

ARTFORUM

MARCH 1968 \$1.50



COVER: Lee Krasner, *Pollination, o/c*, 81x83", 1968.
(Color Courtesy Marlborough-Gerson Gallery).

Publisher Charles Cowles
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Contributing Editors Jane H. Cone
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ARTFORUM, Vol. VI, number 7, March
1968. Published monthly except July and
August at 667 Madison Avenue, New
York, N.Y. Subscriptions \$10 per year, \$12
foreign. Newsstand distribution by Eastern
News Distributors, 155 W. 15th Street,
New York and L/S Distributors, 552 Mc-
Allister St., San Francisco.

ADVERTISING

Paul Shanley, 663 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

421-2659

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES

667 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10021
838-6820

Volume VI, No. 7, March 1968. Published Monthly
except July and August. Second-class postal
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<i>Disaster in Pasadena</i> by Abraham Rogatnick	24
... on an American artist's education ... by Dan Flavin	28
<i>Recent British Paintings at the Tate</i> by Kermit Champa	33
<i>Lee Krasner</i> by Emily Wasserman	38
<i>Some New Los Angeles Artists</i> by Fidel A. Danieli	44
<i>Al Held</i> by Knute Stiles	49
New York	54
Washington	60
Los Angeles	64
San Francisco	66
<i>Film</i> by Manny Farber	68
<i>Books</i> by Jerrold Lanes	69
Museum Calendar	73
Letters	4

In its ten years of existence, the PARIS BIENNALE (Manifestation Biennale et Internationale des jeunes artistes) has incurred a reputation in the United States for ignominy, extending even beyond the prevalent critical tendency here to either ignore or imprecate the international "competitions," including those at Venice, Sao Paulo and Pittsburgh. In the face of what Max Kozloff has called the "piggish provinces" of the Biennales in general, it is perhaps rhetorical to demand of our U.S. commissioners to the Paris competition that they rise above the aura of provincialism that so often characterizes these events.

If Pasadena Art Museum Director James Demetrian's choice this year of five works each by John McCracken, Craig Kauffman, Ed Ruscha and Llyn Foulkes is geographically prejudiced, besides seeming a little sortitious, still the qualitative advantages over past selections are considerable. The works are currently on view at Pasadena, and they comprise a moderately impressive exhibition. Yet there is the suspicion that Ruscha and Foulkes were included mainly with an eye to the European, and particularly French, esthetic leaning. Foulkes's paintings, especially *Grade A Cow* and *Post Card*, reek of the modern Gallic idolatry of *l'art gros* tempered by Pop witticisms. Whether or not Demetrian was primarily mindful of judicial appeasement at the cost of consistently first-rate indigenous representation, Foulkes received the first prize for painting, and one is far from begrudging the award. Ruscha's paintings are all straight Pop creations with words—*Damage*, *Space*, *Electric*, *Liquids*, *Surgical* — composed on bright grounds. The finally redeeming choices are McCracken and

Kauffman, both of whose rigorous, deceptively undemanding work was destined to be received on the Continent with varying degrees of puzzlement.

