

nobody to signal and Ball's flag waving has lapsed into a hobby.

Ball is both awe-struck and proud that the houses at Ballston's brink have been there since 1891, although they have, with some prudence, been moved back seven times as the sand eroded. Only once was one washed out to sea, and that happened after the summer was over. By chance the resident had stored some left-over barrels of molasses and flour in the place. These, when wetted down by the sea water, made a formidable paste. The inside had to be done over when the house finally floated back to shore, but its condition was otherwise intact, a tribute either to its sturdy construction or to the amalgam with which it had been accidentally sealed, Mr. Ball doesn't know which.

Other than off the Great Beach, which bathers share with striped-bass and flounder fishermen, who cast their long poles from the sand shores, there is swimming in the many ponds that splatter the landscape in South Truro. at Depot Beach along the edge of Pamet Harbor where a narrow river called the Pamet empties into Cape

Cod Bay, and at Corn Hill Beach named for the place where the Pilgrims found a cache of Indian corn and appropriated it. All the corn we now eat is said to have descended from the Pilgrim's adventure at Corn Hill. The Pilgrims also had their first drink of New World water at Truro, spent their second night on dry land in North Truro, and were said to have been so taken with its healthful and defensive location that they almost settled here. But for the vote of a few who had heard of a larger harbor to the west, Truro would have been Plymouth.

ALTHOUGH the nuance may not be apparent to the passer-by, there is a difference of caste between the casual part-time visitor to Truro and the regular full-term summer resident. One who merely comes in July might be referred to as a "July person." You can't tell about the July person for he is just liable to go up to Provincetown, that Bohemian nest eleven miles away, and even have a good time. The partisan Truroite would no more make the journey to Provincetown than would the denizens of New York's El Morocco and 21 circuit consider spending the weekend at Coney Island. A July person might think nothing of swimming in the Truro ponds where there is no surf, or for that matter off Depot Beach bordering Pamet Harbor, named for a defunct railroad whose disused trestle is still in place, and makes a dandy diving platform. The July person might consider the Atlantic at this location too cold for the comfort of anyone less than a permanent resident of Baffin Land. Once this summer, I noticed one bather take the water temperature before deciding it was, at sixty-two degrees, dandy for a flounder or a regular resident, but much too congealing for the pampered tastes of a July person. A true Truroite simply doesn't swim at Depot Beach, which he considers the proper place to go sailing or clamming. Clamming, incidentally, is limited to Saturdays, when at low tide the flats are covered with bodies on their knees, the view of the proceedings resembling nothing so much as a group of the disoriented faithful paying obeisance to Mecca with no one knowing for sure where it is. Since the town of Truro exacts a dollar a season for the right to go clamming, it is required to enforce the law to keep out the unlicensed. This year the flats were patrolled by a Shellfish Warden, a man with a drooping moustache and an eagle eye who slopped over the muddy wastelands demanding to see the papers of the clam diggers, most of whom had arrived in bathing suits. It was also

his duty to check on the size of the clams, for no digger is permitted to take a clam which can slip lengthwise through a ring supplied by the license clerk at Town Hall. The rules laid down by the Board of Selectmen provide that no eels, softshell clams, sea clams, razor fish, oysters, sea worms, or scallops be taken without a permit. Rule No. 6 provides that "no eels shall be taken within said town by use of a fyke unless a special permit there for shall first be obtained." No one can take more than a ten-quart bucket of clams, or an eight-quart bucket of quahogs, and then on Saturday only. No one may dig or carry away a shellfish between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise by any method from any flat or creek in town. While clamming can be dirty work, and is done best by hand, a true Truroite would no more think of clamming with gloves on than he would of swimming at Depot Beach. Good barehanded clammers who are not dissuaded by coming upon four inches of a biting sea worm now and then can collect a full bucket of clams, the legal limit, in a few hours time. Washed, steamed, and dipped in butter, they make a great delicacy that can scarcely be equalled by restaurants who have to fetch steamers considerable distances.

There is no legal limit on sea clams, which are larger and tougher, but most true Truroites insist that sea clams can only be properly dug during the period of the full moon and, at that, only during the hours of early dawn. Expeditions are mounted with great ceremony at half-past five in the morning; one who is invited to join such a safari may well consider himself to have been socially accepted. It surprises me that Canadian Club has not added it to its pictorial adventures in eighty-seven lands.

Fishing, a spirited endeavor here, cuts across social lines. Neither a flounder nor a fluke, nor a trout caught perchance in the Pamet River, counts among fishing types. The only true fish is a striped bass. Stripers are caught on long rods which are cast into the Atlantic at Ballston Beach or into Cape Cod Bay off Corn Hill Beach or at the inlet at the mouth of Pamet Harbor. Sea worms, which are flown here from Maine and sold at 75 cents per dozen, or sand eels, which are cheaper and apparently not quite as attractive to the bass, are the principal forms of bait, although fancy artificial lures are also used. This has been widely advertised as the best striped-bass season in twenty-two years, but I must say that as a rank, but eager amateur, I seem to have been at the inlet with sand eels when

(Continued on page 57)

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ART IN AMERICA IN 1962

A BALANCE SHEET

By KATHARINE KUH

RECENTLY an American painter forced automobile tires to substitute for his brush, resolutely driving back and forth over his canvas. More disheartening than this contrived act was the prominence given to it by a popular magazine that prides itself on cultural awareness. Another painter who presumably values expediency over privacy has been widely publicized for an equally novel, if less mechanical, technique. He covers a nude woman with paint and, this time, it is her body—not an automobile—that rolls over the canvas.

Innovations catch on overnight. There is now a sudden enthusiasm for so-called comic-strip paintings. Usually devoid of invention, these over-large copies (and *copies* they are)

literally reproduce and enlarge familiar comic-strip scenes. Touted as the new American folk art, they are selling with breathless speed. When one thinks of Léger's authentic use of folk art, his ability to transform it into new, often bold and witty compositions, one realizes that without deliberate translation art cannot exist.

Somewhat less exhibitionistic than these chic novelties, but no less tedious are the innumerable empty canvases covered with only one color. More than forty years ago the Russian, Kasimir Malevich, painted his famous "Suprematist Composition: White on White," proving that much can be done with little and making the current "one-color men" seem awkwardly dated; for as yet they have added little or nothing to his definitive statement.

Today, any technique accented by a

single easily labeled characteristic is apt to be speedily and enthusiastically acclaimed. Why seasoned collectors are so willingly snared is a provocative question. Surely they must realize that great discoveries scarcely spring full-blown from every hopeful neophyte. However, it is not experimentation I am deploring; it is the *lack* of it, the shallow imitation of invention.

