

killed by a police posse. She drives on to a man-made oasis clinging to the side of a desert cliff, where her boss is closing a deal to exploit a considerable stretch of Pacific Coast. Raw from the news of her late companion's execution (received on the car radio amid selections of the very best rock music), she rebels against the cupidity of American speculative real estate, and in the eye of her imagination sees the hanging garden blown to splinters and all its contents swirling through the sky in a slow-motion ballet of the artifacts of our Roman Empire. This closing effect is technically audacious and visually seductive. It is at least at the level of the most expert television commercial, and I was not certain whether Antonioni had unconsciously fallen under the spell of our virtuoso salesmanship or, as I hope, was writing the era's epitaph in its own vernacular.

Antonioni was helped with his script by two Americans, Fred Gardner and the playwright, Sam Shepard. They have enabled him to get all the details "right"; but I wonder whether, inadvertently, they may have prevented him from doing more than that. The film has the air of noting all the "significant" aspects of contemporary America that a couple of socially agitated natives would point out to a foreign visitor. I would have been more interested in Antonioni's uncoached view of us; he might have got some of the implications wrong, but he might also have produced spontaneous insights more stimulating than these playbacks of the prevailing assumptions.

It is so also of Frechette and Miss Halprin. They are "found" performers, chosen because they look so exactly like the composite image of our deracinated youth. In Europe, therefore, they may seem exciting personifications of what one hears about America, but I found that I nodded at them in instant recognition of their authenticity, and then waited for them to convert that into their own individualities. Unfortunately, the authenticity was all they had to offer (or all that Antonioni, not knowing them very well, could elicit from them), and their letter-perfect dialogue registered less as communication between a young couple than as a glossary of contemporary terms and assumptions. They are a handsome and appealing pair (and Miss Halprin, who is a dancer, moves extremely well), but they seemed to be modeling American youth, not acting their experience of it.

I very much liked the love scene, with the qualification that I am weary of erotic encounters on sandy, dusty, hot, jagged and otherwise inhospitable terrain. It may be a problem of age, but my head aches when I contemplate intercourse under such conditions. However,

as the boy and girl explore and absorb each other, the sterile landscape for a mirage of miles around becomes animated by rutting figures in twos, threes and still more complex permutations (these Dionysian mimes are members of the Open Theatre). The spectacle gives a seasoning of wit to the eroticism, and visualizes the pleasant conceit that a lusty pair of kids can make even the moonscape of the Mojave Desert throb with life. I doubt that anyone put that idea into Antonioni's head. I take it to be his rainbow sign for our current inundation of sterility.

American directors have recently begun to escape from the polluted present into a nostalgia for the crumminess of the recent past—*Bonnie and Clyde*, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, that kind of thing. *The Honeymoon Killers* is another of the sort, with the addition that it is made in the laconic, unvarnished, efficient B-picture style of an earlier day.

In black and white, with minimum sets, devoid of stars and photographed with an implacable directness, it goes about the business of describing how and why a pair of obsessed lovers murdered a string of gullible women for the meager profit involved. It is based on a real case; more important, it is devastatingly convincing. The man (Tony LoBianco) is a Spaniard of the most pathetically specious charm, who has been making a living by bilking lonely females through a fake lonely hearts club. Into his net one day falls an obese supervisor of nurses (Shirley Stoler), and the plot turns bloody from the bizarre but in context persuasive circumstance that the little stinker falls inescapably in love with his gross victim. She is much more intelligent than he (though he is more cunning), and she is as demanding in her passion as she had been tyrannical in the hospital wards. Whereas his old game had been to love them and fleece them, her jealousy turns it into love them, fleece them if possible, but in any case leave them dead.

