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	TOMKINS	IV.C.36

Artforum, April 1981

LAST CALL AT MAX'S

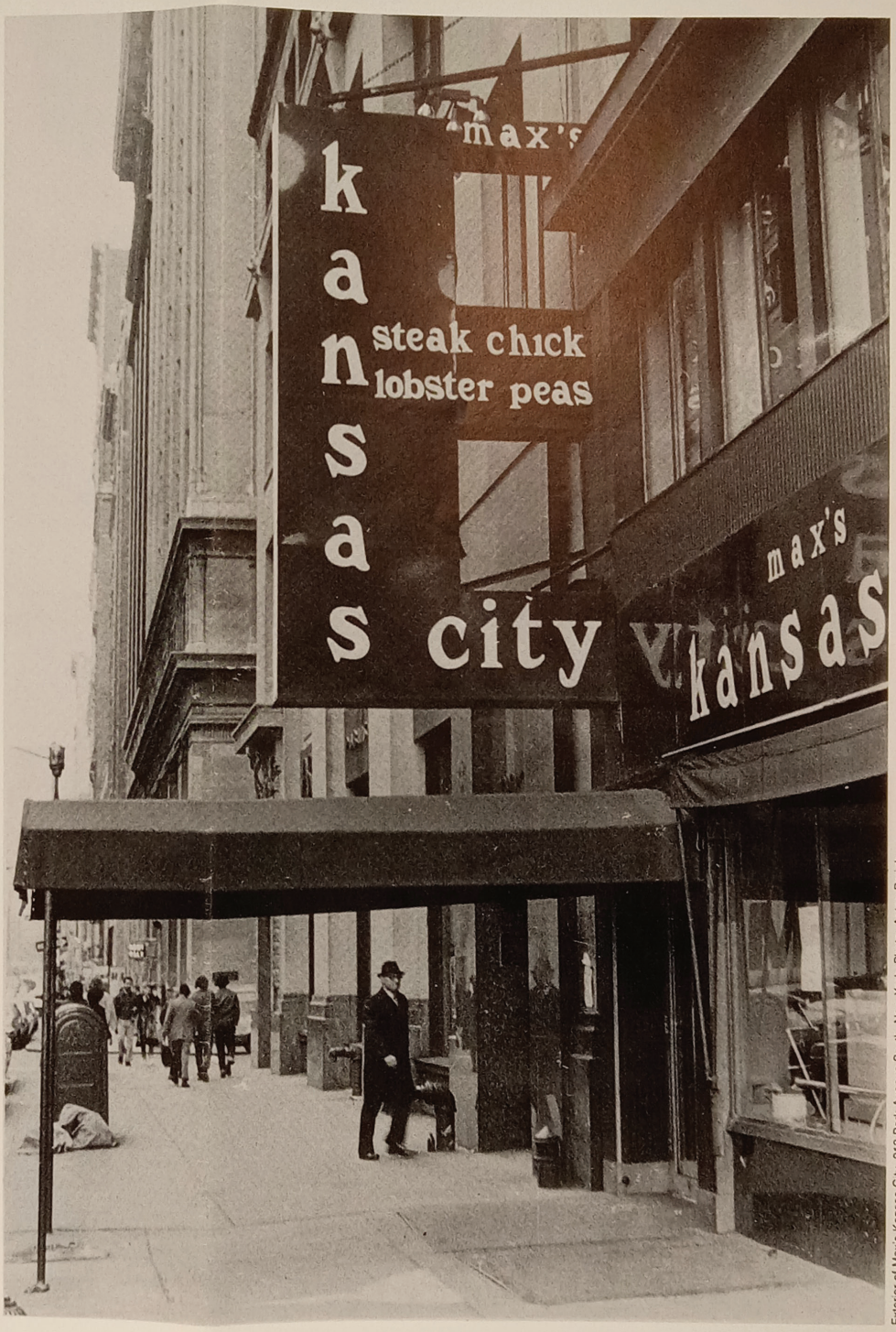
Bruce Kurtz

Between 1965 and 1974, Max's Kansas City was the central meeting place for the personalities, professions and mixtures of mediums that characterized the culture of the period. Painters, poets, photographers, filmmakers, musicians, sculptors, underground actors, art critics, curators, dealers and collectors convened at Max's, mixing with fashion designers, fashion photographers, models, Hollywood actors and actresses, film directors, politicians, millionaires and "ordinary" people.

The 1960s was a period of social and esthetic mobility, a time when boundaries between the art world and the rest of the world were in flux, with the outside world wanting *entrée* to art and artists' newfound *cachet*, while artists were seeking greater integration into society. Thanks to the Beatles and the consequent anglophilia, new popular music and fashions were spotlighted in the mass media, heightening the public hunger for newness and experimentation. Popular musicians were important role models, setting life-style patterns (a '60s concept) and fashions for the youth of bourgeois society. JFK's youthful optimism, coupled with futuristic space exploration, created a climate of unlimited faith in the new.

Pop art opened this homogenizing decade. During the '60s, the public which found Abstract Expressionism incomprehensible relished Pop art's banality, a fact that contributed to the burgeoning mass appetite for art and culture. There weren't many New York bars in the mid '60s that liked artists, since the status of artists with middle class society, while on the way up, was still insecure. Artists in the '60s inherited bohemianism's rejection of bourgeois values from the Abstract Expressionists, though many of these latter artists were by that time financially successful. It was apparent that artists could earn good incomes, but at this time few, if any, of the new generation did. Owner Mickey Ruskin's welcoming, deep respect for artists and his ability to enjoy an extremely wide range of people made Max's a hospitable gathering place for society's fringes. (Soon, the fascination of media image-makers with artists, combined with the '60s appetite for newness, would integrate those fringes into bourgeois society.)

Neil Williams, John Chamberlain, Larry Poons, Frosty Myers, Larry Weiner, Paul and Ethel Hultberg and a handful of others attended Max's opening at Park Avenue South near 17th Street on December 6, 1965. Fashion photographers and models began frequenting the bar and restaurant. (Many of them had studios nearby.) Fashion and art had been mixed on the pages of America's taste-making magazines since the early '60s, but before Max's there was no place where artists, models and fashion photographers got together. Artists were regarded by the fashion people as celebrities because American art received extraordinary international acclaim in the '60s, and fashion loves celebrities. The fact that most of the artists who frequented Max's in the beginning were so unlike media stars only intensified their appeal. Another, better attended opening took place in January, 1966, and by spring Max's was a success. That summer, while filming *Chelsea Girls*, Andy War-



Exterior of Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Avenue South, New York. Photo: Anton Perich.

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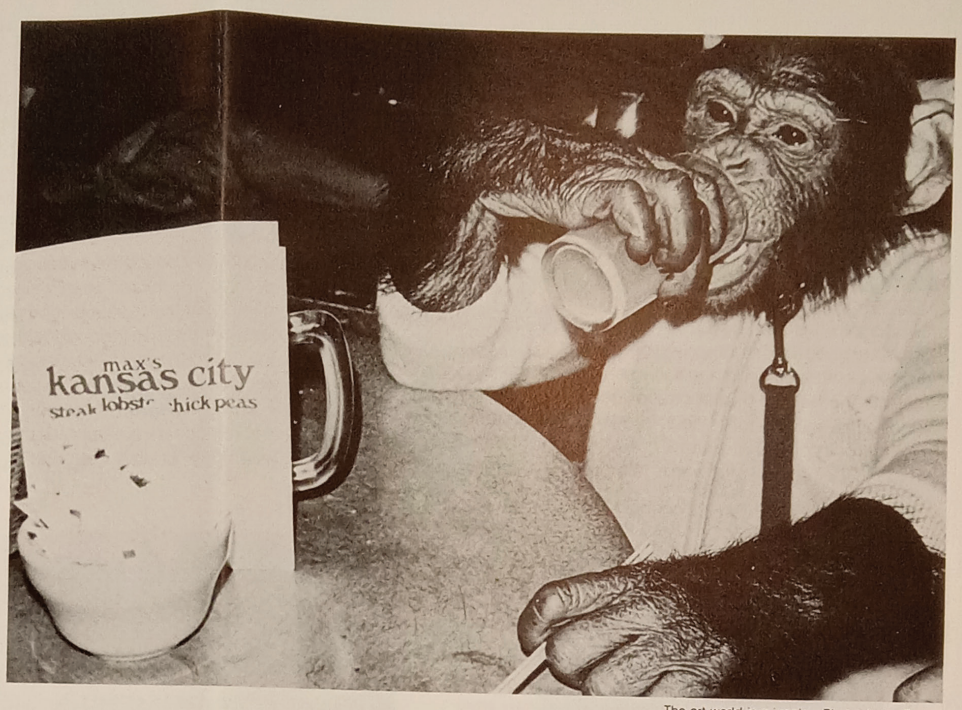
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hol began to frequent the place, cementing fashion's fascination with it. Typically, he would arrive with a party of about 20 superstars, buying them dinner rather than paying them. He traded art for credit with Mickey Ruskin, so he would just sign the check. Among his group then were Viva (Susan Hoffmann), Brigid Polk (actually Brigid Berlin) and Edie Sedgwick. Society's fringe encircled Warhol, too: transvestites, hustlers, go-go dancers. Warhol, a painter, sculptor, printmaker, filmmaker, operator and entrepreneur,was charismatic not only because he worked in many media, but also because he filled many social roles: artist, voyeur, socialite, star. Warhol's prescience of performance contributed to Max's being a stage, but he wasn't the only image-conscious regular. One reason for going to Max's was to see and be seen, combining voyeurism with exhibitionism and foreshadowing performance art. Fashion models, extravagantly dressed in the latest trends, mixed with glamorous transvestites, costumed rock musicians, actors and actresses—their "media" their own "messages."

The first regulars from the art world came from the Park Place Gallery and the Green Gallery: Ed Ruda, Leo Valledor, Tamara Melcher, Mark di Suvero, Frosty Myers, Tony Magar, Peter Forakis, Dean Fleming and Robert Grosvenor from the former; Dan Flavin, Larry Poons, Donald Judd and director Dick Bellamy from the latter. Ruskin was extremely supportive of his artist clientele, most of whom were living on very small incomes. At times the late afternoon free chicken wings and other hors d'oeuvres would be the only meal of the day for artists between sales. Ruskin traded art for credit with Chamberlain, di Suvero, Myers, Ruda, some of the Green Gallery artists, Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland, Malcolm Morley, Dan Christensen, Sol LeWitt and Michael Heizer, among others, assuring a nucleus of art clientele. Personal and business telephone messages were routinely exchanged at Max's and odd jobs could always be obtained, enabling artists to earn money without it interfering with their work. The extras for the party scene in *Midnight Cowboy*, filmed in 1967, were recruited from Max's at the rate of $40 a day plus lunch. Because the artists were becoming a major attraction, Ruskin's hospitality benefited Max's as much as it did the artists.

Suzy, Eugenia Sheppard and the *Village Voice* celebrated Max's in print, gaining for Max's a media status unprecedented among artists' bars. At Max's every night was different. People of various sensibilities gathered in different parts of the bar and restaurant, and although everyone moved about, the amount of mingling varied. To the left of the front door stood the bar, where serious drinkers among the color-field painters, Greenbergian enthusiasts and expressionist-biased sculptors located themselves. These included Larry Poons, Neil Williams, John Chamberlain, Michael Steiner, Larry Zox, Dan Christensen and occasionally Mark di Suvero or the art critic Clement Greenberg. Jules Olitski, Willem de Kooning and Ronald Bladen were sometimes at the bar, too.

To the right of this all-male group stood Jeannie



The art world is a jungle. Photo: Anton Perich



Marjorie Strider, *Danger, Broken Glass*, installed at Max's Kansas City on May 2, 1970. Photo: Marjorie Strider

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Blake, on the other side of a John Chamberlain sculpture and a cigarette machine. Blake was married to Tom O'Donnell, a peddler of balloons and other ephemera at parades, circuses and outdoor events. He made a good living at it, and many admired this couple's quirky, independent way of life. Blake was one of the few women to be a regular in the art crowd, though there were also, on occasion, female models, poets and teeny-boppers. The art world was a man's world, and the difficulties facing women artists trying to enter it were almost insurmountable. For Eva Hesse, a Max's patron until her death in May, 1970, breaking into this man's world was a struggle, as it must have been for the other women artists.

A row of tables stood farther over on the right, parallel to the bar but partially separated from it by a six-foot-high wall. Before 1969, these tables were frequently occupied by the same group that was often situated at the bar, but afterwards, almost every night from 11 or 12 o'clock until closing, this was Robert Smithson's territory. Carl Andre, Richard Serra, Mel Bochner, Don Judd, Larry Weiner, Joseph Kosuth, Ted Castle, Michael Heizer, Keith Sonnier, Dan Graham and Dorothea Rockburne were also often there, and occasionally Sol LeWitt. LeWitt remembers, "Smithson was the real catalyst. He had a way of provoking people, of provoking discussion. It was very important because it forced people to defend themselves and to qualify their own ideas." Apparently, Carl Andre and Smithson disagreed about almost everything, sometimes loudly, but their discussions effected the sharpening of ideas and were never dull or stupid, two things Smithson could never forgive.

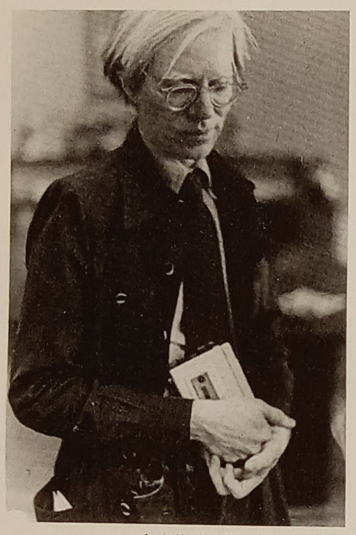
This group's art was idea-oriented, and all kinds of ideas were discussed—not just art ideas, but those from other disciplines as well. Various writers were popular at different times—Barthes, Ehrenzweig, Wittgenstein, Levi-Strauss, Robbe-Grillet. Not everyone read the books, but they read the reviews in the *New York Times*. Relationships between language and visual images were a major concern of these artists as opposed to the Greenbergians at the bar, but despite this there does not seem to have been too much antagonism between the two groups.

Dorothea Rockburne usually went to Max's around one o'clock in the morning, to talk with Smithson. She enjoyed his attitudes, his brazenness and humorous impudence, and the constant demands he made on himself to identify and reidentify things, especially social things. Keith Sonnier's primary reason for going to Max's was the discussions Smithson would catalyze. Smithson wasn't the only provocative intellect in this group, but he was the most regular habitué. Jackie Ferrara had known Smithson when he was a teenager, so they often talked about old times, like the time they were both at a party for Jack Kerouac in 1959. That had been a major occasion for him as a young man, Smithson told Ferrara.

Ruth Kligman, who was with Pollock in his fatal automobile accident, was sometimes at the table. She and Smithson were close for a while. Candy Darling, the stunning transvestite and Warhol superstar, was occasionally part of the group, too. She starred in Tennessee Williams' *Small Craft Warnings*, and when she died of cancer in 1974, Zsa Zsa Gabor eulogized her as "one of the world's most beautiful women." Both she and Brigid Berlin were important links between the back room and the front.

