



Daniele Oppi, *L'Odio/Hate*, (1968); tempera and acrylic, 40" x 28". Caravan House.

BURHAN DOGANCAY: WALLS V

These are strikingly deceptive works, in which the artist simulates torn poster paper imagery in paint. He incorporates letters, numbers and fragmented symbols, overlapping them in an effectively abstract manner. The colors are basically primaries—metallically intense versions of red, yellow and blue.

The best works are those which confine themselves to the starkest contrasts in the simplest designs. In these a sense of total illusions and powerful impact prevail. In many of the other works however, the color scheme tends to appear repetitious and the design overly involved. (*Spectrum*, Feb. 4-25)—M.B.

PETER TURNQUIST

It would be sufficient to observe that this collection of smallish oils and a large multiple-panelled screen attempts to squeeze out what is most *tasteful* in Matisse, Cézanne and Gauguin and combine it in a perfume-like aspic of arabesques, cylinders and luscious leaves. Quite sufficient. But Mr. Turnquist supplies the viewer with a statement and a manifesto, which, like T. S. Eliot's literary criticism, attempts to direct how one is to see and interpret the work. One will come to the same conclusion (as stated above) about Mr. Turnquist's work even after having sat through the propagandizing, its essence being Art is Life; Life, Art. Ah, yes. Incidentally, it is valuable to note in the Manifesto that in his hierarchy of style—a list of 14 artists most touted in history of art courses—Cézanne, Matisse and Gauguin win, place and show. Towards the end of Mr. Turnquist's disquisition he says, "unfortunately the majority of artists are not individual in their style, having in life gone to the waterpot and not the fountain." (*Larxada*, Feb. 4-22)—M.S.

DANIELE OPPI FROM ITALY

When work comes here from Italy that seems non-figurative, I ask: "How come? How is it possible to live surrounded by the glories of the past, and not show it in one's creative work?"

Fresh from his studio in Venice, Oppi answers: "The new often comes out of awareness of the past." (Oppi thinks the current American trend toward the figurative stems from our not having much of a past!)

The works in any case give a feeling of a rich past within the personal life of thirty six year old Oppi. Though he won a coveted art prize when sixteen, he did not go into formal art studies but into the field of mass psychology, applying this knowledge to gain purchasers for commercial products.

The quest for understanding the forces within himself, within the human being, led Oppi three years ago to seek to make "portraits" of these hidden powerful parts of our personality: *portraits* of Pain, Injustice, Rebellion, Decision, The Pleasure of Knowing, an exuberant array of paintings having a strong family resemblance without repetition.

Maybe because of the impact of Italy's past, this quasi-Freudian oeuvre is disciplined and calm, objects you can live with, wild night powers dominated by the poet, the creator of visual pleasure. A *trompe l'oeil* use of very low bas relief, subtle coloring with subliminal application of color psychology, much restraint with brighter colors—these factors help explain the fusing of the decorative with depths of meaning. (*Caravan*, Mar. 18-Apr. 5)—W.D.A.

FRANK ROTH

Roth's drawings and collages are done with visible speed, confidence and zip. The collages are colorful and consist of drawings which are cut out and re-arranged to form clever compositions in the service of good satire. (*Martha Jackson*, February)—G.Br.

HELEN IRANYI

Layers of color appear in repetitious shapes, one overlapping another, like stripe painting and the veils of Morris Louis combined. The originality comes from a traditional solution in many of the pictures: the contrast of large and small, as opposed to fashionable repetition, is introduced in the form of one big transparent spot which holds together otherwise equally competing elements visible underneath. In any case, the colors mixed by superimposition are quite lovely. (*Spectrum*, through Mar. 8)—G.Br.

CARLETON VARNEY

Bold brushwork and uninhibited subject matter alluding to sex make these Expressionist paintings contemporary in appeal. The pink, brown and white drip paintings are effective in color. The themes treated lend themselves to constant re-interpretations transforming these pictures into conversation pieces—for the bedroom. (*Wickersham*, Mar. 3-16)—G.Br.

HILDEBRAND, SCHWARTZ, LOWE, GUTMAN

Four new members add luster to the Phoenix Gallery, the oldest cooperative in town. June Hildebrand is groovy because she is old fashioned. Her touch of Art Nouveau is subtle rather than overdone in handmade illustrated books, neckties and other unusual items. Walter Gutman's excerpts from a movie, projected on a screen that works in an illuminated room, are strong in design and photography. In his paintings he captures perfectly the atmosphere of the circus, particularly the feeling of vastness under a huge tent as a lonely acrobat prepares to perform a dangerous feat. The other two new members are more impersonal. Ira Schwartz is an excellent draughtsman who offers a tableau of male cut-out figures staring at a picture (a nude repeated many times over). The sculptor, Lowe, uses cardboard but should work in some other material. (*Phoenix*, February)—G.Br.

HAL REIF

The artist is a highly successful fashion photographer who has hired many female models. Apparently they irritate him slightly, so he has begun to satirize them in paint. He knows not only the undulating collapsibility of their bodies but their vanity. In spite of Reif's spirited attack, they remain attractive. Reif is an extremely promising painter, especially original in his habit of gluing real lipsticks, perfume bottles and cigarette packs on his painted canvases. (*Avanti*, February)—G. Br.

WILLIAM KIENBUSCH

Kienbusch's heroes are still the same ones they always were. Strains of Hartley, Marin and Dove run happily through his work which is unabashed and joyous abstract expressionism. The artist is an authentic link with past generations, however, and his work has a virtuosity and vitality to which younger artists might well aspire. Nineteen pictures—caseins on paper mounted on board—dating from 1965, comprise this exhibition and the artist has once again drawn heavily on the rugged Maine coast for his inspiration. (*Kraushaar*, Jan. 27-Feb. 15)—J.Bo.

JACK WHITTEN

An exuberance of expressive imagery scrawls orgiastically across Whitten's canvases.

It is a spontaneous, Kokoschka-like approach, into which have crept eerie strains of the macabre and the satirically erotic. *Zen Master* is a frenetic landscape for which the artist has supplied a relevantly cryptic poem. Bizarre visages peer mystically through the coloristic activities.

There are several drawings; jagged renderings of the female form, caustically captioned by their creator.

In his large oils, the surfaces are totally alive—almost too much so. Now and then the exhausted eye yearns for a resting place of contrasting calm; a respite before moving on to the next convulsion. (*Allan Stone*, Jan. 4-24)—M.B.