

ndy Brodie: Miles Davis.



Charles Cajori: Untitled drawing.

Brodie

Gandy Brodie is a Realist in his own way, and one supposes, perhaps quite wrongly, that he tends to paint while looking at what he is painting. He makes beautiful paint surfaces. They are thick, dense and as delicious as cake. Sometimes his image seems to soak into this surface, or to be cut into it like a skater cutting into the surface of a frozen pond. His subjects are romantic and Expressionist. They have a long-suffering and exquisite perfume. He paints poor pigeons on sidewalks, poor trees wasting away, poor sprigs of dead flowers in poor milk bottles. Everything seems lost and sad, yet not unhappy. One of the most interesting groups of works in the show is a series of portraits, almost all three-quarter length [Durlacher; to March 25]. They are stiff, frontal and like battered icons. Each one seems to guard some precious secret or thing, and to be terrified at the prospect of a sorcerer taking it away from him and casting a spell upon it. They are powerful [Continued on page 67]

ACT INFINE 1961

Brodie continued from page 39

images. Brodie's paintings are naïve, eccentric, gnarled, intense, brilliant and highly sophisticated. One can say all these things about them in one breath, and yet not seem ridiculous to one who knows his paintings. He makes the ordinary seem extraordinary. A tenement wall becomes an enchanted vision. This is probably his most complete and mature exhibition to date. Prices unquoted.

L.C.

Cajori continued from page 39

analytical commitments. The life in Cajori's drawings, leyonds technique, lies in their sense of an involvement, not less than passionate, in an enterprise of form, the very cost of which, for Cajori, is not less than total. Prices unquoted.

B.H.

Katz continued from page 38

piece": the dress, the twelve bare arms of the girl and the apotheosis of Harold Teen iconography at the right of the picture, all combine in a localtrain wit of imagery to "place" the feeling, sweet, amused, loving, a cineGandy Brodie is a Realist in his own way, and one supposes, perhaps quite wrongly, that he tends to paint while looking at what he is painting. He makes beautiful paint surfaces. They are thick, dense and as delicious as cake. Sometimes his image seems to soak into this surface, or to be cut into it like a skater cutting into the surface of a frozen pond. His subjects are romantic and Expressionist. They have a long-suffering and exquisite perfume. He paints poor pigeons on sidewalks, poor trees wasting away, poor sprigs of dead flowers in poor milk bottles. Everything seems lost and sad, yet not unhappy. One of the most interesting groups of works in the show is a series of portraits, almost all three-quarter length [Durlacher; to March 25]. They are stiff, frontal and like battered icons. Each one seems to guard some precious secret or thing, and to be terrified at the prospect of a sorcerer taking it away from him and casting a spell upon it. They are powerful images. Brodie's paintings are naïve, eccentric, gnarled, intense, brilliant and highly sophisticated. One can say all these things about them in one breath, and yet not seem ridiculous to one who knows his paintings. He makes the ordinary seem extraordinary. A tenement wall becomes an enchanted vision. This is probably his most complete and mature exhibition to date. Prices unquoted.

Lawrence Campbell

ARTnews, March 1961

Gandy Brodie Exhibition at Durlacher Brothers

Miles Davis, 1961, oil on canvas, 72" x 60"