

The Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

AN EXHIBITION ORGANIZED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF CIRCULATING EXHIBITIONS

The Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller

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PREFACE

There are larger collections of American pictures of the late 1940s and 1950s both in private and public hands, but nowhere, neither in a museum nor in a dwelling, have I seen a gallery of recent American paintings to match the big living room of Ben and Judy Heller. There a grand array of imposing canvases, interrupted by windows looking over Central Park and a few monumental primitive sculptures, creates an effect somewhat overwhelming but very beautiful.

Much has been written — and with good reason — about the courage, the all-out commitment, the moral intensity of the American action painters. Something of their spirit affects a few of their patrons. I have rarely known an amateur more deeply and intensely involved in his collecting than Ben Heller. Enthusiasm tempered by critical anxiety and patient, empirical study mark his passionate search. In this pursuit Judy Heller has been a responsible partner. The superb quality of their pictures by Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Still, Kline and the others are their reward. Quality, yes, and grandeur too, for most of the painters here represented are at their best working in large scale. The Hellers were among the first collectors to accept this inconvenient circumstance, not as exceptional but as normal. Even in their former and smaller apartment they accommodated or, more precisely, domesticated canvases which only a few years before seemed enormously too big for the ordinary New York interior.

Their collection has placed a certain burden on Mr. and Mrs. Heller. New York has five public museums (and will shortly have a sixth) more or less concerned with twentieth-century art, but in none of them can one count on seeing at a given moment a really representative collection of recent American painting, particularly by those still controversial artists who have won fame and influence to a degree quite unprecedented in the history of our country. Critical lack of space is a serious factor in this sad state of affairs — and so is the constant demand from abroad to lend abstract expressionist paintings. In any case, when a visitor, American or foreign, or even a New Yorker, asks where he can see the best accessible collection of American action paintings in New York, one's first thought is the Hellers' apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Heller have been generously hospitable to a steadily increasing num-

ber of visitors, but it is not easy for any household to suffer such continual invasion of privacy. Their predicament, though flattering to their taste and judgment, has contributed to their decision to offer the better part of their collection for a tour among museums in other American cities. But this is not their only reason. They are interested in younger artists as well as the now established painters whose reputations date back ten or fifteen years. They need some wall space to try out more of the new painting of the sixties. However they are moved primarily by their belief that other communities may welcome a chance to see their pictures.

Abstract expressionism or action painting, like all powerful movements, has inspired so much bitter debate and generated so vast a body of mediocre and bad imitators that it is particularly important now to see it at its best. Mr. and Mrs. Heller offer an opportunity to do just that. The Museum of Modern Art, which in the past has imposed so frequently upon their generosity for loans to be sent abroad by its Department of Circulating Exhibitions, is now delighted to send on tour in our own country these magnificent American paintings.

*Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Director of the Museum Collections
The Museum of Modern Art, New York*

A COLLECTOR'S VIEWPOINT

Of course, no collector likes to be called one. There is something about the word and its use which denies a real love of art, which imputes the meanest motives to the activity. But what other than collecting can one call the continual accumulation of objects and experiences, that ever-widening desire whose contagion spreads into almost every part of one's life, whose virulence destroys prudence and discretion, whose passion creates a will and a world of its own?

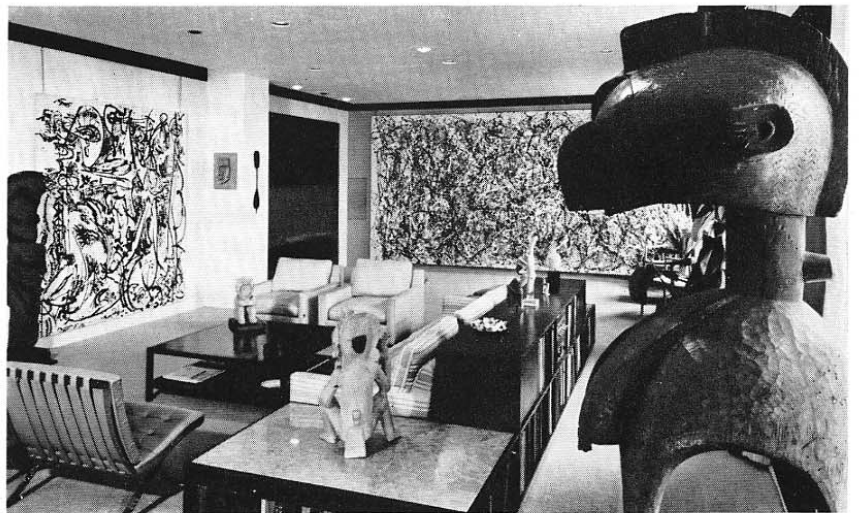
I cannot today tell why I wanted to buy our first painting, although I remember the circumstances very clearly. I cannot fathom at all my willingness to spend a major portion of our resources, although I can readily understand how I came to be interested in early twentieth-century painting. (We had a cubist Braque, a Soutine *Butcher Boy*, a Modigliani nude.) But once started, once committed, once caught up in an interest in modern painting and ancient and primitive sculpture, I became so deeply obsessed by this involvement that it not only went far beyond anything I could have imagined, it often became a burden from which I wished to be released. Collecting led me, drove me, into experiences that were, and are, crucial to my life.

My wife and I became involved in contemporary painting more despite our interest in ancient and primitive sculpture than because of it. This may seem strange, given the history of twentieth-century art, but, for us, one of the most meaningful qualities of these sculptures was that each work of each artist was needed, belonged to, and was understood by its culture. We thought that the contemporary artist was a superb technician but that he had been thrust by society to its outermost edge and had, therefore, little contact with his fellows. Wandering around museums and galleries we could not help seeing contemporary work; it affected us, but with little indication of depth or permanence. We found it brilliant, hard, surface, brittle, and attributed its effect partly to our continual looking, partly to its being the art of our time which expressed some of the pace, confusion, loneliness and struggle characteristic of today. Despite our skepticism and resistance we bought a few paintings. The experience was not a happy one for the paintings did not hold up; they seemed to lack the validity of the works we had at home. And so we let them go.

Nevertheless we kept on looking. We couldn't help ourselves. Somehow the paintings, insistent, gave off sparks that moved us, that forced us to continue, that made us react. We began to consider the possibility that some of these sparks were more than transient and that we, not the paintings, had been at fault. Perhaps we had selected poorly; perhaps we had not been ready or able to see what was there to be discovered. And so we persisted, looked and looked again. We questioned not just what we saw but why, why it was so important to us to find out, why it was so necessary to see and study, to come into contact with the creative experiences of the past and present. Slowly (over about four or five years), I came to understand what I wanted, why I wanted. Slowly I gained confidence in my "eye." I remember looking at a Rothko for several months (then there was time and quiet to contemplate) and worrying because I found it too beautiful. It was too pretty, too sweet; I knew that modern art was problematical and that anything "soft" would fade. I did not look at the painting for several months until, one day, three months later, I asked to see it again. It shone! My first instincts had been correct. I sent it home and we have been in love with it ever since. (Unfortunately this canvas could not be shown here as it is traveling in a Rothko show currently touring Europe.)

I should like to mention another experience related to the purchase of a painting. We had been looking for some time for "our" Pollock. During a visit to Easthampton I took the bull by the horns and, nervously I admit, called Jackson. He invited us to visit with him and his wife, Lee Krasner. After chatting for a while in the house, we were invited into the studio and, there, upon the wall was the giant canvas *One*. We looked at many paintings that afternoon, but always my gaze returned to *One*. I was stunned by it. It was, of course, too big for us, but so intense was the experience, so excited were we, that we asked if we could buy the painting. How pale are the words buy and sell! How inadequately they describe the feelings which are finally consummated in a purchase! Buying *One* was an act of faith. It involved all of us: Jackson and Lee, my wife and I. It was more money than we had spent on any work of art; it was more than Jackson had ever received for a painting. All of us knew this and were glad of it. *One* was also, I believe, the largest contemporary painting to go into private hands, and it was important for people to know that such a work could be hung in a home. But most significant to us were, naturally, the private, not the public effects. Buying a painting as large as *One* meant that we would have to live up to the work, that we would have to enlarge our living space to do it justice, that we would always have to have that kind of space. Its size proportionately increased the amounts of sarcasm, criticism and rejection we received for Jackson because it was so inviting a target, too big to be ignored. But most important of all was the day-to-day living with a creation of such dominance (Paul Brach once called it "a window on the world"). It was the first of our truly large paintings and from it we learned how penetrating, changing, enlarging and vital an experience living with such a painting is. From its acquisition we came to a new understanding of the import of an act, of risk. Through it Jackson and I became friends.

Because of Pollock and Rothko and because of the other American painters, my wife and I found that our initial ideas about contemporary painting were both inadequate



THE HELLER APARTMENT

From top to bottom: entrance hall; living room seen from north; living room seen from south.

and inaccurate. We found the recent American painting experience to be rich and varied, and extremely expressive. To us the painters were not so much a group or movement as a series of individuals whose work had extraordinary depth and range of feeling. Each time we went to Europe we went to see the old masters: we went to the Prado, the National Gallery, to Colmar, to Bruges. We tried to keep our minds open, to make them like blank negatives, sensitive to new impressions. Each time we wondered how the paintings at home would look after this severest of tests. And each time they looked beautiful; each time we were convinced anew.

While in Europe, or in New York, we looked at the work of the European contemporaries. Without trying to be chauvinistic or collectors of American art only, we simply could not really respond to the Europeans, with three exceptions: de Staël, Dubuffet, and Giacometti. Of these Giacometti has always moved us most. I mention this because people are so interested in the “why” of a collection, in what one doesn’t have as well as what one does. They seldom realize that a collection invariably takes its own course and shape. We sold or traded our Braque, Soutines, Mirós, etc. to make way for new works of art. It wasn’t that we had outgrown them, as someone once suggested (for how can one outgrow beautiful paintings?), but we wanted new experiences and were simply unable to afford both. In a way it can be said that the old paintings paid the way for the new and I cannot be sad at this because we retain the impressions, the experiences of these first works, and at the same time have the excitement and challenge of the new ones. Similarly, we have not stopped at the American “old masters” but continue to look at, speculate about, and buy the work of a variety of newer (and often younger) painters.

Collecting has been good to us. It has taken us many places; it has shown us new worlds. It has introduced us to people from everywhere; it has given us friends whom we would never have met otherwise. We have had fun watching the twists and turns of the market, anticipating the new myths, the re-examined heroes. We have gained a knowledge of the peoples of the past. Through this contact we know more of the differing and similar ways man has tried to meet the questions and problems of his existence. We know the pleasure of the aesthetic emotion. Most of all, we have learned something of the *process* of artistic creation: that mysterious procedure unknown before, random during, logical after the fact; sometimes directed, often directing; a force which may need to be bullied or coaxed, which erupts at times and places of its own choosing in spite of or in response to a call; a flow which has its own life, its own justification, which is its own world. Through it I have gained new knowledge of the world, a sense of life’s rhythm, understanding of myself. Through it my life has been and will be richer than it could ever have been if it had been deprived of this imaginative world.

One last thing. More than owing the artists a great personal debt, more than having many for good friends, I know something of their commitment to their life and work, of its burdens as well as its rewards; I know of their loneliness, pain and fears, of their patience, stubbornness and desperation. I know, too, of my need for their work. I salute their struggle.

