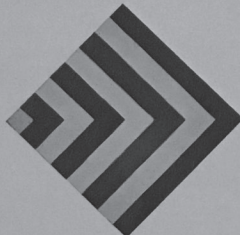
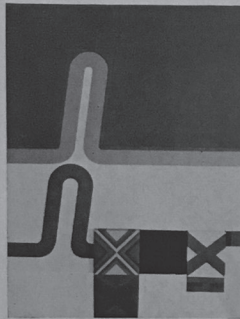


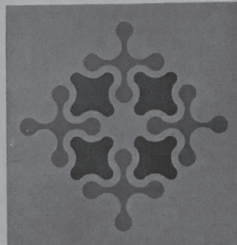
Reviews and previews continued



Kenneth Noland: *One Way*, 69 inches high.



Sven Lukin: *Birthday Painting*, 84 inches high.



Paul Feeley: *Alniam*, 60 inches high.

Kenneth Noland [Emmerich] won a prize at the recent Buenos Aires Biennale. In this show he sets stripes or bands of colors, placed like "V's" sideways, in different widths and brightnesses, separated by bands of white canvas defined by the color, in a progression or series, like several squares (if one thinks of the colored bands as lines) cut in half through the opposing corners with edges of the missing half-squares defined by the edge of the plane of the canvas. His square canvases are hung as diamonds, with one corner pointing vertically. His stripes tend to make chevrons pointing to one side and sometimes away from a square of white. While apparently over simple, one soon discovers the complexities that such simplicities can occasion. They can be seen several ways—as half-squares occupied by color bands lying within each other's planes, as bands occupying different spatial positions, as stripes, as half a four-sided pyramid seen from above, etc. Also the purity of the forms (he stresses their innocence by not painting them very neatly) brings into focus philosophical questions. For instance, although his white squares or diamonds suggest squares or diamonds, this is only because one infers these shapes, not because one "sees" them. L.C.

Sven Lukin [Pace] paints stunning bright Hard-Edge canvases in hot-cold color, like unknown neon traffic signs warning of detours and contradictions. They willfully break into 3D, turning corners or curving out to form a platform, or a box set into the canvas. As a band of color passes over the box or ledge it is deflected, refracted, made to change course or return upon itself. A tubular band of color gets waylaid into an X on a box, or on the way across an edge an area changes color. Fast curves suddenly become angles, and three-dimensional tendencies lurk in the flat signs. Also shown are color drawings which are plans of the paintings, with variations. It made an exciting show. K.L.

Bernard Buffet [W. Findlay] arrived in person for exhibition of 36 new oils, opening a handsome new gallery. This famous Frenchman, who cleverly accents a cross flavor of illustration, decoration and painting with the same perpendicular calligraphy that characterizes his handwriting, prefers to work in series. Following his popular matadors, great ladies, bottles and beetles, this group, titled *Flowers and Landscapes*, was based on views at Aix-en-Provence and St. Tropez. The restrictions of his elegant style—the slender images etched with black line—responded to the sun. R.B.

Paul Feeley [Parsons] planned the basic design that occurs on each of these unsized canvases in a slightly different model. Basically it is somewhere between the silhouette of a jack from the children's game to a jack that thickened out into a squarish form with rounded corners. In some a border of another color runs parallel to this first image and forms a target structure in which the alternating zone is occupied by the unsized canvas. Organized usually in groups of four, either in a circular pattern or as window panes, they resemble somewhat the interlocking members of a rug design and function primarily as the skeletons for color. One has tiny jack-shaped centers with fat halos of yellow that balance the blue. In another, a center of blue-green is balanced by a thin red halo. Feeley's are complacent colors and welded easily to fill specified roles in their geometric prisons. N.E.

Ellen Lanyon's [Zabriskie] recent canvases retain the compressed and extended photographic space of her earlier paintings that were done from old snapshots, but now the perspectives are reversed, fragmented and reassembled, playing with vision itself. On four large panels, reclining sunbathers are pressed flat and spread out upside-down or right-side up, reversible because they are seen from overhead. In several square canvases, a segmented tondo contains a face or faces (sometimes almost recognizable as a specific portrait) split into wedges, reshuffled and put together again humpty-dumpty. One hangs from a corner as a diamond shape. In others, the wedges extend out to the edges of the canvas eliminating the tondo, and clown-like faces become kaleidoscopic patterns of flat color. K.L.

Vincent Canadé [Zabriskie; to Dec. 24], the primitive artist who was discovered in 1919 by Joseph Stella and died in 1961 at the age of 84, stares out at us from all four walls in a show of small, serious and obsessive self-portraits—dark toned like Coptic mummy portraits. His face ages, his expression changes, he wears an open shirt or a hat and tie (never managing to look quite respectable), as with a curious eccentric talent he searched to record himself, sometimes in multiple or double portraits. K.L.

Giacomo Manzù [Odyssea; to Dec. 31; see p. 34], whose work is firmly of the twentieth century, might have been born in the Renaissance, for his particular modernity is entrenched in the Italian tradition. The 35 drawings in this show are, like so many Renaissance drawings, not done for themselves; they are studies of parts—a head or the curve of a back or a piece of drapery—to work out the volumes, the smoothness and roundness of some piece of sculpture. Several are studies of two models, Inge and Sonia; others, including some etchings, are delightful variations on the theme of artist and model. K.L.

Henrietta Wyeth [Portraits, Inc.; to Dec. 5], who remains faithful to the family tradition of realism, escapes the remorseless objectivity of her brother Andrew through the shimmer of delicate broken colors. She is married to another uncompromising realist, Peter Hurd, and evidently influenced by the brilliant light of New Mexico—where they live—she takes joy in juxtapositions of color that range from the opalescent delicacy of her flesh tones to occasionally more effective contrasts, as in the sharp silhouetting of the figure in *Billy Altaffer*, one of the best portraits in the show. Her still-lives, loosely composed in a sort of rambling over-all informality, convey a peculiar fragrance. H.L.F.

Ethel Schwabacher [Greenross], until this show, has been known for "naturalistic" abstractions. Now she offers a group of portraits. Her subjects are not revealed, except for four that are called *Grandma* and others that are labeled with initials. But the features are recognized in many: James Baldwin's hyper-sensitive stare in one pinkish portrait, and Arshile Gorky's face comes back through a casual expressionistic handling. They are tonal paintings, modeled with dark and light, but the tones are filled with brave colors. The modeling might be constructive in yellows that drive up from an ochre to an intense chrome. Frequently opposed to these inflammatory colors, and to her scale that expands way beyond the borders of the painting, the features recede and withdraw into the face. N.E.

Julius Kramer [American; to Dec. 5] shows for the first time in twelve years. During that period his work has become progressively less abstract, even the shapes in his paintings and drawings suggest biological microcosms. J.M.