

Stephen Kaltenbach
Artforum Ads
November, 1968 – December, 1969

**another year in LA
Bert Green Fine Art**

red emotions
er-faced hus-
like a detest-
If he surpris-
m's center for
starts as soap
era intimately
choly of an
it builds ve-
for itself by
that Warhol
zing how far
as a middle
eep into the
ght out or in
she seems to
out of sight
band returns
whore.

b movie, the
ople straying
is, or wanting
ig able. The
is the depth
particular sit-
ged women,
mselves, awk-
ingers, enter-
r who does
acing around
vie — no rush

and plenty of time — sits and stares at each. It stares at a pair of blazing eyeballs in a woman who is scared, out-of-practice. It's very good on a woman nearing sixty, greedy and nearly out of her mind at the possibility of making it with a young cat: she palpitates with suicidal abandon and blatant lust. There's a sweating excitement in the work with Carlin, a decorous young wife full of twitches, stiff postures suddenly dropped, and prissy lips that never stop working into nervous moods. One of the movie's unspoken themes is the desperate disparity between this unworldly woman and her husband, an oily actor (John Marley) who suffocates the movie with he-man sophistication. The top moment is a profile shot catching this actress at the end of a marathon, teasing evening of too many cigarettes, lousy drinks, and faded chances. The movie ricochets from a drunken semi-comic dance to the coldest close-up of Carlin's frazzled side of the face, an innocent mouth that exudes the feeling of a long night's journey into dealening defeat.

—MANNY FARBER

AMERICAN MOVIE CRITIC:

MANNY FARBER

by

Richard Thompson

retrospective of Farber's writings; articles on *Godard*, *Anger*, monster movies; AND articles on the lit scene, etc.

on • Poetry • Opinion • Graphics

ember

ne is a much better buy than the *New*

Commentary, *Commonweal*, *Encounter*,

and *Grit* all bound into one: I think—

-Tenth Anniversary Issue—\$2.00
ern Springs, Ill. 60558

Oct 29 - Nov 16
JACK YOUNGERMAN
Watercolors & Drawings

Nov 19 - Dec 7
RUTH VOLLMER
Sculpture

BETTY PARSONS GALLERY

H. SHAPIRO-THORPE

JEFFERSON PLACE
washington dc november 12

REGINALD MARSH

FRANK REHN GALLERY
655 MADISON AVENUE
(NEAR 60th STREET)

ART WORKS

chose ...

S
nt
t

S
nt
ue

dinner
nd man-
France,
med de-

9570

RE
York City
urday

ADDRESS CHANGES

Assure the
te recording
y following

ress change

rtment

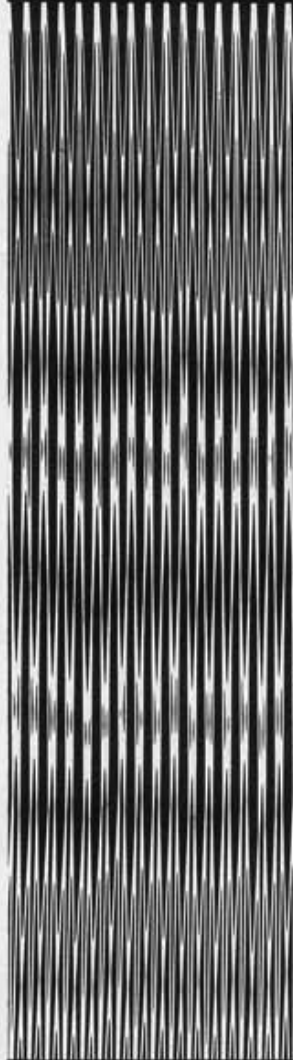
UE
021
r old address

and zip-code number and
your new address and zip-
code number.
3. Be sure zip-code numbers are
correct.
Address changes received be-
fore the 15th of the month can
usually be recorded in time for
the next issue to be delivered
to the new address.

MUELS
NUDE DRAWINGS - DECEMBER

STONE 48 E 86

STANCAK



recent paintings
nov30 dec30

MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY
32 east 69st

school of art & design

pratt

Bachelor and Master's degree
programs in advertising design,
art education, graphic art and
design, interior design, indus-
trial design, package design.
Day and evening. Catalog.

pratt institute

Box AFA, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11205

MARY BUCKLEY

Paintings
and
Silhouettes

CARAVAN HOUSE

132 East 65th New York
November 26-December 14

**BASEN
BOXES**

Chelsea Gallery, Inc.