The influence of publicity became exceptionally clear recently when a reputable national art organization admitted that its top executive job demanded promotional experience more than a knowledge of art. Also symptomatic is the number of private collectors who maintain personal public relations counsels. One might expect that those whose fortunes do not depend on popularity polls would be the last to expose themselves to public glare. But now, as the

possession of art becomes a more and more reliable passport to social success, it is only the very innocent who fail to recognize its power. Our museums and even the White House tend to encourage this situation in their zeal for private support.

Press releases from commercial art galleries and public institutions pour over the reviewer's desk, the prose sometimes more lurid than lucid. A few random samples of modern publicity are revealing: "[This exhibit] presents an artist, not yet thirty, who has found an individual and highly sophisticated style. . . . The 'sergeant's stripe' is his *leit motif*. . . ." "Also included in the exhibition is [an artist] highly regarded for his experimental work using a virtuoso technique that combines plastics with such extraneous materials as old tuxedos, cardboard, sand, steel, and wood." "The use of a new set of tools was employed: wide smearing slashing tools, squeegees,

licence plates, saws, hand and arm up to the elbow, a unique collection of brushes, spatulas, shovels, balloons, snow, etc. Painting in the dark for greater subconscious action was also employed." And one last example: "[The artist] creates 'spacial worlds' using unusual materials such as drinking straws, calendar tubes, and pipe cleaners. 'The essence of creation is inevitability' states this artist. . . ." If these quotations do nothing else, they at least underline our present-day emphasis on methods and materials to the near exclusion of content and meaning.

There was a time early in this century when it was valid to startle the observer into recognizing unexpected beauty in humble discarded objects. Then it was chiefly an antimaterialistic attitude, a rebellion against accepted external values that drove artists to find meaning in the most modest human experiences. Now it is more often

the reverse, any gimmick or gadget becoming an end in itself and not necessarily a means to new insights.

As for purple prose, even the most ebullient press releases cannot hope to compete with the magazine *Art News*, where an entrenched obscurantism buries the simplest ideas under a barrage of occult words. To understand what some of these writers are saying demands a "pony" that doesn't exist. Very clear, however, are the words of a new art publication which pays unabashed homage to commercialism in the arts.

Called *The Art Market Guide & Forecaster*, this monthly letter frankly reduces artists to the status of stocks and bonds, rating them only as viable financial commodities. In one of its first communications, the *Guide* observed that "the art market as a whole has gained 975 per cent since the war—versus only 241 per cent for the stock market! The coming market year



"The Engagement Ring," by Roy Lichtenstein.

—Leo Castelli Gallery.



"The Three Musicians," by Fernand Léger.

—Museum of Modern Art.

should see the breaking of many standing records, such as the 19,000,000 per cent gain thus far computed for—not Rembrandt but Vermeer!” It might be well to recall here that Vermeer’s known works add up to no more than forty paintings, none of which, to my knowledge, is likely to appear on the open market, a fact blithely omitted by *The Art Market Guide & Forecaster*.

OTHER statements are equally ambiguous. “The Art Market Guide Averages provide for the Art Market a continuing price-trend as indispensable as the Dow-Jones Averages are to the stock market. . . . [The Guide] will include clear guidance on which art investments are gilt edge, blue chip, speculative.” And yet this omniscient sheet, in listing artists in terms of percentage gains or losses, overlooks the fact that incorrect attributions at auction sales and elsewhere are sometimes the reason for unexpectedly low prices. An artist’s reputation has not necessarily plunged because wary buyers avoid bidding on doubtful labels. Physical condition likewise determines price, the degree to which a work has been damaged or restored affecting its value.

Notwithstanding all the subtle factors that contribute to an understanding of art, *The Guide* promises that “an investor or collector who dispassionately combines LOGIC with FACTS can make profits of fantastic size,” a statement open to wide divergence of opinion. It is precisely because logic and facts are meaningless in art without intuition, passion, long experience, knowledge, and that most elusive of all qualities, a sensitive eye, that *The Art Guide* becomes not merely a cynical oddity but a dangerously misleading cicerone.

The fact is, however, that no discussion of the fine arts is possible today without mention of the fantastic prices

that paintings and sculpture are bringing at auction—and without equal mention of the fantastic antics surrounding these events. We seem to have read more about Mr. James Rorimer’s slight twitch of the eyebrow, when as director of the Metropolitan Museum he acquired Rembrandt’s “Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer” (see cover) at the Parke-Bernet sale, than we have read about the picture itself. No one denies that this is a splendid painting, but the publicity accompanying its purchase focused on price almost to the exclusion of art. The gigantic figure of \$2,300,000 was used, it would seem, as bait to lure thousands of curious visitors. If one assumes that mere exposure to a work of art is enough, then these methods are less open to debate, but I question whether the throngs pouring into the Metropolitan for a hectic look at a costly painting have taken much of value away with them.

The majority, I am sure, did not know that for many years two equally distinguished, possibly more distinguished, examples of Rembrandt’s work have been hanging only a few blocks away at the Frick Collection. These, the brilliant “Polish Rider” (see page G) and the moving “Self-Portrait,” (see page I) make one doubt whether New York needed another masterpiece by this artist as much as did the underbidder, Cleveland’s Museum of Art (particularly since the Metropolitan already has some thirty examples). The entire transaction brings up any number of questions. Should American public-service institutions be pitted against one another in ruthless competition? Isn’t the final loser the public? For even though most of our museums are privately endowed, they presumably serve public needs and constantly appeal to this same public for financial help.

A further sign of the capitulation of

museums to price-glamor publicity appeared recently in a newspaper item about a rare Tiepolo painting. This time the story came from that stronghold of conservatism, Boston. To quote, “The most expensive painting ever bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts went on display today in the museum’s Rotunda. . . . Perry T. Rathbone, museum director, said the museum had insured the work for about \$250,000. He did not reveal the purchase price, but said it was the highest ever paid by the museum.”

In the past, museums were proud of acquiring great masterpieces for little money; it took knowledge, a nimble eye, and a poker face. But now, bowing to the press, museum eyes seem more geared to Wall Street than to esthetics. It is scarcely surprising that art thefts are frequent and prices steeply inflated.

