CONDITIONS OF USE FOR THIS PDF

The images contained within this PDF may be used for private study, scholarship, and research only. They may not be published in print, posted on the internet, or exhibited. They may not be donated, sold, or otherwise transferred to another individual or repository without the written permission of The Museum of Modern Art Archives.

When publication is intended, publication-quality images must be obtained from SCALA Group, the Museum's agent for licensing and distribution of images to outside publishers and researchers.

If you wish to quote any of this material in a publication, an application for permission to publish must be submitted to the MoMA Archives. This stipulation also applies to dissertations and theses. All references to materials should cite the archival collection and folder, and acknowledge "The Museum of Modern Art Archives, New York."

Whether publishing an image or quoting text, you are responsible for obtaining any consents or permissions which may be necessary in connection with any use of the archival materials, including, without limitation, any necessary authorizations from the copyright holder thereof or from any individual depicted therein.

In requesting and accepting this reproduction, you are agreeing to indemnify and hold harmless The Museum of Modern Art, its agents and employees against all claims, demands, costs and expenses incurred by copyright infringement or any other legal or regulatory cause of action arising from the use of this material.

NOTICE: WARNING CONCERNING COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

Ferus Gallery (Blum)

Walter Hopps came from nowhere, didn't really know the Arensburgs -- just visited there a couple of times as a teenagef/ He got interested in painting, and met Kienholz, and they decided to start a gallery. Kienholz would go to a used-car lot, and say, 'How much is that Buick?' He'd say he was intefested in buying it, and wanted to drive it around the block. Walter would be waiting, and they'd open the trunk and take out the spare tire and Kienholz would return the car. They got about seventy-five tires and sold them, and that's how they started the gallery. When I came along Kienholz was sick of it. He didn't want to be a dealer, he'd decided. I said I'd buy him out, how much did he want? He said give me five hundred, which I did.

"The key to Walter -- he sees every side of a question. You'd give him an envelope and say would you take that out and mail it, and he'd say OK. And then he'd start to think of all the things that might happen in the process, And that could take three days! It s kept him from doing a lot more than he might have.

"My interest coalesced around the harder line in painting. I hung around Leo in New York, and Dick Bellamy, and I understood right away what was going on with Pop. The three artists that interested me there were Roy and Andy and Oldenburg, but Oldenburg was a little too expressionistic for me so I took the other two. Then Virginia Dwan opened and took Oldenburg.

The first year Virginia opened her gallery I thought fine. The second year I got worried. The third year I thought I was done for. I thought I'd have to close the gallery. She had money, she could go to New York and buy the things -- I was just getting them on consignment. I was taking home maybe twenty-five dollars a week." (Note: Irving got a woman to back the gallery when he took over from Kienholz -- absorb the losses, which were large enough at the start). "The fourth year she quit and went to New York. In this business you just have to hang on by your teeth sometimes."

"All LA ever had going for it was a community of artists. And that's all it has today. They like it there. They go to the beach with their surf-boards. It's lotus land. I'll go back there to live after I'm through with all this, but never to work."

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

Virginia Dwan - 2/23/78

How she started. (She is, I'mx told, the sole heiress to the Minnesota Mining and Machinery fortune. Grew up in Minneapolis. Twice mattied). Her second husband was going to medical school at UCLA. She was bored with nothing to do. So decided to open a gallery of modern art. Took a store in Westwood, close to Bel Air and not impossibly far from Malibu where they lived. Later had a larger one built nearby. Opened ~~1950x~~ 1959.

At first she showed second generation abstractx expressionists. Also Ad Reinhardt. Went on to Larry Rivers. Then the nouveau realistes--Arman, Raysse, Klein, Tinguely, Niki de Saint-Phalle. It was never a Pop gallery like Ferus however.

Made arrangement with Leo early, on straight commission basis. Leo doled out his artists on more or less evenx terms betweenx her and Irving Blum. She got Rauschenberg, and showed himf first in 1961. Show came almost entirely from Leo's last, and everything went back unsold. She kept First Landing Jump and tried for a year to sell it without success. Even if people were interested, they wanted to buy direct from Leo. Bob came out for the show with Cunningham companyx on tour, in microbus. Bob and Steve stayed at her house in Malibu, and he made several things there.

Virginia left gallery in John Weber's hands and came to NY in 1964, to see if that was the place to be. Lived in the Village. In 1965 she opened a gallery here, and kept the LA one too until 1967 (then closed LA).

Bob Smithson got her into environmental art. Smithhson and deMaria were invited to submit ideas to planners for Dallas-Fort Worth Airport, and both got very interestedx in the possibilities (before, had been Minimalists). A lot of other artists were talked to also. Smithson's and de Maria's ideas were not accepted. But Bob was really interested by then, and he went off to New Jersey (with Virginia) and made first non-sites. They were all amazed to discover, soon afterward, that Michael Heizer had been doing his things out in the desert,

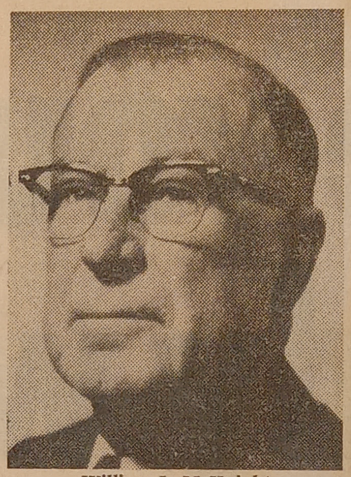
FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

William L. McKnight, Who Built A Sandpaper Company Into 3M

MIAMI BEACH, Fla., March 4 (AP)—William L. McKnight, who went to work in 1907 as a bookkeeper making $11.50 a week and became chairman of the board of the 3M Company, died today at his home here. He was 90 years old.

He had retired as chairman of the board of 3M in 1966, but had continued to serve on the board and received the title of director emeritus in 1973.



William L. McKnight

From the Prairie to Millions

By JUDITH CUMMINGS

William L. McKnight, who left a prairie farm at 18 to seek a bookkeeping career, took a job at a small sandpaper-making concern in St. Paul and turned it into a worldwide company whose best-known product, Scotch-brand tape, became a household word.

Mr. McKnight, a multimillionaire industrialist and philanthropist, also emerged during the 1950's as a horse-racing entrepreneur whose Tartan Stables produced the thoroughbred, Dr. Fager, the headline-maker of a decade past.

Mr. McKnight devoted 59 years to transforming the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company—3M—from a troubled and debt-ridden concern into a diversified corporation that had sales of nearly $4 billion in 1977. For 37 years, until he retired in 1966, he held just two posts at the company, president and chairman.

He was an advocate of industrial research and development. In 1916, he directed that $500 be spent to set up a company laboratory that was used to work out product-quality problems and helped the company grow to preeminence in the abrasive industry.

Product Lines

Under his leadership, the company also made strong moves into diversification that took it from sandpaper into 45 product lines, including medical products and office-information systems.

William Lester McKnight was born in 1887 in a sod hut on the South Dakota homestead of his parents, Joseph and Cordelia McKnight, and worked on the farm until he had accumulated the $65 tuition money toward his vague goal, becoming a bookkeeper.

The Duluth Business University, however, held his attention for only a few months before he landed an $11.55-a-week job as an assistant bookkeeper at Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, which had been established five years earlier.

Guiding the company from just before World War I into the middle 1960's, Mr. McKnight, along the way, became a multimillionaire stockholder. In 1963, he held 2,738,082 shares valued at about $167 million, which was more of 3M than, for example, Henry Ford 2d—with about $77 million worth—owned of Ford Motor Company.

During the 1950's, Mr. McKnight took an avid interest in horse racing. From a beginning with the Tartan Stables, he expanded his interests to include the chairmanship of Miami's Calder Race Course and Tropical Park. As part of a syndicate that he headed with John Galbreath, in 1972 he purchased Hialeah Park, with its 219 landscaped acres and flock of 600 flamingoes. The syndicate sold the franchise for the park two years later when Gulfstream broke Hialeah's exclusive hold on midwinter racing dates and the park's betting handle dropped sharply.

In 1953, Mr. McKnight and his wife, the former Maude L. Gage, established the McKnight Foundation, devoted to social-service causes. After her death in 1973, he married the former Evelyn M. Franks.

Subseqently he became a backer of a number of Broadway shows, some of the most notable of which were "Hello, Dolly," "The Music Man," Auntie Mame," "How to Succeed in Business iWthout Really Trying," and "Barefoot in the Park."

At one time he owned the Martin Beck and St. James Theaters in New York, the Colonial in Boston, and the Shubert in Philadelphia.

In addition to his wife, Mr. McKnight leaves a daughter, Virginia Binger of Minneapolis, three grandchildrn and four great-grandchildren.

Services will be at 11 A.M. Wednesday at the House of Hope Presbyterian Church in St. Paul. Burial will be private.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

Frederica Hunter 4/16/76 lunch (Ninfa's)

Houston is not going to save the art world as some people thought. Only two real buyers of contemporar y here - deMenil and Serafin. "Of course decorator pictures have always sold very well."

F. grew up in Galveston, where her father has printing business. Went to Wellesley - art history - but left to come and study with deMenil at St.Thomas (before that, the de Menils had been very active with MFA, arranging shows for of Magritte, Miro etc., but pulled out because they wanted more control).

F. had worked two years with Dick Feigen in NY before coming back to go into partnership with two friends in mid-1960s, with idea mainly of capitalizing on print sales. Nobody in Houston would pay $100 for a Rauschenberg, as it turned out, so her partners quit and she took over. No backer, altho Dominique has bought steadily from her. She says the de Menils were not accepted here for quite a while -- too French, too liberal, too strong-minded.

In Houston buying art is still suspect. If a painting has pink in it they know you're a queer.

Sweeney also antagonized many.

F. started with west coast artists: Bengston, Ruscha, Bell. Added New York people. Now has one Texan.

Architects are all coming to Houston to work, but not artists.

The city gives no money to the arts, altho there was $1 million surplus in the bidget last year.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

Robert Irwin's Whitney Project – Retrospects and Prospects

Lawrence Weschler

LAICA* Journal, July-August 1977

A real problem with writing about Robert Irwin's recent retrospective project at the Whitney Museum in New York is that you had to be there. Perhaps the central concern of the show was *presence* — temporal, spatial — so that any descriptive report on the installation and intention of the project of necessity betrays its essential nature. That which in its most fundamental essence was *here-now* in the reporting undergoes the inevitable fall into the *there-then*. By even descending into the past tense (and as I write, the installation no longer exists: the vast empty room on the fourth floor is freshly stocked with the magnificent Diebenkorn traveling exhibition), I find myself caught up in a syntactical contradiction. And indeed, this was the very contradiction of the show itself: for how do you stage a retrospective of an artist none of whose principal work over the past seven years still exists? The answer, of course, is that you don't. Although the Whitney Museum had been offering him a retrospective opportunity for some years, Irwin (who evinces a near-maniacal indifference to his past work) deferred until it became possible to transform the usual ritual of historical documentation into a fresh opportunity for aesthetic praxis.

As the elevator doors eased open onto the vast, empty room on the fourth floor of the Whitney, you were immediately in the thick of it, the thin of it. For a fragile moment, all expectations were suspended and the world itself seeped in. Already as you walked out of the elevator, you were triangulating, calibrating, trying to take a fix, to mend the tear in the fabric of your mundane anticipations. But even as you were doing so, you were newly aware of the way in which that's something you do all the time. Nor was the room all that easy to put back together again: the optics were slightly skewed, such that just as you began to figure out how the effect had been achieved, your computations were melting in the uncanny undertow of immediate perceptions. The only light was the natural light of day streaming in from that large, peculiar window over to the side and unfurling into darkness all along the length of the hauntingly sheer scrim piece which bisected the room longitudinally, suspended from the ceiling down to eye level. Also at eye level, a thin black line skirted the walls of the room, describing a huge rectangle and then flashing out along the base of the bisecting scrim. The pearlescent scrim piece was by turns utterly transparent and then pristinely opaque, both at the same time but then neither at once. As you walked around the space, under the scrim, into the corners, along the walls, the room itself seemed to sit up and hum. Things that had always been there, the even modular hive of the ceiling, the dark rectangular grid of the floor, you noticed as if for the first time. There was a sense of great excitement in all of this, but at the same time an evenness, a lightness, almost a serenity.

And yet, some people didn't seem to get it at all. The elevator doors slid open: they peered out, stepped back in, pushed the button, and were gone. "When people walk into a gallery where I'm doing some of the pieces I've been doing recently," Irwin commented a few months ago, "a lot of people just say, 'Oh, it's an empty room.' The question then, of course, is, empty of what? What they do is come into this room with expectations and deal with whatever it is that the room is supposed to be occupied by. What they are indicating by saying that it's an empty room is that all the things going on in that room, all that physicality in that room, somehow does not exist for them. Actually the room is not empty at all. On any kind of perceptual level, it's very complex. It's loaded with shapes, edges, corners, shadows, surfaces, textual changes . . . . What I'm really trying to do with these things is draw your attention to, my attention to, looking at and seeing all of those things that have been going on all along but which previously have been too incidental or too meaningless to really seriously enter into our whole visual structure, our picture of the world."

As has been the case with much of Irwin's recent work, there has been an unfortunate tendency among critics to misread this empty room as either a nihilistic dadaist gesture or a whimsical conceptual stunt. In his heavy-handed review in the *Times,* (New York Times, Sunday May 8, 1977), for example, Hilton Kramer blasted the Irwin show as "a repudiation of art and life." In fact, that empty hall constitutes merely one more way station in a rigorous empirical investigation into the nature of perception itself; and far from arising out of despair for the possibility of art, Irwin's work is a vibrant celebration of the aesthetic richness of the everyday life world.

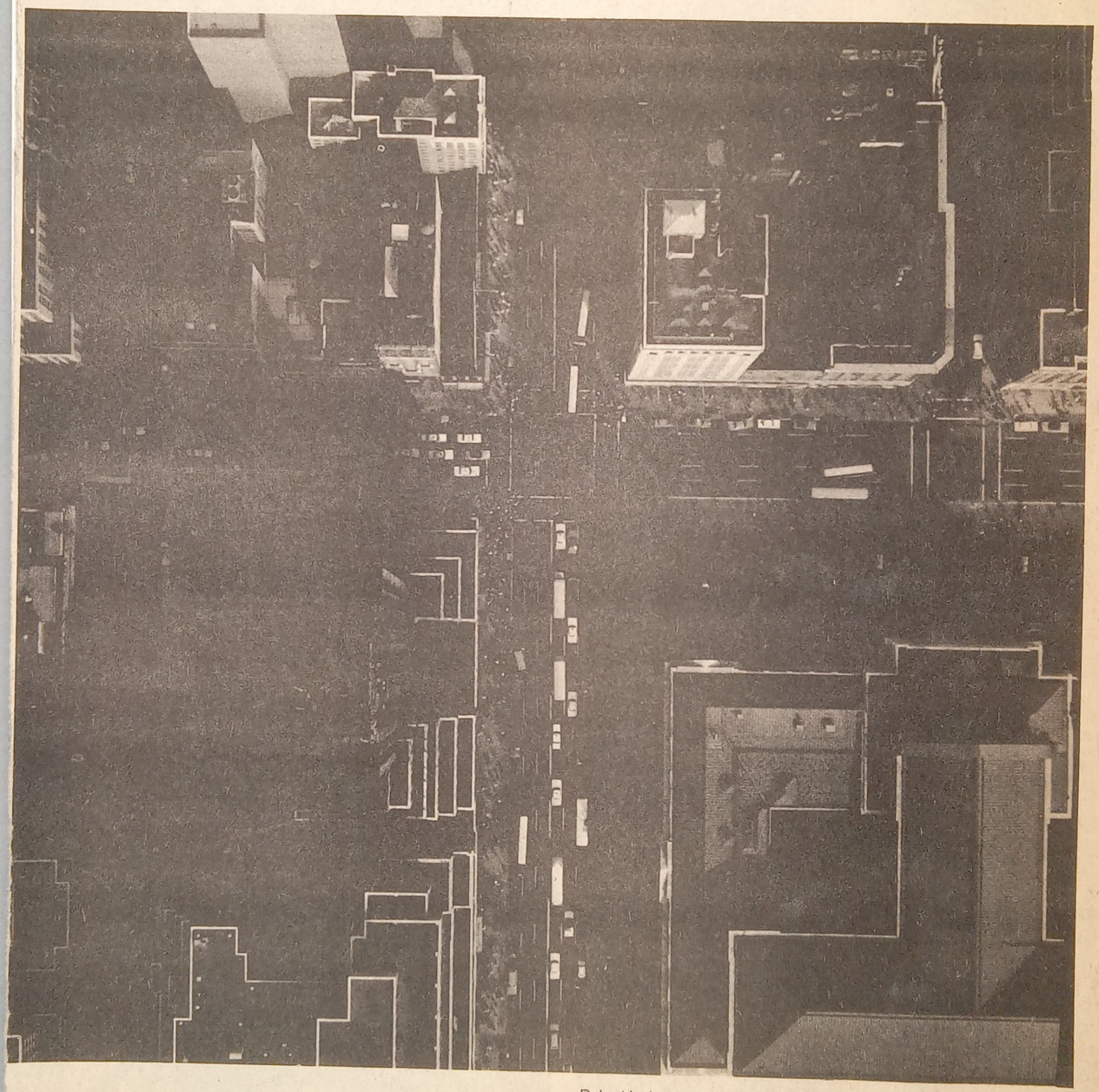
*

"That fourth floor room" Bob said to me one afternoon while he was taking a break from installing it, "that room for me is six years ago." Nevertheless, most of the New York critics who weren't misreading the room as a nihilistic affront were mistaking it for the main effort of the project (in a few cases, they restricted their reviews entirely to an analysis of the room). In fact, the room was intended to serve merely as one intermediate stage in a progression of aesthetic discovery. Irwin's true aspirations for the Whitney project were laid out in one tight

* Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

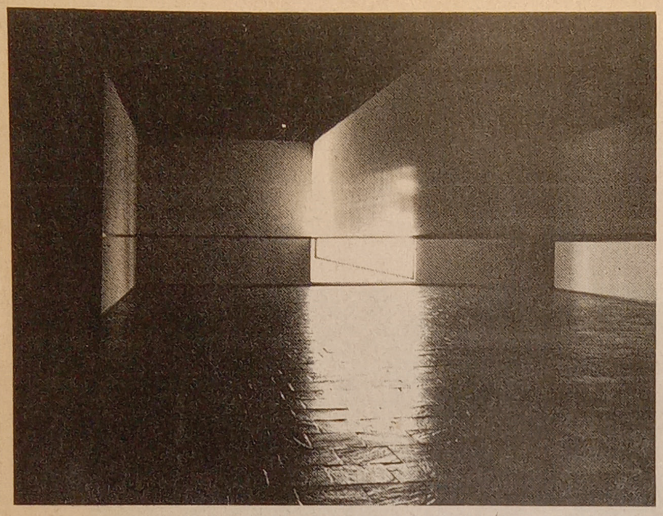
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28



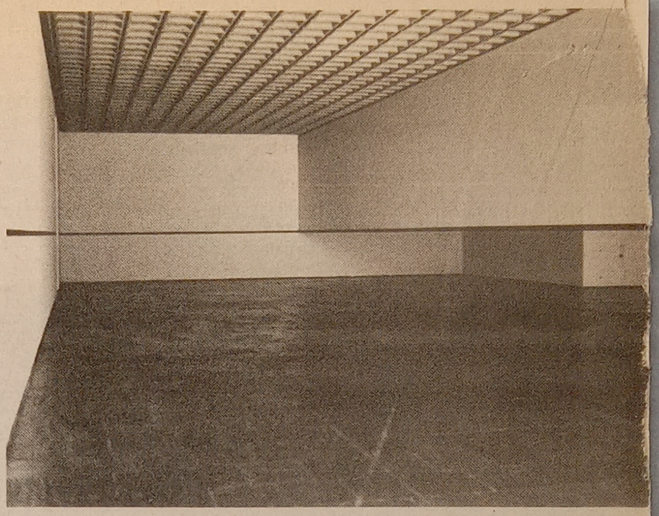
Robert Irwin: *Black Plane, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City,* 1977

