

Painterly Representation

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FOREWORD

Last spring Louis Finkelstein proposed that we organize a show on Painterly Representation. We felt that this exhibition would have educational value as well as bringing together a group of established artists and highlighting an important but considerably unrecognized dimension of contemporary painting. We invited Louis to select the artists and write the catalogue essay and we are sponsoring it as a two year traveling exhibition to American museums and colleges. We have enjoyed working with Louis Finkelstein and we are grateful to Pat Mainardi for her involvement in the preparation of the catalogue and the exhibition.

Barbara Ingber
Director
Ingber Gallery
(1975)

Note: Black and White reproductions of the paintings from the catalog follow the essay at the end.

Painterly Representation

By Louis Finkelstein

Representational painting, it has been said, lacks a persuasive theory, but the case may well be the other way around—that too often the persuasions are exercised by the theory instead of the work, and the theory turns out to be too shallow for what is good in the work anyway. There is much too much false, flatulent, weak theory around, theory which stands in front of the work or which props up what would otherwise be too weak to be of interest. Lately there have emerged a few mea culpas to the effect that proponents of various theories may have, in their enthusiasm, oversold a certain bill of goods, or that having behaved in a domineering, arrogant and dogmatic fashion over a number of years, they really didn't mean to tout what it had all the appearances of reaping the advantages of, i.e. a comprehensive system of values.

It has been precisely this kind of theory which has tended to belittle representation, which has set its concerns as trivial or dispensable, particularly as historically dispensable, not out of any great excess of intellectuality, but rather out of sloppy language, sloppy thinking and shallowness of ideas and insight, and out of never having had a grasp of what representation was about in the first place.

There is of course representation and representation, and representation of itself is of no particular value. Neither does it do any good to say simply that it depends on how it is done. Representation is important when, because of, and to the degree that it discloses fundamental qualities of human consciousness and experience, and this is so far from being an outworn concern that it is much more in the condition of only beginning to be realized.

Here one speaks not simply of the various kinds of so-called new realisms as well as photo-assisted representation, but rather of representation which derives its character not as a technique or a style, but from the way in which consciousness and plasticity are related.

Consciousness is like a melody, a song which exists only in going on, a melody which never repeats itself but which contains memories and allusions to what has gone before. Just as in a melody whatever is ongoing at the moment attains its meaning by virtue of what has led up to it and in anticipation of what is to come, so our consciousness is founded on the flowing of past experience through the present into the future. As long as we are naive enough to believe in a world of things—a world where meaning is constant and stable and shared by all in the same way—then this fact is not noticed and only events flow; but when this illusion is shattered it is done with irrevocably, and meaning itself is unstable, and for some people, finished with. It is at this point that the service of painting becomes crucial in that of all the arts it is the only perfectly static one, whose problems, means and values are bound up in the transfixing into pure and complete simultaneity that which we were only able to know because it was moving.

That kind of representation we call painterly comes into being precisely because of this process sense of things. The time which is transfixed is not the outward time of day or even the process of laying on the paint so as to produce virtuosistic marks of the process, but rather the flowing of consciousness in interaction with first the resistances and challenges which the world of appearances presents to our grasp, and secondly with the ways pictorial language itself generates metaphors of the meanings of things and of states of mind. Rather than a one-to-one correspondence with things which retain their meaning in some normative standard way, for painterly vision everything is always up for grabs: the style, the space, the structure, the attitude, above all affect, the way we are touched by the world. Every element added to the picture changes the meaning of all of its parts. While theory can explain some of this in general and some of it after the fact, what really goes on is highly particular, the product of a complex intersection of many strands of events, and in considerable degree unanticipated and impossible to anticipate. The plasticity of the painting, which is to say how the entirety of its relations conspire to make a world whose meanings are mutually supported—as is not the case in our ongoing lives, most of whose elements are disparate each from each other is only the attempt to have, to possess, what can never be ours. So its successes are only relative, and because of this, poignant and alluring.

The present exhibition seeks to make evident that it is only the particulars of the works that count. By bringing together, on a fairly intimate scale, paintings with a range both of sympathy and difference so that the particulars of each work reveal the kinds of choices and weighting of values which went into each other, then it is hoped that something about the nature of representation will be shown. Many more artists than those actually represented could well have been included. Most of the artists have known each other's work over a period of time, generally with esteem, sometimes with vehement reservations. Most of the paintings are landscapes. In some degree this is perhaps attributable to a predilection on the part of the person who has made the selection, but also because landscape in various ways

seems to be the normal situation in which one finds oneself or imagines oneself normatively to be, and in which one finds or on to which projects whatever sense one has of being in the world—but perhaps this second explanation is but that particular predilection over again. The choices were made not necessarily to represent each artist at his or her most typical, but for the prospect of enjoyable interaction and resonance of issues which they would mutually provide.