Ben Heller

INTRODUCTION

The Pre-Columbian, African, and ancient sculpture that so effectively complements abstract painting in Mr. and Mrs. Heller's New York apartment has not been included in this exhibition, nor has work by the younger generation of American painters. A few other noteworthy works are unfortunately missing. But incompleteness, we hope, is compensated for by concentration: the earliest work in the exhibition is Gorky's large drawing, *Summation*, of 1947; the most recent is Rothko's *Four Darks in Red*, of 1958. The decade bracketed by these dates is unique in American art history: they were years when a new kind of painting, as startling abroad as it was at home, blossomed, withstood storms of public and critical abuse, and became so hardy it could not be uprooted. When the exhibition *THE NEW AMERICAN PAINTING*, organized by The Museum of Modern Art, toured European countries in 1958-59, Will Grohmann, historian as well as critic, observed that "for the first time in the history of art, personalities are emerging that are not influenced by Europe, but, on the contrary, influence Europe, including Paris."¹

To suggest that any one collector's choices, knowing though they may have been, can adequately typify abstract painting of the 1950s would of course be false: the Hellers' selections were personal and empathic, not statistical. Hofmann, Tobey, Bazziotes, Brooks, and Francis, for example, are not represented; Pollock, Rothko, and Newman dominate the walls. Yet, these special conditions recognized, the historical impact of this exhibition remains; it gives striking, if not exhaustive, evidence of both the appearance and the mediating principles of the new painting, in examples that range from fine and characteristic to masterful and sumptuous. Among such a group of pictures, the mind unconsciously moves from individual works to consideration of their affinities for each other. As a basis for discussion therefore, it should be worthwhile to isolate, not systematically but following a path of associations unhampered, a few qualities they have in common, and some in which they differ.

Monumental scale, or — as both Mr. Heller and Mr. Barr have emphasized — sheer

¹ *Der Tagesspiegel* (Berlin) Sept. 7, 1958. Quoted in *The New American Painting*, New York, The Museum of Modern Art, 1959, p. 10.

expanse of canvas, separates certain of these canvases from the easel pictures of the past, and perhaps also those of the future. (Pollock's *One* and Newman's *Vir Heroicus Sublimis* each measures over seventeen feet.) The counterpart of their size, and what dramatizes it, is their abstractness and relative emptiness. It is as if, having abandoned the careful shading and representation that in the painting of the past gave an illusion of reality in a stage-like space, these artists were forced to enlarge the picture surface proportionately, adding to flat extension the dimensions that were lost when deep recession was sacrificed. But for them abstraction relates to content as well as form. With perhaps the exception of Reinhardt, they have denied an interest in geometric abstractness as a goal. Rothko, Still, and Newman have publicly, and with brutal lack of equivocation, detached themselves from the European development toward purism that began with Cézanne and culminated in the last European works of Mondrian. Their simplicity of form is a sharp break with what Newman calls "the grip of geometry" and "a canopy of triangulation."² Starkness of image can be the corollary of intense feeling, of drama as timeless as that of Oedipus or Moses, of an aggressive assertion of the self, or of a subjective immersion of the ego in the extent and power of nature: an immensity of feeling characterized by Robert Rosenblum as "the abstract sublime."³

In addition to unprecedented scale and a new subjective abstractness, Pollock, de Kooning, Kline, and Guston have given a new emphasis to the activity of painting — a final stage in the elevation of process to the level of subject matter. The idea of painting as process, with its accompanying existential and biological references, was never posed more sharply than in New York after 1945. Today the idea of painting as physical gesture has been so cheapened by journalistic cant and countercant as to be temporarily indigestible. It is heartening to know (as we discovered when the canvases of van Gogh emerged unharmed from years of commercialization, distortion, and sentimentalization) that intrinsic value can remain intact. To look again at de Kooning's *Woman, Wind and Window*, or *Village Square*, monumental despite their small size, is to witness at first hand a transformation, through skill, sensitivity, identification, and structural sense, of gesture into object; to see painterly sensibility maintained, like a ball bouncing on a fountain, at a vital center bounded by the forms of architecture, breathing bodies, landscape, and geometry. The soft bulks in Gorky's *Summation*, powerfully delineated in his sure line, are even more voluptuous than de Kooning's shapes, but the structure that controls them is less cubist. For Gorky, moreover, the automatic method of Breton was primarily a liberation of sensibility, mind, and eye — a means of finding a new morphology; for de Kooning it became (at one pole of his activity) a manner of painting. The fluid style, which in modern art was initiated by Goya and Delacroix, continued by van Gogh, the German expressionists, Kandinsky, Soutine, Miró, and Masson, had its ultimate outcome in the dance, drip, and flow by which Pollock evolved paintings like *One* and *Blue Poles*. Because of the shock of his radical method it was at first difficult to see the striking images that resulted. Today, as Ben Heller says, it is hard to remember, while admir-

² *The New American Painting*, p. 60.

³ Robert Rosenblum, "The Abstract Sublime," *Art News*, vol. 59, no. 10, Feb. 1961, p. 39.

ing these sumptuous wall paintings, the process of their formation. It is easy to forget that the taut lines and the ingratiating dove gray, blues, tans, and chocolate browns of *One* are the outcome of an explosive catharsis within an artist who, just at the time when the technique of dripping was beginning in 1947, was described by Clement Greenberg as “morbid” and “Gothic,” related to Faulkner and Melville, whom he cites “as witnesses to the nativeness of such violence, exasperation and stridency.”⁴

The gargantuan brush gestures of Kline’s superb *Untitled “Diagonal”* originated outside the picture space, to collide at precisely the right point. Stripped of the seductiveness of color, the great black strokes crash like thunder. The impeccable adjustment of dark patterns to light, and the vertical runs of paint, seem unintentional; they are totally without the effete attention to tasteful arrangement that marks the work of followers. One must look to the painting of China and Japan to find artists who have expected as much of the brush as have the Americans of the fifties. Smashing and extroverted in the works of Kline, brushstrokes for Guston are records of search. They proceed slowly and powerfully, but often almost fearfully. Like de Kooning and Gorky, Guston remains in contact with tradition. The awkward, scratchy strokes of ink in his *Drawing* (1953), like the “unraveled hemp” of Sung and Yüan painters, came from a dry and irregularly spread brush. The image they form, however, is vignettted and ordered as in certain water colors of Cézanne, and it seems to describe a detail of landscape. In the rich pigment of the paintings, weavings of such strokes result in a more abstract image, and their reference is more psychological. Were it not for its center of concentration the earlier canvas, *Zone*, could be described as “impressionist”: it creates an effect of light, that is to say, with broken brushstrokes; but the light is internal, almost mystical; a pale but suffused red that, if it were not cooled by the fog that permeates it, would resemble fire. For one who has watched Guston’s work change from year to year the two canvases here, of 1954 and 1957, are like moments in a continuous process in which individual works (to use the title of the later canvas) give seismographic “evidence” of unending experience. The unresolved striving of the central shapes in *The Evidence* is matched by the heaviness of their reds and browns; blackened and dulled by complements, they seek to locate themselves within a field of muddy gray that, materialized inertia, presses around them. The twisting strokes move painfully, as if directed by the hand of a surgeon performing an operation on himself.

Motherwell has written eloquently on the process of painting, on the burial of accidents beneath alterations and corrections, and on the joyous stimulation offered by pigments and papers. His *Collage*, of 1949, demonstrates the finesse with which he can give order to random roughness, controlling torn edges and splotched paper by judiciously placed ruled edges, and by adjustments recalling cubism and the art of Matisse. Close to each other in tone, and loosely laid over each other, soft white rice paper, wrapping paper, and paper painted with ochres and tans, state the tangibility of the surface. *Wall Painting* (1954) also represents Motherwell at his best. Its black shapes, too somatic and active to remain abstract, impinge, destroying an ochre band

⁴ Clement Greenberg, “The Present Prospects of American Painting and Sculpture,” *Horizon* (London) nos. 93-94, Oct. 1947, p. 26.

by a mechanism like humanized clockwork. His ability to moderate tragic subjects, or an intentional abandonment of *métier*, by discipline and elegance points to a theme of confronted contradictions inherited, in part, from dada, and operative in de Kooning's indecision, the ambiguous morphology of Gorky, and also in the work of Rothko, Reinhardt, and Gottlieb. The creation of an organic art by means of geometric elements, for example, was an avowed aim of Tomlin. As his *Painting Number 15*, his last, makes clear, he was more civilized, more involved with taste than the other post-war painters, with color as beauty, and with tone as relationship. Opposition and dichotomy, crises of existence for de Kooning, in Tomlin's painting are aesthetic considerations. Curving and free lines and strokes alternate with plus-and-minus rhythms reminiscent of Mondrian, and adjustment of color, structure, and value is infinitely subtle.

It is characteristic of the painting of the fifties that personal images born of emotion and self-assertion seem finally to relate to nature, giving the subjective process of their origination an analogy with natural processes. Pollock's *One*, contained by the whipped trajectories of its black lines, is dynamic both visually and as gesture. It can remain flat or become spatial in conformity with the location and sensitivity of a spectator. Pollock was deeply involved with nature — with the sea, near which he lived on Long Island, and with the open spaces of his native Wyoming. To him the title *One* was a recollection of the sense of harmony with the world that he felt as a boy and later lost, but which returned to him while working on the large dripped paintings. To discover thickets, grasses, or other natural references in these immense canvases is not, therefore, a falsification.

Clyfford Still's work has led more than one observer to see in it the topography and grand scale of eroding mountains, glaciers, or other desolate and forbidding terrain. *Number 2*, (1949), the only painting by him in the Heller Collection, magnificently demonstrates the sublimity of his abstraction, which makes no reference whatsoever to cubism or to any other aspect of European tradition. The sullen red that covers this canvas, untouched by the brush, has been pressed flat and clotted with a palette knife. The torn black shapes that appear on it (or *in* it, for the red can look like a viscid liquid) resemble some configuration of islands in the Pacific or Indian Ocean. Behind the canvas surface, darkening and graying the sea of red where they appear, are shapes already flooded by the awesome rise of inundating fluid. . . . But this metaphor carries naturalization too far, for seen again, these adjacent areas, their harsh edges painted now from one side and now from the other, imply neither overlapping, recession, nor, oddly, even flatness. Such an imaged response, however, in the gigantic forms and ineluctable processes it suggests, sets the scale and, in terms of nature, indicates the power emitted by this work.

To associate Newman's uniformly toned abstractions with nature, it may seem, would be to overextend even a metaphor. *Adam* is a placement of three red verticals on a warm ground. The eighteen-foot *Vir Heroicus Sublimis* is a wide field of red interrupted by five bands varying in tone and width. Yet, against these verticals, the hot expanse can confront an audience by its emptiness and boundlessness. Expanse and emptiness are realities; like the mysticism of Plotinus, Eckhart, or Taoism, works

like these force us to face the meaning of nothingness, of the void. *Vir Heroicus Sublimis*, Rosenblum says, “puts us before a void as terrifying, if exhilarating, as the arctic emptiness of the tundra.”⁵