Films were a subject of mutual interest to these two crowds. Candy and Brigid both had appeared in Warhol films, most notably *Chelsea Girls*, one of the first commercially successful underground films. A great resurgence of activity and interest in underground films took place in the '60s, presided over by Jonas Mekas and his Filmmakers' Cooperative. Filmmakers Emile de Antonio, Dennis Hopper and even Michelangelo Antonioni attended Max's, with varying frequency, as did underground stars Taylor Mead, Joe Dallesandro and Jane Forth. Stars of commercial films came too, including Cary Grant, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jane Fonda, Peter Fonda, Michael J. Pollard and Warren Beatty.

Gossip was part of the conversation at Max's, keeping those who were interested current with the machinations of the art world. Business was also conducted at Max's, occasionally with art dealers but more often among the artists themselves. Max's was a kind of clearing house for resources, because so many people in the New York art world went there. One might hear about an available loft or an opportunity to show. Brice Marden recalls that someone might say, "I know a guy who's doing paintings like that," and introductions would follow. Jackie Ferrara related that you could tell a lot by what was on the walls at Max's.



Andy Warhol. Photo: Anton Perich.



Back room at Max's Kansas City, Alice Cooper, foreground, Dan Flavin sculpture in background. Photo: Anton Perich.



Inside Max's Kansas City, the rock star Wayne County. Photo: Anton Perich.

Another zone was the central part of the restaurant. Diners were seated there until about 11 o'clock, but afterwards people who were drinking sat there, too. Brice Marden was usually in the central area, where Barnett Newman, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Claes Oldenburg, Jim Rosenquist, Larry Rivers, Billy Copley, Tony Shafrazi, art dealers John Weber and Seth Segalaub and curator Henry Geldzahler frequently sat, though many of them also moved around, sometimes standing at the bar. Marden had been in New York for about a year in 1963-64, then went to Paris, and returned to New York late in 1964. A relative outsider, he met nearly everyone he knew at Max's, and notes that you could tell how well an artist was doing by the choice of drink.

The dining area had the greatest mixture, both of artists and others. Bobby Kennedy, Marion Javits, Mel Brooks, Michelangelo Antonioni, Roger Vadim,

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Marisa Berenson, Cary Grant, Lou Lou de la Falaise, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Penelope Tree might have been sitting at adjoining tables. Once, several nights in a row, a baby elephant from a commercial shoot was brought in, while a chimpanzee at another table sipped a glass of milk.

Some of the actors, actresses and musicians bridged the gap between the dining area and the back room crowd, curious about its underground actors and musicians. Musicians Bruce Springsteen, Patti Smith, Bob Marley and the Wailers, Alice Cooper, the New York Dolls, Waylon Jennings and The Velvet Underground performed upstairs. Especially after music was performed, rock stars such as Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Keith Richard, Janis Joplin, Todd Rundgren and Alice Cooper were often around. Bobby Neuwirth and Bob Dylan's manager, Al Grossman, were part of the music crowd. This kind of mixing endorsed, perhaps inspired, much of the subsequent artists' interest in working outside their traditional boundaries.

Eerily glowing with the light from Dan Flavin's red fluorescent sculpture in the left corner, the back room was Andy Warhol's realm. Gerard Malanga, Warhol's assistant and superstar, poet and bon-vivant, was part of the back room crowd, and so were Paul Morrissey, John Giorno, Patti Smith and others. Brigid Berlin started the evening in the back room, but later she was all over Max's, tape-recording the entire range of activity, from conversations with Robert Smithson to back room gossip and Lou Reed's performance. Warhol, of course, obsessively tape-recorded his life, too. The back room was an important forerunner for a branch of performance art: there the presentation of one's own image was a major preoccupation. Life and art were integrated, sometimes to the extreme of life-as-art. It often resembled a Warhol film, starring Joe Dallesandro, Viva, Ondine, Louis Waldon, Edie Sedgwick, Andrea Feldman, Nico, Frankie Francine, Eric Emerson and Taylor Mead. Mead was supposedly seen getting up to leave, then falling on the floor. As he pulled himself up, he slurred, "I'm gonna sue this place for everything I owe them!"

Less improvisational performances also took place such as Ken Bernard's play entitled *The Moke Eater*, directed by John Vaccaro or "The Saturday Afternoon Show at Max's Kansas City," which was presented by Hannah Weiner on May 2, 1970. Vito Acconci performed one of his earliest body works, *Rubbing*, and works by Scott Burton, Ira Joel Haber, Stephen Kaltenbach, John Perreault, Adrian Piper, Brigid Berlin and Marjorie Strider, among others, were also presented.

From the Dadaists at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich to the Abstract Expressionists at the Cedar Tavern in New York, cafe and bar life has been central to the social and esthetic history of modern art. Max's Kansas City provided a meeting place for artists of various disciplines, both reflecting and catalyzing a unique period of cross-referencing in the New York art scene. Like any idea that is a phenomenon of its time, Max's was created by the '60s only to be on its way out soon after the decade turned. The actual place still exists but it only resembles Max's in name. By now you'd think life at the original bar would be ancient history, but people remember:

Ted Castle says, "Max's was a neutral territory during the art wars of the'60s, where hostilities could be, and were, realized. It was neither uptown nor downtown, and as such the mixture of people was extraordinary. The maitre d' would often brag on Sunday about the high quality of people he had excluded on Saturday. There was nothing wrong with it."

According to AZW Bentley, who worked at and was an habituée of Max's, ". . . if anything the *M* in Max's stood for (scene) miscegenation. It was a good place for love affairs and careers."



Another celeb at Max's. Photo: Anton Perich.

Or to Tony Weinberger, who drank there:

Max's (where I met and courted my wife, Tanya, in 1970) was more than just the '60s bar to replace the Cedar Street (where I had bought my first legal drink in 1954). We didn't drink there only because it had the best pour in New York City (you didn't exactly get short shrift at St. Adrian's). *Women's Wear Daily* and the rest of the press thought Max's was only Andy Warhol and the camp back room group. But an artist's bar is more than merely a painter's agora. The regulars were not only the poets from Cedar's like Joe Early and Ken Brown and Joel Oppenheimer (who named Max's and chose the distinctive Windsor type font) but also artists like David Budd, Jim Monte and Neil Williams who told good stories. Good enough talk so that Max's undoubtedly had fewer fights than any other bar I've drunk in regularly. The chic artists being there in the back room was the draw that brought in the dinner crowd who in turn subsidized the heavy-drinking talkers. The bartenders, from Frank the day man to Peter Berry closing at four A.M., were every bit as good talkers as the drinkers.

Klaus Kertess pretty well sums it up:

If the conversation was not always memorable, if the space was self-consciously neutral, if the food was but passable, if the artists seldom performed in the colorful "bohemian" manner still expected of them by tourists, if there were few traces of culture with a capital *c*, nor the conviviality of a pub with an occasional brawl, what then was there to make the place memorable? Something, of course, that eluded description or immediate observation. A kind of generosity that somehow pervaded the space. Something that made it possible for a surprising share of the decade's best minds to exist and exchange, in one space, without always making clanking, ugly sounds when the edges of their egos met. No, it was not the music of the spheres, and there were no fights, of course; and there were those who would have preferred something more civil and those who would have preferred a Maoist cell block or a commune. Still, they all appeared quite frequently. By 1972, only the steadiest of waitresses and customers knew each other's names any more.

The art world of the '80s is diverse, and so are the bars. The crowd at Magoo's is different from the one at Fanelli, which in turn is different from the one at the Spring Street Bar or at Tier 3 or at the Peppermint Lounge or at One University (Chinese Chance, which is co-owned by Ruskin and Richard Sanders), to name just a few. But still almost everyone is on the late-night pub crawl, looking for talk. As usual, there's more real news in the bars than in the *New York Times*, but these days there's no one place you can go to hear everything that's fit to print, and a lot that isn't, under one roof. ■

Bruce Kurtz is an Associate Professor of Art History at Hartwick College, Oneonta, New York.

This article was compiled from conversations with Vito Acconci, Carl Andre, Brigid Berlin, Jeannie Blake, Paula Cooper, Ronnie Cutrone, Jackie Ferrara, Sol LeWitt, Stuart Lichtenstein, Brice and Helen Marden, Frosty Myers, Dorothea Rockburne, Ed Ruda, Mickey Ruskin, Tony Shafrazi, Marjorie Strider, Alice and Larry Weiner, John Weber, and others.

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(Goldzohler)

from "New York: The New Art Scene" - Alan Solomon and Ugo Mulas (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1967)

"What makes a scene? A certain state of mind, a certain kind of collective awareness, a sense of esprit, a sense of mutual reassurance, all of which seem to operate apart from the quality or extent of individual effort."

(re Abstract Expressionist generation) "The depression, the focus on Europe, and the general indifference of the cultural establishment toward their work insulated these artists until it was almost too late. The result was a certain kind of arrogance, a self-consciousness and a sense of estrangement among these painters which produced a compact and precisely defined scene, centered exactly in the studios of the Tenth Street area, in the Cedar Bar, in the Peggy Guggenheim, Parsons, Egan, Kootz, and (later) the Jaris galleries, in The Club, and in East Hampton during the summer. On their common ground, the artists were politically oriented (with respect to art), polemical, aggressive, and independent. They had to fight so hard and so long for public acknowledgement of their position that they arrived, quite justifiably, at an attitude combining pride and suspicion in large doses."

"While the new scene is much more diffused than the earlier one, it has a quality of intensity and a larger scope which, along with the enormous increase in public awareness of the artists, tends to make it seem larger than it really is."

"Talk was very important for the first generation...The new artists never talk in this sense. Loft dancing parties and discotheques have become the new social loci." (Rock music the background).

"They seem to have arrived in New York in the middle and late fifties, many of them from the south and midwest this time, for some inexplicable reason. They came from rather consistent circumstances, from the middle class, with college educations, in other words out of conventional kinds of American experiences... For some of them, the span from barest beginnings to public acceptance and financial success took only a few years, or even less, an experience almost without precedent in American art..."

"However, the involvement in vulgar culture, or the transformation of it in the work of some artists, has no satirical intention whatsoever. All of these artists, whatever the nature of the involvement in their art, share similar sentiments about the need to live life intensely; they also share a prevailing feeling that the mass of people lead blind, unfeeling, limited, and unfulfilled lives. Common to all of them is the sense that they want their art to do something about this, to serve as guideposts toward richer and more complex modes of experience. More than anything else, I think these values underlie the whole outlook of the new generation."

"In the past, people aspired to art; it was a kind of moral goal; now art has become an integrated complement to life, the intensification of familiar and necessary experiences and perceptions in a purer but by no means isolated realm; art has become an inescapable moral condition."

"If they are concerned with reality, artists now put real objects in their art; if they are not, they tend to exploit very pure, very coloristic, very non-relational formal situations, which involve us in simple intense responses to color and shape, on the level of direct perception and feeling, rather than in the more cerebral reading of conceptual schemes..."

"(It seems somehow significant to me that virtually none of the major artists has any involvement in LSD or similar drugs..."

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from Solomon's intro to Wash.Gallery Mod Art "Popular Image" show in 1963

"...the new artists have brought their own sensibilities and their deepest feelings to bear on a range of distasteful, stupid, vulgar, assertive and ugly manifestations of the worst side of our society. Instead of rejecting the deplorable and grotesque products of the modern commercial industrial world -- the world of the hard sell and all it implies , the world of bright color and loud noise too brash for nuance, of cheap and tawdry sentiment aimed at fourteen-year-old intelligences, of images so generalized for the mass audience of millions that they have lost all real human identity -- instead of rejecting the incredible proliferation of kitsch which provides the visual environment and probably most of the esthetic experience for 99% of Americans, these new artists have turned with relish and excitement to what those of us who know better regard as the waste-land of television commercials, comic strips, hot dog stands, billboards, junk yards, hamburger joints, used car lots, juke boxes, slot machines and supermarkets. They have done so not in a spirit of contempt or social criticism or self-conscious snobbery, but out of an affirmative and unqualified commitment to the present circumstance and to a fantastic new wonderland, or, more properly, Disneyland, which asserts the conscious triumph of man's inner resources of feeling over the material rational world, to a degree perhaps not possible since the middle ages."

All this "reflects an optimism absolutely at odds with that distrust which any appeal to our intuition and to our deepened currents of feeling seems to provoke in us."

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(Geldzahler)

Solomon - cont

"The 'cool' should not be confused with indifference. It is a mood of acceptance, of openness, of suspended judgement, of masked intensity."

"Most important, however, a certain cheerfulness underlies it all; one takes things as they come, getting the most out of what comes...To my mind, this optimistic existentialism provides the force for all that has happened on the scene."

(Makes point that not a single younger progressive painter of importance has not reacted against expressionism and belle peinture.)

"Art has become come closer to being a pure exercise of the mind, a conceptual enterprise of the sensibility rather than the hand, with the artist as inventor of new icons."

Why the color-field paintings are not boring: "You tend to fix your eye on the whole field and turn back on yourself. The retinal color saturation which results does some interesting things, causing color vibrations which result from reinforcement of the sensation, and you discover that you tend to read shading from light to dark in what are really flat bands of paint. The color thereby sings on a certain way, resounds to its own purity, relieved from all distractions previously considered essential (carts, oxen, men) in a painting."

"The new minimal art of simple painted geometric structures carries this exploration a step further in several ways."

The new art participates more actively in the environment, and the spectator has to do more participating too. "There is no doubt that art is a lot of fun nowadays."

"In another way, the activist character of the scene, the high pitch of sensation, tends to create a feeling of the frantic need to maintain the level of intensity, to provide ever newer and more exciting surprises... the result is that there has been an emphasis on change that is absolutely without precedent."

Solomon denies that there are "centers of power" that can make or break an artist. All action on new scene takes place outside the art establishment; few artists have support of newspaper critics or MOMA, Whitney, or Guggenheim.

"The scene we have been examing here actually includes an astonishingly small number of significant activists: I don't know how many artists (perhaps two dozen?), three or four dealers, four or five critics, five or six museum people, maybe ten collectors. And no more."

Most influential critic is Clem Greenberg. Galleries are Castelli, Emmerich, Janis. The collectors exercise the real power because they pay everybody's bills. And the collectors had a great thing going for them: With good advice and a rising market, "one could buy, enjoy the respect of the community, give art to museums, and make money besides."

"Tuesday night comes around, and all the right people turn out for the openings: the exhibitionists, the savants, the chic, the curious, the leaders and the followers, the chicks and the studs. Everybody has a grand time, but underneath it all something deadly serious goes on. It's a new and exciting time for us, and we still haven't gotten over it." (Note - Alan said wryly that by the time the book came out Tuesday night openings were dead and Saturday was the day -- example of how fast things change)

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Carol Dolph Gross - lunch 3/8/78

Grew up in a small town in New Jersey (Hammondsville?), went to Bucknell where she majored in European history and art history. Came to New York in 1965, planning to marry a young lawyer she'd gone to college with. But met Norman Dolph, then a record producer at Columbia Records (and an electronics engineer), and married him six months later. Dolph had gotten to know a lot of artists. He lived in a loft on Prince and Sullivan, where a lot of them lived then before it was SoHo. Eventually he quit Columbia and developed a sort of business as a portable discotheque - playing records at artists' loft parties.