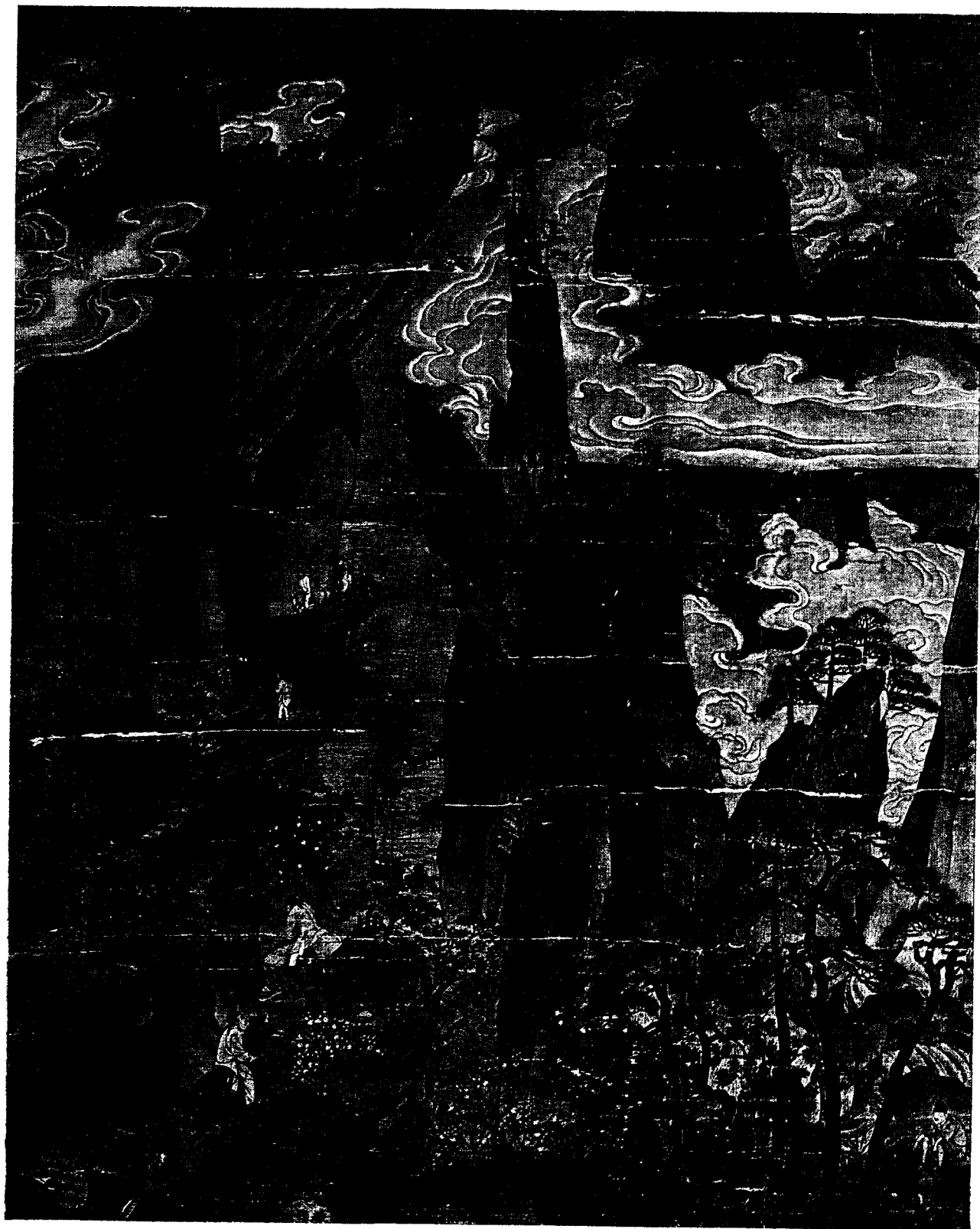
Willem Sandberg, Director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, may have hit the nail on the head when he recently expressed the opinion that “all American museums suffer from the trustee system. Once you have confidence in a director, you must give him freedom. And confidence naturally implies that a director is a specialist in art.” But this unfortunately is what many top museum men are not; they are more and more being chosen for their administrative ability, their financial acumen, their charm, their agreeable willingness to rubber-stamp trustee decisions. In addition, art museum trustees are thinking increasingly of their institutions as business enterprises, and of themselves as art specialists, a hazardous and ironic inversion that leads to incompetent behavior on both levels.

TAKE, for example, the problem engendered by trustee and layman committees acting as final arbiters on art acquisitions. I know of an occasion when such a group actually flipped a coin to decide between two purchases. These committees, unless firmly steered by wise professional advice (a situation becoming less frequent), are apt to turn down works by little known but potentially important artists from both past and present, only to wait several years for public demand to raise prices enough to guarantee popular approval. It would make an interesting story to list the number of outstanding works lost to our public institutions because of amateur interference. And for that matter, why should one expect successful business men (since most trustees are drawn from this unduly limited group) to double as art scholars?

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, in his 1962 Carnegie Corporation report on the problems besetting college presidents, strongly recommended that public re-

Auction Sales

THE BALLYHOO surrounding modern art auctions has led to inevitable abuses. Recently it was charged that certain dealers were putting up paintings at auction only to buy them back through “front men” at greatly increased prices, thus establishing new artificial values. The day of picking up bargains at art auctions is a misty memory. These affairs at their peaks often relegate specialists to the back stairs but find front-row seats for movie stars and other photogenic personalities. Perhaps the most flagrant example of “name-buying” occurred not long ago at an auction in New York where a dealer paid \$70,000 for a greatly repainted Picasso canvas, its condition having openly been denounced by the artist himself. Willem Sandberg, Director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, wisely observed recently that “people who choose with their ears . . . and forget to look, buy names instead of flames.”



"Emperor Ming Huang's Journey to Shu" (detail).

—Chinese National Palace Museum.

lations and fund raising not be their sole functions. He cautioned against identifying universities with business enterprises and advised trustees to avoid the too familiar pitfalls of behaving either as indifferent figureheads or "domineering busy-bodies."

Dr. Dodds' words are no less appropriate for art museums than for universities. The fact is that the turnover in top art museum personnel is shocking, its frequency recalling the haphazard fortunes of musical chairs. Joseph A. Patterson, Director of the American Association of Museums, said recently, "There is an acute shortage of museum personnel, and the profession stands at a lower salary level, with fewer benefits and far less recognition, than any comparable group." When one realizes that a nation-wide survey by a monthly newsletter called *Arts Management* indicates that public and business support of the arts in America has vastly increased lately, one questions why at least some of these benefits have not sifted down to museum staffs. I personally feel that much of the trouble stems not from trustee action alone but from the timid individualistic behavior of staff members themselves. As a group, directors and curators have never organized intelligently on a national level, nor have they stood together vocally. Lack of loyalty in the profession is distressing. No sooner is one director dropped or eased out of a museum berth than his good friend from a neighboring institution takes over.

IT IS no wonder that gifted young art historians are looking elsewhere for work. By this time they realize that in a field where expediency is often valued above integrity and courage, the future is not too encouraging. There is, of course, an organization called the American Association of Art Museum Directors that meets annually and establishes various committees to "look into" certain matters. But, as far as I can see, if crucial problems are discussed they are rarely effectively implemented. What has this organization or any art museum organization done about equitable employment practices, about salaries, contracts, or tenure? What have they done about training younger personnel? What have they done about training their own trustees? What have they done about unethical tax practices? What have they done about anti-Semitism in their museums? It is well known that, though substantial numbers of American art donors and patrons are Jewish, too often they are not given a proportionate voice in the policy making of their museums. Obviously this is scarcely the direct responsibility of professional staffs, but firm joint pressure could add up to more positive national action.