825 7th Avenue at 53rd St.
Dec 10-Jan 10 Mon-Fri 10-5

THE THEATER

in american art
HOPPER MARSH SHINN
LUKS GROPPER HENRI

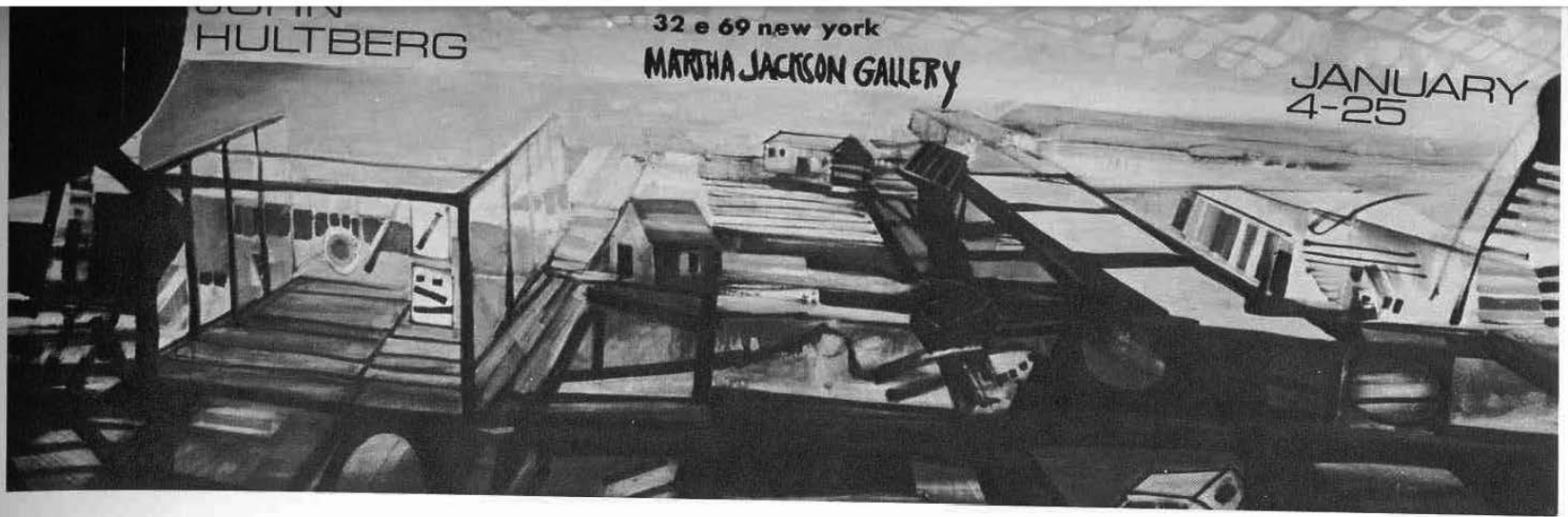
ZABRISKIE

699 Madison Avenue NYC

CICERO

PERIDOT 820 Madison (68)

**JOHN
PPLESEED**





Installation view, William Pettet exhibition, Nicholas Wilder Gallery.

face.) Some interesting spatial illusions play in this large, episodic work—the whole thing has a quality of expansive depth, like sky—created out of value and hue contrasts (purple into mauve, wisps of copperish green, milky areas); there are brooding, purplish stains along the lower edge, fuzzy, crater-like patches of lighter tonalities, and throughout the surface a fluctuating layer of metallic fleck. The work is distinctly ugly; nothing is conceded to any of the “tasteful” proprieties in painting, such as restiveness, or lucidity, or lightness of touch. One would say that Pettet is being tough about things, but it is such a tantrum of toughness, and seems so murderous in its violation of intellectual amenities, that finally one loses patience and even interest.