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

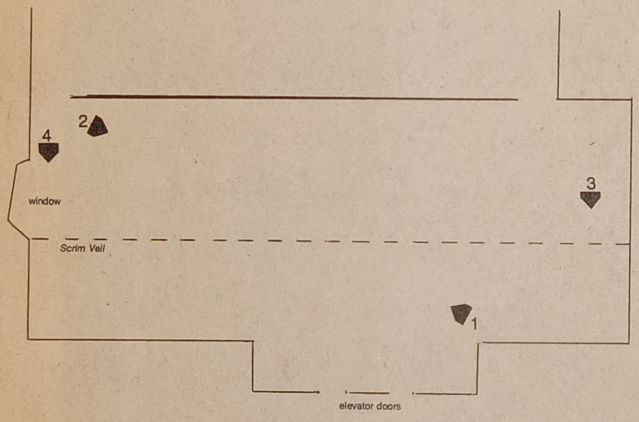
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



Viewpoint 1



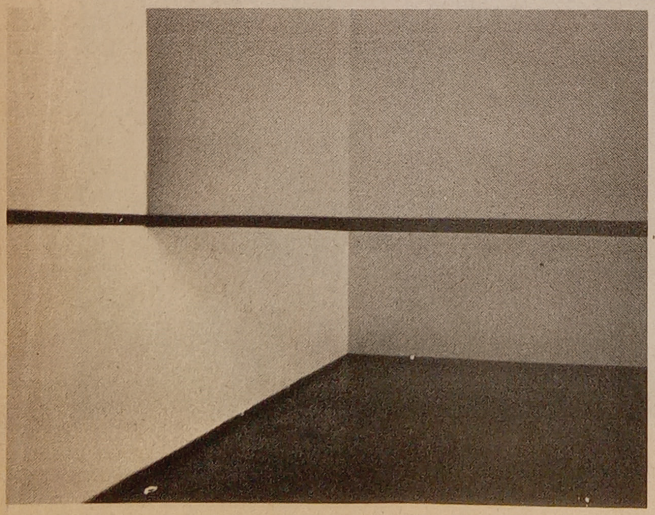
Viewpoint 2



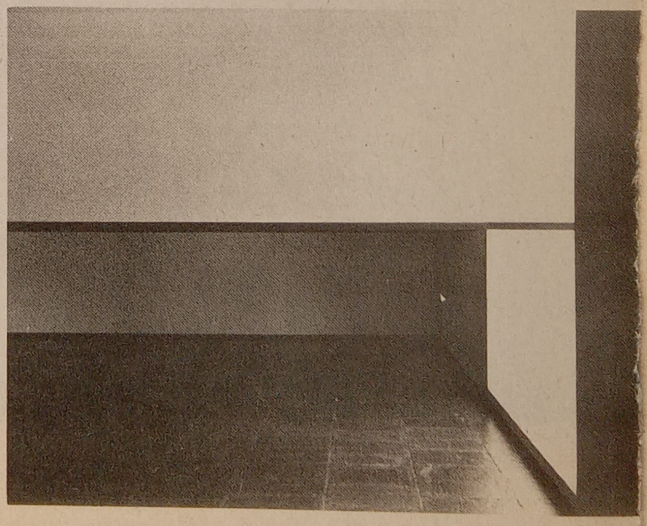
Floor plan

Robert Irwin: *Scrim Veil – Black Rectangle – Natural Light* at the Whitney Museum of American Art. Photograph by Richard Marshall, courtesy Whitney Museum.

Viewpoint 3



Viewpoint 4



FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

paragraph which he placed innocuously on the wall of the ground floor opposite the elevator (most visitors only noticed it, if at all, on their way out):

> New York Projections, this Whitney Museum project, is intended to act out (in on-site installations), illustrate (in aerial photographs of New York), and develop the argumentation (in the catalog essay) for perception as the essential subject of art. Assuming that context is not only the bond of knowledge, but the basis of perception/conception, this exhibition has been developed contextually. By holding the most essential contextual thread (those elements taken from perception and used in "art," *i.e.* line, shape, and color, etc.) and removing in turn each of the additional contextual threads (imagery, permanence, method, painting, sculpture, etc.) which have come to be thought of as usual in the recognition of what is art, we arrive at the essential subject of art. In effect, this is accomplished by a principal change in the relationship of the indicator (object of art) and what is indicated (subject of art), from their acting as one in the art object to their being one in the aesthetic perception of the individual observer.

The process of removing in turn each of the inessential contextual threads describes not only the premise of the Whitney show but indeed the course of the lifework which has led up to it. The retrospective part of the Whitney show — the historical survey of Irwin's work arrayed in the side rooms off the main hall — not only grounded that trajectory of which the large room is an intermediate phase, but also demonstrated the way in which that trajectory, that driving curiosity, has been the unifying theme throughout Irwin's artistic career. Therefore, to understand the Whitney project is first of all to understand the creative decisions which have inexorably led up to it.

Robert Irwin was born in Long Beach in 1928 and enjoyed a happy youth, though one which engendered a feisty self-reliance and a taste for solitude. He was "plagued," as he later characterized it, with natural ability, an easy facility in drawing which allowed him to skim effortlessly through art school without ever having to confront any serious questions. Indeed, he didn't face any serious questions until some years later, when, just before the opening of the first significant show of his work at the Felix Landau Gallery (1957), he was thrunderstruck with dissatisfaction at what he had been producing. His education, he insists, began then. During the mid and late fifties, he gravitated toward the Ferus group, that cocky assemblage of L.A. artists including Billy Al Bengston, Ed Moses, John Altoon, Craig Kauffman, and others, and it was through them that Irwin was first exposed to the work of New York's abstract expressionists. In the late fifties, Irwin produced his own large, richly impastoed abstract canvases.

But he was already bothered by the arbitrary, undisciplined character of his endeavor. "In those days," he recalls, "you just got yourself in a good Zen mood and emoted. But six months after the 'emotion' of my involvement with those paintings, much of what I had done just didn't seem necessary." In early attempts to tackle the problem, he contracted the canvas and simplified the marks, attempting to exercise greater control over a more circumscribed space and theme. It gradually became apparent, however, that his real conflict was with the tendency of *any* abstract design to read as image; what he was after, on the other hand, was pure physicality.

During the sixties, therefore, Irwin systematically dismantled the activity of painting through a series of progressive questionings — or, more properly phrased, bringings-into-question — at each stage stripping away the inessential elements of the art act while simultaneously opening up his perceptions to a whole range of experience which had previously been excluded. "Is it possible to paint a painting without image?" he wondered in 1960, and over the next three years he endeavored to do just that. During a period of intense activity — holed up in his studio for fifteen-hour days, seven days a week, for months on end — he produced ten canvases, the late line paintings, each with two straight lines handsplayed over a monotone, ground into which they virtually disappeared. Although the lines' placement had been carefully calibrated for the most neutral effect, each canvas still read as "a painting of two lines," and Irwin next wondered, "Is it possible to paint a painting without linear mark?" The result in 1964 and '65, were the dot paintings — ten large, slightly bowed, white canvases overspread entirely by a fine peppering of dots in two opposing colors. The dots seemed to cancel each other out, halating around the edges; the paintings vibrated with an uncanny energy. But although these paintings had successfully resolved the question they had addressed, Irwin felt they were compromised by the frame itself, the rectangle which arbitrarily bound them and likewise bound out the varied world of phenomena around them. "Is it possible to paint a painting without a frame?" Irwin now mused, and the resultant investigations produced the remarkable disc paintings (1966-69). A convex white disc thrust out a few feet from the wall, hovering, and when Irwin played floodlights on it from each of the four corners, projecting a four-leaf clover of shadows onto the white wall behind, it was extremely difficult to discern where the grey-white disc left off and the mothy shadows began. The shield itself read alternately as flat, bulging, or collapsed, and even from virtual profile, the truth was elusive. The entire space seemed to float. While these discs had effectively eliminated the frame from the art object, they still required an attitude of focus; they still demanded of the viewer a heightened level of attention aimed at one area of the room. Irwin, meanwhile, had become fascinated with everything else that was already going on in the room anyway.

Irwin's commitment was slowly shifting to the pure activity of inquiry. Beginning with his participation in the L.A. County Museum's "Art and Technology" project (1968-1971), he entered into intense collaboration with experimental psychologists and aerospace engineers

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

(especially Ed Wortz of the Garrett Corporation), exploring the perceptual possibilities of anechoic chambers (pitch-black, sound-deadened rooms) and Ganz fields (global visual fields of one color). Like an alchemist of perception, he spent months in his studio, manufacturing objects which he then showed no one, painstakingly honing his sensibility. He began spending days in the Southwest desert engaged in solitary investigations with no specific object (let alone object-making) in mind. In 1970, he quietly transformed a temporarily empty room at the Museum of Modern Art into a space of heightened presence: no name credit was given, there was no plaque upon the wall, and the piece went virtually unnoticed.

Irwin returned to Los Angeles, to the studios where he had been attempting to conjure up objects which somehow tagged incidental phenomena without drawing attention to themselves, and thereupon reached a crucial decision. He realized that his art activity had now taken him into a realm of fundamental contradiction, and that as his next step he would have to abandon the studio itself, along with all the paraphernalia and ambitions of the practicing artist, "not as an answer, but simply as a way of following the character of my questions." Which he thereupon did: he simply ceased creating marketable, transportable objects. Instead he proclaimed that he would now be available to go anywhere, anytime, *in response,* to engage in dialog on the subject of art and perception. He was asking no fee, but for months no one took him up on it; in the meantime, he continued his investigations (which now, for the first time, included reading of traditional philosophy). But gradually invitations trickled in from museums, universities, and other institutions, and he was soon on the road — as he remained, more or less continuously, for the next six years. Often as part of the dialog, Irwin would select a given space, and through subtle transformations — painting the walls, retuning the lights, blocking off the corners, suspending semitransparent scrim, stretching black tape across the floor or thin string through the air — highlight the specific quality of that unique space. The installations were all temporary: none of his work of the past six years still exists today. But even this compromise proved inadequate, because in effect, all that had happened is an expansion of the frame — from the canvas to the entire room, or even the entire museum — without a truly fundamental bracketing of the posture of focus or frame itself.

In his most recent work, therefore, in Forth Worth and now in New York, Irwin used his museum pieces as energizers, catalysts which provocatively raised questions which were then aimed at the surrounding world into which the major work had broken out. Seen in this light, the large empty room at the Whitney, far from claiming center stage in Irwin's project, almost seemed to cancel itself out in the transcending movement of the aesthetic trajectory. Lovely as it was, Irwin's Whitney installation was primarily intended to function as a catalyst, and a catalyst in two ways, one thematic and the other attitudinal. The great floating rectangle and the way it in turn brought out the modulation of the ceiling and the reticulation of the floor established the predominant theme of the *grid;* and just as many museum visitors experienced, as if for the first time, the hegemony of right angles within the room, so they were now invited to translate this reclaimed vision out into a city where the grid of clean horizontals and verticals is so pervasive as to have become almost invisible. Beyond that, the room seduced the sympathetic observer into a certain attitude of perception, a posture of heightened attention, and this heightened vision was in turn also available for transposition into the world. Walking out of the museum onto Madison Avenue, Sotheby-Parke-Bernet diagonally across the street just looked different than it ever had before: both it and the look had been reclaimed.

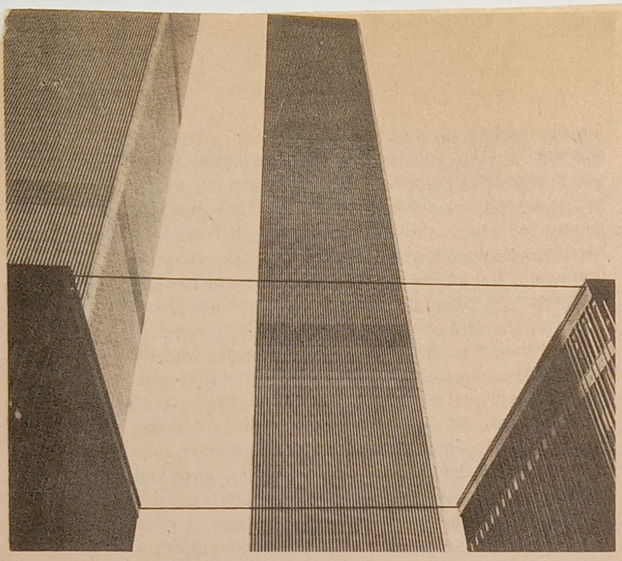
This movement outside was not just implicit, however; Irwin himself led the way with two on-site installations and a sequence of highly suggestive aerial photographs of Manhattan Island. Once again, the two on-site installations were not so much interesting in themselves as they are as penultimate steps in a line of aesthetic argumentation. This fact is made especially clear in the sequence of unfolding images in the catalog to the show. The photograph of Irwin's "Black Plane — Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street" (Irwin spread black paint over the entire square defined by the crosswalks at that intersection) is immediately followed by an extraordinary helicopter photo entitled "Black Planes — Shadows, Park Avenue and Forty-Second Street" (Irwin spread black paint over the entire square defined by the crosswalks at that intersection) is immediately followed by an extraordinary helicopter photo entitled "Black Planes — Shadows, Park Avenue" (in which Park Avenue is revealed as a succession of black building-shadows interslit by thin strips of canyon-light). The photograph of the "Line Rectangle — World Trade Center" (a ground view looking up at Irwin's rope rectangle defining the space between two buildings and the sleek skyscraper bracketed beyond them) was in turn followed by an aerial photograph of "Rectangle — Mercury Vapor Lamps, Central Park" (an image of the vast luminous rectangle of street lamps bordering the park at night). It was difficult to spend too much time considering Irwin's two on-site installations. They were metastable, instantaneous pieces. If you understood them, you were already being thrust beyond them. It was as if Irwin were saying, "I can paint this square here at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, and doing so creates a remarkable perceptual space, but why bother? There are hundreds of shadow-squares just as remarkable all up and down the block. The point is to attend to *them.*"

*

All along his career, through a series of successive bracketings, Irwin has therefore called into question each of the usual requirements expected of the art act: illusion, image, linear mark, frame, focus . . . . During the

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



Robert Irwin: Line Rectangle, World Trade Center, New York City.

late sixties he jettisoned the requirements of permanence and in some cases signature, and by the mid-seventies he was gradually abandoning even the prerequisite of making. As his contribution to the 1976 Venice Biennale, Irwin merely outlined, with a piece of string, the dapple of tree-filtered light on a patch of ground; at that point, he still felt he needed the piece of string, not so much because he needed to leave a trace of himself as because he needed to mark that particular corner of ground as in some sense a heightened field. But many people mistook the string itself for the art act ("When I point my finger at the moon, don't mistake my finger for the moon" is a Zen aphorism which Irwin is fond of citing); and in most recent activity, Irwin no longer requires even that minmal evidence of making. "That the light strikes a certain wall at a particular time of day in a particular way, and it's beautiful," Irwin recently commented, "that, as far as I'm concerned, now fits all of my criteria for art." At the terminus of Irwin's trajectory, when all the inessentials have been stripped away, comes the core assertion that aesthetic perception itself is the pure subject of art. Art exists not in objects but in a way of seeing.

To many critics, including Hilton Kramer, Irwin's career has been characterized by a progressive squandering of value, and they look upon his current position as a desolate impasse, an irretrievable loss. Irwin answers these critics most forcefully in his seminal catalog essay for the Whitney show (the last quarter of which is reprinted in this issue of the LAICA *Journal*). The middle portion of the essay, far and away the most difficult, comprises "Notes Toward a Model of the Process of Compounded Abstraction." Through the model, Irwin attempts to recapitulate the stages by which the phenomenal world is initially appropriated by individual human beings and then schematized through their social interactions. He traces a sixfold progression from immediate perception through conception, form, formful, formal, to formalized. Although the theory is far too complex to summarize here, one feature stands out. In exploring the movement from an immediate perception of chaotic sensations through their conception and formation, for example, as this palisade at sunset, and then finally up to their formalized characterization as this palisade at 8:42 p.m., Irwin sees a complete representation of the whole at every stage. He further argues, invoking Wortz's law, that "Each new whole is *less* than the sum of its parts," that what is perhaps gained in practical efficiency is lost in real information. It is precisely because Irwin insists that each progressive abstraction from perception to formalized truth implies a loss rather than a gain, that he sees his own progressive deletions of the formalized requirements of the art object as a gain rather than a loss.

But clearly this is a gain of a most peculiar sort, and for many in the art establishment, Irwin's protestations of optimism seem Pyrrhic indeed. Although Irwin insists that his activity need not in any way jeopardize the activities of other artists, that there is room in the art world for infinite approaches (just so long as each artist clearly specifies his intentions and these intentions don't bleed into one another), his benign equanimity is fraught with irony (an irony which, of course, he would deny). Within movements of such protestations of innocuousness, he can just as easily be speaking in the most incendiary of terms:

> What we're really talking about is changing the whole visual structure of how you look at the world. Because now when I walk down the street, I no longer, at least to the same degree, bring the world into focus in the same way. My whole visual structure is changed by the fact that I'm now using an entirely different process of going at it. So the implications of that kind of art are very rash — I mean, in time they have the ability to change every single thing in the culture itself. Because all of our systems — social systems, political systems, all our institutions — are simply reasonable reflections of how our mind organizes. So we're talking about a different mental organization, which ultimately, in time, has to result in different social, political, and cultural organizations — because they're really the same thing.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

And although such fantasies of perceptual revolution may seem a bit highstrung, they do in any case indicate the chasm which has opened between Irwin and those who still champion the established art system. Whatever the future holds for the progress of Irwin's aesthetic inquiries, his tenure in the conventional art establishment is in some jeapordy. The fact is the present museum and gallery apparatus can no longer accommodate the positions to which Irwin's investigations have led him. And Irwin is the first to sense this. I asked him one afternoon why he had gone to so much trouble in preparing for the Whitney show, and, smiling, he replied, "That New York show in one sense provided me the opportunity to mark an X at the point where I jumped off."

But Irwin's leap, if indeed that is what has occurred, represents not so much the suicide of his art as the consolidation of his activities. For several years, Irwin has wrestled with the contradictions implicit in attempting to question the premises of the dominant art establishment from within the institutional framework of that very establishment. For the time being anyway, he has decided to leap clear of that dilemma by concentrating all of his energies of the pure activity of inquiry. In the last section of his catalog essay, Irwin suggests that "each discipline (maintains) a porous membrane at the edge of its body of knowledge," that this membrane is made up of those individuals engaged in pure inquiry into the roots of their discipline and its perception of the world, and that the inquirer-extenders in each of these disciplines engage in a "dialog of immanence" among each other. The frontier issues in each of the disciplines overlap.

Although drawn to work in fields as diverse as perceptual psychology, ethnomethodology, and theoretical physics, Irwin has been focusing much of his current energies on contemporary work in philosophy, especially the work of the phenomenologists, including Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Alfred Schütz, and Edmund Husserl. (He first became intrigued with the work of Husserl, the founder of phenomenology, after hearing an anecdote which Beauvoir tells of Sartre. One evening in the early thirties, it seems, after his graduation from the Sorbonne, Sartre was at a cocktail party conversing with a friend who had just returned from Berlin. The friend, pointing to the glass of apricot brandy which Sartre had just procured, volunteered, "You see, my dear fellow, if you were a phenomenologist, you could talk about this cocktail and make philosophy out of it!" Sarte was soon on his way to Germany.) Indeed, in many ways, throughout his career, Irwin has been a phenomenologist *naif* (or, as he sometimes calls himself, "a rustic"). Philosophy students sit in their cubicles trying terribly hard to concentrate on an abstract phenomenological reduction which amazingly, in his stubborn empirical fashion, Irwin has simply lived. It is therefore not that surprising when Irwin comments that he is visited, in his current readings, by a repeated sense of deja vu. (Meanwhile, as his readings continue, another giant figure would seen to be looming over the horizon. As one rapt visitor to the Whitney show exclaimed, "This place is crawling with Wittgenstein.")

How long Irwin will maintain this reclusive period of inquiry and exactly what form his activity will now take are very open questions. Indeed, one afternoon, a few weeks ago, he commented, "I carried that trajectory just about as far as you can take it, I mean, virtually all the way down to point zero, but it's not a one-way street. In bracketing out each of those requirements, I wasn't rejecting them, just isolating them so as better to consider what it was I was doing. There's no reason why I can't reintroduce them later on. But I would be bringing them back in a different way, as intended and considered acts." He broke into an impish laugh, "Boy, that would sure confuse 'em to have me painting again!"

