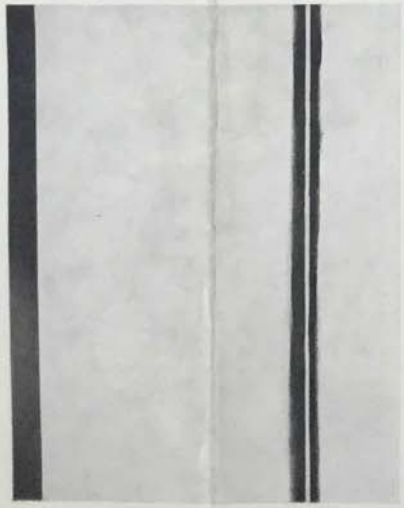
And, oh yes! Add to the Green Gallery's death last summer (such artists as Segal, Rosenquist, Oldenburg, Di Suvero, Morris, Poons, Judd, etc., etc., had their first uptown shows there), the closing of the **World House Galleries** (designed by Kiesler) in December (not noted in *The Times*), this spring the end of **Durlacher Bros.**, aged 124 years (first New York one-man show by Francis Bacon), and the shutting down of the important **Ferus Gallery** in Los Angeles tied to Pace in New York.

To get an even better picture of what things are like here read Amy Goldin's articles, 'Art in a Hairshirt', in February's *Art News*, and 'Requiem for a Gallery', *Arts Magazine*, January, 1966, and Thomas B. Hess' 'Apes of God' editorial in the March, 1967 *Art News* in which he compares current Manhattan to Wyndham Lewis's description of Paris and London circa 1929.

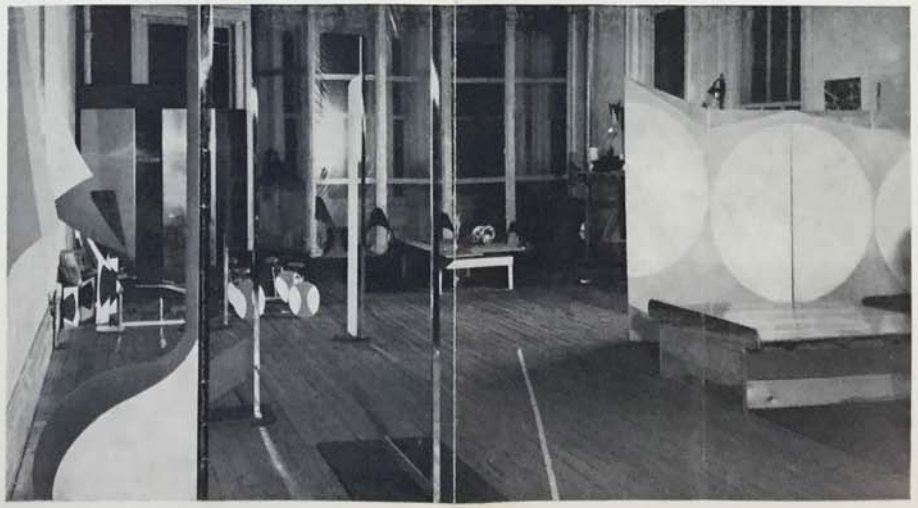
And have a nice summer!

RALPH POMEROY

Barnett Newman Fourth Station 1960 *Oil on canvas* 78" × 60"
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York

