



GANDY BRODIE

This catalog was produced
to accompany

City, Country, City
Paintings by Gandy Brodie

on view at

The Painting Center
547 West 27th Street, New York NY 10001

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Unless otherwise indicated, works in this
catalog are from the Estate of Gandy Brodie,
courtesy of steven harvey fine art projects.

FRONT COVER:

City Anguish (detail)

1958, oil on canvas, 84 ¼ x 72 in.

OPPOSITE:

Birth of Tragedy,

Spirit of Music (self-portrait)

(unfinished, not in exhibition)

c. 1970, oil on plywood, 59 x 41 ¾ in.

FRONTISPIECE:

Photo of Gandy in his studio

West Townsend, c. 1965

GANDY BRODIE





City,
Country,
City

*paintings by
Gandy Brodie*

FEBRUARY 25-MARCH 22, 2014

THE PAINTING CENTER

547 West 27th Street, New York, New York 10001



Apparition of an Olive Tree
1955, oil on canvas, 33 ¾ x 25 ¾ in.

Gandy Brodie: A Reintroduction

The Painting Center, in accordance with its goal of promoting and preserving the culture of painting, is pleased to present the work of Gandy Brodie. Gandy Brodie (1924-75) was a second-generation New York School painter. He was well rounded in the arts having studied dance with Martha Graham, was inspired by jazz and had a friendship with the singer Billie Holiday, and read and wrote poetry. As a painter Brodie was self-taught. He began painting in the mid-forties inspired by Van Gogh's *Starry Night* along with works by Picasso and Klee that he saw at the Museum of Modern Art. The current exhibition is an opportunity to present Brodie's work to a new audience of those too young to remember seeing his work, as well as to those who may have seen his work in some of New York's most important galleries.

To contemporary eyes Brodie's paintings still appear to be intimate yet mysterious, beautiful yet almost naïve. The work is especially remarkable in that the artist confronts his canvases and its subjects with a very direct approach that allows for removing any rupture between the things he is painting and the material substance with which they are painted. Ideas and signs which represent things are transformed or eliminated in the act of painting and become pictorial incidents. Signs and systems transcended, paintings become metaphor, a metaphysical communion. Vision as sense is immediate and not filtered through a mental screen.

Craig Manister
Curator
Member Artist, The Painting Center



Nest
1968, oil on wood, 10 x 13 ½ in.

Meditations on Beloved Objects

by Jennifer Samet

I've never been very good at perfection so the kind of thing I get closest to is the suggestion of a perfection...which interests me more.

—Oral history interview with Gandy Brodie, 1965 Sept. 6,
Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

Gandy Brodie's words, while phrased as a disclaimer, are also a declaration of his aesthetic. His depictions of seagulls, trees, and tenement facades are both universal and personal: both emblematic pictorial signs, and reflections of individual experience.

This may account for some misunderstandings of Brodie; he resists categories. The writer who understood him most was Meyer Schapiro; Schapiro's own ideas on style encompass such dialectics.

Brodie was born in 1924 and grew up Jewish in the Lower East Side. He started painting in his 20s and was mostly self-taught. He was always interested in music and dance, and studied with Martha Graham. Later he became a friend of Billie Holiday and knew Charlie Parker. He attended critiques at the Hans Hofmann school in the early 1950s.

Although he never allied himself completely with any movement, Brodie was part of the downtown and Provincetown scene, exhibited in 1951 at Kootz Gallery, and was included in a seminal 1957 exhibition at the Jewish Museum, "Artists of the New York School: Second Generation." In 1955, he married Jocelyn (Levine) Brodie, an artist, educator, and later, gallery director. They moved to West Townshend, Vermont in 1961, where they founded the Gandy Brodie School of Fine Arts.

In 1954 Brodie attended classes with Meyer Schapiro at Columbia and the New School, and the two maintained a lifelong connection. The belief that a painting could be a "meditation on a beloved object," and that the choice of subject was primary to an artist's work, were ideas that Schapiro and Brodie discussed. In his speech at Brodie's memorial (Brodie died suddenly in 1975 at age 51), Schapiro reiterated his thoughts on Brodie's subject matter:

He painted not only dark slum walls and strata of hard rock, but also the little bird, the eggs in the nest, the young deer, the fallen branch, the wilted flower, in a long patient effort to realize their mysterious qualities through a painted surface as material and as exposed to time as the objects themselves.