No matter what form his activity does take, it is clear that Irwin, even in abstentia, will continue to command a strong presence in the art community. ("If you're not banging your drum," Frederick Wight once predicted to him, "people will just come listen to the silence.") Various reviewers in New York referred to Irwin as a Southern California guru, generally inflecting the phrase with pejorative connotations. But that characterization is inadequate, even by way of neutral description. Irwin is not interested in garnering disciples to a systematic world view. The image of the Zen master is perhaps a bit closer to the mark, with his capacity for paradox and his insistence on the immediate. But even this is not quite the right model. Rather, Irwin's presence in the art community is Socratic. He is perception's gadfly, annoyingly prodding the taken-for-granted, relentlessly combing the ordinary and uncovering its hidden wonders. He disarmingly denies any special knowledge, except for his knowledge that he is still searching, and by the very scandal of his obstinate perplex, he upends the false certainties of others. He is a Master of Irony and a devotee of serious play. He has an extraordinary tolerance for ambiguity: he asks questions which seem by their very nature unanswerable, but he maintains his interest because the questions are legitimate and, anyway, are themselves probably more interesting than any answer they might summon. In short, he is an artist who one day got hooked on his own curiosity.

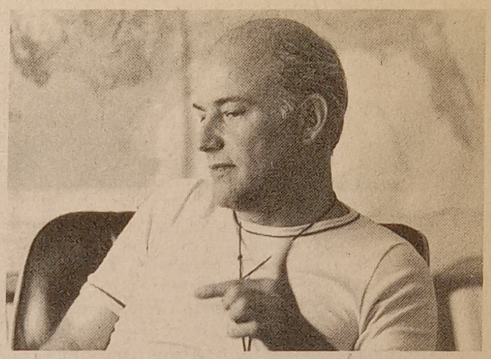
Lawrence Weschler works for the Oral History Program of the UCLA Library, where he edited the transcript of Frederick Wight's 1976 interview with Robert Irwin. Quotations in this article are drawn from that oral history and also from a series of supplemental interviews which Weschler himself conducted with the artist.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

"The Hypothesis is Simple . . ."

Robert Irwin



Robert Irwin at his home in Los Angeles. Photograph by Nancy Olexo, courtesy Oral History Program, UCLA.

The following pages constitute the last quarter of Robert Irwin's catalog essay for his recent retrospective project at the Whitney Museum of American Art (April 15-May 29, 1977). The core of the essay consisted of his "Notes toward a Model of The Process of Compounded Abstraction." Copies of the catalog are on sale at the LAICA bookstore.

The hypothesis is simple: that all ideas and values have their roots in experience, that they are further compounded in both subjective and objective form, that they can be held separate (isolated) at any point and developed directly on the grounds of function and use, but that they in fact remain *relative* to the condition of both our subjective and objective being.

How does fact as "formalized truth" deal logically with contradiction? The answer is awkwardly, if at all. (And in this way we have acquired the single most dangerous habit of civilization: change by crisis.) When the terestrial boundaries/axioms of our facts petrify into something uncontestable, the further character of our inquiry, experience, experiment, argumentation, and criticism begin and end with their established formalism, the grounds of which, in time, from a simple lack of scrutiny, become those invisible "hidden orthodoxies." For example: The requirement of frame to painting, of object to sculpture, *of these things to art.*

(It is quite easy to argue for the obvious usefulness, added efficiency and stability — in short, the successes of formalism. I need only point to the incredible accomplishments of the physical sciences and technology. However, the question of its efficacy with regard to human and social concerns is not clear. While employment of the hypothesis of social formalism, with its implicit or explicit contraction of the analysis of all human and social processes to their objective, behavioral manifestations, can be very revealing, this behaviorism has a tendency to reduce substantial human relations to formal and abstract relations. There is, for example, the tendency in psychology and sociology to gain not the sense of procedures but an explanatory system treating categories of thought and analysis as if they were real substance. Human beings living in and through structures become structures living in and through human beings. It can be argued that this idea of truth as represented in scientific method and historical behaviorism has in many ways become the new belief, orthodoxy, faith; that the principal change in the modern social revolution has been a transference of our faith in a supreme transcendent being to a belief in a supreme transcendent logic, which is essentially only a change in style.)

It can now be noted that the characterization "antithesis" used earlier in describing the movements of modern art indeed fits the facts. Modern art can be effectively thought of as a process moving in the opposite direction from that which our model described. This fact is culturally visible in the degree of its social obscurity; modern art has become estranged from the prevailing culture because its ambitions are radically opposed to it. Modern art challenges the overreaching objectivity of behaviorist formalism by insisting on the independent validity of subjective perceptions. The difficulty in recognizing the implications of this posture, even for art, is that the challenge is not simply external but is indeed a questioning for the justifications of the definition of form in art itself, beginning with the issues in modern art's confrontation with those formalized assumptions and practices of a single transcendent art logic, resident in objective pictorial thought (e.g., figuration, perspective, etc.) Modern art can be traced to the opposite end of that pendulum: what is central to the present art dialogue is the reestablishment of the role of the individual as the source, subjectively defining what is art. Articulated at its most extreme, the antithesis proposed by modern art verges on social spectrum of total chaos, with as many "arts" as there are individuals and moments in time. The actual state of affairs is somewhere in between, that while there is in fact no one overriding (general) agreement as to what is meant by the word "art," there is instead a series of separate and distinct agreements existing simultaneously, some overlapping and some in

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

seeming contradiction with one another, within which those participants have agreed to disagree by degrees.

As a community, can we live with such complexity? To what degree can we begin to deal with art forms which seem to lack even the formal, physical properties for assimilation by existing historical method, linguistic analysis, and objective measures for quality? What does the shape and character of our formal or institutional practice need to be in order to deal with the richness and chaos of such a humanism? Or must we again resolve all this diversity and contradiction to one "art"?

Without having to go into the real complexities of those growing individual distinctions, by way of approach and in line with our model, I think we can isolate four separate operative frames of reference, existing simultaneously, out of which art is being practiced and criticized today. It should be noted that none is more real than the others, therefore none is more true than the others:

1. "Art" is a posture of aesthetic inquiry, the perceptual/conceptual recognition, construction and ordering of individual reality. *Art as art.*

2. "Art" is a process of cultural innovation, the interdisciplinary articulation and argumentation by means of which new or novel ideas and forms achieve cultural validity. *The art of art.*

3. "Art" is a communicative interaction with social need, the fostering of those "meaningful" overlaps of form for social practice and function. *The art of social concern.*

4. "Art" is a compounded historical development. This historical process is the grounds for art as a sophisticated cultural discipline. *The art of civilization.*

While the model was not intended as a diagram of the process of social innovation, there are enough resonances for us to note that any discipline — physics, philosophy, art, etc. — is definable as a reciprocal system of development, capable of imploding toward the particulars of fact so as thereby to underwrite meaningful social practice, and equally capable of extending toward the recognition and inclusion of what it is that is not yet known. To be able to do the latter, each discipline must maintain a porous membrane at the edge of its body of knowledge.

Inquiry — innovation — practice — history —
history — practice — innovation — inquiry.

Porous to what? What is the unique reason of the discipline art? Why art? What is the *source* of becoming? And what is the essential *subject* of art? That the source of its becoming begins unique to the individual and arises in the setting of intentions (i.e., what it is he actively seeks or needs to know or do) is in fact without question. The thesis of factual relativity states that one cannot simply go out in the world and neutrally collect facts without a prior perceptual/conceptual framework, a point of view from which to impose order upon reality. There is interesting and persuasive clinical data as to the overwhelming power of our intention as the principal source in the forming of our reality. The real question is: how and to what extent do we ever really participate directly in the setting of our intentions? Or do we more simply choose between those cultural options presented to us?

The extender/inquirer in any primary discipline — physics, philosophy, art, dtc. — is the anomaly, in that while the movement of all the other intentions within that discipline is toward function and the collective whole, the movement of inquiry begins with the very question of intention as source (the unmediated wonder of the individual's ability to form a perceptual/conceptual reality), often suspending what is ordinarily accepted so as to summon the obscure questions of doubt and curiosity. Curiosity is a seemingly unique living force that often moves without established logic in directions away from or even contrary to logical courses of action. This doubt/curiosity is the porous membrane and is indeed the area of direct confrontation with the question of the generation of subsequent intentions. (Of course, the art of inquiry is unique to the intention/posture of the moment of inquiry. When the inquirer/artist exhibits the results of his activity, he has already crossed over and joined in the processes of innovation.)

This process of inquiry exists and operates at the precise edge of the body of knowledge that is the discipline/civilization and relates to the whole in what I would like to call the *dialogue of imminence.* The individual inquirer embodies an overlap of immediate presence and mediated civilization. The dialogue arises because certain connections or recognitions become potential in experience at certain moments in time and place; and it assumes the fact that if I can come to think something it is because it has become thinkable, and that if I can come to think it, it is not unreasonable to suppose someone else somewhere will be thinking it. Therefore the critical requirement for communication — community — is fulfilled *naturally* in the dialogue of imminence. All ideas of communication beyond this point are culturally compounded forms, communication-plus-intention, i.e., what it is we want or need to accomplish toward a collective goal.

The point is that the fundamental data base, the reality for every human endeavor, is experiential, shifting, dependent on non-objective factors, and thoroughly nonconcrete, so that any added distinctions, definitions or functions must account for the added character of its source, i.e., intention. Each abstracted assertion is only of value within the field of its properly intended deployment. The source of art is the intention art.

In seeking after the subject of art, we should first note that inquiry of its own definition has become the central task of the activity known as "modern art." (And wherever ideas or values are the concern, the activity of

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

definition can never be held external to the living process.) The name "art" originally applied to any acquired skill (the art of medicine, politics, cooking) and implied a distinct contrast between *making* and *nature.* In turn the word evolved to indicate the seven liberal arts (grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy) or the seven muses (history, poetry, comedy, tragedy, music, dancing, and astronomy). There later developed an increasingly common specialization of meaning to a group of skills not formally represented (i.e., painting, drawing, sculpture, and engraving) with the subsequent separation of artist and artisan through an insistence on the primacy of the artist's imaginative and creative purposes (as opposed to the artisan's manual craft and industry). It was here that the artist began to assume his special and precarious status as the *subjective individual.* By the separation of "art" and "liberal," in the gradual specialization of the scientist, art began to generate its own internal purposes, with the added development of art as "fine," "high," and "noble." The word "art" then became more closely aligned to those of culture and *aesthetics.* Increasingly the emphasis fell upon the subjective dimensions of the artist's vocation, his "artistic" temperament and sensibilities. Coming full circle, *nature,* now in the person of the *artist,* had become an immediate part of the definition of "art/artist." The word "artiste" now split off to denote activity more implicated in performance (the actor, singer, or dancer) and the term "art" now came to connote a more meditative act, moving away from performance as the critical aspect of the definition, and thereby indicating a distinct and added division in the purposes of labor. In this sense modern art and the modern artist have intentionally become increasingly specialized, indicating a general intention not to be determined by immediate criteria of exchange or use. *Making* and *nature* now threaten to dissolve, the one into the other, in the being of the artist, thereby imminently aligning the purpose and meaning of art with that of *aesthetics.* The emphasis in the definition for art now takes a distinct turn from the practical to the theoretical.

While the early Greek emphasis for aesthetics was on the material as perceivable by the senses, the word evolved to English by way of the later stress in German philosophy on the added dimensions of the immaterial or what can only be felt as the direct result of experience. This now immaterial sense activity is intimately tied to the subjective individual, and this conception of the individual to the distinction of what is art. As the social void has grown, there have of course been numerous objective attempts to represent (capture) the nature of this aesthetics in a more logically accessible way ("the science of the beautiful," "the philosophy of taste," "the theory of fine arts"). Plus this aesthetics has been rendered the villain in the division of art and society. The argument of much social thinking has tried to cast aesthetics as representative of elitist activity, confusing the word "elitist" with simple obscurity. But we have already accounted for this alienation as being neither incidental nor accidental (modern art has intentionally cast itself as antithesis) and noted that all new ideas, extensions of human potential and knowledge, begin socially obscure. Furthermore, we have discussed in detail through the model the actual relationships, responsibilities, and rules of correspondence for how our social structures are developed as a complementary whole.

In modern art the "marriage of fugure and ground" was a symbolic questioning of the relationships of the two modes of knowing — subjective and objective — that make up the "eternal paradox." The problem of that duality was the central issue in the development of nonobjective art and was resolved by the Abstract Expressionist insistence that "a painting is a painting." The trajectory in this art dialogue that began with the flattening of the classical value structure resulting in the crucial flattening of the illusionary space within the world of the canvas still remains to be played out into the real world in the marriage of object and space/place. The central issue in art now is the oneness of the subject/object of art. Nonobjective now translates non-object.

As art intermeshes with phenomenological aesthetics, it now confronts its root in the world. Aesthetics is an essence, a question the real extent of which we do not know but the nature of which is always present. This act (posture) of inquiry in any primary discipline — physics, philosophy, psychology, art — is the active extension of each discipline to consider in experience and reflection the nature of things in the world and specifically the nature of our being in it. *Being and circumstance.* (That which we can come to think about *is* substance or how else, why else would we be able to inclined to think about it? If we elect to acknowledge only that which we can cognitively or physically organize, then we limit our *active field of awareness* to be less than the subject.) As with modern art, disciplines as diverse as physics (quantum mechanics) and sociology (ethno-methodology) are now trying to account fully for the relativity of the observer/individual, the human element, represented in the unique perspective of the individual as the ultimate frame of reference.

Aesthetics is a particularly difficult concept: by implying so much, it would seem from any practical perspective to imply nothing. The word "aesthetics" begins and ends as an anomaly. The naming of aesthetics, not to mention the inquiry into its nature, is in itself a *logical* self-indulgence. At another level, however, aesthetics is the very science of *reason.*

Art as an aesthetic inquiry is a non-thing. Which is to say that, like time and space, it has no actual physical properties. Or infinite physical properties. There are in aesthetic experience potentially as many "arts" as there are encounters with its incidences in the world. In confusing the art/object of "art" with the subject of art, we objectively tried to hold to the idea of one transcending art. While there is no one transcending "Art," there is one infinite subject: The subject of art is aesthetic perception.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

Ren (Lawrence) Weschler
1307 15th St #6
Santa Monica
Ca 90404
(213) 395-9204

INTRODUCTION

"Yeah, I suppose it's around here somewhere," the voice over the telephone conceded grudgingly. I had called Ed Kienholz long distance at his home in Hope, Idaho, to make sure he had received my letter consolidating plans for the interview series which was to begin in a few days. "I don't pay much attention to that stuff. Oral history, huh? Well, okay, sure." The basis for a successful interviewer-interviewee relationship at that moment seemed gapingly elusive. Nevertheless, Kienholz proceeded to reel off the directions (fly to Spokane, rent a car, and drive into the Idaho north country) and things were looking up when, just as we were about to sign off, Kienholz interjected, "Oh, by the way, on your way to the airport, could you stop by Man Fook Low's and pick up a couple hundred dollars worth of teacakes, you know, as a kind of tribute?" I started laughing at his joke, but he interrupted gruffly, "No, I'm serious." I rang off in a state of weak-kneed confusion. "Two hundred dollars worth of teacakes? What in the...? How in the...? Is he serious?" During the next few days I replayed the conversation several times in my head, shaking it down for nuances, molding it back up for effect. Consulting opinions were sought and offered. Options were unfurled, entertained, abandoned. Kienholz is a legendary practical joker, and I'd been a bit nervous about that aspect of him from the day I got the assignment, and here, before I had even set foot in Hope,

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

I was hopelessly ensnared. Anything I did, it seemed to me, would be absurd. I decided to do nothing, act as if it had never happened: maybe he'd have forgotten.

A few days later, I arrived at the Spokane airport--with tape recorder, without teacakes--and, following Ed's firm instructions, dialed a downtown budget rent-a-car concern. Someone quickly arrived to gather me up and redeposit me at the small shedlike office. Papers were proffered, spaces were filled, and as he handed me the keys to the Pinto, the scrappy old manager asked me where I was headed. "Up to Hope, Idaho." "Oh," he grinned, "you're going up to Kienholz's place. Hell, you don't even need to steer this baby: she's been there so many times, she'll just glide there by herself." As I was driving off, a suspicion played across my mind that Kienholz probably owned the company.

The atmosphere was dazzlingly clear (especially by comparison with the stagnant brown of the Los Angeles I'd just left behind that morning) as I shot out of Spokane, breezing east on Interstate 90. Flat, golden farm country was giving way to rolling hillocks, and in the intermediate distance loomed the evergreen foothills of the Rockies. I gazed to the right and fancied I could make out the village of Fairfield, some twenty miles to the south, where Kienholz had been born forty-nine years earlier. Crossing the Idaho border, I was soon approaching the outskirts of Coeur D'Alene (pronounced Cortelan by the natives)

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

but now veered north onto United States 95. As the road sliced a clean line through evenly dense forestlands, road signs monitored the relentless approach of the Canadian border.

With about fifty miles to go to the ledge, the highway suddenly vaults out across a long, low bridge, the deep-blue Lake Pend Oreille on either side. (The lake is named for its earringlike shape, although you'd never surmise this listening to the natives speak of Penderey.) Motorboats trailing skiers race the cars along. On the other side, you slow a bit as you enter the lazy, somewhat hippiefied lumber and vacation town of Sandpoint. This, according to Kienholz over the phone, is the action of the region, such as it comes, but it seems decidedly laid back this August afternoon. Beyond Sandpoint, 95 continues on up to Canada, but I arch back onto State 200 which now skirts the northern shore of the lake, eventually bound, the road signs advise, back down toward Missoula (175 miles). Some twenty heavenly miles out of Sandpoint, I streak through the hamlet of Hope (I take it that was Hope) and gradually slow to prepare for the final approach. Here the directions get more complicated. A forested peninsula juts into the lake, but the highway sideswipes it. I, however, turn right onto a county road. Arteries become capillaries: pavement becomes gravel becomes dust. I arrive at an unanticipated fork and pull to an abrupt halt. The dust continues on by. The trip so far has taken about three hours, but the next half-mile threatens to require another. I am interrogating the Pinto

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

("Well, you're supposed to know your way around here: what do we do now?") when a barreling pickup truck surfaces in the rearview mirror and almost immediately has pulled to a stop by my side. The dust continues on, slowly revealing the bulk of a beefy, barechested mountain man, his round face framed in sunglasses and a full goatee: "You Weschler?" the familiar voice barks. "Yeah," I smile wanly. "Well, you better follow me."

In no time we pull up a gravelly incline into the Kienholz compound. Ed jumps out of his pickup, grabs a heavy sack and tells me to grab the one next to it (somewhere in here hands are shaken). "I figured that was you. Besides, I can recognize the car." The sacks are lugged over to the studio, an imposing cement-block structure, three stories high and not yet completed. The main house--we now walk the twenty-five yards back from the studio--is a vastly expanded log structure (it was originally a backwoods cabin; Kienholz tells me he bought it entire and trucked it down the mountain log by log, thereupon rebuilding it freestyle). A cozy living room, walls flanked with favorite pieces by artist friends, opens out onto a spacious deck overlooking the lake about a hundred yards down the hill. The living quarters are upstairs: that is, Ed, Nancy Reddin, and Nancy's twelve-year-old daughter Chrisi (whom Ed has adopted) live up there. Ed's kids, Noah and Jenny, aged 16 and 15, have cabins of their own off in the forest. There is also an ample guest cottage down below. (Ed has designed and

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

supervised construction of the whole complex.) Further down below, across the gravel road and along the shore itself, Ed's L.A. friends Monte and Betty Factor have established their summer outpost (commerce between the two compounds is continual). Several horses neigh in the corral around the side.

Ed disappears into the kitchen, reemerges with a hefty jug of wine, pours me a glass, and steers me out to the deck. The long twilight of the northern summer is setting in as we settle in to reconnoitering banter. Presently we are joined by Nancy, Jenny and Chrisi (Noah is in L.A. with his mother the whole week I am there). The conversation is easy: no mention of teacakes. With growing relief I sense he has forgotten them. Night falls: Nancy spreads a splendid dinner, talk drifts to the morrow's meals. Ed confides, "Oh, by the way, I was feeling kinda badly about that phone call last week, the stuff about the teacakes. I figured you might not have understood. I was serious. I wanted you to buy $200 worth of teacakes. One of the few things I miss about L.A. is Man Fook Low's (there are simply no Chinese restaurants out here). So whenever we have visitors flying up here from L.A., we have them first go over to Man Fook Low's. They know us there, so they pack up crates of frozen teacakes, charge them to our account, and our friends just bring them up. They're great: you just steam 'em and that's lunch." He takes me downstairs to the cellar where two large freezers are teeming with literally thousands of teacakes. And indeed, during the next few days, I came to realize that

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

teacakes constitute the staple lunch at the Kienholz compound, Hope, Idaho.