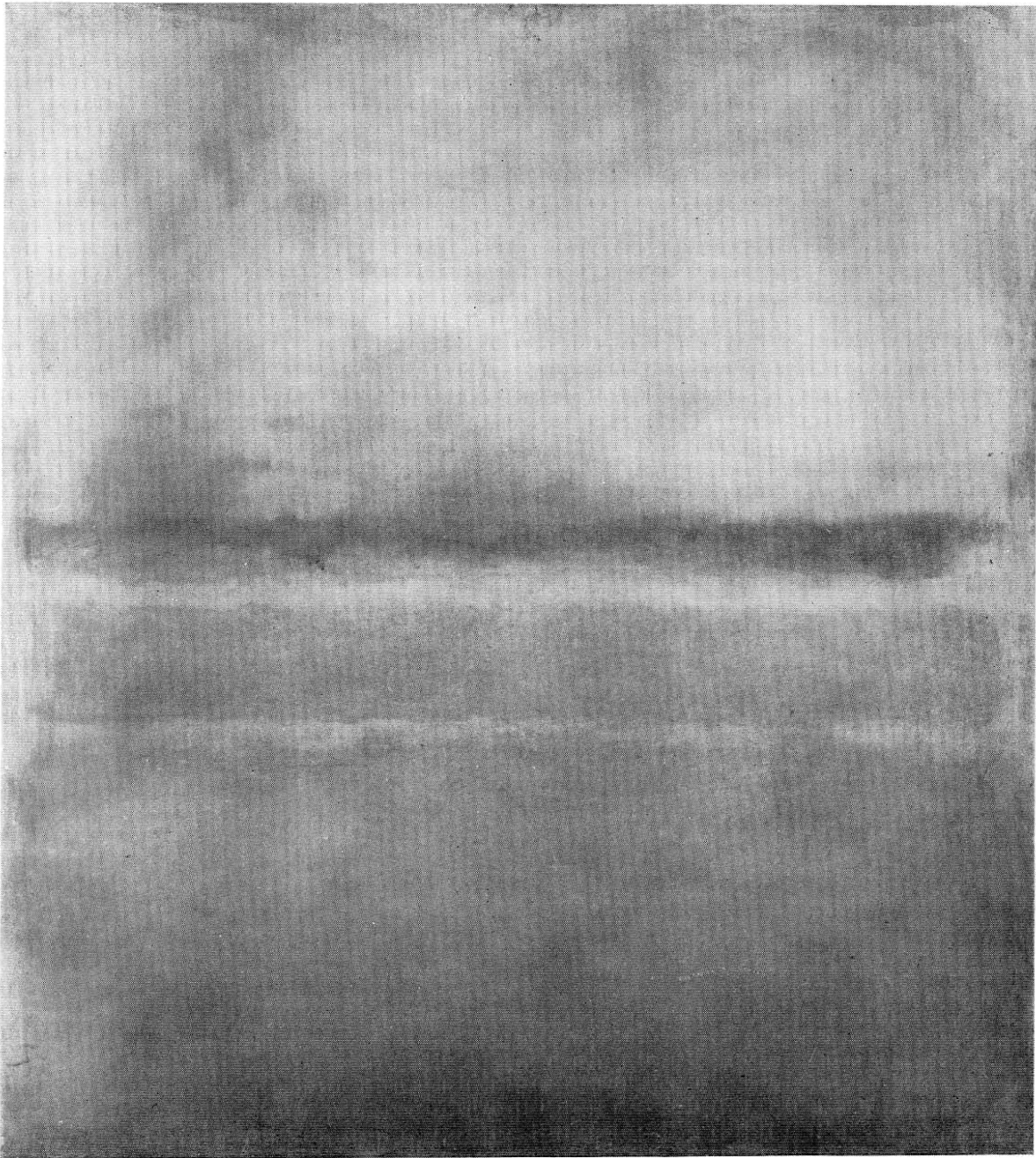
Rothko is richly represented here by six beautiful and major canvases. (A seventh, *Number 10*, 1953, is illustrated in this catalog, but is not in the exhibition.) In that each contains two, three, or four soft-edged rectangles of color that cross the composition horizontally, one picture resembles another. But it is precisely this rigorous limitation of image that brings about their unprecedented dominance and their difference from each other. They function between what Max Kozloff calls “Rothko’s stunning combination of Puritanic restrictions and lavish self indulgence,”⁶ and between other opposites including movement and immobility, surface and depth, dramatic content and spare abstractness. Feelings which range from gaiety and brightness to tranquility, from drama to curdled and inchoate depression, saturate the browns and pinks, bright or muddy crimsons, mustards and vermilions, earth greens, and unnamable grays and blues of the superimposed bars. No painter has ever packed such a varied repertoire of moods into as simplistic — though endlessly nuanced — a manner. Rothko composes with modulated color areas; but once kindled to life by a willing spectator their flat surfaces can become translucent or transparent, light up from within, or cease to exist. By their relation to each other space is established, readjusted, and subsequently, as vision changes, is revised. Revealing or obscuring veils of tone can become as massive as blocks of concrete.

The new American painting, it is apparent, has both native and international roots and attachments. In contrast with artists such as Gorky, de Kooning, and Motherwell who continued, altered, or augmented the postimpressionist tradition, others, especially Rothko, Newman, and Still, set themselves against it. By unilateral pronouncements, and by castigation of the normal give and take of the art scene, these three are established on high places erected by their indomitability as well as by their works. Such sureness of mission was necessary during the years in which universal rejection gradually shaded into controversial adulation. It was the boldness of these three, and of de Kooning, Kline, and the other leaders of the fifties, and their readiness to violate traditions and challenge canons of taste, that enabled them to establish and consolidate the international status American painting has now attained.

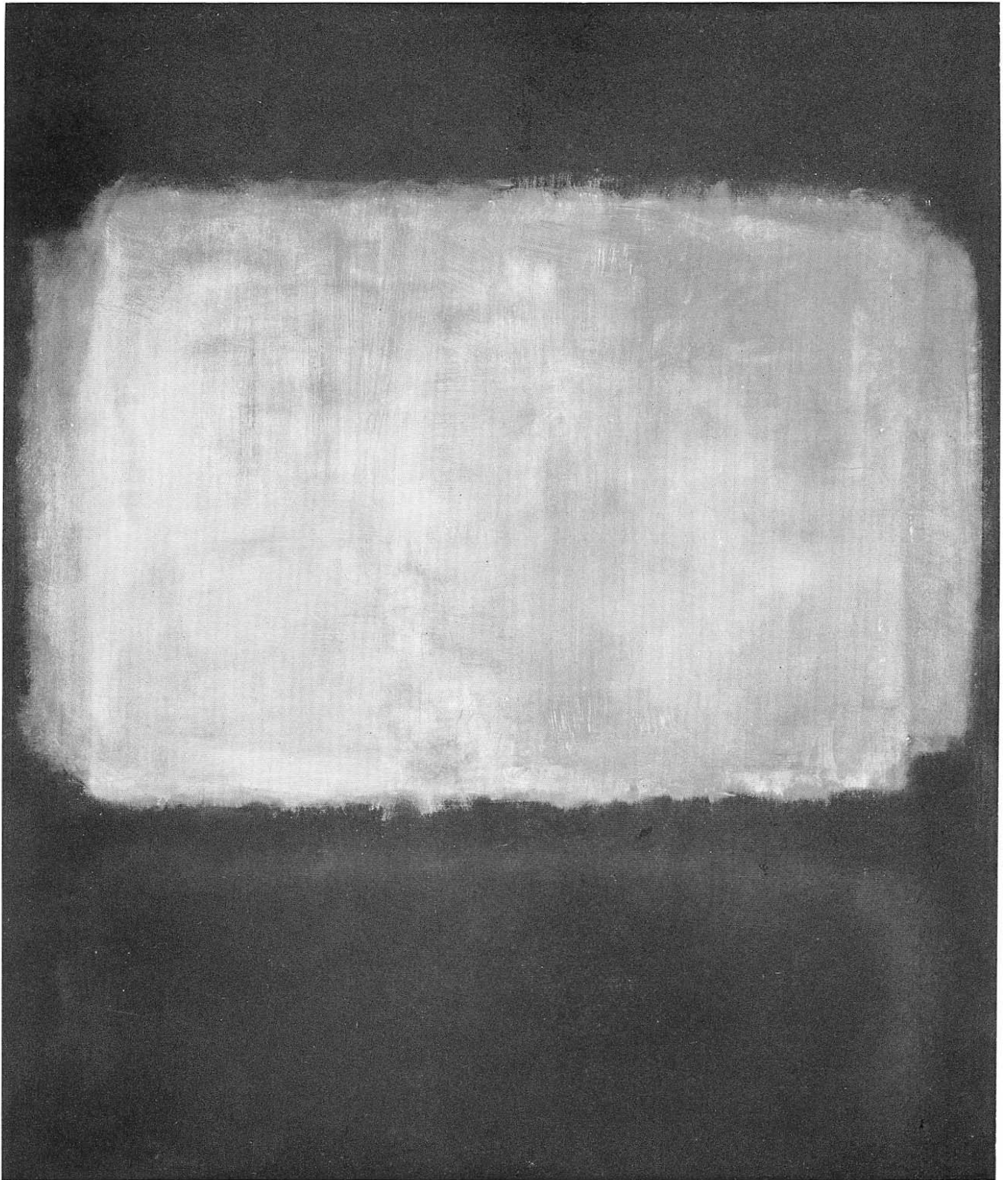
*William C. Seitz, Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions
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⁵ Rosenblum, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

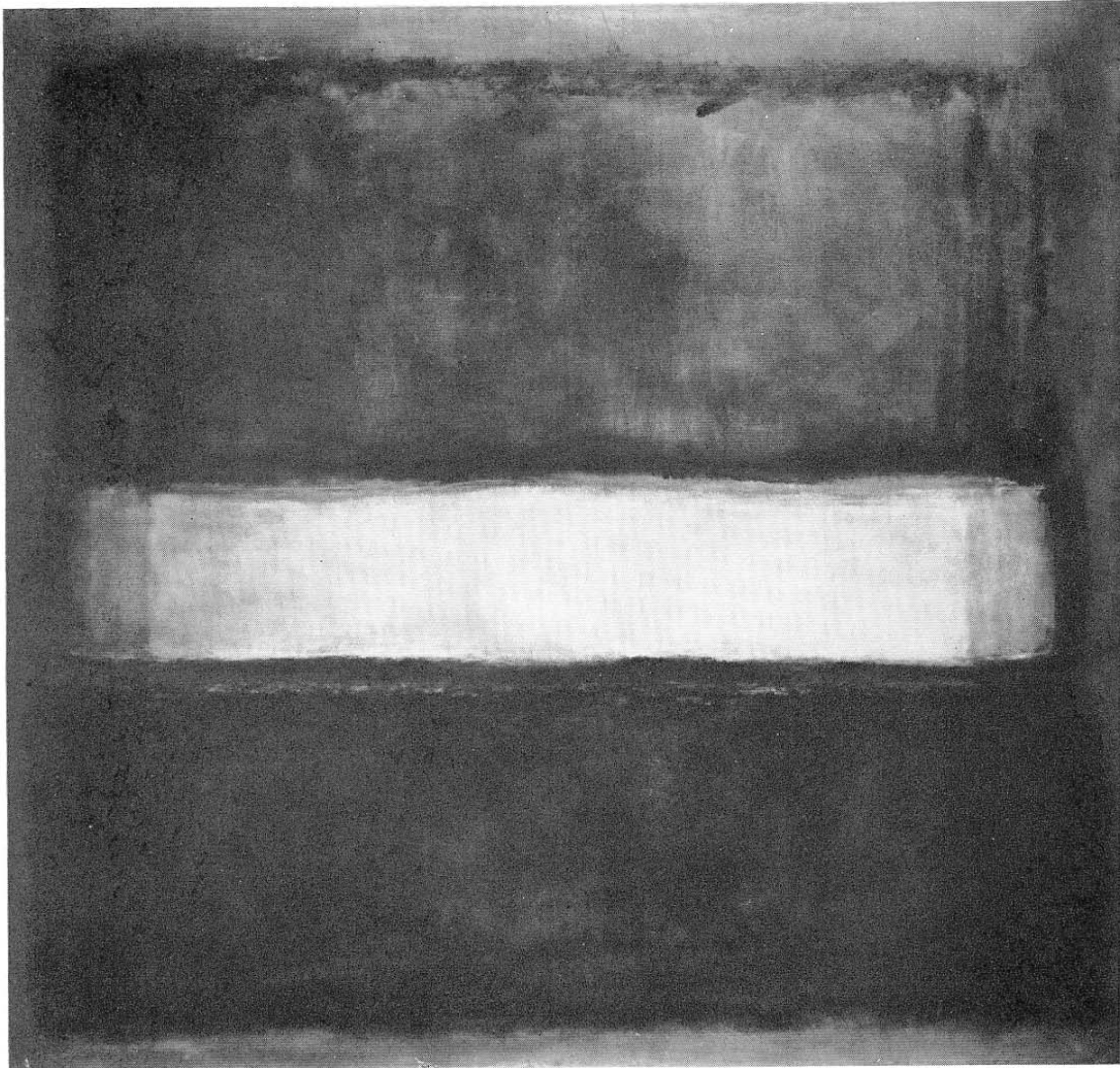
⁶ Max Kozloff, “Mark Rothko’s New Retrospective,” *Art Journal*, vol. 20, no. 3, Spring, 1961, p. 149.