As Schapiro suggests, Brodie's accumulations of paint into bubbling, rough, uneven surfaces, become in themselves multiple signifiers: of tenement walls endlessly painted and repainted, the surfaces of nature in Vermont, and of the artist's process of sustained meditation.

Brodie believed in incorporating history, not eliminating it: the history of art, and of past experience. Accumulation of paint, paint allowed to exist, rather than being scraped down, was the physical metaphor.

We tend to associate a process of paring down and reduction with the creating of universal signs: like Brancusi's *Bird in Flight*, Matisse's cut-outs, Mondrian's Neoplastic compositions. Brodie allowed the process to remain visible. Still, he communicated the essence of these forms: the lines of





the seagull in flight, the verticality of a tree, the density and grid of a building facade.

Brodie was often mistaken for a romantic. In a letter, Brodie's widow Jocelyn took issue with how art historian Robert Rosenblum's likened Brodie's *Fallen Tree* (1970) to a Casper David Friedrich painting. For Jocelyn, the painting was not about the qualities Rosenblum cited: pain, suffering, or empathic expression, but rather it was "individualized but impersonal," non-violent, and an exploration of the tree's essential qualities: "the detail, the birchness of it."

As Jocelyn pointed out in the same letter, his experience with dance provided a model for the way he wanted his paintings to function: as physical, abstract equivalencies. As opposed to the narratives of Friedrich, Brodie was interested in Martha Graham's essentializing of experience: "See how she slices a diagonal across the stage—that's Martha!"

While Brodie emblemized his representations, they also became nuanced metaphors. This accounts for the "slowness" of his work: its slowness to reveal itself to us. A row of saplings looks also like a fence; and a flower, arching out of its rusted can container, suggests a bird on a branch.

As the sculptor Isaac Witkin noted of Brodie's work: "They were stubbornly resistant paintings... in their refusal to ingratiate themselves and to locate readily in one's experience." For Witkin, the flowers were as earthy as they were beautiful.

Brodie embraced these possibilities—that an emblematic representation would trigger divergent responses. In an interview, Brodie discussed his conversations with Schapiro about *City Anguish* (1958), a painting based on the Williamsburg Bridge. Brodie said that he used the cross girders of the bridge to "cross out memories of sorrow." Schapiro noted that for other people, the image might signify an invitation to the possibilities of the city.

Brodie's paintings explore such inverses: containment and emergence, and passages between. The two paintings *Spiral*

City Anguish
1958, oil on canvas, 84 ¼ x 72 in.



Birth of a Fawn
1975, oil on canvas, 25 ½ x 42 in.



Nebulae (1968) and *Nest* (1968) are similar in their representation of matter harnessed and contained in a circular form radiating outwards from the center of the painting. The bird's nest becomes macrocosmic.

Embryonic form is investigated in his *Birth of a Fawn* (1975), where a line, tenderly encircling the baby deer, becomes the foremost signifier of meaning. But *Penetration of a Thought* (1958) is also womb-like: the chair enveloping the woman, her head cradled in her own hands.

The explorations of contained energy may owe something to Brodie's interest in psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich. His students in Vermont were led to associate a Reichian orgone box with the potential of a painting. Brodie talked about harnessing the energetic, molecular capacities of nature through the medium of painting.

Poignantly, the tenement walls are façades—surfaces—more than containers. The painting *Where Shall We Live When the World Grows Dark* (1954), borrows from a childlike symbol for a house: a flat planar representation dotted with windows. *Birches and Snow* (1961) becomes the Vermont counterpart to the planar facades of the tenements. The urban grid is replaced by a rural grid—a field of snow divided by the vertical of a tree trunk, an orderly row of birches, and the triangle of a mountain in the distance.