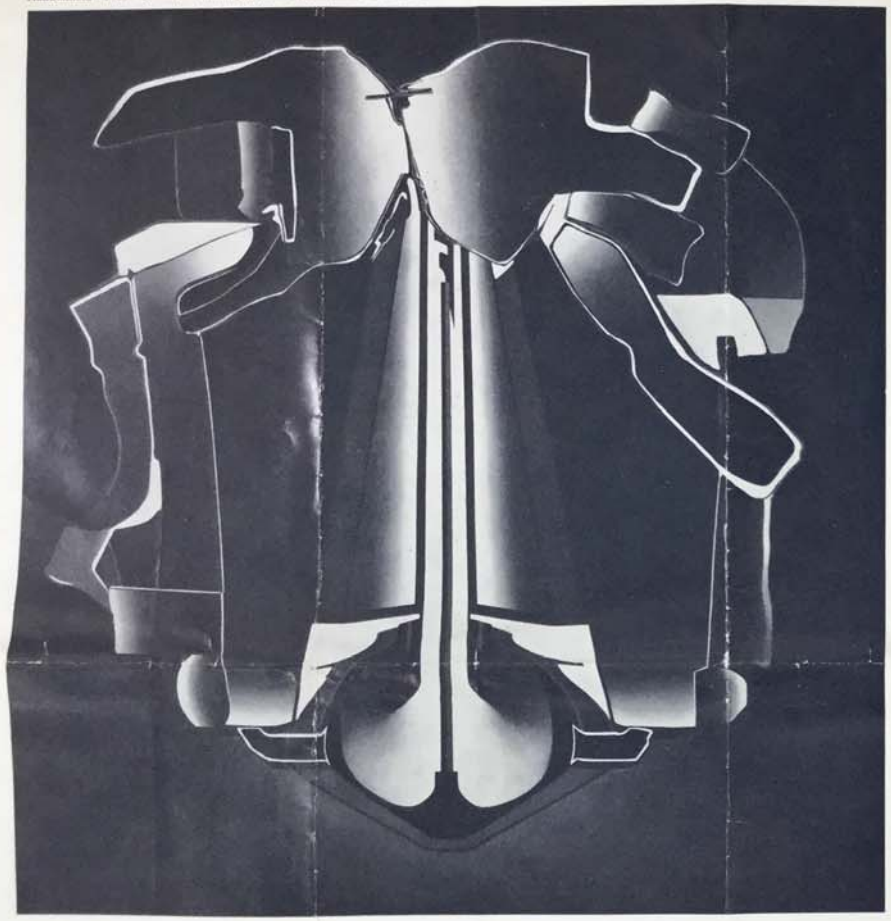


View of Gerald Laing's studio on New York's Bowery



Richard Lindner 'No' 1966 *Oil on canvas* 70" × 60"
Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery, New York

Haddonfield 1965 69" × 74" *Whitney Museum of American Art, New York*



Space Machines

clothes (*à la* Courrèges?); his own clothes are for, and only for, 'night madness'. These are clothes for Wonder Women, for Womanoids, for barbaric mechanisms who, by attracting our anxieties, 'earth' them, and reassure us by their powerful femaleness that there is still a place for 'human error', for all the weakness and generosity of illogical, irresistible love.

Even further out are such British designers as Biddy Peppin (who turned from painting to dress design only a couple of years ago) and ex-Biba pattern-cutter Alan Hoppen, whose work, not always as immediately attractive as Rabanne's, expresses a profounder repudiation of the conformist element in dress design. Biddy Peppin goes so far as to refuse to make the same dress twice, and energetically denies all attempts to label her a 'dress designer'. She makes clothes as 'manifestations', as provocations, as Happenings, just as she conceived for the *International Times* a monster jelly into which a man plunged nude. There are auto-destructive overtones to her philosophy, in that the unique dress isn't made to last; corrugated cardboard clothes are perfectly conceivable. Indeed the clothes she has created are designed as much as catalysts to the 'amateur' as expressions, like Rabanne's, of a social philosophy. They are, in a real sense, subversive manifestos of anti-fashion. They differ, too, from what one might call 'psychedelic' fashion (the silver patterns between the eyes, the Indian bedspreads); they are tougher, more awakened; individualistic, but not romantic.

Sometimes they suggest an insolently bright shell, like the man's red and gold jacket which not only thrusts a collar high behind the head but stands up when vacated. Or there is the coat of plasticised American-cloth, rigid, but with flexible pvc joints and a bumfreezer cutaway. For males, too, there is a two-piece suit whose top, zipped front and back, splits open sideways (a sharp shock to the almost invariable male waistline motif). The logic of the 'shell' leads to its antithesis, a certain vulnerability – weirdly climaxed in a pair of boots with toes of pink foam-rubber.

Similarly, for the weaker sex, there is a roomy, square-cut jacket alternating transparent plastic with artificial grass; and a Courtelle cat-suit, but quilted and padded, with 'elephant leg' trouser bottoms. The incongruities of pop-funk-etc. art are matched by a one-piece trouser-suit of transparent plastic, sprayed with paint and trimmed with goat's hair. The grass-and-plastic jacket goes over a body stocking (or painted body) and with grass knee-boots. A fascination with texture appears also in Indica artist Gerry Fitzgerald's improvised throwaways of paper and foam-rubber. The sculptural becomes kinetic with Alan Hoppen's sailcloth dress entirely covered with ping-pong balls, or the Peppin trouser-suit whose padded

Italian model Marilu Tolo in a design for the future by Giulio Colotlocci. Courtesy: L'Europeo magazine

trouser-bottoms swing like hula hoops 'where'er she walks'.

