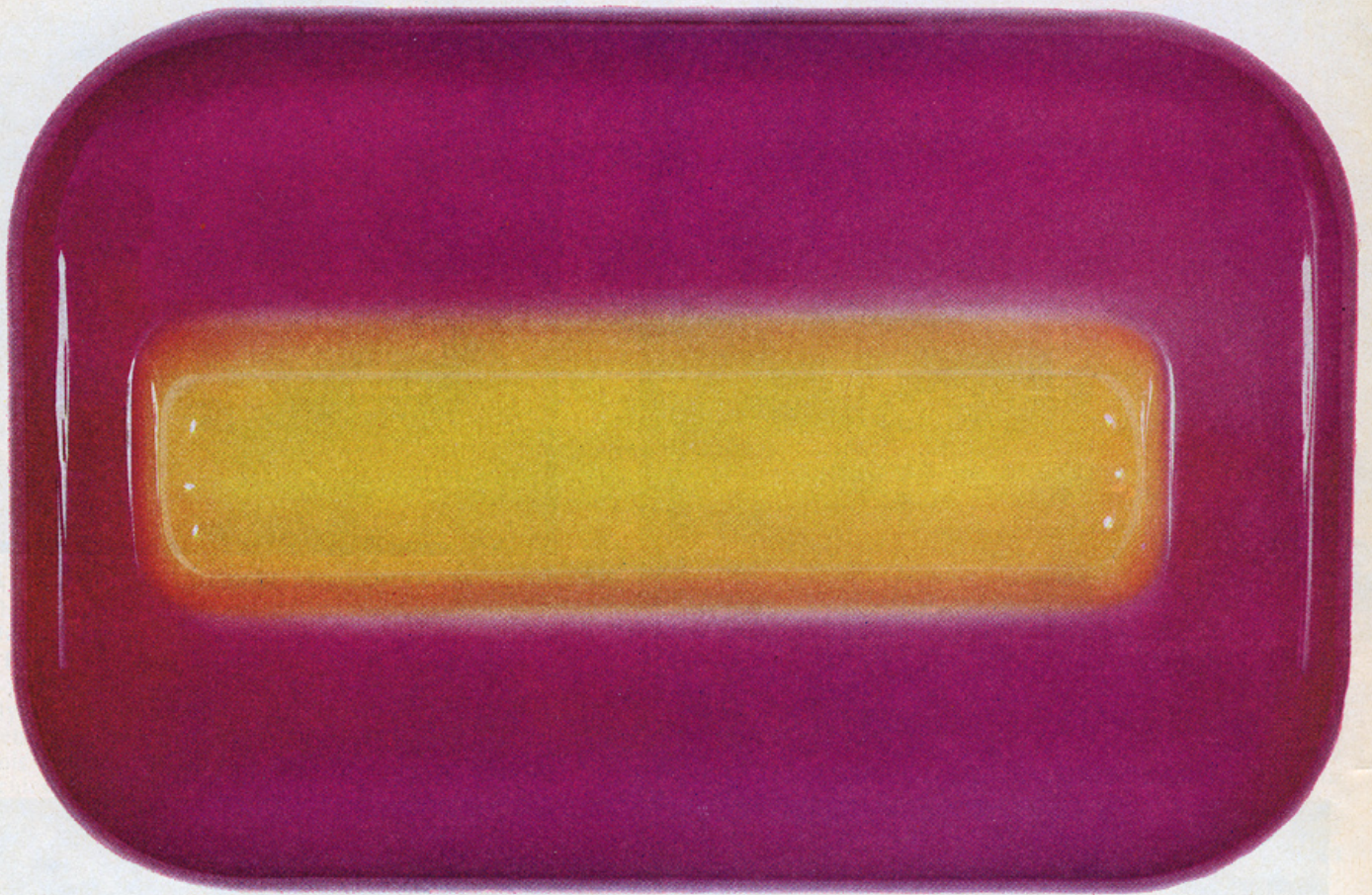
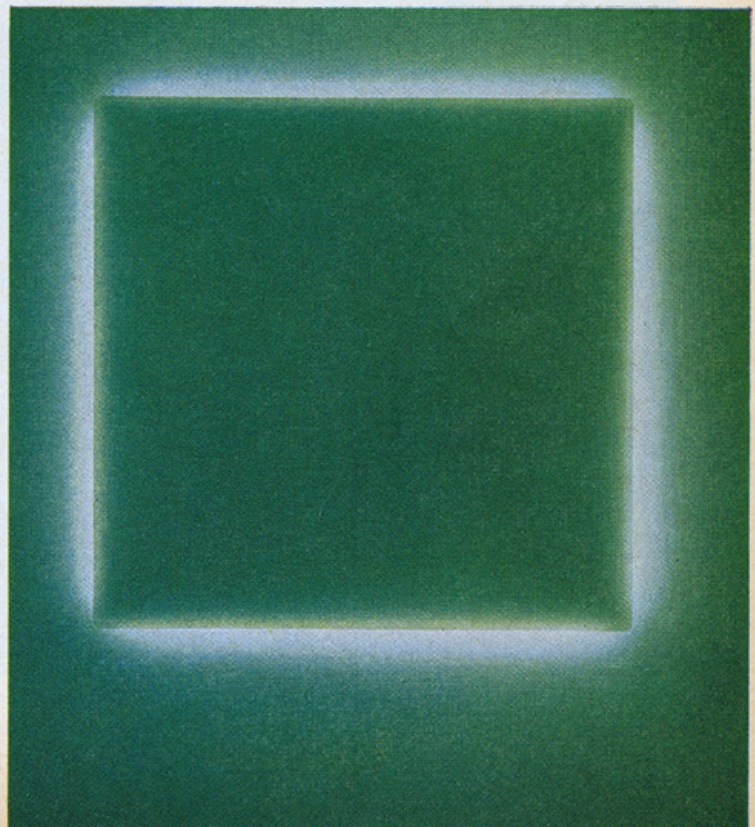