The high horizon line, planar form of the field, and totemic tree give the painting a forceful verticality, an unusual format for the representation of a snowy landscape. In a radio interview about Billie Holiday, Brodie talked about the art and music of Harlem and the Lower East Side being “an art of the roots.” This painting contains those evocations. The snow is dense, weighty, mottled with layers, while the mountain summit is evanescent in comparison. Brodie was determined to wrest the object, the metaphor, out of material, to forge something both delicate and universal from the roots, the matter of tenement walls and rusted cans. ■





Post No Bills
1966, oil on linen, 72 ½ x 96 ½ in.



Still Life after Van Gogh
1975, oil on panel, 9 ¼ x 7 ¼ in.

Remembering Gandy Brodie

James Welling

For Gandy Brodie

When I was a senior in high school I visited Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh for an interview with the Department of Painting and Sculpture. I carried a portfolio of collages and small paintings and showed them to a painting professor. The interview went well and after lunch I sat in on a freshman drawing class. In a sunny classroom students worked energetically on gigantic, charcoal drawings of insects. There was much discussion of marks and mark making as the instructor walked through the room critiquing work. I thought the class was fantastic and a few months later I eagerly accepted the offer to study there.

When I arrived in September 1969 I discovered that I was pre-enrolled in freshman drawing taught by a first time visiting lecturer, Gandy Brodie. I was disappointed to discover Professor Brodie wasn't the professor who taught the class doing the gigantic charcoal drawings of insects.

In the first class Gandy introduced himself to the fifteen students standing by their easels. He was short and handsome with grey curly hair. Rather than jumping to the fundamentals of drawing Gandy began discussing different artists' work. The class started with stories about van Gogh and his life of continual struggle. The idea of "difficulty" was introduced as a positive quality. Great art was difficult, and the choices the artist made were not easy ones. My interest in "mark making" and in gigantic insects disappeared. Gandy was introducing me to something bigger than drawing.

Gandy also spoke about the work of Paul Klee. He revered Klee for his childlike creativity, his inventiveness and his exuberance. But Gandy

also saw Klee's tragic dimension. Gandy then introduced the idea of "profundity." Klee had a profundity to his inventiveness that elevated his work above the merely decorative. The painters Gandy would discuss with us in the coming weeks, Rembrandt, Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, Rouault, Mondrian, Pollock, Rothko, they all had a "profundity" to their work. You imitated the example of these great artists, not in their style but in the quality of their decision-making. The process of creativity was one of struggle and difficult choices.

When he finally got down to figure drawing, Gandy would walk from easel to easel, offering comments. One student made effortlessly beautiful abstract drawings. Gandy was skeptical of this sort of facility. Because I had excellent drawing skills, Gandy came over to my easel in one of those first classes. I was very pleased with my 15-minute sketch of the nude model. Gandy grabbed my hand and my stick of chalk and roughly moved it over my drawing. At first I was horrified; not only had he touched me, he'd ruined my drawing. But in an instant I saw how full of life this roughened new drawing was compared to mine. Gandy went to the front of the class and told us a story about Thomas Eakins. Dissatisfied with a hand he was painting, Eakins painted it over and over until his painting had the complexity of an actual hand, and not merely a beautiful depiction of a hand.

In late October, Gandy announced that we were going to New York on a class field trip. The class assembled early Monday morning in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art. Gandy wore a blue suit and tie. At MoMA we walked through the museum and Gandy extemporized in front of his favourite paintings. As he spoke in front of Picasso's *Guernica* a large crowd assembled on the margins of the class to listen to Gandy's impassioned lecture. Before Cézanne's *Bather* Gandy drew our attention to the blue fringes around the figure. Looking at Cézanne's hesitant lines, Gandy also spoke about Cézanne's doubt. Then we spent a long time in front of Matisse's *Red Studio* and *The Music Lesson*. We looked at van Gogh's *Starry Night* and of course we looked at all the Klees.

As we made our way around the museum, Gandy would direct individual students to look at specific art works. He told me to look carefully at the surface of Mondrian's *Broadway Boogie Woogie*. After spending some time in front of the painting, Gandy



Anemones in Relief
1975, oil on canvas, 20 x 16 in.
Collection of Heather Chase

then directed me to walk over to the Sidney Janis Gallery on 57th Street and ask to speak to Carroll Janis about Mondrian. I went to the gallery but couldn't summon the nerve to ask for Janis. I bought a Mondrian catalogue and told Gandy that Carroll wasn't in the gallery.