Current experiments centre on making dresses of painter's canvas which, once worn, are painted or sprayed so that colour and contour can interact as closely as in the paintings of Dick Smith. Contrasts of heavy texture and transparency suggest a new interest in such Elizabethan devices as layered clothing with slashing, padding and potentially rigid forms (indeed Alan Hoppen made a green hessian dress with a green plastic windscreen jutting up from the breast and closely masking the face).

The toed boots might almost have been inspired by a painting of Magritte's, and the transposition of grass on to boots is a literary joke *à la* Magritte (one can imagine a cloud-hat, etc.). To find comparable inventions one has to return to Dali's Surrealist jewellery and then to Hollywood's splendid period of gaga-Dada frivolity, from the mid-'twenties until 1933; when the heroine of *His Captive Woman* wore a top hat and a skirt consisting entirely of bananas, when Marlene in *Blonde Venus* emerged from within a gorilla-skin, and a cabaret dancer in Cecil B. de Mille's *Male and Female* appeared in 'the marshmallow dress' – and her admirers clustered round her to eat the marshmallows.

Experience in theatrical costume has contributed something to Peppin designs. But in no sense are they 'fancy dress'. They are clothes which take over the wearer, which become a new experimental epidermis, a new body-image: clothes which propel one, gently, seductively, into that area of uncertainties, of possibilities, of self-queryings and self-assertions, clothes which are cocoons for a new sensibility. . . .

RAYMOND DURGNAT

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JUNE 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.

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The museum itself has suffered in the same way, and when it changes directorial hands in 1968, 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.

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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 Alice in Wonderland sculpture in 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.

DETROIT, MICH.
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DEC 11 1966

A Controversy over Way-Out Art: The Defense Counterattacks

The age-old argument over what is art and what is only pretentious junk erupted again when art critic Charles Culver assailed a piece of avante-garde sculpture at the Detroit Institute of Arts. Two men prominent in the art world took fierce exception—New York art book publisher and collector of avante-garde art Harry N. Abrams, and Detroit attorney S. Brooks Barron. Barron donated the work in question to the Art Institute. Here are excerpts from their letters.

COO WHA ZEE by John Chamberlain: Mr. Culver wrote, among other things, "I prophesy that it will one day be relegated to the museum's basement bins, just as bad art of the past," and the furor hegan

To the Editor:

The art column of Nov. 6 in your paper is not art criticism, which is presumably the function of an art critic. It is a violent denunciation of contemporary art and an ill-tempered attack on the Detroit Institute of Arts.

The article was based on the Chamberlain sculpture being exhibited at the museum. And since the material used in the sculpture constists of old automobile fenders the writer claims that since the museum considers this as art, "you must accept the inescapable conclusion that every motor accident creates art and that every fool responsible for a wreck is an artist."

By referring in his first sentence that this sculpture was "acquired" by the museum he suggests by innuendo that the museum is squandering public funds on "junk" as the title of his piece describes it.

The fact that the sculpture was a gift could have been simply stated without using the name of the donors.

The writer then assures the public that the Coo Wha Zee of Chamberlain will "be relegated to the museum's basement bins, just as bad art of the past, acquired in haste . . . has been." The ambiguous word "acquired" is thus repeated. If the museum is accused of buying and exhibiting "junk" the public should at the same time be informed that the museum is not alone in its lack of good judgment and perception.

In fairness the public should be informed that Chamberlain is not only exhibited in museums but is owned and exhibited in the world's greatest museums, including the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art of New York, the Sao Paulo Museum of Modern Art of Brazil, the Museum for Contemporary Art of Dallas, the San Francisco Museum of Arts, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of New York, the Tate Gallery of London, the Jewish Museum of New York, the Pasadena Art Museum, the Washington Gallery of Modern Art. And exhibited at the Seattle World Fair, New York World's Fair, Venice Biennale, Buenos Aires Museum of Modern Art. This is not a complete list and these are not second class museums, museum directors or exhibitors.

