

In Paris Art Galleries

20th-Century French Watercolors

By John Ashberry

PARIS, April 24.—The watercolor medium has never enjoyed a particular vogue with French painters. Except for Delacroix, Boudin and Cézanne, one would be hard put to name a French painter who has exploited it very thoroughly or successfully.

The large show of 20th-century French watercolors at the Galerie des Beaux-Arts offers an unusual slant on a number of well known painters. The exhibition is not entirely 20th century—Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, Pissarro and Boudin can be considered 20th-century painters only through the technicality of their having died in the early 1900's.

Nor is it, strictly speaking, limited to watercolors, since a large proportion of gouaches are included. Gouache, it is true, has a water base, but it is opaque and hence closer in spirit to oil than to watercolor. The transparency of the latter is precisely what constitutes its special attractiveness and its difficulty of handling. Watercolor cannot be corrected: the painter is forced to rely on his reflexes to bring it off, and when he does so we get an impression of spontaneity that oil cannot duplicate.

Especially interesting in this show are a group of Vuillard watercolors. I do not recall having seen any before, and the contrast with the opacity of the waxy medium he usually favored is striking—"Mme. Vuillard's Sewing Room" is a good example—fresh, witty, with vivacious colors and a breathtaking rightness of drawing. Bonnard, on the other hand, seems to have preferred gouache, and he gives it the vapory, luminous quality of his oils.

Signac, one of the most adroit of modern French watercolorists, is well represented with views of Honfleur and St. Tropez, which illustrate his gift for fine, nervous draftsmanship and for heaping



"Mme. Vuillard's Sewing Room" at Galerie Beaux-Arts.

jects is weird and disconcerting, but always entertaining. Dubbed "Erectile Entities" by their author, they fill the gallery with an ominous shuttling sound that suggests a marabunta army on the march.

One is a distorting mirror which moves with diabolical stealth, giving the viewer a jolting, disorienting view of human figures as spheres planted with arrows which occasionally burst ominously. Still

sadistic schoolboy's revenge on the educational system. At other times they strike a deeper note, that of a grim comment on our civilization, which Ezra Pound once summed up as "a few thousand battered books."

Expo Internationale des Arts Beaux-Arts, to May 10.

More revealing are the subtle,

Art and Architecture Vie With Science at Seattle Fair

By Emily Genauer

Special to the Herald Tribune

SEATTLE, April 24.—In a World's

Fair taking as its theme "Man in the Space Age," as does the Seattle exposition, which opened Saturday, art and architecture might have been expected to take a back seat to satellites, missiles and space capsules. They don't.

In a vast project planned to envision the life of man in the 21st century, one might have expected the past to be irrelevant. It isn't.

The most beautiful single structure on the 74 acres is the United States Science Pavilion, designed by the Detroit architect Minoru Yamasaki.

It is, in fact, not one building but a complex of six, grouped around a pool with fountains. It houses an exhibit that tells the story for visitors of average background of the tremendous breakthroughs in the conquest of space. Included is a ten-minute simulated rocket ride.

A Gothic Grandeur

But the buildings themselves—their walls faced with grillwork tracing the outlines of Gothic arches and centering on five 100-foot-tall open towers that rise in clusters of pillars to end in great arched open domes—bring to mind the great Gothic cathedrals of England, notably Wells.

The large open court, where the eye keeps lighting on the endlessly moving but infinitely soothing reflections of rippling water, and the linear shadows of buildings and matching balustrade grillwork, is reminiscent of the Court of the Lions of the Alhambra.

But if the building has its roots in the past, it will also inevitably, as did Edward Stone's United States Pavilion at the Brussels Fair four years ago, affect architecture in the future.

The infinite grace and delicacy of its structure, its combination of

relatively small, consisting of 72 works gathered, with but few exceptions, from museums all over the United States.

Dr. Milliken has made a virtue of necessity. He has accepted as a challenge the increasing reluctance of museums abroad to ship their treasures overseas because of theft and transportation risks and the possible danger from changes in temperature and humidity.

He therefore determined on an exhibition that would point up the great wealth of art owned by museums in this country and in Canada.

Instead of choosing the familiar masterpieces that keep turning up in exhibitions all over the country—less because they are the greatest than because most museum men either don't know about others, or are too lazy to make fresh surveys and selections—he chose in many instances offbeat works from offbeat museums.

But there are also two contemporary art shows at the fair, both titled "Art Since 1950." One is given to American paintings and sculpture and the other to works from Europe.