They plunged into the scene just as it was really opening up. Parties every weekend at one loft or another - and often the host would pay with a drawing or something. At one party, Tiger Morse overheard someone say that Carol and Norman were about to get married; Tiger had long wanted to do a wedding, and she also wanted some stereo equipment -- matters were soon arranged. She made the dress out of an antique lace tablecloth she'd bought in London, heavy lace for a banquet table, and she made it into pants. There was a lot of controversy about pants then, some restaurants wouldn't allow women in with them. This was the first pants wedding. Tiger alerted the Times, the News, and WWD, all of whom did a story about two days before the wedding, with pixtures of Carol skipping around in her wedding pants. (The back was bare). At the wedding, which Carol had planned as a relatively small affair at the Plaza, with about twenty of her family and friends and twenty of his (from Oklahoma), cameramen from all three networks turned up and it was a madhouse. Norman's family nearly died of shock. ("It was one of those things that lasted a week - Then everybody forgot about it." Carol later gave the dress to the Met.)

She remembers Tiger Morse as a sad woman of about forty-five (not a good age to be in the sixties), not at all attractive -- almost a Phyllis Diller -- and given to depressions about designing clothes for adorable tiny girls, clothes she could never wear herself, although she did get herself up spectacularly and often exposed more of her body than anyone wanted to see.* She had a lot of ideas. She did the first lunch box handbag, and the first dresses made out of flags. Was mainly applying to clothes materials that had never been used for that purpose before -- burlap, paper, etc. At her peak in the late sixties she was designing for Jackie O. and all the jet setters, getting $1000 and more a dress. Some banker financed her - Carol will ask if he wants to talk about it. Then the period ended and she went bankrupt, out of business. About 1971 or so she was flying back from England, and wrote a friend in NY that if nobody met her at the airport she would kill herself. The friend didn't take that seriously. Nobody met her, and a couple of days later she was found in a cheap westside hotel, dead of sleeping pills. A casualty of the sixties.

(*see notes, Nine Evenings)

Dick Bellamy was at all the loft parties, along with Henry Geldzahler. Henry would be cool and amusing and talkative; Dick would sit in a corner until he passed out from alcohol of drugs or both. But everyone thought he had the best eye of the period.

The loft parties were enormous fun. There would be wine, and cheese, and some grass, and music constantly at top volume (Norman's role). You went there to dance, not to talk. Everybody seemed to know everybody else. There was a lot of humor, at the parties and at big openings. The costumes were often really funny, like the girl who wore a white A-line matronly long dress that was cut out at the back in three large circles, the lowest exposing her ass. The see-through blouse was suddenly very popular. The men were

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peacocks, as outrageous as the women - the point was to be outrageous.

Warhol and the Velvet Underground did a lot of the planning for what became the Exploding Plastic Inevitable in the Dolph's living room, in their perfectly ordinary apartment in the fifties. Carol remembers being called by their doorman and asked to come down to identify someone in black leather with a whip -- one of Andy's entourage. Norman produced the Velvet's first record, but Andy wanted his name on it as producer. Sitting around, ~~thexx~~ wondering what to call the space they had just bought (the old Polish Dom), ~~they~~ thought up Exploding Plastic Inevitable.

There was a dark side as well. The drugs and the self-destructiveness at Warhol's factory, with Andy and Paul Morrissey sitting back and encouraging it so they could film it. At a big parties at Rauschenberg's place on Lafayette Street, Carol remembers a very innocent looking girl going out with three tough-looking blacks -- girls were under a lot of pressure to date blacks -- and coming back later with her clothes torn and her face all bloody, They had gang raped her in the corridor, and nobody had heard her screams because the music was so loud. They got her into a bathroom, and managed to keep it from the TV people on hand.

Dorothy Herzka, who later married Roy Lichtenstein, was very noticeable on the scene. Brunette, stylish, usually wearing a very short black leather skirt and boots, She ~~was~~ worked as a secretary for the Bianchini-Birillo Gallery, also briefly for Leo. Ben Birillo was another important figure. After that gallery folded he used to deal in slightly damaged ~~works~~ works by Oldenburg and others, selling them for cash at much less than the going price(ask Ivan about him). Now he deals in pre-Colombian gold, on Madison Avenue.

Art and fashion really coalesced, for the first time. The society hostesses would vie for the available artists to invite - something that had been done with writers but not often with artists (now it isn't any more). Marian Javits was at every party. And so were all three networks and reporters from all the papers.

What ended it? The war, as much as anything. All theenergy went into the anti-war movement, became political.

Max's Kansas City - Mickey Ruskin took care of a lot of artists, and got works of art in return. Most of these were destroyed in a mysterious fire in the room over the restaurant that he used as his office; suspect was a man in the kitchen whom he'd fired. Ruskin kept Frosty Myers going - Frosty was starving, absolutely broke, and Mickey fed him in return for things Frosty would do in the restaurant, such as the laser beam. Frosty also worked as bartender.

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Steve Friedman - by 'phone 3/14/78, re Tiger Morse

Knew her for "a couple of intensive months", after she had passed her peak as a designer. They met at Max's Kansas City, also at Salvation, the in discotheque on Sheridan Square. Tiger was going to open a shop that sold costumes. It would be listed in the phone book as a magic shop. Friedman, who was with the bank, was going to help finance her. He didn't learn much about her background. Thinks she came from upper middle class family, with whom she had severed all contacts. There may even have been a child -- she was married at least twice.

"She was very thin, with long legs, long hair with which a lot was done -- she'd wear all kinds of wigs, and exotic makeup. I remember at a party at a disco once, she'd covered her head with silver spray, her face with silver makeup, she wore a silver dress and stockings and carried a silver whip. She had large eyes, a rather large and sharp nose. Decent teeth. Very fair skin. I found her attractive.

"At one point I considered helping her open another shop. She wanted to make a comeback. But it quickly became apparent that helping her was much more than a matter of putting up money. It would have meant supervising every inch of it. Her mind took certain convenient twists of logic, and if you didn't do what she wanted, you were wrong.

"I learned that the two shops she'd had previously had both been built by her husband. They were on the upper east side somewhere. The people at Abracadabra, that boutique on 59th Street, would know better. I think one was called A La Carte. One of them was all mirrors... There was a piece about her in some magazine, I think it was called Earth, that showed her in an environment she'd built years before.

"She had a treasure trove of stuff that she carred around with her. She kept it all in a place on Great Jones Street, where her husband lived. The back half of the floor was a tall room, maybe fifteen feet high. She took me in there one night. There were no lights, we had to see our way by flashlight. And there was a mountain of stuff, it was like an old rag-pickers den. It started in the middle of the floor and built up to a huge heap in the corner. Rags, costumes, crockery, every kind of thing you could imagine. It was a little frightening. A friend of mine who was a porcelain dealer went there on my suggestion, and came out with a dozen clay plates that he sold for $75 apiece for Tiger. But then of course there was a big dispute because he returned some of them because they were damaged, and Tiger said they hadn't been damaged before.

"She had a marvelous jewelry collection, much of it designed for her by artists. Although of course with Tiger there was so much bullshit you could never be sure. She knew all the artists. She was always in the back room at Max's in the early sixties. Micky Ruskin was very close to her. You should ask him about the fabulous parties she threw, over in Brooklyn - that was what she offered in return to the artists - lots of fun, a recognition of their work, a sense of adventure.

"We had major disagreements over money and over the project, and finally there was a complete split. I realized too that I couldn't go on seeing Tiger until two or three every morning and still work at the bank."

(over ~~more~~)

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"Tiger was ~~something~~ wrestling with a desire to operate at a level where the only resources she could contribute was her own sense of style. It wasn't enough, of course -- all the other resources had to be borrowed, so at a certain point she was bankrupt.

"She died in England - I don't know how.

"She was straight until some point in her life. She was Joan Morse. She became Tiger, and afterwards she was a different person, she just went into orbit. She got to know Jackie Kennedy - I think Jackie bought from her, and then when Jack became President Jackie invited her to the White House or something. But her peak period lasted only about two years, I think.

"She did create adventures."

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MICKEY RUSKIN

June 2, 1978

Mickey Ruskin (aged 45) was educated as a lawyer at Cornell and NYU Law School. He passed the bar exam, but went into the restaurant business instead.

He owned a coffee shop in the late 50's in the East Village, near St. Mark's- a typical 50's place with dim lights, poetry readings, etc.

His introduction to the art world was at The Ninth Circle on W. 10th Street near Greenwich Ave. De Kooning would come in, usually with an entourage- drink a lot and socialize. It was here that Ruskin became friends with John Chamberlain and Neil Williams. 1962-1964

In 1964, he sold his half interest in the Ninth Circle and travelled in Europe with his wife and a daughter for one year. (He now has four children and has had three wives and several more live-in girlfriends)

In December 1965, Max's Kansas City opened on Park Avenue South. The art world started to frequent the place with Andy Warhol dominating the back room while the Minimalists and other Pop artists along with a few Abstractionists (Williams & Poons particularly) in the front booths. Dancing upstairs started some time later, and the dance situation was run by someone else. It was at Max's that Mickey began giving credit to artists and trading works for food and drink. Almost any artist- famous and not so famous was eligible for one of the special privleges or even both. The art world was very comfortable at Max's- plain surroundings and simple food. Mickey said that he always admired artists (still does) and thinks that they are the most interesting and the most intelligent people he had ever met or will meet. He accepts that perhaps this is a romantic attitude in these days of the greater middle class, but points out that when he had drastic money problems it was the artists who bailed him out through an auction and donations. The money problem occurred when he sold Max's in 1973, the buyer then declaring bankruptcy so he never received money. He contends that the artists were always gentle around him and he enjoyed listening to their discussions. He had glowing things to say about B. Newman who would come down and pontificate to the younger artists as well as de Kooning, etc. RR came with an entourage, and Mickey says he was always drunk by the time he got there so he never became close to Bob.

The name Max's Kansas City and the names of the other bars he owned are the responsibility of Joel Oppenheimer. Kansas City is nowhere and Max's was a great American name. That was the explanation given to me.

As for legend- most of it seems true. Photographs were taken of the graffiti in the bathrooms and other general scenes by Anton Perich (a friend of Michel Auder).

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M. Ruskin, cont....

During the time of Max's, Mickey was involved with two other bar/restaurants in the same geographic area. The LONGVIEW COUNTRY CLUB (another Oppenheimer name) and Les Levine's place (we could not remember the exact name, but it was the idea of John Brockman) each had their runs, and were closed as Max's kept going very strong.

Other outside competition was St. Adrian's, opened in 1969 by Mickey's former manager of Max's and closed a few years later and Remingtons which was boycotted by the artists around 1971 after Smithson and Serra were kicked out for smoking grass. All returned to Max's.

Mickey opened the Locale Local in 1973 and left it in 1974. The Lower Manhattan Ocean Club was opened in 1976 and will be bought soon. Mickey will open a new place on University, right across the street from the old Cedar Street Bar.

Mickey says that probably every artist in New York or one visiting would turn up at Max's. Business was conducted by dealers and museum people, and it was a place that one could be certain to see someone they knew. People on the fringe of the art world- collectors, writers, theatre people, movie people and any "bohemian" fit into the surroundings. Mickey does not know what made it so successful- none of his other places have been the same. I suggested that perhaps the time was different- the days of an "art world" were over and that people seemed much more private and the groups very separate. One incident sticks in his mind in regard to the role Max's had in the late 60's. (Mickey does not remember much- it's like one fantastic dream to him.) After the official wake for Bob Smithson at Campbell's Funeral Home, Mickey invited the close friends and associates (Carl was also an invitor) to come to Max's. An entire area was reserved for this group of 25 or so with food, drinks, etc supplied by the house. Mickey kept saying that Bob would have had a good time if he had been there.

Mickey has of course, far more material in his head. It would take months of questioning that he would probably not consent to.

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Sixties - Fashion and Art (from Marylin Bender's "The Beautiful People")

"Jacob K. Javits...stage-managed the plot of having fashion included in the list of arts entitled to federal subsidy." (When the bill to establish a National Council on the Arts and a National Arts Foundation went before a committee of Congress in the spring of 1963, its list excluded of "the major art fields" included "costume and fashion design." It was enacted in 1965.)

"Pop fashion, like pop art, lays the object on the line. Fatty knees, wrinkled elbows, ruthless natures are exposed for all to see."

Fashion had never been humorous before the sixties.

"In this decade, fashion disregarded the law of gravity. It ceased to filter down from the top -- from the haut couturiers and the women of educated taste whom they dressed -- to the masses. It ascended from the populace to the plutocrats. It bubbled up from teenagers, from the underground and outsider culture, from designers never admitted to the fashion Establishment."

"As soon as Diana Vreeland...took editorial command of the magazine in the spring of 1962, Vogue became skittish and ebullient. It shed its air of haughty elegance..."

"Youth has become a class," said Roger Vadim.

Mary Quant, mother of Mod fashion and the miniskirt, was awarded the Order of the British Empire in 1966. The Beatles got it the year before.

"The homosexual influence on American fashion is subtle and coincidental rather than direct and purposeful. The narcissism, the emphasis on decoration, the immaturity and hostility to natural femininity, the spiteful humor that pervades fashion in the Sixties are typically homosexual. But these traits belong to other deviates from middle-class morality, such as teen-age dropouts in the slums to the children of tycoons (sic)."

"In the early Fifties, one out of every four married women had a job, in the mid-Sixties more than one out of three."

"We used to dress like Jackie Kennedy; now we're dressing like Caroline" - Bess Myerson, 1966.

Fall of 1962 - Abraham and Strauss invited Andy Warhol to demonstrate how to paint on paper dresses in its notions dept. He brought Niko, his blond German model (and first psychedelic singer), her 4-year-old son Ari, and two male assistants. Sales of the $2 dresses and paint sets were brisk.

"There is no class any more. Everybody is equal." - Baby Jane (Mrs. Leonard Holzer, 1964.

See also Alloway in Battcock's "The New Art," p. 84.

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Diana Vreeland on Sixties Style (Obst book)

"A youthquake was starting. High society had disintegrated incredibly. 'Society,' in the old sense, had to have a center: great houses to go to, private places to be seen in. High society was a private world, but suddenly it seemed everyone had gravitated to his own private world and the center was lost...

"Internationalism had everything to do with it. The two most important factors were the Pill and the jet plane. Suddenly, women were freed sexually and fashion was transformed. ..

"Mary Quant had helped it along; Courreges took it over from a clean, aesthetic point of view...

"Makeup went the whole way, then, didn't it? You could use anything: yellow, orange, silver and gold on one eyelid. I also introduced the unmade-up mouth, which took three-quarters of an hour to put on."

See also Alloway in Battcock's, "The New Art," p. 84.

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THE ART ESTABLISHMENT

by Harold Rosenberg

The center of this shifting world is New York:
It is full of Money, Gossip and Anxiety;
there is always room at the top,
in the middle and at the bottom

The American Art Establishment is in the process of construction. Much of it is still unfinished. Key posts are occupied by squatters. Permanent positions in it have not yet been assigned. One reason for its condition is that this Establishment is the newest among America's cultural-economic edifices; in its present form it dates no farther back than the five or six years since money began streaming into American art and art education, and trends in art prices (reaching *$135,000 for a Wyeth*, more than $100,000 for a Pollock, $60,000 for a de Kooning, $30,000 for a Johns) began to attract the attention of *Fortune*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Barron's Weekly*. A deeper reason for its incompleteness is that the American Art Establishment lacks a solid foundation in public taste and values, and rocks back and forth on tides of fad.