* * *

Ed Kienholz was born in 1927 in Fairfield, Washington, the eldest child of Lawrence and Ella Eaton Kienholz. He was raised there during a very lean decade, working his father's remote farm from his earliest years. This rural childhood had a decisive impact on Kienholz's subsequent development, both in terms of the dark, deeply ethical worldview it engendered (from the beginning, Ed was exposed to birth and death as the essential parameters of nature's cycles) and in terms of the manifold practical skills it required (at his father's side he quickly learned all the crafts for "making do": carpentry, electronics, hunting, auto mechanics, marketing, etc.). Nevertheless, as he grew into a strong-willed adolescent, Ed bucked to break free of the closed confines of that rural life: milking the cows in the evenings, he'd gaze dreamily at the distant lights of Spokane and contrive fantasies of life in the world "out there."

World War II was ending as he finished his secondary education at the country school. For a few years he sampled various small colleges in the Northwest on a succession of scholarships, but his education was fitful: he seldom stayed put. Rather, the late forties and early fifties were for him years of overflowing variety and experience. He dovetailed

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

odd jobs--stints as an orderly in a mental hospital, a salesman for foreign cars, the proprietor of a funky hamburger stand, to name but a few--and trafficked between the various small cities of the Northwest, and later Nevada. He survived primarily through shrewd wheeling and dealing, and his remarkably self-assured manner and passion for hard bargaining to this day define essential aspects of his personality. (He always insists that it is easier for a country boy to come to the big city--get had a few times and get wise--than it would ever be for a city boy to make it in the country.)

It is difficult to trace the precise genesis of Kienholz's art. It is not as though there has ever been a division between his quotidian life and his artistic production. Just as today Ed's days are evenly spread between cabin building, tableau constructing, deer hunting, horse riding, art dealing, and, say, car trading, so in the past his artistic activity emerged as merely one emanation of an extraordinarily prolific creativity. One thing is clear, however: isolated in the eastern Washington back country, Kienholz grew into manhood with virtually no exposure to the art of the High Tradition, so that he wheeled into Los Angeles, one afternoon in 1952 or '53 (the date is unclear), a brash naif. The canvases (or more precisely boards) which he spread across the bevelled lawn of a North Hollywood dentist a few days later (this, his first sale, being in fact a trade for the extraction of an impacted

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

molar) were the richly impastoed concoctions of a cultural rustic.

During the mid-fifties, Kienholz devoted growing amounts of time to his art. Living a life of marginal subsistence at best, he scavenged among the back alleys and junkyards of vast L.A. flatlands, seeking out the materials for his creations. It wasn't so much that he shunned standard artistic materials: he simply could not afford them. "Making do," he for example splashed wood boards with paint-soaked brooms, layering the planes with ever more complex arrangements of nailed-on slabs and sticks.

Meanwhile, after a visit to the Felix Landau Gallery, Kienholz resolved to establish a makeshift exhibition space for himself and his fellow beat types. His first efforts in this regard, the Now and Coronet Louvre galleries in 1956, transformed the lobbies of two theaters in the La Cienega district. Sales were, well, scattered. But in March 1957, Kienholz joined forces with Walter Hopps, whose Syndell Studios had displayed similarly eccentric-eclectic proclivities, in founding the now legendary Ferus Gallery at 736A N. La Cienega Blvd., out behind Streeter Blair's antique shop. Kienholz supervised construction of the gallery and subsequently sat the desk in exchange for a long-sought studio space in the back; Hopps hustled the administrative side. The first year featured shows of work by members of the Ferus nucleus,

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

including John Altoon, Wallace Berman, John Mason, Craig Kauffman, Billy Al Bengston, Ed Moses, and others, as well as by San Francisco sympaticos such as Jay DeFeo, Sonia Gechtoff, Julius Wasserstein, and Hassel Smith. Late in 1958, however, dissatisfied with the gallery's increasingly commercial aspirations, Kienholz sold out his interest in the gallery to Hopps, who subsequently enlisted the financial backing of Sayde Moss and the entrepreneurial savvy of Irving Blum. Kienholz continued to show at the new Ferus, across the street, notably unveiling his notorious Roxy's tableau there in 1962, but a continuing disaffection with the direction of the gallery eventually brought him into the international stable of the newly opened Dwan Gallery (1963).

Meanwhile, his own work was undergoing a marked evolution. Just as the increasingly three-dimensional wall assemblages gradually left the wall to stand in their own right as sculpture (although Kienholz insists that he himself still considers even his most sculptural work to be essentially a version of painting) so their initial abstract presentation became increasingly gritty with identifiable sociopolitical themes, sometimes conveyed in the most visceral of terms, often pitched to an ironic tone or joined to sardonic titles. Furthermore, sculptures were soon being grouped together to form dramatically compelling tableaux. Thus, a consistent line of increasingly ambitious development can be traced from The Medicine Show and Conversation Piece (on the wall) through John Doe (on a

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

stroller) through Roxy's (occupying an entire room) and on up to the legendary Beanery and the shocking State Hospital (rooms in themselves).

If the early and mid-sixties were thus a period of incredible productivity (this in part because of, but also undeterred by, his new responsibilities as father to two small children, Noah and Jenny, whom he now was raising alone following separation from his second wife), they were also a period of growing prominence and even notoriety. Works like The Psycho-Vendetta Case, The Birthday, The Illegal Operation, and Back Seat Dodge -'38, with their undisguised passion and rage over socially indiscreet issues, quickly became causes célèbres. The process, of course, culminated in 1966 when the frenzied L.A. County Board of Supervisors, cattleprodded into hysterics by board member Warren Dorn, tried to close down the Kienholz retrospective at the County Museum, to the vast amusement of press and public, thereby guaranteeing a record attendance.

Indeed, Kienholz's reputation was fast transcending local confines. Through a set of maneuvers of which he remains immensely proud, he bypassed the almost compulsory New York connection altogether, and, by the late sixties, he had secured a solid niche in the European art scene, notably in Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Germany, and France. Indeed today, all but three of the tableaux, the major works of his maturity, are housed in European collections.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

Although his creations of the late sixties and early seventies retained their sociopolitical clout, notably in their witness to the Vietnam war (as in the Portable War Memorial, the Eleventh Hour Final, and the Non-War Book) or the scandal of race relations in America (Five Car Stud and the derived Sawdy series), Kienholz has increasingly brought the vagaries of the art market itself into his wickedly ironic purview. Pieces like the concept tableaux (in which contractual title to a proposed but not necessarily realized or even realizable idea-tableau is awarded in exchange for a fairly large sum of money) or the watercolors (simple barter or cash transactions in which, for example, Kienholz receives two good mountain horses in exchange for a framed monotone watercolor with the words "For Two Good Mountain Horses" stenciled across its face; these pieces also come in monetary denominations ranging from one to ten thousand dollars) and most recently the outrageously ambitious Art Show tableau (an eighteen-figure re-creation of an international art scene opening)--these pieces and others constitute some of the whimsical harpoons with which Kienholz now takes aim at an art market whose rules, it would seem, he has completely mastered.

In 1973, under the auspices of the Deutscher Academikischer Austauschdienst (DAAD), Kienholz took his family to West Berlin, where he quickly became a leading figure in the art scene, thereby inaugurating a new phase in his lifework. Two years later,

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

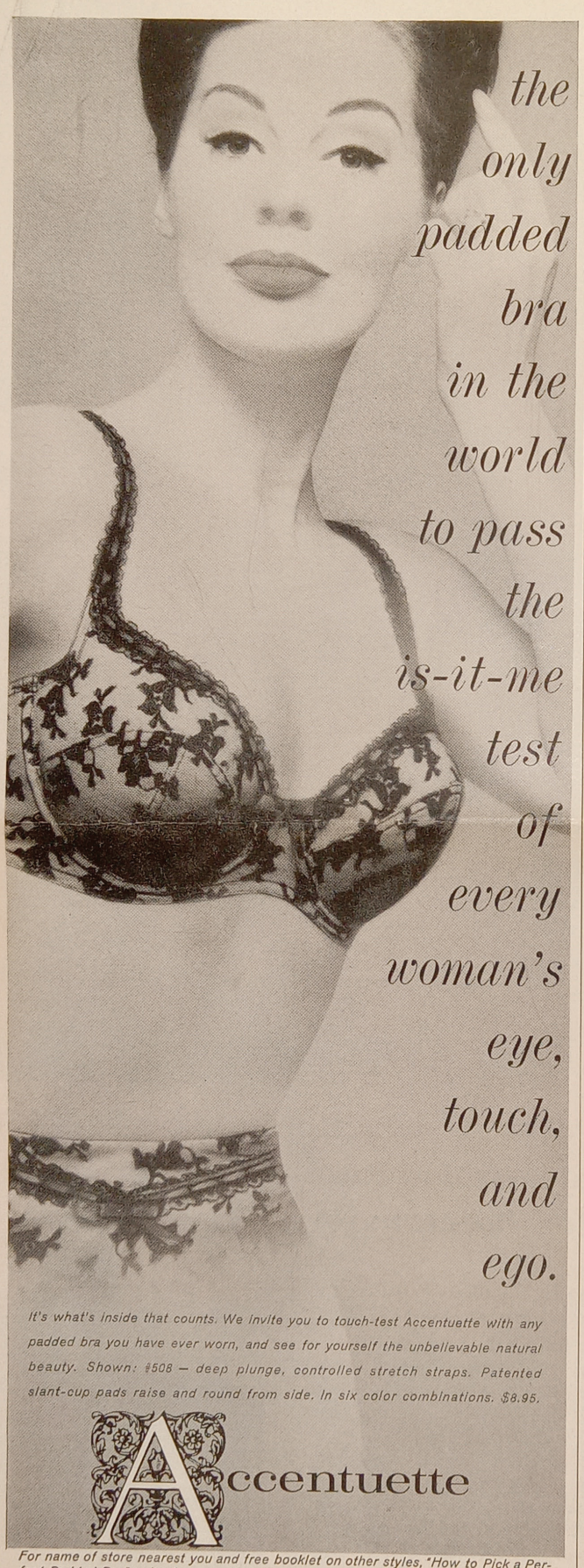
he sold his house in L.A. and returned to the Northwest, reestablishing a home in the shadow of the mountains he and his father had once hunted. He currently spends half the year in Berlin and half the year in Hope, but he makes it a point to be back in Hope every year on the Fourth of July.

Lawrence Weschler

Los Angeles, California
July, 1977

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



LOS ANGELES: THE SECOND CITY OF ART

BY HENRY GELDZAHLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Henry Geldzahler, who is twenty-nine, blue-eyed, and deliberate, moved sure-footedly from Antwerp to New York to Yale to Harvard (where he became a teaching fellow in Fine Arts) to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He is now the Museum's Associate Curator of American Paintings and Sculpture.

As far as the contemporary art scene is concerned, Los Angeles slowly but surely is making its way into the second city spot. (New York, long the first city nationally, has in the last decade, taken over leadership on the international art scene, superseding Paris.) Perhaps it seems a paradox that Los Angeles and not San Francisco is moving into the artistic limelight. San Francisco, after all, has always been the refined, cultivated, and continental city, while Los Angeles was obviously vulgar, totally lacking in style.

These clichés are a clear case of delusion. It is true that San Francisco, like Boston and New Orleans, is a city of historical interest. Unfortunately, it's also a city that has come to believe in its own press releases. Culturally, this is a situation full of pitfalls. Once a city has done too neat a job of defining its essence and packaging its charm, once it has presented itself too winningly, the curiosity goes. With it go the vitality, ferment, and sense of adventure. Suddenly, the very qualities which attract curious young people to a city evaporate and vanish. They look for places with the most exciting possibilities. They head for Southern California. A visitor to the area feels this in the air at once . . . senses this atmosphere of excited expectation in the artists' studios, the art galleries, museums, and private collections.

The excitement persists despite the great, flat, sprawling distances which make a quick view of the Southern California art scene virtually impossible. There is no way to condense or concentrate the experience. The visitor finds himself spending more time on the freeway than in actually confronting the art. Yet the excitement is undeniably there; the ferment and the sense of the magnet or vital centre drawing artists from everywhere, from Oregon and Washington, from Kansas and Oklahoma, from Texas and New Mexico.

How did it all begin? How did the scene shift? For nearly two decades, the West Coast has had what at times has been the best art school in the country: the California School of Fine Arts. During the middle and late 1940's when the atmosphere of American painting was supercharged with both experimental energy and an impending change toward greatness, this school had on its faculty both Mark Rothko and Clyfford Still. These teachers implanted in their young students a wide variety of experimental ideas and pointed out a range of possible directions for their exploration.

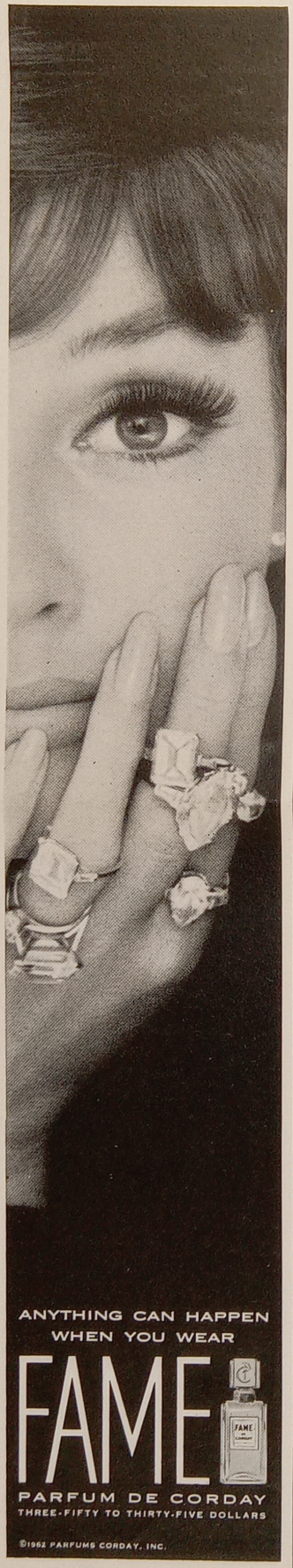
Although the school geographically is located in San Francisco, the impact of Rothko and Still was felt over a wide California radius. Both men left California in the 1950's, opting to spend their most important creative years in New York with their colleagues De Kooning, Kline, Pollock, and Newman, developing the new American painting which became known as Abstract Expressionism.

On the West Coast the men the younger painters came to admire were Frank Lobdell, Hassel Smith, and Richard Diebenkorn. They showed through their own work that it was possible to be three thousand miles away from the centre of culture and still de-

(Continued on page 56)

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



LOS ANGELES ART

(Continued from page 42)

velop personal styles of abstraction. Diebenkorn in particular made this clear to the younger artists with his strongly individual paintings with their newly meaningful, if limited, figuration.

Another outstanding inspiration is the native artist, Sam Francis (born in San Mateo, studied at the University of California in Berkeley). Francis, who went to Paris in the 1950's and made his international reputation there with his excellent paintings, is back in California now and resettled in Santa Monica. Today he's the best known both in Europe and Japan of all the younger American painters. He's also becoming famous for his hospitality to visitors from abroad. European and Japanese visitors are invariably welcomed at the Francis compound and many use it as their base of operations for exploring the many art activities of the Southern California area.

It's not only the presence of top painters that generates the excitement; it's the private art collectors as well. One group acts upon and stimulates the other: the painters, by the sheer physical fact of being there, encourage collecting; the collectors, in turn, encourage and draw the painters. These private collections enrich the local culture in a way that no trips to New York or reproductions in art magazines can ever equal. They have brought into the area the best of recent American painting.

Outstanding among these private collectors are: the Frederick R. Weismans, the Stanley Freemans, the Robert Rowans, and the Gifford Phillipses. In addition, a number of the younger collectors are buying paintings that are the best and most advanced examples of the Post-Expressionist years, paintings by Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Warhol, and Stella. These younger collectors include the Leonard Ashers, the Donald Factors, and the Dennis Hoppers. (Hopper is not only a TV and movie actor, but also a photographer and painter who shows his work locally.)

Forward-looking and adventurous art dealers of Los Angeles —Frank Perls, Paul Kantor, and Felix Landau, for examples —have shown many important European and American paintings of the postwar years. Others such as David Stuart, the relatively new Rolf Nelson Gallery, and this season's Feigen/Palmer are on the lookout for interesting local artists to encourage. (Feigen/Palmer, however, which has sister galleries in New York and Chicago, has so far been importing its shows.)

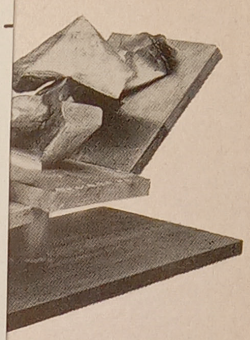
Some dealers stress the work of both coasts. The Dwan Gallery, to cite a case in point, has run excellent one-man shows for such California artists as Ed Kienholz, while also exhibiting contemporary leaders of the New York school.

Another dealer with a coast-to-coast viewpoint, Irving Blum, who operates the Ferus Gallery, is an ex-New Yorker who studied theatre at the University of Arizona. With his booming enthusiasm he's encouraging the development of the best art in the Los Angeles area while also arranging exhibitions of the most accomplished New York art.

The importance of these various gallery shows can not be underestimated. Not only do they stimulate the local artists, art students, and collectors, but they also contribute to the education of museum men who are not always as aware as they might be of what goes on in the art capitals of the world.

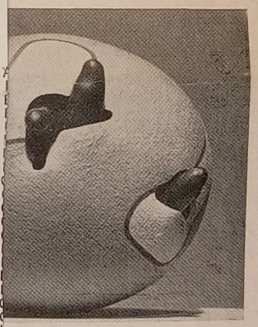
The West Coast museums, as institutions of general education, must show a wide range of art, encompassing many periods and cultures. They also must assist students taking art history courses so these young people get a chance to see the real thing. It is not a simple matter to do this kind of comprehensive job and to give contemporary art and contemporary local art proper attention at the same time. The Los Angeles County Museum, however, is currently expanding and planning a move into new and spacious quarters next year. This will give it the chance of becoming the focus it has not been so far for the energy of advanced

(Continued on page 62)

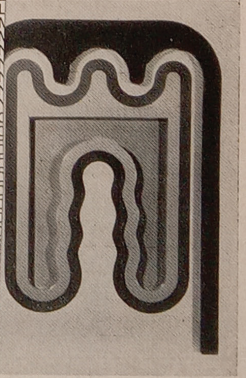


ze, 4 feet high.





S. L. Green, 1963,
, 10 inches high.



Lloyd Hamrol: *Belaire*
estic, 29½ inches high.
Nelson Gallery

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



Inspiration!

tres flores

Soft-scented tropic enchantment
. . . for the touch of elegance.
New from Richard Hudnut . . .
use it with abandon!



TRES FLORES
three flowers

COLOGNE, AFTER-BATH BODY POWDER,
CREAM HAIR DRESSING AND CONDITIONER,
BRILLIANTINE: LIQUID OR SOLID

RICHARD HUDNUT®
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

LOS ANGELES ART

(Continued from page 56)

American art.

The Pasadena Art Museum, also expanding into new quarters, has already made a name for itself on the contemporary scene. Its historically minded director, Walter Hopps, assembled what was probably the most important show in America this year, the great Marcel Duchamp retrospective. Although Hopps is relatively young, the origins of the idea for this retrospective go back a number of years. Since his teens when he used to visit Walter Arensberg (who owned the many Duchamps and Brancusis now at the Philadelphia Museum of Art) Hopps has been closely in touch with advanced art. Duchamp himself attended the opening of the show, generating great excitement by his presence. All in all, it was an exhibition New York should be ashamed to have missed.

The third major California museum is in Santa Barbara and its permanent installation is as cool and lovely as any in the United States. This, along with Wright Ludington's collection of classical, Renaissance, and modern works, makes visiting the museum a most pleasant and satisfactory experience.