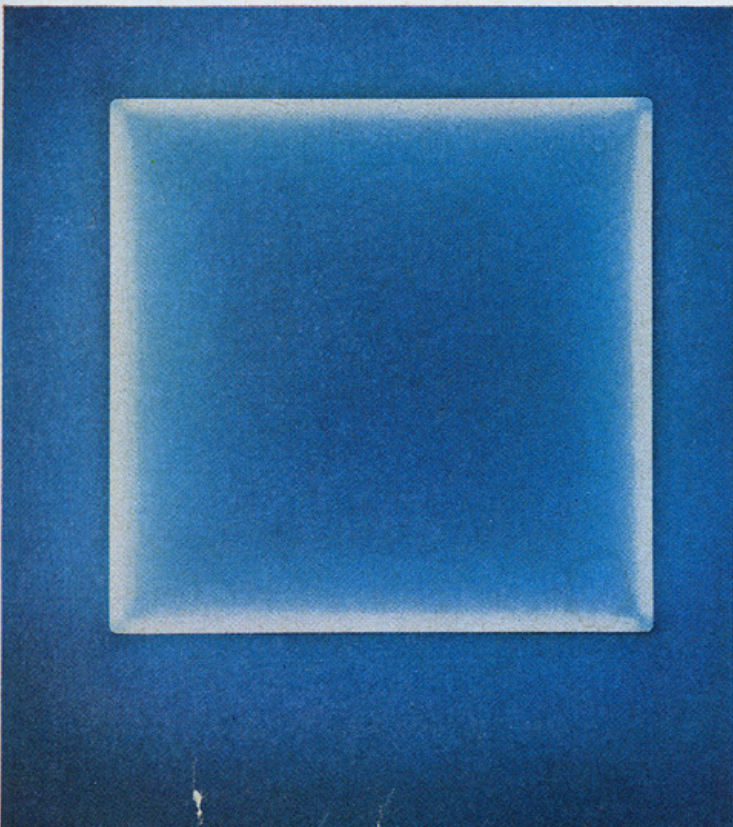


