In Ellipses
The Paintings of James Rosenquist

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I.
DRIVE-IN

In his critique of the civilisation of the image, published in 1962, when Pop Art was the rising force on the New York scene, Daniel Boorstin wrote, with what now reads as rather outmodedly dramatic emphasis, that of all the — ideological, economic, social and political — menaces plaguing the world, the most serious was unreality, caused by the triumph of the mass media and their irresistible ability to substitute the plausible for the true. In this regime of "pseudo-events" ideals were being replaced "by [...] images [...] illusions so vivid, so persuasive, so 'realistic' that [men] can live in them."[1] The idea that the complex of images is the new home of modern man (constantly inhabited by the crackle and patter of what Marshall McLuhan called the hot and cool media) became banal long ago, and on every continent. Exposed to the constant seduction of illustrated slogans, whether at home or elsewhere, in print or in pixels, the individual, now a passive spectator, felt that the only way of reclaiming the initiative (that is, of *wilfully* becoming a spectator) was to go either to the museum or — as was more often the case — the cinema. Dominated by the static image which looks down on him from an indefinite height, he has chosen the moving image projected onto a screen hung just above his head as the refuge of his imaginary and the token (however uncertain) of his free will.

The drive-in meticulously staged by Ogle Winston Link in 1956, (*"Hotshot," Eastbound, Iager, West Virginia*) attests this passion for keen movement within the heart of narrative illusion, unconcerned by the real but soon obsolete presence of the A Class steam engine, "Hot Shot," which, at the time the photograph was taken, was making one of its last journeys east. Flying diagonally from left to right, the plane in Herbert L. Strock's film *Battle Taxi* (1955), seen on the screen raised near the railway, allegorises this paradigm shift: in everyday life, the illusionistic and immaterial wins hands down over the transient real. Aristotle's prescriptions concerning tragedy — "The needs of poetry make what is plausible though impossible preferable to what is possible but implausible"[2] — have been extended to the ordinary spectacle of normal life. Nothing is strange any more: at any moment, the impossible is much more convincing than the most stubborn facts. For anyone looking at this photograph today, its acute contrasts orchestrated by dozens of simultaneous flashes, the most familiar and most persuasive element on view is not the couple entwined in the Buick convertible, nor is it the other rows of cars, nor, of course, the steam train (all now belong to the elusive realm of nostalgia), but

the representation of the aeroplane on the screen, with its infinitely reproducible factuality.

II.
THE SAHARA AT A DISTANCE

The many, diverse examples cited by Boorstin throughout his essay indicate that one of the most decisive aspects of the "graphic revolution" was, ultimately, the way in which all kinds of images sprout up together in any time or place. This juxtaposition or succession of mutually alien or antagonistic subjects (Aristotelian impossibility become a practice) was treated with complete technical indifference as to their scale, in an environment where reality had become measureless. The sophistication and banalisation of optical devices and, at the same time, of the means of reproduction, considerably attenuated the hierarchy of big and small, essential and accessory, chance and necessity, and by the same token, in removing all the protocols of perspective, helped to weaken the dialectic of near and far. But then again, one might object that the similarities between the infinitesimal realm revealed by the microscope and the infinity explored by telescopes and satellites have a great deal in common, science having confirmed what mythology intuited: the perfect cohesion binding the different parts of the universe. Except that the observer's viewpoint, which is non-scientific and mundane, repetitive and unconscious, is consequently relativized while his means of evaluating distances and discerning the very nature of the objects represented are invalidated. This unconcern for the scale of the objects favours the most unlikely juxtapositions and finally bestows a cohesion and authority characteristic of illusion: political and commercial slogans are formed in the same mould; the true and the false, the trivial and the sublime, the high and the low, become caught up in relations of mutual contamination and assimilation. Media illusionism is not just a threshold, it is a fully-fledged world: the history of the post-war period is the story of our acclimatisation to this new situation.

These are the premises underpinning the art of James Rosenquist, informing both his macroscopic views of the 1960s and his later "astrographic" visions. All stem from a vigilant meta-optics. "An image of the most colossal monument and the tiniest ant can rest side by side in your mind. The mundane and the bizarre can fuse into a language of images that float to the surface when you least expect it."[3] He thus set out to paint not so much the immediate visual data of a consumerist society as their conditions of visibility, that is to say, to make perceptible at once the way representations float free of their referent and their irregularity of scale, the total disconnect between cause and effect. This is the sensorial fact conveyed by the vertical juxtaposition of a Ford grille, two faces pressed close together and a close-up of a plate of spaghetti in tomato sauce (*I Love You with My Ford*, 1961, Moderna Museet, Stockholm), or in the horizontal alignment of a kind of mechanical fortress, a peach, and air coming through a vent (*Isotope*, 1979). The imposing size of these canvases determines that of the objects represented in them, irrespective of

their real-life dimensions. This constant adjustment constitutes one of the essential characteristics of Rosenquist's painting, which comes from more than just the observation of the contemporary urban landscape. Rosenquist himself had acquired first-hand experience of the transformation of hierarchic relations.