The former was assembled by Sam Hunter, director of the Rose Museum of Art at Brandeis University; the latter by Willem Sandberg, director of the Stedelijk Museum of Amsterdam.

Both of them are shocking. Practically everything to be seen in both exhibitions is a cliché of the internationally publicized abstract-expressionist movement and all the splinter movements which have shot off from something that was a fragment to begin with.

What is shocking is that two responsible museum men should have dared to present this noisy, already moribund aspect of present-day painting and sculpture under the title "Art Since 1950."

A couple of construction workers at the Fine Arts Pavilion got the point. After observing the mad

Agnes d

By Walter Ter

"PIRACY," says Agnes "is what we are fight." And if anyone thinks piracy is limited to the and to the hijacking of Miss de Mille points out has been subjected to cities large and small, and abroad.

As the first vice-president of the Society of Stage Directors and Choreographers, the you now battling the League of York Theaters (representing producers) to be recognized as bargaining agent for directors and determined that others w

'Izvestia' Sneers At Seattle Fair Vision of Future

From the Herald Tribune

MOSCOW, April 24.—The government paper "Izvestia" today that it is "presenting the Seattle World's Fair" to assume to predict what the future will be like.

In a generally disparaging article from Seattle, "Izvestia" explained that "the geographic world of the future" is the present dream of Washingtonians—there is no room in first countries in this world.

Some of the countries participating in the Seattle "Izvestia" sneered, sent exhibits. Ecuador was the only country criticized by name.

The Soviet newspaper science film and an exhibit on National Aeronautics and Space Administration, but commented that the latter tried to pioneer Russian achievements in space research.

Churchill Home

possible for an American painter to get a show in Paris. Today Americans are quite the thing, and woe betide the dealer whose stable does not include at least one member of "la jeune école américaine."

This week two unusually talented and independent American artists are showing. They are **Kimber Smith** and **Biala**.

Smith shows a group of outside abstract oils in which the predominant colors are gold, silver, yellow, and smoky reds and blues. They are both glamorous and vigorous. He is fond of treating geometrical forms in a loose, lyrical way. "Joan's Garden" is based on a rectangular pattern, but the lines are brushed in softly in a way that suggests the pleasant austerity of a formal garden.

Others, such as "A Night at Solothurn" and "Two Times Yellow," are even freer, but they retain a kind of Euclidean logic which enhances the sensuous colors. (Galerie Lawrence, 13 Rue de Seine; to May 6.)

Biala shows paintings and collages which are free interpretations of nature. Especially original are a series of collages of owls, done with energy and wit, as though Edward Lear had been influenced by Franz Kline.

Her large oils are sublimated impressions of foliage or landscape, and are beautifully painted with a fluid, milky brushwork that is Biala's own. She offers fresh evidence that the dynamism of "New York School" painting can go hand in hand with a deep feeling for natural subject matter. (Galerie Point Cardinal, 3 Rue Cardinale; to May 10.)

The far-out fringe is defended this week by a Belgian, **Pol Bury**, and an Englishman, **John Latham**. Bury's show of motor-driven ob-

Rome's Piazza del Popolo Drawing New Art Galleries

By **Elaine W. Senigallia**

Special to the Herald Tribune

ROME, April 24.—A new cluster of art galleries in Rome has recently been developing in the vicinity of the grandiose Piazza del Popolo, to the surprise of the neighborhood.

While most of the well known galleries in the traditional Piazza di Spagna and Via del Babuino section remain there and wouldn't dream of moving away, there are a number of galleries which have recently opened their doors on two side streets. Via del Vantaggio and Via Brunetti, which run from Via Ripetta to the river, just off Piazza del Popolo.

Offhand, it may be hard to see just why, since both Via del Vantaggio and Via Brunetti are narrow, cobblestone streets where the shops are devoted to the serious business of vegetables, houseware and carpentry rather than the more enticing wares of Via del Babuino or Piazza di Spagna.

Good Reasons

And yet there are good reasons for the shift. Rents are undoubtedly lower, and space is easier to find. Many artists and writers live in the neighborhood, and the two cafes of Piazza del Popolo, Rosati and Canova, are considered literary and artistic centers. Besides, the traffic-choked Piazza di Spagna had reached saturation point.

Among the galleries in this new area, the Nuova Pesa (Via del Vantaggio 46) has been running a series of unusual and interesting shows. A retrospective exhibit of works by Corrado Cagli was followed by one of Mario Sironi. At present paint-

ings by author-artist **Carlo Levi** are being shown.

