



Paul Feeley: *Gomelza*, 1965.
80 inches high (at Parsons).



Alphonse Mucha: *Sarah Bernhardt*, india ink,
40 inches high (at Grosvenor).

Reviews and Previews

measured atmosphere of a room becomes so oppressive that a window is opened in the name of the Golden Section. M.Z.

Peter Deutsch [Southampton East], born in Czechoslovakia, but now a Canadian, made energy patterns of concentric circles in a Hard-Edge manner that was vibrant but not Op. J.P.

Randolph Dhawson [Barzansky; Dec. 12-24], shows paintings of flowers, sweet portraits of children and landscapes of New York. One small figure in a view of the East River is painted with some life and tension. A.T.

Jim Dine [Janis] is the Jack Ketch of the Pop scene as well as its principal archivist. Everything will soon blow away or be blown up, he seems to say, and then there will be no more wrenches, pipes, shower fixtures, chains, strings and so forth, left, so let's make sure at least a few survive by making them heavier and more significant, by making them "art"—that is, by fastening them to painted-on canvases. He preserves heads, hats, legs, figures, shoes, boots similarly—by drawing attention to them, shooting them ceilingward, or by making legs of benches or tables out of them, or by creating the imaginary aura of a showcase filled with diamonds. But in a room filled with his works one gets a feeling of helplessness, like using a voting machine and realizing that the people whose names are next to the levers don't really control anything. A Dine painting or Happening is like that. The labels are there but what the works themselves are really about remains puzzling. The effect is a powerful force, unrelenting, malignant, as though a shark had been turned loose in a bathing pool. L.C.

Jacob Epstein [Washington Irving] was well represented by bronzes and drawings. This East-Side boy, who had a long and glorious career in England until his death a few years ago, had the knack of the true portraitist. The special look of the subject dominates the work, rather than the mark of the artist. He allowed his sitters their ugliness, but he was friendly toward it. A bronze of Philip Sayres (an Irish patron of Epstein's) is shifting and many-faceted in expression. The artist used ambivalence to develop a solid characterization. Epstein could draw, but his drawings are more tasteful, less robust than his sculpture. They refer

*First one-man show in New York

more to art and less to life. He could model an enormous fat child's cheek and a solid arm and buttock. In two drawings of a Negress he achieved a tender eroticism which he never matched in his illustrations for Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. These are inappropriately wholesome. A.T.

Paul Feeley [Parsons] died last June 12, aged 56. His death is tragic for he was a highly skilled painter and draftsman with many ideas, and he had reached a point in a long career when it was about to flower with brilliance. His centered, balanced, stained color-shapes—each separated from the rest by conduits of white canvas awash with kinetic flow—and with each unit in a work a kaleidoscopic repeat of the rest of the work—are wonderfully shrewd. They have the freedom of a splash, like a squirt of juice from a pomegranate while the pips magically metamorphose into a clean throw of jacks, but behind the freedom is the precision of exact geometry. One thinks of a master-potter who throws a pot precisely, with unerring accuracy, yet makes it a living form with a final digital pressure. Feeley's three-dimensional structures of cut-out painted balanced shapes are even more alive, if that were possible, and also more intriguing because of the dichotomy between knowing and seeing which results in the former triumphing over the latter unless one really looks to discover that visually speaking there are no exactly-balanced, symmetrical structures in the world. So one looks at them and one is soon astonished to find one is being looked at, that they have been caught in the act of taking notes. L.C.

Joan Fenrow* [Duncan; Dec. 1-15] offers scenes of Mexico (shades of yellow) and Yugoslavia (in blues and browns), scumble-painted in a Cubistic manner. Some totally abstract works are better able to absorb the pure colors with which she is most at ease. M.T.

Maurice Flecker* [Icarus; Dec. 13-31] paints solid studio nudes that are very like those of Philip Pearlstein, with whom he studied. But they are different enough (in space, cropping, color) and honest enough so that their resemblance does not detract; the still-lives of this young painter also show great ability. K.L.

Kim Foon [Mi Chou; to Dec. 31] is a Korean who has