

## Viewpoint on Art

Seasonal Exhibits Provide  
A Wealth for the Eyes

By Andrew Hudson

AT THIS TIME of year, those two excellent museum institutions, the "Summer Loan Exhibition" and specially selected showings from permanent collections, abound. It's a happy seasonal occurrence. In New York and Philadelphia—as in Washington and Baltimore—there's a wealth of things to see that aren't usually on public view.

The Metropolitan Museum's summer loan show of 19th and 20th century paintings from private collections (through Sept. 4) is much smaller than last year's magnificent gathering, and the impact of the exhibition is not quite so heady. However, many superlative individual items are included.

Seen last year, and on view again, are a lovely Gauguin "Still Life with a Head-Shaped Vase," so drily colored and rightly disposed, and an early Cezanne, "Spring-time: View of Auvers" of c. 1873 with blue roof-tops seen through foliage on loan from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ittleson Jr.

There are some paintings belonging to Mrs. John Barry Ryan—Manet's colorful, impressionistic rendering of "The Artist's Garden at Versailles"; Cezanne's "The Wall"; Picasso's "Spanish Landscape" of 1906—that sparkled when hung earlier in the season among the Metropolitan's permanent collection.

Also on public view again is the cool, exhilarating Sisley, "The Seine at Moret" of 1872, belonging to Mrs. Richard J. Bernhard, that was like a fresh breath of wind in last season's Sisley show at Wildenstein's.

Mrs. William Woodward Jr. has lent a wonderful Bonnard, "Woman with Mimosa" of 1922, where this master's geometric simplifications and distortions work, discreetly and almost imperceptibly to excellent effect.

And there are many fine paintings from the collection of Mrs. Nate B. Springold; among them, an early Vuillard "Still Life—After the Meal" where cabbage lemons, table-top, suffused with pink, are gloriously converted into paint.

I WAS LESS enchanted by the Metropolitan's special showing of works from its collection, "In the Presence of Kings" (extended through Sept. 4). The exhibit seemed so over-dramatized: the elaborate installation, the clever display cases, the gloom and the spotlights, made it hard to relate to the art.

I look forward to seeing the Veronese, the Rubens and the Watteau returned to their usual setting in the permanent collection.

The Guggenheim Museum's selection from its collection, entitled "Seven Decades" (through Oct. 1), is hung with an educative flair. Thought-provoking, intriguing contrasts and comparisons are provided by the grouping of



Oil with sand on canvas by Adolph Gottlieb.

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paintings in the various bays: Delaunay's relationship to the Cubists is brought out; the juxtaposition of Gris and Malevich suggests a widespread period style; Vantongerloo is revealed as a much lesser painter than Mondrian.

The cream of the show is mostly toward the top of the ramp among the earliest paintings. It's a joy to see again, right at the start, the unfinished Picasso "Still-Life" of 1908, where the facets of the water jug and table cloth glisten like crisp chunks of ice.

While there's much to see that's of interest (including a generous number of Kandinskys of every decade), the general level of the work sinks as one descends the ramp. Thus the additional galleries of the Tannhauser collection, where paintings by Manet, Cezanne, Pissarro and lots of early Picassos are to be found, come as a welcome relief.

Only three of the more recent paintings in the Guggenheim's collection really stand out well: Miro's large "Painting" of 1963; Gottlieb's vertical "W" of 1954; and an orange Stuart Davis, "Cliche" of 1955.

I was reminded of Gottlieb's remark when I interviewed him last year that "ultimately, the problem of the artist is to survive, not only in his own time, but for as long as possible." He and Davis seem to be faring better, in this respect, than Kline or de Kooning.

Also at the Whitney is an important new acquisition, the tall orange and red Newman, "Day One," that was shown in Washington when the United States exhibit from the VIII Sao Paulo Biennial came here in 1966. This painting seems warmer, more amiable (and less severe) each time I see it. I can't understand why the

Whitney staff have installed a Chamberlain sculpture in front of it.

THE MUSEUM of Modern Art's show from its collection, entitled "The Sixties" (through Sept. 24), is a sad experience. The installation is very similar to that of the facile, empty, derivative "New Japanese Painting and Sculpture" show last year. The originals ("pop," "op," kinetic, etc.) so cleverly copied by the Japanese have little more to say than the copies. The Jasper Johns paintings all date from the 1950s; there's no Noland; the examples of Louis, Olitski and Frankenthaler are not of their best.

The Jewish Museum's summer exhibition of "Large-Scale American Paintings" (through Sept. 10) is also a mish-mash, with trivial, superficial works and weak examples of the better artists. What a great show might have been made on this theme if it had been well selected as a historical survey, starting with the Abstract Expressionists!

As things are, there's no discrimination in the selection and the show is lightweight, a mere filler.

At the Philadelphia Museum, the Henry McIlhenny collection, with its fine examples of David, Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Cezanne and other masters, is again on loan for the summer.

The other loans from private collectors include a charming "Garden Scene" of 1901 by Pissarro and a Vuillard still life, "Flowers in the Salon," lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Coxe Wright; a scintillating little Renoir still life, "Three Partridges," lent anonymously; and Mrs. John Wintersteen's large collection of Picassos. This showing is to remain on view through Aug. 27.

—Andrew Hudson.