Olitski, Warhol, Trump: Navigating Bad Taste in the Decade of Excess

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Introduction

Color field painter Jules Olitski (1922-2007), Pop artist Andy Warhol (1928-87), and real estate developer turned U.S. President Donald Trump (1946–) occupied disparate worlds. The few interactions they had among one another were unpleasant. Olitski didn't care for Warhol; Warhol hated Trump; and Trump was indifferent at best, hostile at worst, to art and artists in general. The three are linked together through a network of associations—some direct, others tenuous. The subject of taste—of *bad* taste specifically—is relevant to each of them. This essay examines issues of taste, class, and sensibility as they relate to the creation and reception of a group of mid-80s paintings by Olitski; and of the architecture and interior design of Trump's first New York project. Warhol, whose taste was the most conservative, makes only a cameo appearance.

I. *Critical Hell*

The issue of taste had followed Jules Olitski's work from the start, almost always to his disadvantage. When he left behind the thickly-impastoed grisaille style he'd developed, at the tail end of the 1950s, and took up the Magna paints and soak-stain technique of artists associated with critic Clement Greenberg and his programming at French & Company, the results were unorthodox to say the least. Painters Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland worked in series—sequences of paintings sharing bold, austere designs, the better to showcase the color harmonies that were the subject of their work. Olitski's early forays in the nascent "color-field" style yielded pictures resembling moodily-colored, lemon-shaped breasts; hot pink ham steaks; clusters of cells captured in varying stages of mitosis, in lurid hues of Dubble Bubble pink and key lime (figs. 1, 2)—"flat color even more wild," Donald Judd observed "than the titles"—*Ishtar Bra Box, Yaksi Darling, Prince Patutszky Pleasures*.[1]

His critical situation only grew more complicated from there. In 1965, Olitski found a way to realize several pictorial goals, all related, all at once—to eliminate delineated forms, to keep the paint surface literally and materially flat while introducing spaciousness and depth, and to blend a range of disparate colors seamlessly. With this sudden discovery, Olitski proceeded euphorically, using a compressed air spray gun, working on a length of canvas taped to the floor, spraying effervescent color upon ebullient, saccharine color, into and across the surface, a surface hardly more substantial than the air that created it. (fig. 3) He created massive and immersive paintings, with color situations as subtly and infinitely graded as the material could allow, luminous, lambent, as radiant as an aurora…

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[1] Donald Judd, "Jules Olitski," *Complete Writings 1959-1975*, (Halifax: The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, 1975), p. 47

As quickly as the accolades arrived, the backlash began. The cynical late sixties brought critiques of his aesthetic aims—e.g. Lucy Lippard's disgust with his "vapid veils of sweet color…blobs of nostalgically gummy paint lurking at the corners… real visual Muzak,"[2]—and eventually the dismissal of his artistic project as a whole. As the politically-engaged conceptual artist Ian Burn put it: "The tradition of formalism eradicate[s] every possibility of a social practice in relation to art."[3] Of his first exhibition of sculpture, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Hilton Kramer wrote that "the work is facile and utterly empty of intrinsic sculptural interest, a pastiche of current ideas and received forms that attempts, wholly unsuccessfully, to extend the artist's already pallid sensibility into the three-dimensional sphere."[4] The reviewer for the *Los Angeles Times* described the work as "distinctly minor, repetitious sculptures by an undistinguished painter," painted "with what looks like the latest shades of nail lacquer."[5] (fig. 4) Probably the most positive review appeared in *ArtNews*: "It makes one wince."[6]

Undeterred, in all likelihood spurred on by the negative reaction to his work from some certain quarters, Olitski forged ahead. The 1970s saw him creating prints, exhibiting life drawings, working in clay, executing large-scale steel sculptures, and showing paintings in several exhibitions annually in cities across the United States and Canada and throughout Europe. Traveling retrospectives of his painting (in 1973) and his sculpture (in 1977) were mounted by major museums. Championed by a steadfast coterie of connoisseurs, Olitski was nevertheless mostly ignored by the New York art press in what was by far his most productive

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[2] Lucy R. Lippard, "Constellation by Harsh Daylight: The Whitney Annual." *The Hudson Review*, 21:1 (1968), p. 180

[3] Ian Burn, "The Art Market: Affluence and Degradation." *Conceptual Art: A Critical Anthology*, pp. 326-327

[4] Hilton Kramer, "Sculpture: The Debut of Jules Olitski," *The New York Times*, April, 12, 1969, p. 31

[5] Emily Genauer, "New York's Exercise in Egoism," *Los Angeles Times*, May 4, 1969, p. O50.

[6] E.C.B. [Elizabeth C. Baker], "Jules Olitski," *ArtNews* v. 68, Summer 1969

decade. Aside from the occasional formalist missive ("Quality, Style, Olitski"; "Olitski, Cubism, and Transparency"), brief reviews, penned by workaday critics, appeared sporadically in *Arts, Art in America,* and *Art News*. A tepidly positive 1974 review in *Artforum* closed with the following disclaimer: "It seems unlikely that this exhibition is more than an aberrant and isolated incident in Olitski's career."[7] Closer to the end of the decade, in 1978, their reviewer was less generous: "It all seems a great waste. So much ambition, and so little—or so much nothing—to show for it."[8]

II. *Taste, Class, and Bad Taste in Color Field Painting*

Such was the general critical context in which Olitski's work was received and understood in the 1960s and '70s. From the very start, one issue dogged the reception of his work more than any other—the issue of taste. In his introductory text to his 1965 exhibition *Three American Painters: Noland, Olitski, Stella,* Michael Fried laid out the program of modernism in painting and formalism in criticism, synthesizing ideas found in the writing of critic Clement Greenberg and fortifying those ideas in historical dialectics and academic rhetoric. Half a century has passed and academics are still engaged with the ideas presented in the first two sections of Fried's text. The subsequent sections— those dealing with the titular American painters themselves—have received less attention. Fried's discussion of Olitski (incidentally the shortest by several pages of the three sections on the painters) opens with a discussion of the artist's engagement in taste and sensibility.

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[7] Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe, "Jules Olitski," *Artforum*, Sept. 1974, p. 80

[8] Peter Schjeldahl, "Jules Olitski," *Artforum*, June 1978, p. 70

First, Fried drew a contrast between the austere practice of Kenneth Noland, who by 1965 had been working exclusively with bold, hard-edged forms for several years, and Olitski's seemingly more whimsical work. A prime distinction was "Olitski's love for the stuff of painting [which] often manifests itself as a kind of handling that approaches self-indulgence."[9] It was certainly true that Olitski's stain paintings, unlike Noland's, contained blending, overlapping, overpainting, and other more "painterly" qualities. But these aren't there for their own sake. They're of a piece with the hilarious disparity between the two painters' respective use of similar shapes and forms, about which Fried says nothing. In the opening years of the '60s, Noland concentrated on circles ("Targets"), painted spare, centered, and symmetrically, as a "self-cancelling structure" to foreground color harmonies. In Olitski's work from those years, circular forms likewise prevail; but they are elliptical, oval, ovular (that is, ovular like an ovule filled with little seeds, little Patutszky Pleasures); they hover, they glom, they divide. If Noland's circles were ostensibly involved in geometry, Olitski's took up cytology. (fig. 5, 6) Noland painted Targets with self-discipline that was, as Fried said, "puritan." Olitski paints circles that resembled pig snouts, and in the colors of pimento loaf.

Fried then observes that Olitski was "not concerned with formal problems so much as with what might be called issues of sensibility." He is, rather, "chiefly intent on proving how much of his own sensibility can be made valid in terms of modernist painting."[10] What characterized his sensibility? Under what circumstances was it formed? Why did it come to bear on his work more than others in his milieu? In 1966, Helen Frankenthaler, another stain painting color-field artist represented the United States in the 33rd Venice Biennial along with Olitski and

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[9] Michael Fried, "Three American Painters," *Art & Objecthood: Essays & Reviews*, p. 244

[10] Ibid.

a couple others. She born into a prominent German-Jewish family, the third daughter of a the daughter of a New York State Supreme Court justice. Raised on the Upper East Side, she was educated at the best private schools and practiced her art in the comfort of privilege. Her work had the appearance, painter Grace Hartigan said, of having been made "between cocktails and dinner."[11] Olitski's Russian-Jewish family, shtetl Jews, fled Soviet Russia after his father, a commissar, was executed by the local government. He and his mother settled in Brooklyn where she married a widowed garment factory foreman. The vocation of art came to him early, preternaturally, in circumstances not just far removed but hostile to culture or creativity.