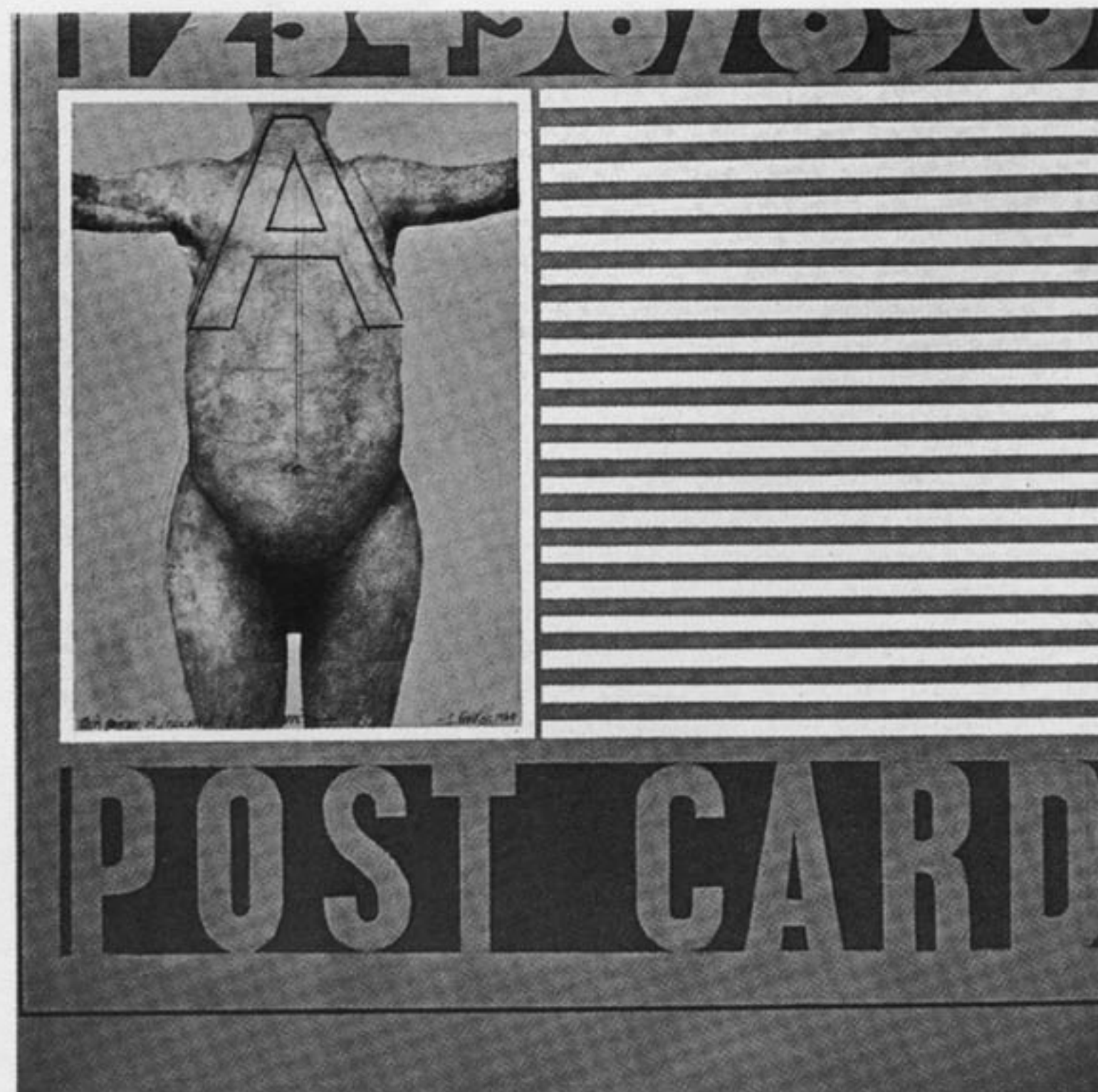
At the Esther-Robles Gallery, JOHN BATTENBERG'S latest angle on World War I aviation—focusing now more on the machines than on their intrepid pilots—makes for an extraordinarily handsome and impressive display. The pivotal work here is transitional, placing the familiar skeletal cast aluminum flyer within his plane, which is suspended parallel to the wall on a vertical course. The machine (*Full Detail—Fokker Dr 1*, 96 x 72") is given as a truncated section of fuselage and wings around the open cockpit, formed beautifully by stretching canvas tautly over a plywood frame, covering this with fiberglass and applying a brilliant coat of flame-colored enamel over all. The inescapably affecting mystique of Battenberg's subject, treated as always with grimly scrupulous poignancy, is now poised within a slick and pointedly "estheticized" environment. The tug of such unashamed nostalgia against such sheer technical virtuosity commands admiration against all one's categorical resistance to manipulated kitsch.

In the other works, he chooses portions of airplanes—rudders or wings or ailerons—and makes them into stunningly executed pieces of sculpture. Battenberg's care for accurate detail, both in the construction of his works and the use of identifying insignia, creates at least the illusion that we are seeing embellished replicas of the real thing. Only in his arbitrary but successful use of color does he earmark the smooth structures as being, after all, calculated artifice.

—JANE LIVINGSTON



John Battenberg, *Fly By*, m/m, 95 x 92 x 66", 1967. Esther-Robles Gallery.



Llyn Foulkes, *Post Card*, 1964. Pasadena Art Museum.