Raoul Middleman's "Path to Jetty Beach" shows clearly a frank and spontaneous enjoyment of nature, for which his work has been compared with that of the similarly precocious English landscapist Richard Bonington. The picture is not about nature only, but also about the painting language itself enlarging feeling. Much has been made in various modernist contexts of the issue of language contemplating itself. In a serious sense this can only be done in a highly truncated and artificial fashion. Language, to claim to be language at all, must attempt to be about something, to portray something, must be testable by the sense of its fitness. Otherwise it becomes trivial and academic and unreal.

The second condition of language, particularly painting language, although I suspect it to be true of verbal language as well, is that far from fulfilling a pre-existing depth intention by using the rules of syntax and signification to articulate that, language itself in its coming into being excites in the maker and the receiver, who is sometimes the same person, a sense of meaning and intention which was not there until its utterance or depiction, and it is rather from the fixation and specification of such intended meaning that structure emerges as a consequence. Certainly this seems the case in "Path to Jetty Beach." It is the kinetic sense of the painted thrust into space, the twinkling interplay of color, rhythm and stroke which, from the abstract dynamics of their putting down, states an emergent content in just this way.

Wolf Kahn's "Fall Landscape (The White Shed)" involves the same process in a different, perhaps more subtle, way. It takes a while to discover the articulation of spatial depth. The first impression is of softness and unassertiveness of brushstroke and color, and thus of overall atmosphericity. Only as one learns to read the small variations of color as having different descriptive and formal roles—to move the eye forward or back, to interlock or to separate, to distinguish degrees of solidity and airiness is the rigor and intelligence of the structure manifest. For example, the green bush past the far end of the central white shed, through the projected recognition of how the weight of the green establishes the distance of it from the shed, produces an augmentation of the spatiality between it and the blotchy dark green which is part of the beige or blue tree in the left foreground. It is only when one sees this that in front of this the road expands farther frontward to the right by virtue of the way the vibration of the beige and blue relate to the other kinds of produced airiness. In talking about the picture after I had seen this, Kahn told me that it was this aspect of pull into the foreground which had given him the most trouble and the realization of which enabled him to complete the picture.

Of particular interest in the crossover between felt experience and construction is the

equivocation as to whether the major thrust of the space is to the right or to the left. By holding this in doubt, by providing vectors and color tensions which elicit alternative readings, Kahn reiterates in a personal way the Hans Hofmann idea of push and pull—but not as a mere diagram of forces as is so often the case when this admirable precept is applied mechanically, but rather through the way it is embedded in sensitively weighted description, giving the space that palpability which is recalled by the Hofmannian term "voluminosity."

In contrast, Robert De Niro's "Buffalo Landscape" seems highly condensed and impulsive, the product of pure will. Its apparent simplicity belies the fact that although it was originally started in 1969, it was only finished last year. In this case the image of the space, the weight and placement of the resonating yellows and blues, the various gestural profiles, were the result of a conviction which only over time realized on the one hand the meaning of color and shape interaction, and on the other what the experiencing of the particular motif, seen at one time and then seen again, held within it which could touch a basic and integral inner purpose of the artist. This process suggests the synthesizing method of Matisse, most particularly in such works as the "Moroccan Landscape, Tangier" of 1911-1912 in Stockholm, about which the artist has related that at some considerable time after the original working, the meaning of the forms and colors as expressing the shade and lushness of the scene came together in a new and uncontrived way. This also reminds one of the poetic method which Paul Valéry has described in "Concerning the Cimetière Marin" through which, in the working process itself, the interplay of variously weighted possibilities of rhythm, color, scale and texture work their way into the artist's intention.

Nell Blaine's color, on the other hand, seems the product of directly distilled sensation. The flowers, which she paints continually, form a kind of psychic complement to the palette—the objective pretext which will enable it to exhibit its potentiality for articulating feeling at its fullest and most varied chromatic intensity. Baudelaire, in equating the spirit of Romanticism with color, hit upon a fundamental fact the nature of which is still being explicated in modern researches into the phenomenology of color. It is known, of course, that the perception of color is always relational, that the aspect of color is dramatically modified by the other colors which accompany it, both with respect to the edges of color areas which directly abut one another, and also to the reading of other colors within the entire visual field of which it is a part. Moreover, the internal registration of color has an absolute and distinct meaning for each individual in emotional terms, which it was above all the contribution of Gauguin to point out as having experiential value over and against its normative, statistical, objective occurrence.

The task of the colorist is to produce the one in terms of the other—the most internally needed, individually specified aspect in terms of a balance, an integration, found at one and the same time as meaning in the perceived world and on the confined surface of the canvas. The contribution of the green wall, so evident in the artist's mind in her choice of the title "Green Wall and Yellow Table with Still Life," is balanced in a most precise way between sensations of acidity or sharpness and softness or airiness, which in turn qualifies

all the other colors and sentiments of the picture. By giving to the green this poetically balanced set of properties and causing us to dwell upon it and its consequences, she produces the same thing as a poet does when a word takes on a meaning through its poetic tension which it did not have before.