Of the three exhibits, the one of works by Cagli was the most interesting. This painter, one of modern art's most respected and influential leaders, can do anything so far as technique is concerned, and his enormous ability has been both an advantage and a disadvantage to him.

Looking at the variety of styles contained in the show—which was by no means completely representative, since many of Cagli's phases were not included—the spectator could not help being impressed by the overwhelming skill of the artist, by the complete and effortless mastery of his drawing and painting, and his far-ranging interest in the limitless possibilities before him.

The Sironi show was somewhat disappointing, since comparatively little of his best work was apparently available for it, but as a study of the development of this well known painter's style it was well worth a visit.

The works by Carlo Levi, author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," the story of his exile in southern Italy by the Fascist regime, are from the period 1929-1935. The earliest pictures show a strong Modigliano influence, while among the later ones a luminous self-portrait in red stands out.

Across the street from La Nuova Pesa, Le Jardin des Arts (Via del Vantaggio 1A) has been showing paintings by S. Aro', vivid landscapes and sea scenes in strong colors with white used most effectively for emphasis.

On Via Brunetti, one block closer to Piazza del Popolo, the pleasant little Don Chisciotte Gallery (Via Brunetti 21A) is presenting a group show at present which includes a few paintings by Manlio, whose work is always vigorous and intelligent.

There are at the moment no fewer than five separate art exhibits within the fair grounds in a specially constructed building that will later serve as a civic center.

Art Masterpieces

The most satisfying and significant of the shows by far is entitled "Masterpieces of Art," assembled by a man who is himself an old master at organizing art exhibitions, Dr. William M. Milliken, for 30 years rector of the Cleveland Museum of Art, and presently its director emeritus.

The Old Master exhibition

Book Review

'Sad Heart at the Supermarket' Essays by Poe

A **SAD HEART AT THE SUPERMARKET**. By **Randall Jarrell**. 211 pp. New York: Atheneum. \$4.50

Reviewed

By **Winfield Townley Scott**

NOW and then a book comes along that once again seems to quoting the Concord farmer who, returning Emerson's copy of Plato, said: "I like that book. It has some of my ideas in it."

Poet Randall Jarrell's collection "essays and fables," as he subtitled it, is likely to strike a good many readers that way—readers who like himself, distrust a lot of contemporary ruckus and who persist in trying to determine true values in morals and aesthetics.

And since Jarrell's prose style is justly noted for a sort of fearless and witty clarity, such readers will be entertained even as they are justified and further fortified and enlightened.

"A Sad Heart at the Supermarket" is not so cohesive a collection as his previous essay "Poetry and the Age." It is a mixed bag from which any single

engagements for its highly acclaimed ballet and classical music group.

It accepted Mr. Goodman and just partly to gain these ends.

What did Stalin have against jazz? In the early 1920's, before he established his rigid control over every hour of Soviet life, from factory to music hall, jazz was welcomed import. The late New Orleans jazzman Sidney Bechet toured Russia and influenced many young Russian musicians.

But by the late 1920's Stalin turned suspiciously against all foreign influence. Jazz was banned. The fledgling Soviet jazz bands turned to safe native folk music, and listening to foreign broadcasts was made a crime.

Despite the current relaxation there still are clear misgivings among Soviet officials that too much contact with the West is a bad thing.

Soviet and satellite writers periodically scold youths for affecting Western-style hairdos and blue jeans, for drinking and hooliganism. In the past, attacks on jazz often were rolled into these



Goodman's Trip to Moscow To Reflect Ebb of Stalinism

By **United Press International**

NEW YORK, April 24.—When Benny Goodman blows his clarinet in Russia next month, the walls of the Kremlin will not exactly come tumbling down. But official acceptance is a sign that jazz, along with Stalin's other enemies, is being rehabilitated by the Soviet leaders.

There is no evidence that Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev is any more a jazz fan than Stalin was. Mr. Khrushchev, however, definitely is more sensitive to the still feeble pressures of Soviet public opinion, and makes a practice of responding to it with small and measured concessions.

The reluctant Soviet agreement to accept Mr. Goodman, the king of swing, as part of the official cultural exchange program with the United States is a further concession, as is Czechoslovakia's first jazz festival, also, scheduled for next month.

Mr. Goodman's Soviet tour, however, was not the result of popular demand alone. Russia wanted continued visits of American scientists