The next day we went to the Metropolitan Museum to see Henry Geldzahler's recently opened "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970." Gandy didn't speak about much of the work in the show; we wandered through it in relative silence. After lunch we went to look at the Albert Pinkham Ryder paintings in the American wing. Gandy loved Ryder, and encouraged us to study the cracked and bubbling surfaces of the paintings.

On Wednesday we went to the Frick Collection on Fifth Avenue. Gandy was particularly interested in showing us Piero della Francesca's painting of Saint John. Then we then went into the large painting gallery and stopped in front of Rembrandt's *Polish Rider*. Gandy spoke for a long time in front of this painting and the late self-portrait nearby. In front of the self-portrait we were asked us to consider Rembrandt's humanity depicted in his his eyes. Gandy also asked us to look closely at how Rembrandt painted the sash across his waist and to note its similarity to the Franz Kline paintings we'd seen at the Met the day before. Gandy was sure that Kline spent hours looking at Rembrandt's handling of the sash.

We were then left to look at the collection on our own. After an hour, I spotted Gandy downstairs in a phone booth by the bathrooms. When he came upstairs he announced that we were going to visit Mark Rothko, who lived two blocks away. We assembled in front of the studio door and Gandy told all the girls to stand in front, so that when Rothko cracked open the door, he saw a sea of female faces smiling at him. Rothko was frail and wore a grey cardigan sweater. He walked with a shuffle, hunched over.

We made our way back into the studio, past a small office and rows of large painting racks. Rothko was too weak to move paintings, so the boys in the class started pulling pictures from the racks. I remember the thrill of grabbing onto the edge of a large black-on-black painting with another student and placing it in the center of the studio. When we'd brought out enough paintings to fill the studio, we asked Rothko questions and I sketched him as he spoke. All of the paintings were black on black paintings; we saw none of the strange final works with white taped edges that



Friendly Anemones
c. 1975, oil on canvas, 20 x 15 7/8 in.
Private collection

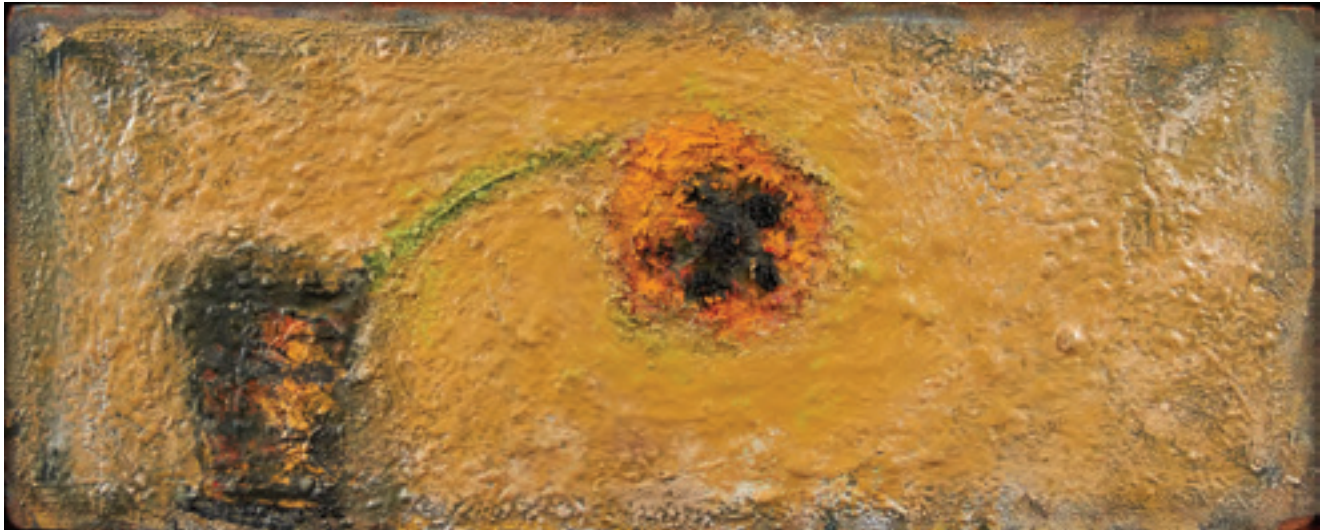


Anemones
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 in.