Paul Resika's "Meadow, Skowhegan" contains within its intimate compass equal precisions, although of a different kind. Most of his recent work is softer, more rhythmic, more sumptuous in color. This painting is drier, more geometric, more reserved. Yet within this reserve there is a condensation of feelings which I find admirable and moving. The clarity of the forms and the division into spatial planes places it in the line of classicizing landscapes from Claude to Corot to Seurat, although the striking *repoussoir* of the tree at the left forces it into a more direct, modern, self-conscious kind of consciousness. The classical mode which it shares aims at *epitomizing* space by revealing it to us as it is grasped by the mind. This has a fundamental appeal if for no other reason than that for a moment the world fulfills our expectation of it, and thus it is scarcely an accident that the subject is often a pasturale, a scene of a golden age, better than our experience day to day. It happens to be the case that the small light gray forms in the center do represent sheep (I took them at first to be stones, but no matter, the pastoral tone was there nonetheless) and this must play some part in its elegiac and rational tone. What shall we make of this in modern terms? Is it better, worse, escapist or realistic to contemplate the ideality which it instills in us rather than soup cans or neon signs? To me it testifies in an important way to the access, to the possibility, of finding, entirely within our own consciousness of the present, because embedded in the construction of direct sensation, the capacity for the ideal, the harmonious, which is to say the sublime, in a far more convincing and less pretentious way than in those works of Barnett Newman to which it bears an entirely fortuitous surface resemblance.

Fairfield Porter's "House in a Thicket" combines the kind of felicitously informal surface performance which makes people think of painterliness as merely ingratiating confectionery effect, with tight construction and telling description of a familiar space, light and subject. The loose brushstroke, slithery washes, relieved by a couple of thick patches, contain both immediacy of vision and logical thought. The fact that the composition owes nothing to conventional spatial schemes adds to its immediacy. The house is plunked down right in the center like a birthday cake. The space swims out to enclose the viewer at the bottom, side and top, so that a problematical contrast is produced between peripheral vision which promotes the sense of standing right there and a central focus which probes into depth.

The movements of the eye obliquely back to the left and right proceed at different rates and angles. It takes a double glance to weigh the white sunlit face of the house shearing back past the dark conifer, against the pinky brown stand of deciduous trees to the right. The thickly painted accents of neighboring houses form a pizzicato geometric counterpoint to this overall volumetric description. Unlike some Porters which are quickly seen, this is a slow picture, in which the most casual passages interlock complexly. The transparent intervals in depth marked out by the raking shadows of trees and

branches assume a variety of volumes at separate moments of seeing. Viewed from near, one looks past the bushes to past the house. Viewed from farther away, one notices the clearness of the air, the light of a particular day, and a kind of long angling in from left to right as dominant. The foreground branch zigging out of the left corner warps the space and pulls the eye across it at an opposing diagonal in depth. These operations in time and space, which were supposed to be what cubism gave you, are present here not merely as abstract structure, but combine intellectually and sensuously in the transformation of the wholly commonplace into the measured and the beautiful.

Small increments of modest elements suffice to provide the vocabulary of Albert York's intimist "Landscape with Fence and Bushes," which is typical of his work in general. The subject matter itself is virtually no subject at all: a few leftovers which would play a subordinate part in most landscapes. It is the fineness of adjustments of weight, scale and rhythm which create out of this nothing a complete and subtle statement. In style resembling Inness, it partakes of the idealism of both Mondrian and Southern Sung ink painting. The gentle rise of the fence, the counterpoint of the swelling gesture of the foliage contours and masses state one theme. Against this, the position of the post delimits an oblique space toward the fence, producing thereby a curving alley-way to the distant meadow beyond the fence and to the right. This curve in space is a repeat of the swelling form; at the same time, the post itself repeats the vertical of the fence and all its members, the plane of the picture, and the hidden but sensed axes of the two bushes. The whole is carried out with a casual elegance of measured differences, rendered all the more delightful by the informal dotted accents of weeds, flowers and cleaves which reward each movement of the eye with the fulfillment of some little expectation while also making the space and the substance concretely convincing.

The sweetness of detail is not the result merely of skillful description, but of inner control which keeps this minute meditation going—inner but at the same time finding itself completely in the world of appearance.

If York's painting is a matter of close, subtly considered adjustments, Elias Goldberg's is almost the opposite in that, in an equally personal way, his is an art of loose overall plastic activity, tremulous in its detail, lyrical in its naturalness and freedom. "The City" is one of the many paintings of Washington Heights in New York, the neighborhood in which he has lived and painted for the majority of his over eighty years.