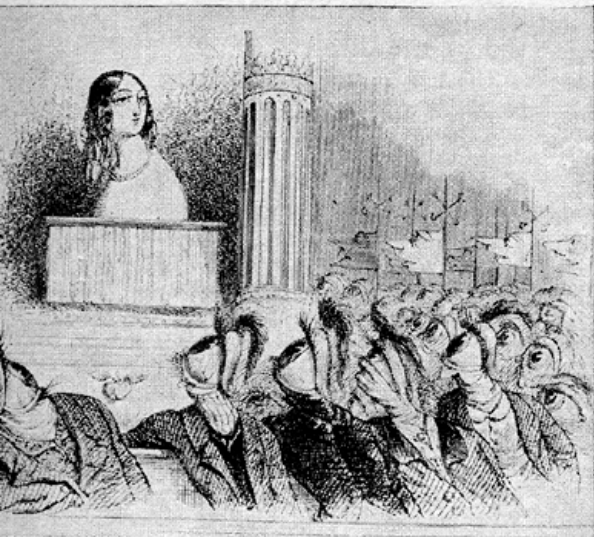
CALIFORNIA'S COOL COMERS



CRAIG KAUFFMAN: HIS POPSICLE PLASTICS ARE VACUUM MOLDED

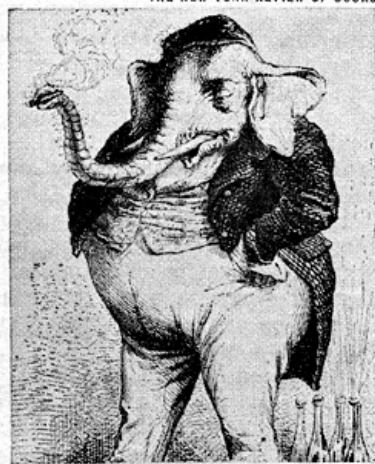
DOUGLAS WHEELER: ILLUSIONARY ILLUMINATIONS FROM NEON-LIT SHEET PLASTIC





GRANDVILLE: ON ART

Ancestor in the mirror.



ABOUT POLITICS

ART

GRAPHICS

More than a Caricaturist

Since its debut during the newspaper strike of 1963, *The New York Review of Books* has depended chiefly on two artists—David Levine and J. J. Grandville—to illustrate its long-winding reviews and political commentaries. Both often seem more trenchant than the text they accompany, and for Levine this has led to many an outside commission, including covers for *TIME*, *Newsweek* and *New York*. But his colleague Grandville is a special case. He has been dead for over a hundred years. And besides, he was a Frenchman.

Grandville's caricatures, nonetheless, seem as pointed and contemporary as Levine's at their best. For a review about the cult of beauty in art, Grandville contributed a cartoon of a male audience—literally all eyes—ogling a beautiful young thing in the front row of the grand tier. A review on Polish philosophy featured a huge bellows all but blowing people off the street with an endless stream of wind. For two books about Republicanism, there was a stout, complacent elephant in morning coat. The review of John Hersey's *Algiers Motel Incident* produced a long-beaked crane in judicial robes that was as bitterly mocking an image as any that Hersey could hope to evoke.

How did the *Review* come upon this incisive but altogether forgotten Frenchman? Pretty much by happenstance, says Editor Barbara Epstein. Painter Leonid Berman, an old friend who has a cherished collection of Grandville's illustrated books (all now collector's items), proposed Grandville. Delighted with Grandville's rangy repertoire, Editor Epstein has published his drawings in nearly every issue since.

Lexicon of Symbols. Grandville was born Jean Ignace Isidore Gérard in Nancy in 1803, the son of a miniaturist and the grandson of a famed

French comedian. He inherited both these artistic strains; when father painted portraits, son slyly drew caricatures of his unsuspecting sitters. Off to Paris at 20, Gérard, who by now had adopted the name of Grandville, was soon invited to contribute to a new satirical magazine. By the time his book *Metamorphoses of the Day* was published in 1828, Grandville's sketches, according to Thackeray, "brightened many a little room in the Pays Latin," and his studio had become a gathering place where Dumas, Balzac and Daumier gathered to talk and drink, while Grandville idly sketched caricatures as the conversation went on.