It is horrible and there are no extenuating circumstances. LoBianco and Miss Stoler display the characters, and in the process their own persons, with a matter-of-fact honesty which is rare on the screen and particularly rare in crime stories, a basically sentimental genre. *The Honeymoon Killers* is a coroner's account of what happened, a report from the morgue, clammy. I think it is a film of unusual excellence because it so thoroughly exhausts its subject. One comes to understand, not only the lethal principals but each of their victims, with a thoroughness that is astonishing. The picture never seems to be working very hard, but every foot of it is packed with information, conveyed invariably in the

most efficient way. You feel as though you had been living in the hellish atmosphere for weeks.

If the picture were less complete, it would be valueless; who wants a partial view of second-rate monsters? But a complete insight into even the most depressing and deplorable of human beings becomes somehow an exemplary experience. I came from it with a feeling, not of affection, certainly, but of brotherhood for these besotted killers. It is an achievement of real stature by LoBianco and Miss Stoler, and by Leonard Kastle, who directed them. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Museum of Modern Art has started opening on Monday (from 12 to 9 P M) which is unusual, and admission is free on that day, also unusual. The notion is that there are "students, artists, groups and individuals from community centers, and retired senior citizens" who have been barred by the \$1.50 admission charge. The museum yielded to the pressure of the Art Workers Coalition, one of whose demands this was. Another coalition project is an open letter to Picasso suggesting that he remove "Guernica," which hangs in the museum but is still owned by the artist. "Renew the outcry of 'Guernica' by telling those who remain silent in the face of My Lai that you remove from them the moral trust as guardians of your painting." If Picasso complies, the AWC will have again succeeded in embarrassing the museum; if he does not the organization will have a new and newsworthy target. (Picasso refused to protest the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian uprising, and now the question is whether or not his communism is of the sort to force him to protest My Lai by initiating an artistic scandal.)

The coalition is the main form by which current protest enters the art world, but it is not the only one. At Museum (729 Broadway) a group of women artists are showing as "X-12." A manifesto explains: "X is exploration. X is crossed out, disposed of, as we have been for so many centuries. X marks the spot. This is where it is at." The language should prepare you exactly for the show, which has an overwhelming effect of fervor. The fervor is not for art, but for the social and instrumental uses to which it can be put. Characteristic works are big cutout caricatures, assemblages of environmental medievalism or of claustrophobic cabinet-scale,

and bloodied bits of store mannequins in a heap on the floor. Intensity of assertion is art's function for most of these artists, so that clumsiness or perverseness takes on primitivistic merit. Compared to the technology of the establishment, convulsively hand-crafted objects acquire an expressive function. A naive sense of the sacred or the conviction of mission insists that this work is more passionate and more efficient than well-made sophisticated art. Even its grossness symbolizes the motive of dissent.

At Gain Ground, a studio for experimental exhibitions at 246 West 80 Street, on the corner of Broadway (open Friday-Sunday, 11 to 5 P.M.), Eleanor Antin

is showing a series of portraits. This is art by a woman without any of the contextual rhetoric of "X-12," and with a far sharper sense of art's resources, although her medium is untransformed objects. Each portrait, consisting of a few things in proximity, is named for a real or imagined person. "Blaise" is real, her son; this portrait consists of a yellow toy car and a trailer with a yellow pencil on the floor; "Señor Mesa," a piece of family mythology by the sound of it, unites a red plastic chair, a bathrobe and a shaving brush. "Harold Beard" alludes perhaps to Harold Cohen, a colleague of Mrs. Antin's husband; at any rate camouflaged overalls, hanging on a hat stand, with decoy ducks scattered on the floor, evoke a human scale. Despite the newness of the objects and their unfettered placing, they become tokens of the human presence and, more precisely, witty characterizations of inferred subjects.