Within the unfinished whole, there are a few older segments: The Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; half-a-dozen galleries dating back to the Thirties and Forties; a handful of pre-1950 collectors; two or three writers of the same vintage. Even these, however, have little that is venerable about them; to hold their places they have had to be in a state of constant refurbishing. The museums, continually undergoing momentous expansion in physical size and function, keep filling up with new people. The older galleries are jostled by hundreds of latecomers (the one with the biggest current names—the Marlborough-Gerson—opened late in 1963). Earlier collectors are ridden down by people rushing to anticipate the market. Perhaps the least-built-up area is in the constantly increasing space devoted to art in the daily and weekly press, in magazines and, most recently, in radio and TV. Art education of the public through the mass media offers the Establishment a virtually unlimited field for colonization. In sum, we are speaking of an Establishment that isn't established—and, even where it is, tends to develop cracks as it settles.

The outstanding characteristic of the American Art Establishment is its shakiness. This shows up most clearly in regard to creating reputations. Some people are convinced that a conspiracy is responsible for every big name and that no one ever achieves success except through wire-pulling (the award to Robert Rauschenberg of the Venice Biennale Grand Prix in 1964 once again made the air thick with rumors). Manipulated fame exists, of course, in the art world. But it is probably less the rule than it is elsewhere, not because the impulse to pull wires is lacking, but because pulling them does not necessarily cause any wheels to turn. Though people are made through the Establishment, the Establishment does not possess a reliable machinery for making people. One never knows who or what is going to succeed in putting an artist across. The same device or agency that works for painter A will fail to produce results for painter B. Some artists win their reputations through being consistently plugged by a dealer. Charles Egan, Sam Kootz, Betty Parsons brought such artists as de Kooning, Pollock, Hofmann, Gottlieb, Rothko, Guston, Kline, Newman, Motherwell, Tomlin to public attention long before the museums, the press and the majority of collectors were aware that anything was stirring in American art. Hans Hofmann, for instance, was sold at steadily rising prices from the Forties on, yet it was not until 1963 that The Museum of Modern Art took individual notice of him. On the other hand, the museums often have a good deal to do with lifting an artist out of obscurity. Dorothy Miller's Museum of Modern Art "16 (or 14) Americans" Shows every few years have put younger talents on the map for dealers, reviewers and buyers. Lately, collectors and foundations have begun initiating recognition of individual artists through buying their works and making them available for public exhibition. Pop art was mainly promoted by two dealers—the Leo Castelli Gallery and the Green Gallery—and one collector —Robert C. Scull. The big break came when the Sidney Janis Gallery got on board in the Fall of 1962. Then the Guggenheim and half-a-dozen out-of-town museums anxious not to miss the boat came tailing along. But all these forces—dealers, museums, collectors—have notoriously failed to affect responses of the art world in at least as many instances as they have succeeded. Dealers who have had sensational success with two or three artists have had to give up on five or six for whom they tried equally hard. Over the years, The Museum of Modern Art's "Americans" have included a heavy percentage of busts. Collectors after striving to put over their favorites have ended by hiding their work in the cellar. The sum of it is that no dealer, curator, buyer or critic can be depended upon to produce a reputation that is more than a momentary flurry, nor can any existing combination of these.

The result is widespread anxiety—the anxiety of individuals and groups concerning both their own status and that of the art which they exhibit, deal in, comment on, create. Like a newly installed revolutionary government, the Art Establishment is not fully convinced that it knows what it is doing, where it is going or if the things it is handling are real. It is affected by developments outside itself and over which it has no control—the condition of the stock market, the change in social moods and attitudes (for example, from revolt to conformity). Museum directors, dealers, critics, artists live with eyes and ears permanently cocked for trends. The general art public (gallery goers, art-book buyers, museum members) is subject to the same uneasy watchfulness; though having no material or status investment in how things turn out, it is more relaxed and ready to take things as they come.

Each appearance on the art scene of a new look or personality compels the Establishment person to take inventory of his resources and to decide whether it is to his advantage to embrace the novelty or to fight it. The museum director finds himself under pressure to show works featured as the newest thing in the picture weeklies; but if he goes along he risks *(Continued on page 46)*

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BEYOND NEW YORK

(Some non-New Yorkers who show, sell, collect, write about, talk about or create art on the contemporary N.Y. scene)

Los Angeles

Richard F. Brown, director, Los Angeles County Museum of Art
James Elliott, chief curator, Los Angeles County Museum of Art
Maurice Tuchman, curator of modern art, Los Angeles County Museum of Art
Gifford Phillips, collector
Mr. and Mrs. David E. Bright, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Weisman, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Asher, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Freeman, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Norton Simon, collectors
Walter Hopps, director, Pasadena Art Museum
Virginia Kondratief, dealer
Felix Landau, dealer
Frank Perls, dealer
John Coplans, critic
Jules Langsner, critic
Henry J. Seldis, critic
Frederick S. Wight, chairman, dept. of art, U.C.L.A.

Texas: Or Houston And Dallas

James Johnson Sweeney, director, Museum of Fine Arts
Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil, collectors
Stanley Marcus, collector

Bennington, Vt.

Paul Feeley, Bennington College

New Haven, Conn.

Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, director, Yale University Art Gallery
Josef Albers, professor emeritus, Yale University
Jack Tworkov, School of Art and Architecture, Yale University
Mrs. Frederick W. Hilles, collector

Hartford, Conn.

Samuel Wagstaff, curator of modern painting, Wadsworth-Atheneum

Boston Area

Sam Hunter, director, Rose Art Museum, Brandeis University
Sue M. Thurmond, director, Institute of Contemporary Art
Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Solomon, collectors
Perry T. Rathbone, director, Museum of Fine Arts

Northampton, Mass.

Leonard Baskin, professor, Smith College

Chicago

A. James Speyer, curator of twentieth century art, Art Institute of Chicago
Mr. and Mrs. Morton G. Neumann, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Leigh B. Block, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Maremont, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Newman, collectors

Washington, D. C.

Gerald Nordland, director, Washington Gallery of Modern Art
Marjorie and Duncan Phillips, directors, Phillips Collection
Mr. and Mrs. Julian Eisenstein, collectors
Mrs. Alice Denney, former assistant director, Washington Gallery of Modern Art
Mrs. H. Gates Lloyd, collector

Buffalo, N. Y.

Seymour H. Knox, president, Albright-Knox Art Gallery
Gordon M. Smith, museum director, Albright-Knox Art Gallery

Detroit

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Winston, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Levin, collectors
Robert H. Tannahill, collector
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fleischman, collectors

San Francisco Area

Paul C. Mills, director, Oakland Art Museum
Artists of the San Francisco Figure School

Philadelphia

Evan Turner, director, Philadelphia Museum of Art
R. Sturgis Ingersoll, collector
John W. McCoubrey, associate professor, University of Penn.

Pittsburgh

Gustave von Groschwitz, director, Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute
G. David Thompson, collector

St. Louis

William N. Eisendrath, Jr., curator, art collection, Washington University
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., collectors
Mr. and Mrs. Morton D. May, collectors
Mr. and Mrs. William A. Bernoudy, collectors

Bloomington, Ind.

Henry R. Hope, chairman, dept. of art, Indiana University
Albert E. Elsen, professor, Indiana University

Road Show Organizers

Museum of Modern Art Circulating Exhibition Dept.
American Federation of Arts

MUSEUMS: IMPORTANT TRUSTEES AND CURATORS

Metropolitan Museum Of Art

Henry Geldzahler
Robert Beverly Hale

Whitney Museum Of American Art

Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller
"Friends of the Whitney"
Lloyd Goodrich
John I. H. Baur
Edward Bryant

Brooklyn Museum

Thomas S. Buechner
Una E. Johnson

Jewish Museum

Mrs. Albert A. List
Ben Heller
Hans van Weeren-Griek

Gallery Of Modern Art, Including The Huntington Hartford Collection

Huntington Hartford
Carl J. Weinhardt, Jr.

Museum Of Modern Art

David Rockefeller
William A. M. Burden
René d'Harnoncourt
James Thrall Soby
Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Dorothy C. Miller
William S. Lieberman
Peter Selz
William C. Seitz
Frank O'Hara

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

Harry F. Guggenheim
H. Harvard Arnason
Thomas M. Messer
Lawrence Alloway
Daniel Robbins

GOOD PLACES TO APPEAR

Winter

Walking down Madison Avenue between Ivan Karp and Henry Geldzahler
Monday night opening at the Modern
Pavilion with Frank Lloyd
Parke-Bernet Wednesday evening auction
Merce Cunningham rehearsal
Whispering with Rosalind Constable
Back room at Wittenborn's
Any big-out-of-town opening if you meet another New Yorker
Bob Kulicke's Cloisonne group
The East Nineties
Chez Madison 5 P.M. Saturdays
Consulting Jim Lebrun

Summer

Walking away from de Kooning's house in Springs
Easthampton Coast Guard beach
Kennedy Airport
Provincetown, North Truro, Wellfleet
Los Angeles

CENTERS OF POWER

BAD PLACES TO APPEAR

Winter

In a Happening
Tuesday night opening at the Modern
New Cedar Bar
Gallery of Modern Art, including the Huntington Hartford Collection, a second time

Summer

Ogunquit, Maine
Woodstock, New York
Vernissage Week, Venice Biennale
Left Bank
Easthampton Coast Guard beach after 5 P.M.

Gordon & Ekstrom Gallery

Isamu Noguchi
Richard Lindner
Paul Brach
Alfonso Ossorio
Romare Bearden

Stable Gallery

Robert Indiana
Richard Stankiewicz
Louise Bourgeois

Graham Gallery

Edwin Dickinson
Fritz Glarner
Alfred Jensen
Elaine de Kooning
Nicholas Krushenick
Perle Fine
Irving Kriesberg
Reuben Kadish
James Suzuki
David Slivka

Howard Wise Gallery

Douglas MacAgy*
Michael Lekakis
George Ortman
George McNeil
Milton Resnick
Len Lye

Leo Castelli Gallery

Ivan Karp*
Robert Rauschenberg
Jasper Johns
Jack Tworkov
Frank Stella
Lee Bontecou
Edward Higgins
Andy Warhol
Roy Lichtenstein
John Chamberlain
Cy Twombly
James Rosenquist

Betty Parsons Gallery

Ad Reinhardt
Kenzo Okada
Jack Youngerman
Richard Pousette-Dart
Lyman Kipp
Paul Feeley
Hedda Sterne
Alexander Liberman

Martha Jackson Gallery

Sam Francis
Grace Hartigan
Paul Jenkins
Lester Johnson
John Hultberg
Richard Anuszkiewicz
Frank Lobdell
Michael Goldberg
Billy Al Bengston
Julian Stanczak

Sidney Janis Gallery

Willem de Kooning
Josef Albers
Marisol
Claes Oldenburg
Jim Dine
Saul Steinberg

André Emmerich Gallery

Kenneth Noland
Estate of Morris Louis
Adja Yunkers
Herbert Ferber
Helen Frankenthaler
Theodoros Stamos
Esteban Vicente
Miriam Schapiro
Estate of John Graham

WRITERS

Scholars and Critics

Meyer Shapiro, Columbia
Robert Goldwater, N.Y.U. Institute of Fine Arts
William Rubin, Sarah Lawrence and Hunter
Leo Steinberg, Hunter
Robert Rosenblum, Princeton
Clement Greenberg
Dore Ashton

Art Magazines

Art International
N.Y. correspondents:
Michael Fried
Barbara Rose

Art News
Alfred Frankfurter
Thomas B. Hess

Arts Magazine
Hilton Kramer
Sidney Tillim
Donald Judd
Vivien Raynor
Alfred Werner

Art Forum
N.Y. correspondent:
Max Kozloff

Art In America
Jean Lipman
Anthony Bower

Newspapers

N. Y. Times
John Canaday
Stuart Preston

N. Y. Herald Tribune
Emily Genauer
John Gruen

N. Y. Post
Charlotte Willard
Irving Sandler (on leave)

Radio & TV
Aline Saarinen, N.B.C.-TV
Bruce Glaser, W.B.A.I.

*KEY PERSONNEL

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GALLERIES (And some of their personnel and some of their artists)

Staempfli Gallery
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Stephen Greene
Harry Bertoia
George Rickey
Elmer Bischoff
Joan Brown
Enrico Donati

Tibor De Nagy
John Bernard Meyers*
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Egan Gallery
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Raoul Hague

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Naum Gabo
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Larry Rivers
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James Rosati
James Wines
Gabriel Kohn
Julius Schmidt

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Larry Poons
Donald Judd
Tom Wesselmann
Lucas Samaras
Robert Morris
Robert Beauchamp
Neil Williams

Kootz Gallery
Hans Hofmann
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Conrad Marca-Relli
Raymond Parker
Bernard Rosenthal
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Ludwig Sander
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Sidney Gordin
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Al Held
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Saidenberg Gallery
Balcomb Greene
Gyorgy Kepes

The Contemporaries
Karl Lunde*
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Roy Moyer
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Artists Without Galleries
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Barnett Newman
Joseph Cornell
David Hare
Ellsworth Kelly
Cleve Gray
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Richard Feigen Gallery
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Landes Lewitin
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Terry Dintenfass Gallery
William King
Jacob Lawrence
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John Paul Jones

Robert Elkon Gallery
David Simpson
Edward Avedisian
Agnes Martin
Friedel Dzubas

Galleria Odyssia

Galeria Bonino

E. V. Thaw & Co.

Catherine Viviano Gallery

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Jane Wade
Harold Diamond
Justin Thannhauser
Jacques Lindon

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Mrs. Morris Louis
Mrs. Agnes (Gorky) Phillips
Mrs. Stuart Davis
Mrs. Lyonel Feininger
Mrs. Max Beckmann
Mrs. William Baziotes
Mrs. Max Weber

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Through their purchases and grants the contemporary art world is financed and influenced.

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and his curator, Abram Lerner
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Christophe Thurman
Titi Hudson
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Tatiana Liberman
Becky Reis
Jeanne Reynal

INTERNATIONAL PHENOMENA
(Some natives or expatriate Americans who sell, collect, write about, talk about or create U.S. art)

Shows Of All Nations
(Large, prize-bestowing exhibits of art from many countries)
Venice Biennale,
Alan Solomon, 1964 U.S. Commissioner
São Paulo Bienal
Kassel Dokumenta
Carnegie International, Pittsburgh
Guggenheim International, New York

Our Advance Men Abroad

London
David Sylvester, critic
Bryan Robertson,
biographer-museum director
John Richardson, critic
John Kasmin, dealer
Gimpel Family, dealers
Peter C. Wilson, auctioneer

PARIS:
Ileana Sonnabend, dealer
Lawrence Rubin, dealer
John Ashbery, critic
Michel Tapiés, critic
Darthea Speyer, diplomat
Jean Tinguely, artist
Niki de Saint-Phalle, artist

ZÜRICH:
James Fitzsimmons, publisher

ITALY
Peggy Guggenheim, collector
Beatrice Monti, dealer
Cy Twombly, artist
Piero Dorazio, artist
Count Panza di Biumo, collector
Bruno Alfieri, publisher

BRUSSELS
Philippe Dotremont, collector

TOKYO:
Yoshiaki Tono, critic

THE PERMANENT ESTABLISHMENT
(Signifying long-standing and prestige-worthy involvement in prewar and/or European art)

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Roland Balay*
E. Coe Kerr*
Harry A. Brooks*
Jane Sabersky*
Andrew Wyeth
Eugene Berman
Mary Callery

Perls Galleries
Alexander Calder

Paul Rosenberg & Co.
Karl Knaths

Wildenstein & Co.