F

Perhaps we can look to the recently organized Art Dealers Association of America for help in at least one of these predicaments. Already some fifty commercial galleries both in New York and elsewhere have joined this group. According to its first president, Alexandre Rosenberg, "The art market was one of the few trade groups without a representative association. We felt the need of introducing some standards of ethics to protect the public and to correct certain tax abuses. We have already sent a delegation to Washington offering the government our help in the appraisal field."

Represented by an experienced lawyer, this group is in a position to effect some much-needed reforms that the museum world has been inclined to overlook. For example, gifts of art have long been partly tax deductible, a fact that is at once responsible for enriching museums and inflating art prices, the latter due sometimes to artificially high evaluations that have even resulted in tax profits for donors. A classic story concerns a customer who early one December visited a gallery, looking specifically for a work priced at \$20,000. His only stipulation was that the sale be accompanied by a signed letter valuing the object at exactly twice what he was prepared to pay for it.

The urgent necessity for cracking down on such abuses does not, however, condone the government's practice of sending abysmally uninformed agents to check on art evaluations. One I recently encountered did not know the difference between bronze and marble, between etchings and lithographs, between oil and tempera, or Dürer and Cranach. For a busy donor to waste time with this type of official naïveté is enough to discourage him from ever giving another work of art to an institution (and it is well to remember that all donors are *not* trying to evade tax regulations). The new Art Dealers Association could prove most helpful in advising the government on realistic appraisals, and on protecting the rights of honest donors and the needs of public institutions.

Though many of art's present difficulties result from gigantism—from bigger and bigger prices, bigger and bigger museums, bigger and bigger exhibitions, bigger and bigger works of art, yet I must confess that during the last year some of the largest exhibits were the best, some of the largest paintings the most rewarding. And it is only fair to note that certain momentous exhibitions were sponsored by our largest museums. Indeed, often what we most deplore paradoxically turns up in the credit column.

One thinks immediately of the superb Chinese Art Treasures lent by the

Republic of China (see page E), a comprehensive and unforgettable survey that traveled to several major American museums. In this show the early scroll paintings, among the most civilized works of art ever produced, were mute reminders of Oriental profundity. Nature, depicted as all pervasive, endowed in these paintings with supernatural grandeur, revealing man appropriately dwarfed by the elements. Fortunate were the many Americans who experienced this extraordinary exhibition, where flawless technique served an art of unparalleled wisdom.

Fortunate, also, were those who saw a small show of monumental collages by Henri Matisse. If the Chinese paintings were a supreme expression of man's mastery over the flesh, so also, in a more personal way, were Matisse's joyous mural-like cut-and-pasted gouaches. When the artist made these compositions toward the end of his life, he was ill and unable to work at his easel, but his inventive vision, his feeling for explosive line and color were not to be quenched. Triumphant over his infirmities, Matisse created a group of large painted, cutout, and pasted gouaches of such brilliance, gaiety, and economy as to rank with his greatest works (see page J).

FOR American artists, critics and laymen, the Matisse show was a revelation. Not one wasted line, not one hint of hesitation burdened these compositions, which were virtually conceived with the two edges of a scissors. It is difficult to identify such consummate control and dazzling color, such optimism and vitality, with a man well over eighty. Surpassing even Renoir, who in his late years tied brushes to his wrists and painted from a wheel chair, Matisse, likewise confined to a wheel chair, proved once again that for artists old age is not a handicap.

And two other octogenarians, this time Americans, confirm the same judgment. Hans Hofmann and Edward Hopper, diametrically opposed as painters, both seem at the peak of their power today. In the section devoted to American art at the Seattle Fair, Hofmann is by far the oldest exhibitor; yet his two canvases sing out with such luminous vibrancy that they make the adjacent works of younger followers appear tepid. One of these canvases called "Olive Grove" (see page L) was painted in 1961 after a trip to Italy. Characteristically, it evokes the artist's feelings in the presence of nature, but in no way documents a specific scene.

On the other hand, Edward Hopper's "Second-Story Sunlight" (see page M) recently acquired by the Whitney Museum of American Art, is based on more easily recognizable elements, though it

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—The Frick Collection.

"Polish Rider," by Rembrandt.

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G

also is an imaginary scene. The deliberate spontaneity and exuberance of Hofmann is here replaced by calculated restraint. Every window shade, every shadow is almost mathematically determined. In Hopper's words, there is "a sort of elation about sunlight on the upper part of a house." Though one composition blazes with color and erupts with pigment, the other, stressing contrasts of light, denies all surface texture; though one composition is non-objective and the other naturalistic, they are both basically abstract. Hopper is less interested in his figures and house than in the way light transforms them, and Hofmann's color surprises suggest but do not describe his personal emotions. Both men are authentic pioneers of modern American painting.

One other traveling exhibition made history this season. The Thomas Eakins show may have failed for certain modern eyes because of its solid solemnity and stolid color, but, for me, this painter towers above his nineteenth-century American contemporaries, not because of his uncompromising honesty (true, also, sometimes of them), but because of his uncanny ability to interpret his own times and his own country. This was the era when Europe called the plays; yet Eakins called his own. If his interest was more in the particular than the general, he was nonetheless able to project with searching perception the dry, unpretentious, forthright quality of the America he knew—an America fast disappearing. Eakins is remembered for his portraits, sport scenes, and realistic paintings of surgical operations, and for the unvarnished insight he brought to these often prosaic subjects (see page K).

THERE have been other fine exhibitions—Calder, Henry Moore, Gonzalez, Dubuffet, Léger—all accepted modern "old masters." When it comes to recent large group shows, the emphasis has been almost exclusively on painters and sculptors backed by New York galleries—many of whom too often seem unseasoned, untested, and immature. No one can accuse the present art market of ignoring the young. However, there are any number of able painters and sculptors not living within reach of the East Coast who are seldom featured in official shows. One cannot help wondering why exhibition directors travel extensively to Europe and even to Asia, while yet neglecting some of the largest art centers in their own country.

During occasional trips I have come on interesting painters and sculptors, artists like Bryan Wilson and Richard Bowman of California, Evelyn Stat-singer of Chicago, James Fitzgerald of Seattle, Joseph Goto (particularly his monumental metal sculpture) of Ann

Arbor, none of whom is represented as a rule in large national exhibitions. And rest assured—there are many others. In Michigan, for example, an excellent group of watercolorists is well worth watching. That the New York school has produced certain formidable men of great stature does not justify the neglect of promising American artists living elsewhere.

Still the wealth of art galleries and museums in and near New York City is a prodigious, not to say healthy, indication of public interest. One Sunday last May, I counted in the *New York Times* no less than seventeen public institutions featuring art shows, some of major importance.

