

TROVA - NEW YORK - FEB 1965

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**Ernest Trova:** Mr. Trova's sculpture gleams and glistens; it is suffused with just the proper hint of opulence. The subject is man, a depersonalized, spindly-legged, faceless, potbellied eunuchoid man, resplendent in lush, shiny black enamel or glistening aluminum, or chrome-plated and bedecked with a variety of machine parts. He is repeated radiating from all the faces of a cube, or serving as the handle of a fork. He is forced to take part in the quasi-scientific spinings, whirling eye-dazzlers which currently engage us. Man as a faceless robot, man alienated from his environment, is a

beguiling theme and is cleverly done to death in this show of Kewpie dolls for the avant-garde. (*Pace*.)—J.G.

New York Herald Tribune

Saturday, February 13, 1965

Trova (*Pace*, 9 W. 57th):  
It's op, it's pop, but is it art?  
Or ingenious mechanical toys.

Whichever, Trova combines his metal robots, wheels, machine parts, with wit, individuality, style and enough imagination to warrant their seeing, and to guarantee they be enjoyed.