In contrast to this is a work whose lulling, watery surface heeds every requirement of subtlety and restraint. Besides providing sensory relief, it holds together more solidly than

either the oppressively “hot” canvases or the mild, peachy ones of which there are several in the new batch. This particular work is mostly deep, alga-green, with purplish and brownish colors. Knowing that Pettet has actually begun with puddles of paint, it is fine for him to refer to a pool’s dappled surface and luminous depths. That image isn’t necessarily literal, but it isn’t bad, either, if he intended it.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that Pettet has chosen to show several slim, vertical canvases that one strongly suspects were cropped from larger ones (not that it matters), because these works betray a horribly shoddy and licentious streak in him. They are saleable as hand-dyed upholstery fabrics are, but no more valuable. There are other paintings, some that merely parody “competent painting,” some that may not be entirely satisfactory, but are definitely not dismissible either.

—JANE LIVINGSTON

THE ISAACS GALLERY 832 Yonge Street Toronto WA 3-7301

Tell a lie

Information is requested on all drawings, gouaches, and sketches by

ROY LICHTENSTEIN

for a book to be published in Fall 1969
and should be sent to Paul Bianchini
14 East 77th Street, New York 10021

 *Capper's*
FRAMES & PRINTS INC.

981-0555

Custom frames as well as ready made and handcarved imports. 🐉 NEW & OLD PRINTS; one of the largest collections in California; domestic and imported. 🐉 Conspicuously competitive prices. 🐉 Open daily 9 to 6 (including Saturday). 554 MISSION STREET... downtown between 1st and 2nd.

AESAR



GALLERY
ington Ave.
New York

Start a rumor

GOLDWACH

BOUTIN

SITUATION: EVIDENCE

PHILIP FREED GALLERY

MARCH

CHICAGO

FACULTY

AL BLAUSTEIN
ROBERT GOODNOUGH
CHARLES HINMAN
JACOB LAWRENCE
EZIO MARTINELLI
JAMES WEEKS

VISITING ARTISTS

HERB AACH
RICHARD ANUSKIEWICZ
RED GROOMS
ROBERT INDIANA
GEORGE KUCHAR
MIKE KUCHAR
IBRAM LASSAW
RICHARD LINDNER
JAMES WINES

HEGAN

PRINTING & SCULPTURE
MAY-JUNE, JUNE 22-AUG. 23

For free booklet "F" write John Eastman, Jr. Director
331 East 68th Street, New York, N.Y. Tel. (212) UN 1-9279

Galerie
Darthea
Speyer

6 rue Jacques Callot
Paris 6
Tel. 033 78-41

George Segal
March 12 — April 23

cordier & ekstrom

980 madison avenue, new york

March 5-29

NANCY GROSSMAN

Sculpture

MARTIN CAREY

Drawings

Robert Hartman

April 19, through May 8
New Paintings
Bertha Schaefer
41 East 57 Street

Doris Leeper

Paintings and Sculpture
March 29 through April 17
Bertha Schaefer
41 east 57 street

Perpetrate a hoax

TWORKOV

Gertrude Kasle Gallery Detroit

makes them. They're summing-up names, they tie a knot around the whole personality, and suggest the kind of bravura signature that underlines itself. Jeff Carter, Tess Millay, Mathew Garr, Guino Rinaldo, Buck Kennelley, Johnny Lovo, Molly Malloy, Cherry Valance, are dillies of names that indicate a Breughel type who creates a little world of his own, outfitted in every inch with picturesque hats, insensitive swagger, and good-natured snobberies.

Howard Hawks is a bravado specialist who always makes pictures about a Group. Fast dialogue, quirky costumes, the way a telephone is answered, everything is held together by his weird Mother Hen instinct. The whole population in *Scarface*, cavemen in quilted smoking jackets, are like the first animals struggling out of the slime and murk towards fresh air. *Only Angels*, a White Cargo melodrama that is often intricately silly, has a family unit living at the Dutchman's, a combination bar, restaurant, rooming house and airport run by a benevolent Santa Claus (some airline: the planes take off right next to the kitchen, and some kitchen: a plane crashes, the wreck is cleared and the pilot buried in the time it takes them to cook a steak; and the chief control is a crazy mascot who lives with a pet donkey and serves as a lookout atop a buzzard-and-blizzard infested mountain as sharp as a shark's tooth). The wonderfully dour reporters in *Friday*, the mawkish cowboys in *Red River*, are also strangely pinned in place by the idea of people being linked together in tight therapeutic groups, the creations of a man who is as divorced from modern angst as Fats Waller, whose whole movie-making system seems a secret preoccupation with linking, a connections business involving people, plots, and eight-inch hat brims.