In 1942, Noland was conscripted into the Air Force. A glider pilot and cryptographer, he'd been stationed in Egypt and Turkey before returning to the US in 1946 and enrolling at the famed Black Mountain College. He then settled in Washington DC, married the daughter of a US Senator, and spent the 1950s mingling in elite Washington circles. He's said to have shared a mistress (Mary Pinchot Meyer) with JFK.[12] After a short period living and working in Manhattan's Chelsea Hotel, in 1963 Noland bought "The Gully," a 153-acre farm in South Shaftsbury, Vermont, previously owned by poet Robert Frost. (fig. 7a, 7b) That same year, Olitski was profiled in a Long Island *Newsday* article, "Portrait of the Artist in Suburbia," (fig. 8) that characterized the "full-time fine artists [that] have been settling in the supposedly conformity-crazed communities of Nassau and Suffolk…. The big attraction," the alliterative columnist noted, "is a mundane matter of money. They have found that Long Island offers less costly and more spacious housing and studio facilities than such Bohemias as Greenwich Village." Living in homes "generally functionally furnished," the artists of suburbia "dress

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[11] Julie Phillips, "Fierce Poise" (review), March 19, 2021, 4Columns.org

[12] See Sally Bedell Smith, Grace and Power: The Private World of the Kennedy White House (Random House, 2005), p. 234

casually, but they do not look 'beat,' involved with [the] special problems and aspirations" of art, "but in other ways, they are like the plumbers and electricians, the salesman and engineers among whom they live."[13]

These sketches of the artists' family backgrounds, economic classes, and social status are meant to illustrate the factors through which each artists' sensibility may have been formed before their emergence as high profile artists in the late 1950s. Noland hardly had to "climb" socially and Frankenthaler didn't at all. Born into professional families with intellectual and artistic interests, they had moved expediently towards affluence and recognition. By contrast, Olitski began with considerable disadvantages. But he made virtues of necessity, studying art and its history for the better part of fifteen years, ultimately developing a sensibility characterized by fierce independence and total confidence and commitment to his talents. When he emerged on the New York art scene in the early 1960s—with freewheeling forms, tart and cloying colors, and licentious titles—it was as an unorthodox, aberrant, almost iconoclastic force. His sensibility was totally unlike the austere formalism of Noland, Frank Stella, and Donald Judd; he was even less interested in the residual painterliness of the '50s—whether rendered in tortured earnestness or with ironic distance. He had more in common with the irreverent attitude of the nascent Pop style than with contemporaneous abstraction. More to the point, his paintings engaged explicitly with taste, and implicitly (maybe unwittingly) with class, more aggressively than any contemporaneous artist except perhaps Andy Warhol (more on this below).

When Fried observed in 1965 that

> Olitski is involved with both 'advanced' taste, the expectations of those who admire and support modernist painting, and also—something which from the

[13] Harvey Aronson, "Portrait of the Artist in Suburbia," *Newsday*, Feb. 27, 1963, p. 1C

> point of view of 'advanced' taste would be regarded as 'bad' taste—the exploitation of effects that, for better or worse, are no longer permissible[14]

the artist was still working with the materials (diluted Magna and Aquatec) and applications (soaking and staining) shared by other "modernist" abstract painters. That is—Olitski was still more or less a "conventional" painter, working within the boundaries of what was *already known* to be impermissible. By year's end, Olitski would leave soaks, stains, and shapes themselves behind, striking into a new atmosphere of vaporous sprayed paintings, the first step in what would subsequently become a lifelong commitment to experimentation with new paint technologies and unconventional tools.

In the years to come, Olitski would venture into worlds of bad taste hitherto unexplored. He kept current with bad taste; he internalized and it recapitulated it. Bad taste motivated and informed the appearance of his work as definitely as formal concerns. As quickly as new acrylic mediums, pastes, and polymers were developed, he was finding ways to use them excessively and aggressively. When acrylic gels hit the market in the early 1970s, he was soon slathering them across acrid-tinted canvases; with paint extenders, he found he could run gobs of paint through a sprayer and pulverize the canvas surface. Using gloves, rollers, squeegees, mops, and brooms to apply paints mixed with varnish, retardants, sand, and Flecto-flakes, he spent the 1970s creating massive, impassive near-monochromatic slabs, in drab colors glazed so pallidly as to seem beyond description. (figs. 9, 10) Olitski would absorb the tackiest styles, colors, and textures of material culture and everyday life, and regurgitate them, indigested, in the ugliest creations he could imagine; he took bad taste, and in elevating it to the rarefied domain of fine art, made it worse still. Such was the context in which Olitski entered the decade of excess.

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[14] Fried, "Three American Painters," p. 245

III. *Donald Trump, Andy Warhol, and Art as Junk and Garbage*

By the early 1980s, Olitski had been showing his work annually at Andre Emmerich Gallery at 41 East 57th Street for about two decades. The gallery was one of several in the historic Fuller Building, an Art Deco skyscraper situated on the northeast corner of 57th St & Madison Ave. For most of the first half of the decade, construction dominated the East 57th block between Fifth Ave & Madison. The construction of Trump Tower, a massive mixed-use skyscraper and headquarters of The Trump Organization had begun in 1979 and continued for years. Over the course of its construction, Donald J. Trump and his organization were forced to engage with issues of historical preservation, commissions for public art, and the politics of zoning privately owned public spaces (POPS).

Before construction began, the existing building had to be demolished. A 12-story limestone and granite functionalist tower, the flagship store of Bonwit Teller (fig. 11) had been completed in the same year (1929) as the Fuller Building down the street. The news of Bonwit Teller's pending demolition worried Robert Miller, an art dealer—formerly an employee of Emmerich— who had opened a gallery across the street from the doomed building in 1977. Of particular concern were two objects: a set of limestone bas-relief Art Deco goddesses by Rene Chambellan (1893-1955), each standing fifteen feet tall, installed near the top of the building's facade, (fig. 12) and a 375 square foot grille, an intricate grid of interlocking nickel designed by Otto J. Teegan. (fig. 13a, 13b) Concerned for the preservation of the sculptures, Miller contacted a curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Penelope Hunter-Stiebel, a specialist in 20th-century decorative and applied arts. She met with representatives from the Trump Organization throughout the spring of 1980, eventually securing a letter promising the donation of both objects

to the Met, so long as the sculptures could be removed and preserved in a cost-efficient, timely manner.

On the morning of Thursday, June 5, 1980, Robert Miller sat in his office stunned, watching workmen with jackhammers pulverize the Chambellan sculptures into dust. (fig. 14) A story covering the incident ran on the front page of the next day's *New York Times,* with Miller commenting, "It was just tragic. The reliefs are just as important as the sculptures on the Rockefeller building. They'll never be made again."[15] Ashton Hawkins, vice president and secretary of the Met's Board of Trustees, lamented their loss, noting that "architectural sculpture of this quality is rare."[16] Though attempts to reach Trump were unsuccessful, a vice president and spokesperson for the Trump Organization, John Barron—later revealed to have been Trump himself—told the *Times* that they'd found the pieces to be "without artist merit" and practically worthless in "resale value."[17] By Monday the following week, Trump gave a statement, taking full responsibility for the destruction of the works, citing safety concerns for pedestrians on Fifth Avenue as his rationale. Subsequently, Trump laid the blame on the Metropolitan Museum, claiming that they'd promised to remove and pick up the sculptures but then reneged.[18] In any case, Trump explained, "during a year of public scrutiny, nobody had ever mentioned the so-called Art Deco sculptures, which were garbage by the way."[19] In any case, Trump was interested

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[15] Robert D. McFadden, "Developer Scraps Bonwit Sculptures," *The New York Times*, June 6, 1980, p. A1, B5

[16] Ibid.

[17] Ibid.

[18] Trump, quoted in Sy Rubin and Jonathan Mandell, *Trump Tower,* (Fort Lee: Lyle Stuart, Inc., 1984), p. 43

[19] Ibid.

in decorating his properties, he told *The New Yorker*, with "real art, not like the junk I destroyed at Bonwit Teller."[20]

Near the end of April 1981, as construction at Trump Tower continued apace, Donald Trump met with Andy Warhol at his Factory near Union Square, in a meeting organized by Marc Balet, the designer working on the catalogue of stores in the Trump Tower atrium. Balet had suggested to Trump that Warhol should create a portrait of the Tower that would adorn the entrance to the residential part of the building. In his diary, Warhol observed recalled his first impressions of Trump—"These people [Trump and his entourage] are so rich. Donald Trump is really good-looking. He's a butch guy."[21] After taking photographs of the Tower, making line drawings, (fig. 15) and finally, executing eight silkscreened paintings in black, grey, and silver, Warhol prepared the paintings to show to Trump on August 5, 1981. Each painting depicted the tower centered and spanning the entire height of the canvas. (fig. 16, 17) Warhol rendered the glass facade mostly in outline, with the grey/silver background showing through, to create the effect of reflectivity. As in many of his works of this period, the registration of the silkscreen is skewed, sometimes drastically, in which case outlines depart from the forms they describe, and in others only by millimeters, so that the entire image is blurred, like a photograph taken by an unsteady hand. The paintings are dark, mute, inert. The atmosphere they give off is distant, detached. The tower is nondescript. It should not have come as a surprise to Warhol that at their August meeting, "Mr. Trump was very upset." Though he thought either the number of paintings "confused [the Trumps]"[22] or their lack of color coordination with the tower interior as the

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[20] Marie Brenner, "Trumping New York," *New York Magazine,* Nov. 17, 1980, p. 26

[21] Pat Hackett, ed. *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, (New York: Warner Books, Inc., 1989), pp. 375-76

[22] *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, p. 398

primary cause of his misgivings, it's likely that Trump found the overall caustic and ironic effect of the paintings totally alien, if not repulsive, to his sensibility.

IV. *Trump and the Formation of Nouveau Riche Taste*

Donald Trump's aesthetic tastes could hardly have been further from Warhol's. By the time he met Trump, Warhol had been at or near the center of the New York art world for over twenty years. Whatever his extra-aesthetic intentions may have been, his deadpan reproductions of photographic imagery and mass-produced consumer goods became a strong counterbalance to the earnest individualism of several preceding generations of American artists. His work circulated globally, and he and his imagery reached the very heights of celebrity he'd based his early paintings upon. Through all this, he'd affected an persona of self-effacing detachment, of ironic distance. Though Warhol grew up in a row home in Pittsburgh, the son of a coal miner, by his mid-thirties he was moving effortlessly through the rarefied art world as well as international celebrity circles in film, fashion, and music. Trump was a native New Yorker (albeit from an outer borough), the third child of a multimillionaire real estate developer. His earliest ambition—to expand his father's real estate empire beyond housing developments in Brooklyn and Queens and into Manhattan—defined his class character. That is, although the Trump family fortune went back two generations, to his grandfather Frederick Trump (1869-1918) and the Klondike Gold Rush, Trump had all the trappings of a social climbing *parvenu*. His personal tastes and comportment were (and remain) unmistakably, aggressively, *nouveau riche*.[23]

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[23] Thirty-five years after the construction of Trump Tower, when he ran for the Presidency, his pedestrian tastes would become a trope in media coverage—well-done steaks with ketchup and diet coke; the tails of his too-long ties affixed with scotch tape; an Elton John cd gifted to the dictator of North Korea. While these eccentricities endeared him to the tens of millions of Middle Americans who elected him President, he never succeeded in winning over those who for decades he'd tried to ingratiate himself with. In the New York state Republican primary in April 2016, Trump prevailed with every age group, all income levels, and won each of the state's 62 counties but one—Manhattan.

