

# Italian Artists Shine In Parisian Biennale

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PARIS, Oct. 4—The long-awaited, multiringed extravaganza that is the Fourth Paris Biennale has at last come to pass.

The spectacle at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris musters close to a thousand artists of 56 countries. Its miles of painting and sculpture are flanked by an ambitious festival of theater, music and film. All of which is in turn escorted by a farflung convoy of adjunct exhibitions in 19 Paris galleries.

Underlying all this activity is the proposition that everyone concerned be of ages 25 to 35, an artificial and awkward prerequisite at best. Faced with the 25's, it would be churlish to look for too much. Faced with the 35's, it would be patronizing to look for too little. But the difficult part in viewing the show as a garden of nascent talent is that so few among the contributors choose to paint in any sort of nascent spirit.

For each tender acorn there are several dozen premature oaks. Great masses of sophistication, facility and slickness assault the eye until, inevitably, a kind of Gresham's Law comes into play. The inflationary currency afflicts the real item, and one goes away dizzy.

## First Visit a Blur

The first visit results in a blur. A second visit begins to count as the shock subsides and cogent voices carry amidst the blitz.

This year there is no American contribution because of the lamentable and ironical fact that the necessary funds were unavailable. The arts budget of the United States Information Service has been knifed to the quick, and private angels failed to turn up.

On the other hand, the French offering is so relentlessly Americanized that the United States is in fact there by doubtful proxy. The French seem to have traded in Cézanne's derby for a 10-gallon hat, and their efforts are

hyped and Pop-ified unto mock environmental bomb shelters, and such vaudeville as that.

Italy has sent what may be the strongest contribution of all. Gaetano Pompa's handsome canvases take their inspiration from medievalism and from Florentine and Sienese color in particular. Carlo Quattrucci's Cubist-Surrealist works also make the most of color. And then you have Raffaello Jandolo's sculpture "Le Bon Pasteur," in which something very human and very real comes to be.

## Italian Cogency

There is an authenticity, a cogency and a natural sympathy to the Italian group that dissolves almost everywhere else. The problem seems to be an appetite for shattering conclusions, ironic declamations and instant effects, in preference to the quiet pain of that long, dark road through experience.

It is very pleasant indeed to come upon the small room of abstractions by Ricardo Irarrazaval of Chile, bands of dark color that emit light subtly and lyrically, a strength born of gentleness.

And then there are two wonderful sculptures, nudes, by Jean Cardot of France, these being elegant, precise and deeply considered.

The British delegation confines almost entirely to ungarnished liturgies of Pop and Op, while from such disparate points as Poland, Mexico and Israel there come a number of happy encounters with sonority and sensibility.

Just as there is a lot of facile glibness about, there is a lot of great good faith as well. If the idea is current that masterpieces come easily through sleight of hand, the fault is not that of painters from 25 to 35. The fault is that of publicists and impresarios who have been making and breaking trends and talent through channels of mass communications for the last 20 years.

The exhibition continues until Nov. 3.

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BIENNALE EXHIBIT: "The Good Pastor," by the Italian sculptor Raffaello Jandolo, is in Paris show.