On completion of his studies at the Art Students League in New York, where he spent two years after attending the University of Minnesota, Rosenquist was employed from 1957 to 1960 as a billboard painter by the Artkraft-Strauss Sign Corporation, active in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Perched in his basket opposite the twentieth floor, or even higher, he painted mainly ads for theatre shows and movies on Times Square. The faces, bottles of beer or giant autumn leaves were literally devoid of proportion. Often, to heighten the impact of these billboards, the relations between the people and objects were left elliptical, as if the emptiness around them stimulated the gaze. In the Big Country, with its rolling plains and expanses of wilderness, everything was necessarily larger than life, and this disproportion produced a dizziness that no longer surprises. Up there in the basket, it was better not to look down at the traffic below. "I'd paint the eyes before lunch and from there down the cheeks, which would be painted in a big cosmetic blend shaded from skin tone to face powder and back again. These huge cheeks, twenty-five feet across, looked like the Sahara while I was painting them."[4]

In these faces that were broadly brushed in, by the yard, the reality depicted became secondary. Precariously balanced, the painter was immersed in the factitiousness of painting. Once back on the ground, from which it was meant to be seen, the desert-like expanse of paint regained the pertinence of its figurative use in the composition.

The striking aspect of this story is at once the technical reality of commercial figuration (the gridding of gigantic motifs), the fact that it was highly concrete (the work was very physical, gruelling and dangerous), mundane (paint running along the artist's arm) and functional: designed to attract attention in a direct, aggressive way, and not meant to last long, commercial frescoes had no local logic. In choosing to maintain the immensity of these images in paintings that, however big, were meant to be seen from close-up, working in the studio Rosenquist found himself dealing with an alternation whose impact was critical on several levels. The "Sahara effect," saturating the picture plane and assailing the viewer — the violence of this process was stressed by Gene Swenson[5] — tends to cause a semantic emptying of the iconographic elements and thereby introduces a degree of abstraction that Rosenquist found interesting and called, indeed, "painting below zero" — in other words, painting below the threshold of indigence of the media sources used. The image was thus treated as mental raw material, less for its specific meanings than for its generic value — and here we must reject the rather hastily adopted idea that the artist's work was primarily about popular imagery. He himself — and, in his wake, the first commentators on his work[6] — was quick to insist on what one could call the absolute alterity of his painting, wherein, to borrow Lucy Lippard's

words, by virtue of the monumentality of his pictures, "the object loses its identity and becomes form." Consequently, Rosenquist's works require gaze to move constantly back and forth between the material and formal dimension of the painting on one side and, on the other, its figurative point. Standing before these paintings, we really do have our backs to the wall.

III.
FRAGMENTATIONS

This having been said, the images are not wholly lost in an arrangement of pure forms. With only one or two exceptions in the work of the 1960s (*A Lot to Like*, 1962, Moca, Los Angeles), they remain perfectly identifiable. Rosenquist does not frame them (which, along with repetition, is the strategy methodically applied by Andy Warhol) but fragments them with strict geometrical divisions, breaking them up to make them fit the order of the painting. He deliberately disrupts the cohesion of his source documents and imposes a rhythmic function on them. This is where the often-evoked analogy with collage shows its limits. We are worlds away here from the sensitive, organic combinations of Pablo Picasso or Kurt Schwitters' first experiments, which harmonise heterogeneous materials in coherent totalities. Or indeed from the works by Max Ernst and Salvador Dali that instrumentalise collage for narrative purposes. Above all, there is nothing in Rosenquist that comes remotely close to the *dépaysement* (displacement/disorientation) and "convulsive beauty" sought by the Surrealists. AS Lawrence Alloway rightly pointed out, "Rosenquist's method of composition is that of montage, the photographic and figurative extension of collage."[7] The form of montage practised by Rosenquist during those years generally implied a sequencing that induced consecutive reading of the different elements and the very conscious apperception of their intermittency. The best example of this is *F-111* (1964–65, Moma, New York): stretching over 26 metres, the fuselage of the fighter plane provides a structural matrix along which are inserted the images of a tyre and a cake, an egg and a light bulb, a child's face under a hair-dryer dome, an atomic mushroom cloud under an umbrella, an exploding cartridge, and a nauseous expanse of spaghetti. Up to the end of the 1970s, Rosenquist privileged a vigorous, visual clash between opposing registers, mainly the living and the mechanical, whose underlying structure can be thematised in terms of war as a factor of destruction and source of production. In this regard his painting reflects the modern experience of multiple iconographic fragments that exhaust the gaze's attempts at visual synthesis. In one sense, Rosenquist was following a naturalist principle by adhering to a media model that radically changed our apprehension of the visible by blurring the oppositions between contingency and necessity, meaning and meaninglessness. "What attracted me in ads was the mystery, the strangeness of these bits of commercial propaganda — they were enigmas. [...] [In my paintings] The images would be painted realistically, but made so big and collaged together so apparently arbitrarily that you wouldn't understand at first."[8]