Frank K. M. Rehn Inc.
Charles Burchfield
Edward Hopper
Franklin Watkins
Henry V. Poor
Alexander Brook

The Downtown Gallery
Edith G. Halpert *
(Some artists)
Ben Shahn
Charles Sheeler
William Zorach
Georgia O'Keeffe
Abraham Rattner
George L. K Morris
(Some Estates)
John Marin
Stuart Davis
Max Weber
Arthur Dove
Yasuo Kuniyoshi

Willard Gallery
Mark Tobey
Estate of Lyonel Feininger

Pierre Matisse
Theodore Roszak
Loren MacIver

Grand Old Men
Marcel Duchamp
Hans Hofmann
Frederick Kiesler
Edward Hopper
Joseph Cornell
Alexander Calder

Metropolitan Museum Of Art
Arthur A. Houghton, Jr.
James J. Rorimer
Theodore Rousseau

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Joseph H. Hirshhorn
Robert Lehman
Hon. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney
André Meyer
Hon. and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman
Mrs. Wolfgang Schoenborn
Nelson A. Rockefeller
Mrs. Albert D. Lasker
Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil
Edward A. Bragaline
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Altschul
Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ittleson, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin
Mrs. Richard J. Bernhard
Mrs. Stephen C. Clark
Edgar Kaufmann, jr.

National Magazines

Newsweek
Brian O'Doherty
Jack Kroll

Time
Rosalind Constable
Jon Borgzinner

Life
Dorothy Seiberling

Vogue
Alexander Liberman

The Nation
Max Kozloff

The New Yorker
Robert Coates
Geoffrey Hellman
Calvin Tomkins

Saturday Review
Katharine Kuh

The New Leader
Hilton Kramer

The New Republic
Frank Getlein

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critical attack should the press buildup collapse too soon. Similarly, the anxious dealer, collector, artist must weigh the advisability of a new move as against the likelihood that the style with which he is identified will continue to arouse interest. To take a wrong turn may prove mortal. On the other hand, to allow oneself to be bypassed by art history before one has become firmly embedded in that history is not only to be deprived of a place in the Establishment but to be condemned to intellectual extinction.

Thus the big question for the Establishment is: Has the time come to unload and take on something new? If so, whose judgment ought one to follow? One's own? That of the consensus? Some current Loud Noise? Especially outside of New York, the preferred solution is to accept *en bloc* whatever has gained prestige in the metropolis. To get on board early and to play the whole field—for example, Pop art, *plus* Abstract Expressionism, *plus* hard-edge—is the best insurance against being outsmarted by a sudden change of fashion. If these modes of art seem to represent irreconcilable premises concerning art and life, one can claim to have been guided by personal discrimination in choosing the particular examples.

Owing to its condition of unremitting anxiety, the Art Establishment is easily swayed (as no established Establishment would be) by aggressively stated opinions, attention-getting stunts (e.g., Tinguely's self-destroying mechanized sculpture that fizzed out in the garden of The Museum of Modern Art), sheer brass (Warhol's imitation Brillo boxes). Praise by a critic or museum employee of an artist or a tendency is bound to fetch some support, providing the praise is all-out and without critical reservations. The claim that a work is historically significant is sufficient to clinch a sale, regardless of the poor condition or lack of attractiveness of the work itself, as is a confident forecast of capital gains. Periodic mentions in the press, expensive catalogs and reproductions, dealer-subsidized "critical" biographies, large private and gallery parties influence an artist's standing despite everyone's awareness of how these things are arranged. A mediocre talent suddenly hailed as representing the ultimate phase in the evolution of world art will be accorded new respect not only by dealers, curators and reviewers but even by fellow artists.

One substance overlies all the elements of the Establishment, from museum personnel to dinner hostesses. That substance is talk. The Art Establishment subsists on words—much more, in fact, than it does on pictures. Talk there has more power than elsewhere because decisions are less sure and the consequences of acting on them more uncertain. In this sense, everyone in the art world has power, at least the power to pass the word along, mention names, repeat stock judgments, all of which produce an effect. The first qualification for entering the Art Establishment is to be familiar with its jargon and the people and things most often referred to. Getting in deeper depends on having a head start on the current gossip and an enlarged repertory of anecdotes about leading figures. The Establishment's lack of equilibrium puts a premium on name- and event-dropping.

To drop names effectively one must, of course, drop them in the right places. Good spots to unload gossip and renew one's supply are those exhibition openings, parties, bars and beaches where merely to be seen creates a presumption of belonging. In the preferred locations certain conversational tags can be depended on to distinguish Establishment people from the public-at-large. In the Hamptons a couple of years ago the standard "in"-question was: "Is Bill de Kooning in town?" Last summer it was changed to: "Has de Kooning finished his house?" In-questions that become that popular actually brand the questioner as out. More ingenious Establishment candidates seek an esoteric switch. As I came up out of a wave off the Coast Guard Beach in East Hampton, a body floating by asked: "Have the David Hares gone to Wyoming yet?"

Having the inside story on an event everyone has heard about is proof of weighty connections. Fringe personalities will go to almost any length to be let in on a fresh scandal. One suspects that a significant percentage of Establishment love affairs originate in a lust for information. At the Cedar Bar or Chez Madison it is politic to modulate one's voice by a consciousness of poised eavesdroppers. One Sunday afternoon on the Barnes Landing beach in Springs, Long Island, a group of artists and their wives was approached by a lady bather in dark glasses who was a total stranger to them. "I am a friend of X and Y," she introduced herself, giving as reference a couple of Establishment people. "Please tell me what really happened at O's last night." One of the women quickly filled her in. An artist, however, muttered audibly, "A fine thing. Now gossip panhandlers!"

To enter more directly into the center of the Establishment, talk needs to be complemented by deeds, such as buying pictures, opening a gallery, winning the proper job or lover. (Giving parties, even elaborate ones, cannot be relied on, unless one is in possession of a nucleus of important guests and, above all, knows the people to keep out—the strongest Establishment personage can score a minus with a party too self-indulgent in respect to relatives, old friends or non- or sub-Establishment casuals.) A functioning relation to art or to artists (among the mysterious personages who loom large in the Establishment, through knowing everything that is going on, are tax consultants, lawyers, frame makers, hairdressers, psychiatrists, chairmen of museum "friends" organizations, silent partners of galleries) confers an advantage over the mere ambitious onlooker. Thus the art world swarms with fake collectors and entrepreneurs, people who visit studios and, on the pretext of intending to buy pictures or arrange deals, induce artists to pull out and display every scrap of their work, with no further result than to supply the visitors with material for insiders' talk.

A deceptive aspect of the Art Establishment is that there is nothing to prevent anyone, whether serviceable or not, from getting right into the middle of things. Most Establishment events and hangouts are public or can be crashed easily. Even the homes and studios of top Establishmentarians are vulnerable to penetration by persons who feel, or pretend to feel, an interest in what the important figure is doing. Thus newcomers will often be found comfortably ensconced in coveted positions, while older members ask one another behind their hands, "Who is this fellow (or dame) I keep running into lately?" Some of the infiltrators persist in manifesting themselves in situation after situation; in time they become permanently affixed to the Establishment structure and are greeted as a matter of course, though no one knows their names or their business. Usually, however, outsiders who have made their way into the core of the Establishment discover in bewilderment and consternation that the center is no different from the outer edge—in short, that there is no center, only individuals and institutions without a dominant authority or etiquette. With the effort to gain reflected glory thus proven wasted, the disappointed art (or artist) lover is likely to return to his normal habitat equipped to disseminate the intimate story of the art world, its doings, its heroes and its "phonies" (favorite outsider epithet). The large turnover in Establishment hangers-on thus results in a significant contribution to public art education in America.

Artists dislike formal organization. The last really comprehensive association of artists in the U.S. was The Artists Union of the Thirties, active around the government art projects. The Club, which was a lively factor in the rise of Abstract Expressionism in the Fifties, always kept a hazy area between members and nonmembers, and the repeated theme at the meetings of its "voting members" was how to keep out strangers and who would fold the chairs and sweep up the cigarette butts. But though artists are touchy about rules and obligations, herd impulses are very strong in the art world. Cliques are constantly being formed, mostly based on convictions regarding what art ought to be and which style would prevail. Intellectual get-togethers are most numerous among the young and the unknown; later, the primary motive for assembling is overcoming boredom. Youth coteries subsist in varying degrees of potency around the Tenth Street galleries and sprinkled through the upper East Side. Their attitude toward the Establishment is uniformly hostile—whenever an occasion arises they attack it publicly as a means of gaining its notice. In these sallies, they are supported by perennial anti-Establishment Establishmentarians. Youth cliques, however, tend to dissolve quickly through the uneven success of their adherents.

Groupings based on sex were unknown in the Art Establishment until very recently. Though in the postwar years women became for the first time prominent on a large scale in American painting and sculpture, they insisted on being considered as artists, not as *women* artists. In contrast, a feature of the past four or five years has been the banding together of homosexual painters and their nonpainting auxiliaries in music, writing and museum work.

Another recent- *(Continued on page 114)*

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THE AMERICAN PAINTER AS A BLUE CHIP

by Marvin Elkoff

To the untutored eye the working conditions — and the work — may seem to be facets of the old Bohemia: but, my God, how the money rolls in!

The Longview Foundation some years ago set up a grant for painters who had made significant contributions and were in need of cash. A gentleman on the committee selecting the recipients reports that the Foundation used up most of its money at the same time as it ran out of eligible painters.

To many of us, the idea that there are no longer any painters both reputable and short of funds comes as a shock. It is hard to adjust to the rapidity of change in the United States. We are bred for one life and lead another. And so we are prepared to look at the world of avant-garde art with memories of Modigliani selling his drawings in cafés and dying of consumption at thirty-five, of Soutine starving in his vermin-and-stench-ridden garret, of Van Gogh's madness, of irascible Cézanne's private labors and lack of public recognition.

The idea of a genius going unrecognized and unrewarded in his lifetime has always been part myth, but the myth has been more of a reality here in America than it ever was in Europe. Yet even the vivid example of Soutine is softened by the realization that Dr. Albert Barnes started buying him in quantity when the painter was thirty.

Today the myth serves a purpose. It is a selling weapon for the dealer, a justification for the uncertain collector. It is, in any event, one of the results of our history-conscious period: *Be the first on your block to recognize a genius,* says the dealer. *Don't let the critics make fun of you in thirty years,* says the collector to himself.

Nevertheless, we *have* been trained to see the art world through these mythic glasses, and what we find today is something different, radically different.

Up until the end of World War II, great modern art was always assumed to be School of Paris. American artists themselves were Francophiles, and the collectors more so. Adolph Gottlieb, one of the four or five leaders of the Abstract Expressionist generation that has dominated American art until recently, remembers that up until the end of

Photographed by Robert Adelman

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the war he assumed that this situation would go on forever. And suddenly it began to dawn on people, first on the painters, that Americans were doing the best and most original art in the world. Soon the French were the ones doing the imitation. The process has already begun with Pop art, which now has imitators in almost every country.

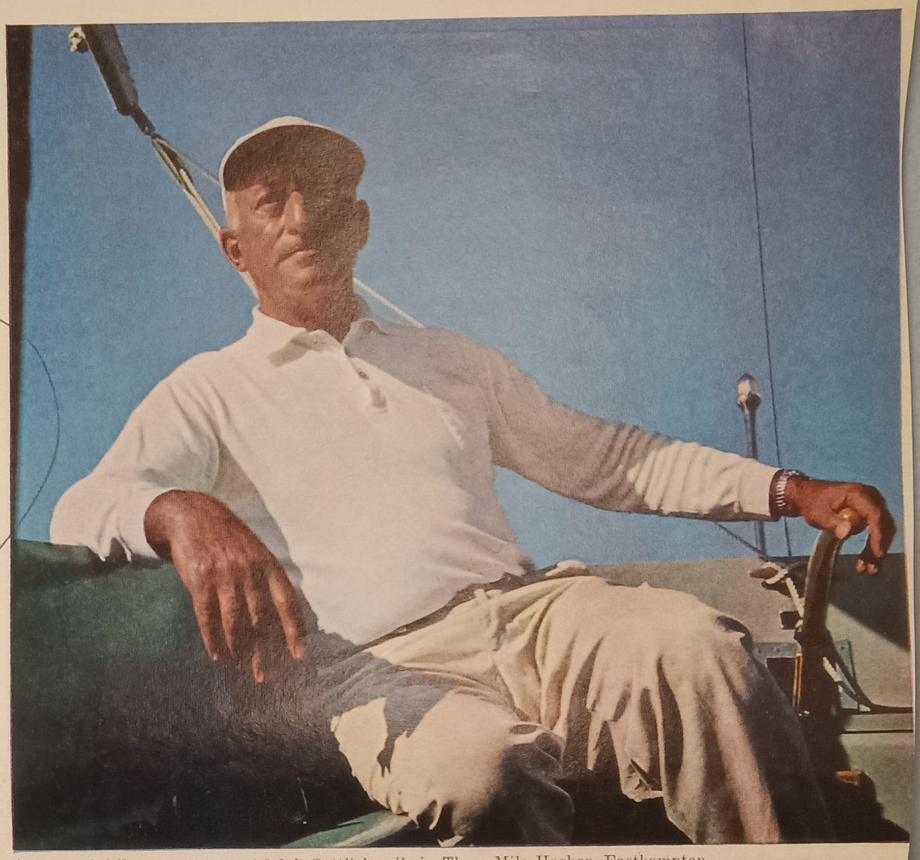
Though painting power, along with so much other power, came to America in the Forties, there was still no money. But a painter like Willem de Kooning, America's most famous and most highly rewarded avant-garde painter, looks back regretfully to that period. He appreciates his great current success and his money, but he felt more reality then, more security, more exuberance. "First there was this underground reputation we had in the late Thirties and during the war, you know, one painter for another, by ourselves, to hell with the rest," he says, with a Dutch accent that you almost forget because of his hip, loose style. "Whoever figured on a big success? That sounded crazy. Then after the war the reputation was aboveground, you know, the critics, a few dealers like Egan. Still no money. But excitement."

Today, at sixty, de Kooning's paintings sell for anywhere from $3,000 to $35,000, according to size. He is involved in the seemingly endless task of building a studio-house in East Hampton (costing over $100,000).

De Kooning speaks of the huge house as if it were a piece of reality he could mine from a fantasy of wealth and success that never seems too firm or credible, even to an artist of his stature. He is nervous about his reputation, which is under attack, nervous about his next show. He works slowly, and few people have seen his recent work. He seems intent on conveying that he really does not make all that much money, after taxes. On the other hand, he insists that he does not want to seem ungrateful to the American government by complaining about the taxes.

These proper statements seemed odd coming from a man who feels himself in the romantic tradition of Van Gogh, but only if you read them without hearing the odd combination of irony and innocence that hovers under the words.

The big money did not come into art until the middle Fifties, as late as '58 and '59 for most of them. "Poor Jackson [Pollock, who died in an accident in 1956] started it all and he died before the money came," says de Kooning. Only eight or nine years ago, though his world fame was second only to Pollock's, de Kooning still had little money. Sidney Janis, whose gallery handled his work, had turned down a group of his paintings about women. Around Christmastime, when de Kooning needed money to pay his mother's hospital bills, he offered these for sale from his studio. (He was then sharing a house in Bridgehampton, Long Island, with Ludwig Sander and the late Franz Kline.) Martha Jackson bought a number, which accounted for a fine show she had the next year. It was as late as 1959 that Janis held the historic de Kooning show, when all his paintings were sold the first day for a total of $150,000. De Kooning says it



Aspects of Affluence: Painter Adolph Gottlieb sails in Three Mile Harbor, Easthampton . . .



