

October 1976 Art News - Special European Issue

# CALDER

WORKS ON PAPER 1925-1976

*Works (Article title)*

EXHIBITION

OCT. 12-NOV. 13

Poster of *Movement in Space*, 29" x 39", available at the gallery: \$10; by prepaid mail: \$12



*Movement in Space*, 1932

gouache, 22 3/4 x 30 3/4 in.

## PERLS GALLERIES

1016 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021

Agent for Alexander Calder since 1954

opening october 2, 1976

### marilyn pearl gallery

29 west 57th street new york  
new york 10019 838-6310

## Yale

School of Art Faculty  
Drawing Show

Bailey, Campbell, Chaet,  
Forge, Grausman, Halaby,  
Hauer, Held, Ives,  
Johnson, Lutz, Lytle,  
Peterdi, Reed, Stasik,  
VonSchlegell, Walker.

paintings from nostalgic old family photographs, big loose things that were lively in concept but not always convincing in execution. In the later '60s she began to introduce magical and surreal elements into her work, tightening her drawing and using her brush with more precision. Now she is portraying her subjects with the utmost verisimilitude; judging from those landscapes, she has learned wonderfully well how to do so without losing any sense of the fantastic. The new pictures are jewel-like in craft, lush in color, delectably sinister in mood. She attends lovingly to each square inch. The overall effect is of humid sensuality, coming tantalizingly close to kitsch—with all those tropical birds sitting on branches, like something from off the walls of an old boarding house. But the paintings never lose their grip. The tension only makes them more fascinating.

Among the new galleries in Chicago, one of the most worthy of attention is Gallery 1134, a place that has managed to be quaint without the offensive implication of the word, and without a loss of fundamental seriousness. The vast and rambling space looks much as it did when it functioned as the showrooms of a casket factory: faded, flowered carpeting, oak paneled walls, a smell of the 1930s. Located about a mile west of the Loop, in one of Chicago's most ruthlessly uningratiating warehouse neighborhoods, 1134 is so lugubrious in atmosphere that it's amiable; moreover, it's a rather natural place for art of an idiosyncratic nature.

Recently the gallery staged a group exhibition called "Spumoni Village," which consisted primarily of the work of Chicago sculptor Cosmo Campoli, supplemented with offerings by Campoli's students and protégés. "Spumoni Village" was an assembly of installation pieces, most of them so improvised, so swarming with throw-away junk and so scattered all over the premises that it looked like a street carnival that had been run down by a locomotive and rained on for a few days. This tattered, teeming quality was both asset and liability. Campoli has an imagination as rich as it is undisciplined. He uses a myriad of found objects in his constructions, which he then paints, pelts with glitter dust, tramps around on and generally treats like an enormous three-dimensional doodle pad. His work is opulent and excessive, terms which fit the rest of the show as well, especially the efforts of Sonya Gilkey and Rudolph Beegen. In other words, the viewer was left in a state of acute ambivalence, which resolved itself into relative satisfaction over what was at least a vigorous display of creative energy.

There is another good new gallery in town which has this much in common with 1134: it is a reconverted space (old store) in a (rela-

tively) low-rent district—north Halsted Street, well removed from the glitter of the Near North Side. There the resemblance ends. Chicago Gallery is part of an arty, not a manufacturing, neighborhood; it is small, compact, neat; and it is given in policy to those younger artists of the city who tend to work in abstract manners.

But most importantly, it has set out to help the lesser known locals of just about any stylistic stripe, as long as they are good. "Local" evidently can mean as far away as DeKalb, 60 miles west of town, where a strong art department at Northern Illinois University has created a brisk little art scene. Dan Coonce lives there, and it was his abstractions which were shown toward the end of last season at Chicago Gallery.

Coonce's paintings are large fields of color, articulated only by a single, subtly demarcated area in the middle of the canvas. The paint is sprayed, giving an effect of

shimmering veils. One might wish for a bit more body to the paint, but the hues themselves are limpid and radiant. As a colorist Coonce appears both gifted and technically quite sure of himself.

There is also new life among the older galleries in town. B.C. Holland, who opened a space in Chicago as early as the late 1950s and did as much as any local dealer to acquaint the city with the post-World War II New York vanguard, decided a few years back to discontinue temporary shows. He has meanwhile operated on a private basis. Nevertheless, as the 1975-76 season drew to a close, the old itch apparently got to be too much, and Holland resumed his place in the exhibition calendar with a review of recent work by Jean Dubuffet. He followed this with a brilliant exhibition of modern master drawings highlighted by a splendid standing nude by Balthus—long one of Holland's favorite artists—and

first-rate works by Mondrian, Gorky, Braque, Matta, Miró, Rivers and Goncharova.

The Jacques Baruch Gallery gave Chicago its first conscious, full-scale, jam-packed, all-the-way exhibition of erotic art, complete with the come-on-disguised-as-admonition that no-one under 18 would be admitted. It had everything you would expect from such a show at such a time as the present, including explicitness and quality, in inverse proportion, as seems to be the usual case. There was a nicely understated sculpture by the American Frank Gallo and some quite beautiful, obliquely phallic graphics by the Parisian surrealist Toyen. Most of the rest of the show was tremendously exciting, for about 15 minutes. Thereafter it found its level, which was just about as bearable as any other group show of several dozen, mostly contemporary, artists.

—FRANZ SCHULZE



The M.L. Gallery of Fine Arts takes special pride in featuring, for the first time in New York, the internationally renowned painter

## ENDRE SZASZ

STARTING OCTOBER 12, 1976

Hours: Tuesday - Saturday 11:00 - 6:00

THE M.L. GALLERY OF FINE ARTS

58 EAST 79th STREET

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

(212) 249-5384

(212) 472-0333

### CERTAIN WORDS MUST BE SAID

*Things had become impossible between them and nothing could be said and a decision would have to be made. Certain words must be said. And although each had said these words to herself a hundred times, neither had the courage to say them out loud to one another. So they began to hope that*



*someone else would say the necessary words. Perhaps a telegram would arrive or a letter from some stranger ~~who~~ would be allowed to say it. And so they waited. What else could they do.*

DUANE MICHALS  
GARY KUEHN

**D**  
DOUGLAS  
DRAKE GALLERY  
4508 STATE AVENUE - KANSAS CITY  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64112



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