Sometimes heightened in the early works by inserting one fragment in another, as in *Look Alive (Blue Feet, Look Alive* (1961, priv. coll.) or *Vestigial Appendage* (1962, Moca Los Angeles), this appearance of arbitrariness in the juxtaposition of images might lead us to think that they are intrinsically gratuitous. However, Rosenquist is well aware of their inherent value and of the fact that the urge to interpret will always give them a meaning, He displaces and manipulates them with an intuitive skill that gives them a new impact and engages them, de facto, in a test of signification. Though usually implicit, this semiological testing comes to the fore in a number of works, beginning with *President Elect* (1960-1964, Mnam, Paris). Michael Lobel has patiently reconstituted its ideological and aesthetic underpinnings, which changed in the course of its elaboration over the years leading up to its first exhibition in 1972.[9] Another is *Four New Clear Women* (1982), a picture born of the painter's response to the rise of women to power in India, the United Kingdom and Israel. The punning title makes no secret of Rosenquist's intention to articulate these female faces — painted like photographs cut into strips — with both the smooth gears of the societal machine and the shock of nuclear catastrophe. If *President Elect* changed considerably over time, from Kennedy's election to his assassination, in order to integrate different discursive layers, *Four New Clear Women* immediately shows itself open to other interpretations than those put forward by the painter. The four fragments of young women's faces, made up like models (which are recurring archetypes in his work) form an "X" which meshes at one end with the cogs and concentric motifs in an ensemble that could also sustain a psychoanalytical reading of its imagery in terms of a libidinal economy.[10]

In *President Elect* the juxtaposition of the presidential face, of a piece of cake and a car tailfin, each element being painted on distinct but physically and visually connected panels, constitutes a genuine triptych. This kind of structure, which reappears regularly throughout Rosenquist's work, and which remains strangely familiar to the contemporary gaze, maintains the independence of each element while at the same time eliciting an overall reading.[11] In *Tent Star Pale*, or *Hot Vault*, both from 1975, the geometrical motifs (some of which can be interpreted as targets, buckets or mechanical parts) stand out against a ground that is almost monochrome throughout. These works function like abstract rebuses, irreducibly preserving their enigma. Starting in 1980 with monumental paintings such as *Star Thief* (1980, Museum Ludwig, Cologne) and *Four New Clear Women*, Rosenquist began pursuing two new directions that, in many respects, suggest a change of programme. The first concerns the characterisation of space, the second, the articulation of the images.

IV.
THE SPACE BETWEEN THE STARS

With only a few exceptions (*Capillary Action*, 1962, Moca, Los Angeles and *Growth Plant*, 1966, Iwaki City Art Museum), the space remained deliberately indeterminate (just as, in the true abstract paintings of 1958 and 1959, it was neither illusionist nor

all-over), allowing for the free articulation of iconographic motifs. With *Star Thief*, cosmic infinity takes its place as the ground against which faces, slices of bacon, mechanical parts and a metal grille all seem to drift weightlessly towards a nameless distance. While this intergalactic space is amenable neither to perspective nor to a conceptual or plastic vantage point, it appears to be a kind of expanse in which all the contradictions and offcuts of the sublunary world can find a home. In *Towards a Night Light*, 1993 geometrical figures evoking space shuttles and a disc made up of coloured dots, like the coloured glass of a kaleidoscope, are scattered or concentrated on either side of the painting. In *The Richest Person Gazing at the Universe*, 2011, the transparent profile of a skull,[12] a pile of coins and the chrome hubcap are set against a vaporous sky dotted with supernovas. In *The Geometry of Fire*, 2011 what looks like debris in fusion interpenetrates across another ternary sequence.