Mark Rothko. *Number 10*. 1953. Oil on canvas. 76½" x 67½" (Painting not in exhibition)



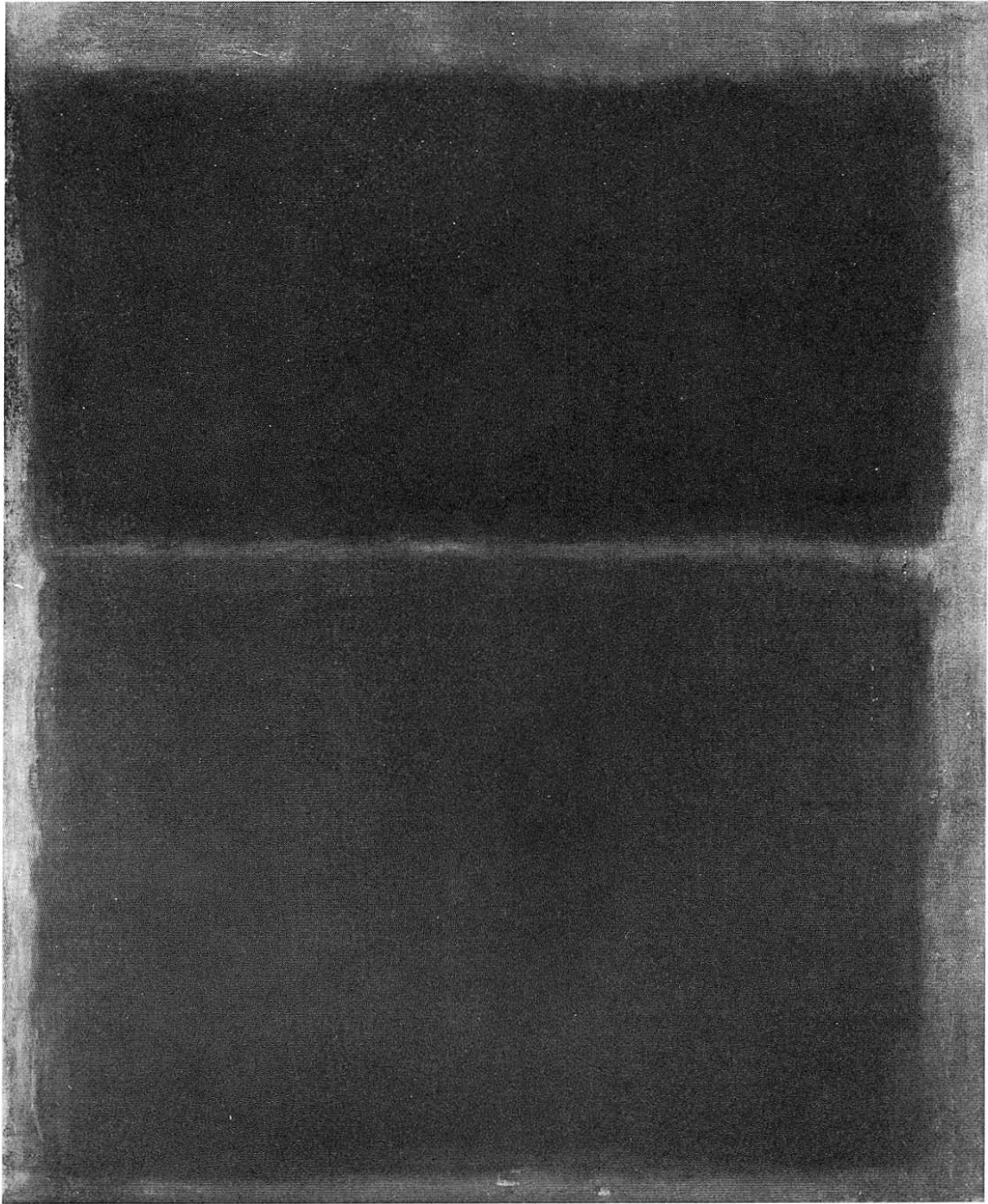
Mark Rothko. *Browns*. 1957. Oil on canvas. 91 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 76 $\frac{1}{8}$ "



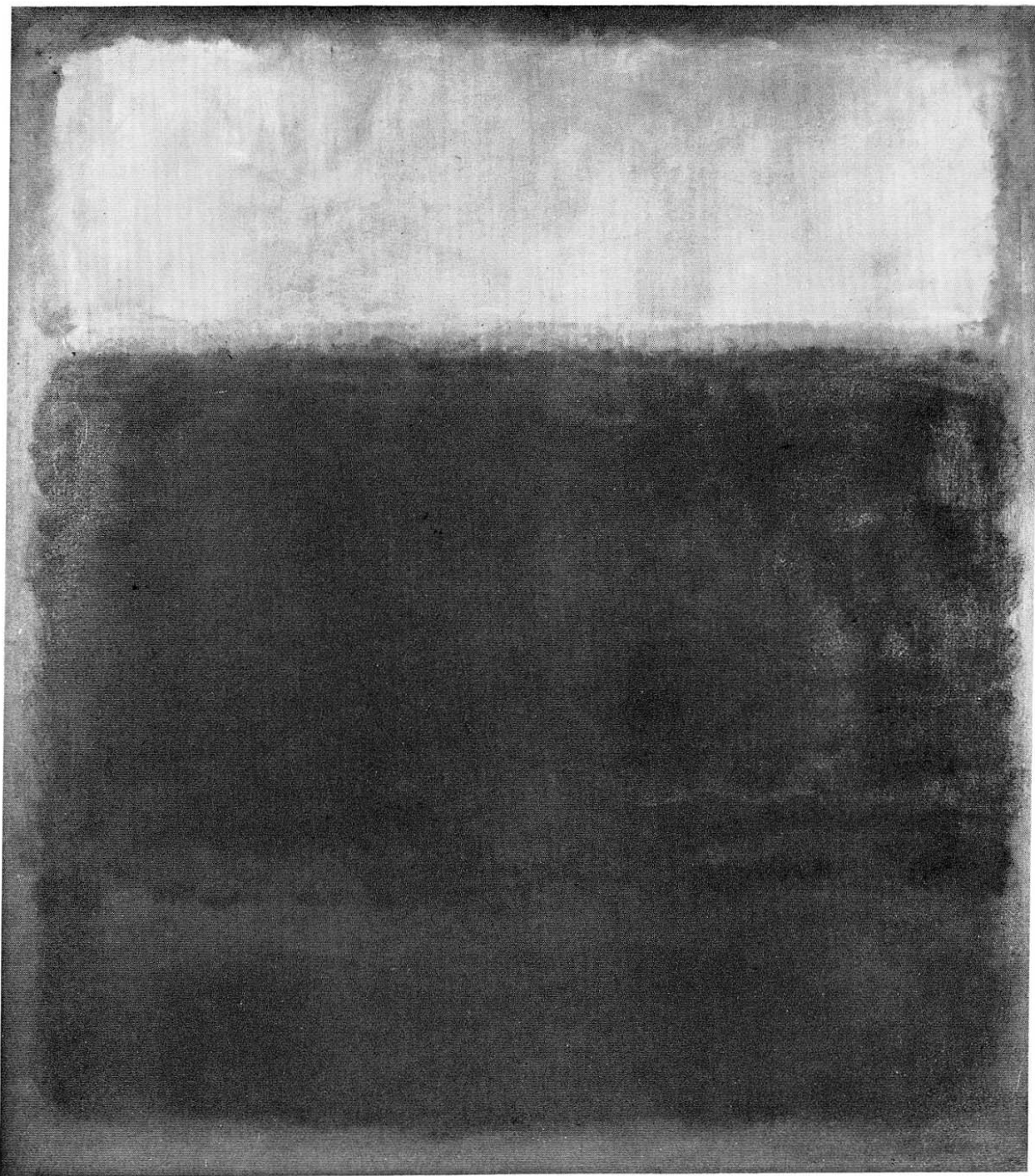
Mark Rothko. *Number 27*. 1954. Oil on canvas. 81" x 86 $\frac{5}{8}$ "



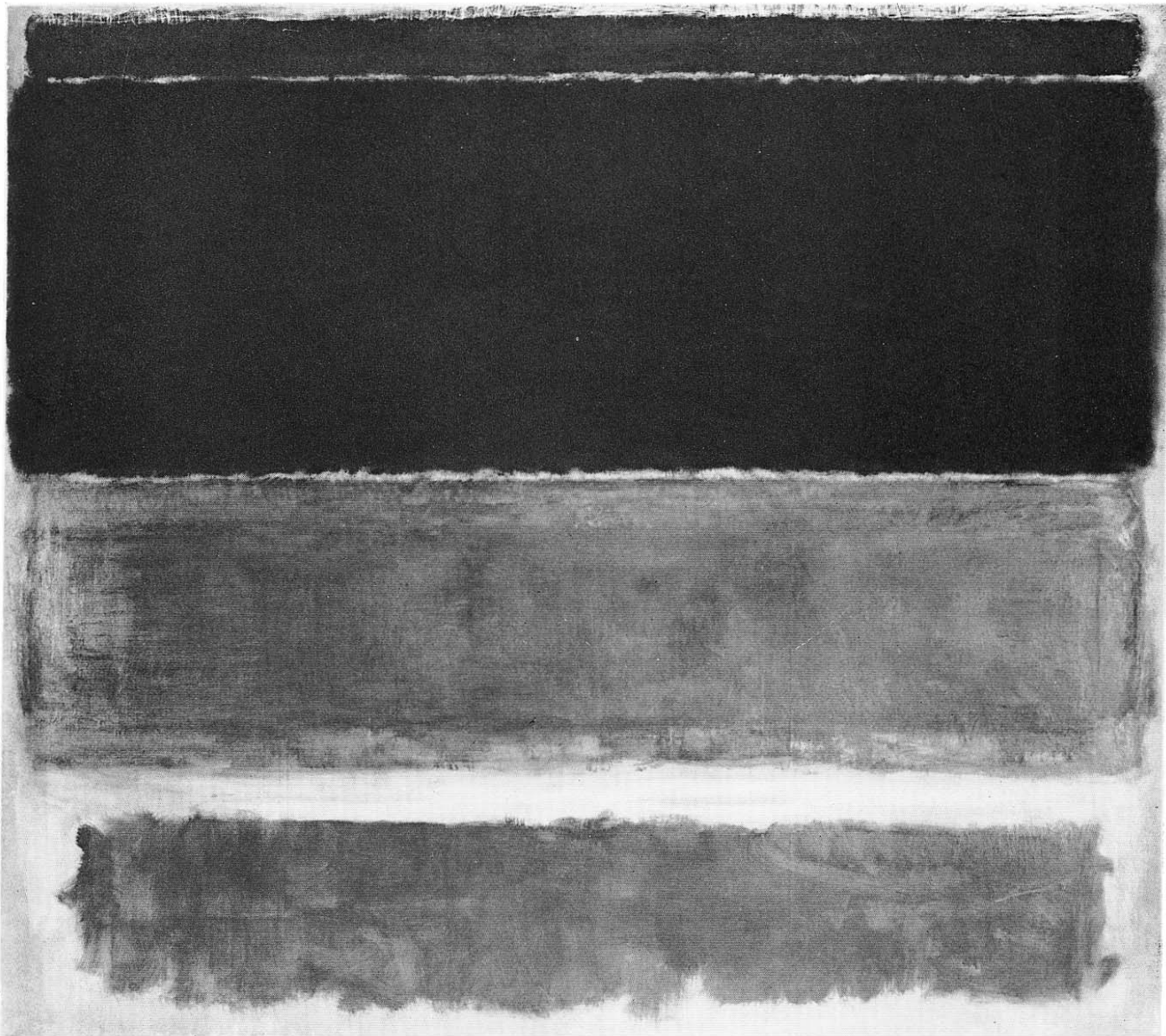
Mark Rothko. *White, Pink and Mustard*. 1954. Oil on canvas. 92" x 66¼"