The atrium of Trump Tower was zoned as a privately-owned public (POPS) space. As such, it would stand as a literal and figurative monument to the Trump brand and to the man's public image. There was no self-consciousness in Trump's aesthetic tastes, no room for knowing or ironic distance. "The Trump Tower will be the greatest building in New York," he told *New York* magazine in 1980. "There will never be another skyscraper built like it."[24] At a height of six stories, home to more than three dozen retailers and restaurants, the atrium buzzes with the chatter of commerce, and behind that, the ambient sloshing of a sixty-foot interior waterfall wall. Looking up from the ground floor, the effect is vertiginous. Virtually every surface is reflective. All of the pink- and apricot-colored Breccia Pernice marble is polished to such a degree that light reflects from its surface. Brass is ubiquitous. Its lustrous surface seems to dissolve in a play of mirroring reflectivity; at the same time it amplifies the temperature and luminosity of the overhead and accent lighting. Glass railings with brass hand rails further exacerbate the play between transparency and reflectiveness. (figs. 18, 19, 20) "From any vantage point," architectural writer Eric Peter Nash observed, "it is not immediately clear what is solid surface, what is reflection, and what is space perceived through glass. The result is that the whole volume of interior space is pulled apart, and left that way."[25]

In an essay on "The Aesthetics of Largesse," landscape architecture professor Kristine F. Miller noted that "[f]or a design that is so potent, Trump Tower has received little critical attention from design writers," with "[o]ne possible and plausible reason [being] that Trump Tower was considered to be too tasteless for the architectural press to honor in print."[26] The *New*

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[24] Brenner, "Trumping the Town," p. 37

[25] Eric Peter Nash, *Manhattan Skyscrapers,* (New York: Springer, 2005), p. 143

[26] Kristine F. Miller, *Designs on the Public: The Private Lives of New York's Public Spaces*, (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2007), p. 120

York Times architectural critic Paul Goldberger had (infamously) praised the atrium in his 1983 review as "warm, luxurious, and even exhilarating," with its marble surfaces "giv[ing] off a glow of happy, if self-satisfied affluence."[27] Before the decade was out, he revised his opinion, finding the space to be the "symbol of a gaudy, impatient time," an embodiment of "the materialism of the 1980s."[28]

V. *An Imagined Adventure on 57th Street: Olitski's Plexiglas Paintings and the Trump Tower Atrium*

What if, at some point in the 1980s, Donald Trump had walked down the block and strolled into the Andre Emmerich Gallery? What if he'd happened upon one of the eight solo shows Olitski had at Emmerich that decade? Would the work have appealed to his taste? What if Olitski, not Warhol, had been asked to make paintings for the Tower? How would a mid-eighties Olitski have fit into the interior design of Trump Tower? What visual, formal, conceptual qualities would they share?

On the first and most superficial level, the textures and colors of Olitski's work of the 1980s, like those of Trump Tower, reflected the opulence and excess of the time. With a palette of iridescent metallic pigments and newly-developed interference paints, and working on irregularly cut sheets of Plexiglas, sometimes tinted with reflective neon colors, the artist's project of recapitulating the worst taste of the time reached its apotheosis. A sequence of gleaming and glistening iridescent works from early in the decade, comprised of broad, subtly

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[27] Paul Goldberger, "Architecture: Atrium of Trump Tower is a Pleasant Surprise," *The New York Times*, April 4, 1983, p. C13

[28] Paul Goldberger, "Trump: Symbol of a Gaudy, Impatient Time," *The New York Times*, Jan. 31, 1988, p. H32

shaded broom strokes swept across a long, narrow surface (figs. 21, 22) would come to look restrained as the decade progressed.

In the Plexiglas works beginning in 1986, his paint handling is more carefree than ever. *Demon Tug* (fig. 23) is comprised of gently arcing gestures of warmly glowing metallic pigments, woven through one another and into pearlescent purples, their radiance at once offset and amplified by a fine black mist which covers the surface, but also, by its minute particularity, makes the more broadly applied colors underneath shimmer and sparkle as well. The muted grayish-silver *Goddess Alloy* (fig. 24) features a similar manner of markmaking but is more ethereal, its gestures abbreviated, its pearlescent pigment aqueous instead of embodied. Any of these paintings, and most others from 1986, with their golden, glistening surfaces of brazen romantic color would complement the warmly reflective marble and glowing brass of the Trump Tower atrium. So abundant were the copper, brass, and gold tones in this work that Jed Perl opened his review of Olitski's Emmerich show that year by calling the exhibition "a veritable Fort Knox among art shows."[29]

His Plexiglas paintings of the following year were more freewheeling and irreverent than anything he'd ever done. In contrast to the '86 paintings, the works from 1987 added spatiality ambiguity and indeterminacy to their array of effects. In *Haunt Master* and *Beauty Gauge*, (figs. 25, 26) interpenetrating metallic mists of cloudy tones push forward and recede; into and out of these mists, slapdash gestures materialize into impastoed textures or are scraped away to reveal the mirrored backing. Glossy pastel tones trace the edges of the support. Atop all of this, the surface is speckled and spattered with splashes of nail polish pearlescent pink and beige. Olitski executed another series in 1987, the diamond format *Rake's Progress* paintings, on mirrored

[29] Jed Perl, "Gold," *The New Criterion*, April 1986, p. 62

Plexiglas tinted in hunter green, flaming red, neon blue. "Those colors by themselves are outrageous," Olitski said, reflecting on the works years later. "I wondered who would use such colors…I thought maybe a whorehouse down South."[30] (figs. 27, 28) Outrageous by themselves, without a doubt, but even more so when smeared with complementary colors, lipstick red, spearmint green, with wiggling marks meandering around the edges, and again finished with pearlescent sprays and smatterings.

Beyond the shared surface qualities and colors, a conceptual approach to design and composition, that of fragmentation and discontinuity and its resulting effects, are common to the Plexiglas paintings and the atrium. Architectural writer Eric Peter Nash noted the disunity of the Trump Tower atrium, observing the role of ubiquitous mirrored panels, both brass and glass, that make "structural columns disappear [and] their support seem illusory," while elsewhere "escalator riders seem to float on air… and appear headless from other angles." All of these unresolved spatial illusions and contradictions are typical of what was crystallizing into the aesthetic of postmodernism in architecture. "Modernists were always on the verge of pulling space apart but they sought unity," Nash explains. "[Trump Tower architect] Der Scutt is happy to leave space in pieces like shards of a broken mirror."[31]

In a 1987 essay in *Arts Magazine,* historian Harry Rand described Olitski's recent Plexiglas paintings as "the first great works of Postmodernism." Where the earlier Modernism was subtractive, "continually purg[ing] itself of techniques and alternatives," the Plexiglas works were radically "abstract and accretive."[32] Rand's essay focuses on a single work, *Dream Maker*,

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[30] Jules Olitski, Oral History with Avis Berman, 2002. Unpublished transcript, courtesy of the Jules Olitski Family Estate

[31] Nash, *Manhattan Skyscrapers,* p. 143

[32] Harry Rand, "Jules Olitski's *Dream Maker*," Arts Magazine, March 1987, p. 30. The capital letters of "Modernism" and "Postmodernism" are his.

(fig. 29) but the observations he makes about its varieties of markmaking and spatial ambiguities apply equally, often exaggeratedly, to most of these paintings. Their "postmodern" qualities go beyond their relation to the theory and narrative of "Modernism" in the visual arts, however. Most of the techniques of pictorial unity that Olitski had established throughout the preceding decades are dispensed with; the near-monochrome palettes, markmaking consistent in appearance across the canvas, and selvaging or edge-drawing that echoed and established the boundaries of the canvas—each finds something approaching its opposite in the Plexiglas paintings. Commentators noted the disunity, disjunction, and ambiguity that characterized the works. Like the mirrors and metals in the Trump atrium that dematerialized its architectonic structure, Olitski's use of those materials yielded a similar effect: "One loses the sense of the surface as a made thing," Jed Perl observed.[33] The scale of the paintings' surface/spatiality was equally contradictory; they looked as though they might represent "the surface of some distant planet, or the magnification of half an inch of a sliver tray."[34]

The excess and abundance common to these paintings and Scutt's atrium design led to another "postmodern" quality: that of the simulacrum. Trump Tower was an early example of the hyperreal, that is, the imitation for which there is no original. As a permanent monument to the wealth and success of its developer, the Tower was to be designed and decorated with the best and most expensive materials. What couldn't be fashioned from gold or marble would be made to *look* like gold and marble; the appearance of gold, of wealth, of taste, would become not merely a passable substitute for the real thing, but through constant media hype and Trump's

[33] Perl, "Gold," p. 62

[34] Ibid.

boasting, would *become* wealth, would create value in and of itself.[35] In a totally different manner, but to a similar end, Olitski's Plexiglas paintings, with their slick and glossy metallic surfaces and their exaggerated materiality, nevertheless struck several commentators as immaterial, as photographic. In her *New York Times* review, Roberta Smith observed the "flatten[ing] out" of the surface "with a light dusting of a darker color… which makes the painting look more like a photograph than the real thing."[36] Perl concurred: "The paintings look almost like giant color photographs."[37] Disunified, fragmentary, becoming something other than what they were, the paintings appeared as precise reproductions of a reality that didn't exist but for its implication.