At the Museum of Modern Art an exhibition called "Spaces" gave artists a chance to work environmentally, and the museum undertook to get the cooperation of the industries necessary to provide material for large-scale work. In a show like this, in which the works do not exist until they are built, everything depends on the casting and performances of the artists. Jennifer Licht, who arranged the show, reveals bad judgment at several points and this was, unfortunately, compounded by bad luck. Three of the artists were well chosen: Dan Flavin, Robert Morris and Larry Bell. Flavin has a room lit by two differently sized and colored fluorescent fences; Robert Morris has a quirky miniature indoor landscape that looks like a Marienbad-kit from Creative Playthings; and Bell, who seemed a good choice, has come up with a dim, cavernous bore. It is as dull as the room of another West Coast choice, Michael Asher, of whom the catalogue observes truly that he "reduces visual evidence to such a degree that the room can be characterized as a void." F. E. Walther has a schedule of appearances at the museum when he can be observed at play on and among various mats (lying on the ground when I was there). Pula (a group of seven "researchers in programmed environments") has scattered in the museum garden strobe lights, speakers and heaters which react to ambient stimuli. The pattern of on-and-off is neither arbitrarily insistent enough nor stable and continuous enough, to amount to much. It all adds up to a slight increase in the garden's clutter.

One of the difficulties facing artists who attempt environmental projects is obtaining the materials. With great good

THIS WORLD, THIS GROWING LIGHT

*What has this roundness of the world
Been trying to say, all day?*

I put my hand

As a glass, a mirror,

To the rabbits, the light, the openness,

Shake my head a little to hear right,

Feel only the blackness that is the

Back of the mirror, at day's end.

David Ray

will the Museum of Modern Art set out to ease the procurement problem and the catalogue lists twenty-odd companies which supplied strobe lights, trees, acoustical materials, and all that. A second difficulty is using the materials when you have them and at this point "Spaces" bombed; the artists, except for Flavin and Morris, could not handle hardware on this scale.

Robert Morris, in another show at Castelli, is into graphics now with "Earth Projects," a set of ten lithographs in an edition of 125. They are restrained and precise works, printed on graph paper, in pale green, yellow and blue, landscape colors, that is to say. The landscape is presented in contour maps and cross sections, with detailed layouts of Morris' projected structures. The lithographs, in their cartographic and diagrammatic form, are highly elegant projects for works to be done in the open. The projects resemble formal garden designs, but turn into assault courses upon inspection: jet engines in the ground creating dust storms, steam issuing from buried conduits, a "vibrating concrete slab" just below ground, and burning petroleum on the surface of a river. Morris' intention in terms of scale, he has written in the prospectus for the suite, is to make something that is bigger than an object but not purely environmental, since its boundaries would be partially evident, like an Indian mound or an orchard, say.

Morris has taken Missouri as the site for these proposals (he was born there) because the landscape is "varied and not extreme. I think of all of the projects being situated within a not overly dramatic setting." His work in "Spaces" has connections with the "Hedges and Gravel" lithograph, in which a highly regular planting, à la Sir Thomas Browne, is set down on an irregular plane. What is needed is not room-size versions of these projects, however, but full-scale realization: they are feasible, but expensive. Perhaps it is for the support of projects of this nature, rather than in the boosting of exhibition budgets, that industrial funds might be sought. □

PERSONALS

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TWELVE ARTISTS: WOMAN

© CHANGES 15/III/70
BY ROBERT LEVIN

"We are 12 women artists who come together to show: our logo is X^{12}

"X is the unknown quantity in an equation yet to be resolved.

"X is exploration

"X is crossed out, disposed of, as we have been for so many centuries.

"X marks the spot. This is where it is at.

"We are on the threshold of the unknown quantity in us, of the equation yet to be discovered like Einstein's $E=mc^2$ that split the atom and changed everything.

"We do not deny our true feminism whatever it may be. We accept it, we will rejoice in it. We affirm all the vital values, HEALTH, BEAUTY, CREATIVITY, COURAGE, SENSITIVITY, STRENGTH, FEELING, ENERGY. Between the fully liberated man and woman there will be no difference but biology.

"The old game is dead We begin again.

"We are here. This is what we do. We paint. We sculpt. We present a new form, an art event in mixed media: bodies, materials, time, space. We come together as artists to exhibit. We have paid our dues in today's art world first as artists, doubly as women.