Moreover, the high performance of certain smaller specialized institutions like Asia House and the Museum of Primitive Art in New York, the peerless Phillips Collection in Washington, and the George Eastman House in Rochester are, let us hope, clues to the future. University and college art museums also, as a rule, are comfortably limited in size and ambition. With them scholarship often compensates for modest funds, acquisitions reflecting knowledge more than public pressure. And, in addition, many colleges and universities are organizing excellent art festivals designed to serve not only the student body but the entire surrounding community. These festivals are now spreading even to high schools and grammar schools. One of the best I have seen takes place annually at the New Canaan, Connecticut, Public High School. This lively show, covering only the work of students, includes prints, paintings, ceramics, drawings, collages, sculpture, and design. Here one senses the influence of perceptive teachers who have obviously stressed content above technique. The work throughout shows a touching freshness and genuine intensity rarely found in the average self-conscious teen-ager.

Speaking of students, another promising omen occurred this spring at Columbia University. There, and also at Princeton University and Trinity College, students have organized against what they consider bad architectural designs planned for their respective campuses. The Columbia group was particularly incensed over a projected new School of Business to be called Uris Hall. The designs, extremely dull and pedestrian, recall dreary fascist architecture from Mussolini's day. One student wisely observed: "The building should have some image relating to the students who work in it. This building looks no different than a post office or a branch office of an insurance company." William Platt, a member of the University's Advisory Committee on Architecture and Planning, was quoted in the *Times* as having replied: "It

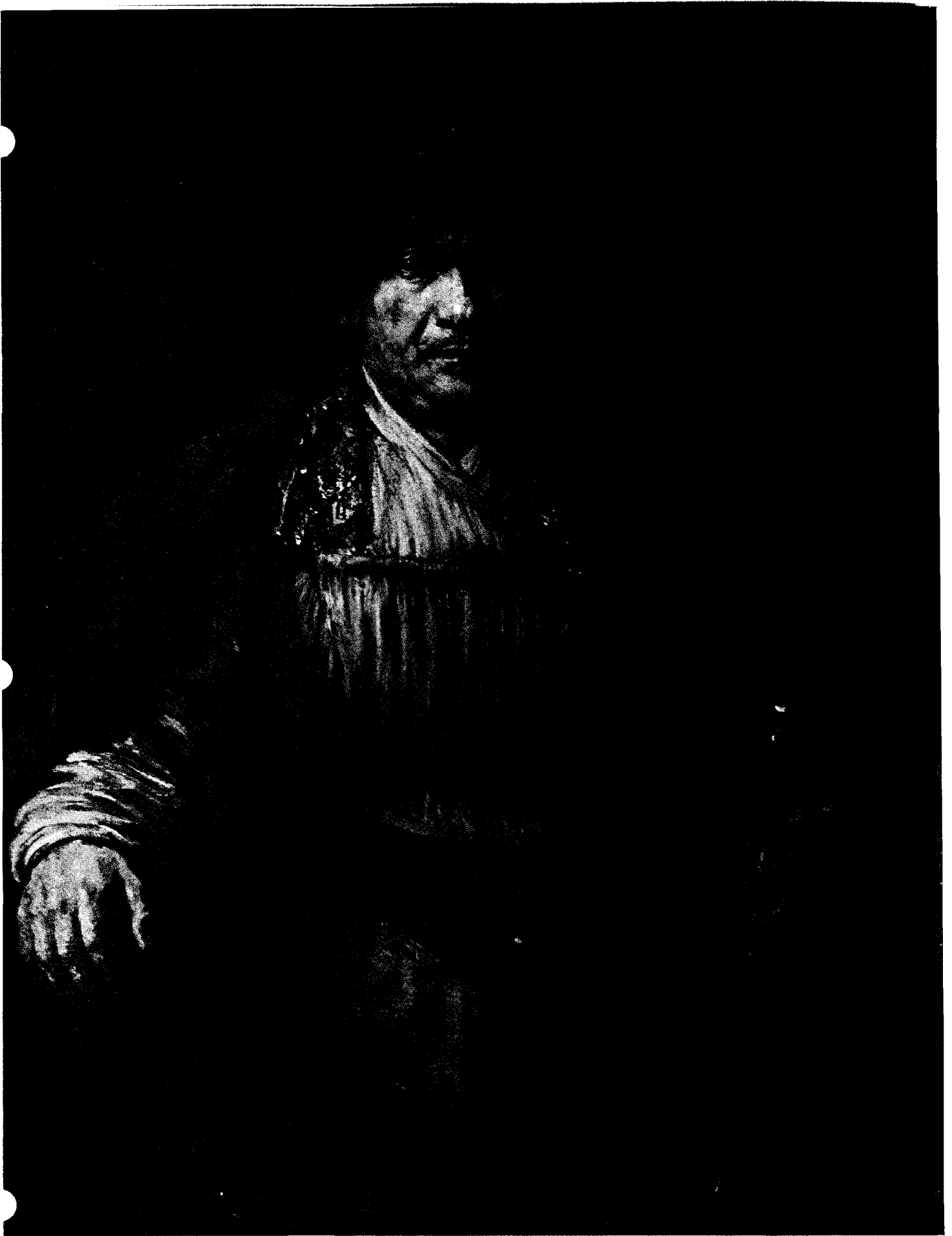
should not be the kind of building the architecture students have in mind. Rather, it should be a nonentity, an efficient building that fits in." Somehow \$7 million seems a lot to spend on a nonentity.

One need only compare the small wonderfully inventive Roofless Church of New Harmony, Indiana, to appreciate why architecture must relate visually and emotionally as well as functionally to the purpose it serves. Philip Johnson, who designed the church, and Jacques Lipchitz, who made the sculpture for it, obviously worked in close harmony to produce a chapel reflecting both the religious freedom and the Utopian philosophy that have distinguished New Harmony's history. To be sure, sympathetic church sponsorship of art and architecture is not new. In the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, it was standard practice, but during the past two decades in both Europe and the United States, a rebirth of the same interest has produced a body of notable modern church architecture. Only recently Marcel Breuer's Abbey Church in Collegeville, Minnesota, was dedicated. Here this architect designed a whole complex of buildings highly modern in character, but nonetheless reflecting the religious life and needs of the Benedictine brothers for whom it was built.

WE ALSO have big business to thank for other evidences of present-day progressive cooperation in the arts. The Chase Manhattan Bank, the Inland Steel Company in Chicago, the Seagram Building, the Airport in St. Louis—these and many other business organizations are imaginatively combining modern architecture and art. Today even factories are commissioning painters and sculptors, as industry fast becomes one of art's most liberal patrons. And the best architects, too, are increasingly collaborating with contemporary sculptors to introduce works of art into the daily lives of our communities.