VI. *Give Us Your Worst: Bad Taste and Beyond*

The comparisons in the previous section describe the visual, textural, and conceptual qualities that these products of the 1980s share. But it is on the level of taste, ultimately, that Olitski's art and the interior design of Trump Tower most significantly converge. In both cases, the glittering materiality and shimmering surfaces common to both men's work in the 1980s came under critique as the sign of a taste too hedonistic, too self-indulgent, too eager for the quick thrills of surface effects. Looking back at the Trump Tower atrium five years after his initial review, Paul Goldberger wrote that "the overall impression the building gives is still one of glitter more than anything else… [H]is projects deal with surface appearance more than

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[35] During the 2015-16 election cycle, Trump, by then in his 70s, became the highest profile adapter of another cutting-edge "hyperreal" trend: post-irony.

[36] Roberta Smith, "Jules Olitski," *The New York Times*, Jan. 16, 1987, p. C19

[37] Perl, "Gold," p. 62

anything else."[38] Plenty of Manhattan skyscrapers, anonymous towers of mirrored glass stretching into the sky, with shining steely facades that offer only surface appearances to the dwarfed onlooker. Like Olitski's "veritable Fort Knox among art shows," the Trump Tower atrium was distinct among New York privately owned public spaces in its unapologetic overabundance of gilded detail, from its smallest elements (doorknobs, menus) to its sixty-foot waterfall. Shiny and superficial to the eye, these accents are nevertheless made to be handled. Beyond their surface appearance, one's tactile interaction with them offers its own overwhelming effect. The design elements seem chosen, William Geist wrote in the *New York Times,* "based on galvanic skin response,"[39] an indicator of psychological or physiological arousal of the sympathetic nervous system measured by the activation of sweat glands on the skin of one's hands—in short, a visceral, embodied response.

Surface qualities and effects had for decades been a primary aspect of Olitski's work. How, then, to stimulate the senses of viewers in an age of excess, when the public was increasingly desensitized to visual information? With the varieties of colors, sheens, textures, and surfaces of his Plexiglas paintings, Olitski likewise sought to elicit a multi- or trans-sensory response in the viewer. Abundance and variety seemed the most expedient way to do so. Without an image, however abstract, to latch on to, and not even the regularity of the rectangular picture format as a given, the Plexiglas pictures are active in all aspects: visually, materially, tactilely, the artist's gestures captured not only on the surface, but around its support, with his "edge-drawing" liberalized in the carving out of the irregularly shaped support. The Plexiglas paintings "record sensation," reviewer Ray Mathew wrote. "To scan any of these panels is to be disturbed; is to

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[38] Goldberger, "Trump: Symbol of a Gaudy Time," p. H32

[39] William E. Geist, "The Expanding Empire of Donald Trump," *The New York Times,* April 8, 1984, p. SM32

feel that the shape on the wall has life."[40] Stated another way, Olitski's paintings deal in "absolutized sensation."[41] However, this manner of working came at the risk of appearing self-indulgent—"gaudy and impatient," as Goldberger said of Trump. "Olitski immerses himself totally in the surface of the canvas," Jed Perl wrote. "[H]is intimacy with paint feels narcissistic, self-absorbed."[42]

When the reviews of the Plexiglas paintings came in, the few admissions of their attractiveness were offered begrudgingly. Roberta Smith observed that they were "not without a certain somewhat tawdry beauty."[43] Sidney Tillim described them as a reflection of "the potential vulgarity of Olitski's taste."[44] In an earlier review of Olitski's first museum Retrospective, Joseph Maschek captured this dynamic and the stakes involved in it. "The verve of [Olitski's] color allows for a witty play on bourgeois good taste versus hearty vulgarity," he wrote. "Especially when massed, many of Olitski's works have an air of earnest opulence that is *not altogether dignified*, despite the fact that taste and luxury seem to be a central concern." There is in the work, he continued, "a reticence struggling against vital desires," with the resulting opulence having "a repressed character."[45] Like Fried, Masheck recognized the painter's preoccupation with taste; but his use of the words 'earnest,' 'reticent,' and 'repressed,' seemed to imply that Olitski was operating at cross-purposes, towards what he called "the posh and the smart," and

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[40] Ray Mathew, "Jules Olitski at Knoedler," *Art World*, Jan. 15-Feb. 15, 1987, p. 6

[41] Sidney Tillim, "Ideology and Difference," *Arts Magazine*, March 1989, p. 49

[42] Perl, "Gold," p. 63

[43] Smith, "Olitski," p. C19

[44] Sidney Tillim, "Jules Olitski at Knoedler," *Art in America*, April 1987, p. 216

[45] Joseph Masheck, "The Jules Olitski Retrospective," *Artforum*, September 1973, p. 59, my italics

against his otherwise crass instincts.[46] Working with the assumption that the painter's taste for massive quantities of sweet color was gauche, Max Kozloff commented on "[t]he watermelon pink in *Pink Tinge*," (fig. 30) which has "almost the effect of the flavor and texture of that watery fruit. This does not make Olitski's pictures any the less delicious," Kozloff wrote. "It only means that his is not the most refined palate."[47]

Olitski's taste was not "bourgeoise," but like Trump's, was of the *nouveau riche*. Unlike Trump, Olitski *was* a *nouveau riche,* as shown in the second section of this essay. "Tawdry," "vulgar," "not altogether dignified"—these commentators imply that the artist's taste was rooted in ignorance or naiveté. (It wasn't; more below). In a 2016 post-election article about Trump's taste, British design historian Stephen Bayley noted that "those avid for social promotion have often found that a super-glossy suggestion of Versailles lends legitimacy to uglier nouveaux attributes." And while Bayley probably knows that the Trump fortune was intergenerational, nevertheless he refers to the President Trump as "American new money," a class which "rarely chooses subtlety as its means of expression."[48] The related tropes of his ignorant taste and critical condescension have likewise followed the developer since his first skyscraper was still in construction. In a 1980 *New York* feature, writer Marie Brenner attended a gala celebrating Trump's renovation of the Grand Hyatt Hotel. "'The Best of Everything' is Donald's theme," she observed. "[E]ven if it's the wrong best and the wrong thing. Like the gold Mylar tablecloths in the Hyatt ballroom." Sarcastically, she enumerated the tacky design accents, "the marble columns, spirals, sheaths, the burgundy vinyls, the earth colors, the walnut paneling—the quality

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[46] Ibid., p. 60

[47] Max Kozloff, "New York: Jules Olitski, Emmerich Gallery," *Artforum*, December 1967, p. 52

[48] Stephen Bayley, "Donald Trump's Personal Style," *The Spectator,* Dec. 10, 2016, p. 96

goods!" Like Kozloff on Olitski, Brenner focuses on the developer's unrefined palate. "Donald's ballroom glitters too much…his taste [is] expensive Third Avenue glitz."[49]

Shortly after the 2016 election, anthropology professor Paul Mullins wrote what remains probably the most insightful analysis of Trump's taste. "The President-Elect appears to have long fancied vulgar displays of affluence," he begins. His style is "tacky in the sense that it is a blatant transgression of the aesthetic, social, and material standards that constitute 'good taste.'"[50] Warhol's work transgressed good taste. So did much of what subsequently came to dominate the New York art scene, whether in painting, sculpture, video, installation, and media in between. But the artistic tendency to transgress good taste is, more often that not, a self-aware strategy to shock an audience or offer an opaque social critique. What separates the tacky from the merely vulgar is the earnestness of intention. "Tacky," Mullins explains, "is heartfelt." With tastes beyond vulgar, Trump decorated his buildings with "real art," not the kind of "junk" and "garbage" that the Metropolitan Museum would conserve for posterity.

A similar distinction along these lines was made by Clement Greenberg, Olitski's most dogged critical champion, when he separated what he called "avant-gard*ism*" from the genuinely avant-garde. "With avant-gardism, the shocking, scandalizing, startling, the mystifying and confounding, became embraced as ends in themselves," Greenberg explained. Advanced art, avant-garde art, had for decades challenged viewer's expectations; but this was an "initial side effect that would wear off with familiarity." Courbet, Manet, Cezanne, Matisse—the work of each had, in turn, seemed at first radical, later classical, ultimately inevitable, indispensable. By the time Warhol and Pop Art arrived on the scene in the 1960s, a new paradigm shaped the

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49 Brenner, "Trumping the Town," pp. 26-27, edited for clarity

50 Paul Mullins, "The Triumph of Tackiness: The Materiality of Trump," *Archaeology and Material Culture,* Nov. 22, 2016 [online]

production and consumption of what he called advanced art. "The first bewildered reaction was to be the sole and appropriate one; the avant-gardist work was to hold nothing latent, but deliver itself immediately," Greenberg continued. "And the impact more often than not, was to be on cultural habits and expectations, social ones too, rather than on taste."[51] A can of artist's shit; a religious icon submerged in piss; a man masturbating his penis under the gallery floor; a self-portrait of a man with a bullwhip in his asshole—such artworks, merely vulgar, shocked the cultural expectations of the hifalutin art going public, but they left the questions of taste aside.

What, then, would truly shock art aficionados? As early as 1962, Greenberg noted "the shocked distaste that the 'pure' painting of Jules Olitski elicits among New York artists."[52] From the start, Olitski's practice—his color palette and pedestrian materials, his imagery (then his *lack* of imagery), the erotic titles, his indulgent surfaces and textures— all of this alternately shocked, baffled, and disgusted art critics—the same New York intelligencia that found Trump Tower "too tasteless to honor in print."[53] The challenge of Olitski's work was a challenge addressed to taste; its effect wasn't "avant-gard*ist*" or merely vulgar. His taste leaned toward the tacky and the tawdry, the garish and the gauche, and the paintings that expressed these tastes were created and offered to the public with total unapologetic confidence.[54] This aspect of character is, finally, the last convergence between the two outer borough New Yorkers, Olitski and Trump.