Like the museums, the art galleries have special problems. Many local galleries have introduced an artist's work to a private collector, only to find later that the collector bought the artist, but bought him in New York. This situation would improve considerably if collectors supported their local galleries and helped establish local artists instead of looking too much toward New York as the home perhaps of safe and accredited work.

Another California phenomenon is the dealer who comes in briefly from out of town. Several of these men have been breezing into Los Angeles with a stock of paintings (often by the artists handled by local dealers) and taking suites in the Bel-Air or the Cavalier. There they set up lavish cocktail party exhibitions and hold private audiences for selected people who ordinarily wouldn't buy art if they had to go to the trouble of comparison-shopping for it.

The heart of the Los Angeles art scene is La Cienega Boulevard, lined as it is with galleries on either side. Monday night used to be the big night—the night for the openings. The atmosphere was festive. A news magazine apparently spoiled the fun when it carried an article on La Cienega. Recently the galleries have taken to staying closed on Monday nights.

The most encouraging West Coast art phenomenon, perhaps, is the publication of *Artforum*, the first California-based art periodical of national, and even international, interest. Its editor, Philip Leider, and feature writer, John Coplans seem to have what it takes to make their art magazine the strongest in the country.

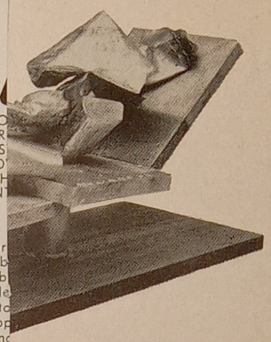
All these developments are producing strong vibrations, which are being seismographically recorded in New York and Paris. Artists responding to these vibrations are more and more being drawn to Southern California. Both Claes Oldenburg and John Chamberlain, two of our best sculptors, have established themselves in the area for long enough periods to do complete shows.

Oldenburg, with his energetic wife and helper, Patty, rented a home and studio in Venice, California, the more traditionally artistic area. Chamberlain with his wife and three children located themselves at the base of Topanga Canyon, between Santa Monica and Malibu.

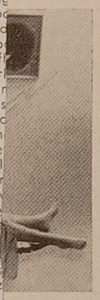
Both Chamberlain and Oldenburg, in response to their new environment, have produced excellent work—work that differs somewhat from what they had been doing before. Oldenburg changed his medium from enamelled plaster of Paris to some of the newer plastics and Formica. His nostalgic oversized hamburgers, pies, and shirts were replaced by wall telephones and a fully furnished and foreshortened bedroom.

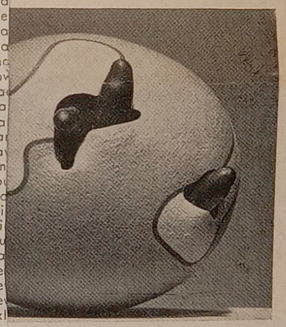
Chamberlain's work also underwent a significant change. Until his trip West less than two years ago, in his assemblages of auto parts and fenders welded to an armature, he used the car

(Continued on page 64)

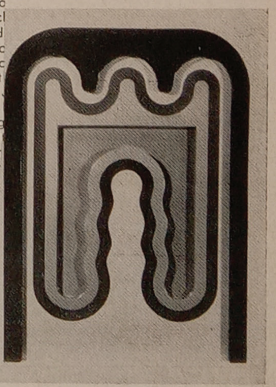


…onze, 4 feet high.





e: *S. L. Green*, 1963,
mic, 10 inches high.



12 Lloyd Hamrol: *Belaire Majestic*, 29½ inches high.
Rolf Nelson Gallery

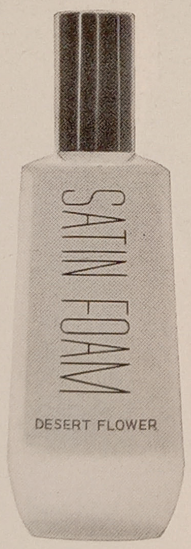
FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



DISCOVERED

...a foaming body moisturizer!



The perfumed skin cosmetic that restores moisture

Entirely new! Its fabulous foaming action liquefies instantly to release a magic moisture that refreshes your thirsty skin. Leaves you feeling satin-smooth, soft all over . . . and fragrant with the heady scent of Desert Flower. 2.00

DESERT FLOWER

SATIN FOAM

SHULTON

LOS ANGELES ART

(Continued from page 62)

parts just as he found them: banged up and bent, with the paint chipped, scratched, and peeling. Most recently he has taken to cutting and finishing the auto parts carefully and then painting them in beautifully translucent metallic colours. This painting approach is related to that used by Billy Al Bengston, one of the best young California painters, who for three-and-a-half years has been doing his fine chevron paintings in a special metallic paint technique.

This technique derives in part from the local art of "candy appling" and is used primarily in the refinishing of cars, particularly sports cars. It calls for painting patterns in cool metallic colours that have the translucent glow of candied apples.

The European artists who have joined their American counterparts in heading westward are Jean Tinguely who went to Los Angeles and into the Nevada desert to build his self-destroying machine for NBC, which televised that flamboyant destruction. Niki de Saint-Phalle produced an enormous panel painting on the spot for a Malibu audience that included Micheline Presle and Jane Fonda, using her well-known technique of shooting at paint-filled objects. (The resulting painting, now installed at a Malibu poolside, is weathering nicely.) Arman and Martial Raysse (known for his painting with neon) have also done some of their best work this season in Los Angeles.

Not only have these artists been welcomed to work in the area, but others have been invited as well to visit both formally and informally with artists, collectors, and museum people. Notable in this latter group have been Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, Robert Motherwell, Kenneth Noland, and Robert Rauschenberg. Also invited have been such critics as Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg, Peter Selz, Lawrence Alloway, and William Seitz, representing a very divergent range of critical opinion indeed. It is the very quality of hospitality, openness, and receptivity to opinions and ideas that contributes to the ferment and excitement of the California scene.

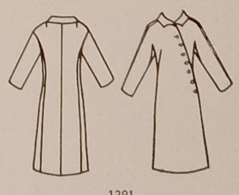
Despite its inevitable growing pains, Southern California clearly has staked out a place for itself on the current art scene. Although it does not yet have the density and complexity of the New York art world, it's unquestionably a stimulating place to visit and work in. One thing is clear: anyone who cares about what's happening in contemporary painting and sculpture can no longer get a true picture by visiting only one coast and one city on that coast. A visit to the other coast and to Los Angeles, the second city of art, is becoming a necessity.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 168-169)



1402



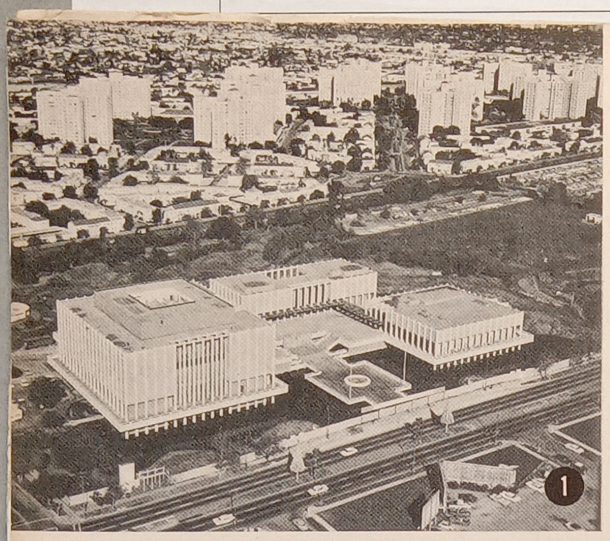
1391

Above left: Two-piece dress by Forquet of Rome, Vogue International Couturier Design 1402, sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2½ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20. *Above right:* Coatdress by Paterson of London, Vogue International Couturier Design 1391, in sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $2. Canada, $2.20.

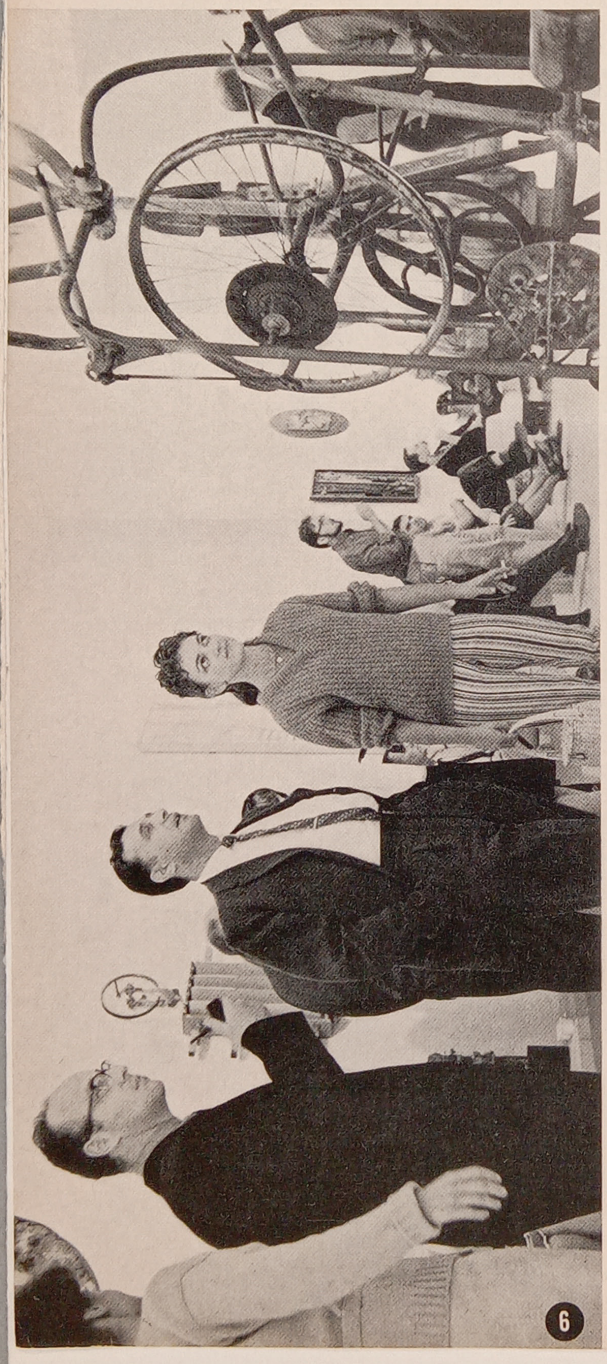
VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.

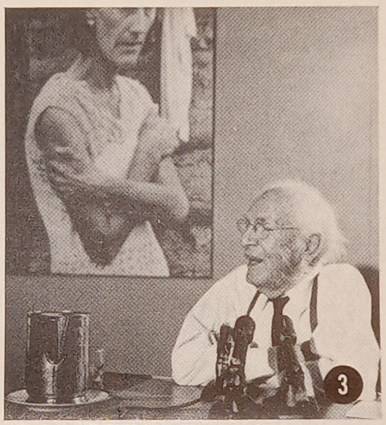
FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28


1


2


6


3


4


5


7

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

Art - Mar 65

By John Coplans

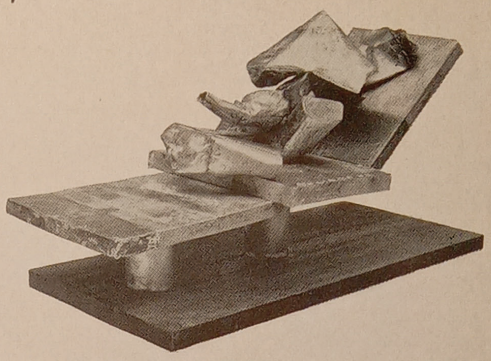
Los Angeles: The scene

New collectors, new dealers, supporting new artists, mark the effervescent growth of Southern California culture, now focused in its big new County Museum

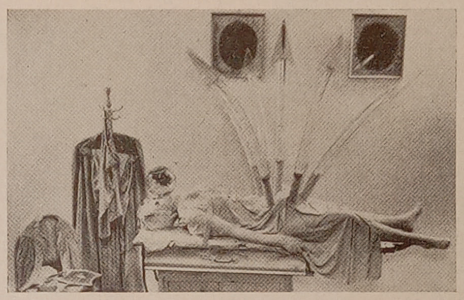
Up to quite recently, San Francisco had been thought of as the cultural center of the West. Certainly the sophistication of that area since the turn of the century has not only outstripped any place west of Chicago but, from the point of view of art, seemed to outstrip Chicago. In addition, the in some ways aggressive program of Dr. Grace Morley at the San Francisco Museum of Art—extending over the 1930s and 1940s—combined with the extraordinary burst of painting activity that followed as a result of Clyfford Still teaching at the San Francisco Art Institute in 1948-52, secured the prestige of San Francisco. Tobey's and Graves's earlier emergence in Seattle served to reinforce in the minds of many critics the notion of the preëminence of these two places as centers of art, so much so that for a brief span, they were to speak of an "*Ecole du Pacifique*" based upon the painting of these two cities.

But the *Ecole* turned out to be a figment, and the prominence of San Francisco was undermined by a series of misfortunes. The dead end of San Francisco figurative painting, the failure—with one exception—of any commercial galleries of vitality to survive, the lack of even a single major collector of avant-garde art, all conspired to reduce the reputation of that city to its present level. As the image of San Francisco as an outpost of well-bred, cosmopolitan culture in the woolly West began to give way, so did the myth of Los Angeles as exclusively the home of vulgar money, Hollywood taste and palatial hot-dog stands.

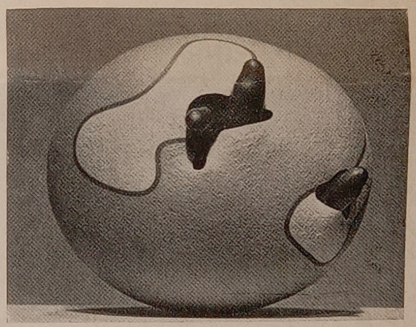
April, 1965, the month in which the new Los Angeles museum will have opened its doors to the public, will probably turn out to be as good a date as any for a definitive emergence of Los Angeles as the center of serious art activity on the West Coast. Were the building simply a monument to the vast quantities of money which Los [Continued on page 56]



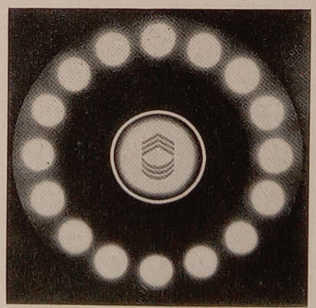
8 Peter Voulkos: *Honk*, bronze, 4 feet high.
Pasadena Museum



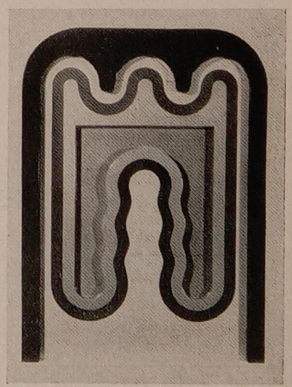
9 Edward Kienholz: *The Birthday*, 1964, mixed mediums tableau, 7 by 10 by 5 feet.
Dwan Gallery



10 Kenneth Price: *S. L. Green*, 1963, polychrome ceramic, 10 inches high.
Ferus Gallery



11 Billy Al Bengston: *Sterling*, 5 feet high.
Collection L.M. Ashur



12 Lloyd Hamrol: *Belaire Majestic*, 29½ inches high.
Rolf Nelson Gallery

Angelenos in action: **1** The new L.A. County Museum, the largest built in the U.S. since the National Gallery, 1941. **2** California outdoor living: patio party opens an exhibition at the Ankrum Gallery. **3** Socialist veteran Upton Sinclair reminisces about Depression-years documentary photographs exhibited at the County Museum. **4** Typical studio space found by artists who ingeniously convert empty stores. **5** Hollywood's Tony Curtis [right] co-stars with assemblagist George Cohen at the artist's opening, Feigen-Palmer Gallery. **6** Preview of vanguard constructions at the Ceejee Gallery. **7** Visitors viewing abstractions, Comara Gallery.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY | Collection: Tomkins | Series.Folder: IV.C.28

By Alfred Frankfurter

Los Angeles: The new museum

Notable less for architecture than for some remarkable works lent to its opening, California's latest splendor augurs promise

The Los Angeles sun—which proverbially outshines all the world's heavens—is scheduled on March 31 to attain a zenith dazzling enough to gild the local culture with a brilliance before unknown. It should be brought forth by the opening at long last, after its survival of sundry incidental alarums, of the new Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

The Museum is only new, however, in almost exclusively structural terms. In the form of a complex that comprises several marble-studded but otherwise plainly "modernistic" structures which are joined together by, and rise above, a wide, concrete-platformed plaza, this expansive art center is located at one of the city's prominent points, strategically on its miles-long, central, six-lane *Gran Via*, the celebrated Wilshire Boulevard. Still, veteran art-loving Angelenos will find the art it now actually houses, except for the addition of some spectacular loans, to consist of virtually all the same old friends shown, until they were removed here a short time ago, in the old local museum still standing some miles to the south, opposite the broad campus and gigantic football stadium of the University of Southern California. This, the original County Museum, today still displays its remaining collections, which comprise exhibits of the major sciences, theoretical and applied. Only fair, in bidding it farewell, to note that, in the recently past months when the venerable



1 Gerard David: *The Crowning of the Virgin*, 28 inches high. Lent from the Norton Simon Foundation.

2 Giorgione: *Head of a Woman*, ca. 1508, panel, 12½ inches high. Lent from the Norton Simon Foundation.



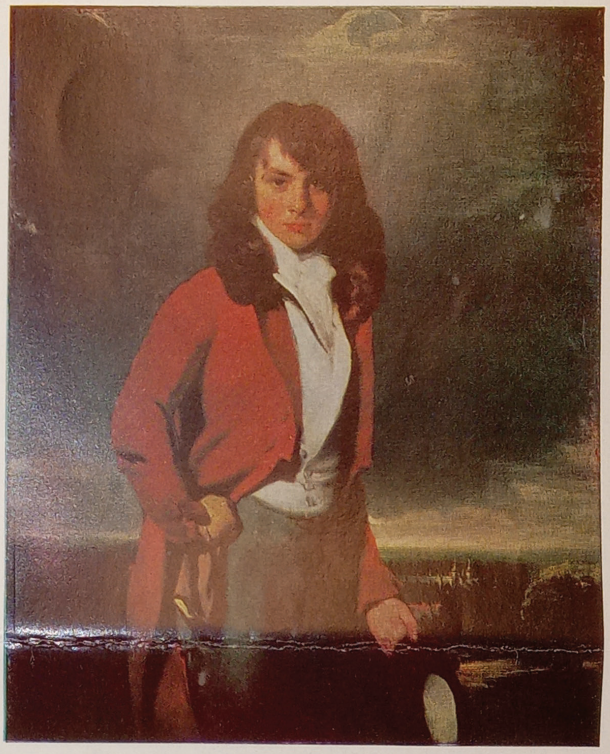
FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