The sarcasm, not criticism, directed at Chamberlain, serves as a preliminary to the denunciation of the artists of today. In addition to describing "today's most celebrated artists" as "cynical opportunists" the writer then equates the logic or "dialectic" of "today's most celebrated artists" with the conclusion that "the dialectic of Adolf Hitler convinced him of the morality in killing six million Jews."

Most people including newspaper staff consider Hitler a sadistic maniac and not an individual capable of logic. To now read that Hitler's dialectic (logical argumentation) is the logic of "today's most celebrated artists" in their definition of art is an incredibly bitter point of view even in an art column.

—S. Brooks Barron

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ad lib

by ANTHONY DAVIS

IT is only paint on canvas. The result means something to you or it doesn't. But in the world of art, with its inner mysteries, nothing is so simple.

If the probability is that the paint was applied by an artist with a fashionable name, the picture may be worth a quarter of a million. But, let an authority declare that same painting to be the work of a lesser name, its value may slump to little more than the cost of paint and canvas.

The subject is raised this week in *The Informer* when Alex Lambert receives a painting that may or may not be a Renoir.

Why the painter's name should be so all-important, provided the picture has merit, is one of the mysteries of art that outsiders find baffling. But there is more snobbery in art than in any other cult outside wine.

The insiders scoff at the "I know what I like" layman. And make fools of themselves regularly over fakes.

So knowledgeable are the experts that six years ago a Matisse hung for 47 days in the New York Museum of Modern Art and was viewed by 116,000 people before someone noticed it was upside down!

GAMBLING—on dogs, horses, football and roulette—grows steadily. Despite Church opposition, the day of a State lottery and municipal casinos comes nearer.

Yet the most regular punters, who keep the bookmakers and pools promoters in Rolls-Royces and cigars, are little men who would be the least likely to take a gamble on anything important. Like their careers or their private lives . . . the sort of gambles that inspired the series *The Gamblers*.

In fact, as gambling grows, the willingness to take a real gamble diminishes. Men cling to dying industries rather than accept retraining in new ones. They remain in languishing areas of the country rather than move to more prosperous ones.

They *talk* of sinking their savings into launching a new company or service. But they do nothing, on the grounds that the tax men will cream off any profits and there is a risk.

We are becoming a "play safe" nation. Security is all important. An employment agency manageress told me: "Sixteen-year-olds come in looking for jobs and the first questions they ask are not about prospects and opportunities but about security and pensions."

To take any kind of risk has become regarded as irresponsible, if not eccentric. It's a sad state of affairs.

MUCH has been said about the dangers of TV coverage to attendances at sports events. Less is said about the way in which TV coverage and fees aid our Cinderella sports.

Table tennis, for instance. My old friend Johnny Leach, former world champion, said the other day: "In the past we've had literally to beg for money to send an England team abroad to play international matches.

"But this year we're in a much happier situation, due to the fees from ITV for coverage of our home matches in the new European League."

Johnny is captain and selector of the English team, which viewers recently saw beat West Germany 6-1. On Saturday he will be commentator on the televised England versus Hungary match.

His tip: "Most people think it will be tough, but I think we can win 6-1 again."

Communists and other leftists are conducting a vast campaign of cultural warfare aimed at weakening the mental and spiritual outlook of the Western nations.

By Peter Perry

ART and Cultural Subversion

IF INTERNATIONAL, world-wide dictatorship is the avowed aim of Communism, then it is a simple deduction that the main rock on which Communism can and will founder is Nationalism. National liberty is an essential bulwark for the preservation of individual liberty.

While Communism seeks, therefore, to undermine Nationalism by prognosticating and promoting "class warfare," it also seeks to undermine the individual's personal and racial pride by a campaign aimed at weakening the mental and spiritual outlook of the Western nations. While Russia and China seek to use art to strengthen the solidarity of the socialist world, Communists and "leftists" esconsed within our own camp consciously strive to destroy the ancient forms of art, music, dance and especially literature since these affect the mental and spiritual outlook from which the individual's sense of individual and national pride is derived.