In an apparently offhand and uncalculated way, it conveys a very accurate picture of the buildings, space, light and feel, one might say even smell, of the locale. In the background is the span of the George Washington Bridge reaching over to the Jersey cliffs. This scales the foreground of drab tenement rooftops and facades, fire escapes, narrow streets and calligraphic indications of street activity, the life of the neighborhood. In spite of the drab unprepossessingness of the subject matter, the whole affair has a joyful affirmative vibrancy, both in surface and space recalling, without his voluptuary hedonism, Bonnard, and also through the explicitness of its documentary interest, the granddaddy of all cityscapes, Jacopo de' Barbari's bird's-eye view of Venice. Whether map or lyric or a little

of both, it is a document of sensibility and spirit flourishing in and through the conditions of urban life. It makes no concessions to primitivism, sentimentality, coarseness or cynicism, but is humane and realistic at the same time.

Herman Rose's cityscape "Foggy Day" is another matter entirely. It is artfully and idiosyncratically constructed out of penetrating visual analysis and sophisticated formal awareness. Painted from the top of the Chelsea Hotel, it combines subtle atmospheric color with a tough complex geometry, recalling in its calm luminosity and complex spatial incident, Fouquet. The extraordinary parapet in the foreground swells and shifts its position as we shift our glance across its top surface to the various angles of view within the space it opens up for us. The large buildings at either side create a kind of wall-eyed space through which the eye reaches out in incommensurable directions, allowing the intervening network of smaller buildings to lead back in a rapid series of multiple leaps and redefinitions of scale and direction. The large tower of St. Peter's Church provides a momentary resting point before the thrust of the diagonal piers out into the river, which recalls the similar thrusts in Cezanne's paintings of the Gulf of Marseilles from L'Estaque. Eventually we reach the calm restraint of the horizontal river and the Jersey shore. The authentically urban scale of the picture is achieved by the contrast of the delicate sky with the redirection of axes of vision, the discovery of critical angles in deep space producing abrupt changes of focus. In one approximation of its structure it is crystalline like a Villon, in another it is light and airy, offering chromatic themes equal in complexity to its geometry, gemlike, opalescent or peachblow, but also replete with the atmosphere of New York.

A different dimension of formal awareness, what one would call more historically main line perhaps, is found in the untitled, all too rare painting by Mercedes Matter, one of the most articulate and insightful painters of the Hofmann tradition. It also is a painting which does not give itself away readily. That it is a still-life, or that it is representational at all, is realized only with study, because it is not a representation of immediate aspect or even purely visual correspondence, but rather of a structural sense finding its support in relations found in the world. The striving is to make this finding an absolute state in itself, hence transcendent in a sense analogous to that sought by Delaunay or Malevich in pure painting; but rather than proceeding through abstract generalization or symbolized reference supporting pure will, it is grounded in the sensuously concrete and specific.

Thus what at first glance appears geometric and crystalline as an imposed scheme is really made up of hundreds of direct references to the way an object or part of an object articulates space around and between it and other elements. Each moment grasps a particular such and suchness of movement, size, location, which only in its clarification and translation of consequences to other more inclusive relations, attains to geometric resolution. The color pulls the space apart from a central axis, while from the passage from the particular to the overall emerges the conflict between the plane-holding and the depth-making. Each is the consequence of the other. By the time one realizes the extension of the tablecloth into the middle depth, the flowers (?) to the right of center seem almost to reach forward over one's shoulder. One marvelous apple, left of center

and toward the back, is obligingly compressed into a little slot of space which leads back to it, and then up, and then further inward, having the same function plastically as the centermost angel in El Greco's "Burial of Count Orgaz," there mediating between the material world and the divine, here fulfilling Merleau-Ponty's notion of to see (*voir*) being to have (*avoir*), i.e. to possess, at a distance.

Leland Bell's "Family Group" is likewise an intersection of the impulse toward *peinture pure* with the real world, but on a different basis. It hardly looks painterly in the usual sense of impressionist brushwork and depiction of form and space through the play of light and color, since it is composed of strongly simplified shapes, clearly bounded by heavy dark lines like the leading in stained glass windows. The color is broadly, almost schematically, simple in its application. Here the categorization merely by objective distinctions of surface fails to reveal the more fundamental shared characteristic which is painterly in a deeper sense, that is, the recreation of volume through the intuited concert of formal elements rather than by discrete description. The strongly accented linear rhythms cause the indicated volumes to bend, swell and twist, and thereby define the intervening space neither by detail or modeling, but by the ebb and flow of climaxes and contrasts very much like the many half figure sacred conversations of Bellini and Titian which create presence by empathy.

The specific here is not in local description, but rather in this gestural synthesis in which placement, thrust, scale, each plays a part, somewhat as in a Mondrian but clothed with not only reference, but also with the resistance and specification of concrete depiction in which even such factors as personality and psychological relation play a part in developing the tensions of the formal structure. This is, in a sense, representation turned inside out to enrich the play of abstract form.