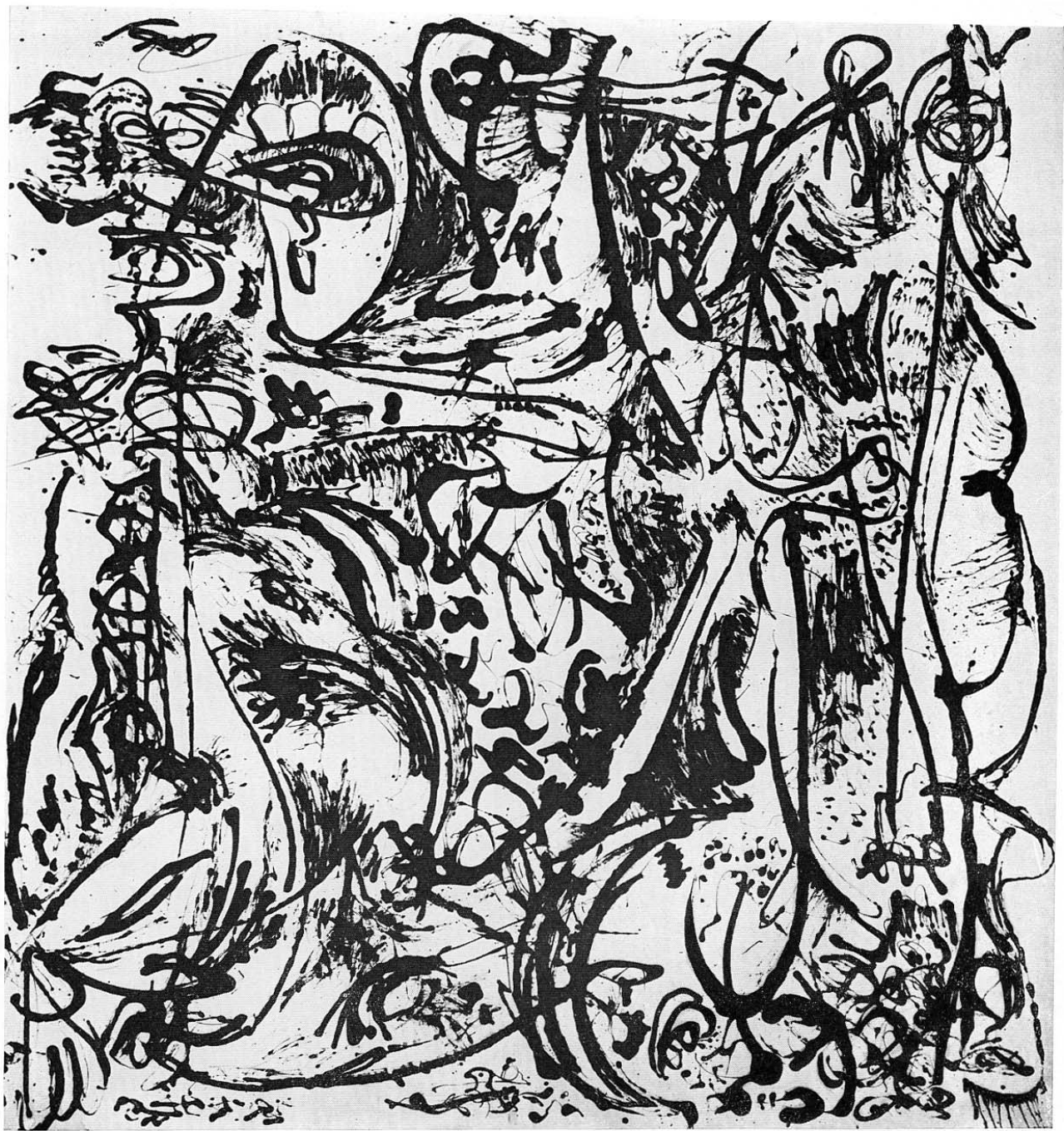
Mark Rothko. *Earth and Green*. 1955. Oil on canvas. $91\frac{3}{8}$ " x $73\frac{5}{8}$ "



Mark Rothko. *Number 32*. 1956. Oil on canvas. 79½" x 69⅛"



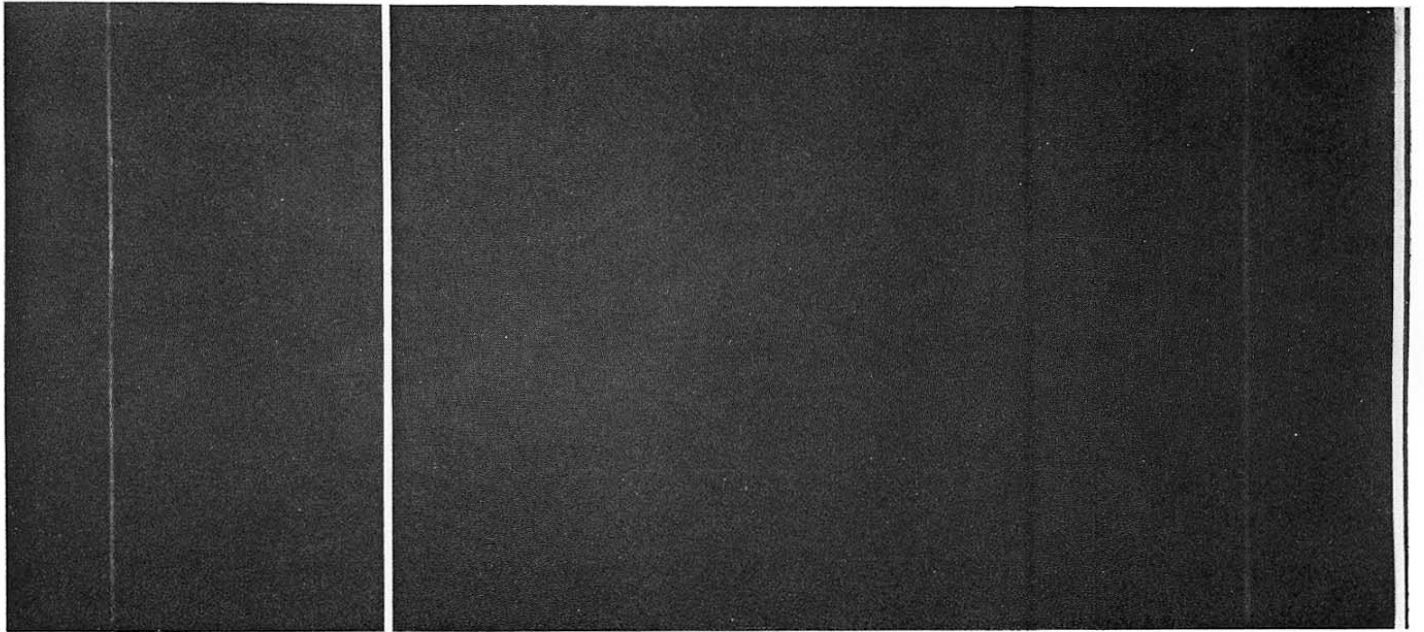
Mark Rothko. *Four Darks in Red*. 1958. Oil on canvas. $102\frac{1}{8}$ " x $116\frac{3}{8}$ "



Jackson Pollock. *Echo*. 1951. Oil on canvas. 92" x 86¼"

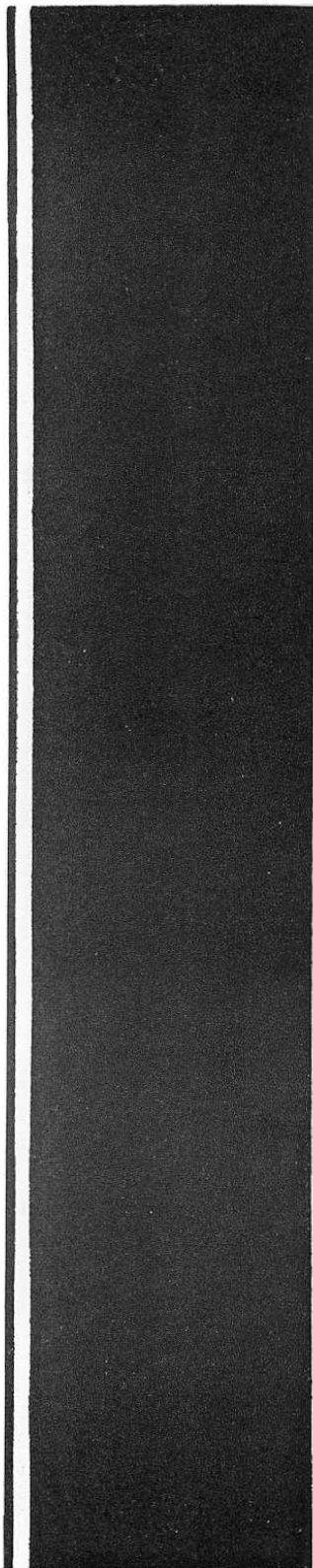


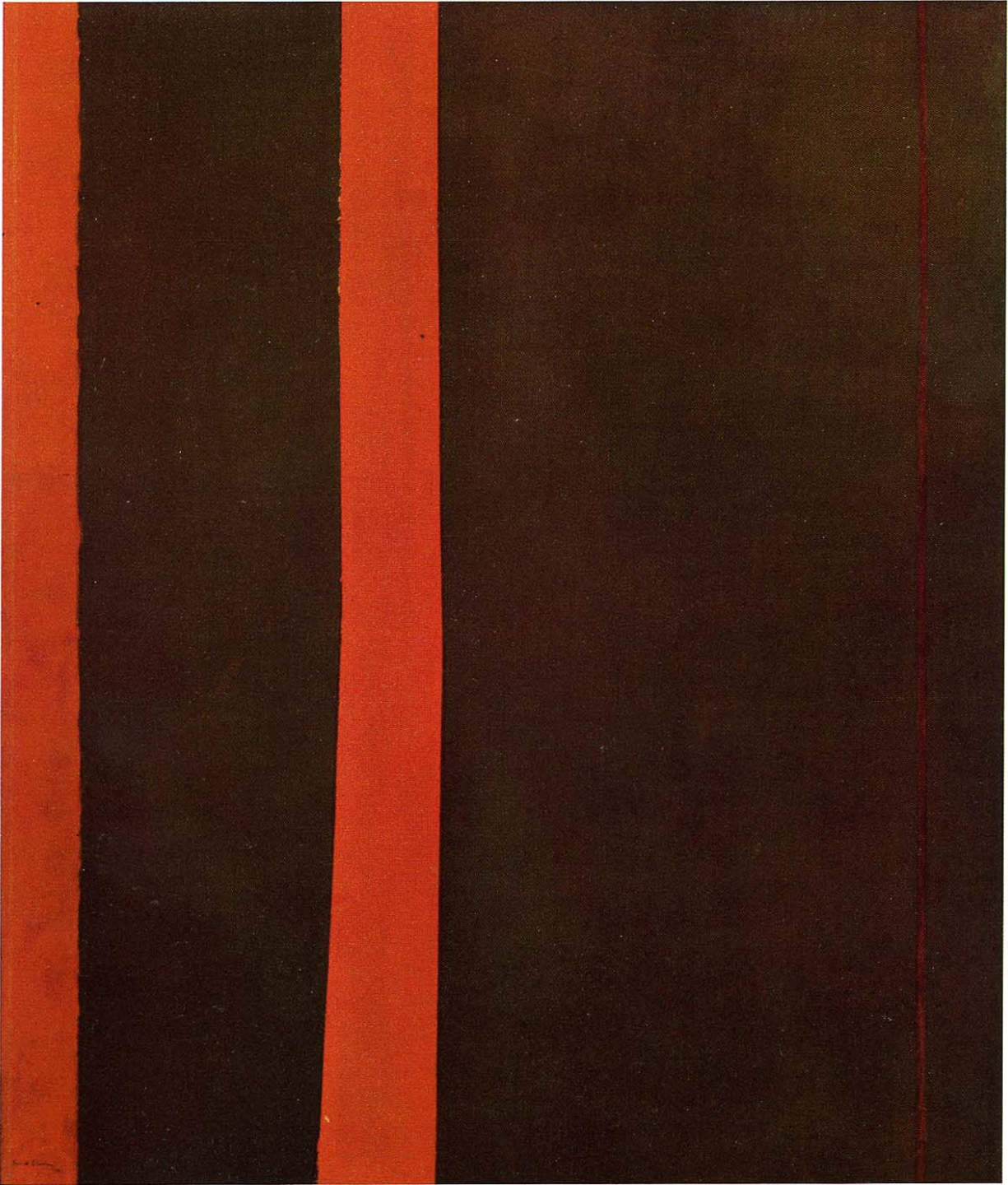
Jackson Pollock. *One*. 1950. Oil on canvas. 106 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 209 $\frac{1}{4}$ "



