

There are some painters still concentrating so hard on their paintings that the viewer is forced to concentrate, too. It does not mean that a precise sort of communication has been achieved, but it is impossible, for example, in the great turmoil of Helen Frankenthaler's paintings or the conflagrations of color and texture Richard Lytle makes out of literary and mythological themes not to respond with some matching intensity of feeling, even if one ends ultimately by rejecting both the feeling and the painting that elicited it. There is, I think, a still larger range of feeling and a greater opening to rejection in the paintings of Gandy Brodie. Brodie, who has always responded with feeling to feeling, is unusually adept at translating a jazz musician's tones from sound to color and form, to the line of a small drawing or the thickness of a heavily painted canvas. Feeling is almost always his subject, feeling which, though broken down into a saxophonist's parabolic lines or a trumpeter's circles or a bird's burrowing pinches at the soil, never can be categorized in very simple terms. When his points of references are particularly clear, his meditation is at its most extended. Then one must look and look—"must" is not the word; one *will* look and look, as, for example, at the bold white figure of an Italian boy, of a fine stubborn centrality, who stands in front of a familiar slogan, one that is scrawled on many Italian walls, "NO ALLA GUERRA ATOMICA." Some of the letters are hidden by the figure, but the slogan, like the texture of the walls on which it is written and the atmosphere in which the boy lives and the hard reflection in which all were painted—all of this is clear enough. What one does with these several clarities is dependent upon the extent to which one can still contemplate subject matter in painting—a boy, a bird, a musician, an idea—and work from surfaces to something beneath them, which they conceal or *reveal*, reveal immediately or very slowly, depending upon the procedure of the artist.

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