"X is the unknown quantity in an equation yet to be resolved."

(From the press release - issued by twelve young women artists, Lois di Cosola, Iris Crump, Mary Ann Gillies, Helene Gross, Dolores Holmes, Inverna, Arline Lederman, Carolyn Mazzello, Vernita Nemeck, Doris O'Kane, Silvianna and Alida Walsh - announcing their group show at MUSEUM* through February 12.)

Although I would have gone to the show and known what I liked, I entertain no fantasies of being an art critic. It was the feminist rap that turned me on to the possibility of an article for it should be obvious to anyone that this movement without this

movement all other revolutions are doomed to ultimately emerge in cul de sacs.

I went to see several of these ladies' work before the exhibit began and one of my first reactions was that the point might have been better made without such a manifesto - indeed, without ANY indication that the show was exclusively comprised of female artists. The artists' gender unannounced, audiences would have come anticipating a collection of work by men. The work of these ladies (which encompasses a variety of forms from two-dimensional oil paintings to a non-objective pile of broken homocite, chipboard and cardboard on the floor) has few peculiarly "feminine" characteristics and has, I think, considerable weight by any criteria - in a couple of instances it has real boldness and adventure. To discover after viewing the show that it was authored by women would, I thought, create the desired turn of consciousness far more effectively.

But if the style of the press release was ostensibly intended to alert the public to an emergent new feminine force in the art world, listening one recent evening to these ladies talk among themselves and attempt to define themselves as female artists made it clear that wittingly or unwittingly, the declaration had a more immediate purpose and was profoundly necessary. It was written for THEM to read. Writing it was an act (made liberatingly irrevocable by printing and circulating it) of self-assertion, of achieving leverage, in preparation for their entrance into a new reality, the reality of being artists and fully acknowledging themselves as artists. It was an effort to fashion an order and context, to erect a foundation, from which to operate as serious artists. A self-conscious feminism, moreover, was the psychic dynamism which could give them the thrust to transcend the limitations of possibility which social conditions had pre-imposed upon their esthetic ambitions.

Listening to these women artists talk was to be witness to the nascent stages of a fundamental reconstruction of consciousness. Their rap was, by turns, lucid, courageous, tentative, muddled, contradictory, absurd, ambivalent and inspired, and

always probing.

"Women are more in touch with the earth, with their bodies, with organic things. Male artists are often caught up in structures and philosophies that are very abstract and irrelevant. Being a woman has helped me in my work."

"Women have a more intrinsic personal humanity than men do. The man has to develop his style vis a vis the market - the woman has more choices because she was never allowed into the market and isn't bound to it."

"Women are healthier than men because they menstruate regularly."

"In the future it will only be women who are healthy enough to make art because men are so emotionally and socially corrupt. Women have been allowed to cry (like blacks have been allowed to feel), that's why we're healthier. The civilized white man is dead - all his education only gets him ready for the grave."

"They say that Grace Hartigan who paints strong, paints like a man. But if you paint soft you 'paint like a woman' and you're disregarded on *that* level. I want to be free of all that and be me. When I paint strong I have a feeling that it isn't me, that I'm trying to paint like a man. That's crazy."

"True art transcends all male and female categorizing. At one point in your growth the problems are exactly the same."

"Many women, as well as men, hate women who achieve."

"My mother was always a little jealous of my art, but my father encouraged me. Maybe that's why I have a certain amount of strength when I paint. My mother's encouragement wouldn't have had the same kind of weight."

"Women are taught to fail from a very early age. They're taught that they don't have to succeed. We have to unlearn that lesson."

"Women have been given a certain protection by men, but we must be unprotected. Otherwise we're only living a half-life."

"How would 'Midnight Cowboy' and 'Easy Rider' play with women in the leads. Women want to

cont'd

X 12

discover themselves too. For a woman searching is almost not allowed."