Barnett Newman. *Vir Heroicus Sublimis*. 1950-51. Oil on canvas. $95\frac{3}{8}$ " x $213\frac{1}{4}$ "

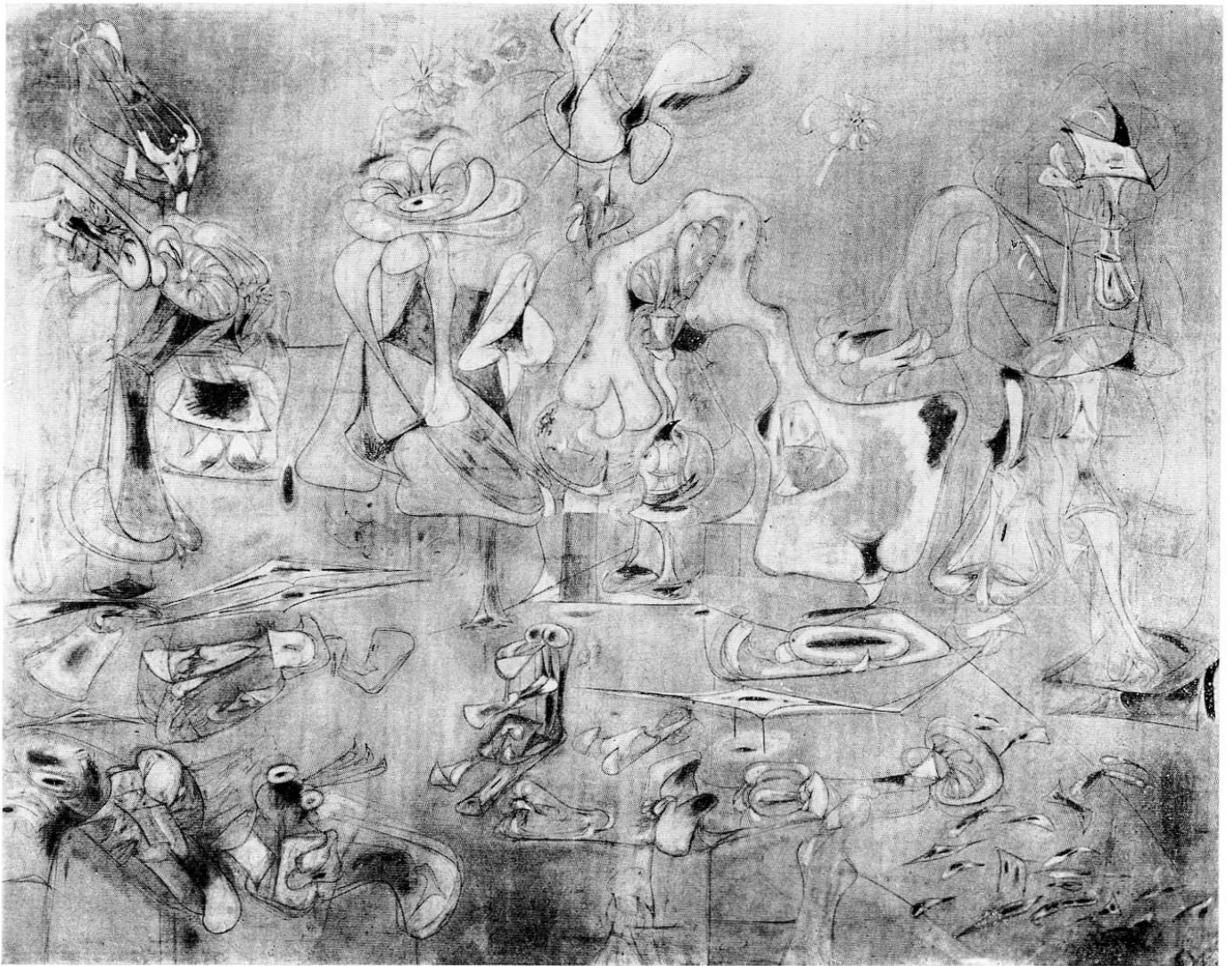
Barnett Newman. *Queen of the Night*. 1951.
Oil on canvas. 96 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ "





Barnett Newman, *Adam*. 1951-52. Oil on canvas. 95½" x 80⅛"

Arshile Gorky. *Summation*. 1947. Oil and pastel on paper on composition board. 78 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 100 $\frac{1}{4}$ " (sight)

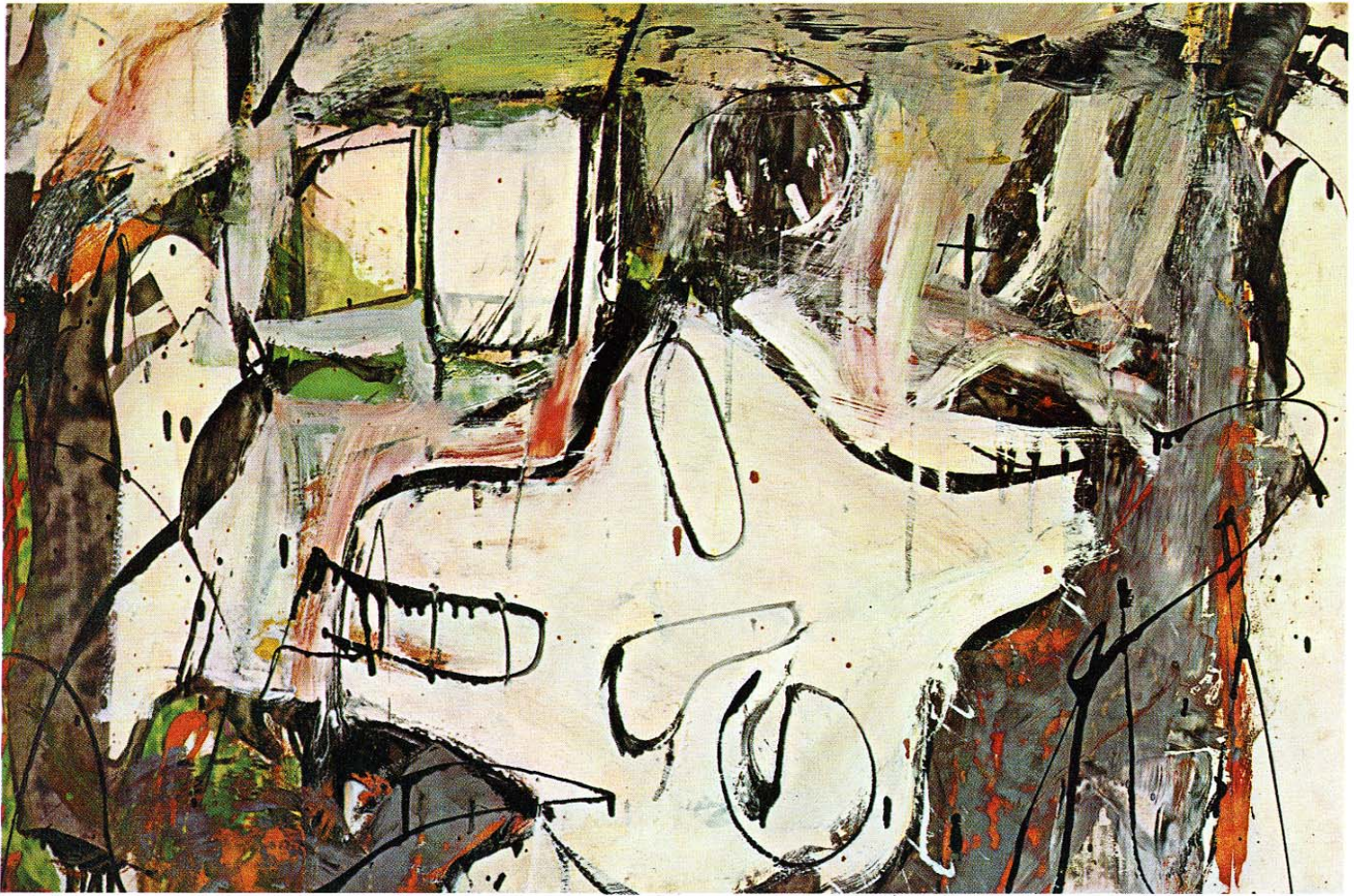




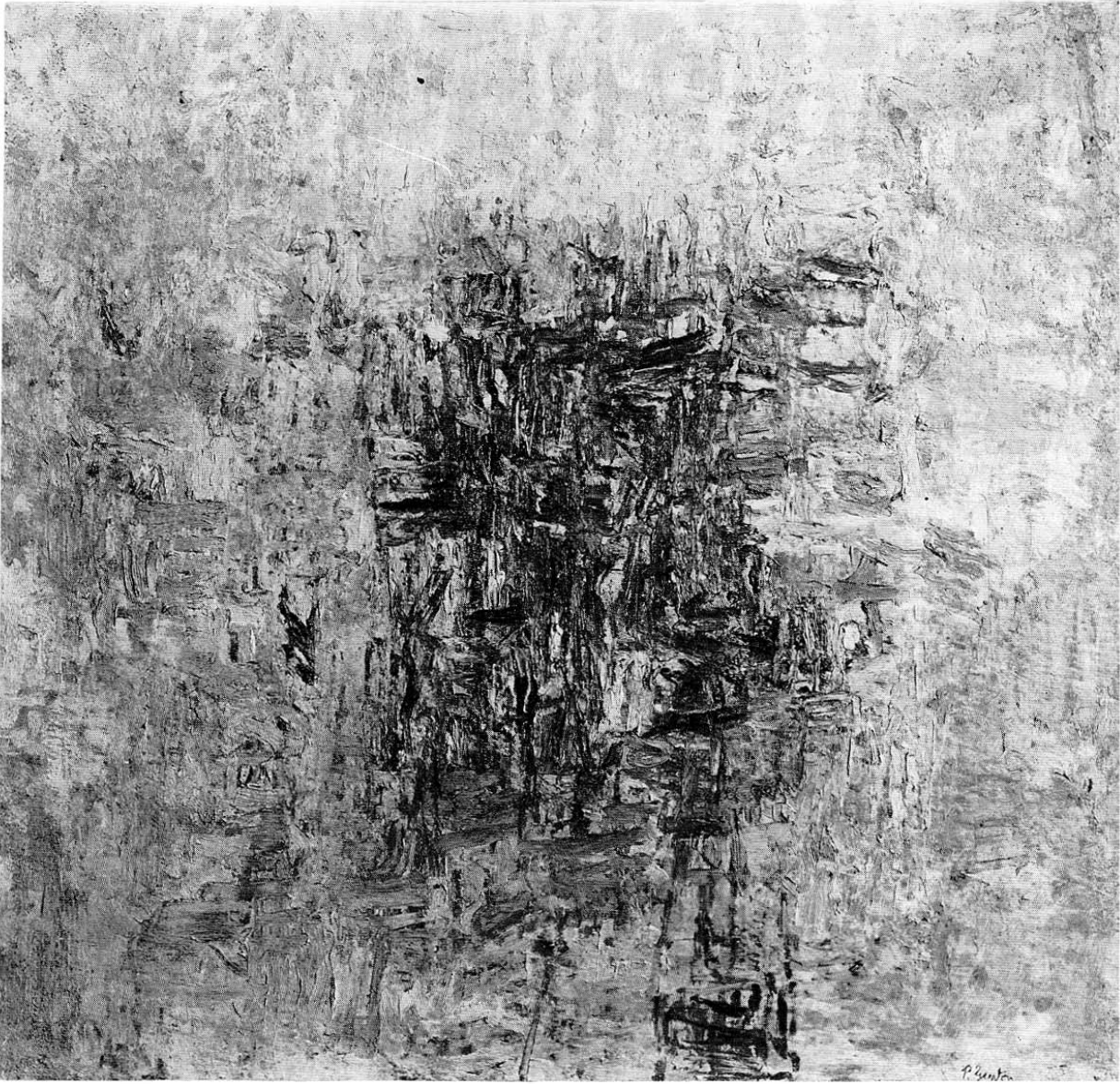
Willem de Kooning. *Village Square*. 1948. Oil on watercolor paper with collage. 17" x 23½" (sight)