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[51] Clement Greenberg, "Counter Avant-Garde," in *Clement Greenberg: Late Writings*, ed. Robert C. Morgan (Minneapolis: University of Minneapolis Press, 2003) p. 7

[52] Greenberg, "After Abstract Expressionism," in *The Collected Essays and Criticism, vol. 4: Modernism with a Vengeance*, ed. John O'Brien (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993), p. 134

[53] Miller, *Designs on the Public*, p. 120 (see note 23 above)

[54] Or, "with love and disregard," as a series of works from 2002 are titled.

VII. *Static, Dynamic, and Alchemical Taste*

Trump spent the 1980s designing the kind of bad taste that Olitski would reflect and recapitulate. Despite public incomprehension and hostility, both remained steadfast in their commitment and conviction to their respective visions; the classist charge of ignorance was leveled against the tastes of each. In Trump's case, it was probably true; in Olitski's, certainly not. From the 1980 *New York* profile: "'Donald is naive about art,' his architects say. 'We try to teach him about taste,' Der Scutt says. 'We say, 'Look at the Tiffany boxes, how small the letters are—that's good taste,' but then he insists on the 24-inch-high Trump name on the facade.'"[55] In addition to that, and among the many other indicators, two bits of information make the case for the blissful ignorance of his taste. First, his Versailles-inspired penthouse in Trump Tower—marble-floored, gold trimmed, filled with Louis XIV furniture and crystal chandeliers, replete with ceiling frescos and golden cherubs, and fluted marble columns with Corinthian capitals—doesn't seem to have changed in any significant way since its was initially redesigned in the late 1980s.[56] (figs. 31, 32) That is to say, his taste has remained virtually static for decades. Why change anything? "Some people consider it to be the greatest apartment in the world," Trump has said. "I would never, ever say that myself—but it's certainly a nice apartment."[57]

Second: Just over a year into the Trump presidency, Artnet.com reported that neither the National Gallery of Art nor the Smithsonian Institution, the two federally operated museums that for decades have lent art from their collection to federal buildings, "had received a request for

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[55] Brenner, "Trumping the Town," p. 37

[56] The original interior design—sleek, mirrored, and minimal—by Angelo Donghia was almost immediately scrapped for the Versailles-style redesign.

[57] Trump, quoted in Mullins, "Tackiness"

loans to decorate the presidential office or residence."[58] This is not to suggest that President Trump didn't involve himself in White House decor. In the White House's presidential dining room, he hung *The Republican Club,* a painting by self-taught Missouri artist Andy Thomas. (fig. 33) The work shows President Trump sitting at a table with Presidents Reagan, Eisenhower, Nixon, and Lincoln, all of them grinning, laughing and drinking (the teetotaler Trump with a glass of soda) as other past presidents stand, looking on, before an impressionistic background. Thomas, who describes himself as a nostalgic painter and specialist in cowboy scenes, told The Guardian, "I work very hard on the presidents' likenesses … there's no satire."[59] No satire, no irony, no distance—just plain old honest bad taste. After receiving the painting as a gift[60], Trump was so impressed with the work that he called the artist to congratulate him. The two men hit it off famously.

As for Olitski, he seemed always acutely aware of the full range of taste operative during each decade, each historical moment throughout his career. His work was rarely beautiful in any conventional sense.[61] More often it was ugly, and deliberately so. The substance of his work was with taste "conceived of as a potentially creative force," Michael Fried wrote, "and nothing prompts the accusation of tasteless faster than taste used creatively."[62] Olitski chronicled taste. Like Hans Hofmann, whose work he admired and collected, he internalized and recapitulated the highest and the lowest tastes of his time. In the 1960s, his spray paintings skirted the edge of bad taste; by the early '70s, they careened off that edge. As he developed new models of pictorial

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[58] Menachem Wecker, "Beyond the Golden Toilet," news.artnet.com, Feb. 5, 2018.

[59] Joanna Walters, "Artist 'astounded' to see his Trump painting hung in the White House," theguardian.com, Oct. 15, 2018

[60] From the wealthiest member of Congress, Rep. Darrell Issa (R-CA)

[61] At least, not until the series of landscapes on paper he began in the mid-1990s

[62] Fried, "Three American Painters," p.245

organization, he painted in scummy, sickly, drab non-colors. As critics announced the death of painting, he worked ebulliently with materials and surfaces new to abstract painting. He used taste playfully, mischievously, aggressively, always knowingly. Thus, the appearance of his work changed drastically from year to year, from season to season, sometimes from painting to painting. His oeuvre amounts to a chronicle of the changing tastes of the second half of the 20th century. In a late interview, he said that one had to be willing to take risks in painting—to risk creating the world's most beautiful painting, one had to be prepared to end up with the world's ugliest painting. In Olitski's work these two horizons became one and the same.

Fig. 1 - Olitski, *Potsy,* 1960, Magna on canvas, 80 x

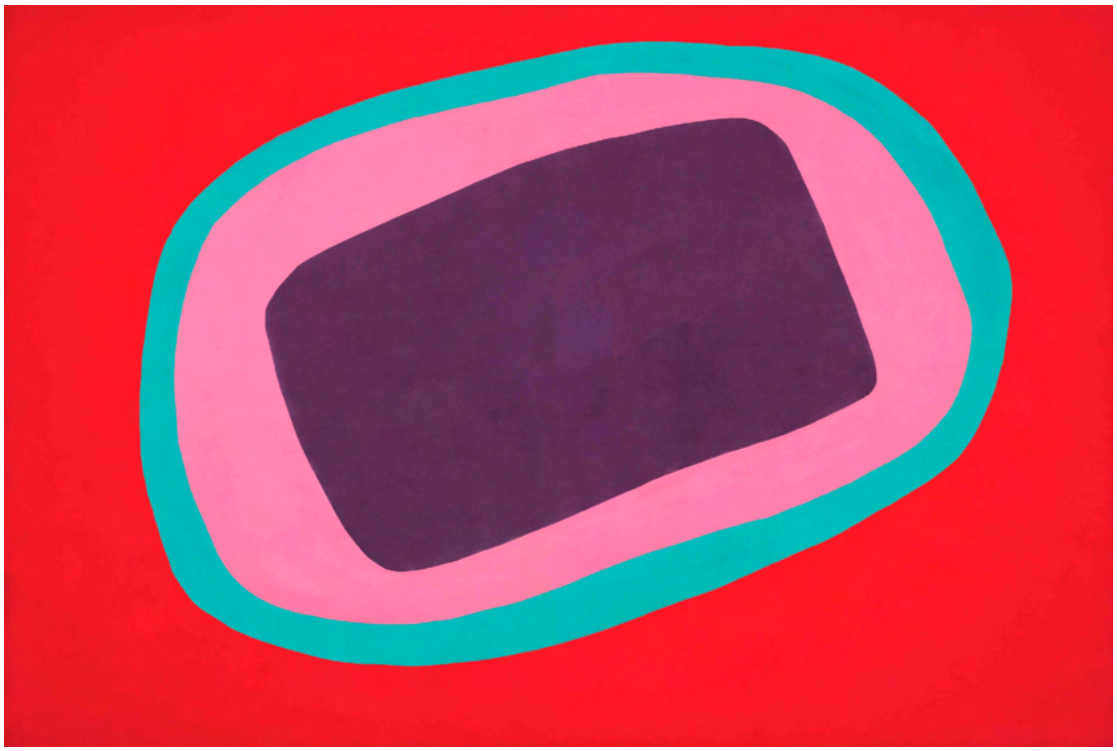

Fig. 2 - Olitski, *Ishtar Bra Box*, 1961, acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 inches