With success, Grandville's pen grew ever more pointed. Relying on a lexicon of readily recognizable symbols (scissors for censorship, sugarloaves for graft, a pear for King Louis Philippe's heavy-jowled face), he fought for a variety of political causes, including a free press. In addition he illustrated La Fontaine's *Fables*, *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*, all the time building a memorable cast of hybrid creatures, half human, half animal.

Unattached Eyeballs. Grandville's favorite creatures were frogs, which he used to symbolize children, clowns, or murder victims, and he kept a pet frog on his drawing table. Insects, too, fascinated him. With his thin spidery line, he created a whole metaphorical insectarium—emperor moths confer with dung beetles, frivolous lady bugs are escorted by loutish caterpillars, cricket barkers play to snails and turtles.

When tragedy broke up his happy family life, first with the death of two young sons, then his wife, Grandville's art took a grotesque turn. He started sketching his dreams and nightmares, as Baudelaire decried it, "with all the precision of a stenographer writing down an orator's speech." In 1847, his third son died. Brokenhearted, Grandville died a short time later.

But in the work of those last years, Grandville established a claim as an ancestor of surrealism. He experimented with mirror-image distortions and drew pictures of huge, unattached eyeballs. He split faces in two to suggest the war between the conscious and the subconscious long before the terms were commonly known. Baudelaire was the first to see that Grandville was more than a caricaturist. "When I open the door of Grandville's works," he wrote in 1857, "I feel a certain uneasiness, as though I were entering an apartment where disorder was systematically organized. There are some superficial spirits who are amused by Grandville; for my part, I find him terrifying."

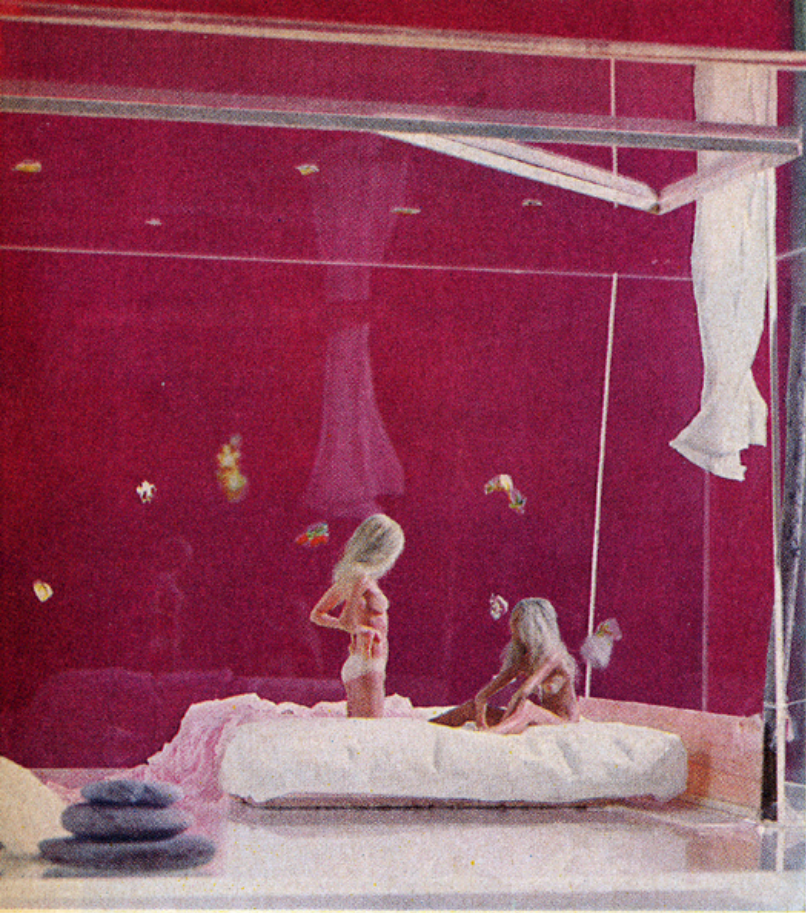
ARTISTS

Place in the Sun

In the Southern California landscape, there has sprung up like desert flowers a new variety of artists. They talk of a new esthetic ("art as a symbolic medium is dead"), but these young Angelenos are basically united only by a determination to prove that creativity and innovation can flourish outside New York's hegemony. "They are just isolated, friendly, ambitious young people who share a fierce outlook," says James Monte, a curator at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. "Because they live in a backwater, they had to remake the whole scene."