Nationalism is Rallying Point

This cultural onslaught is based on the accurate realization that Nationalism, and indeed the sense of race that goes unconsciously with all Nationalism, is the only real rallying point around which those who love freedom may unite to guard their personal liberty against the terrors of world-wide despotism. And since Nationalism is rooted in a consciousness of tradition, a personal pride and self-restraining dignity and an ideological and practical belief in realism (which springs from a love of Nature and an antipathy to perversions of all kinds), these three attitudes are the prime target of all cultural subversion.

Thus Western art, from the early days of Teutonic and Keltic romance, through the high cultures of ancient Greece and Rome, the flamboyant beauty of the Middle Ages, the refinement of the Renaissance, right down to the beginning of this century, was undeniably one of respect for tradition, of realism and love of the natural, and of the dignity of Man.

Today, doctors have great success in curing acute cases of bursitis with deep x-ray therapy or with injections of novocaine, which are flushed into the shoulder bursa and then drained, taking the soft calcium with them.

Cortisone, also, has produced dramatic cures. Doctors have reported cases such as a woman who had suffered four agonizing years with bursitis and attained complete relief in one day, thanks to cortisone. But, as in the case of arthritis, doctors cautiously point out that the wonder hormone sometimes only brings relief and not a complete cure, particularly in cases of chronic bursitis.

Chronic bursitis, however, is in a class by itself. It is a disease striking specialists. For that reason, whole string sections of orchestras have been decimated when men who play instruments requiring bowing have succumbed to the ailment.

Activity Agravates Condition

Occupations have given their names to forms of bursitis, as "miner's elbow" and "housemaid's knee." Unfortunately, these people must continue at work which constantly aggravates inflamed bursae.

A standard cure of miner's elbow is to cut out the offending bursa, which has developed because of the special strain that the miner puts on his arm. But there is no guarantee that the bursa won't grow back once the miner returns to work. This is the reason why bursitis is chronic—but usually only for a special group of people.

In the world of sports, "glass arms" and "tennis elbows"—both forms of bursitis—are common. In the early days, tennis players were always cutting and chopping at the ball rather than working it as champions do today. Those early players developed tennis elbow much more frequently than we do now. In fact, some of them would quite proudly display a great lump of muscle which would develop on their forearms from the tense, strained way they played.

If you develop tennis elbow, study the game you are playing. Make sure that your strokes are smooth—that any tricky cuts or chops aren't putting an extra strain on your arm.

Naturally, you can't avoid an accidental blow on your arms, shoulders or legs. The acute bursitis which sometimes results, while painful, can be cured completely and quickly. On the other hand, you can avoid doing everyday tasks, such as ironing or driving a car, in awkward positions. You can always rest your arms, or use pillows to obtain a more comfortable position in the driver's seat. Whether you're rowing a boat or beating an egg, a relaxed kind of coordination will keep bursitis away.

Perverted and Distorted Art

In direct opposition to this European racial tradition, "modern" art forms — which today dominate the Western world—are consciously anti-traditional, they oppose any and every concept of human dignity, preferring always the perverted, imperfect, distorted and psychiatric forms to normal healthy forms, and consistently and studiously avoid and eschew all contact with realism.

Let us glance briefly at the various art and culture forms, to judge the truth of these charges, starting with painting.

Realism is absolutely forbidden in "modern" painting and so-called "abstract" art forms are regarded most highly. These lead the mind away from Nature, and in consequence away from the simple realities of race, heredity, eugenics and nationhood. The absurdities of modern "abstract" art are directly contrary to all the traditions of Western art forms over the last two millenia, which have always been realist and Nature-loving even to the extent of seeing God in every aspect of Nature.

Again, the terminology of contemporary art critics is consistently "psychoanalytic" Freudian, and art as a social or community function has been replaced by the idea of art as a reflection of the individual artist's mind—so that the abnormalities of the artist's mind become more highly valued than the normalities. Modern paintings and modern art no longer have any meaning for the community or the Nation, it is no longer any way a folk-product, nor even an aristocratic-product. It is merely a fantasy of the deluded—or at least it honors these fantasies more highly than it does more widely acceptable works.