Louisa Matthiasdottir's "Still life with Meat" is as vigorous and clear in formal structure while retaining, even accenting by simplification, the sensuous impact of particular solid forms. Every element, the apple, the pot, the pitcher, the meat, has its own personality, its own pushing out of matter against space. The effect of light, texture, surface and reflected color is conveyed by decisive brushstrokes at the same time athletic and convincing by the accuracy of their summary description. This sureness gives the work a dense materiality, while its animation conveys the exhilaration of discovery of the integrity and charm of familiar objects. Nothing, however, is merely local or simply showy in performance. The sense of the space itself as a totality, and as interval, movement, mutual consequence, the contrasting interplay of planes and edges, of near and far, of looking past one object to another, and of a radiating force, pervades the entire seeing in exact counterbalance to the immediacy of the separate objects. Particularly her work in still life, of which this painting is fairly representative, constitutes a major increment to this most typically structural form. It recalls both Chardin and Derain, but is distinctively and dramatically personal.

If Matthiasdottir's painting is aggressive and physical, Gretna Campbell's is reflective and moody. Like a number of artists in the exhibition, she paints again and again familiar

themes, reshaping, rediscovering their content in subtle yet telling adjustments. The shoreline of Cranberry Island, Maine, tidal coves, rocks, trees, water and sky are given an intimacy and presence which has not only to do with documentation of a specific place so much as being formed out of a specific feeling about it: the interplay between the time of day, the height of tide, the color of the shadows and reflections, the feeling for the temperature and movement or stillness of the air, the glow of light discovered in subtle combinations of neutrals recalling Constable's poetic evocations of nature. The shifting movements of space, through accent, brushstroke, varied complex orchestrations of paint, recall some late Manets, not the well-known surface voluptuosities of the Orangerie waterlilies, but rather those later details of his water garden which have but relatively recently been available at the Marmottan Museum and which are more plastic and intimate. Like those Manets, her color chords and passages of paint are not simply hedonistic as painting substance in itself, but are devoted to the description of emotion, mood, association involved with meanings discovered in nature through the transformation of painting language. This is the very opposite of *peinture pure*, rather the kind of painting which by realizing its own nature takes the physical and psychological reality of the world into itself.

Rosemarie Beck's painting is emotional by another route. In the small "Study: Orpheus and Eurydice," a theme to which she has recurred a number of times, the narrative action of the subject does not come first and then dictate a plastic theme, but rather the reverse. The rhythmic distribution of the painting becomes a vehicle for feeling which finds its specification through the subject. Because of this, the protagonists are not shown in a specifically readable event as in the didactic and moralizing paintings of the classical and neoclassical tradition. The formal coming together of the picture elements themselves defines aspiration, desire, mortality and elegiac reverie as felt qualities attributable to such a subject, and which pervade gesture and space as imaginative projections of one's own consciousness of self.

What is touching in this study, as distinguished from her graver, more sustained works where brilliant interactions of color and line weave a more complexly determined theme, is the just coming into awareness of the interplay between description and feeling. The pull apart of the figures diagonally across the space, the boy near, the girl barely readable in the right middle ground, convey in a summary way the parting of lovers (as also in De Chirico's "Hector and Andromache"), the sense of absence, of distance, of reflection on the possibility of apartness even when together. The movement of the painting seems exactly to convey what Aristotle meant by "a movement of the soul," the felt quality of feeling before it is explicable in outward action, the flow of emotion which never achieves its fixation in words so much as in the ongoingness of music, gestural without being explicit and so much richer for the range of implied reference. It is not the reading of the stance of the figures, but rather the whole space and the placements in it which themselves comprise the poetic statement—the planes of land and air and, in a beautiful intuitive flash, the boat heeling slightly in the wind sailing skimming into a larger beyond, imaging that movement of the soul in desire extending out through the imagined dimensions of the world.

Paul Georges' "Portrait of Yvette" is about feeling and gesture, but in the condensed medium of a single glance. With apparently artless spontaneity, subordinate forms are scarcely indicated, while sensitively articulated edges and planes create in the description of the volumes of the head, a unifying gesture which becomes a presence, a consciousness, a sense of self versus another, so what is shown is the observing regard of somebody who is being observed. The few clues, easily and frankly handled with no rhetoric, no problems, are haunting and complex when unified by expression in a way which would be obliterated in a more completely specified work. That it is the domain of the painterly to suggest rather than explicate informs us of a basic truth of consciousness, that its actual content is always of a momentary focus within a contextual field, never an exhaustive inventory of facts. Painterliness, is innately about those moments when awareness is aware of itself, when it comes together as in Monet's "Impression," when it vibrates with the discovery of meaning through the exclusion of the merely factual. If there is a common denominator between this virtually momentary work and some of the more complexly orchestrated structural themes which are to be found in Georges' work as well as in other paintings in the present exhibition, it is that there is something necessarily intersecting between expressive, descriptive and plastic concerns which is summed up in the lyrical attitude itself, which is to say, in those states where "the inner receipt of meaning counts for more than the outward state of affairs, except that it cannot really exist except in intimate relation both with that world, the continuity of which produces what there is to mean, and with the metaphorical role of the language which concretizes it.