RIGHT:
Anemones in Rusted Can
1975, mixed media on paper, 24 x 17 7/8 in.
Collection of Frederic and Suzanne Bancroft







Poppy in Rusted Can
1971, oil on masonite, 12 x 30 in.

he must have been working on at this time. After thirty minutes of conversation we thanked Rothko and walked to the front door where we waited as Gandy and Rothko lingered inside the office.

After the trip to New York Gandy began to show us his work. He brought in a few small paintings on wood panels and I was struck by their thick, rough painted surfaces. I began to understand the attention Gandy drew to the paint surfaces of Rouault, Mondrian and Ryder. Gandy mentioned Hans Hofmann as an important teacher and spoke reverently of the art historian Meyer Schapiro. In order to process all the work I saw in New York, I began to study back issues of art magazines in the library.

In January I took a required lithography class. The lithography studio was on the top floor of the Fine Arts building and one day, as I left class, I saw a door open down the hall into Gandy's studio. Gandy saw me and invited me in. The small studio floor was covered with between 30 and 50 small paintings on wood as well as stacks of charcoal drawings. For the rest of the semester I would stop in weekly to look at what Gandy was doing.

Initially I found the subjects Gandy chose to paint bizarre. Some paintings depicted a single white birch tree painted down the middle of a narrow panel. Another group of paintings showed a doe drink-

Anemone in Rusted Can
1975, mixed media on paper, 24 x 17 7/8 in.
Private collection

ing from a stream. Gandy also made paintings of a seagull in flight. By far the largest group in the studio was a sequence of paintings of a bouquet of anemones in a rusted tin can. These paintings were lonely and very sentimental. Gandy could tell I was put off by their sentimentality and immediately asked me what I thought of the anemones paintings.

A rhythm developed as I stopped by to visit Gandy. I'd come by after supper and watch him paint. Gandy would talk as he worked on one panel then another. He'd put a little paint on a picture, contemplate it, add a few more strokes and move on to the next panel. This way he kept building up layer on layer of paint. Most of the panels had years of paint on them and the surfaces were over a half an inch deep. His favourite colors were brown and orange. Gandy used tube oil paint and thin enamel paint that sank into the porous surface of oil. Soutine's paintings of carcasses were of particular interest to him at this point and he talked at length about Soutine's subjects and his methods.

Gandy encouraged me to collect objects that I was attached to. Study their color and surface he advised. Gandy once asked me if I was prepared to work at painting for ten years before I could make any money at it. Sometimes Gandy would put drawings on the wall by licking the back of the paper and pressing them to the smooth plaster. It occurred to me that he was poor. Gandy once spoke about the school he and his wife ran in Newfane, Vermont. Perhaps I'd like to attend it at some point in the not too distant future?

During class Gandy spoke about Martha Graham. He worked in her studio sweeping the floors in the late 1940's and she was a very important artist to him. So in March when Merce Cunningham and his dance company and John Cage spent a week in residence at Carnegie Mellon University, I was already interested in modern dance and I'd come across Merce Cunningham and John Cage's names in my readings of back issues of art magazines. I went to a lecture demonstration and two concerts. I was equally struck by Cunningham and his dancers and by John Cage and his ideas.

In his lecture Cage railed against what he called "Germanic aesthetics." I realized that Cunningham and Cage were a threat to Gandy's ideas about profundity. After the concert I went



Intrusion of Light
1957, oil on masonite, 35 ¾ x 39 ½ in.



Rose in a Glass

1955, oil on canvas, 13 ¾ x 17 ¾ in.