In his autobiography, Rosenquist stresses his continuing interest in the American space programme, right from the early days — *Flamingo Capsule* (1970, Guggenheim Museum, Bilbao) commemorates a mortal accident during the testing of Apollo 1, that new manifestation of ambition by the military industrial complex which made the science fiction fantasies that filled the magazines and TV screens of the post-war decades increasingly plausible: space travel at the speed of light, coordinates scrambled by black holes, the total loss of bearings — Rosenquist himself was sufficiently struck by the special effects of Stanley Kubrick's *2001, a Space Odyssey* (1971) to go and see Douglas Trumbull, who devised and supervised most of them.[13] Looking beyond the painter's admiration for these mechanical and visual inventions, which are much more convincing than computer simulations, it is interesting that the film's last sequence, "Jupiter and Beyond the Infinite," in which the mission's last survivor is absorbed into an endless expanse at the meeting point of two planes evinces similarities with the kind of space deployed in works like *Voyager-Speed of Light* and *Coup d'œil — Speed of Light*, which were painted, as it happens, in 2001. The works in this totally abstract series, informed by the abundant imagery from space missions, from Apollo to Hubble, come across as an echo of Einstein's theory of relativity. If the fiction of intergalactic space does not summon up a new illusionist depth, it seems here as if infinity has opened only to close in on itself in a singular play of the refraction, dilation, compression and disintegration of forms that are always disintegrating or embryonic, offered up to an unbounded gaze.

Seeking to observe the profound historical analogies in Rosenquist's art with the traditions of American painting, and ignoring historiographic prejudices, Robert Rosenblum rightly saw the mural art of the World Progress Administration in the 1930s as a direct precedent.[14] In the same spirit, as a specialist of Romanticism, he could also have noted a continuity that runs from Hudson River School to the *Speed of Light* series in the evocation of a specifically American sublime. This is not the heroic sublime of Jackson Pollock or the mystic one of Mark Rothko, but an ironic variant also found in certain works of Ed Ruscha's and, more recently, in the late paintings of Jack Goldstein. Edmund Burke wrote that, "The passion

caused by the great and sublime in nature, when those causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; and astonishment is that state of the soul, in which all its motions are suspended, with some degree of horror."[15] To characterise this version of after-modernity, we would need to add that this feeling of stupor at the constantly receding frontiers of cosmic infinity is induced only via scientific representations; and that, since our astonishment is produced by a delegation of scientific iconography, our horror is more intellectual than emotional, and that the soul, unaware of itself, is indeed now seen only through its states, its moods, which are signalled as such. Commenting on Rosenquist's works, the astronomer Eugene E. Epstein emphasised the fact that "The information obtained by these sophisticated [astronomical] devices is manipulated and transformed until it can be displayed in a form comprehensible to our eyes."[16] Nowadays, the vision of infinity is above all a fabrication of public relations at NASA and the ESA.

V.
DISSOLVES

There is no clear break in Rosenquist's aesthetic to formally distinguish between different periods. However, behind the evolutions that are manifest lie some very profound changes. As we have seen, there is his reappraisal and reconception of space. This is particularly evident in *Star Thief*, even if we can consider that the beginnings of this metamorphosis are to be found in the crucial works that are *F-111* and *Horse Blinders* (1968–69, Museum Ludwig, Cologne). This new conception of space goes hand in hand with a change of regime in the articulation of images. Rosenquist's model went from the disjunctive syntax of advertising, based on the coexistence of what appear to be highly disparate messages (even if, in fact, they are united by a diffuse ideology), to a cinematographic type of syntax. The art of montage makes it possible to create a temporality that is specific to film and, in itself, entirely fictive. "The ability to shorten or lengthen time is a primary requirement in film-making," said Alfred Hitchcock. "[...] there's no relation whatever between real time and filmic time."[17] The dissolve that he uses over seventy times in *Vertigo* is a way of softening narrative breaks by creating a transition from one sequence to another — from dream to reality, say, or from one place or time to another, from one character to another (from Madeleine to Judy, from Judy to Madeleine) but also, and perhaps most of all, of cutting out empty time. An image gradually loses intensity until the next one appears and, for a short moment, they are superimposed; one image is contained in the other. Photographic reproductions of dissolves usually show three frames conveying this habitation of one image by another, a form of hybridisation that has become a common feature of our visual experience and that we certainly do not always notice. The temporal ellipse of the dissolve induces a sensation of weightlessness in the viewer and corresponds clearly, in *Vertigo*, to the neuropsychological disturbances afflicting John Ferguson, the detective played by James Stewart.