Robert Scull, first big collector of pop art, embraces a non-pop statue in front of his summer home.

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. . . and is visited by collector Ben Heller (a Gottlieb on the wall).



Opening at the Guggenheim.

was so unnerving he wished he were back on the W.P.A. project.

De Kooning displays a childlike surprise, almost entirely sincere, at his fame, especially when it comes in the form of governmental recognition. ("Me! Who expected it. I came here as a stowaway, a kid of twenty.") One night the government traced him to a dinner at the sculptor Ibram Lassaw's in East Hampton. A man named Goodman left a message that President Johnson wanted to give de Kooning the Presidential Medal of Freedom and would he please call back. His first impulse was to figure out who was playing the practical joke. He was finally persuaded to make the call, and then had to be persuaded to go to Washington. It would have seemed like reverse snobbery, he said, *not* to go when such famous people as Leonard Bernstein would be there. As so often with celebrities, he was most impressed with the other celebrities.

Gottlieb's success came about the same time as de Kooning's—Gottlieb at sixty-one is a year older—but his life is very different. De Kooning would prefer to be left alone out in East Hampton; he lives there all year, and goes along with the business side of art only insofar as he is pulled into it or persuaded it is necessary. A sturdy, direct and businesslike man, Gottlieb is always Gottlieb and one feels he does simply that which he has to do to maintain his success. It was only eight years ago that he moved from Brooklyn to Manhattan, only four years ago that he bought a handsome $75,000 summer house on "Millionaire's Row" in East Hampton, formerly owned by Jacqueline Kennedy's aunts. In the late Thirties he spent his summers in Gloucester, Massachusetts, for $25 a month. In the early Fifties in Provincetown he still spent no more than $300 for the summer. Now, once each summer in East Hampton, Gottlieb throws a huge and stylish cocktail party for perhaps two hundred people—artists, gallery owners, collectors, and the local rich who are often the collectors. This year there were several maids, several bartenders, and a local policeman to keep traffic moving. Everyone but the painters seemed to enjoy the party. To them it was clearly a business occasion; the strain on their faces showed it.

The rise of these older painters—Kline, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman and others, in addition to Pollock, de Kooning and Gottlieb, who though various in style are known as the first generation of Abstract Expressionists—was very slow and modest until the late Fifties. Most of them either had wives with jobs or worked themselves. The wives of both Newman and Gottlieb, for example, were teachers.

In 1946-1947 Gottlieb sold all his paintings to the Kootz Gallery for $3,000. In 1960 a single painting sold for twice that. Today, especially after winning the recent Grand Prize at the São Paulo Bienal, a large Gottlieb will go for $10,000 to $15,000.

In 1957, after leaving a teaching job at Brooklyn College, Mark Rothko had difficulty raising enough money to make a trip to New Orleans—a matter of $600 or $700. When he came back he found he had made sales worth $10,000. Today, because of taxes, he re-

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fuses to sell more than four or five paintings a year, and there is a long, long waiting list. Each of his paintings, since he paints large, sells for $15,000 to $25,000. Last year he rejected a sale to The Four Seasons because he did not like the idea of his paintings being hung in a restaurant. "I did them a favor," he says. "My paintings might have been bad for the digestion of their patrons."

In 1955, Newman was selling nothing at all. And now, according to collectors, it is an ordeal to get one at $15,000. Newman has been known to inquire where the collector will hang it, what paintings it will be near, and how sincere he really is in his desire for the painting. In other words, does the collector love him for his investment possibilities or does he really love his work.

In 1957, Janis Gallery had a hard time selling large Franz Kline paintings for $1,200; today they go for $25,000.

A Pollock bought for $8,000 in 1954 is now worth more than $100,000. Whereas prices had been rising steadily, it was his death in 1956 that triggered the beginning of the rise to a new plateau. Then, about three years later, prices of Pollocks jumped enormously and drew other prices up with them.

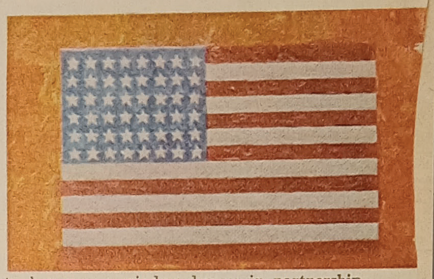
To one collector, these masters of the first generation have now become a "bunch of accountants. They're guarded, wary, suspicious."

Another collector sympathizes with them, sees them as Depression-bred, and as suspicious and quirky because of the country's rejection of their work until they were on to fifty.

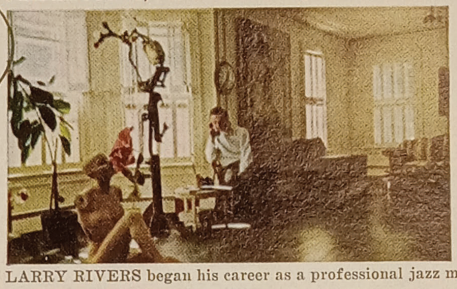
Both the first and second generations of Abstract Expressionism have been characterized as rougher, more drunken, brawling, and womanizing, angrier and less given to the amenities than the generation that followed. Henry Geldzahler, Associate Curator of American Paintings and Sculpture at the Metropolitan Museum, who is very friendly and involved with the younger painters, threw a large party last year where some of the older artists met the young generation of Pop and hard-edge people (to deal in at least two categories). To Robert Motherwell, younger than the first generation but considered part of it, there was a whole difference in style of life as well as style of painting. The younger painters were, he says, so much more polite and sweet, so much less angry and brawly.

Certainly the biggest reason is that painters, far from being rejected by society, are in fact drawn into a too passionate, if not too pure, embrace. To be outside society had been a twisting and frustrating experience.





JASPER JOHNS, one of the first very successful pop artists, began as a window dresser in partnership





LARRY RIVERS began his career as a professional jazz musician and still plays sometimes. He no longer



ANDY WARHOL selecting models at the supermarket.

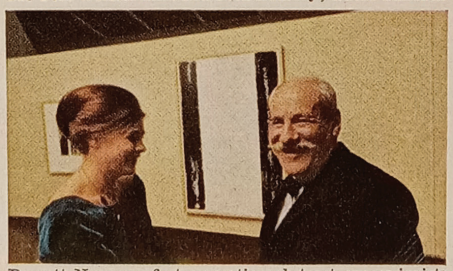


The models in use.



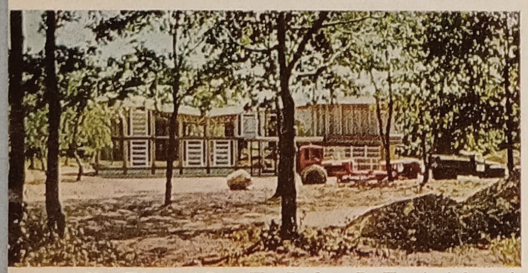


The Tom Wesselmanns and Dick Bellamy; Lucas Samaras—his studio is being offered for sale for $17,000;





Barnett Newman, first-generation abstract expressionist; Mike Goldberg behind a Mike Goldberg;





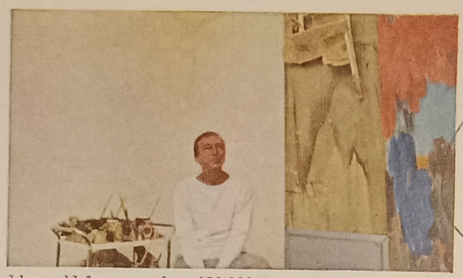


A Key Thing and Some Key Dealers: De Kooning's house in Easthampton; Critic Sam Hunter and Leo Castelli on the beach; Dick Bellamy, Director of the Green Gallery;

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with Robert Rauschenberg. He is now thirty-four and has sold for as much as $30,000.





needs the money. The piano is in Mike Goldberg's house.





Warhol thinking on the floor of his studio and recovering on a couch.

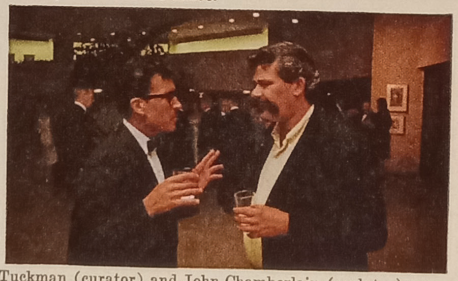


Marisol and Marisol doll;



Rosenquist out of his canoe.





Roy Lichtenstein at the Green Gallery; Maurice Tuckman (curator) and John Chamberlain (sculptor).





Painter Jim Dine in Sidney Janis' office; Martha Jackson and painter Paul Jenkins.

But it also protected the artist from distortions of success, from all the familiar vices that beset the other entertainment worlds. The painting world is closest of all to that of fashion and the theatre. Unlike the movies, or even publishing, where a product is thrown out into the world of millions who then either take it or reject it, paintings are thrown to a limited audience, a more homogeneously rich audience, almost in a face-to-face situation. It thereby takes less to make a trend, and to break it.

This audience is restless for the new, needs the *new* as a distinguishing accoutrement. It uses painting as a sign of rising social status in a world where minks, swimming pools, foreign travel and huge homes no longer carry enough distinction or have the same personal appeal—for most collectors *do* like painting: it is not just a flip of the coin between racehorses and painting. Since painting becomes a way of identifying oneself, there is a tendency to pick up some new trend in painting—to become among the first collectors to buy a certain kind of far-out work.

Investment in painting becomes uncertain in this atmosphere, especially among the second line of collectors. The sudden rise of Pop art almost paralyzed the art business for awhile. Art sales were seriously hurt in 1963 because no one knew what effect Pop's success would have on art prices, or how long Pop would last. In Los Angeles, said one gallery owner who had returned from there in the Summer of 1963, sales were at a standstill and galleries were on the verge of closing.

The Pop revolution was a perfect example of the fact that the small, compact world of modern painting is moved more quickly and easily than other culture worlds. Observers say that Pop took off—as opposed to developing slowly, which it would have done anyway—because of the support of three collectors: Mr. & Mrs. Robert C. Scull, Mr. & Mrs. Burton G. Tremaine, Jr., and Mr. & Mrs. Albert A. List.

What happens in situations like this, where changes are sudden, fads steadily changing, is that painters have their eyes cocked on their market as well as on their paintings. They suffer the anxiety of a Marc Bohan or an Yves St. Laurent preparing for a spring showing. That goes for everyone, but most intensely for the young, who are bred to making it, *anticipate* making it. A noted collector pointed out a double rub: That fathers still don't want their sons to be stupid enough to be painters; and if they don't make it in this success world, they appear doubly stupid. Young painters ask in effect: "What's the secret . . . how do you make it . . . how do you become a successful painter?" Since they now believe it can be done, they want to know how to do it.

When a young painter says this, he usually does not have in mind calculatedly painting for a certain market—opportunism is more complex and interesting than that, more intertwined with self-delusion. He usually has in mind that his paintings are just as good or as bad as another's; he feels all he lacks is the special selling mystique.

It is a too easy cynicism to consider a

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change of style an opportunistic change, for there are two histories to art, an internal stylistic history, and an external one of markets and collectors. Styles dry up, just as markets do.

Many people feel that both histories are operating in the case of the second-generation Abstract Expressionists—such painters as Al Leslie, Michael Goldberg, Grace Hartigan and Joan Mitchell. In the middle Fifties, these painters (who are all around forty now) were successful, quickly successful by the standards of the times. But in the recent crush of new fads and styles in the art world, they have become a frightening object lesson to other painters. Pressed between the masters of the first generation and the new men of Pop and hard-edge, their fame and prices rose and fell with alarming speed. They have been squeezed out by the New.

Whether they can come back is a familiar topic in the art world. Michael Goldberg is a good example that change *can* be successfully managed. Goldberg's first success started in 1956 when Walter Chrysler came down to his cold-water loft on East Tenth Street and bought sixteen paintings for a total of $10,000, which he was to pay in four $2,500 installments. Until then, Goldberg had worked as a moving man. His painting brought him a materials stipend of $650 a year from the Poindexter Gallery.

Shortly thereafter, Martha Jackson gave him a $10,000-a-year contract and he was on his way—for awhile, until the younger generation pressed up under him. Last year he had gathered together a quantity of new paintings in a very different Pop-influenced style. Goldberg candidly states that Martha Jackson did not want to show him; she had no confidence that his paintings would sell. They seemed too radical a change and there is a half-articulated, rather silly notion in the art world that a change has to be slow and visible, one stage related to another, thus betokening integrity. But she was persuaded to do so and the show sold out.

Not all changes work with such financial felicity. Al Leslie tried and so far has not succeeded. After an unsuccessful showing of Pop paintings in Los Angeles last year, he is now reported working in a realistic tradition. And there is the case of an older painter, Michael Loew, a serious and reputable artist who, during all the years of Abstract Expressionism's reign, painted in the then unfashionably pure geometrical style. Friends kept suggesting that he loosen up, get more Action, get more surface brushwork. He refused for years, then gradually changed. Now that he paints in the looser, more painterly style of Abstract Expressionism, he is once again on the outs with fashion.

Galleries, too, get squeezed by the new when they commit themselves to the "wrong" school at the wrong time. The handsome, well-financed Howard Wise Gallery on Fifty-seventh Street supported the cause of the first and second generation Abstract Expressionism for several years, to ever-diminishing returns. It is relieving itself of some of these painters, taking on the now popular geometrical and optical painters.