Yellow Pansy/Blue Glass
1971, oil on board, 11 x 9 in.
Collection of Vincent Casey



Thomas Mann Gladiolas
1975, oil on masonite, 24 ½ x 21 ¾ in.

down to the orchestra to talk to Cage. I nervously told him that my professor Gandy Brodie didn't think that there was anything wrong with Germanic aesthetics and neither did I. Cage laughed at this skinny kid telling him about his professor. Cage smiled and told me that I should think for myself rather than repeat my professor's ideas back to him. In my dorm that night I realized that I faced a conflict.

In late February Mark Rothko committed suicide in his studio. An era had ended. I revered Abstract Expressionism but it was over as an art movement. And my interest in contemporary art was growing rapidly. At the library I'd discovered Pop and Minimal Art. Now during my visits to Gandy's studio I began to ask him about artists I knew he disliked—Rauschenberg and Stella in particular. But I kept going to visit him because I was fascinated by his personality and his work ethic.

In May the semester drew to a close. I made my final visit to Gandy's studio. He was packing up and preparing to go back to Vermont. I boldly asked him for a drawing. From his stack of anemone drawings he took a large one and wrote across the middle, "For Jim Welling, Gandy Brodie, 1969." That summer Gandy had a show at the Krasner Gallery in Manhattan. I was astonished to see a large painting of an astronaut floating in outer space.

It's now forty years since I studied with Gandy Brodie but he is still prominent in my creative imagination. Of all my teachers, he is the one I value the most. He gave so much to that freshman drawing class. The artists he introduced us to, Rembrandt, Cézanne, Ryder, Mondrian, Pollock, Rothko, had taught him how to become a painter. In sharing his passion and commitment for their work, and in his challenge to imitate their example, he revealed himself to be an artist of profound depth and authenticity. ■



Bryan
oil on canvas, 48 x 40 in.
Private collection

RIGHT:
Butcher Boy
c. 1955, oil on board, 56 x 40 in.
Private collection





I Am a Tree

1974, oil on masonite on board, 23 7/8 x 20 in.

The Image as Emblem

William Tucker

Originally published in Art in America, January 1981

Gandy Brodie died suddenly and unexpectedly in 1975 at the age of fifty. His last New York show was in 1970, and his name and his work are probably unfamiliar to many of the younger artists who have been returning to the image in recent years. I think Brodie's exhibition this past fall at Knoedler's will have been a revelation to them.

These paintings show that it is still possible to paint an image—something in the world, a tree, a bird, a vase of flowers—and to paint at the same time a surface, with the same care and the same intensity: that neither the image nor the painting is the excuse for the other, that there can be a perfect balance between them. Philip Guston's paintings of the last seven years, seen recently in the splendid retrospective at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, demonstrate this also, but Brodie's paintings have a completely different impact from that of Guston's: Brodie is quiet and gradual where Guston is immediate and aggressive; his work has none of Guston's irony and quotation, none of that harsh contrast between a banally schematized imagery and the sensuous bravura of paint handling and color. Brodie's approach is modest but totally straightforward: his images are not processed; he paints what he has seen and remembered, not things flat in themselves or having the given flatness of popular, primitive or mechanized images.

There are no horizons in these paintings, though most are of outdoor subjects. The image is isolated, emblematic, but its representation is faithful, even conventional. The painting *I Am a Tree* (1975), for instance, shows nothing but the bare shaft of the upright trunk slightly displaced to the left of the canvas. This was the first picture of Brodie's I saw, and my first impression was that it was abstract and quite unexceptional—a small, sticky and vague Barnett Newman. As soon as I recognized the subject, it was transformed. It is a painting, it is a tree, it is the artist. The drawing of the image as a representation is not important, nor is the compositional design of the painting. Even the color is subordinate. All this is the skin, what you see first. Beyond or behind or through this skin, and very slowly, the picture emerges as marvelous fusion of matter and light and thought.

“What sort of an age is this/ When to talk about trees/ Is almost a crime? . . .” (Brecht, tr. C. Salvesen)—how can you paint trees, seagulls, fawns, flowers, in our time, without irony, without embarrassment, without guilt? It is the hardest thing to do, and it was necessary and purgative for Brodie to do it.

