Reflections on the Art Status: Should everyone across the same question: 'Can we understand the Art today?'
A challenge thrown upon the wave of current events.
Our chaos—beneath its turbidity, our indifference to and physical future—our lack of effort.
Our aimless youth, our restless middle years.
Our destiny—can we pull together as champions of our mutual interests?
But to get back to our original question: the answer.
The other day—first in the Guggenheim—New York, 5th Avenue.
An architectural masterpiece rising against a morass of respectability—overpowering the eye, defying the laws of Gravity, unfittingly able to hold so many thousands of curious seekers of the plastic arts.
Long ago my husband Win said, "There shone the circular gallery. Why! I asked. "Because
there is nowhere to hang in the corners!" No artist likes to live in corners. Critics seldom look in corners.

They have no time to lie that

though this has come to pass due to Frank L. Wargle's creativity - and a certain
Mr. Guggenheim with a fair
of a sense of Art or another.

The market place is a noisy
quarter with the horses
is heard - one who leads a
gang. The loud ones demand
those who speak softly.
and in painting we have
come upon cold days
and large canvases.

These artists may be good
on a small scale life
who would see their. One
who would see their.

then ten feet to modern
against nearly a century
As I turned the corks and slowly
wended my way from the great
fiddler by Chagall to the
splashings of the scrubbers and
the post-thrashing refrigerants -
I had a feeling of being in a
large zoo. Each cameron
in a box like a beast of
burden ready to leap at a
word but for the restraint
printed - these were pandoras
lights revealing every detail.

There were many - but if there
were they would be heard.

The hands on the walls were
scrawled audibly - some
were grass - they roared tigers who
shattered across the hall.

Some luminaries who laughed
or ground fearlessly at the

generice distance - with which
they were confronted -

yet there were some good
paintings - there were works by Modigliani that represented the Gothic line - whose translation of a surrealistic world was delicately presented against the frames. Few if any of the other works had frames. They couldn't be seen on pedestals or much money expended on the building. There was not enough for the embellishment of the works inside. Veronica was fine canvas with the glow of marble and a scope of composition.

But we are speaking of the representative ones. Henri Rousseau - there was Stuart Davis a red square with reminiscence of Picasso - two American artists. Now assert themselves - a group of luminous, young painters in the works of others. Pictorially - or some Indian

There is none.
In the DeKooning—with large brushwork literally thrust into still brushed on—not dripped à la Pollock. In a hurry—there is no time to learn to draw, no time to learn absent if, just a complete funk at the very start. Emotional very important or nothing more than a letting go of ones. A restraint.

Typical of the leaving was the large oversized door. The mood curling off with a white paint—filling gobs—of white paint—filling the muriatic cracks. The title displayed under a capital and was a study in mood preclude.
of accordance or very did they do it. This came
be a rude philosophy -of sensible, and we can only a bit of sensible form.

By that - freeing form is the height of
Art has certain elements of approach.
The objects work as the ground. Call it an
a mark of so-called sculptures formed from
their surrealist approach. A piece of
work, maybe - a numismatic - in which
held in a flat board - is closest to the
ittle - frozen soul - this shown in the
Modern Museum of Art, subject to the

competitor of the sugerbehn's bureau

Namely one illustrated against the other
but both been forced Art to be fashionable.
To be in demand - it under the expansion.

Theresa Berenson