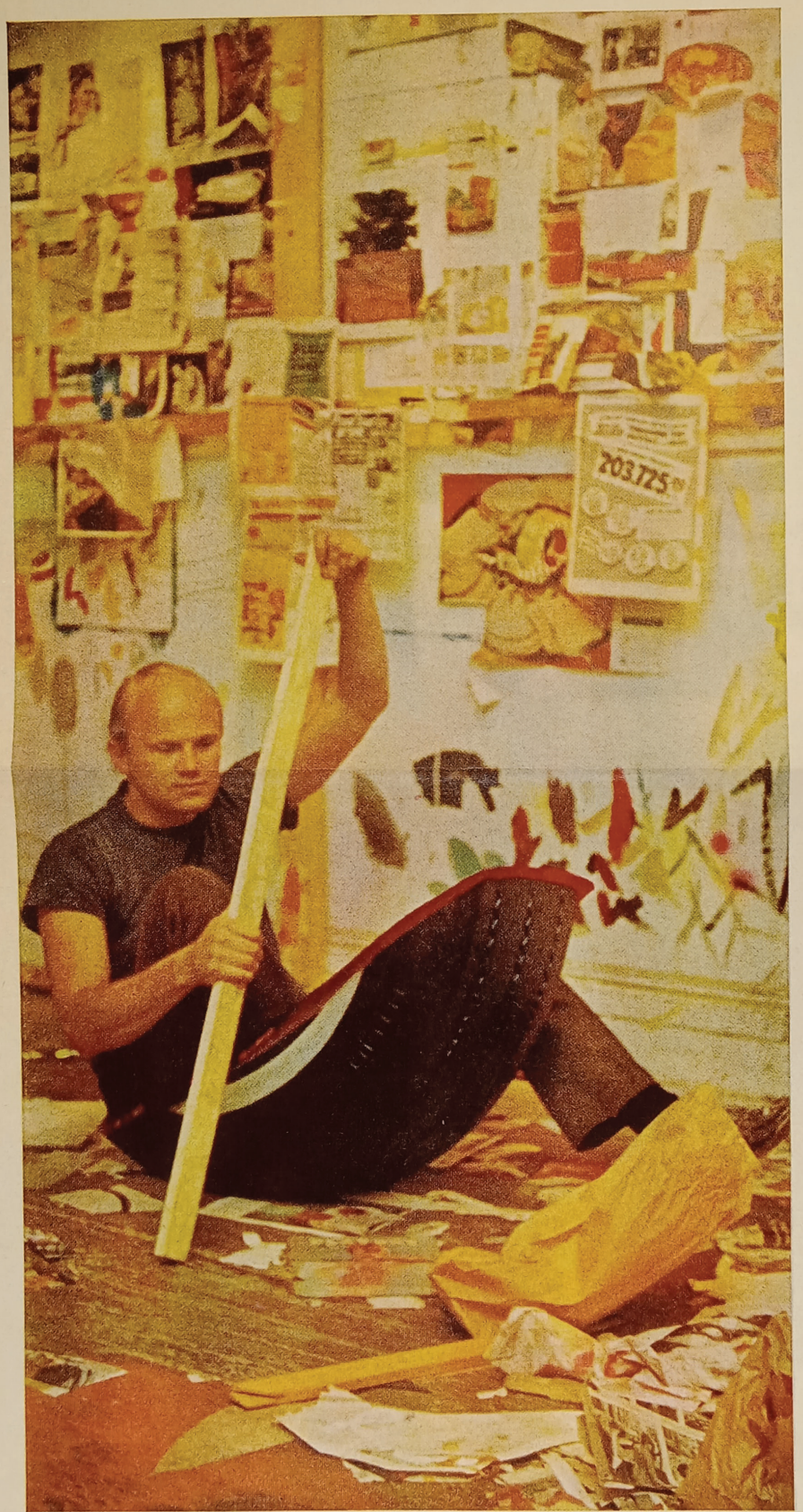
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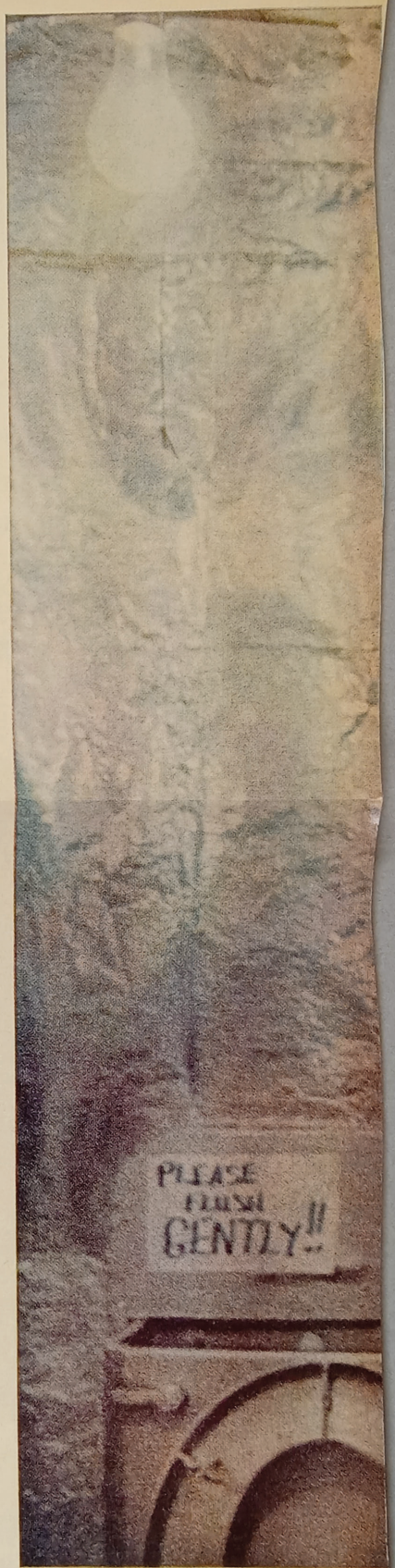


Marisol is the most original and the most successful sculptress on the contemporary scene. She sits beneath a photo of her favorite subject, Marisol, with hair added.

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TWO TITANS of the new industry: James Rosenquist in an improvised canoe; Andy Warhol in his silver-foiled bathroom and dark glasses.

tive Hungarian who got his start designing in cloth for Christian Dior, is the most nonchalant handler of luxury furs in America. The author of the now classic, bone-buttoned Autumn Haze mink polo coat, Partos once put a snap-out lining of white mink in a shocking pink terry cloth peignoir. "Nobody realizes how many poor little rich girls there are living in town houses in the East 60's and 70's and Murray Hill," he explained. "The heating in those houses is terrible. Why, those girls just freeze."

For Miss Streisand's entrance, he provided a $15,000 full-length Somali leopard coat sashed as casually as though it were a bathrobe in black leather. He gave her white mink knickers to play newsgirl in. She sashayed about in a long evening suit of white broadtail and cavorted in a printed velvet jump suit with a matching robe lined in the finest Canadian wild mink. The TV audience watched her stamp on the mink.

"I used to hate mink," the evolving Barbra Streisand said during a fitting for the show. She had arrived in what she called her slob clothes, beige corduroy jeans, a maroon suede coat, poor-boy sweater, wool socks and gray suede ankle boots. "But now I appreciate it for its solidity."

The blue-eyed, copper-haired singer gave assurance that she really belonged in Bergdorf's. "I really didn't like boa scarves as much as they say I did. I like simple elegance, neat. I'd rather change my jewelry and have a few things and wear them all the time. A person is more important than clothes. A dress should fade out of sight but greatly."

For her next television show, she landed Chemstrand as a sponsor. They arranged for her to attend the Paris haute couture showings in a whirlwind of publicity to select clothes for the television program. Richard Avedon photographed her there for *Vogue* in designs by Dior and Grès. Miss Streisand never went back to feather boas.

The television association with Barbra Streisand was part of Bergdorf Goodman's continuing effort to prove that it had changed, too. For a decade, Andrew Goodman, the affable son of the store's founder, and Leonard Hankin, his forceful executive vice president, had been trying to overcome the snooty, *grande dame* image that intimidated many potential customers. They realized that snob appeal can be a cogent sales factor, as long as it does not scare away the younger, not necessarily rich but intensely consumer-oriented segment of the popu-

lation. The Miss Bergdorf department with middle-class price tags on clothes that seem to suit every kind of woman from 19-year-old secretaries to trim dowagers had been set up in 1958. It became the store's most profitable operation. If Bergdorf's were to grow (and vigorously enough to launch a public offering of its stock one day), it had to attract what Leonard Hankin called "the new generation of money spenders." For them, some of that yeasty, pop fashion [illegible] into the bastion of formidable elegance. In the spring 'n' roll was piping loud and clear in its Bigi departmen Bergdorf's next broke out the motorcycles in its window were not for sale. They were punctuation for a grou dresses in vinyl and flower print such as had previou Bergdorf Goodman labels. One was gouged out to t mannequin's posterior. Another dress was a risky exerc décolletage. A flower decal reposed on the bare e dummy's bosom. Pinned to the dresses were buttons em one word, "Tigermorse."

In the semaphore of fashion, Tigermorse spelled garde chic of the new, rebellious, nonserious kind. Tig a sometime boutique owner, designer, partygiver and of the dropout subculture of pop. In the early Sixties, to the name of Joan and ran a boutique called A L Upper East Side mansion from which she sold little-r and costumes in sumptuous fabrics she collected on he Jacqueline Kennedy and a number of proper society many hundreds to several thousands of dollars for thes

Tall, skinny and a bottled blonde, Tiger Morse is a put-on, that pop cultural affectation of the outrageous f autobiography contains references to graduation from a school, three marriages, a teen-age son and a string from Syracuse to the Sorbonne at which she variously studied. The salons she has furnished and dismantled of treasures and trivia. Oriental art objects nestle with c An energetic kook, she is never too tired to dream for jaded playmates. Those who prefer death to being "with it" follow Tiger Morse. They include the press Sixties could be gulled into publicizing anything as long as it was extravagantly packaged and attended by a few of the celebrities they had manufactured.

Marilyn Bender, THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, New York, Coward-McCann, Inc., 1967.

(Tiger Morse - Betsey Johnson)

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In the semaphore of fashion, Tigermorse spelled instant avant-garde chic of the new, rebellious, nonserious kind. Tiger Morse was a sometime boutique owner, designer, partygiver and La Pasionaria of the dropout subculture of pop. In the early Sixties, she answered to the name of Joan and ran a boutique called A La Carte in an Upper East Side mansion from which she sold little-nothing dresses and costumes in sumptuous fabrics she collected on her world travels. Jacqueline Kennedy and a number of proper society matrons paid many hundreds to several thousands of dollars for these morsels.

Tall, skinny and a bottled blonde, Tiger Morse is a mistress of the put-on, that pop cultural affectation of the outrageous fib. Her flexible autobiography contains references to graduation from a Brooklyn high school, three marriages, a teen-age son and a string of universities from Syracuse to the Sorbonne at which she variously claims to have studied. The salons she has furnished and dismantled are chock-full of treasures and trivia. Oriental art objects nestle with camp atrocities. An energetic kook, she is never too tired to dream up new shocks for jaded playmates. Those who prefer death to being considered not "with it" follow Tiger Morse. They include the press, which in the Sixties could be gulled into publicizing anything as long as it was extravagantly packaged and attended by a few of the celebrities they had manufactured.

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Joan Morse closed A La Carte, took a sabbatical in England, and returned in 1965 to open new headquarters. As Tiger Morse, she christened her showroom on East 58th Street Kaleidoscope, decorated it as a flea market and used it as a base for her custom-made, wholesale and other activities, chief of which was the inflation of her pop personality. She gave mob parties in unexpected settings like artists' lofts or gymnasiums to which she invited store presidents and their French perfumed wives, along with wild-haired youths whose seedy clothing reeked of an unmistakable, bittersweet smell. The fashion Establishment came to see and to be seen and because the press had reported that Tiger Morse had genuine intuition about style. Didn't she do marvelous things with vinyl, such as printing HATE on the sitting part of a plastic dress and LOVE on the front? Didn't she concoct a dress with light bulbs so that she could turn herself on and off in a murky discothèque? This Mrs. Morse talked of psychedelics and electronic environment rather than elegance. By putting Tiger in the windows, Bergdorf Goodman was swearing it wasn't square. At those prices ($150 to $495), it must be hip, not hep.

The following autumn, Tiger Morse opened her Teeny-Weeny boutique at Madison Avenue and 73rd Street and brought paper dresses, silver boots, motorcycle suits and buttons inscribed GO NAKED, I LIKE BOYS, and STONED to a neighborhood of residences, churches and nursery schools. Soon, she had enough instant fashion recognition to lure a mass manufacturer. Weldon, Inc., a company previously identified in the trade as makers of sleepwear for the whole family, commissioned "the design pet of the jet set" (which someone had convinced the president that Tiger Morse was) to create a nightie and pajama collection. The colorfully printed sleepwear she designed was inoffensive enough but Mrs. Morse persuaded the manufacturer that it should be introduced at a nocturnal gathering in a West Side health club. Buyers, press, pop society sachems like Andy Warhol and Mrs. Robert Scull and a passel of sketchers and hairdressers' assistants milled around a swimming pool in a steamy basement. A plump brunette in a cashmere cardigan, see-through tights and a bandanna tied around her hips to simulate the front half of a bikini, executed bumps and grinds on the diving board. She was spelled by the hostess, a gaunt figure in silver striped jeans and shirt. A dead, black butterfly was pasted to her left cheek. Mortician's *maquillage* and mammoth, hexagonal sunglasses completed the vision that was Tiger Morse. She

tumbled into the pool followed by a man in a transparent plastic shirt and mink chaps that disclosed considerable portions of his anatomy. The excuse for the brawl? Classic pajamas were a declining share of the market. How could a company like Weldon persuade the buyers that it was capable of salable excitement unless they "blasted" them with a Tiger in the boudoir, the executives asked defensively a week later. After all, as the sales promotion brochure pointed out, didn't her clients include Fords, Vanderbilts and Kennedys? Didn't she once study for a Ph.D. in art history? At least that's what Tiger said.

A Tiger Morse collection had, in fact, once been presented in an art gallery. "A Kaleidoscope of extravagant fashions and accessories" was how the Greenross Gallery on East 57th Street had dignified her bikinis, harem pants and tapestry dresses in April 1965. It was one of many events that confirmed the worst fears of serious art lovers and critics. Not only were painting and sculpture being manipulated as stylish commodities, but galleries and museums were being converted into fashion show arenas. All through the Sixties, the art exhibition preview had rivaled the charity ball as an occasion for social climbing and identity-seeking. It was obvious that many of those in attendance spent more time beforehand choosing what they would wear to catch the press photographers' attention than in looking at the works of art when they arrived.

One of the most eclectic fashion shows of the decade was the opening of the Whitney Museum in its new ziggurat building at Madison Avenue and 73rd Street on September 28, 1966. It drew Jacqueline Kennedy in white satin and long gloves, girls in mini-dresses that plunged recklessly fore and aft and, of course, Andy Warhol with a leather jacket slung over his dinner suit and Mrs. Robert Scull in an Ohrbach's copy of Balenciaga's dress of feathers over nude net.

Mrs. Scull and her husband, whose income derives mainly from his fleet of taxis and a taxi-insurance business, are the decade's pop success story. Taxis may have transported them from the financial doldrums to a Fifth Avenue apartment and a house in East Hampton, L.I., but it was Mr. Scull's *chutzpah* in buying Jasper Johns' beer cans and flag paintings and such, and insisting that they were works of art back in 1959 and 1960, that gave the Sculls social standing. By 1962, the year in which pop art was recognized, Robert Scull surfaced as *the* pop-art collector. New York society, which had been lowering

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its barriers for amateurs of art, didn't seem to mind that he had been born on the Lower East Side and hadn't gone to college.

But it was Ethel Scull's fashion tie-up and her movie starlet's flair for publicity that pushed them over the border into pop celebrity-land. As a starter, Mrs. Scull, before her marriage a bourgeoise from West 86th Street, could announce that she had attended the Parsons School of Design. When Courrèges shot into the fashion firmament, Mrs. Scull was one of the first New Yorkers to appear in public in the Courrèges look. She was immortalized in it when George Segal, the pop-art sculptor, cast the Sculls in plaster. The Segal sculpture occupies the foyer of their apartment. Plaster Ethel sits on a settee in her Courrèges dress and boots, sunglasses perched on her dead-white nose. When Saint Laurent designed his see-through dress as a publicity gag, Ethel Scull bought a copy at Ohrbach's. The purchase was duly noted in newspaper fashion columns. Mrs. Scull is very cozy with the press. She kisses Eugenia Sheppard, the syndicated fashion columnist, when they meet and responds warmly to less important members of the fourth estate. Ethel Scull endeared herself to the mass media not just with her hospitality, but because she makes good copy. The names of the swingier but most expensive French, Italian and American designers trip knowledgeably off her tongue (she refers to Saint Laurent as Yves) and their clothes (in the original or in translation, Mrs. Scull never makes clear which she is wearing) look photogenic on her slender figure. Kenneth does her hair in the tawny, restless-savage style that is the instant fashion badge of the international socialite.