"There are so many bad women painters."

"Art schools are filled with women. But in ten or fifteen years what happens to them? They become housewives."

"When you go to galleries with your work you're turned down solely because you're female. They don't even bother to look at your work. Once after that happened I sent a man around with my stuff and they responded immediately."

"It's an economic thing. Women won't bring in any money."

"There's an economic advantage to keeping a woman in the home. If women come out the whole scene will change."

"When we go to a gallery we have to deal with the female secretary or the faggot secretary who put you down. You can't even get near the gallery owner. You can't even flirt your way to him like men can."

"Do I really want to become a part of the gallery structure? I want my work to be exhibited, but do I want to become a part of all that crap?"

"Women are in a better position to reject galleries than men are. From the perspective it has been left to us to have, we have a better sense of right and wrong. We're not a part of the rat race."

"I don't want my pieces in the livingroom of a middle class family. It's difficult. You want to be a recluse and a purist, but at one point you have to socialize your work. Someone must see it for validation. You have to communicate. You can't isolate yourself."

"Women will have to form their own new structures -- their own environments for working -- their own gallery system."

"What men have built has been proven wrong. Women must be allowed their chance."

The difference between the feminist revolution and the black revolution is that blacks won't give the white man a spirit. But women will give that to

"We're not revolutionary women in the strictly political sense. We're artists. A difference between us and 'revolutionary' women is that we don't have as strong a dislike toward men as they do. This is because we have somehow managed to achieve our own thing. We can afford to be generous. We sympathize and empathize with male artists and males in general."

"Women who are doing their own thing feel less a necessity to compete."

"This movement threatens women too. But we have to go on -- look at all the good minds this country is losing."

"We're trying to be something that we've never had a chance to be before -- something we've never let ourselves be before. There are going to be battles. There's going to be a war. But we have to break down life-suffocating structures in ourselves and in our men. Every revolution is very uncomfortable for everybody and this one may produce agony that exceeds even that of the black revolution. But there's no choice. We just have to be permitted to become ourselves."

I think these ladies are very much in the process of becoming themselves. Their art, which can claim talent, courage and authority, is, by its very existence, testimony to the levels of emancipation which they have already achieved.



*Located at 729 Broadway, MUSEUM, designed as an alternative to the art-as-business structure, is a rapidly expanding artists co-operative which currently has some 300 members. Subtitled "A Project of Living Artists" MUSEUM has a Steering Committee but no officials in the usual sense of the term. Shows are mounted with professional precision, however, and the huge space is impeccably maintained.

A PROJECT OF LIVING ARTISTS, INC. 133 Greene St. New York, N. Y., 10012

MUSEUM



Art and the Artist

EMILY GENAUER

"X is the unknown quantity in an equation yet to be resolved. X is exploration. X is crossed out, disposed of, as we have been for so many generations. X marks the spot; this is where it is at."

This is from the catalogues of '12', the name of a new exhibition at a new museum with no other name than "Museum". Where it's at is 729 Broadway, in the downtown warehouse district. Among the twelve exhibiting artists are several who belong to W.A.R., or Women Artists in Revolution.

No ducking it any longer. I was reluctantly to be involved, if only as front-line correspondent, in the intensifying new battle for women's rights that I'd thought was fought and finished decades ago. Even the slogans (on the show catalogue) were familiar. "No difference but biology." "We have paid our dues in today's art world first as artists, doubly as women." "The old game is dead. We begin again."

* * *

O.K. We begin again. But it's the same game. I thought the game of making it on the art scene, of getting recognition in a world where the odds against individuals are as overwhelming for men as for women. Women have banded together for years to get their works shown. So have men: "The Eight," for instance, in 1908, when John Sloan and his friends joined to get showing for their robust paintings of city streets at a time of academic sweetness and light, or the "Societe Anonyme des Artistes, Peintres, Sculpteurs, Graveurs," in Paris in 1874, later

to be known as the Impressionists.

