

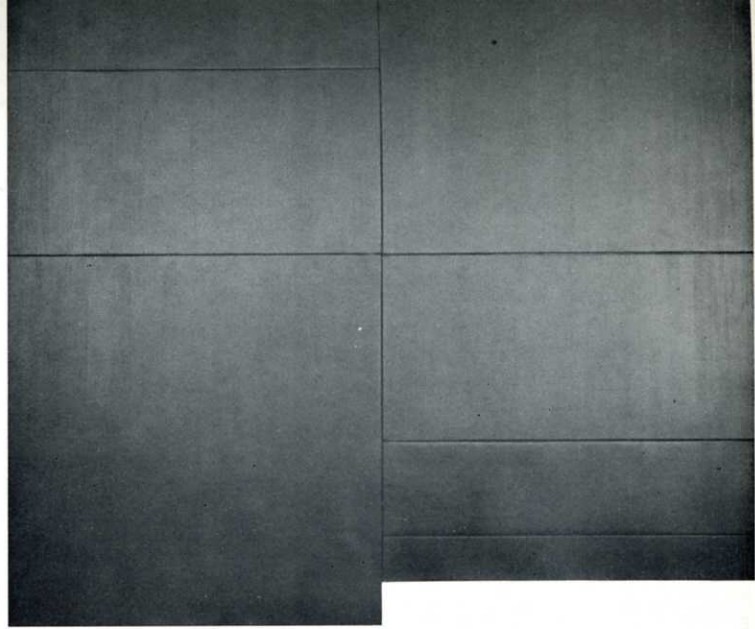
Okada. *Moon*. 84 × 72". Betty Parsons Gallery

rubbery-looking, relective surfaces, achieved by skillful brushing of carefully mixed oils. One large work in particular, a dramatic blue-black, glistens like a wet seal. But their sensuous presence serves at once to complement and camouflage another order of truth about these pieces. There is in the ordering of the component panels a logic, perhaps mathematically derived, which gives them an irreducible air, imperious and anti-decorative. They go about their job of taking over and commanding a wall with a sort of ruthless, hilarious efficiency. Curiously enough, the "human touches" that inhabit these works—the hand-brushed, occasionally wrinkled surfaces; the cracks between stretchers—seem almost to reinforce the presiding mechanistic thesis. Or, rather, they winningly acknowledge the impossibility of achieving perfection: They make accessible what would otherwise be overweening and therefore resistable. In any case, Mogensen's feat of combining hand-made beauty and formal muscle with the Minimal idea is rare enough these days to be received with a deal of applause.

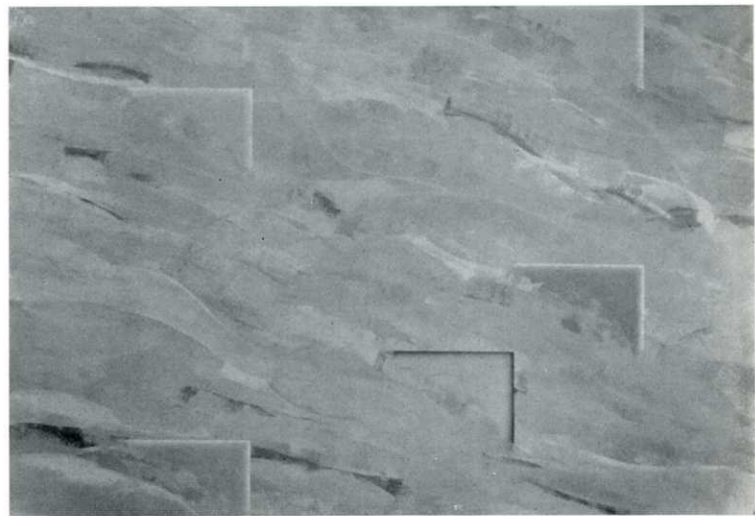
Another fairly remarkable development in a month positively swamped with them was Doug Ohlson's huge painting-sculpture whatzit at the Fischbach Gallery. To describe: A closed, eight-foot-high by about 20-foot-long enclosure made of Upson-board and painted a flat industrial red. On each side is hung a row of Ohlson's slim paintings, all a foot wide, ranging in height from one to seven feet and painted a solid acrylic color with now and then squares of another color at top or bottom. The colors are luxurious, the surfaces are suave and the variations in size, motif and placement of the canvases are elegant. The idea of building a sculptural display-rack, as it were, for one's paintings is striking enough, and Ohlson turned it to good effect. The sense of an actual enclosed space behind the wall on which paintings are hung is an aesthetic plus, as it turns out, and the fact of viewing them in the *center* of a gallery room somehow makes for a more intense experience. It will be interesting to see what, if anything, Ohlson does in the future with his promising innovation.

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At the Tibor de Nagy Gallery one afternoon I chanced to view several new paintings by that ace colorist Darby Bannard that were destined for a show at Bennington College in Vermont. They seemed well worth a brief description here. They struck me, in fact, as perhaps Bannard's most successful embodiment yet of his abstruse color theories, a quantum jump beyond the multi-hued but structurally rather lame compositions for which he is known. He now applies pigment in a wonderfully free-wheeling manner, using rollers with terrific virtuosity to elaborate a ragged, gently surging surface alive with thousands of nameless tones, hues and tints, mostly pastel varieties of green or blue highlighted by fiery pinks and yellows. Occasionally—in paintings that bear titles like *Amazon* and *Western Air*—a few sharp corners of solid color shaded at their edges poke up and/or down out of the diagonal, undulating flow, dissonant yet oddly pleasing interjections.



Mogensen. Oil on canvas, 1968. 96 × 96". Bykert Gallery



Bannard. *Western Air 3*, 1968. Alkyd resin/Canvas, 66 × 99". Tibor de Nagy Gallery

Ohlson. View of exhibition, Fischbach Gallery