If I mention at all my own painting in the exhibition, it will have to be in a different sense than that in which I speak of the others. Of them it is in the nature of an appreciation of something sensed as achieved, of myself of an aspiration or a purpose. In "McCarran Park, Greenpoint," I sought first a subject which was believable in the sense of being continuous with the terms of life which I carry on as an inhabitant of New York. It had to be attractive in the sense of my feeling at ease, natural belonging in, being, in moving through, looking through the space, and with which I could associate my own scale with that of the city. I meant to document myself by the factualness of my feelings. I think this is close to Walker Evans' phrase 'lyrical documentary.'

As a painting problem, I observed that each aspect of description involved choices of meaning and construction. The angles at which I saw, the focus in depth, the discovery of interaction of weights, of color, of sequences and intervals, all could only be checked, not by matching with a fixed projection, but rather by checking and registering was it really Brooklyn, actually this day in spring (in point of fact it was three successive days) and so on.

In structural terms I confess to having encountered similar indecisions about the foreground as [related that Kahn was involved in. For myself at first hand, these were not mere technical problems of "making it work," i.e. getting all the planes to sit together, but more having to do with how the movement of the shape of the canvas as a whole was authentic to my sense of Brooklynness. Each organizing method which I

attempted seemed somehow to deprive it of this veridical quality, so I have left it in what seems to me its most truthful aspect, aware that to some eyes it may not "work." There is to me no disparity at all between this and what I have said about valuing the inner state over outer factuality, or about the structural language informing intention. Without wanting to impose my view on the others, I suspect that this is true for them as well.

The finding is never complete. What is worthwhile is finding degrees of truthfulness with which forms appeal to our sensibilities; these are in essence provisional, mediated by the continuity of the world which holds up unexpected contents to our experience, and by the painting process itself which exposes new modalities of grasp. Re-presentation, presenting again, must therefore be ever resistant to, ever outrunning theorization, since it is always about what is coming into present actuality, capable of discovery in just that particular object and occasion.