Who'd criticize artists for facing a hostile milieu together? Who wouldn't be pleased when an exhibition results which, as in the present instance, presents some very promising talents? (Like Alida Walsh, Silvianna, Inverna, Iris Crimp.)

Who'd fault them because each of these brings to mind the name of a well known male artist; that's almost inevitable in the work of any young artist, male or female?

It's their belligerent anger I mind. One picture was pointed out to me as being "by the only black artist in our group." But I hadn't asked.

"Even women dealers won't look at our things." Then fight women dealers, I said.

"Our husbands don't respect what we do." What of it, if you yourselves believe? How much do you—or they—respect what they do?

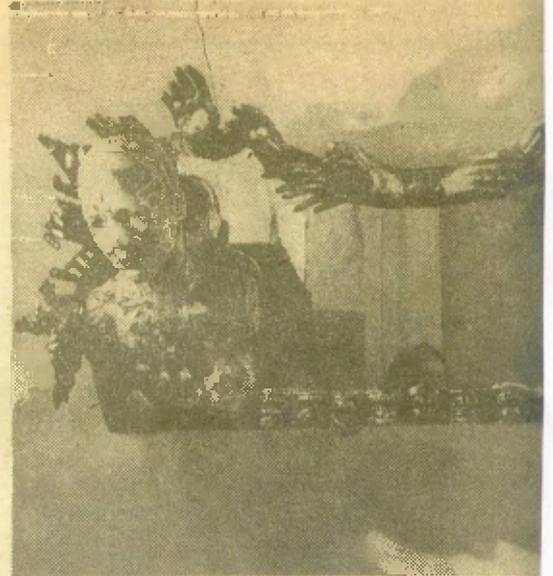
"We must think of ourselves first." That's right. All good artists must.

* * *

From the exhibition (it's open from 5 to 10 nightly), I went on to dinner at the studio of a famous sculptor (I don't dare say woman sculptor) who'd invited a half-dozen militant young feminists to tell her about their program. Also on hand was another well-

Alida Walsh:
'Toilet Mirror
Environment'
—at The
Museum.

Who
remembers
Fighting?



known artist married for years to a sculptor whose name, since his death, has become world celebrated.

We were told how tough had been our fight for recognition—only none of us remembered fighting.

To the wife of the great sculptor: "Didn't his art always come first?"

"Certainly. He was much better. I did my own thing and counted myself lucky I could love him. He helped me, too. He also slugged me; but he loved me. His brutality and his tenderness are all in his work. I'm a better artist and human being for having lived and suffered with him."

To the hostess: "Didn't you have a hard time finding recognition?"

"Of course. It took 25 years. Almost as long as it took me to find myself."

To me: "Didn't artists see you as a woman, not a critic, when you came to their studios? Didn't any one ever try to rape you?"

"None of your business. Anyway, my job as a critic was a fine chastity belt."

We'd all of us been victimized they insisted, even if we didn't admit it, and it's necessary that we join the ranks of the oppressed class.

But the only class we recognized and would fight for, we said, was the human race. Our own "battle" had been for recognition as individuals, not as a class.

As the evening and the silly argument went on, a clearer picture began to emerge. What's going on is no battle for women's rights. It isn't the old game of finding a place to show one's art. This is a class war, a political battle in which we're all supposed to serve as nameless soldiers in the ranks. But behind whom, I wonder? It's an old fight, all right—goes right back to the early thirties and the United Front.

One of the more notable events this art week was the first performance, by the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein, of a new composition by William Schuman called "In Praise of Shahn."

Musical works have been written about visual artists long before this. Gunther Schuller, for instance, wrote "Studies on Seven Themes from Paul Klee." Virgil Thomson did musical portraits of many artists, including Picasso and Arp. But Thomson says the subjects actually sat for him as he composed. And Schuller's piece would seem, from its title, to be programmatic.