Fig. 3 - Olitski, *Twice Disarmed*, 1968, acrylic on canvas, 92 x 212 inches

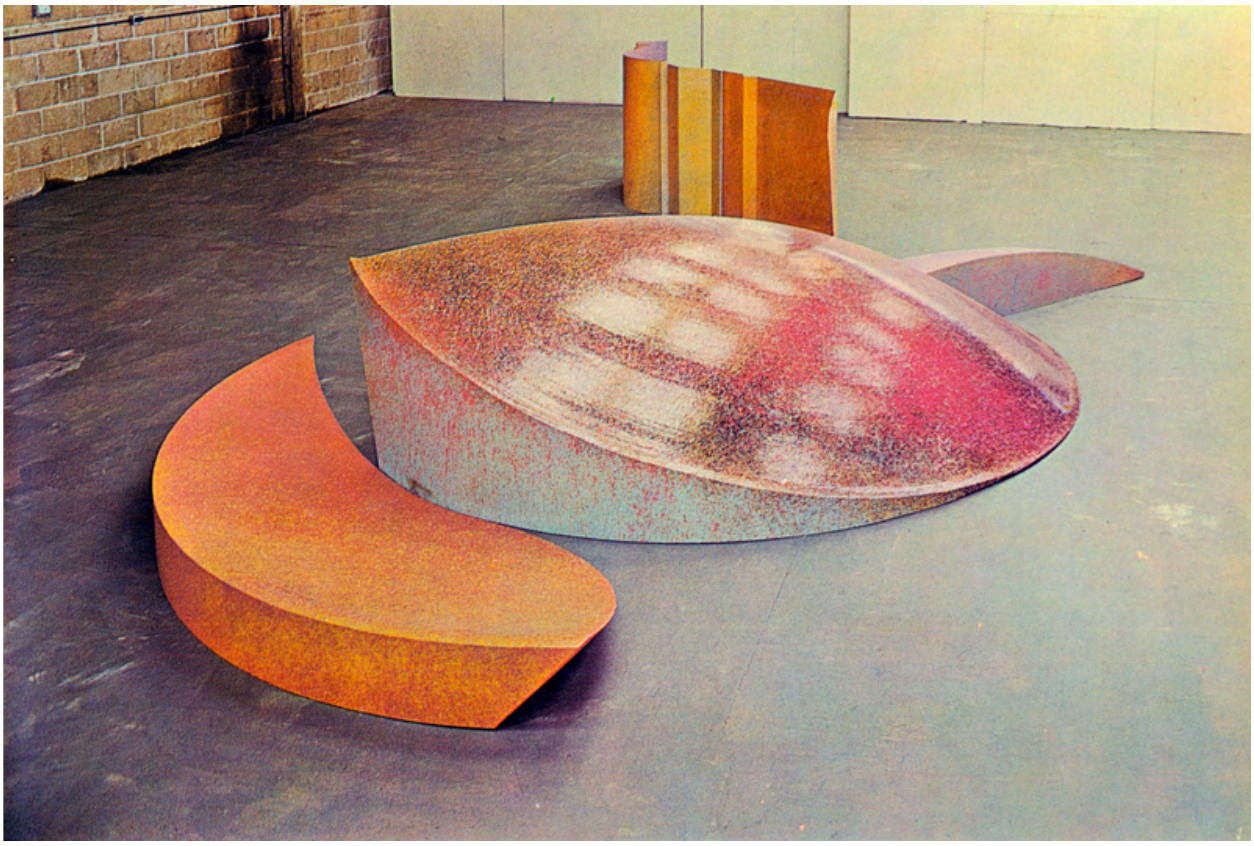

Fig. 4- Olitski, *Heartbreak of Ronald and William*, 1968, painted aluminum, 4' x 26' x 15'6"

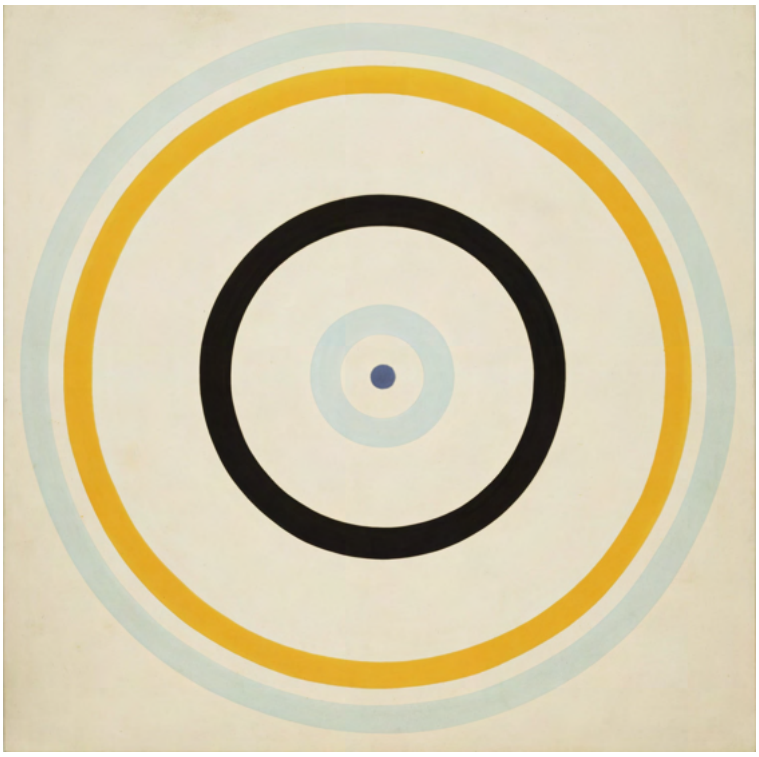

Fig. 5 - Noland, *Turnsole*, 1961, acrylic on canvas, 94 x 94 inches

Fig. 6 - Olitski, *Prince Patutszky Pleasures*, 1962, Magna on canvas, 90 x 88 inches

Fig. 7a - "The Gully": Noland's home and studio in South Shaftsbury, Vermont, the former Robert Frost farm, photographed by the National Park Service in 1974

Fig. 7b - Noland outside his studio, South Shaftsbury, Vermont, photographed by Ugo Mulas, 1965

Newsday Center Section

(Newsday Photo by De Bear)

One Artist Who Enjoys Suburban Living Is Milton Moss, Pictured With His Split-Level Home

More and more artists are discovering that they don't require a picturesque city loft studio and Bohemian surroundings to be creative. A split-level home in a Long Island development may do as well.

Portrait of the Artist In Suburbia

(Newsday Photo by del Toro)

Stanley Twardowicz works on a canvas on the floor of his Northport studio.

By Harvey Aronson

First of a Three-Part Series

Influenced by a tradition of Paris and Greenwich Village, romanticists are likely to paint the artist's world as a Bohemia filled with bookstalls and cluttered garrets. The only trouble with this picture is that it doesn't allow for supermarkets and split-levels.

Although they are concerned with symbols of abstraction rather than status, many painters and sculptors enjoy living and working in suburbia. On Long Island, they have found themselves neither oppressed by conformity nor engulfed by anti-culture. If anything, they have found advantages that do not exist in the more cosmopolitan areas of the big cities.

Over the past few years, more and more full-time fine artists have been settling in the supposedly conformity-crazed communities of Nassau and Suffolk. Unlike the more affluent artists who hole up for long summers in such secluded East End resorts as the Hamptons, the new year-rounds residents are setting up their easels in Nassau and western Suffolk.

The big attraction is a mundane matter of money—about which most artists are forced to worry. They have found that Long Island offers less costly and more spacious housing and studio facilities than such seemingly unmaterialistic Bohemias as Greenwich Village. It also provides more pleasant surroundings and less distractions. Unlike Sunday painters and amateur dabblers, most full-time fine artists avoid community culture; they have neither the time nor the inclination to pioneer art among the punch bowls.

Some Long Island artists rent secluded cottages, others own their own homes—a few in developments. One man paints in a garage, another in a playroom. The paintings of these artists range in price from $100 to $3,000. Generally, but not invariably, their homes are functionally furnished. Their work dominates their walls and their conversation. They dress casually, but they do not look "beat." In some respects, they are a breed unto themselves; lost in swirls of emotion and textures of color and involved with special problems and aspirations. But in other ways, they are like the plumbers and electricians, the salesmen and engineers among whom they live.

On Long Island, as in Florence or on the Left Bank of the Seine, there are no typical portraits of an artist. There are only individual pictures. These are some of them in Nassau and Suffolk:

Stanley Twardowicz is a sensitive, articulate 46-year-old man whose formal education ended after two years of high school and who has been a prizefighter, a ball player, a factory worker and a college instructor. He and his wife have no children and rent a small home in Northport. She teaches art in a nearby school district, and Twardowicz paints abstract canvases in a large studio situated below a dancing school on the village's Main Street. He has won a Guggenheim Fellowship and his paintings are in such places as the Muscum of Modern Art and the Joseph H. Hirshhorn collection. He believes that "people in general respect you for being a painter."

'I Get Along Better'

Robert Cariola, 49, is a former telephone company draftsman who quit two years ago to become a full-time fine artist, and has been able to support his wife and four children in their 12-year-old Cape Cod home in Merrick. "I get along better now," he says, "than when I worked for the phone company." Cariola has a dormer studio and a basement workshop that includes a press for his etchings and a kiln for his sculpture. He recently won the biennial art competition sponsored by the Corcoran Gallery of Washington. Of his work, he says, "I try to open a window on infinity for what I believe is the hungry soul of men."

Allen Kaprow is 35 and lives in an old onetime farmhouse that borders on a Glen Head development. Now an associate professor at the State University Center at Stony Brook, he went to work as a delivery boy in an art supply store after receiving his master's degree from Columbia University. For the past seven years, he has given up painting and sculpture and concentrated on "environments" and "happenings"—surrealistic art forms in which people are used as living statues.

Milton Moss is 50, married and the father of a 10-year-old daughter. He lives in a split-level home in a well-to-do Jericho development. A year ago, he gave up a successful music school business to paint full time. His wife teaches grade school, and Moss says he has found a good market for his paintings, which average below $1,000 in price and are done with a palette knife and by squeezing tubes of paint onto the canvas. Primarily, he is concerned with "people in their place in nature." Moss once took back a painting from tentative purchasers who were going to have a decorator check it to see if the canvas fit into the decor of their home.

Jules Olitski, 40, is a college art department chairman whose modernistic paintings glow on the walls of a large old Northport house in which he lives with his wife and two children. "When I first saw the house," he said, "I fell in love with it. It had the look of a French country farmhouse, of a painting by Bonnard." Olitski is a husky, gentle-voiced man who has painted in Paris and Hell's Kitchen, but feels he has done his best work on Long Island. His garage studio contains a pot-bellied stove and an intercom connected to his house. He paints in an expressionist manner, placing his canvases on the floor and using rollers and sponges. In 1961, he won second prize in the Carnegie Art International competition.

