

## GRAPHICS

## Bringing Stones to Manhattan

The foremost and most famous lithographic shop in all the world is Paris' Imprimerie Mourlot Frères. Since Jules Mourlot bought it in 1914, the shop's workroom has been the meeting place for artists from all over the world, including such satisfied customers as Chagall, Cocteau, Miró and above all Pablo Picasso. They flock to Mourlot, which today is run by Jules's second son, Fernand, to take advantage of his superlative craftsmanship in the production of their original lithographs, posters and book illustrations, and for his advice on how to execute their drawings on lithographic stones.

Recognizing that "there are still good artists in Paris, but there are exciting ones in America—what you call new blood," Mourlot has opened a shop in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. Heading the U.S. operation is Fernand's son, Jacques Mourlot, 34. The new Atelier Mourlot, set up in a renovated 1830 stucco building, is equipped with 60 of Mourlot's 20- and 30-year-old stones, three small hand proof presses, three large electric flatbed presses and three skilled French printers, each trained from adolescence in the Paris shop.

Even before the official opening, four U.S. artists had already begun work and others were learning to transcribe their designs onto stones from which Mourlot will run off proofs. Jack Levine and Paul Jenkins are old hands, having used Mourlot in Paris, but newcomers Claes Oldenburg and Chryssa

PETER POLYMENAKOS



LEVINE (RIGHT) & MOURLOT MASTER PRINTER  
Proofs for new blood.

are just learning how to make lithographs. Says Levine: "It should make a tremendous difference for American artists because there is nothing like Mourlot in the U.S. We used to have people like them at the turn of the century, I think, but the old craftsmen have disappeared here."

## MUSEUMS

## Illuminating the Impressionists

The eminent visiting Frenchman was being shown through the Art Institute of Chicago by its then president, Chauncey McCormick, when he asked in astonishment: "How can you possibly afford all these marvelous impressionist pictures?" The proud response was: "We do not buy them; we inherit them from our grandmothers."

Thanks to Chicago grandmothers like Mrs. Potter Palmer, the impressionist-loving *grande dame* of Chicago society in the 1890s, to say nothing of grandfathers like Hardware Heir Frederic Clay Bartlett, who gave the museum Seurat's *La Grande Jatte*, the Art Institute today is the possessor of a 19th century impressionist and post-impressionist collection among the best in the U.S. Under rangy (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.), Harvard-honed Charles C. Cunningham, 57, who took over as director a year ago after 20 years at Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum, the museum has hewed to a policy of building on its strength (see color pages).

Chicago acquires new works primarily to illuminate the ones it already owns. Jacques Louis David's softly fragmented technique in his 1792 *Portrait of the Marquise de Pastoret* foreshadows the pointillism of *La Grande Jatte*. Gustave Caillebotte's huge (7 ft. by 9 ft.), damply breathtaking *Place de l'Europe on a Rainy Day* sheds light from a different angle; the wealthy Parisian civil engineer, dealing with a similar promenade scene only seven years before Seurat, builds his woman's figure with much the same solidity, but he toys with reflected light on umbrellas, cobblestones and in the boulevards more realistically than did the later impressionists. Last week the museum unveiled a Rubens *Holy Family*, depicting Jesus and Mary with Joseph, the infant St. John the Baptist and his mother St. Elizabeth (see color overleaf). Its fiery red, electric blues and ripe flesh tones show why Renoir (represented in Chicago by 19 oils and four drawings) looked to Rubens for inspiration.

Anyone for \$50 Million? Though Chicago's 19th century French paintings are its crowning glories, the museum also owns one of the top half-dozen Oriental collections in the U.S., a superlative selection of prints and drawings, and an impressive cross section of Eu-



ARTHUR SIEGEL

CUNNINGHAM WITH RODIN'S "BALZAC"  
Snapped back by a college center.

ropean paintings from the 15th century to the 17th century, topped off by El Greco's soaring *Assumption of the Virgin*. The rambling Italian Renaissance palazzo on Michigan Avenue enfolds an art school and the recent (1962) Morton wing for modern art.

Originally constructed as part of the 1893 Columbian Exposition, the Art Institute has reflected the city's tastes and interests for seven decades, and fell on hard times only in the 1950s, when lackluster leadership led to a period of inaction and interoffice intrigue. Under Cunningham, probably the only museum director who ever played center on his college football team, the museum has snapped back, with attendance up a remarkable 559,000 last year, to a total of 2,516,000, and membership at an alltime high of 38,769. Cunningham means to capitalize on the revival of interest with new electronic teaching devices for museumgoers and a search for new funds for still more acquisitions. Says he, only half in jest: "I am looking for a man who has \$50 million and wants to give it away."

## SCULPTURE

## Stuffed Moose &amp; Stacked Tibias

There is something distinctly unsettling about the welded metal sculptures of Richard Hunt, 32, currently the subject of a major exhibit at the Milwaukee Art Center. They seem deliberately designed to elude description. Some are needly and spiky, reminiscent of a mosquito—or perhaps a reconstructed set of blood vessels. Others are bloated, like an octopus with tentacles waving, a man-eating plant, or an an-