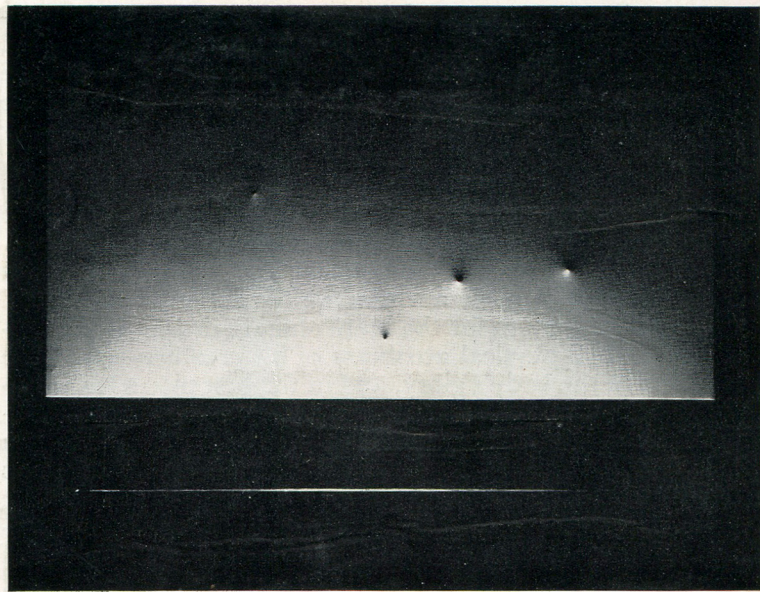


Denise René has only assembled the usual pre-seasonal *accrochage*, but, because I have not yet come across his name, and his slowly-mobile pieces have a fascination of their own, I am illustrating one of *Lars Fredrikson's* constructions—which were, to me, the highlight of this particular occasion. They belong to a category which I have begun to call LSD-art—at any rate when I am not overheard, for their purist/minimal instancy has much in common with the sensations Aldous Huxley experienced inspecting his own trouserfolds under the influence of *The Drug*. In Fredrikson's case, three or four nipple-points are seen moving, in what appears to be a random manner, within a white canvas field; they press themselves insistently against the spot-light illuminated fabric and bathe in a halo of their own shadows. The beauty of it all is ineluctably dependent on any lack of complications. It derives its force from the completeness of the decontaminated understanding between spectator and artist.

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Lars Fredrikson. *A10C*, 1967. 55 × 40.5 × 10 cm. Galerie Denise René

R.C. Kenedy

Art International, Nov. 1967.