A conspicuous consumer of fashion, Mrs. Scull is also a verifiable link with art, the three-letter cure that the American garment industry takes for its inferiority complex. In the Sixties, fashion and art mingled on a spectrum ranging from the unhealthiest fringe of the new Bohemia to the solemn side of philanthropy.

In the fall of 1966, Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn merchants to the family trade, invited Andy Warhol to demonstrate how to paint paper dresses in its notions department. The inscrutable, pasty-faced and silver-haired guru of pop art and underground films never goes anywhere without his dark glasses and a team of displaced disciples. He brought Nico, a blond German model, and two male assistants from his "Plastic Inevitable" traveling psychedelic nightclub. A 4-year-old, identified as Nico's son, Ari, accompanied the troupe. Nico reclined on a desk attired in a white paper shift, lacy stockings and shoes.

Warhol poured purplish paint through a silk screen frame that an assistant held over her body while Ari sprayed green paint on her hosiery. Nico, a pop-age Marlene Dietrich whom Warhol has called the first psychedelic singer, changed her dress several times. FRAGILE was stenciled on one, paper bananas glued on another. Whether they realized it or not, the audience of housewives, art students and diversified males who are at leisure to wander in department stores at mid-afternoon, received a liberal education in more than paper-dress decoration, courtesy of one division of the nationwide Federated Department Stores chain. Sales of $2 paper dress and paint kits were brisk, a store executive reported with satisfaction.

Andy Warhol entered the fashion picture through a legitimately prosaic door. The son of a construction worker from McKeesport, Pa., he came to New York in the Fifties and eked out a living as a fashion sketcher. Shoes were his specialty. His work appeared in advertisements for I. Miller & Co. and the women's pages of *The New York Times*. When art popped in 1962, his clients realized that Warhol was not just an alienated beatnik but an *outstanding American artist,* an apostle of tasteless trivia whose literal paintings of Campbell's soup cans and Brillo boxes were commanding prices in the four figures. Success did not affect Warhol's detachment or his sense of propriety. In April 1965, he was invited to a preview of an exhibition of American painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Two hundred and sixty titans of the art world and the *Social Register* dined with Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson in the museum restaurant. After dinner, a second string of art authorities was asked in for coffee and to join the panjandrums on a tour of the galleries. Among them were Andy Warhol in paint-splattered work pants, dinner jacket and sunglasses and, on his arm, Edie Sedgwick, a fragile creature with cropped, silver-rinsed hair. She wore a lilac jersey jump suit and furry shoulder bag.

Andy Warhol had already descended from pop painting to underground films where he intended to stay. (In a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* on January 29, 1967, taken by a group of artists protesting the war in Vietnam, he listed himself as a film-maker rather than a painter.)

Warhol, the cinematographer, is a starmaker. His first vedette was Baby Jane Holzer, a lion-maned Park Avenue housewife. Edie Sedgwick, a blue-blooded twig from a Boston Brahmin tree, was his next

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superstar. Pop society anointed this mixed-up heartbreaker, who resembles a skinny Marilyn Monroe, Girl of the Year 1965. *Vogue* called her a "youthquaker." She was superseded by a series of over- and underprivileged runaways from middle-class morality, some of whom were united in *The Chelsea Girls*. This 1966 Warhol epic of homosexuality, dope and LSD addiction and blasphemy was the first underground movie to be booked into a commercial theater. The movie critics, not unlike the fashion industry, couldn't agree on whether Warhol was a menace or a genius.

Not all of fashion's involvements with art are as seamy as the Warhol connection. Paris designers like Yves Saint Laurent and Janine de Poorter and Americans like Betsey Johnson put pop symbols and word messages on clothes. Op art was also "prostituted by the dress and fabric industry," as John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times,* said. Earlier, John Kloss believed that abstract expressionism could be worn as well as hung on a wall.

In 1963, Jacques Kaplan, the Franco-American Fifth Avenue furrier, commissioned five avant-garde artists to paint fur coats. Richard Anuszkiewicz did an op-art arrangement on calfskin, Marisol a pink nude. Kaplan, an art hobbyist who had been bartering fur coats for paintings, later staged fun fur shows in art galleries. A graduate of St. Cyr, the French military school, and holder of the Croix de Guerre for his exploits with the Free French Army during World War II, Kaplan may be the most candid character in American fashion. He drives to work on a Honda and he admits that arty antics help to sell profitable $4,500 ranch mink coats. He also talks freely about his psychoanalysis and his coming to terms with the fashion business.

"One of the few means of self-expression left today is fashion, if you are not talented as a writer, artist, etc.," he told Grace Glueck, the art columnist of *The New York Times*. "*Liberté, Fraternité, Personalité*—that's the new motto. I really like fashion, for that matter. Twenty years ago, I used to hate to be a furrier. I thought it was the lowest degree, socially. Now I'm very pleased to be one. It's a sort of fulfillment."

Seventh Avenue had been using art as psychiatric therapy for several decades. In the easy-money period of the Forties, several manufacturers, craving the cachet that the needle industry could not give them, started art collections. One of them actually succeeded in becoming a connoisseur and patron. In 1963, Larry Aldrich, a taciturn dress

manufacturer who plainly longed to be a scholar, sold 57 of his paintings by modern masters like Monet, Gauguin, Picasso and Matisse for $1,121,300. After disposing of his impressionist and post-impressionist classics, Aldrich turned to the avant-garde. In the fall of 1964, he commissioned Julian Tomchin, a textile designer, to work out fabric designs based on paintings in his collection by artists like Anuszkiewicz and Bridget Riley. It inflated the op-art bubble in fashion. In 1965, he acquired a 182-year-old house in Ridgefield, Conn., near his week-end estate, and converted it into a museum for the exhibition of contemporary art. Aldrich, whose $2.5 million-a-year dress business was in the safe design hands of Marie McCarthy, served as his own curator.

The fashion industry likes romping in museums. Twice a year, it gets a chance at the Metropolitan Museum. One occasion is the Party of the Year, a $100-a-ticket dinner to benefit the Costume Institute, a valuable repository of pictures, clothing and other sources of historical research and inspiration for designers, under the direction of Polaire Weissman.

The Coty American Fashion Critics' Award presentation affords another opportunity for dressing up and feeling respectable within the museum's hallowed halls.

The Edward C. Blum Design Laboratory at the Brooklyn Museum is another stronghold of fashion lore. Established by contributions from Abraham & Straus and other members of the Federated chain, it is supported by membership fees and is rarely publicized despite the excellent services it offers.

Eleanor Lambert, American fashion's most powerful press agent, has been intimately involved with the Coty Award and the Costume Institute during the past 25 years. She is a tireless matchmaker between fashion and art.

Whether fashion should presume to call itself art is moot. It is not farfetched to apply the term "artists" to jewelry designers like Jeanne Toussaint of Cartier in Paris, Jean Schlumberger of Tiffany, Fulco di Verdura (a Sicilian duke transplanted to Fifth Avenue), and Marc Koven, an Americanized Frenchman who is also a sculptor. But in the case of garment makers, even the designers themselves disagree.

Norman Norell once termed it a commercial art form. "It's important from the standpoint of history because fashion reflects an era.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	TOMKINS	N.C.36

Nor Suits for the "Orient Express,"
Nor the Furs for the Mississippi River,
I have not designed Coats for the nights at Monte Carlo,
Nor Evening Gowns for the Debutant [*sic*] Ball,
Nor Hats for the "April in Paris" Ball,
Nor Shoes for the Strip-teasers at Minskys,
Nor Hairdos for Shirley Temple,

But clothes that are Modern, Easy and Comfortable for the Women of 1966.

And then the ideas came spilling forth on Ellen Harth, the carbon-haired German model with the Sassoon cut whom Rudi Gernreich uses for his showings, on a blond Julie Christie girl, on a creature with bobbing, chestnut hair who might be swinging down the Rue de Sèvres. They are pulsing with life and health and they love Tiffeau's brisk coats, the neat pants suits he had been suggesting for two years before they hit the sidewalks of New York, the spare dresses cut out to show glowing shoulders and firm, round, girlish arms, or sashed above the waist and unseamed below the armhole so that their breasts spill out at the sides. They roll their eyes and undulate their hips and muffle themselves to the eyeballs in red fox stoles. They slink about in shock-colored, chiffon smockdresses.

In the fall of 1965, Tiffeau sent his models out with paneless spectacles pushed down on their insolent little noses while Al Jolson whined "Ain't I the Fool" from the record player. Three years before, he had equipped them with sunglasses and goggles, stimulating the trend to nearsightedness as a fashion asset. Glasses, he said, "make a girl look mysterious and dangerous. Maybe hearing aids will be fashionable next."

Tiffeau puts in all the punctuation marks when he presents a collection. It is, as they say in the fashion business, a look and the look is of now. Jacques Tiffeau doesn't acquire it by asking society women what they need. "I don't socialize, I have my life, it's my own," he said. It consists of an apartment on the Upper East Side, furnished in clean, modern style and housing a growing collection of contemporary art. A passionate cook, he shops for his cheeses on Lexington Avenue and 85th Street, for fruits and vegetables in the open-air markets on Ninth Avenue and the upper 30's. But he refuses to cook for those American friends who take too many Martinis before dinner. He takes them to restaurants. Some weekends, he unplugs the telephone, walks in Central Park and goes to bed early.

"I don't believe in socializing or dressing up the way Bill Blass does," Tiffeau said. For lunch at La Grenouille, where he holds court on a red velvet plush banquette up front, he might wear brown suede boots, beige trousers, a deep blue shirt, green checked tie and a gray flannel jacket. He opens the jacket to show the label, BAKER CLOTHES. "I only believe in *prêt-à-porter*," he said with a roguish grin.

He would never design men's clothes, he insisted. Cardin's men's clothes: "They are for faggot. Women dress to attract. Men should be quiet and have something else, like personality. They should dress in gray and navy blue. They don't need jazzy clothes."

Ideas either come to him or they don't. When they don't, he goes off for a swim at the New York Athletic Club.

"Fashion," said Jacques Tiffeau, "is a love affair."

Betsey Johnson was caught up in fashion by the time she was 21. The youngest and rashest of America's creative designers, she started as a moonlighting dressmaker for the editors of *Mademoiselle*. She had been a guest editor of the magazine's college issue in 1964. After graduation from Syracuse University, she was offered one of those glorified slave-girl jobs that were supposed to entice bright youngsters into the so-called glamour of magazine publishing.

While doing odd chores, Betsey was doodling clever little sketches on pads and accepting assignments for home sewing from the fashion editors. Two of them, Nonnie Eilers Moore and Sandra Horvitz, showed her sketches to Paul Young, the Englishman who had forsaken architecture for mass-produced American fashion. Mr. Young is a vice president of the Puritan Fashion Corporation, charged with developing the youngest, most avant-garde merchandise for its budding network of licensed Paraphernalia boutiques throughout the country. The pilot Paraphernalia boutique on Madison Avenue, a few doors from the Vidal Sassoon hair salon, looks more like an art gallery than a dress shop.

Paul Young signed Betsey Johnson to a contract and turned her loose in a workroom on West 36th Street. Within a year, she was the hottest property off Seventh Avenue and a one-woman rival to the Kings Road and Carnaby Street. Julie Christie and all the visiting

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English Mod firemen signed up for her fan club along with those American sprites who are on Betsey's kinetic wave length.

Betsey Johnson looks like anything but a fashion person. She is short and chubby with dark blond hair and the well-scrubbed demeanor of a 4-H girl who decided to become a beatnik. Nothing is too mad or Mod for her to design or wear. Sometimes she tacks thrift shop items, like a pair of Ruby Keeler dancing shoes, onto her own designs. The most famous of these is the Basic Betsey, a skimpy garment, with long, narrow sleeves, that snuggles over the chest, pays no attention to the waist, skims over the hips down to the middle of the thigh where it ends in a flip.

She put plastic grommets on the hem of a bare-backed halter and called it the noise dress, a necessary fashion for total environments like the Cheetah nightclubs or Murray the K's. Then she produced the do-it-yourself dress, a shell of clear plastic that cost about $30 and came with a $5 kit of adhesive squiggles, numbers and letters with which the purchaser could decorate according to whim. Canned panties and silver motorcycle suits are other inventions.

She churned out chalk-striped gangster pants suits for girls and satin and velvet evening clothes for men. Antoine, the French protest singer, modeled the latter when they were introduced. "This is only the beginning," said Betsey as the entertainer with the shoulder-length, curly hair appeared in a black velvet shirt studded with nailheads on the collar and cuffs, flaring pants of navy velvet, a silver belt and a flowered vest.

Clearly, Betsey is the most prolific designer of radical pop fashion, as well as the spokesman for a generation that demands something totally different from what their mothers asked of clothes. They want it cheap (Betsey's designs sell for $50 and under) and they don't care if it falls apart tomorrow (Paraphernalia's merchandise carries no warranty). And if they scare the settled citizenry half to death, *tant pis*.

In an interview in the August 1966 issue of *Mademoiselle*, Betsey Johnson said it very plainly:

> I like people to make the shape of the garment, so I don't believe in darts and frills and all that junk. No two people look alike in the same dress, anyway. I really design for myself since I don't like what is around. I believe in the shape of the dress, the importance of the cut, having clothes that move when people do. This is the reason that the only kind of fabric I use is jersey. . . . My clothes are really unconstructed: they don't confine or shape you. People just want movable clothes.
>
> Everyone wants to be looked at, to be creative about wearing clothes, and you have to exaggerate what you're doing if you're going to have any effect at all. It's a phase that fashion must go through; the same thing is happening in music, literature, art. It's a good time for young people with open minds. My clothes are for young people who are saying, "Look at me—I'm alive!" . . . Dressing is becoming a way of self-expression; it's artistic and should be as uninhibited as possible.

Talented as she is, Betsey Johnson might not have become the Manhattan fashion wunderkind if another madcap had not paved the way for youth a decade before. When Queen Elizabeth conferred the Order of the British Empire upon Mary Quant in 1966, the designer said that the award belonged as much to the whole group of designers who had made London a capital of modestly priced, ready-made, exuberant fashion. She meant designers like Roger Nelson, tailor of the swinging classics; Sally Tuffin and Marion Foale, diviners of meltingly feminine clothes for girls who go to parties on the backs of motorcycles; Jean Muir, the timid soul with the marionette's face who authored the smocked dress, among other little girl clothes; James Wedge, the milliner with the space-agey boutiques called Countdown and Top Gear; and Gerald McCann, the irrepressible jokester.

But it was Mary Quant who threw the first stone through the stained glass windows of British fashion, and the crash eventually resounded throughout the world. In 1955, Mary Quant, Alexander Plunket Greene and their friend, Archie McNair, an ex-lawyer and owner of a photography studio, started Bazaar, a boutique on the Kings Road in Chelsea, the Bohemian quarter of London. Mary Quant is the brown-eyed, russet-haired daughter of Welsh schoolteachers. Alexander Plunket Greene is one of those pale, blue-eyed giants of the British aristocracy, last of a long line of decadents and eccentrics. On his maternal side, he is a distant cousin of Bertrand Russell, the philosopher, and the Duke of Bedford, who turned his Woburn Abbey into a sightseers' haunt.

Mary and Alexander were incipient rebels who met and joined forces as students at Goldsmith's College in Southeast London.