That they have. A decade ago there were no more than a handful of West Coast painters of note. Today, California embraces the vast, variegated range of op, pop and minimal, not to mention such homegrown mutations as the weird, surrealistic offshoot known as funk centered around San Francisco. Los Angeles' particular contribution is an array of bright young individualists who espouse the belief that the object is what is important, not what it represents. "We are going beyond abstraction," argues Robert Irwin, who at 40 is something of a guru to the group. Irwin's own works are illuminated disks set against a white wall. Others in the group vary widely but are united by a common dedication to "cool" materials far divorced from the conventions of oil paint and bronze—plastics, neon, acrylics, Plexiglas, aluminum. They also share a preoccupation with a visual illusionism that plays with space and color to make the eye see beyond the surface of the work, perhaps inspired by the clear, bright light of Southern California (on its non-smoggy days). The result, if not so divergent from similar work in the New York orbit as the Californians like to think, nevertheless offers a wide cornucopia of shapes, colors and visual sensations that display genuine individuality and vitality (see color pages).

► Craig Kauffman, 36, studied architecture at the University of Southern California, went on to get a master's degree in painting at U.C.L.A. Tiring of abstract expressionism, he tried painting



ROBERT GRAHAM: CUTIES OF WAX IN TINY GLASS BOX

COURTESY OF ARTIST STUDIO, VENUS, CALIF.



BILLY AL BENGSTON: PSYCHEDELICS WITH METAL

WILLIAM PETTET: VIEWER SEES WHAT HE WANTS TO SEE IN RORSCHACH-STAINED ACRYLICS



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. R. EYERMAN

MR. & MRS. ROBERT J. WOODS JR.

on Plexiglas, got the idea of doing rectangular wall pieces when vacuum-molded plastic came into wide commercial use as a sealed wrapping for all kinds of merchandise. Finding no literature on the process, he sought out craftsmen at the commercial factories to learn the technique. Now he himself makes the wood molds in his studio, takes them to a factory, where he supervises the casting process.

► Douglas Wheeler, 29, studied at Los Angeles' Chouinard Art Institute, and was strongly influenced by Irwin. In 1964 he began experimenting with lights cast onto an easel painting, soon found the canvas format constricting. He rented an old department store in the run-down beach town of Venice, and began transforming entire rooms into oases of light. Today he mounts large, square sheets of Plexiglas on the wall, paints them white, attaches neon tubes behind the edges. By some alchemy of optical illusion, this does funny things to the viewer's physical orientation—as Wheeler plans. "I want the spectator to stand in the middle of the room and look at the painting and feel that if you walk into it, you'll be in another world," says he.

► Robert Graham, 29, a graduate of the San Francisco Art Institute, makes teeny-weeny wax nudes that look like slightly sexier versions of the Barbie doll and sets them in teeny glass houses. He does his own photography of nude models, scales them down to five-inch size, insists that he is not interested in the sex but in the effect. "What I do is create an illusion," he says. "Like the small pictures in *Playboy*. They work better than the big foldout."

► Billy Al Bengston, 34, arrived in Los Angeles from Dodge City, Kans., when he was 13. A motorcycle and racing buff who enjoys getting away from the "artistic environment," he declares that he has painted on practically every material with a flat surface—"paper, velvet, Formica, steel, grass, glass, ceramics—you name it." Naturally, he got around to aluminum one day, and started banging it up. He found that he liked the way reflections danced and glittered off its crumpled facets.