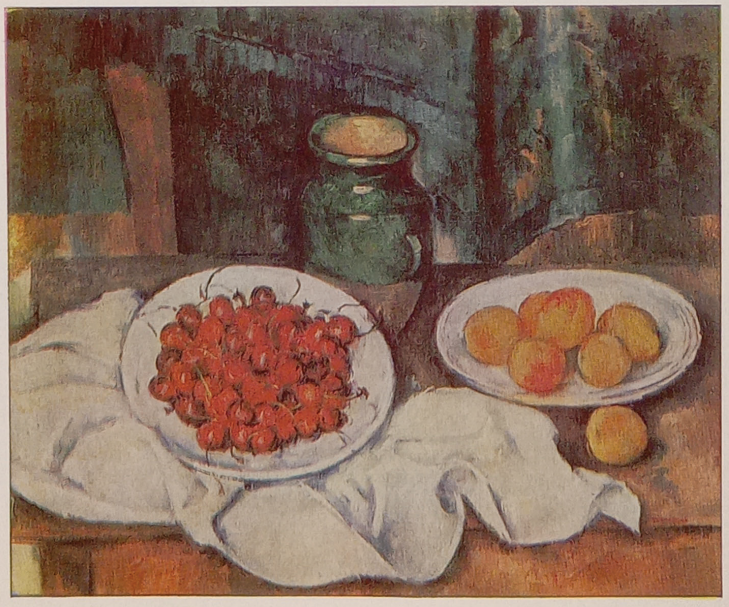


3 Rembrandt: *Portrait of Maerten Looten*, 1631, panel, 36 inches high. Gift of J. Paul Getty.

4 Lawrence: *Portrait of Arthur Atherley as an Etonian*, 1790-95, 49½ inches high. Gift of Hearst Magazines, Inc.

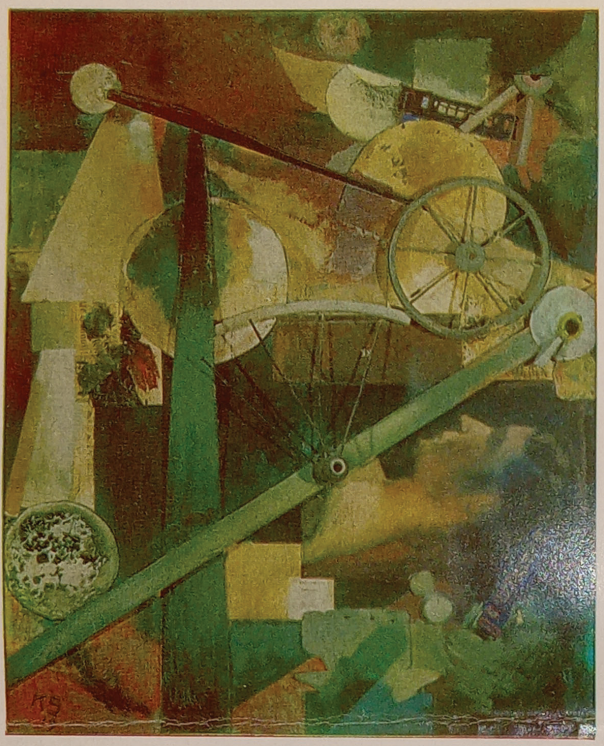


5 Cézanne: *Still-life with Cherries and Peaches*, ca. 1887, 19¾ inches high. Adele R. Levy Fund.



FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



6 Kurt Schwitters: *Construction for Noble Ladies*, 1919, mixed mediums, 40½ inches high. Museum purchase.



7 E. L. Kirchner: *Two Women in Street Dress*, ca. 1907, 59 inches high. Gift of B. Gerald Cantor.

8 Philip Guston: *Room 1*, 1954-55, 71⅞ inches high. Contemporary Art Council Fund.

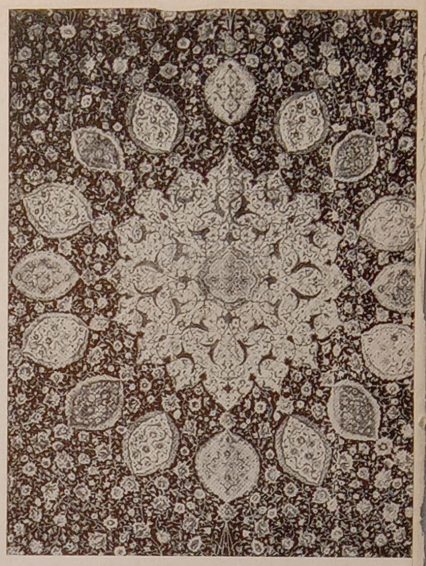


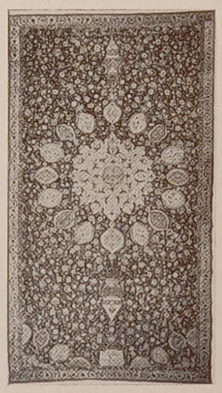
FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

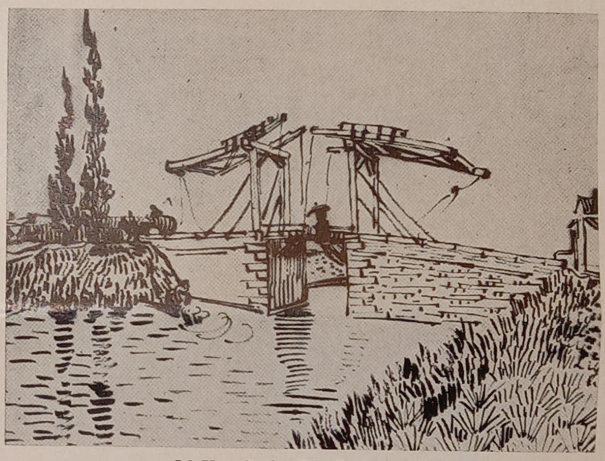
building was still, as before, combining its art collections with the presently retained scientific ones, how it vaguely bore testimony to a charming, if scarcely functional, survival of that old-fashioned institutional form once referred to, under Victoria, as a Temple of Knowledge but chiefly recalling nostalgically roughly what an Early-Baroque *Wunderkammer* assembled by some Hapsburg prince must have looked a little like.

Yet nobody will there ever again happen to come upon the Rembrandt or Renoir he sought, hung indeed in a picture gallery displaying the correct period, but sandwiched in between huge halls, one being divertingly seen through one portal revealing a crowded zoo of genuine locally excavated fossils, while beyond loomed an ark-full of stuffed beasts, great and tiny; and through the other portal, a vast *salle-des-pas-perdus* jammed with its majestic array of remarkably surviving, handsomely preserved ancient automobiles of various noble vintages. This whole setting, especially when alongside the art collections that represent twenty-odd centuries of man's esthetic creativity, remains memorable for being one surely never duplicated nor even approached in the entire history of art, or of museums—where one might occasionally yet unexpectedly be enticed away, from before yet one *more* Florentine mid-trecento Madonna and Child on its gold back-





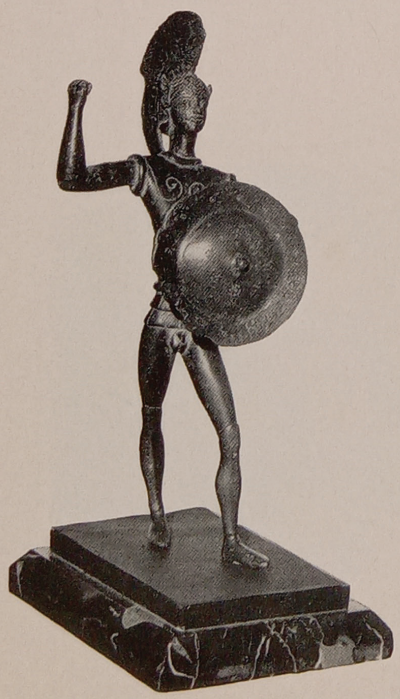
9 Persia, Safavid Dynasty: The Ardabil Carpet [left, detail above], dated 1535, ca. 24 feet long. Gift of J. Paul Getty.



10 Van Gogh: *The Bridge at L'Anglois,* ink, ca. 1888. George G. De Sylva Fund.

11 South India: Vijayanagar period, 14-16th century: *Krishna as the Dancing Butter Thief,* bronze.





13 Etruscan, 6th century B.C.: *Warrior,* bronze, 9½ inches high. Gift of the Hearst Foundation.

12 South German, ca. 1470: *St. Jerome in Penitence,* hand-colored dotted print.

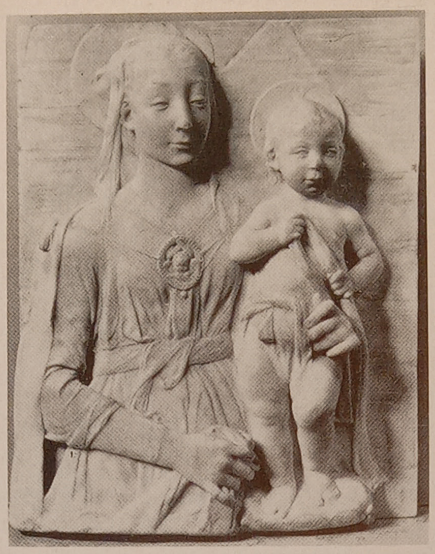


FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28



14 Neroccio de' Landi: *Madonna with John the Baptist and St. Catherine,* ca. 1480.



15 Desiderio da Settignano: *Madonna and Child,* marble, ca. 1460, 20 inches high.



16 Francesco di Giorgio: *Fidelity,* fresco, ca. 1485; 49 inches high.

Los Angeles: The new museum continued

ground, by the crouching bones of a native Angeleno mastodon at one's elbow, or by suddenly glimpsing ahead a prospect, irresistibly nostalgic and gleamingly polished, of a genuine 1911 Stanley Steamer and an *echt* Stutz Bearcat *de l'époque* in all the breathless reality of its autograph red lacquer.

Now the works of art have been moved and rather more seriously installed, ready for the première, in their new home which is, architecturally speaking, perhaps best described by that prolific form, a "$20-million building." It was in 1961—after an arduous period of pioneering efforts by local citizens to settle on means and decisions required to erect a much-needed new art museum of better-suited planning and nearer the urban center of the broadly spread-out city—that the Los Angeles architectural firm of William L. Pereira & Associates was first selected to design the projected Museum. The pioneers were then soon at work on a lavishly successful fund-raising campaign and simultaneously received the County's offer to donate the present valuable and logical site. The physical entirety was actually completed in the merely five intervening years. Now, though the present review appears in a journal where precedence normally belongs to matters directly concerning actual works of art, there are still certain architectural aspects which may not be dismissed.

Chiefly prominent and ponderable is the vast exterior, which is here, for the sake of brevity, discussed only in terms of direct esthetic effect: painful as is a problem of tact in this critical effort, it is at once clear that it would have been, from the outset, hopeless—considering, along with current worldwide conformist trends producing a dead average of contemporary design, also the recorded majority of his own buildings to date—to expect Mr. Pereira to evolve a wholly new, brilliantly revolutionary archi- [Continued on page 59]

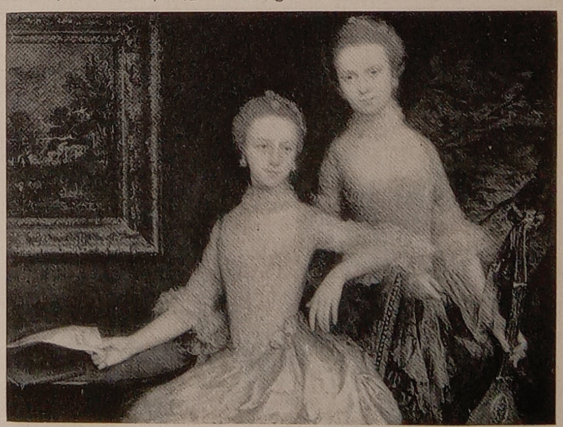
17 Van Dyck: *Amalia, Princess of Orange,* ca. 1630, 45 inches high.



18 Martin van den Bogaert: *Pierre Mignard,* ca. 1690, 31 inches high.



19 Gainsborough: *The Cruttenden Sisters,* ca. 1772-75, 44½ inches high.



All the works reproduced on this page are lent from the Norton Simon Foundation

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

brushwork that disassociates itself from the basic idea. [Prices: $500-$1,500.] V.P.

Richard Lee's [Gallery 84; March 5-25] heavy paintings are encrusted with wood slabs, shingles and window frames, often set up as real elements to overlook fields of painted vista. [Prices: $200-$500.] V.P.

Martin [Mayorga] paints abstractions that range from a mural-size canvas in which a network of sweeping black strokes is silhouetted against a russet background to small, almost uniform texture studies. T.N.

Claude Schurr [Partridge] specializes in tasteful and delicate landscapes and seascapes. T.N. . . . **Osyczka** [Eggleston; March 1-13] shows twenty soft, watercolor landscape abstractions done in Monhegan, Me. [Prices: $200-$300.] J.J. . . . **Robert Gartland's** [Caravan] watercolors present views of Toledo, Asturias, Valencia—the countryside, the animals, the people. D.W. . . . **Frofecchi** [Novick-List] continues to flatten figures, still-lifes, and landscapes into planes of grainy muted colors. J.M. . . . **Kastle Brill** [Aegis; March 5-25], who studied at Brooklyn College and the Brooklyn Museum, paints horses and people that float weightlessly about the canvas. T.N. . . . **French and Yugoslav primitives** [Gerst] includes ten painters, among them Jean Fous, Venarski, Mraz and M. Paluska, in an attractive exhibition of the familiar figures and scenes in this genre. J.J. . . . **Aizpiri, Epko** and **Venard** [Romanet-Vercel] shared a show of colorful, depictive French oils. R.C. . . . **André Minaux** [Findlay], born in France in 1923, paints still-lifes, landscapes and figures with little reference to life and much reference to the Fauves. [Prices: $2,800-$5,500.] T.N. . . . **Robert Ridley** [Crespi; to March 15] shows figures and still-lifes in buoyant color. [Prices: $100-$300.] V.P.

L. A.: The scene continued from page 29

Angeles patrons have poured into art during the last decade or so, we would have nothing more than a more expensive manifestation of a museum-building rage. But this is not the case: the new buildings happen to be completed at a time when a series of developments in the West Coast art world seem to have bred a genuine art milieu in Los Angeles, the likes of which have not been seen since the early 'fifties in New York City.

The vitality which gives the new museum buildings purpose derives from the development of a considerable group of avant-garde collectors, the continuing activities of a small group of serious commercial art galleries, the presence of an intensely energetic group of museum personnel of considerable ability and insight and, above all, the promising development of a number of younger and older Los Angeles artists.

Collectors in Los Angeles are made, not born. During the past decade the University of California at Los Angeles has maintained the largest extension program on art in the country, and there is hardly a current museum official, critic or younger dealer in the area who has not put time into teaching its classes, developing a taste for contemporary art where previously there had been none, presiding over first purchases of works, nursing the beginnings of what were to emerge in a startlingly short time as interesting collections. Among these audiences were hard-headed business and professional men who were not in the least embarrassed to ask for reading lists or to attend classes. Moreover, as their interest was awakened they became fascinated, organizing further lectures and discussions in their homes. Many of the men, used to hiring experts, hired available people on the scene who had the knowledge of what was going on in American art and in the Los Angeles studios. There existed no assumption in Los Angeles that the virtues of occupation, social stature or superior education necessarily made one a judge of art, or that an innate sense of good taste could help. Los Angeles is, on the whole, a tasteless scene, completely without any of the refinements of the decorative aspects of culture—its public and private architecture, parks and town planning are wretched beyond belief. What these people wanted was a clue to culture—the why and the wherefore of it; extremely demanding, they at least got into touch with the notion of high art.

One of the results of this decade of education is the Contemporary Arts Council of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, a group of collectors informally associated with the Museum who provide a steady stream of visiting lecturers, money when it is needed for

ARTISTS

LARGE REAL ESTATE MANAGEMENT COMPANY OFFERS

FREE RENT

in exchange for your part time services. We supply the art materials for our requirements. We have some lovely apartments, 21 miles from Mid-Manhattan in Westchester County, of various sizes and values. This is a wonderful opportunity for gifted artists to exchange much of their free time for desirable living quarters. If necessary, we can furnish you with basic furniture. Write Box #63, Art News

galerie
d. benador

•

ETIENNE MARTIN

sculpture

•

MARCH

•

10, rue de la Corraterie
Geneva (Switzerland)

HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES

Old and Modern PAINTINGS

1 E. 57th Street
New York City

MAJOR DRAWINGS

BECHTLE BROWN
FABERT GRAF
GUTIERREZ HARRIS
HYSON KAHN
MAJDRAKOFF McCHESNEY
MOREHOUSE MONTE
PEARL

February 23 - March 20

ARLEIGH GALLERY
private gallery
1812 Pacific Avenue
San Francisco, California

CHARLES LEVIER

RECENT PAINTINGS

through March

MARTIN LOWITZ GALLERIES
8919 BEVERLY BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 48

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

some particular project or purchase and who in general maintain an informal liaison between the Museum and the activities of the art-interested community.

Another result of this growing group of collectors is the element of financial security which they were able to provide to the artists indirectly by making a commercial gallery a feasible venture for a younger, energetic would-be dealer. Vital to the independence of the growing group of new artists was an alternative livelihood to that of teaching.

A growing confidence in the self-sufficiency of the immediate scene bred an important change in the attitude of many artists working in Los Angeles. Perhaps for the first time since the early 'fifties, artists working outside New York began to lose the feeling that until their work was exhibited in New York and evaluated by the New York milieu, they could not take their full measure as artists. With a touch of financial support from their dealers, and a quantity of genuine appreciation from the local audience, the urgency of a wider reputation diminished. Vis-à-vis New York, an attitude that could be described almost as cockiness developed.

This is one of the unique aspects of Los Angeles art: men such as Kenneth Price or Robert Irwin, for example, maintain themselves as artists with a complete indifference to hitting an international circuit.

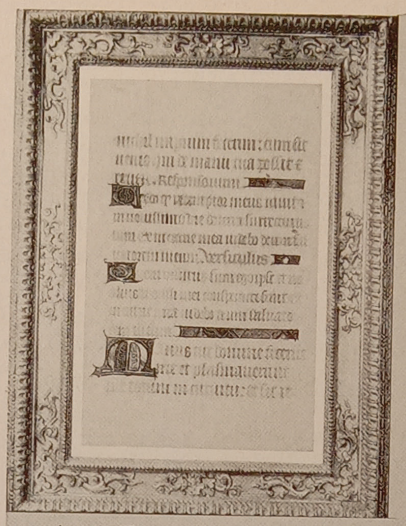
If the opening of the new museum must be regarded, then, as a tangible manifestation of the emergence of a serious art milieu in Los Angeles, there yet remains the extraordinary fact that it is out of Los Angeles, and not out of San Francisco and Seattle, that the most interesting artists at work on the West Coast have emerged.

Echoes of Still and Rothko's activities in the Northwest began to seep into Los Angeles studios in the early 'fifties; the first reproductions of Pollock, Gorky, de Kooning and others also began appearing on studio tack-boards. Despite this, the arrival of the first museum exhibition of the "New American Painting" at the Los Angeles County Museum in the early 'fifties was to provoke the deepest crisis in the lives of a number of artists. In comparison with this painting, all else they saw was empty beyond belief.

However, unlike New York or San Francisco, there was to be neither contact with a major teaching figure of the likes of Hans Hofmann or Clyfford Still, nor an early dissension within the ranks that led to the San Francisco "return to the figure" blunder. Lacking a point of focus similar to the New York "Artist's Club," Peter Voulkos, the ceramicist who has recently been working in bronze [fig. **8**], was to become a key figure for these young rebels. In his endeavor to apply the radical notions implied in this new painting to the development of ceramic sculpture, he promoted a neutral material—clay. Voulkos' extraordinary ability to handle this medium was regarded with awe and unbounded admiration. He, and the slightly younger men gathered around him, notably John Mason, Kenneth Price and Billy Al Bengston, hammered out on equal terms the extension of their esthetic. From this moment onwards, these artists, and others, in particular Edward Kienholz, Robert Irwin and Craig Kauffman, were to constitute the foundations of what was to lead to the development of the most adventurous painting and sculpture in Southern California.

Thus a question of non-exportability for Abstract-Expressionism—its essential New York origins as a style—never arose. If San Francisco thought (to its ultimate confusion) it had produced a viable Abstract-Expressionist art, there was no similar confusion in the minds of these Los Angeles artists. The first moves were made through sculpture and assemblage, which served to avoid the ritualization of style that occurred elsewhere in painting and led to a sense of venturesomeness in the handling of materials that is common to Los Angeles art, and the development of an implicit and pervasive sense of craft. Thus, Edward Kienholz' assemblage [fig. **9**]—quite apart from iconographic considerations—is crafted to an extraordinary degree of permanency. At the same time he uses craft and industrial techniques—welding, plumbing, carpentry, etc.—in much the same manner other artists employ drawing or painting. Craft and color are also unified in Bengston's painting to an inseparable degree by the nature of the hand-rubbed, polished, sensuous surface [fig. **11**]. In other words, it becomes an inherent part of his palette, producing individualized hedonist overtones. The metaphysical aspects of Kenneth Price's sculpture—the essential feeling of growth and evolution produced by the egg shape with vitreous fingers emerging [fig. **10**], or seen through the orifices—is also converted into sensory data by a similar attitude to craft (though very different from that of his colleagues).

In other words, one aspect of the emergence of Los Angeles as an



—from the "Book of Hours", French, xv century

Printing is an Art Form

"Printing is an Art Form"—in this day of sophisticated, high-speed equipment, it is too often overlooked by publishers and neglected by printers.