Schuman says in a program note that he rejected entirely any attempt to state in music the essence of any Shahn paintings. The music was to be rather, a celebration and trib-

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Arts March '70

MATTA AT BYRON

If it is difficult to reconstruct the sequence of Matta's development over the years from the scattering of paintings in this exhibit, large as they may be; a stunning selection of drawings more than makes up for these failings and would have made a complete show in itself. Matta's changes through the years are subtle and these drawings are excellent barometers of this development. They cover the period of the forties, when Matta made a strong impact on the art of both North and South America, and also the fifties and the sixties. The latter period is especially well documented. Matta's evolution from the metaphysically oriented Surrealism of the forties to the more cosmic one of the fifties (perhaps his most personal period) is evident in the drawings. In the last decade, his symbols refer more often to humans in an age of mechanization. But he imbues the machine with a menacing but integral life of its own and anthropomorphic beings have a mechanical rigidity. The setting for these creatures suggests a landscape of a multi-dimensional type. Matta is that rare specimen whose work always deals simultaneously with dimensions of time and space, as well as the concrete and abstract realms of earth and universe. It is macro-cosmic. In a drawing of 1961, humanistic shapes prophetically resembling astronauts appear to have been born already fully equipped for inter-galactic travel. Leopoldo Castedo in his book *A History of Latin American Art and Architecture* referred to Matta as being "obsessed with the act of generation." The erotic drawings included here show the many levels on which this obsession exists. Matta deals with creation on both a cosmic and a human level. The machine is part of this process as an extension of man. (Jan. 31-Mar. 12)—J.B.

ROBERT GROSVENOR AT PAULA COOPER

Starting with real space, Robert Grosvenor works by highlighting the existing tensions within that space. Often his strategy in enclosed spaces, e.g. a gallery room, is to dramatize the energy gap between the ceiling and the floor. But Grosvenor has not exploited energy by the traditional means of diagonals and bright colors; rather, he uses potential energy itself as his medium. The form of *Ceiling Piece*, a white slab of wood and steel pointing down from the ceiling, functions not independently but as a means of redoubling the threat of the piece to fall on the floor. Potential energy is also the theme of the *Floating Sculpture on Low*, a sound of which there are photographs on the gallery walls. (Feb. 8-Mar. 4)—J.B.

TO THE TWELFTH POWER AT MUSEUM GALLERY

Paintings, sculpture and inter-media means create a potpourri of excitement. The diversity of technique, style, and subject matter once and for all decided this power that the case for masculine as opposed to feminine art was closed. Without being specifically told, I defy any spectator to guess the sex of any individual artist from a visual examination of her work. In di Castola's both fields of color,

studded with stunning insets of brilliantly pigmented plexiglas, are as strong and as "masculine" as any painting by Stella or Zox. Carolyn Mazzeo's poetic, ever-shifting conglomerations of homosite (crushed paper) and chipboard are no more to be classified as male or female than Bollinger's mounds of graphite. Helene Gross' delicately textured fiberglass rods are no more feminine in sensibility than Sonnier's wall arrangements.

Some members of this group are concerned with man's relation to his physical and social environment. Once again, there is nothing particularly feminine in their point of view. Iris Crump presents a broad, gentle view of human beings engaged in communal activities. She incorporates lights and mirrors into her contemporary settings. D. Holmes has conceived of a medieval environment, complete with dance and song, that is designed to remind the viewer of the human qualities that have been sifted out of today's surroundings.

Among the other artists, those involved with fetish figures and totemic images betray no feminine softness either. Inverna Lopez delineates primitive gods and feverish lovers by means of Munchlike rhythmic lines, while Alida Walsh, with the aid of mirrors, music cabinets, polyester, and resin produces demonic delights, the descendants of Cornell's boxes crossed with contemporary Camp. (Jan. 27-Feb. 12)—C.N.