All else being equal, this is the kind of dissolve practised by Rosenquist — sporadically in the 1960s, and more insistently since the early 1980s. The different motifs of a painting interlock and interpenetrate, even when they are to all appearances heterogeneous, as in *Four New Clear Women*. All manner of objects can end up in the trashcan that is now interstellar space,[18] composing and recomposing themselves into alien new forms. These motifs painted as if cut into ribbons appear first in a series that comprises, among others, *Forest Ranger* (1967, Museum Ludwig, Cologne, and *Sliced Bologna,* 1968, priv. coll., New York) done on saturated polyester (Mylar) that was cut out after the paint was applied to it. This technique of interlacing and merging images on the same plane is applied systematically in a series made between 1984 and 1990, in which women's faces and exotic flowers are woven into complex graphic patterns that mimic the almost tropical luxuriance surrounding the artist's Florida studio. In *Sky Hole* (1989) a first female face, at the top, is superimposed over an aquatic surface, while a second, below, which is both more marked and more complex, partially covers intergalactic rain; they are separated, along a median line, by two generous red flowers. In *Untitled* (1995) the parts of the face (we can make out bits of the eyes and the mouth) are entangled with a subtly orchestrated chaos of flowers and symbols taken from Singaporean banknotes. One image contains another and we could say that, in an ongoing autogenesis, one image is always the place of another image.

VI.
ENVIRONMENTS

The sequential montage still observed in *Reflector* (1982) is thus followed by this fusion which enables an allegorical deployment of figures — for example, *Brazil* (2004) recapitulates the country's indigenous and colonial history — and produces the sense of a visual impression which prevails through the continuous flux of information. Combined with the astronomical register, the figure of the vortex is used to full metaphorical effect in *The Swimmer in the Econo-mist, Painting I* (1977-1998, Deutsche Guggenheim, Berlin). This great fresco, a retrospective summation of the artist's work, fills a twenty-seven-metre span in surges of matter that indiscriminately sweep up and dissolve fragments of Picasso's *Guernica*, cardboard packaging, plastic bulbs and all kinds of other elements. The psychedelic temptations that go with this immersion in the maelstrom, often abetted by the use of sharp colours, appears in many other paintings, such as *Voodoo Wedding,* 2002, in which the figures seem to be seen through a deforming lens.

In this way Rosenquist elaborates a continuity that totally renews the way space is experienced both by himself and by viewers. The effect of this is to convert the monumentality that he has cultivated from the outset of his career into an environment in its own right, which, in the words of Robert Rosenblum, offers the vision of "a completely synthetic world, where you can't find a beginning, a middle or an end — a continuous, 360 degree experience."[19] *F-111* (which, when first

exhibited, at Leo Castelli, was hung over three walls) and *Horizon Home Sweet Home*, 1970, with its canvases in shades of monochrome paint alternating with panels of aluminium hung with reflective polyester, emerging from a fog of ice, already came across as environments whose connotations were more cinematic than theatrical: Henry Geldzahler described *F-111* as a succession of close-ups in Cinemascope.[20] Rosenquist himself spoke of hallucinations that were more cinematic than pictorial, relating these to the perturbations brought on by a fever.[21] In fact, one could say that his painting has taken on a decisively cinematic cast: facing — or rather, enveloped by — these works, the viewer is caught in a never-resolved tension between the near and the far. Proximity prevents synthesis, distance prohibits detail. But this twofold negative dynamic compels a mental recapitulating of time in space.