Modern Art is a Fraud

The common man who revolts against these aesthetic perversions is ridiculed as being artistically ignorant and immature, while the educated man who revolts against them is regarded as being unimaginative and reactionary. Yet prizes have been awarded for "modern," "abstract" art comprising a few daubs of paint smeared on a canvas by an ape (this in Sweden), and prizes have been awarded for "depth of vision" in an "abstract" painting by a two-year-old, whose father submitted it as a hoax (this in California), and "abstract" works of art have even been hung upside down in art galleries, and admired by thousands, until an indignant artist pointed out the error, which he alone could recognize (this in London).

The whole apparatus of modern art "criticism" is a complete farce and a gigantic fraud perpetrated on the public. Only in architecture, where Nature still demands some recognition of reality (if only through the physical laws of engineering), do we find an art form which is relatively sane and "normal."

Whereas European art traditionally adopts a realistic approach to sculpture, modern sculpture of the Epstein variety has deliberately eschewed realism and in the process has succeeded in debasing and distorting the human form. In particular, this is true of the human face.

Modern sculpture opposes all tradition, destroys any sense of human dignity, and by evading realism and replacing the fine Nordic features of traditional Western sculpture with faceless, raceless caricatures of humanity at large it flies in the face of race-consciousness.

Who, looking upon an ancient Roman sculpture of Julius Caesar, or a Hellenic representation of Alexander the Great, cannot but be impressed by the fine race type which these personalities represent—indeed the very purpose of the sculptor has been to bring out the aristocratic caste of their features, and to convey the racial dignity which characterized their visage.

A love of Nature or Realism, is a love of Truth and traditional European art was rooted in the idea of the Good,

the True and the Beautiful and regarded these terms as virtually synonymous. But who, contemplating an Epstein monstrosity of the type chosen to ornament so many of our churches could deduce any message except that the face-less, race-less "unity" of mankind so beloved of Communist propaganda. Modern sculpture does not dare to be realistic, for realism in sculpture means the portrayal of race as an artistic ideal: and that is entirely antithetical to Communist ideology.

Music Now Jungle Rhythm

In music, the characteristic of European music has traditionally been melody, but today "tunes" are "out," and their place has been taken by jungle rhythms. While melody is an intellectual element in music, appealing to the higher senses, jungle rhythms, by their very sensuality, appeal more directly to primitive instincts in an undisguised form.

What young White teen-ager, engaged in the limbo, watusi, the frug or any of the other sensual jungle "dances" can retain any sense of personal pride or ethnic identity? The European form is inherently unsuited to this type of gyrating dance, and appears only absurd when engaged in them. Other races can master them with that natural grace with which Nature has endowed all species, when engaged in activities which harmonize with their heritage and genetic endowment. But not the European.

Literature Glorifies Evil

In fiction, the idea of a hero and a heroine, dignified, noble and ideal, is now extinct. Instead, "modern" literature seeks to stress the weaknesses and imperfections of individuals, to ridicule all that is noble and generous, to spread despair in the ultimate triumph of Good, to advocate the fullest indulgences of the senses as being the "broad" way of life, to excuse and justify crime, selfishness and perversion, to glorify indecency and fraud.

Clearly, a study of the state of Western culture reveals the onslaught against Nationalism. But how has this come about? Is it all part of an overall plan?

Until the last century, art has historically been subdivisible into two main streams: folk art, and that more refined "professional" art supported economically by the aristocracy of each successive age, and produced under the direction of that aristocracy. We may therefore use the terms, folk art and aristocratic art. The main difference between the two was that folk art was the more spontaneous and the simpler, while aristocratic art was more refined and was consciously based upon a careful study of historic art forms and accumulated art experience.

International "Art" Producers

But the infiltration of Fabian ideas into Western political concepts over the past seventy years resulted in the destruction of the old aristocracies of Europe, and in consequence the world of art lost its established patronage. The professional artist therefore became dependent upon the "art dealer," the "art promoter" and the "art critic" for his livelihood.

Meanwhile, the influence of mass entertainment and communications media, has obliterated spontaneous folk art, and as a result we have fallen under the control of international "art" producers—Hollywood being a classic example of culture control by an "art industry" comprising individuals who, as a group, reveal an unduly high proportion of active Communist sympathizers.

For those who would doubt that "subversion" in modern art is somehow or other associated with "liberal," socialist and even Communist-minded individuals, we can only ask them to compare the politics and art forms of individual artists and art "promoters." Even the most perfunctory study reveals the connection between leftist ideologies and "modern" art forms.