The Mother Hubbard spirit gives the film a kind of romance that is somewhat Wasp-ish with a Gatsby elegance and cool. Both the girls in *Scarface*, like Zelda Fitzgerald, would fling themselves away over a Russ Columbo recording of "Poor Butterfly." Ann Dvorak, dancing with a big, bland-faced clod who is bewildered by all her passion and herky-jerky cat's meow stuff, is so close to *Tender Is the Night* in her aura of silly recklessness. The sophomoric

pilots in *Barranca*, expatriates in Paris, each other's *soignée* pseudo-hot "Peanut saloon jammed and cheering her on, is square version of sup Marx. The feeling of Hawks work is over whether it is a Great White patronizing a devita a gift watch or the Breslin (Rosalind typing a socko stor which wraps the flie hands in a patina of ism and attitude that isn't dated so n from reality, like t kien's Hobbits.

It is interesting are interwoven into whole last part of remake is a fugue peculiar for the v touches another in absurdity. Molly M lady defender ("Ah he didn't even touch him some tea, and all over") jumps out is forgotten; her bor been entombed fo rolltop desk, is drag presumably to be morning; Hildy Joh maneuvered back Star by her arch I mayor and the sher destroyed for trying Baby Huey, who t reprieve for the c Then there's Louie, artist who steals a m gets mangled by a j was driving in the v ple who talk reams-comedy never ment of Hecht's play wit an elegantly played, sharp and immedi everything in the act It is a prime exampl celebrated female t flouncy foot, the about newspaper pr Mother Hen way of ily relationships. The pragmatic engineeri gesture (she picks up funny) contributes laugh provoking, an supply of intricately large that there's han

Stephen Hartman

wagon train into the wilderness through bogs of bumpkin comedy and tinsel wooing. Later, after a brief moment at a campsite, all these people are mysteriously back in the fort as though they'd never left it.

It's incredible, the amount of leeway that is allowed. If a prop man locates a bench from an antique store next to a tree in a just-set-up campsite, the scene stays in though the film for the preceding five minutes has been insisting on formidable wilderness. This is studio movie-making at its slackest.

All these gauche, careless skills—the uglification of actors (padding a buxom barmaid, Annelle Hayes, so that her bust line starts angling out from the collarbone and doesn't turn in till it reaches her waist), the jerky progress from melodrama to bathos to camp, the TV Western feeling of no flow, outdoors, or sense of period (Stewart is wearing a jacket from Abercrombie, all Indians and their tents are from a psychotics' Halloween Ball)—are the responsibility of John Ford, a director generally noted for making movies with a poetic and limitless knowledge of Indians, ranging farthest across the landscape of the American past, and being the moviemaker's Mr. Movie.

There's no question that there's a new crowd-pleasing movie around that has to do with a disenchanting cop, a city in which no corner is untainted, and an artichoke plot. Wrapped around a heart that is just a procedural cop story, police routines in Washington (*Pendulum*), San Francisco (*Bullitt*), Phoenix (*Coogan's Bluff*), and Manhattan (*Madigan and The Detective*), is a shrubwork of *Daily News* stories, the whole newspaper from beginning to end: the sensationalism, sentimentality, human interest, plus some liberal editorials. Each film has its mini-version of the drug scene, investigating committees, philandering wives, some of it as

Manhattan for the Indians with his blue eyes), or Peppard (unfulfilled, slightly sedentary) playing the ace detective role, but playing it less mythically and with much more defeat. The real juice of the films is their ranginess, that they give you a lot, the zest for what a city contains, and the flatness.

These movies work partly because they are exploiting the fairly unplumbed field of pessimistic observing rather than action, or, for that matter, acting of the traditional or method variety. The work often goes overdone, as when Bullitt is shown waking up and McQueen, trying for a bent-over feeling, does a St. Vitus dance while suggesting a wave of nausea spreading across his face. But in a long, near-silent and very good stretch in U.C. Hospital, which is almost excessive in the way it sticks like plaster to the mundaneness of the place, the movie hits into about seventeen verities: faces looking out as though across the great divide of 20th-century lousiness.