WOLF KAHN



2. FALL LANDSCAPE (THE WHITE SHED), 1974
oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches

ROBERT DeNIRO



3. BUFFALO LANDSCAPE, 1969-1974
oil on panel, 30 x 36 inches



4. GREEN WALL AND YELLOW TABLE WITH STILL LIFE, 1974
oil on canvas, 30 x 24 inches

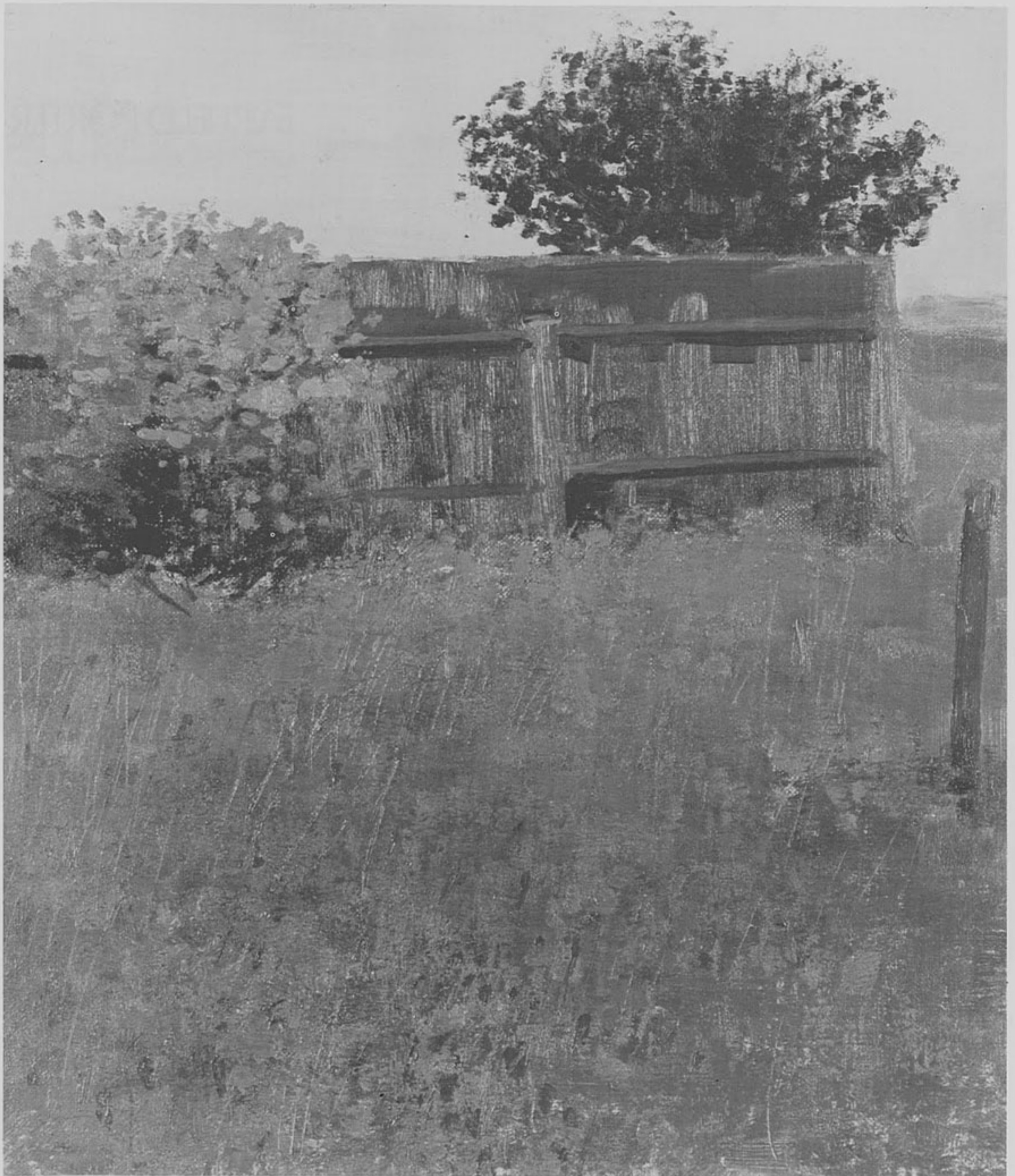
PAUL RESIKA



5. MEADOW, SKOWHEGAN, 1973
oil on canvas, 13 x 18 inches



6. HOUSE IN A THICKET, 1972
oil on canvas, 24 x 30 inches



7. LANDSCAPE WITH FENCE AND BUSHES, c. 1967
oil on panel, 12¹/₄ x 11 inches



8. THE CITY, 1967-1968
oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches



9. FOGGY DAY, 1972
oil on canvas, 18³/₄ x 16 inches

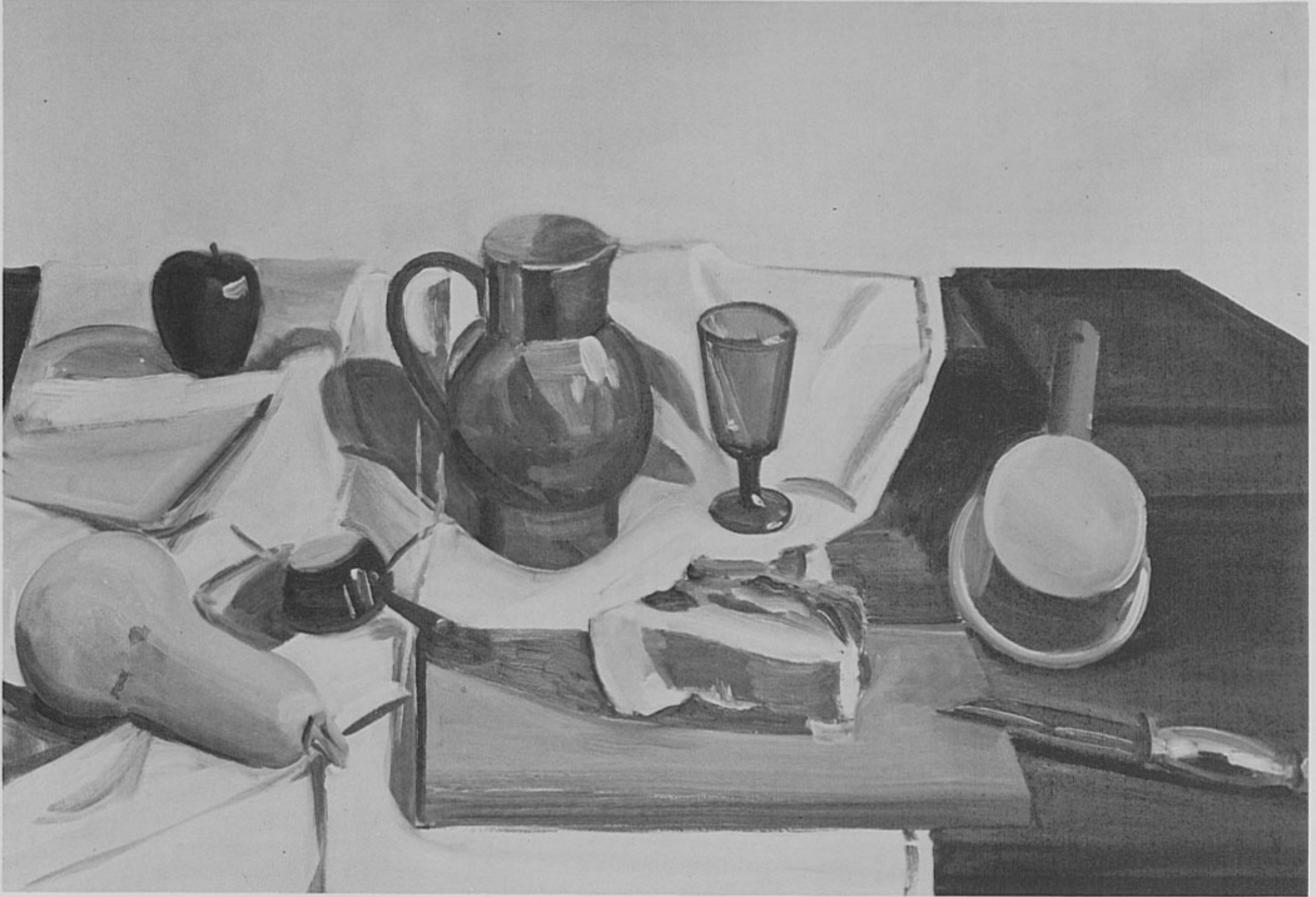


10. UNTITLED, 1961
oil on canvas, 48 x 60 inches

LELAND BELL



11. FAMILY GROUP, 1974
oil on canvas, 25³/₄ x 31³/₄ inches



12. STILL LIFE WITH MEAT, 1974
oil on canvas, 25 x 37 inches

GREटना CAMPBELL



13. COVE, REFLECTIONS: LOW TIDE, 1974
oil on canvas, 46 x 50 inches



14. STUDY: ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE, 1973
oil on canvas, 18 x 24 inches



15. PORTRAIT OF YVETTE, 1975
oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches



16. McCARRAN PARK, GREENPOINT, 1975
oil on canvas, 30 x 32 inches

Catalogue of the Exhibition

ROSEMARIE BECK

Study: Orpheus and Eurydice, 1973
oil on canvas, 18 x 24 inches
Courtesy Poindexter Gallery
Illustration 14

LELAND BELL

Family Group, 1974
oil on canvas, 25³/₄ x 31³/₄ inches
Courtesy Robert Schoelkopf Gallery
Photo: eeva-inkeri
Illustration 11

NELL BLAINE

Green Wall and Yellow Table with Still Life, 1974
oil on canvas, 30 x 24 inches
Collection of Arthur Cohen
Photo: Nathan Rabin
Illustration 4

GRETNA CAMPBELL

Cove, Reflections: Low Tide, 1974
oil on canvas, 46 x 50 inches
Ingber Gallery
Photo: Bevan Davies
Illustration 13

ROBERT DE NIRO

Buffalo Landscape, 1969-1974
oil on panel, 30 x 36 inches
Photo: John D. Schiff
Illustration 3

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN

McCarran Park, Greenpoint, 1975
oil on canvas, 30 x 32 inches
Ingber Gallery
Photo: Bevan Davies
Illustration 16

PAUL GEORGES

Portrait of Yvette, 1975
oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches
Courtesy Green Mountain Gallery
Illustration 15

ELIAS GOLDBERG