In addition, New York State under the leadership of art-conscious Governor Nelson Rockefeller has established an exemplary Council of the Arts, the first of its kind in the country. With the sole aim of promoting cultural welfare, this organization has an enviable record and may, let us hope, act as a spur to other states and to the federal government. Because it has concentrated heavily on the needs of smaller institutions, implementing their art programs with exhibitions and services specifically adapted to their communities, the council has already proved invaluable. Not limited to the fine arts, this group likewise sponsors statewide theatre, music, ballet, and opera pro-

(Continued on page N)



—The Frick Collection.

"Self Portrait," by Rembrandt.

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I



"Blue Nude. The Frog," by Henri Matisse.

—Private Collection.

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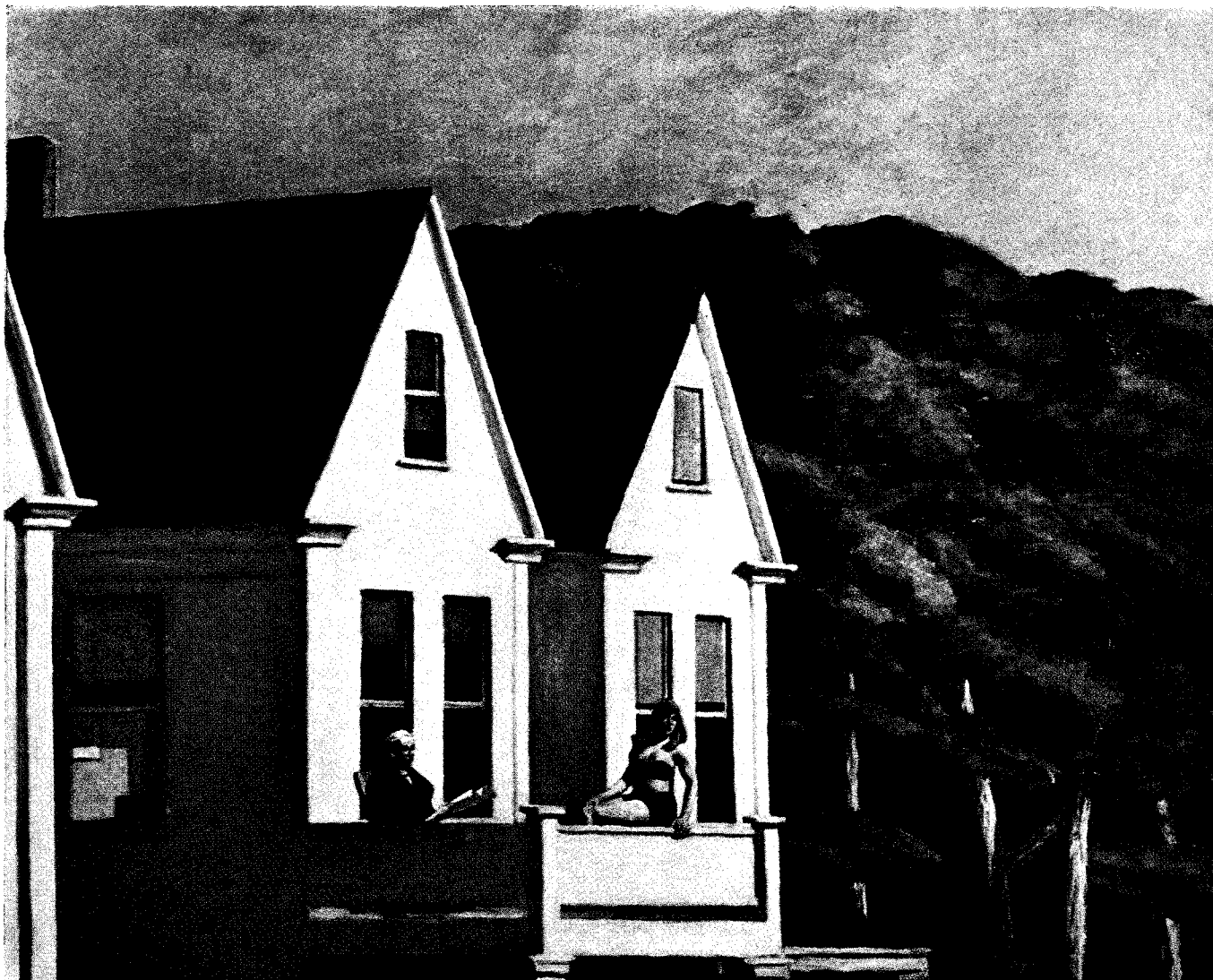


—National Gallery of Art, Washington. Presented
by Mr. & Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney.
“The Biglen Brothers Racing,” by Thomas Eakins (detail).



"Olive Grove," by Hans Hofmann.

—Kootz Gallery.



"Second-Story Sunlight," by Edward Hopper.

*—Whitney Museum of American Art, Gift
of the Friends of the Whitney Museum.*

grams often experimental in character.

Another refreshing development is the increasing number of modest and informative art publications. Those many costly coffee-table art books that prize jazzed-up color reproductions above thoughtful texts are at last being challenged by a group of smaller, well-edited volumes (usually in connected series), where words are not merely perfunctory space fillers.

Priced within comfortable reach of students and the general public, these books are also frequently well illustrated. I particularly recommend a compact series called The Complete Library of World Art, each volume devoted to a single celebrated master. Reproductions of the artist's entire *oeuvre* are followed by excellent enlarged details and accurate, intelligent information. Though somewhat more routine, the Student Series of Great Artists is also notable for its color reproductions and its clear, sympathetic language. Nor is architecture overlooked. A series called the Great Ages of World