These movies use Hollywood bodies in a new way which could be called city physical: unglamorous, a lot of self-contempt (although I don't see Jean Seberg as anything shy of complacency), naturalness emphasized or pushed to the front of the screen without losing its ordinariness (both Peppard and McQueen have great rooted-to-the-earth stances). The boy rapist in *Pendulum*, the young cop who gets shot in the beginning of *Bullitt*, Lee Remick (too nice and too frail for a nympho), Don Stroud's very ungraceful, unused to running in *Coogan's Bluff*—all these actors seem to work towards an ideal of anonymity through a kind of unweighted gesture and great stretches of silent resistance to the material around them. There's nothing better in these films than Peppard rifling the yellow pages for the telephone number of his wife's beauty parlor, or McQueen eating a sandwich and

Build a reputation

WALTER BARKER

May 13 — May 31

BETTY PARSONS GALLERY

AN INDEPENDENT
PROFESSIONAL
ART SCHOOL IN
HIGHER EDUCATION

Fine Arts
Graphic Arts
Photography
Film
Humanities



**Become a
legend**

which elaborate landscape themes in linearly defined, two-dimensionally schematized form-simplifications, relatively dense, overall meshes of linear patterning, emphatically stated in heavy, flat ribbons of black paint, engendered a mosaic of fragmentary interstitial shapes, each of which is "filled in" with a single, uniformly applied color. The compositions make oblique reference to the sort of landscape stylization popular in woodcut book illustration and linoleum-block printing during the Art Deco era of the 1920s. Yet these obvious characteristics of stylistic disposition, with their patent insinuations of commercial banality and their occasional paraphrase of the craft-kit cliché, are superficial and often deceptive features of this work, which is surprisingly far more compelling than it ought to be in view of its evident antecedents and the apparent naiveté of its method, and transcends, in its evocation of moods and esthetic recognitions, the merely decorative functions inevitably attendant upon schematized composition—as though a precocious intellect, at once subtle and disciplined, had, as it were, suddenly gotten hold of the craft kit.



Richard Ficus, Nevada 27, #2, acrylic, 44x72", 1969. Gallery Ronan Falley.

voivement with its pictorial subject matter. (Mr. Ficus, who began painting in 1967, is an admitted self-taught novice and avocational amateur in art, with the difference that he is professionally a Humanities teacher, who has been for some years on the faculty of a major art school—the San Francisco Art Institute.)

Ficus is a native Californian with strong feelings for the grandeur and variety of Western landscape and Pacific Coast seascape, both of which he explores with intimate familiarity in a number of series, each devoted to the terrain traversed by some well-known scenic highway, the road map designation of which captions the series. Hence, while Ficus may whimsically indulge in an occasional syntactical hyperbole, as an aside in the contemporary tongue-in-cheek vein of art-that-comments-on-art, his total concept is far from merely the extravagant put-on it might appear to be at a casual glance. For he clearly regards seriously the challenge of making the devices unique to his pseudo-Primitive schematization communicate some of his responses to these panoramas. Thus, his considerable self-developed insights and resources

BETTY PARSONS GALLERY

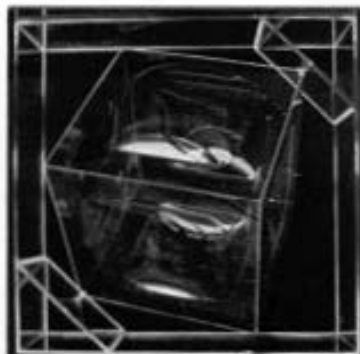
Teach Art

A D D R E S S C H A N G E S

Subscribers can assure the speedy and accurate recording of new addresses by following these directions:

1. Report your address change to:
Circulation Department
ARTFORUM
P.O. Box 664
Des Moines, Iowa 50303
2. Include both your old address and zip-code number and your new address and zip-code number.
3. Be sure zip-code numbers are correct.

Address changes received before the 15th of the month can usually be recorded in time for the next issue to be delivered to the new address.



Aaron Gruber
september 16-october 8

BERTHA
SCHAEFER

41 EAST
57 STREET

Stephen Halperin

two sensibilities for one another on the most profound level of their respective aspirations and formal means.

