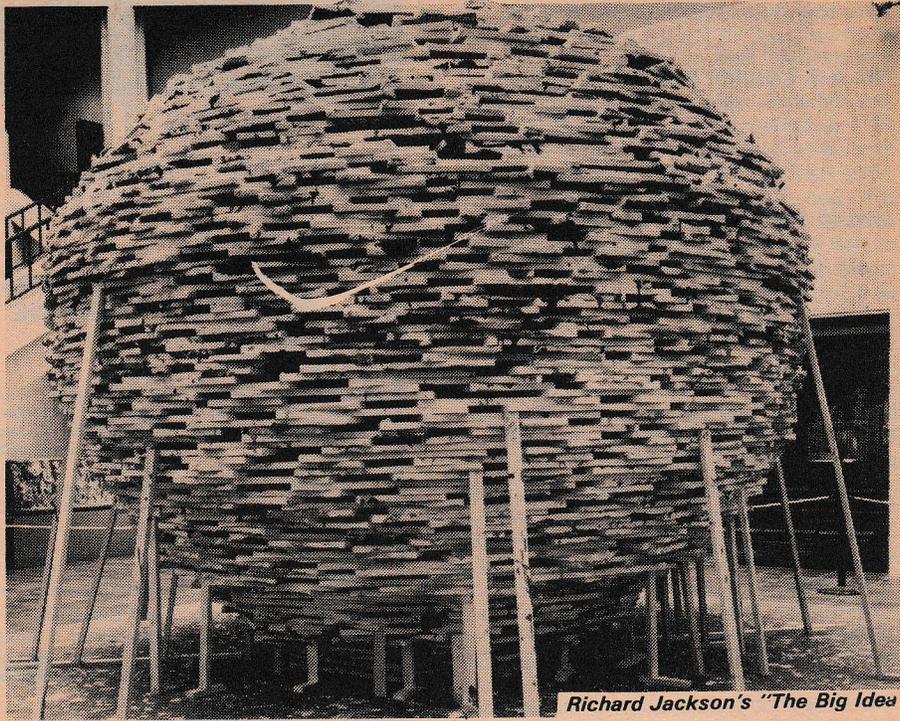


## Pick Of The Week



Richard Jackson's "The Big Idea"

Perhaps it can be argued that it was not until the early '60s that L.A. began to emerge as a place with an aesthetic of its own. Perhaps there began to be something else besides the by-then fading glamor of the big movie studios, the glory of the Pacific and the smog and the sun. It is this period that curator Maurice Tuchman has chosen to focus on in the bicentennial exhibition **Art in Los Angeles: Seventeen Artists in the Sixties**, on view through October 4 at the L.A. County Museum. Tuchman has chosen to play it safe by including the big guns in L.A. art, the indisputably famous and established. But he has also chosen to occasionally remind us of an artist's lesser-known work, of a particular work that proved to be pivotal, of a body of work that had a lasting influence on other artists. There are the coolly beautiful glass and chrome sculptures by Larry Bell, the painted plexiglass of Craig Kauffman, Peter Voulkos' sophisticated ceramics. And the wry humor of Ed Ruscha, David Hockney, Edward Keinholtz' famous mannequin couple making out in the back seat of a derelict car. Altogether a good overview.

The second part of the exhibit, **The Museum as Site: Sixteen Projects**, is sheer delight. Sixteen artists were invited to choose sites in and around the museum's Ahmanson Gallery for specifically designed projects. All whimsical, fun, each a surprise in its environs; they have made a romping artpark of the staid museum surroundings. Some of my favorites: Chris Burden's huge, elaborate sandbox titled "A Tale of Two Cities," fun of painstakingly placed toy soldiers, cars, flags. Eric Orr's 20-foot-high fire and smoke stack. John Baldessari's two 15-foot photographs of palm trees between second floor columns. Move to the right and you see one thing; to the left you see another. Richard Jackson's giant ball of 3,000 canvases stacked face down. Environments by Alexis Smith, Jonathan Borofsky and Michael McMillen who has created multiple rooms reminiscent of the dim, cluttered back of one's mind, the half-deserted garage of an eccentric collector, full of detail.

—Joie Davidow