If you look harder at this painting, or, say, the *Seagull in Flight* (1973), you can see that the image has not moved on the canvas since the artist started the work. What was in his mind was a tree, a gull. He set himself to paint the thing. The paintings are small, rarely more than 2 feet in either direction, and the paint is built up to at least a half-inch thick. What you see, the outer skin, the last marks, seem thin, almost a wash. The ground behind the trunk or the bird seems built up higher than the figure, like the white areas in a Mondrian. What are we to make of this? Either the painting is virtually a relief, conceptualized in advance, the surface texture faked up in wax or acrylic medium and washed over then in thin color, the whole process perhaps taking a few hours. Or the whole thing consists of layer after layer of thin oil paint, applied over months or years, the same image there from the start, repeated day after day, questioned and confirmed—but not searched for, adjusted with the conscience of the eye as in Cézanne or Giacometti: the initial image seen, remembered, then painted and painted and painted; the subject the last, the preceding image, and of course this is concealed by the next day's work, so that the image we see has been buried and recovered a hundred times.



Where Shall We Live When the World Goes Dark
1954, oil on canvas, 50 x 72 in.
Fred R. Sherry Family Collection

Brodie was the child of Rumanian immigrant parents, and one senses his kinship with Brancusi, who also and continuously trod the dangerous line between the sentimental and the essential, the profound and the merely pretty. Brodie's tree evokes Brancusi's "world tree," the axis mundi, the *Endless Column*, stretched between earth and sky and terminating at neither end; Brodie's gull recalls Brancusi's birds, though the gull hovers rather than soars. If there can be a truly religious art in our time, it will be of hermetic icons like this—the gull the emblem of the Holy Spirit at an unseen baptism, the tree carrying an unseen crucified god.

It is strange that, for an art so obvious in its appeal, Brodie's work reveals itself so slowly. We have learned to distrust so direct a claim on our senses and our emotions. We look for irony where there is none intended. It would be possible to make an argument out of the formal contradictions in these paintings—for example, between the delicate color and the dense clotting of the surface, or between the frontality and symmetry of the image and its implied modeling in depth in a space that is treated as more substantial than the figure—but that would be to miss the meaning of these pictures, although they are very well made. Considered as a classical modernist oeuvre, Brodie's work may appear inconsistent and unsophisticated; but experienced painting by painting, each piece presents itself as emotionally unified, each a patient and loving recovery of an old, if lately degraded, truth. ■

Essay republished courtesy BMP Media Holdings, LLC



Deer Season
1963, oil on linen, 51 ¼ x 38 ¼ in.



Tiny Tenement
c. 1971, oil on panel, 9 x 8 ½ in.



Robert Frank

Photograph of Gandy Brodie from *10th St. Painters* (detail)

1950-1960/1985

Used with permission of the artist

GANDY BRODIE b. May 20, 1924, New York

- 1945 Studied with Martha Graham
- 1946 Inspired to paint after seeing Van Gogh's *Starry Night* and the works of Klee and Picasso at the Museum of Modern Art, New York.
- 1947-48 Drawings of jazz musicians published in *Metronome Magazine* by Barry Ulanov, whose class for jazz musicians and painters he attended.
- 1950 Hans Hofmann bought a painting of a jazz trumpet player and invited Gandy to attend weekly criticisms of student work.
- 1951 Selected by Meyer Schapiro for "New Talent" show, Kootz Gallery, two man show with Cy Twombly, who was chosen by Clement Greenberg. Travelled and studied in Mexico, France and Italy.
- 1954 Studied with Meyer Schapiro at Columbia University and at The New School for Social Research, New York.
- 1955-61 Travelled and studied in Europe, based primarily in Florence.
- 1958 Winner of Mark Twain Art Contest sponsored by Daryl Dworman and *The Village Voice*, judged by Hans Hofmann, James Johnson Sweeney, and Meyer Schapiro.
- 1959 Painted in St. Paul de Vence. Last return to Florence.
- 1960-61 Received Longview Foundation Purchase Grants.
- 1962 Received Ingram Merrill Foundation Award.
- 1967-68 Taught painting at The New School, New York.
- 1968 Artist-in-Residence, Hollins College, Hollins, VA
- 1969 Received National Council on the Arts Award, Guggenheim Fellowship, State of Washington, Title III Cultural Enrichment Grant
- 1969-70 Assistant Professor, Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA
- 1970-71 Visiting Professor, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA
- 1974-75 Artist-in-Residence, Elmira College, Elmira, NY
- 1975 Received Rothko Foundation Grant
- 1975 Died October 22, New York