Art history fares no better than art in this survey. The notion of historical significance is a case in point. Numerous artists and architects are presented as being significant: Cézanne, Picasso, Brancusi, Frank Lloyd Wright, Mondrian, and so forth. But what does it mean to say that an artist is significant? In terms of this book, it apparently means that he somehow "anticipated" what will happen after him, provided a "bridge" to the future: "The significance of Seurat's technique . . . in great measure resides in the creation of an ordered, geometric structure closely approximating the pure abstract art of the twentieth century"; Matisse's *Joy of Life* "was an ancestor of abstraction in modern painting"; the Fauves "established a precedent for the whole series of revolutions that have characterized the history of art since the beginning of the century"; Picasso's bronze *Head of Fernande Olivier* "is historically of the greatest significance as the first step toward an entirely new kind of sculpture—that of construction or assemblage"; Picasso's *Glass of Absinthe* "gives one of the first sculptural expressions to the passion for the 'found object' which . . . reached its climax in the junk sculpture and pop art of the 1950s and 1960s"; in Rousseau's *Carnival Evening*, "the picture plane controls the design and the organization of depth to a degree that is prophetic of a major concern of art even in the 1960s."

Arnason's type of history presents art as forever looking ahead, destined somehow to relate to the future instead of possessing identity or meaning in the present. His system presupposes evolution in art in a dangerously misleading way—that is, by implying that art has a goal toward which it is striving, some point

deny the human limits of both art and art history.

The assumption that art evolves toward the future is, I think, the most serious methodological flaw in Arnason's book. The others are more annoying than misleading or distortive. For instance, the study depends heavily on the concept of one artist influencing another: "Pollock departed from the tradition of Renaissance and modern painting before him and, although he had no direct stylistic followers, he affected the course of experimental painting after him." And so forth. This kind of statement occurs throughout the text, but it never comes to mean anything. Certain paintings are said to "recall" other paintings or to be "reminiscent" of them, but the encounter that takes place when one artist looks at the work of another is never investigated with any precision, nor with any thought about how this encounter has changed in modern as opposed to pre-modern art. Likewise, Arnason fails to investigate how the concept of "style" as a methodological tool has changed in the case of modern art.

Nor is there any effort in Arnason's book to make sense out of artistic quality. Like so many art history texts, this one implies that quality somehow *results*: that is, when an artist does enough things in one picture—like bringing together Cubism and Surrealism, abstraction and primitivism, or creating a new kind of space, a new awareness of his medium, and so on. In other words, quality emerges as an effect of art historical description rather than its stimulus. After all, the union of Cubism and Surrealism does not make a picture good; it matters for art history only because it is contained in good pictures. But Arnason never examines this aspect of the discipline; thus, his book can only help to prolong the confusion regarding how art history is "objective."

Arts
Photography
Film
Humanities



209 EAST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

Smoke

MINTER

robert
ECKER

OCTOBER 3 - 23

Talmage Minter, "Quartz Lift," Acrylic Lacquer 1969.

stratum of European culture that's totally ignored in films: the intellectual Catholic living in the provinces. Constructed on the encounters of a single person in a new town, its pleasure comes from specificity: of time (Christmas), locale (a bustling job-prosperous town of narrow streets), geography (a wintry, sparse landscape), cast (an unimposing man leading a deftly ordered life meets a bristlingly alert charmer who seizes opportunities and is a hard loser when they dissolve; these two are brought together by an interesting old friend whose specialty is conversational fencing). The most important specific is that the movie is centered on the private intellectual and emotional areas of the very civilized, educated, believable French professional class, and, moving along through small unpointed, often unconnected events, it gets to the component parts of this class's life. The tone of their conversation, their bookstores, food markets, how they might meet in a bar or go on outings is sensitively phrased, spaced out, observed. Such consistently undramatic material is extraordinary in films today and needs tempered lightness to bring it off. And, actually, Rohmer's film, in its last third, begins to run down, as its good Catholic finally effects a date with a girl who meets all his qualifications.