Tomorrow: The Advantages

Fig. 8 - Harvey Aronson, "Portrait of the Artist in Suburbia," part 1 of 3, *Newsday* (Long Island), Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1963

Fig. 9 - Olitski, *Sahny-8*, 1975,
acrylic on canvas, 37 x 29 inches

Fig. 10 - Olitski, *Arisu-1*, 1976,
acrylic on canvas, 60 x 40 inches

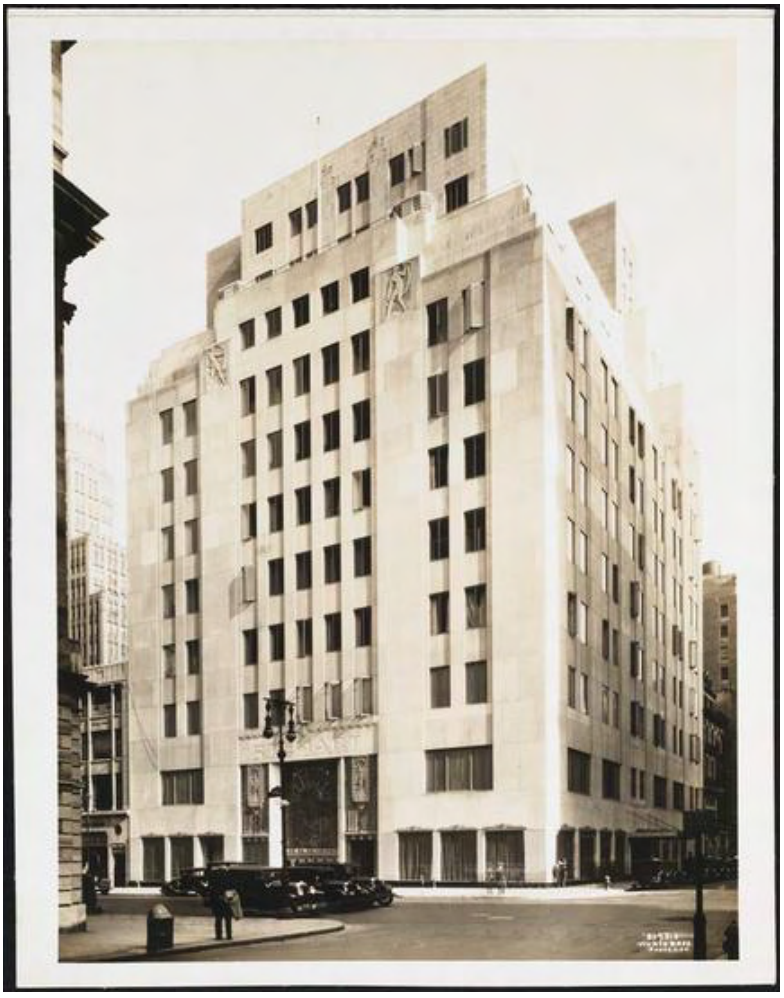

Fig. 11 - The Bonwit Teller Building

Fig. 12 - Limestone bas-relief facade sculpture by Rene Chambellan

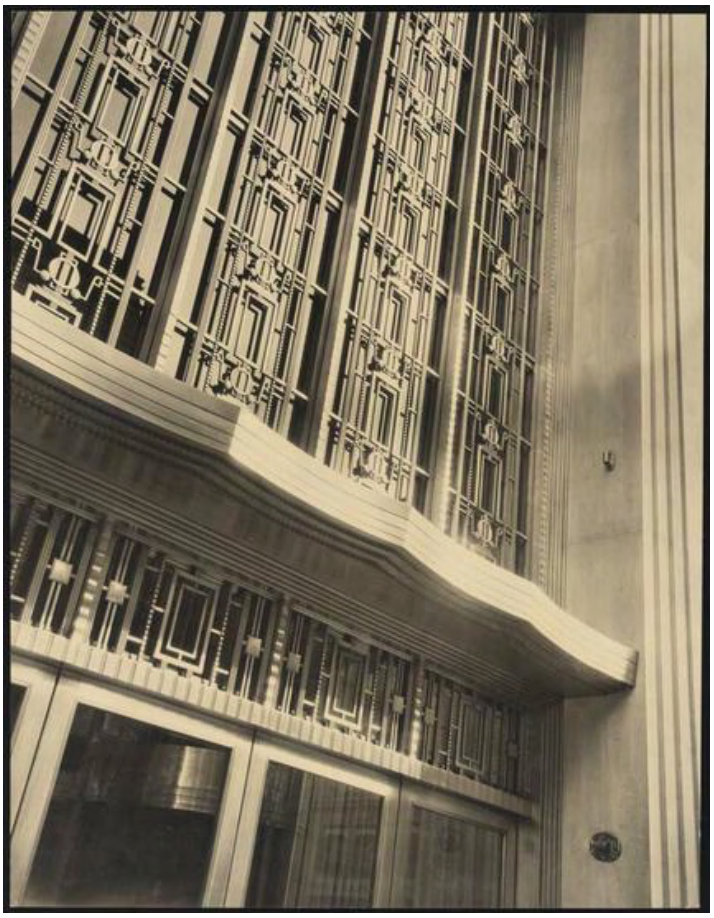

Fig. 13a, 13b - Bonwit Teller building, entryway grille designed by Otto J. Teegan

Developer Donald Trump claimed it would take too long and cost too much to save two Art Deco sculptures on the facade of Bonwit-Teller's on Fifth Avenue, which he is demolishing for a new 62-story mixed-use tower. He is asking $11 million for the penthouse apartment and at least $500,000 for one-bedroom units on lower floors.

Photographs by Nathan Kernan

Fig. 14 - Destruction of the Bonwit Teller Chambellan sculptures

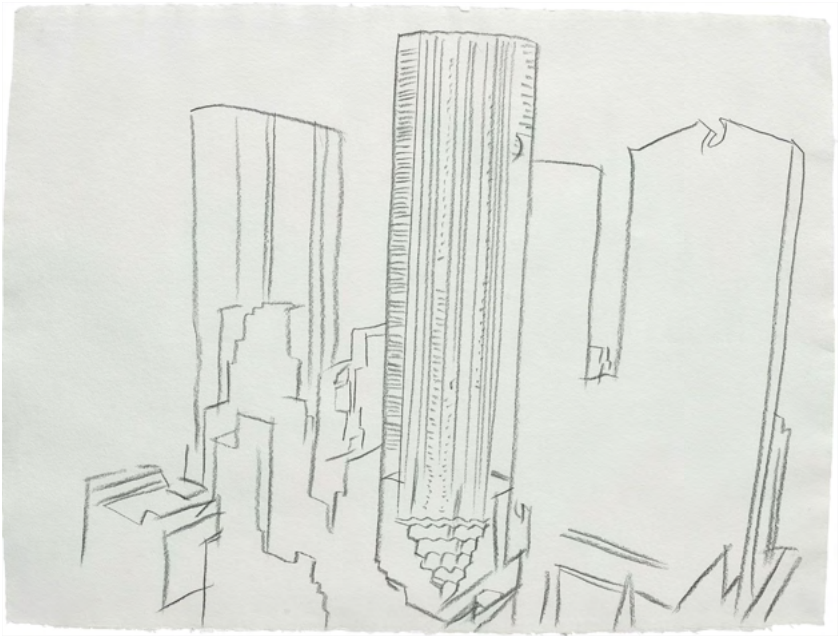

Fig. 15 - Warhol, *Trump Tower*, 1981, graphite on paper, 30.5 x 40.5 inches

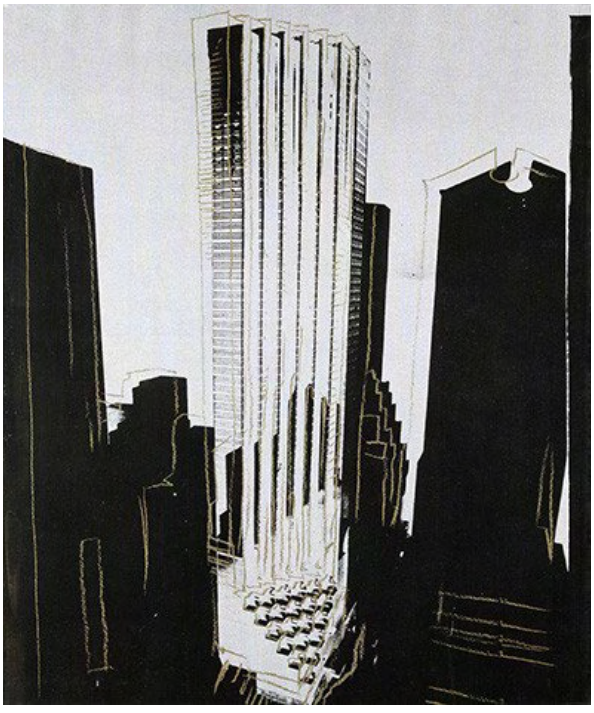

Fig. 16, 17 - Warhol, *Trump Tower*,
both 1981, acrylic and silkscreen on canvas, 50 x 42 inches

Figs. 18, 19, 20 - Trump Tower atrium. Der Scutt, architect

Fig. 21 - Olitski, *Radiance of Lauren-3*, 1980, acrylic on canvas, 28 x 74 inches

Fig. 22 - Olitski, *Broom Vision-2*, 1980, acrylic on canvas, 32 x 93 inches

Fig. 23 - Olitski, *Demon Tug*, 1986, acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas, 16 x 49 inches

Fig. 24 - Olitski, *Goddess Alloy*, 1986, acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas, 49 x 82 inches

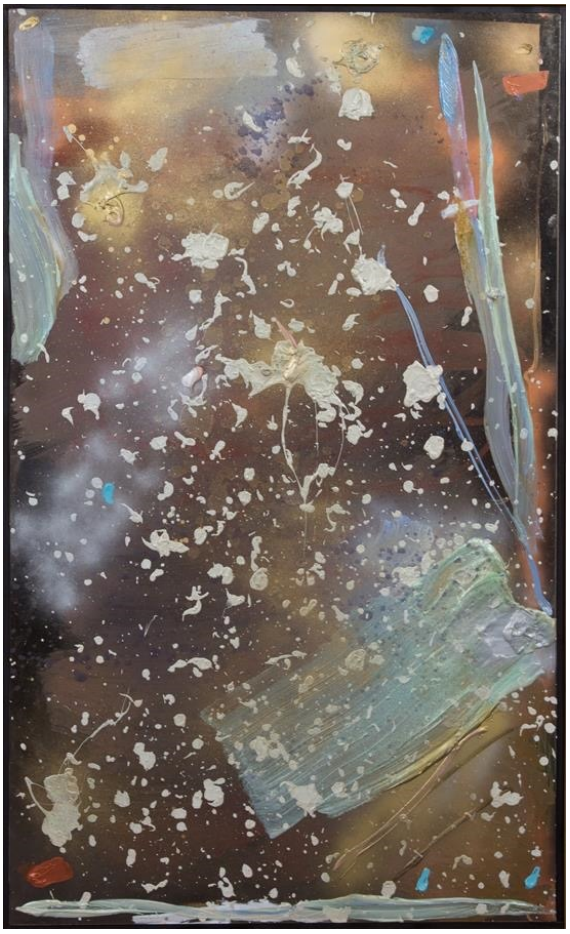

Fig. 25 - Olitski, *Haunt Master*, 1987,
acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas,
49 x 28

