

THE VILLAGER, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1961

By PETER WOOD

"SOME PEOPLE," a proprietress at the Tanager told me, "take one look in the door and flee." The point being, I suppose, that when one is expecting pate maison and is served foie gras, the first bite tastes funny. Persist, however, and one has the opportunity of viewing a very delightful, entirely objective, three-man show, the whole of which, I suspect, equals slightly more than the sum of the parts.

That is to say, had I looked at Lawrence Campbell's small scenic oils — executed with more taste than skill — by themselves, I might easily have passed them over without more than a casual nod. As it is they hang as deft accents, punctuations to the fewer, larger works of Edith Schloss and Gabriel Laderman, who in turn, compliment each other beautifully. Miss Schloss' paintings are bright, almost hysterical, evocations of summer (in Maine) — cut flowers in foreground against technicolor blues, whites and greens of the outdoors. It is as if she had distilled every bright day of a long summer into one.

In apposition hang the large, quietly thoughtful paintings by Mr. Laderman, a series done in a summer studio with a view through the window, over a court, through a gate house with trees beyond. Laderman has brought the summer light indoors and let it fall softly on the paraphernalia of his art — still life objects, easel braces, a pair of shoes, and always the angularity of the studio itself, the

window, the door. All told, a very worthwhile show.

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