FRITZ SCHOLDER AT NORDNESS

Using a potpourri of contemporary styles, Fritz Scholder has depicted the southwestern American Indian in and out of his native landscape. Combining an Abstract Expressionist brushstroke with a Pop sense of the ridiculous, Scholder—who is part Indian himself—manages to capture the true flavor of the Indian character while simultaneously poking fun at the stereotypes of the Indian manufactured by Hollywood. In one portrait, the craggy features of a dignified chief are slipped across his face with Baudelairean ruthlessness. However, in Scholder's painting the effect is funny rather than frightening. Indians on horseback, with arrows, petting dogs, all partake of a tamed ferocity that is both touching and absurd. Many figures are inserted into a moving backdrop of color fields that serve both as landscape and interior settings. Scholder has wandered far from his native sources; yet despite his various gleanings from contemporary trends, he has managed to preserve the essence of his own heritage. (Feb. 26-Mar. 16)—C.N.

SURREALISTS AT BLUE MOON

This exhibition admirably demonstrates that Surrealism does not constitute a single style so much as a distinctive way of confronting the viewer with fantastic subject matter. Artists such as Ernst, Dali, Man Ray, Tanguy and Magritte (all represented here with excellent works) were each attempting to create a new "illusionism," one in which dream-images were painted with almost photographic accuracy. The most unifying aspect of Surrealism was that of psychic automatism. Here, a form of pictorial script materialized as signs and sym-

bols in an evocative ground. The most classic examples are Miró, Arp, and Masson.

This exhibit of drawings, watercolors and graphics starts with the year 1925, with an exquisite drawing by Miró. His worthy peer and contemporary, Masson, is also well represented. Their work signifies a break from the rigorous architecture of Cubism to a more abstract, improvisational art, to biomorphism, spatial ambiguities and poetic iconography. The two tendencies frequently overlapped each other, and were to produce the highly personal styles of Gorky, Matta, Lam and Brauner. Their works were based on more primordial sources, as were those of the heavily erotic work of Fini and Bellmer in later years.

The decade of the forties is particularly interesting as an insight into the role played by Spain, its war, its artists, its drama and fantasy. Some examples include Masson's *Rodeo*, the Americanized version of Spain's bullfight theme; a Surrealist print by Picasso, and Miró's mystical *Woman and Bird Before Moon*. A scholarly, informative catalog supplements this carefully selected and interesting exhibition. (Feb. 21-Mar. 14)—A.

GREGORY GILLESPIE AT FORUM

A delicate, careful graphic sense with masterful control of color makes these painting-sculpture-constructions a special, important exhibition. Comparison to Rauschenberg is inevitable but the fineness of the artist's touch saves them from being merely derivative. The paintings within plastic boxes and the boxes inserted into canvases are symbolically loaded with layers of significance.

His surreal expressions are populated with desperate faces buried or brought out by the medium of the piece. Texture is used to bring a reality to tile floors and rough, nail-pocked walls. The works range from large canvases to small boxes. Unlike Cornell's box arrangements these are paintings with constructions used to intensify the effect of the faces. The crudity of the materials and the delicacy of the painting compliment each other, producing a multi-textured odyssey of human separation and anguish. (Feb. 14-Mar. 14)—J.M.

GLASSNER AT RUTH WHITE

Glassner offers three-dimensional box assemblages that stretch our capacity to endure the sight of physical mutilation to its utmost. Valuable as an exploration of aesthetic borderlines beyond which one should not go, Glassner's show invites comparison with the best in horror movies—especially those which show the victims of bloody murder. He adds poignancy to mutilation by disease or even punches to the jaw by making his portraits of women Super-Realistic. Every hair in the wigs of these women is real. Their clothing, especially the hats, is nostalgically out of style, each one a period piece. Although these women belong to the past, they still seem to be alive. Their faces wreathed with pathetic celebrity-like smiles. As Glassner hints in his official statement, these are people who aped the stars of stage and screen but never made it, as the ravages of approaching death marked their features with failure. (Mar. 17-Apr. 4)—C.B.