ONE-PERSON EXHIBITIONS

- 1951 Kootz Gallery, New York
- 1954 Urban Gallery, New York
- 1955 Durlacher Brothers, New York
- 1957 Durlacher Brothers, New York
- 1959 Durlacher Brothers, New York
- 1961 Durlacher Brothers, New York
- 1963 Durlacher Brothers, New York
- 1964 Saidenberg Gallery, New York

- 1965 Obelisk Gallery, Boston, MA
- 1967 Richard Gray Gallery, Chicago, IL
- 1967 Zabriskie Gallery, New York
- 1970 Krasner Gallery, New York
- 1971 All Souls Church, Brattleboro, VT
- 1972 Williams College Museum of Art, Williamstown, MA
- 1980 M. Knoedler & Co., New York
- 1983 Sidney Janis Gallery, New York
- 1985 Edward Thorp Gallery, New York
- 1991 Edward Thorp Gallery, New York
- 2000 Salander-O'Reilly Galleries, New York
- 2008 Gallery of the College of Staten Island
- 2012 steven harvey fine art projects, "Ten Tenements," New York
- 2014 "City, Country City: paintings by Gandy Brodie," The Painting Center, New York

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1975-77 National Air and Space Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC, "The Astronaut"
- 1976 Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, "Homage to Ryder"
- 1977 Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska, "The Chosen Object: European and American Still Life" "Thomas Mann Gladiola"
- 1978 Everson Museum of Art, Syracuse, NY, "Provincetown Painters: 1890-1970's" "Seascape"
- 1980 The Chrysler Museum, Norfolk, Virginia, "American Figure Painting: 1950-1980." "Young Musicians" (color reproduction in catalog)
- 1984 The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S.1., Long Island City, NY. "Underknown: Twelve Artists Re-Seen in 1984," curated by Henry Geldzahler
- 2006 Cheim & Read, New York, "The New Landscape / The New Still Life: Soutine and Modern Art"
- 2007 Lori Bookstein Fine Art, "Anniversary: Ten Years of Gallery Art and Artists," New York
- 2011 SHFAP and Martha Henry, "Pairings: Gandy Brodie / Bob Thompson: The Ecstasy of Influence, an exhibition about the painterly relationship of Gandy Brodie and Bob Thompson in the late 1950's" Kathleen Cullen Fine Art and Elizabeth Ivers Gallery, "Two Colors," curated by Clay Hapaz
- 2013 steven harvey fine art projects, "Summer Session," New York

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

- Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, MA
- The Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, MD
- Chrysler Museum, Provincetown, MA
- Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, VA
- Colby-Sawyer College, New London, NH
- Everson Museum of Art of Syracuse and Onondaga County, Syracuse, NY
- Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC
- The Jewish Museum, NY
- Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art, Ithaca, NY
- Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA
- The Metropolitan Museum of Art, NY
- The Mint Museum of Art, Charlotte, NC
- The Museum of Modern Art, NY
- Neuberger Museum, Purchase, NY
- The Phillips Collection, Washington, DC
- Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, NY
- Whitney Museum of American Art, NY
- Williams College Museum of Art, Williamstown, MA
- West Virginia Museum of Art, Charleston, W. VA "Sidewalk Tenderness" (Gift of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, III)
- National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC (The Martha Jackson Collection)
- Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, CT "Yellow Gladiola in Rusted Can" (Gift of George Dix)
- Minnesota Museum of American Art, St. Paul, MN
- Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, MA (Gift of Nathan Halper)

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INSIDE BACK COVER:

Figures with Manhattan Bridge and Tenements
c.1960, pencil on paper, 7 ¾ x 23 ¾ in.

BACK COVER:

Spiral Nebulae
1968, oil on wood, 9 x 9 in.



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