One obvious fact about this *auteur*-minded festival is that it contained only one rich, satisfying, hard-to-accomplish performance: Louis Trintignant's indirect, intelligent acting, which fleshes out Rohmer's cerebral, problematic script. An older version of the shy, rather lonely, poignantly vulnerable student in *The Easy Life*, Trintignant keeps the movie elastic, droll, and dryly exciting through a mastery of slightness: he's slightly prissy about his Catholicism, slightly awkward defending himself against accusations of Jansenism, slightly graceful as he dashes across a snow-covered street in pursuit of a pretty

COLIN

GREENLY

RECENT SCULPTURE

HENRI

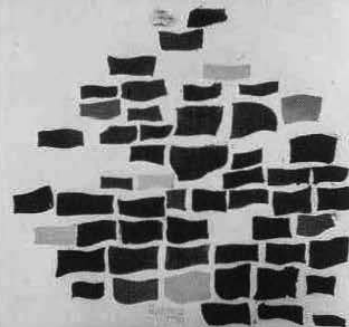
WASHINGTON DC

KATZMAN
KING
LAWRENCE
MARKMAN
PARKER
PRESTOPINO
SALEMME
SAUNDERS
SHARRER
SUTTMAN
TOVISH



18 E 67 ST NYC (212) RH 4-1580

GOODNOUGH

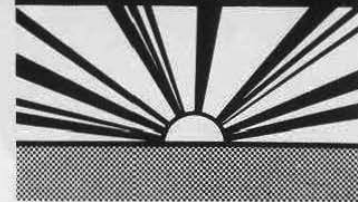


Gertrude Kasle
Gallery

Detroit

Smithson
Sonnier
VanBuren

the new gallery
11311 euclid avenue
cleveland, ohio



Trip.



Mal Ramos, *Leaf and the White Pelican*, c.1960, 10x12", 1969. David Stuart Galleries.

ings, cutely conceals the pubic regions), and bits of print shop embellishment—metallic surfaces, embossing, etc. I found the lithographs unsatisfactory, looking on first glance like record album covers and on second glance like superbly designed institutional advertisements (e.g., Union Carbide making a point about air pollution). But the lithographs suffer not from concept, but merely from being commercial on a pedestrian level; Ramos, however, believes in the paintings, and it is with them we must decide why, in spite of all those compartments of desirability, they seem so soul-less, even ingested tongue-in-cheek. I think it is because, indicating the borders on either side, they are not as bravely crummy as Warhol's silk-screen paintings and not as really whimsical as Ed Ruscha's gunpowder drawings.

TOM HOLLAND's eight new paintings (plus one in the office) called the "Malibu Series" are made from sheets of translucent plastic, liberally and loosely painted with predominantly white, black, or an overall mix like

the whole, simpler (one surface) and the moebius-band-addition pictures start jumping off the wall. These paintings are better than Holland's earlier work but, if there is an intended connection in "funk" between the airplanes and telescopes and waterfalls of yesterday, and the loosely carpentered, riveted, bolted and punctured sheets of plastic, it fails—all to the better. The incantations of Cubist formalism are too strong, the drip is too elegant, and the color compromise too knowledgeable (too little chroma and we'd have patinated sculpture, too much and it would destroy the multi-surface readings) for Holland to pretend to any kind of primitivism. He's best in the basket-weave pictures when he stays closest to painting, and forces the reading on those terms, although the moebius-band pictures do usefully contain an old-fashioned figure-ground ambiguity. Perhaps one last thing ought to be noted: there is a slight feeling of stylish eclecticism, i.e., a programmed emulsion of the "right" non-art materials and a timely revival of Abstract Expressionism. There are vague reports aplenty in Los Angeles of other name artists "using" Abstract Expressionism in new work in progress, similar to Lichtenstein's *faux naïf* employment of Thirties Moderne.

—PETER PLAGENS

You are me.

THE WILLIAM SAWYER GALLERY

2124 UNION ST.

SAN FRANCISCO



HAIGH SHOWS OUTRAGEOUS PAINTINGS AT THE BERKELEY GALLERY SAN FRANCISCO DECEMBER 2-20

Paintings Drawings Graphics
GALLERY ARTISTS

AM SACHS 29 W 57

BRUCE TIPPETT

Sculpture

GREGORY MASUROVSKY

Drawings

December 2 — 20

CLEVE GRAY

Paintings & Painted Forms

January 6 — 24

BETTY PARSONS GALLERY