At Blanchard Press, an exciting and concerted effort is being made to marry this time-honored trade to the newest in techniques and equipment, while retaining the essential quality of the printed page.

We welcome inquiries from publishers everywhere who want their publications to reflect their own good taste and high standards.

BLANCHARD PRESS, INC.

NEW YORK • MASSACHUSETTS • NEW HAMPSHIRE • MARYLAND

james david gallery, ltd.

4940 South LeJeune Road,

Coral Gables,

Florida

MARCH EXHIBITION

EUGENE MASSIN

FLORIDA REPRESENTATIVES — the kootz gallery

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

MILTON AVERY

MARCH EXHIBITION

THE WADDINGTON GALLERIES
2 CORK STREET, LONDON W.1 REG. 1719

Paintings, Sculptures & Works of Art
require
Expert handling in transit
consult
BOLTON & FAIRHEAD, LTD
shipping & insurance agents
SPECIALISTS IN FINE ART PACKING SINCE 1922
KENDAL HOUSE
203 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W-1
REGENT 0096 TELEGRAMS & CABLES—FAIRBOLTO, LONDON, W-1

KRAUSHAAR
GALLERIES
1055 Madison Ave. (ent. 80 St.)
New York

Exhibitions:

JAMES LECHAY
Paintings and Gouaches • thru March 13

JAMES PENNEY
Paintings • March 15 - April 3

GIFFORD BEAL
Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings
April 6 - May 1

Gimpel Hanover Gallery
Giacomo Manzù
Paintings
6 March - 6 April
35 Claridenstrasse Zurich 2

art center is hinged to the growth of an art with identity. Given the resolution of this question, it enabled a whole generation of younger artists quickly to sprout—here was something they could work with and grasp on their own terms. There never was in Los Angeles a hostility to art outside the region, thus the best of the American painters could be admired in terms of their own high ambition. This second generation—Llyn Foulkes, Larry Bell, Joe Goode, Lloyd Hamrol [fig. **12**], Edward Ruscha and Judith Gerowitz, to mention only a few, have matured with incredible rapidity, assisted by the interest of older artists and the rapidly increasing sophistication of the Southern California museum and gallery scene. Currently showing at the nearby Pasadena Museum is a Jasper Johns retrospective, and a Mondrian exhibition—the largest yet to be seen in America. At the Santa Barbara Museum of Art is an extensive and excellent range of exhibitions, particularly of New York art. The sophistication of the Los Angeles scene has not only led to a number of San Francisco artists leaving to settle in Los Angeles (for example, the kineticist Charles Mattox—an older figure in California art), but also a number of younger artists, who have dropped dead issues for the new (in particular, Ron Davis).

Editorial continued from page 27

and valuable *tradition*—one of connoisseurship and scholarship which should tend to provide and maintain high standards of quality and authority for their acquisitions.

Yet, in the current rising market, even such purchase funds amassed over decades, during most of which they were considered to provide a generous, sometimes lavish income for the growth of a collection, may today scarcely be described with any such adjectives of affluence. So that even many relatively august, older and once richer institutions have now become nearly as dependent upon individual collector-donors as their newer sister institutions—which still remain the poorer for having never yet had even a relative opportunity or length of time to establish the slightest counterpart of those golden capital funds whose income is restricted to purchases.

The resulting situation is that today both types of museums—the older, therefore probably endowed ones and the newer ones, mostly without such advantages and with the further handicap of a late start—find themselves equally supplicant, in varying degree, towards the collector-donor. This is in no way to suggest, it goes without saying, that such dependence necessarily means that a higher kind of independence must be surrendered in exchange for gifts of art by any museum of standing. Yet the fact remains that some danger can exist, against which there stands only some staunch combination of a curator's secure faith in his own scholarly apparatus and his equivalently stubborn ability to withstand outside pressures.

But not all collectors, it must be stated, require to be so vehemently guarded against. For, in contrast to those many prospective donors whose interest in art never rated outside a range from pure status-seeking to hopes for tax advantages, there is the other type of collector, however truthfully and regrettably rare he may be, from whom any museum, large or small, older or younger, may hope to expect unique and vast advantages. His nature is indicated by the mere mention of such associative names as Altman, Havemeyer, Mellon, Dale, Gulbenkian, Kress, Mond, Rosenwald, various de Rothschilds and others in America and abroad. In each case, the respective collection ultimately went to enrich such classic institutions as the Metropolitan, the Louvre, or the National Galleries of both London and Washington. To each already great institution, the relevant one of these brilliant collections brought something that the museum could never have acquired on its own, despite its distinguished staff of curators and other scholars—the something being a curious over-all characteristic of untrammeled independence, in taste and in purse, of the ability to be unconventional by eschewing modish or purely didactic goals and by buying exclusively what the collector had personally *learned* to like, so that the entirety acquired a stamp and flavor of such distinction as never has seemed possible wholly to attain when even the most gifted of curators is forced to secure the approval of a board of trustees, mostly mere civic-minded laymen at that, before he can make a purchase.

Thus may be outlined the Ideal Collector who—alone among his less desirable confrères—is the type that any museums, but especially those in America, direly need. As our museums work toward encouraging, cultivating and, wherever possible, assisting such educated collectors, rare as they may be, so we can afford to be optimistic about the chances for Americans to enjoy the major function of any museum, which is only to make it possible to *see* the best of

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

available art. And we might simultaneously anticipate, as a special bonus to come with that art itself, a fast diminishing need among museums for publicity techniques based on "bigger and better" statistics or any front-page stunts, as well as, for that matter, every other supernumerary museum corollary to art alone, whether playrooms, members' rooms or tea rooms. The millenium is what that would mean, but one can always hope. A.F.

L. A.: The new museum continued from page 34

tecture of a level that this distinguished, yet everywhere neglected, type of community need has been long and widely asking for.

Through the obviously impressive effect of that portion of the Museum commanding all visitors' first and last encounters, the image anyone at first tends to carry with him is bound to be the very big, regularly and almost infinitely patterned, main (and broadest) façade. For all of its considerable straggling length it lies—admittedly very well set at its exact place on the terrain—amid acres of balmily planted greenery, in trees, shrubs and lawns.

Beyond exterior qualities, the new structure also manifests a more or less functional character. The general layout—whose final design, the writer is informed, should be credited largely to the Museum staff in collaboration with the architects—resulted in the present general arrangement. Of its three superstructures, the smallest one, the Leo S. Bing Center, serves educational and performance purposes, with one large and several smaller theatre halls, well-constructed for lectures, lantern-slide and moving-picture projections, etc. The next somewhat larger of the superstructures, called the Lytton Gallery (after a financial supporter), rising to a three-storey height above the plaza level, is meant to show temporary exhibitions, up to two or more at a time, yet it also might, if necessary, some day provide additional permanent exhibition galleries. The Museum's permanent collection is housed in the Ahmanson Gallery, named for its donor, largest of this series of three giant penthouses. On its four spacious gallery floors, built, with originality, in generous dimensions around a some hundred-feet-high, hollow central court, to which each level abuts in an approximate balustraded terrace, the Ahmanson Gallery contains all of the Museum-owned works of art that together attempt a history of art, beginning with earliest Middle East and Western Asia and continuing through today. With automatic elevators located close to the central court, visitors can easily transport themselves between floors, and readily follow the geo-chronological order which progresses upward from the lowest level. This creates a novelty of verticality, using electric elevators to save the vast total of individual human pedal energy required to traverse most museums, which are usually overextended horizontally.

Now to the heart of our matter: the belief, firmly shared by the writer with many authoritative confrères that, whether in Los Angeles or anywhere else, the sole criterion for judging any art museum always must finally remain one wholly based on the quality and the breadth of as much art as the institution has made itself able, over the long run, to show its public permanently. In this respect, the history of American museums—from deanships in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, to proportionate sophomores like those in Washington and Cleveland—tends to prove that, in order for a museum to be certain of cultivating ultimately its own unquestionable, dominating prestige, it must sooner or later find for itself at least one living exponent—or better still, an entire series—of the indispensable Maecenas-type of very rich, unlimitedly acquisitive collector-benefactor. This refers to the same devoted species of benefactor who, over almost a century, collected, then preserved for the public, such treasures as those of the Altmans and Havemeyers, Wideners and John G. Johnsons, Mrs. Potter Palmers and Birch Bartletts, of the Andrew Mellons, Chester Dales and Leonard Hannas—which created the real bulwark of our present public galleries.

In Los Angeles, however, since the early 1900s, there has been a constantly increasing level of individual wealth—which elsewhere has been, through history, usually a prime stipulation for efflorescenses of private collecting. Yet this Californian Eldorado has so far failed to coalesce into more than a handful of art aggregations that could ever approach the extent to which, in the older East, many now world-famous earlier collections came to give an incisive quality to their respective museums. That Los Angeles' hitherto much less prolific activity might be due to earlier pure accidents of timing, considerable proof is offered, in a single instance alone, by the

ROSE FRIED 40 EAST 68 ST.
march 17-april 17
SAM ADLER
RECENT WORKS
OPEN 10 AM TO 5:30 PM · CLOSED MONDAYS

FISCHBACH 799 MADISON AVENUE
KNOX MARTIN
through March 13
KENNETH KILSTROM
March 16 - April 3

STONE AND CRYSTAL
THROUGH MARCH 20
LEE GATCH
MARCH 23 - APRIL 10
STAEMPFLI
47 EAST 77 NEW YORK

March 4th-31st
Under Auspices of
General Consulate of Uruguay
and
Berlitz School of Languages
Recent Oils
A Perdriat
Berlitz School of Languages
40 West 51st Street
at Rockefeller Center

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

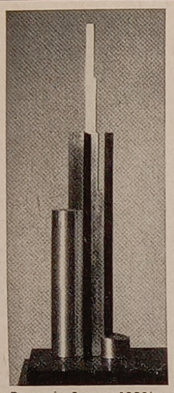
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

sculpture march 9 - april 10

pietro cascella

GALERIA BONINO
7 west 57 street, new york.
BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO ROME TORONTO

Alfredo Bonino, Emilio del Junco, Dirs.


Forms in Space, 1920's

Re-Introducing
Pioneer Modern Sculptor
JOHN
STORRS
Works Dating 1913-1930's
The Downtown Galleries
32 East 51 St., New York

millares

"Mutilados de la Paz"

recent paintings

MARCH 23 - APRIL 17

pierre matisse gallery
41 e. 57, n.y.c.


Pellegrino TIBALDI (1527-1596)
"Sainte-Famille" Frame 73 x 60 cm.

figures in an outstanding sale of OLD MASTERS to be held on Thursday 25th March at 2.30 p.m. at the Palais Gallierá in Paris. Me Etienne LIBERT, Commissaire Priseur, 5 rue Marbeuf (225.33.30). Also present M. Heim-Gairac, Expert. Works of Primitive and Renaissance painters of the Italian, French, German, Flemish and Dutch schools: BELLEGAMBE, CRANACH, VAN HUYSUM, CARIANI, GIOVANNI DEL BIONDO, MAINARDI. On show: Wednesday 24th March from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. to 11 p.m.

strange facts surrounding much of the destiny of the vast, quite incredible collections brought together, with this area, by the late William Randolph Hearst—probably unmatched for total quantity in all history, except, and only perhaps, in a very few cases on a royal level. Once Hearst might have, out of his own collections alone, easily filled a museum in Los Angeles thrice the size of a Louvre—had not the overextended tentacles of his ultimate empire failed ever fully to recover from fatal blows which first struck it in the post-1929 Depression. The crisis, in the 1930s, became apparent at the start of the years-long, worldwide dispersal, by auction and private sale across half the world, of the various, separate Hearst Collections—of different arts and periods. Nevertheless, somehow certain works of art were retained, especially the personal favorites of both Hearst and his close friend of many years, the film actress Marion Davies. And today a relative handful of these belong—as gifts of either the Hearst Foundation, or of Hearst Magazines, Inc., or of Hearst personally or of Miss Davies—to the Museum. So they stand as first tokens by no means paltry in themselves—of what indescribable grandeur promised at one time to come to the Museum out of the entire, majestic Hearst aggregations.

Even so, the conglomerate Hearst individual-corporate-foundation gifts now on view, together with those of Marion Davies, make up a respectable lot. They begin chronologically with some Egyptian heads, then continue by emphasizing Classical Antiquity, with literally dozens of Greek, Etruscan [fig. **13**], Hellenistic and Roman sculptures, in marble, stone and bronze, many in heroic or life size. Added to these is a large group of Greek painted pottery, in its many forms of vase, krater, kylix and other shapes, variously done in the different types of the red-figured and other dual colorings—what was left of this typical Hearst aggregation, as it remained after gradual large-scale sales. Finally, reaching to Baroque Europe and Georgian London, the Museum owns and shows almost a dozen paintings and sculptures, thus appearing rather surprisingly against the previously accustomed expressions of Hearst's often eccentrically decisive personal taste, though they still manage to enrich the new Museum as they would almost any sister institution.

Next is another once promising project, begun years ago by one more local Croesus-collector, who has since surprised the world by moving on to another country more than five thousand miles away. With a fortune called as large as anyone's in the world, yet with somewhat less of an acquisitive passion than Hearst's, J. Paul Getty had—before his formal transfer of residence to Britain some years ago—maintained his permanent home in the Greater Los Angeles area, at its western perimeter, in Santa Monica, and his splendid erstwhile chateau there, perched on a cliff high above the Pacific surf, became, after his departure, the informal, unconventional museum it remains. Unconventional, because its entire contents have been restricted, today just as while the reputedly world's richest man still lived there, to only three categories, perhaps the narrowest scope of any museum in the world—to: sculpture of Classical Antiquity; a few European post-Renaissance paintings of different schools; and a remarkably grand array of French eighteenth-century furniture and objets d'art, mostly the original furnishings when this was still Getty's residence. Today, however, the new Los Angeles Museum shows its limited benefits in a few Getty gifts it was fortunate to receive before the owner forever abandoned the United States for other shores. The outstanding one is what may still today be counted as definitely the single most valuable object owned by the Museum, and probably the one closest to unique: the long-celebrated Persian mid-sixteenth-century textile masterpiece, 24 feet long, always admiringly known as the "Ardabil Palace Carpet" [fig. **9**]. Several European old masters—including one of the best of early Rembrandts anywhere, the 1631 *Portrait of Maarten Looten* [fig. **3**]—complete this brief yet notable list of Getty gifts.

The balance of the Museum's permanent collections has come to it through a considerable number of individual donations in smaller scale—with one exception, coming from the jazz composer and film producer, "Buddy" de Sylva, who was a lavish, typical Hollywood collector of the Second World War period, from whom the Museum received, in 1947, besides a modest purchase fund, the gift of his charming small collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, all representative examples if no chefs-d'oeuvre. Yet careful management of the Museum's available purchase funds, and of most purchases—by both the present Director, Richard F. Brown, and the distinguished scholar who preceded him, the late Wilhelm R. Valentiner—has gradually produced a broad, if necessarily very intermittent, attempt at coverage of many aspects within the history of art. Yet what obviously has long been, and remains, largely lack-

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

ing in the Museum's collections is any presence of the highest of museum desiderata anywhere, i.e., one or more instantly recognizable masterpieces—of artist, of period or locality. Such always rare birds are today rarer than ever. In the event one or other desiderate should appear, the Museum has bravely undertaken raising $5-million purchase funds, to be expandable also from capital—with ca. $1-million pledged so far. Yet by now a true *rarissima avis* can cost in the millions.

Yet, astonishingly, what from the foregoing seems, in hard facts, rather a dim prospect, becomes straightway transformed into a hopeful one, by specifically the Museum's surely most notable aspect at its opening. This is embodied in those "remarkable loans" already cited herein, beyond which the new Museum shows scarcely other than its collections already previously seen. The loans referred to, many of them very significant works of art, are in their entirety too numerous to permit listing all. They are credited to two sources which may, to all intent, be considered a duality under a single aegis. The two consist of: Norton Simon, as an individual; and the Norton Simon Foundation, founded and maintained by him for his educational and charitable benefactions.

Norton Simon, long a local resident and a leading, nationwide industrialist, has been, for some time, a trustee of the Los Angeles Museum and one of its most generous helpers. He has, in only ten years, set an extraordinary record as an obviously talented, active collector. In so remarkably short a time he has gradually acquired a private collection of several hundred pictures and sculptures, dating from the fifteenth through the twentieth century, which reflects a productive connoisseurship such as the writer has hardly before met with in a layman on this continent. Apparently having, in a gradual start, begun by acquiring chiefly French pictures of the later nineteenth century, he soon progressed in this school, from the currently fashionable and merely pleasing, to the more profound, thus rarer, works of the period and style.

Today, Norton Simon's personal collection, its some 200 items remaining housed in his home, ranges from the Italian Renaissance, through the Netherlandish seventeenth century, in Rembrandt and Hals; thence into the eighteenth, as widely as Fragonard and Canaletto, and finally to whence comes its majority—the important period since 1850. However, this personal collection will not be publicly exhibited, even in part, at the Museum around the opening. Whether or not its ultimate destiny may lie in its one day becoming part of the new Museum, today this private collection is important enough to merit full-scale publication by itself in detail, for which it is hoped there will soon be opportunity in ARTNEWS.

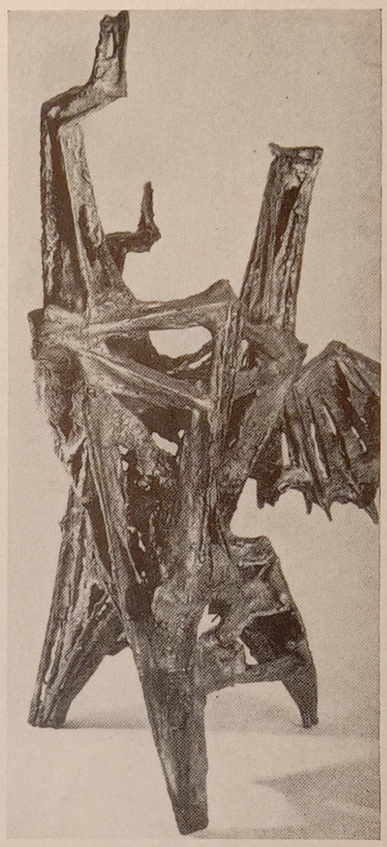
Yet the Norton Simon Foundation will, at the opening, be formidably represented. Best known in the art world for its major activity therein, represented by its purchase, almost a year ago, of the entire stock of art, the building and all other assets, of the famous old art-dealing firm of Duveen Brothers, Inc. [A.N., Summer '64], the Foundation is now for the first time lending a considerable group of the remarkable works which were in Duveen hands at the time the purchase was consummated. These are too numerous and rich in interest to permit, in this limited space, other than alluding briefly to their significance.

Yet it is the breadth of the Foundation's multiple loan, including its items from the ex-Duveen collection, which alone gives the event true significance on a national basis. Without the presence of what this extensive loan comprises, there would be little need for an art-historical critique of the new Museum—for, thus deprived, it would amount to no more than simply non-vintage wine in shiny modern bottles.

In a condensed review of the now, through this loan, amplified collections, the new Museum's dependence upon these loans is clearly evident. Especially is this emphasized by the chronologically primary galleries of European art (on the second floor, or plaza level, of the Ahmanson Gallery) where are strikingly revealed those old gaps now suddenly filled by the new additions, all here unveiled to the Los Angeles art public. For, previous to the opening of the new building, the Museum's chronology had forcibly come to a full stop in the Late Gothic period, with a few French and Flemish sculptures whose dates approached a Gothic terminus of around 1400, most of them Hearst donations of non-sensational quality, from some time ago. This had left a vast unexplained lacuna of some two centuries.