VII.
METEORITIC

Rosenquist has moved by degrees from the sharp edges of intransitive snapshots, in the 1960s, to the enveloping flux of images that, in their uncentred and fluid curves, recreate the continuity of a movement. From rhetorical ellipsis to geometrical ellipse, he has thus passed through the essential stages of today's graphic revolution, revealing its limits, subterfuges and aberrations, but also its unexpected charms, its impromptu grace and unlikely miracles. We live at the heart of the spectacle and at the heart of a universe whose economy, laws of attraction and dependence we think we have understood, to the extent that we sometimes convince ourselves that this spectacle forms a logical and definitively coherent system. But if the points of view do not change the actual nature of things, they do find new places and functions for them. A solid body that burns up as it passes through the atmosphere, in Rosenquist's work the meteor is an emblem of the incalculable elements that can play havoc with a life when one is least expecting it. It is like an exclamation mark (in *The Meteor Hits Brancusi's Pillow*, 1997-99, and in *The Meteor Hits the Swimmer's Pillow*, 1997), like a fireball (in *The Meteor Hits Picasso's Bed*, 1996-99) colliding with the artist's unconscious and metamorphosing the way he looks at the world. Picasso sees the universe from every angle. Brancusi raises it to an endless height, while Rosenquist himself, the swimmer, leaves the shore. On waking, meaning takes shape. Vision follows the order of the picture.

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1 Daniel J. Boorstin, *The Image, A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America*, [1962], New York: Vintage, 2012, p. 240. **2** Aristotle, *The Poetics*, tr. Anthony Kenny, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013, p. 53. **3** James Rosenquist with David Dalton, *Painting Below Zero, Notes on a Life in Art*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2009, p. 4. **4** *Ibid*., p. 54. **5** Gene R. Swenson "Reviews and Previews: New Names This Month, James Rosenquist," *Art News*, February 1962, reprinted in Henry Madoff, (ed.), *Pop Art, a Critical History*, Berkeley and London: California University Press, 1997, p. 241. **6** Lucy Lippard, "James Rosenquist: Aspects of a Multiple Art," *Artforum*, December 1965, pp. 41-44; Henry Geldzahler, "*F-111*," *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin*, Vol. 26, no. 7 (March 1968), pp. 277-281; Sarah Bancroft, "From Abstraction and Back Again, Travelling at the Speed of Light ," in *James Rosenquist, Paintings and Collages, 1960-1979*, London: Haunch of Venison, 2006, pp. 107-113. **7** Lawrence Alloway, "Art," *The Nation*, 5 May 1969, pp. 581-582. **8** *Painting Below Zero*, p. 83. **9** Michael Lobel, *James Rosenquist, Pop Art, Politics, and History in the 1960's*, Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 2009. **10** Regarding *Star Thief*, Rosenquist told Sarah Bancroft: "So the star is the 'thief' that brings you to all the places you didn't originally plan to go. It is like thinking: the more [thinking] you do, the deeper you go, and the more mysteries you see and want to discover." Exh. cat. Guggenheim, p. 231. **11** The triptych form, which characterised the altarpiece, went into a long abeyance between the 17th and 19th centuries. It was brought back into favour by the Pre-Raphaelites. Later, Max Backmann found that this canonical form provided a suitable medium for the allegorical thrust of his painting. It also structures a number of works by Robert Rauschenberg (*Collection*, 1953954, and *Rebus*, 1955) and Jasper Johns (*Weeping Women*, 1975) and is a recurrent device in the work of Francis Bacon — to look no further than a few examples from the post-war period. **12** This skull reappears, juxtaposed with a chrome hubcap, in *The Chinese Tide and DNA*, 2012, and in *DNA and the Multiverse*, 2012. **13** "James Rosenquist In conversation with Scott Rothkopf," *James Rosenquist, Paintings and Collages, 1960-1979*, op. cit., p. 59. **14** Robert Rosenblum, "Pop Art and Non Pop Art," *Art and Litterature*, summer 1965, pp. 80-93, reprinted in Steven Henry Madoff (ed.), *Pop Art. A Critical History*, Berkeley and London: University of California Press, 1997, p. 133. **15** Edmund Burke, *On Taste on the Sublime and Beautiful, Reflections on the Revolution*, Cosimo Classics, 2010, p. 51. **16** Exh. cat. Guggenheim, p. 234. **17** *Hitchcock, Truffaut*, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1985, p. 72. **18** "*Time Dust-Black Hole* (1992, priv. coll.) enlists a vast array of consumer objects – eye charts, musical instruments, American dollars, to name but a few – that float around in space like so much detritus. According to Rosenquist, the work is representative of 'a parking lot in space for junk.'" Sarah Bancroft, exh. cat. Guggenheim, *op. cit.*, p. 230. **19** "Interview with James Rosenquist by Robert Rosenblum," in *James Rosenquist, The Swimmer in the Econo-mist*, Deutsche Guggenheim, Berlin, 1998, p. 7. **20** Henry Geldzahler, "*F-111*," *op. cit*. **21** Daniel Kunitz, "Master of Space and Time," *Art & Auction*, February 2014, p. 68.