

The Atlanta Fine Arts Times

Leo Katz, former Atlantan

Outstanding artist visited

By CARLYN FISHER
Times Art Editor

One of the most enriching experiences for me on a trip to New York is a visit with my friend the artist Leo Katz. Born in 1887 in Czechoslovakia, he studied and lived in Europe until 1921 when he came to America at the invitation of the late Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, to paint portraits of the Vanderlip family.

Katz's mastery as an artist and a teacher took him to many American cities, among which was Atlanta, from 1953 to 1959. It was during this time that I met him. He now makes his home in Manhattan in the Chelsea Hotel, famed for its congenial treatment of the creative writers, poets, and artists who live and work there.

Residing quietly in his studio apartment, he ponders on the most basic and important questions facing modern man. Leaving his studio to attend meetings with his friends from all branches of the sciences, he keeps up with the latest developments and discoveries which mark our age.

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For the past three years he has been working on a book which is a summation of a long life of deep concentration and penetrating observations. He continues also to paint canvases of amazing significance.

Feeling a pressing urgency to complete the many monumental projects he has set for himself, wastes no time in the frenetic business of promoting or explaining his output.

Compared with the one-track minds of many modern artists, one cannot help comparing him and the scope of his work with the giants of the past who did not limit themselves to one style, one subject, or one point of view.

Years before the Pop artists began nailing real objects to their canvases to break the barrier of space in front of their paintings, Katz developed a technique of painting a three directional perspective where part of the painting is in the plane, part goes back into the canvas. So real and convincing is this painting technique that

the viewer is moved to touch the forms that seem to project in front of the painting.

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His abstractions are more significant than most, as in the startling canvas titled Space Organization, which includes all known form and space categories facing modern art. It moves from a solid cuboid shape to other shapes which are freely moving in space in relation to semi-transparent and complete-

ly de-materialized interpenetrations.

His paintings from nature of people, animals, and landscapes reveal an acuteness of observation and an ability to record his findings unrivaled in our times. His studies of sub-conscious symbolism perform the amazing feat of linking the ancient world of mythology with present-day psychology.

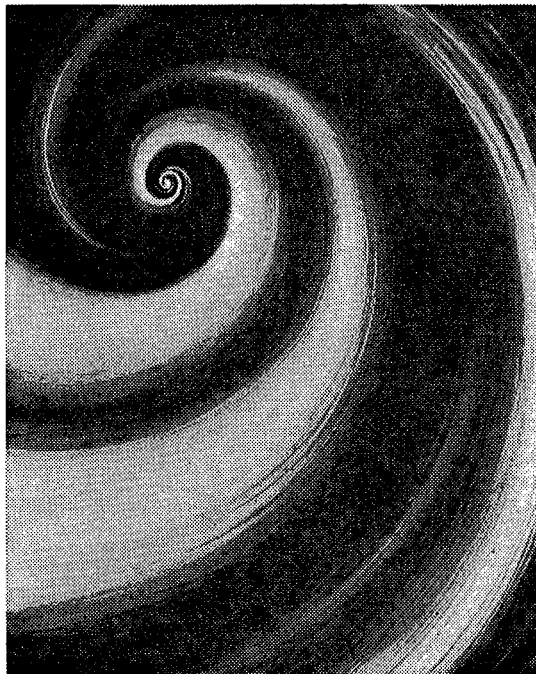
His cosmic series, one of the most grippingly beautiful group

of paintings he has produced, evolved from a forty-year study of the power of the point as a visual element. The point developed into a vortex, and these become stars and galaxies.

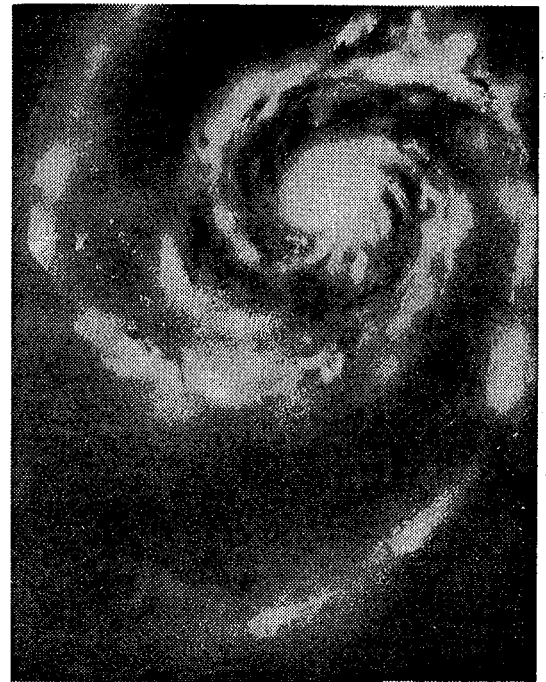
Besides form, space, cosmic problems and visions, he is powerful in his dramatization of the fears and emotional complexes of today as expressed in his engravings, etchings, and lithographs. In Homeless, he captures the essence of the

lonely refugee; in Year One, A. B. (Atomic Bomb), he makes quite a commentary on the atomic age. (These prints are in the collection of the High Museum in Atlanta.)

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(It isn't necessary to explain further that a friendship with someone of this caliber is an invaluable and continuing source of inspiration to anyone interested in art and its ultimate meaning.)



'Vortex Power'



'Galaxy'

Photo by Frank Bauer

Culture explosion hits nation

Booming sound of music roars across America

The loudest sonic boom heard across the land these days is not made by zooming jets in the skies but by the sound of music. While jets zooming faster than

sound have ears popping with their sonic booms, a more voluminous kind of boom is a result of the big culture explosion paced by the sound of music

echoing across the country.

There is more music in the air than ever before, and just a small sampling of where all those musical sounds are coming from will be heard as well

to learn to play an instrument of some kind. But the talking machine and then radio spelled the decline of homemade music.

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"The electronic age, however,