Willem de Kooning. *Untitled*. 1948. Oil on paper. 19⅛" x 25½" (sight)



Willem de Kooning. *Woman, Wind and Window*. 1950. Oil on paper. 24" x 36"



Philip Guston. *Zone*. 1954. Oil on canvas. 46" x 48 $\frac{1}{8}$ "

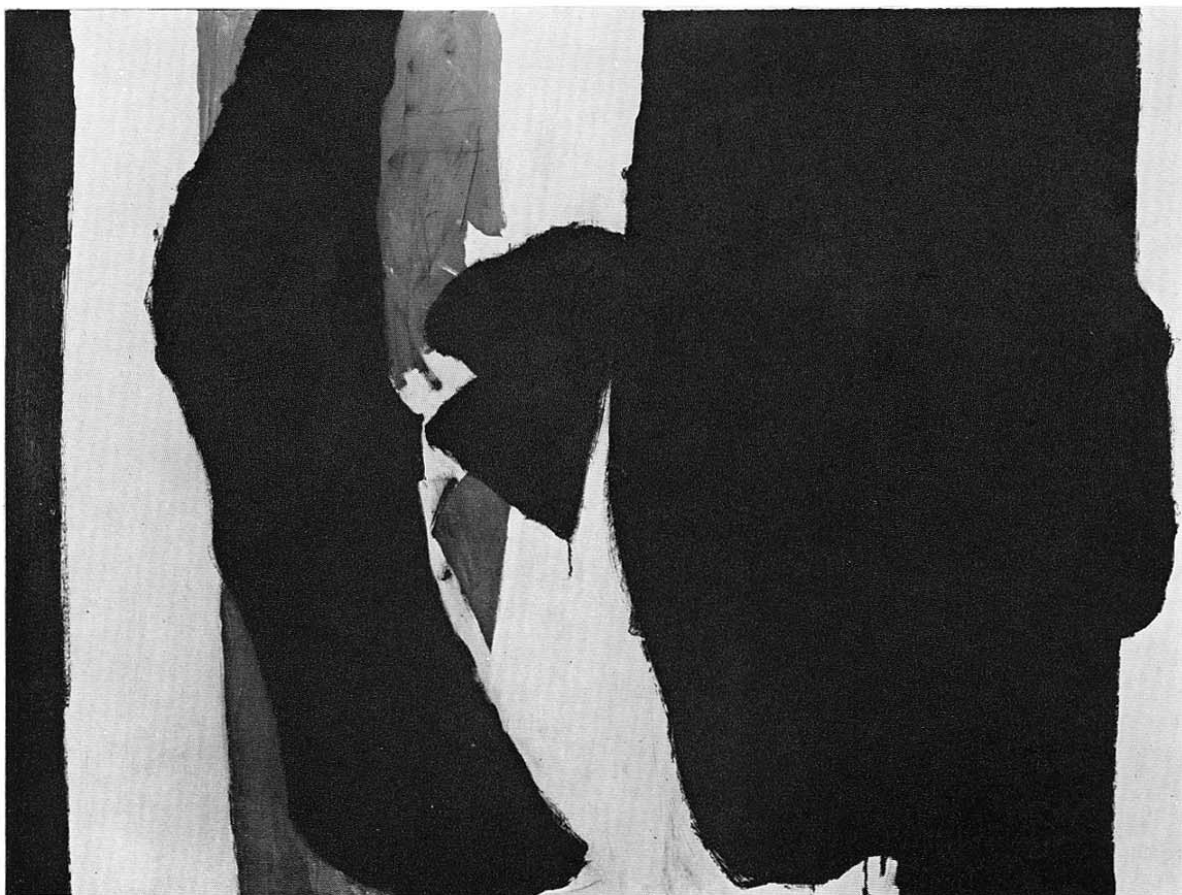
Philip Guston. *The Evidence*. 1957. Oil on canvas. 65 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 68 $\frac{1}{8}$ "





Robert Motherwell. *Collage*. 1949. Collage. 47½" x 35½" (sight)

Robert Motherwell. *Wall Painting, IV*. 1954. Oil on canvas. 54⅛" x 72⅛"

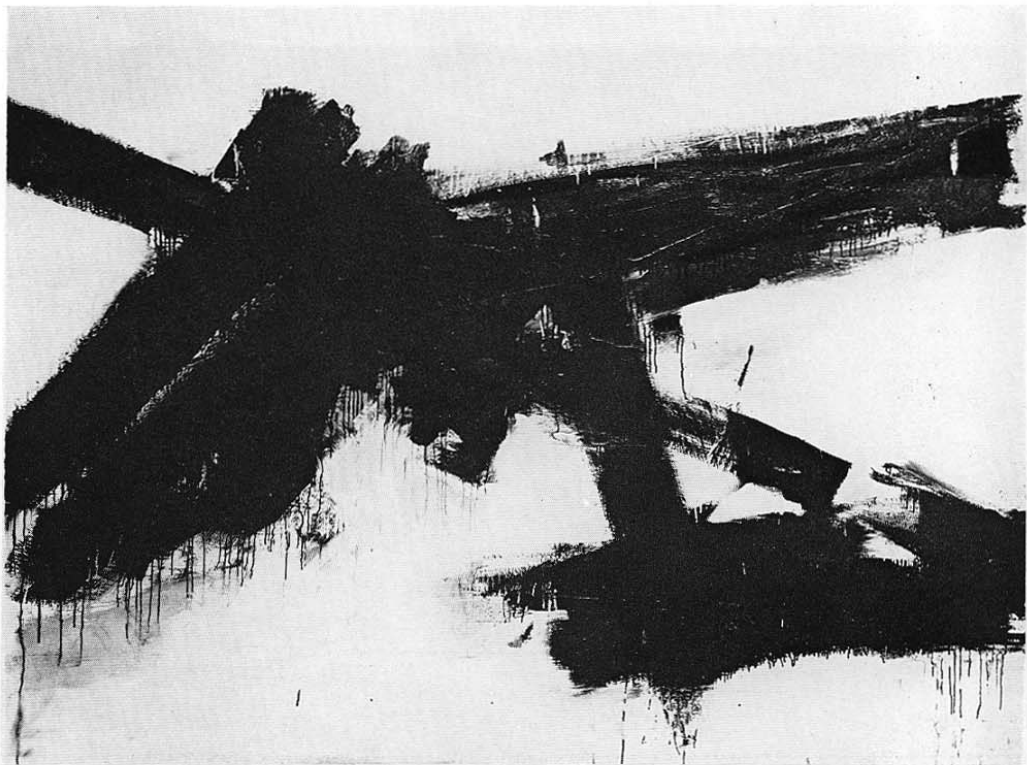




Adolph Gottlieb. *Burst*. 1957. Oil on canvas. 96 $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 40"

Franz Kline. *Painting Number 2*. 1954. Oil on canvas. 80½" x 107"





Franz Kline. *Untitled "Diagonal."* 1954. Oil on canvas. 61 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 82 $\frac{7}{8}$ "



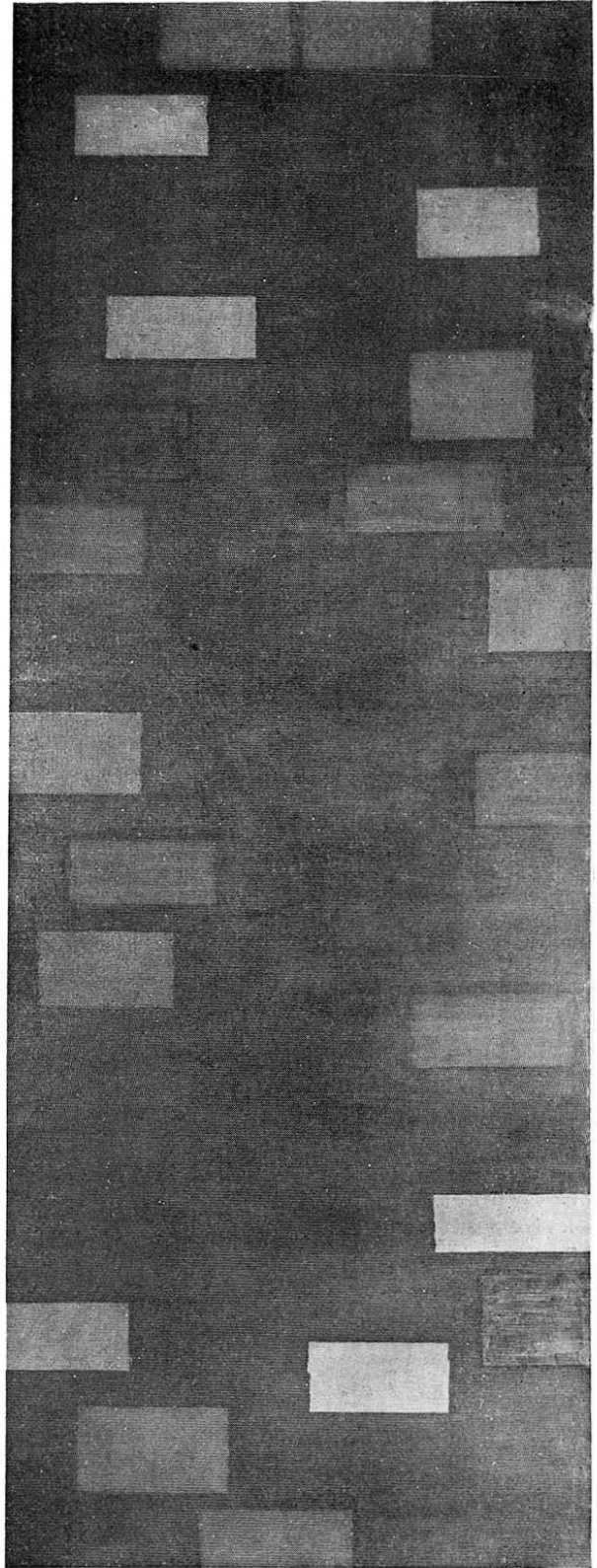
Franz Kline. *9th Street.* 1951. Oil on canvas. 60 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 78"



Jackson Pollock. *Blue Poles*. 1953. Oil on canvas. 83" x 192¼"