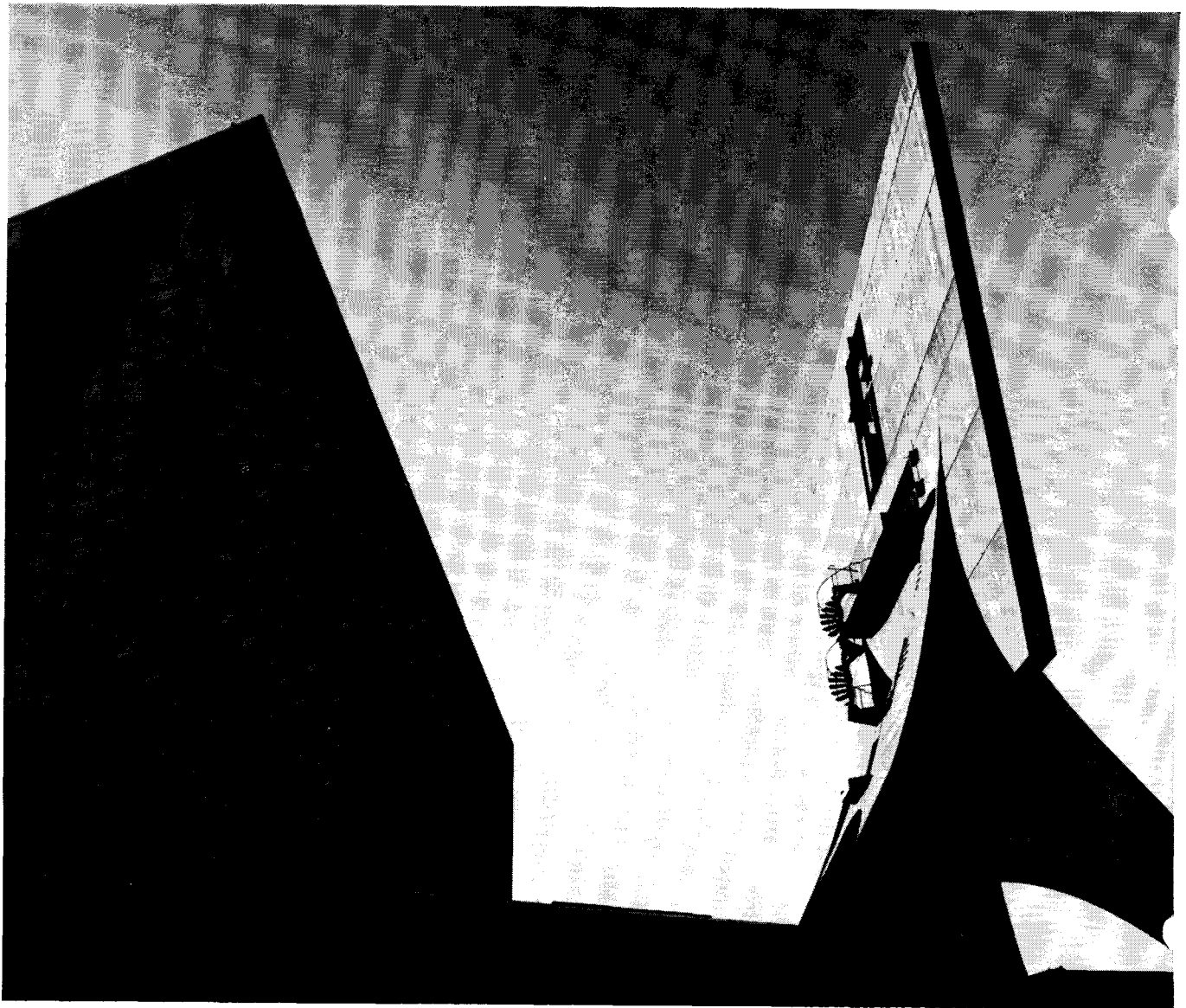
Architecture publishes condensed volumes devoted to individual periods in the history of architecture. Again the books are written by specialists who are concerned with authentic, concise interpretations, a happy relief from the plethora of phony words that envelop art today.

An encouraging harbinger has also appeared lately in the form of a small mimeographed folder called *Scrap*. Edited by two young New York artists, Sidney Geist and Anita Ventura, this modest sheet at first glance is deceiving. Written with verve, integrity, and independence, *Scrap* takes pokes at sacrosanct institutions and pompous opinions. Unfortunately it appears only sporadically and in small numbers, but as a stimulating debunking agent it brings a breath of fresh air to the perfumed art world.

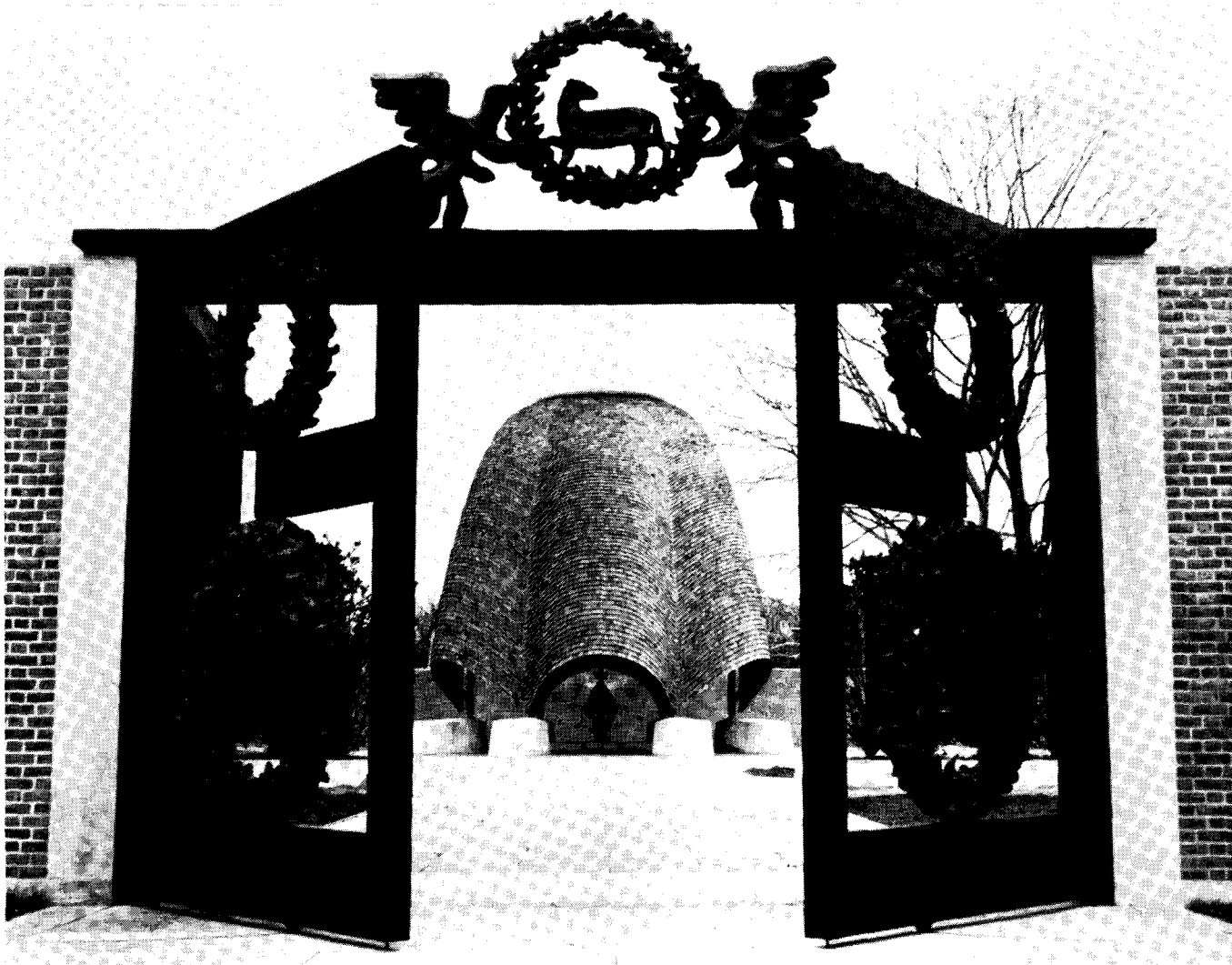
And, finally, one cannot draw up a balance sheet on the arts in America today without saluting the White House, if only for Mrs. Kennedy's serious concern with restoring authentic

furniture, sculpture, and paintings to this historic landmark. Already several fine colonial canvases by such distinguished artists as Rembrandt Peale and John Trumbull have been acquired. One of the noblest acquisitions, however, is not by an American but of an important American. A "Portrait of Benjamin Franklin" painted from life by the Scotch artist David Martin shows the sitter at sixty years of age. This uncompromising likeness has none of the frothy artificiality sometimes associated with the eighteenth century. It is memorable for a frank integrity that echoes the personality of its renowned subject (see page P).

