



Karl Knaths: *Clock and Crock*, 1966, 42 inches high; at Rosenberg.

Reviews and Previews

grid and system of radiating spokes, presumably as a means of tying together the Neo-Cubist whole. But the diffusion of arbitrarily splayed planes, unevenly dragged with dry paint which leaves ragged edges and destroys their crisp integrity, and the often uncontrolled profusion of color, wreak havoc with the order and clarity usually expected from this veteran abstractionist. More controlled are some paintings from 1966, such as *Clock and Crock*. An understated harmony of quiet greens, purples and whites and a spatial tension between the empty deep sweep on the left and the abrupt space-curtailling curtain on the right directs activity onto the table and animates the surface rather than overcharging it.

K.K.

Walt Kuhn [Kennedy], famous as a painter of clowns, again proves to have been better than his reputation. In a retrospective of drawings and watercolors he was revealed as a master draftsman and a fine colorist, showing delicacy as well as strength, instinct as well as control, whether in the sparseness of his ink line drawings of nudes or the subtle color of his wash studies or the sketchy fragility of a pale pencil drawing of a clown and a dancer in a tent. K.L.

Robert Kulicke's [Kornblee] small oils of zinnias, roses, and one-dollar bills are like discovering a new way to use antimacassars: almost Victorian in their obsessiveness and domesticity. His real talent for fresh, juicy paint surfaces and clear love of subject matter are instantly apparent and attractive.

R.P.

Berto Lardera [Knoedler; Jan. 7-25], well-known Italian sculptor in direct and assembled metal, domiciled in Paris, is seen in three large works, three others of medium size and in photographs showing his sculpture relating to architecture. When large, Lardera has a good sense of scale. He loses this when he works small. Small, his slotted cutouts, his flat, metal planes, sometimes ragged edged, joining to

*First one-man show in New York

after an underground apprenticeship in Chicago as a card-carrying member of the Monster Roster. Her work is unbelievably tawdry but this tawdriness is an essential element in a view of life and art which sees both as a St. Audrey's fair in American terms. A small dark plaque with painted terra-cotta figures seems to be the starting place for complete stage back-drops, life-sized cut-out grotesques, a *Hobby Horse*, peepshows with mechanized puppets, a terrifying *Vermeer Box* and a miscellany of other drawings, paintings etc. Everything has a funky, battered, knocked together appearance. Everything seems to be splattered with paint, and her shrill colors squeak like grass pulled between the teeth. Abe Burrows once wrote a song which began: "It was a Legionnaire with his electric cane/ Who pointed her out to me" and somehow the words sum up the frightening mechanized quality of her disaster area. Yet, like a mutoscope in a penny arcade, the action can be slowed down by cranking more slowly—in other words by simply drifting by, and examining the small works first. There is tenderness here and there which should not be overlooked.

L.C.

Rose Lebow, Malb, Osman Tyner, Vo-Dinh [Duncan; to Jan. 18] work in various mediums. Miss Lebow's monotypes present colors that have been eaten away or could fade away: "fingerprints" of paintings that play the receding depth of light against the print. Malb incorporates found objects—newspaper fragments, bottle-caps—into rough, close paintings of figures and cities: the pictures are small and could themselves be used as found objects. Tyner uses tempera and ink to present what looks like balls of wound string curved over the canvas. Vo-Dinh offers delicate landscapes of Pennsylvania, intricate shapes floating on thin, almost transparent sheets of color.

V.H.A.

Raymond Legueult* [Acquavella; to Jan. 4], now in his seventies and enjoying a distinguished reputation in France, shamelessly embraces all the seductions of those late flowerings of the French tradition defined by the color that erodes drawing in Bonnard, and the decorative levity in Dufy—in spite of all pronouncements on the impossibility of this position. In this large show of recent oils and watercolors the results are as excruciating as an imaginary flirtation: the lush passages of yellow, rose and white which dominate everywhere seem to be so nearly divorced from construction, so tenuously held together, that the diaphanous vision is in the very act of evaporation; it only barely gives credence to these idle girls "*au corsage jaune*," the breathless days on deserted beaches, the private tutors repeating lessons in who knows what refinements of civilization.

R.D.

Harry Leigh [Brata; Jan. 3-23] is showing a forest of plywood sculpture which, though perhaps Minimal by definition, is rich and oddly lyric. Most of the pieces form Y's in one way or another and all are covered with a flat black house paint that gives them a remarkably soft and elegant quality which somehow mitigates their essentially Hard-Edge nature. These are beautifully carpentered pieces and Leigh, a painter turned sculptor, has a keen eye for proportion and scale.

M.L.

Inverna Lockpez* [de Mena; to Jan. 4] is Cuban-born and has designed theater sets. Her paintings present semi-figurative abstractions that swirl and dance—sometimes with sinister overtones—over the surface of the canvas.

J.P.

Sven Lukin [Pace], early shaped-canvas exponent [see A.N., Mar. '66] whose last show snaked out from the wall and across the gallery floor, now pulls his work back onto a single plane, onto the wall, and does all with illusions—of space, depth, mass, weight. Physically, the enamel and/or acrylic on