Fig. 26 - Olitski, *Beauty Gauge*, 1987,
acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas,
49 x 36

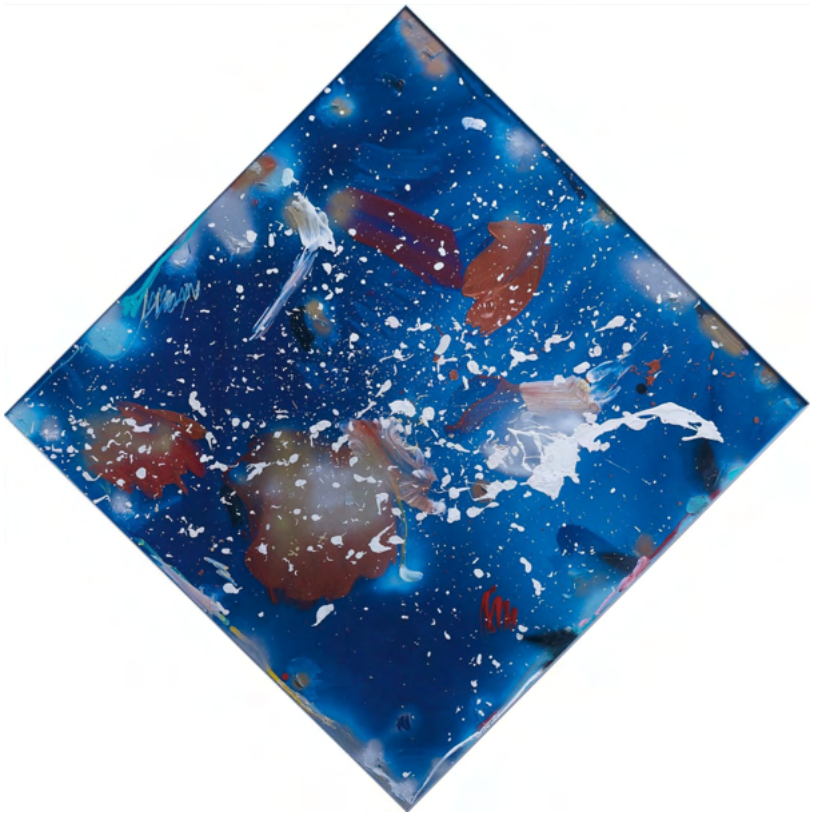

Fig. 27 - Olitski, *Rake's Progress-4*, 1987, acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas, 69 x 69 inches

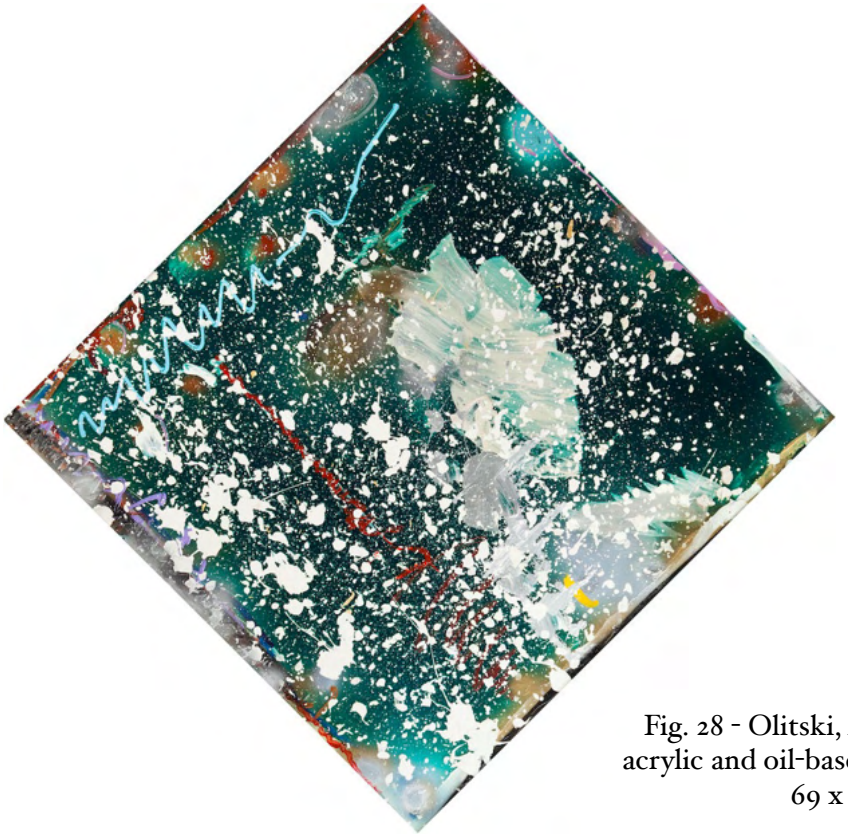

Fig. 28 - Olitski, *Rake's Progress-2*, 1987, acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas, 69 x 69 inches

Fig. 29 - Olitski, *Dream Maker*, 1987, acrylic and oil-based enamel on Plexiglas, 41 x 55 inches

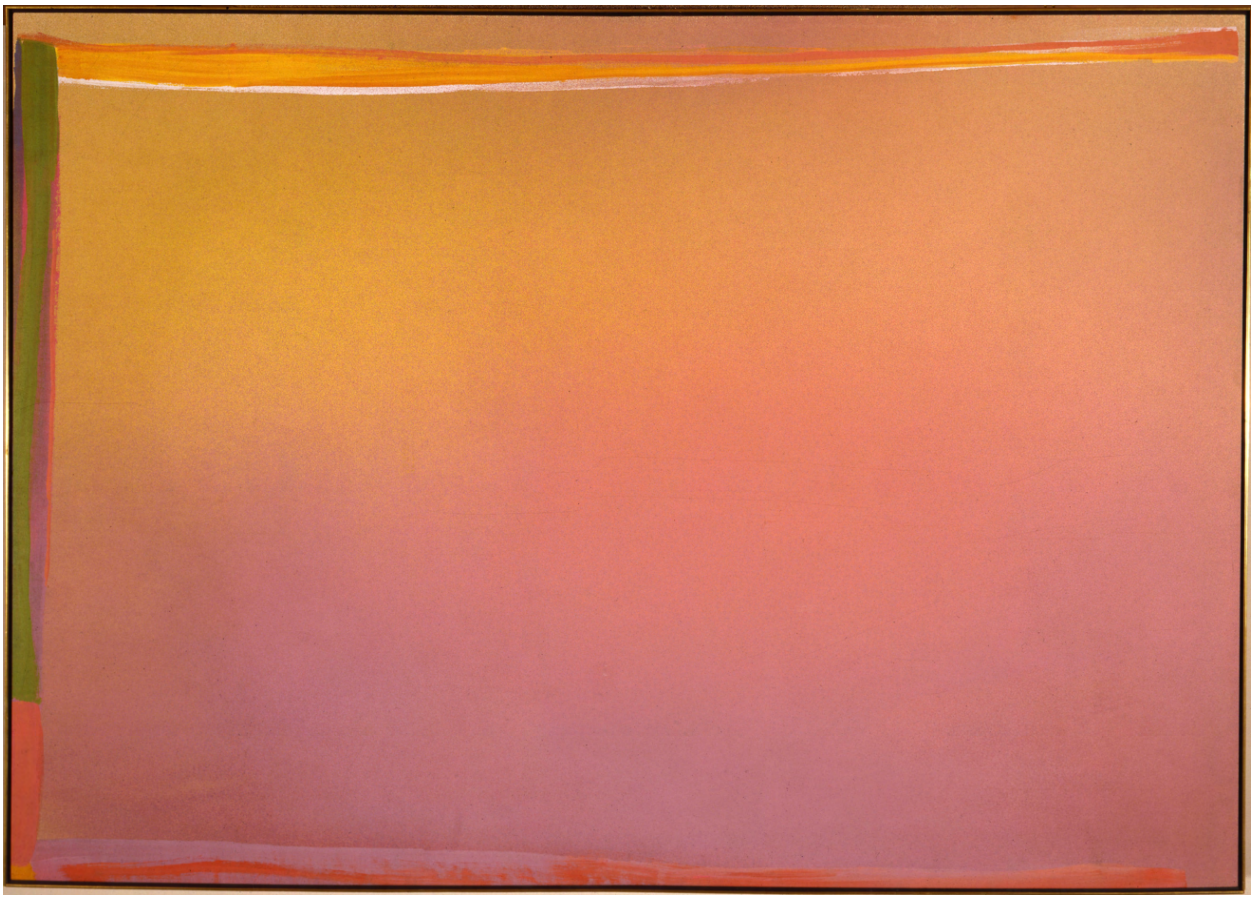

Fig. 30 - Olitski, *Pink Tinge,* 1967, acrylic on canvas, 76 x 136 inches

Figs. 31, 32 - Trump penthouse apartment in Trump Tower

Fig. 33 - Andy Thomas, *The Republican Club*