But today, in all their now cheerfully borrowed splendor, these galleries begin properly with, not any impossible-to-attain autograph work of Giotto, but at least contemporaneously, at the start of what Dante called Giotto's *dolce stil nuovo*. Thus, the Giottesque Proto-Renaissance is represented by a distinguished large *Madonna*, by one of its greatest exponents, Bernardo Daddi. And the more lyrical twin line, less like Daddi's more gravely dramatic one, of these

ALBERT
WEIN
SCULPTURE
MARCH 1-19



HERITAGE
GALLERY
724 N. La Cienega Blvd. · Los Angeles

PETER
VOULKOS
Sculpture
DAVID STUART GALLERIES
807 N LA CIENEGA, LOS ANGELES 69

iris clert
28 rue du fg. st. honoré
paris VIII^e — anjou 32-05
homage to
gaston chaissac
24 february - 24 march

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Tomkins	IV.C.28

HELEN
FRANKENTHALER
ANDRE EMMERICH GALLERY INC. • 41 EAST 57 •
MARCH 16-APRIL 3

ROSE FRIED 40 EAST 68 ST.
february 17 - march 13
STANTON
MacDONALD-WRIGHT
OPEN 10 AM TO 5:30 PM • CLOSED MONDAYS

Sheldon Levison
PAINTINGS MARCH 1-17
Alfredo Valente Gallery 119 WEST 57 STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK

KATHERINE SCHMIDT
DURLACHER BROS.
538 MADISON AVE. (54-55 St.)

John Krushenick
March 2-20
Lucia Salemme
March 23 - April 17
Dorsky Gallery
888 Madison Avenue at 72nd Street, New York

HANS HOFMANN
thru mar. 6: paintings of 1964
SOTO
mar. 9 - mar. 27
first 1-man American exhibition
KOOTZ GALLERY
655 Madison Avenue at 60th Street, New York

two following upon Giotto's innovations, is now represented by one of its most poetic exponents, Andrea (di Cione) Orcagna, founder of an influential Florentine workshop with his two brothers, Nardo and Jacopo di Cione—who is seen not in his usual medium of painting but, instead, in his more rarely encountered sculpture appearing in three, out of his famous set of five, exquisitely full-round, white marble figures of Musician Angels (the other two still belonging to the Prince of Liechtenstein's celebrated collection), which closely recall Andrea's most famous work of sculpture, his huge marble tabernacle with many figures that still stands in its original place, inside the church of Orsanmichele, Florence [A.N., Feb., '51].

Returning briefly to the immediately prior, Late Gothic period, there are two important other Foundation loans. One is a superb Burgundian limestone head of a king, 12th-13th century, long ago become detached from its entire figure which first was probably on a church or chapel façade. The other, another Gothic fragment also made today somehow speakingly eloquent by having been long ago detached from the walls of a medieval building, is a fresco of a *St. Anthony Abbot*, which may be reasonably attributed to the fourteenth-century School of Avignon, originated there by chiefly Sienese migrant painters who had followed the dissident Popes of the Great Schism in their flight from, and rebellion against, Rome.

Back now, in chronological order if not directly in terms of style, to the Northern Renaissance, where another Foundation loan establishes curiously long-surviving Gothic influences at a time when, elsewhere in Europe, renascent Classic forms held full sway: it is *The Coronation of the Virgin, with Prelates and Angels* [fig **1**], by the Flemish painter Gerard David (1450/60-1523) of Bruges, which, like so many of David's masterpieces, had originally gone to Spain, the painting having belonged, a century ago, to Prince Juan de Bourbon (grandson of King Charles IV of Spain), whose descendants sold it to Lord Duveen. Today it could hardly leave Spain legally. Along with paintings of this period, there is also outstanding a unique, also ex-Duveen, set of four large Brussels tapestries, ca. 1475-1500, illustrating legends of Helen of Troy.

The following galleries, also reinforced by their new loans, sweep boldly into the Renaissance, with these landmarks: actually *two* noted Botticellis and an unusually handsome Botticini *Madonna*, beside a distinctive group of pictures by Venetian painters of around 1500 A.D.—works of Giovanni Bellini, Catena and Bissolo, which terminate with no less than what seems the most nearly certain complete work by Giorgione in America—the *Head of a Woman*, from Lord Melchett's collection [fig. **2**]. Significant also is a rare Florentine quattrocento sculpture—straight out of the wake of Donatello, a characteristically subtle high-relief of the Madonna and Child, carved in white marble by Desiderio da Settignano, around 1460.

From Siena came two outstanding quattrocento paintings, among the Simon Foundation loans: a large *Allegory of Fidelity*, painted in fresco by the great painter-sculptor-architect-engineer, Francesco di Giorgio (1439-1502) who was, in his way, an also multi-talented predecessor of Leonardo; and a closely contemporary panel, *Madonna and Child with Saints*, painted by the enchanting and rare Neroccio di Bartolommeo.

Only want of space prevents complete chronological continuity into further galleries, as now enriched by Simon Foundation loans. Their highlights go on, in the sixteenth century, in Italy and in France (with a remarkable group of Quesnel portrait-drawings of personages at the Valois courts). From the seventeenth century there are: a famous Rubens portrait, *Princess Amalia of Orange*, and a flamboyantly Baroque marble bust by Martin Desjardins, portraying the Court-painter, Pierre Mignard. The 1700s are seen in: two Fragonards; in a rare settecento *View of Florence* by the English painter Thomas Patch, who was Sir Horace Walpole's friend; in an English masterpiece, the Cruttenden double-portrait by Gainsborough; and in the palatial set of four rose-ground tapestries, woven about 1780 at the Gobelins, after celebrated designs by François Boucher. Thence the historical scope terminates, in the early nineteenth century, with a remarkable oil-sketch for a *Crucifixion*, ca. 1827, by Richard Parkes Bonington, the young Eugène Delacroix's London contemporary-Romantic.

Painted twenty years after the Gainsborough is another significant English painting, this long owned by the County Museum, Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Portrait of Arthur Annesley as an Etonian* [fig. **4**], the gift years ago of Hearst Magazines, Inc.—whose alluring background shows the same historic public-school's buildings near the outskirts of Windsor.

In the Museum's collection of "modern" paintings—i.e., dating since around 1850-60—it is evident that particularly the Impression-

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

GIDEON
SHACKNAI
Mar. 9-22

GALLERY ARTISTS • H. Arp • Augustine H. Barnes • Bartlett • Beard • Brubeck Chenok • Comley • O. Curtis • A. Davis B. Dawson • Degen • Eddy • Godchaux • Grebe S. Goodwin • Gunther • R. Holmes • Kettlewood V. Knapp • Koch • M. Larsen • C. C. Marshall J. O. Martin • Mordecai • A. Paine • Politinsky E. Propper • Rauden • Raye-Page • Rivers Schwab • Sharp • Sigal • Singleton Tsai • Veling
Mar. 11 - Apr. 1

HILDA
ARP
Mar. 23 - Apr. 3
ahda ARTZT gallery
142 WEST 57 ST.

PFRIEM

A COMPREHENSIVE EXHIBITION: 1940-1965

April 1-24

international gallery
Lotte Drew-Bear, Director
1026 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

COMPARAISONS
Musée d'Art Moderne
de la Ville de Paris
II, Av. du Président Wilson
INVITES D'HONNEUR
LES ARTISTES BRESILIENS
du 8 au 28 mars

VENICE, ITALY
4-week summer courses in
PAINTING, SKETCHING, GRAPHICS, HISTORY OF ARTS AND VENETIAN CIVILIZATION
at the Cini Foundation on San Giorgio
THE ARTISTS WORKSHOP
for illustrated brochure and program, write to P.O. Box 2511, Grand Central, New York 17

SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE
BFA degrees in Painting, Sculpture, Printmaking, Ceramics, Design, Photography. MFA in Painting and Sculpture. College founded in 1871 and affiliated with University of California. For catalog write Registrar, Room 10, 800 Chestnut Street, San Francisco.

Fine Arts
Graphic Design
Fashion Arts
Industrial Des.
Interior Design
Art Teacher Ed.
Photography
Academics
MARYLAND INSTITUTE
College of Art—B F A, M F A Degrees—Rinehart School of Sculpture Graduate Fellowships—139th yr.—Catalog on request. 1318 W. Mt. Royal Ave., Balto., Md. 21217

Post-Impressionists, with the others who immediately follow this initiation of the modern point of view, happen here actually to be less well represented than one might have expected. Only a single unmistakable masterpiece represents that formative period, the gift actually from a New York collection, the late Mrs. Adele R. Levy's: the magnificent Cézanne still-life of *Cherries and Apricots* [fig. **5**], of the 1880s, which originally was owned by the distinguished American connoisseur in Florence, Charles Loeser, who, in buying this painting in Paris from Vollard about 1890, had the advantage of drawing on the advice of his friend Bernard Berenson.

Otherwise the Museum has gained by a correspondingly increased interest, in later phases of modern painting, on the part of local private citizens, of whom many have since grown into active collectors. A number are active in the Contemporary Arts Council, contributing to its fund which presents to the Museum works by living Americans —of which Philip Guston's important *Room 1, 1955* is an example [fig. **8**]. Other local interest has shown itself especially in European Expressionism: typical is the purchase out of the Museum's own funds of Kurt Schwitters' formative collage of 1919, *Construction for Noble Ladies* [fig. **6**]. The modern collection, more heavily than in other museums, emphasizes early Germanic Expressionism, and continues to post-1940s American Abstract Expressionists, then culminates an excessively large Pop Art group.

Among such apparently headlong acquisitions of all contemporary types, it is hard to discern whether this may be the result chiefly of good-natured and other kinds of electioneering by collectors and dealers, or whether it may not partly also arise through an impulsive kind of buying prompted by a local determination always to "be hip." Possibly the entire situation could be improved, up to attaining the status of exercises in connoisseurship—in processes more deliberate, less topically pressured than those of simply following fashions—as should be expected of the learned institution any large museum is assumed also to be. This might be achieved in a simple way, i.e., by the creation, within the Museum, of a *separate department of modern art,* just as there exist others for Classical art, Oriental art, etc.—yet one that here could get under way by already profiting from archives and other facts already elsewhere accumulated, and by continuing in a here relevant special discipline today healthily brought to life at the Museum of Modern Art and at other existing centers.

In the matter of scholarship, in fact, the new Museum still has perhaps its greatest need. Its apparently one highly scholarly department seems to be that one which, traditionally, in most museums under similar conditions, usually becomes the one always able nevertheless to move ahead—namely the department of prints and drawings, its continuity of fine acquisitions seen over some 400 years from the rare German Gothic print [fig. **12**] to the van Gogh sketch [fig. **10**].

By comparison, there is much less to see in the Oriental department (also apparently covering the Middle East, as with a strange relief sculpture labeled "Persepolis"). It is curiously poor in distinguished examples for being in a major U.S. city on the Pacific, through which many Asian shipments arrive. The handsome South-Indian *Krishna* [fig. **11**] seems decidedly a qualitative exception.

Concluding this enforcedly condensed first account, it must again be hoped that opportunities for a more detailed review will soon arrive. No place herein, for instance, was found to discuss the Museum's new installations—including its deliberate "open plan"—which throughout eliminates any wholly enclosed galleries by substituting, for walls and doorways, suspended screens on which pictures are hung, so that mere wide-angled openings must serve as loose passages creating some confusion by opening to visibility, simultaneously, several vistas of walls which often represent views of several entirely different periods and styles. But, hopefully, more comprehensiveness soon.

De Kooning continued from page 38

de Kooning's studio, like cats).

The abstractions which followed the Women were packed cityscapes (such as *Wanamaker Block*); then the forms opened, changed gears to relate to the sad limbo between city and country, the outskirts and suburbs (these pictures sometimes were named after parkways). Finally his image moved with de Kooning to the country, winter and summer. New York "no-environment" gave way to a specific sense of Long Island place and ocean light. (A visiting Amsterdam museum director, E. de Wilde, says de Kooning's luminosity obviously is Dutch; de Kooning says he likes the idea, but he doesn't remember Holland that well, and maybe it's a coincidence.) In such an abstraction as *Rosy-Fingered Dawn at Louse Point* (which de Wilde bought for the Stedelijk Museum), the colors are almost

Try these

CLASSIC
Artists Oil Colors

choice of leading Western painters and art schools

Available for the first time—in a ten (3/8-oz.) tube "Sampler Kit"—are the very same oils heretofore supplied only to art schools and a select number of western professionals.

Pure in tone, rich in color, these highly-ground oils have a buttery texture that provides remarkable workability. They are non-yellowing and guaranteed to assure complete color fidelity and maximum brilliance.

Ten-tube kit for only $3.95—is available at leading art supply stores. Or send check to . . .

DANACOLORS, INC.
1833 Egbert Street, San Francisco, Calif.

THE NEW CREATIVE MEDIUM!
•sculp-metal



IT MODELS LIKE CLAY—
HARDENS INTO METAL!
•
1001 Uses In Arts and Crafts
•
Send 10c for handbook working in sculp-metal

Sculp-Metal is applied with palette knife or fingers. Pieces air harden; burnish to rich aluminum.

at leading dealers

the sculp-metal company
701-A Investment Bldg. Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Fredrix
ARTISTS CANVAS
Used by America's Leading Artists Since 1868
Send 25¢ for samples and name of nearest dealer and distributor
Manufactured by
E. H. & A. C. FRIEDRICHS CO.
New York 12, N. Y.

FREE CATALOG
ARTIST FRAMES • MOLDINGS
ART SUPPLIES of Distinction!
Largest Stocks • Unmatchable Values
CHESAPEAKE PICTURE FRAME CO.
4112 Plastic Place, C, Baltimore, Md. 21215

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Tomkins	Series.Folder: IV.C.28

realist in their equivalence to sand, sea and earth in sunlight. Forms have widened to implicate a 360 degree horizon that can never be glimpsed from New York sidewalks.

It is from this seacoast-of-bohemia context that the sketches of Women developed in 1963-64.

De Kooning always has placed his figures in ambiguous indoors-outdoors areas—one cannot tell whether a window was seen from a room or from the street. This interior-exterior metaphor was translated into a simultaneity of land and water. The recent Women walk on the beach at Louse Point (*Clam Diggers*) or wade in the shallows; their reflections are at the bottom of the picture and water flicks its dappled reflections of the sun over their bodies. In one of the first of the series of sketches the Woman is in a boat [see p. 38]; light bounces off the waves on to her rocking body. A preoccupation with small golden strokes activating the whole surface gives the picture a breezy Rubens air. And the artist was reminded of a favorite anecdote about the master—Rubens' recipe for figure-painting: You work from casts of the Antique for years and years until you have completely grasped the idea of the body; then you can bring in a live model, "and put in the dimples."

In these frankly beautiful little paintings, de Kooning's nudes are as dimpled with light as the Venus for which Isabella Rubens posed.

By June 1964, he was working to bring the image up to 80 inches high (the artist's favorite over-life-size module—his Women are usually sitting down, crouching or otherwise folded; if she straightened up she would loom 10 feet high). The method, as always with de Kooning, who starts out by kicking away an encyclopedia of craft and ends up perfecting a new technique, involves endless drawings, drawings of cut apart and reversed drawings, studies of details, sketches—ideas constantly taken off and shoved back into the picture. In the autumn of 1964, he experimented with a method that would suggest the illusion of modeling by a slight nudge to the paint on the flat plane ("modeling is awful"). He placed sheets of newspaper on the wet surface, slid them a fraction of an inch, then carefully peeled them off. In repainting some areas on the panel, and leaving others smooth, he achieved those "impossible" jumps in texture that he had used in many of his earlier abstractions, but now he made them allude to the dimensionality of an arm or a breast. (De Kooning often has slapped paper on a work-in-progress—sometimes to cover up a passage he wanted to save for a while, but get out of the way; sometimes simply to delay drying; sometimes as a metaphysical focus, as when he applied a "real" colorplate mouth to the face of *Woman 1, 1953* in its early stages; offset newsprint images appear in his abstractions from 1948 to 1956.)

He saved the peeled off newspapers to study the changes in the painting and as suggestions for new ideas, and, over the months. these "monoprints" became a unique documentation of the evolution of the image. While he was working on *Woman 1, 1953*, de Kooning wiped out at least fifty magnificent pictures on the same canvas before letting it alone. And much of the pressure of the final image derives from this impetuous continuity of destructions. *Woman, 1964* has a similar intensity, but large sections of the record are preserved. Together they are like a film of the changes and possibilities in a masterpiece.

(A New York dealer, Harold Diamond, recently pursuaded de Kooning to sell the "monoprints," which he then had mounted on canvas. They are on exhibition this month at the Paul Kantor Gallery, Los Angeles [see p. 38]—a major event to accompany the opening of the new County Museum.)

Other transfers were made from the wet paint to heavy white "vellum" paper, sometimes to sheets as large as the panel itself. One of these [p. 37] was completely worked over into an independent painting with two figures; others, like the newspaper Women, were left untouched [p. 36].

By December 31, 1964, two of the panels were finished (both of them, along with two large vellums and a number of sketches, shortly afterwards entered the collection of Joseph Hirshhorn).

The pastoral colors have turned harsh; there is a bloody look to *Woman, 1964*. At first glance one is reminded of the famous line in Swift's *A Digression on Madness*: "Last Week I saw a Woman *flay'd*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her Person for the worse." But de Kooning's Woman changed for the better. The glow of the sun that warmed the dappled surfaces of the earlier sketches now has turned rose. It reminds you of late Rembrandts, Titians and Renoirs. De Kooning is in his sixty-first year—an age when questing masters turn to reds.

Face, breasts and sex, each pulled open confront the viewer on a vertical axis suggesting a totem. But the turbulence of the paint cover-

SKOWHEGAN
SCHOOL OF PAINTING & SCULPTURE
JOHN EASTMAN, Jr., *Director*

Faculty
LENNART ANDERSON
JOHN BUTTON
ROBERT CRONBACH
WILLARD CUMMINGS
ALFRED LESLIE
ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Visiting Artists
HENRY GELDZAHLER
PAUL GEORGES
LLOYD GOODRICH
BARTLETT H. HAYES, Jr.
AL HELD
JACK LEVINE
MARISOL
FRANK O'HARA
GEORGE ORTMAN
PHILIP PEARLSTEIN
LARRY POONS
JAMES ROSATI
BEN SHAHN
MORRIS SHULMAN
MARGUERITE ZORACH
WILLIAM ZORACH

July-August
Write for free Booklet "N."
SKOWHEGAN, MAINE

Exposure to dedication is rare.

Our faculty has empathy, imagination, enthusiasm.

You benefit.

PAINTING, DRAWING, SCULPTURE, PRINTMAKING, VISUAL PERCEPTION, ART HISTORY

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS, SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS
209 East 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010
ORegon 9-7350



The Art Academy of Cincinnati

Painting, Sculpture, Advertising Design, Illustration, Graphics, Photography; V.A. approved; Scholarships. Adjoining Cincinnati Art Museum and library facilities. Write for catalogue, Herbert P. Barnett, Dean, Eden Park, Cincinnati 6, Ohio.

SCHOOLS

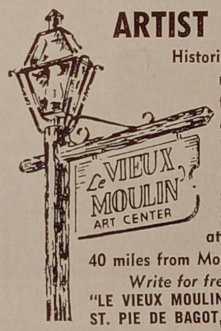
THE ART STUDENTS LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

89th regular session now in progress. Registration by the month. No entrance requirements. 43 famous artist-instructors to choose from.

Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Fashion, Illustration, Textile Design, Lettering, etc.

A.M., P.M. and Eve classes. On Saturdays, classes for children and adults. Catalogue available.

215 West 57th Street, N.Y. 19
CIrcle 7-4510
Stewart Klonis, Director



ARTIST RESORT

Historic Quebec Mill mountain setting; painting, ceramics, top bilingual instructors; excellent cuisine attractive rooms

40 miles from Montreal.
Write for free folder.
"LE VIEUX MOULIN" ART CENTER
ST. PIE DE BAGOT, QUE., CANADA

Castello Academy
Valsolda, Como, Italy

College level summer courses in Art History, Painting, Sculpture, and Italian Language. Weekend field trips to major Italian Museums and Art Centers. Unspoiled location in the beautiful Italian Lake district 15 minutes from Lugano, Switzerland. Charter flight available.

Write: H. Stothart
Castello Academy
Valsolda, Como, Italy

CLEVELAND institute of art
catalog on request

PAINTING
SCULPTURE
GRAPHICS
INDUSTRIAL DESIGN
INTERIOR DESIGN
ADVERTISING
ILLUSTRATION
PHOTOGRAPHY
CERAMICS
WEAVING
TEXTILE DESIGN
SILVERSMITHING
ENAMELING
TEACHER TRAINING

DIPLOMAS - DEGREES - SCHOLARSHIPS
11141 East Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio

c|c
a|c
CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS
BROADWAY AT COLLEGE AVENUE • OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA
Bachelor's and Master's Degrees in fine arts, design, crafts, teacher education. Catalog available.