The City, 1967-1968
oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches
Courtesy Charles Egan
Photo: O. E. Nelson
Illustration 8

WOLF KAHN

Fall Landscape (The White Shed), 1974
oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches
Courtesy Grace Borgenicht Gallery
Illustration 2

MERCEDES MATTER

Untitled, 1961
oil on canvas, 48 x 60 inches
Collection of the Whitney Museum
of American Art, New York
Photo: Oliver Baker Associates
Illustration 10

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR

Still Life with Meat, 1974
oil on canvas, 25 x 37 inches
Courtesy Robert Schoelkopf Gallery
Photo: eeva-inkeri
Illustration 12

RAOUL MIDDLEMAN

Path to Jetty Beach, 1972
oil on panel, 18 x 23³/₄ inches
Courtesy Allan Stone Gallery
Photo: eeva-inkeri
Illustration 1

FAIRFIELD PORTER

House in a Thicket, 1972
oil on canvas, 24 x 30 inches
Courtesy Hirschl & Adler Galleries
Photo: Helga Photo Studio
Illustration 6

PAUL RESIKA

Meadow, Skowhegan, 1973
oil on canvas, 13 x 18 inches
Courtesy Graham Gallery
Photo: Geoffrey Clements
Illustration 5

HERMAN ROSE

Foggy Day, 1972
oil on canvas, 18³/₄ x 16 inches
Illustration 9

ALBERT YORK

Landscape with Fence and Bushes, c. 1967
oil on panel, 12¹/₄ x 11 inches
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Myron Baum
Photo: Studio Nine
Illustration 7

Painterly Representation was first presented at the Ingber Gallery from November 18 to December 13, 1975. During the next two years, beginning January 15, 1976, the exhibition will travel to the following American colleges and museums:

Arnot Art Museum, Elmira, New York

The Art Academy of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio

Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut

Hobart and William Smith Colleges, Geneva, New York

Indiana University Art Museum, Bloomington, Indiana

Swain School of Design, William W. Crapo Gallery, New Bedford, Massachusetts

Vassar College Art Gallery, Poughkeepsie, New York

Weatherspoon Art Gallery, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, North Carolina

Windham College, Putney, Vermont

For further information regarding this travelling exhibit, contact the Ingber Gallery, 3 East 78th Street, New York 10021, 744-3158.

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