From a long-range view, American taste does indeed seem to be slowly coming of age as its sights veer from "Grand Rapids modern" to Charles Eames, from neo-Gothic to Eero Saarinen, from Rockwell Kent to Mark Tobey. But in order fully to come of age, the art profession as a whole must face up to its own peculiar brand of "juvenile delinquency."



St. John's Abbey Church, Collegeville, Minnesota, designed by Marcel Breuer.



Roofless Church, by Philip Johnson; Sculpture, by Jacques Lipchitz, New Harmony, Indiana.

Projected Graduate School of Business, Columbia University.



"Portrait of Benjamin Franklin,"
by David Martin.

—Courtesy The White House.



A Note on Government and Art

THE PROBLEM of government in art, with the familiar specter of political interference offset by the possibility of much-needed financial and moral support, has been often discussed but never solved. Europeans have long felt that government supervision of the arts is preferable to private patronage. For this to be true in America, Congressional submission to professional know-how becomes a prerequisite—an unlikely situation where art is concerned, unless certain excellent architectural designs for recent American embassies can be taken as good omens.

There is no doubt that *intelligent* government administration of art is, by and large, preferable to the American trustee system where too often personal vagaries assume frightening proportions. But one should not underestimate the word "intelligent."

At the moment there is not much cause for jubilation. Despite the fact that President Kennedy has supported the idea of a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts, the bill backing this measure was blocked in the House Rules Committee during May and for the moment seems all but dead. Considering that this bill asks for only \$100,000, little more than a pittance in our national economy, its future is scarcely promising. And even were such a council established, its value would depend on the courage and knowledge of those men and women appointed to its membership. If merely well-known noncontroversial names were invited to serve, creative art in America could well degenerate into little more than stuffed-shirt compliance.

Nor are we reassured by the budget cuts that have recently crippled some of our most valuable federal art programs overseas. In our zeal to serve underprivileged African and Asian countries we tend to overlook Europe. There, in the most important and urbane capitals, we have lately slashed already modest budgets to paralyze what were often exemplary art programs projecting a positive picture of this country. Despite the downgrading of these highly effective, top-quality government-sponsored exhibitions, I now read that "Government officials have agreed to support where possible in Europe" a show of fifty amateur paintings by American business and professional men, a procedure in direct opposition to a recent statement by August Heckscher, newly appointed cultural advisor to President Kennedy, who said, "I worry about art being made a hobby or a therapeutic process." According to a press release issued by "Manpower, Inc.": "It was felt a display of art work of this kind (by amateur businessmen) might help dispel the stereotype of the uncultured American. . . ."

The Birth of the Modern

"Gateway to the Twentieth Century," by Jean Cassou, Emile Langui, and Nikolaus Pevsner (McGraw-Hill, 362 pp. \$25), is the third volume in the Council of Europe Series, which includes "The Rococo Age" and "Romantic Art." Albert Christ-Janer is dean of the Art School at Pratt Institute.

By ALBERT CHRIST-JANER

LIKE the previous publications of this series, "Gateway to the Twentieth Century" stems from the annual international exhibition shown by the Council of Europe in some appropriate European center. This one, dealing with the incomparable decades before World War I, 1884 to 1914, which radiated such manifold influences throughout the Western world, is, of course, concerned with Paris, and the results of Impressionism upon advanced form.

The texts are replete with facts, wise in interpretation and unique in content. And the authors are at home in their respective areas; one feels "they were there." Jean Cassou, director of the Musée d'Art Moderne, describes the era in which the great adventures in modern art were created; Emile Langui, director general of Arts, Letters, and Popular Education in Brussels, elucidates modern work for those who really would like to appreciate it intelligently; and Nikolaus Pevsner, architectural historian from the University of London, expounds the source and meaning of the new architecture and its related arts. All this makes for a grand picture book with authoritative explanations—the book of the year produced by a house that specializes in art publications.

It is a handsomely illustrated work, containing fifty-two color plates and 332 black and white reproductions. The format measures 10" by 13¼", thus giving ample space for the mounting of the tipped-in color pictures, which are presented on toned paper.

Best of all, the selection of the paintings, buildings, and designs sets forth the meritorious but not necessarily the orthodox. The art historian and curator fall often into the habit of recalling the same artist and the same historical monument to make a point. How many times has a good, fair, or poor repro-



"Westminster Bridge," by Andre Derain (1906).

—From the book.

duction of Manet's "Olympia" been repeated? Here the authors have chosen widely among both artists and their unusual works.

Arthur Pope used to regret that most of us missed the days of the "grand tours," and that twentieth-century people could never know the forty years before World War I — the "Student Prince" days in Europe—a time of freedom and order, of peace and optimism and, above all, of that high spirit which brought forth marvelous inventions of all kinds. As Cassou adds here, such immense activity was the direct result of capitalism in its full expansion. This is but another way of saying that it was a period replete with individualism. In such an atmosphere the Modern Movement, quite naturally, came to flower. "The Climate of Thought," the introduction to this art book, reminds us of the various triumphs of the outstanding individuals—the Bergsons, Einsteins, and Freuds—who affected the *zeitgeist*; indeed, who created it. Not even the fluent Cassou can overdramatize the varied forms and types of genius that contributed so importantly to the Western world in the years preceding the First World War. As Emile Langui remarks, our art today still seems to rest upon the discoveries of the "penniless and despised, exultant and desperate who, between 1884 and

1914, amassed that splendid heritage: the sources of twentieth-century art."

Professor Pevsner is an authority on architecture and the applied arts—with many books to prove it—and it may be for this very reason that his pages are full to overflowing. Nonetheless, his grasp on his material is firm and his understanding complete. A careful study of this chapter can be rewarding.

The book has one flaw. For some unaccountable reason, although carefully composed, the volume has no bibliography. This is especially regrettable because the authors are so obviously competent to suggest titles of merit that might supplement this one, and thus add to the rather concise texts contained in "Gateway."



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