► William Pettet, 25, a native of Los Angeles, also studied at Chouinard Art Institute where, in typical art school fashion, he learned "what not to do." Discarding paint, brush and palette, he relies solely on a spray gun filled with acrylics to take the eye up, out and away into a feeling of infinity. "I want to create an illusion of something."

What that illusion might be, most of the young Californians would be unable to articulate. But to a man, they agree that pictorial form, including its abstract variations, is worn out. In playing with illusions, reflections, glass and metal, they question the validity even of the human eye, suggesting that what you see may not necessarily be the way it is. As one of them put it last week, "We're unloading the labels."



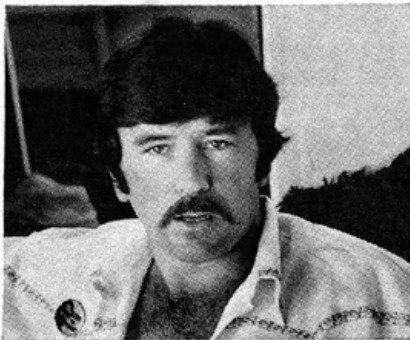
KAUFFMAN



WHEELER

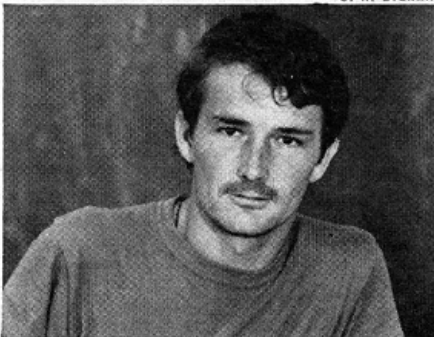


GRAHAM



BENGSTON

J. R. EYERMAN



PETTET

New scenes from the backwater.

MILESTONES

Died. Cy Walter, 53, noted supper-club pianist, whose graceful, stylized renditions of such popular tunes as *Begin the Beguine* were a feature of Manhattan's night life for some 30 years, most recently at the Drake Hotel; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. George Gamow, 64, Russian-born theoretical physicist and astronomer; of a gastric hemorrhage; in Boulder, Colo. Although he worked in the arcane worlds of entropy and anti-numbers, Gamow had a rare gift for explaining science to the layman. While teaching at George Washington University, he put his clarity and common sense into nine books, including *The Birth and Death of the Sun* (1940) and *The Creation of the Universe* (1952).

Died. Harry H. S. Phillips Jr., 67, first publisher of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, founded by Time Inc. in 1954, who saw the magazine off to a swift start (250,000 subscriptions even before the name was announced) and helped it grow toward vast success (present circulation: 1,310,950) before he moved on to a corporate staff position in 1959; after a long illness; in Mount Kisco, N.Y.

Died. Earl Sande, 69, famed jockey, who won the Kentucky Derby three times, the Belmont Stakes five times in the 1920s and early '30s; of heart disease; in Jacksonville, Ore. Celebrated as that "handy guy Sande" by Damon Runyon, the spruce, sharp-tongued rider earned a place in sport's pantheon alongside Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey and Bobby Jones. He won 967 races and nearly \$3,000,000 in purses before retiring in 1932.

Died. Paul Egan, 69, mayor of Aurora, Ill., from 1953 to 1961, whose antics drew national attention to the city of lights; of cancer; in Aurora. "When I first ran for mayor," said Egan, "they tried to prove I was crazy." He did little to prove otherwise, fired Aurora's entire police force (they refused to quit), called Khrushchev to enlist Red cops (no answer), and once demanded federal troops to put down an insurrection in the city council.

Died. Douglas Horton, 77, Congregational minister, who headed the 1,298,205-member Congregational Christian Churches from 1938 to 1955 and the Harvard Divinity School from 1955 to 1959; of a heart attack; in Randolph, N.H. A prime mover in the ecumenical movement, Horton helped form the United Church of Christ in 1957 from the Congregational Church and the Evangelical and Reformed Church, served on the World Council of Churches from 1957 to 1963, and was a Protestant observer at the Vatican II Council from 1962 to 1965.