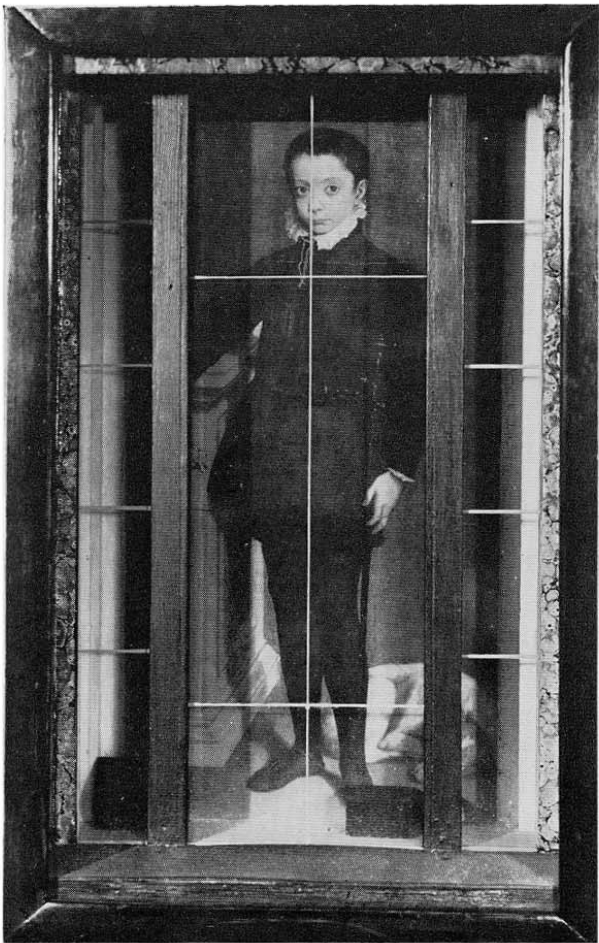


Jack Tworikov. *Transverse*. 1957. Oil on canvas. 72 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 76 $\frac{1}{8}$ "

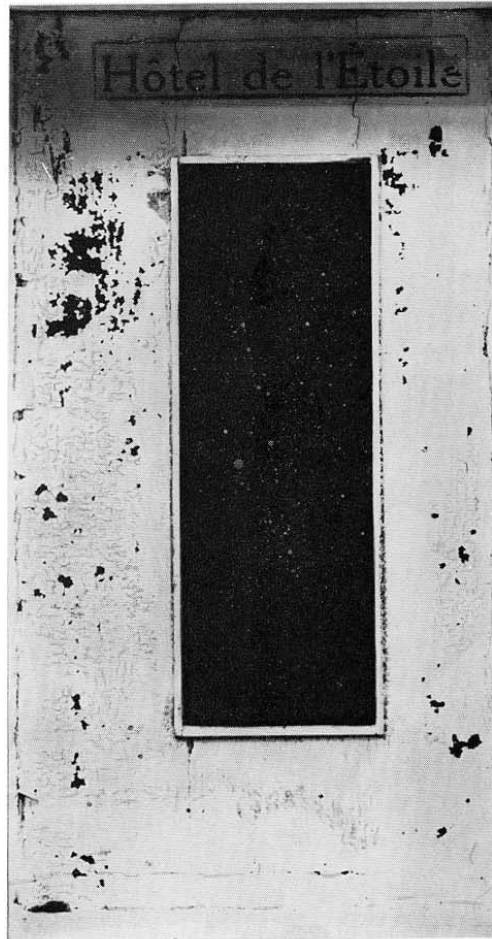


Ad Reinhardt. *Blues*. 1953. Oil on canvas. 108 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 40"

Joseph Cornell. *Medici Boy*. 1953.
Construction in glass, oil, paper and wood.
18½" high x 11½" wide x 5¾" deep

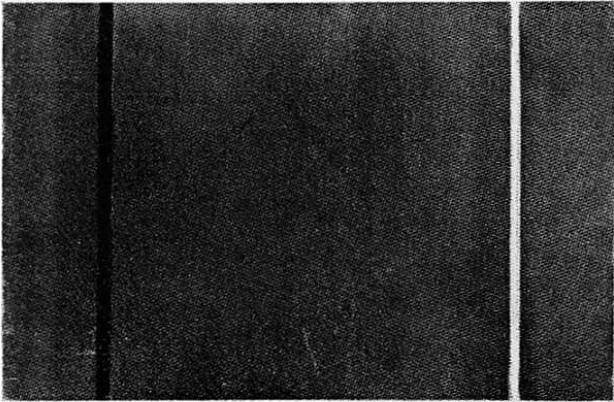


Joseph Cornell. *Hôtel d'Etoile*. 1956.
Construction in glass, oil, paper and wood.
22⅜" high x 12¾" wide x 7¼" deep



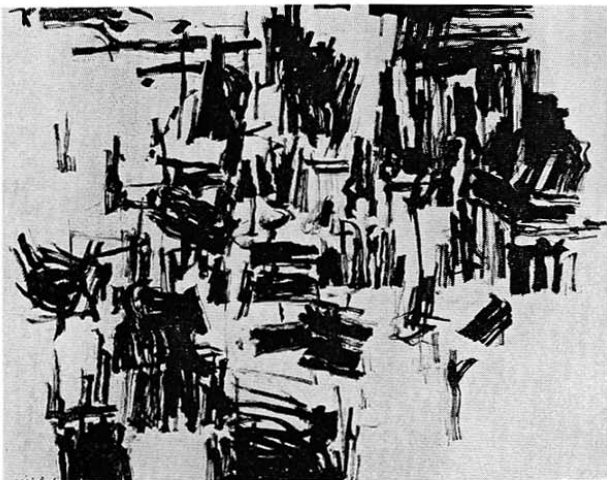


Clyfford Still. *Painting Number 2*. 1949. Oil on canvas. 91 $\frac{5}{8}$ " x 68 $\frac{7}{8}$ "

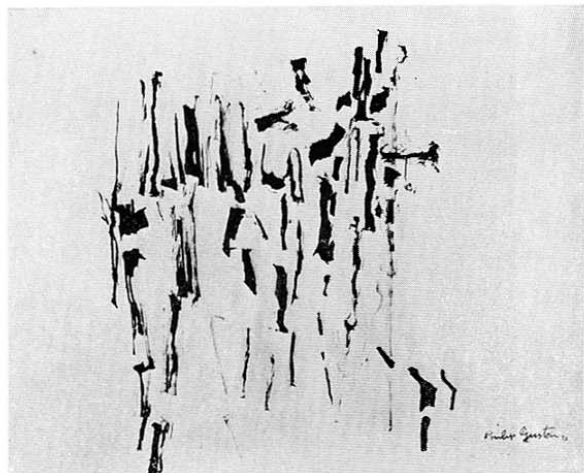


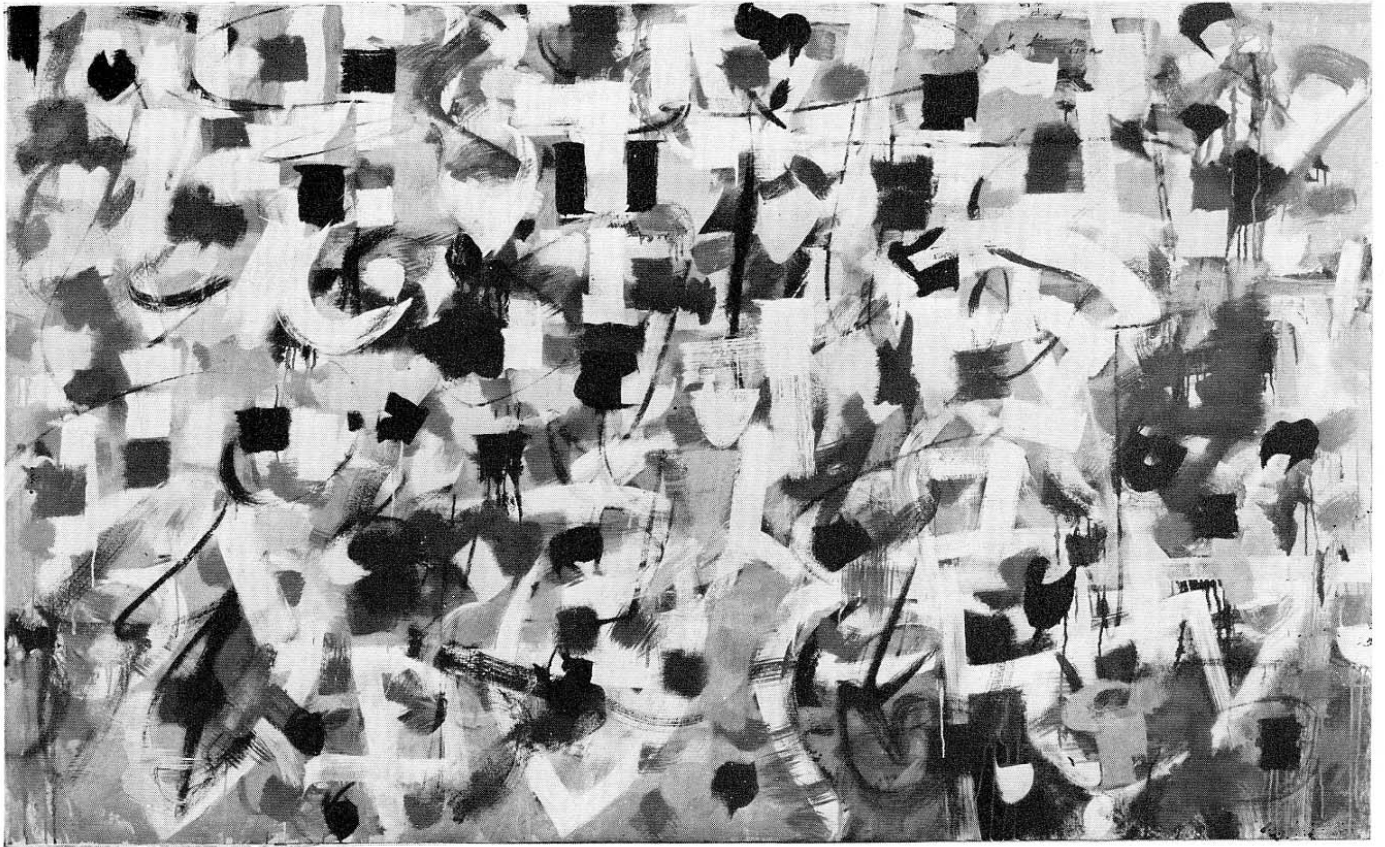
Barnett Newman. *Untitled*. 1950. Oil on canvas. $11\frac{1}{8}$ " x $17\frac{1}{8}$ "

Philip Guston. *Drawing*. 1954.
Ink on paper. $17\frac{7}{8}$ " x $23\frac{7}{8}$ " (sight)

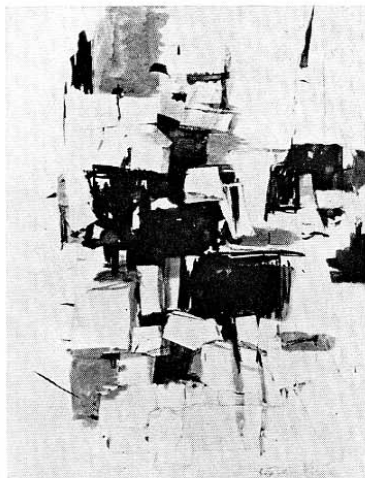


Philip Guston. *Drawing*. 1953.
Ink on tracing paper. $13\frac{3}{4}$ " x $16\frac{3}{4}$ "





Bradley Walker Tomlin. *Painting Number 15*. 1953. Oil on canvas. 46 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 76 $\frac{1}{8}$ "



Esteban Vicente. *Collage*. 1955. Collage. 13 $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (sight)

NOTE

Please make the following substitutions in the captions:

de Kooning, *Village Square*: for "Oil on watercolor paper with collage," read "Oil on watercolor paper."

Pollock, *Blue Poles*: for "Oil on canvas," read "Oil, duco, and aluminum paint on canvas."

Pollock, *Echo*: for "Oil on canvas," read "Duco on canvas."

Pollock, *One*: for "Oil on canvas," read "Duco on canvas."