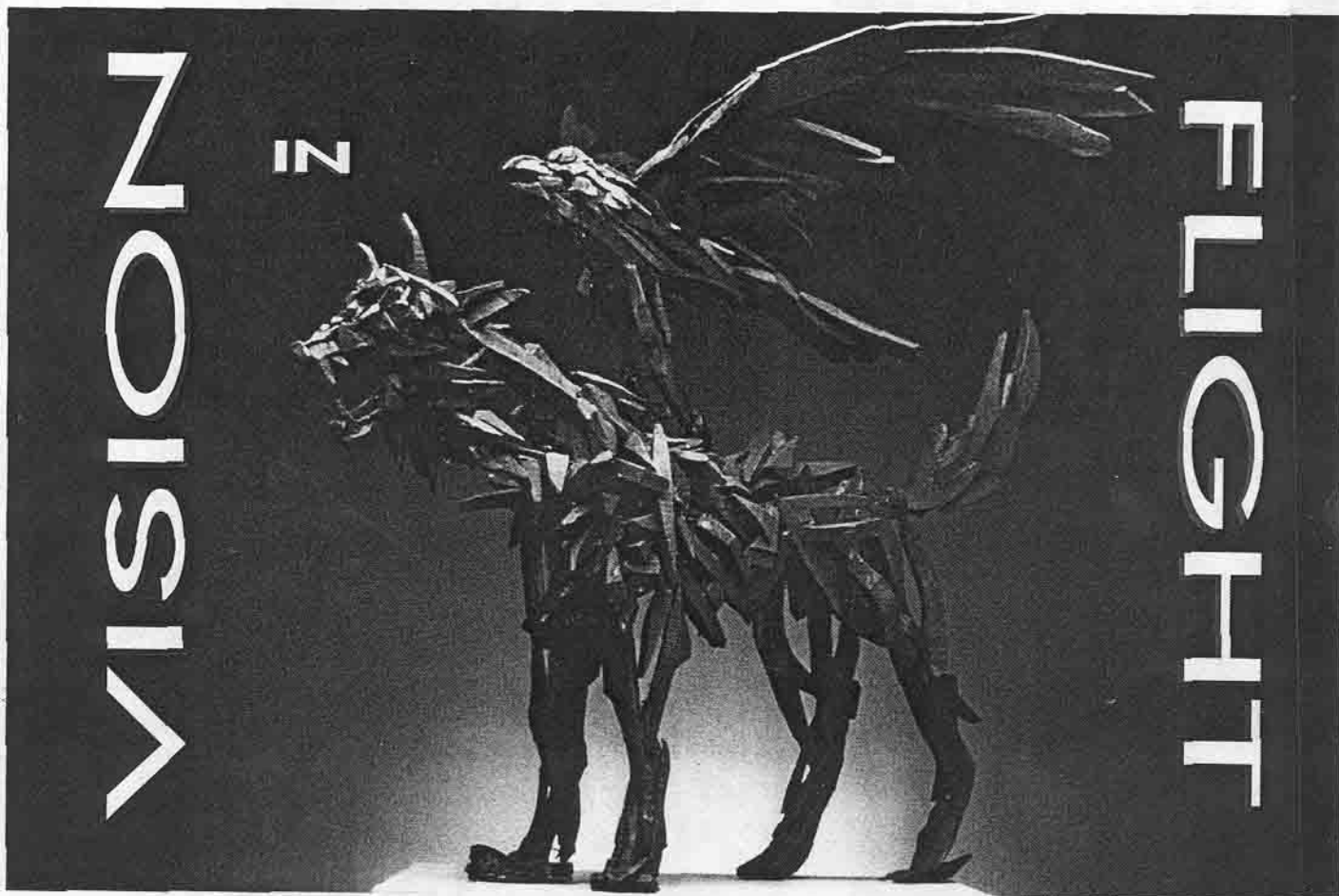




A LIFE LIES SCATTERED ON THIS TABLE. HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS STUDIO ARE maquettes from many phases of John Battenberg's life, like images in a 3-D scrapbook. There's a tiny replica of a World War I ace pilot, or of his uniform, to be accurate—for the goggled helmet is hollow and the body within the small bronze jacket has already flown from this earth. Here's the bronze form of a woman's breast, compressed within a metal box as if it's some fleshy jewel. "I thought



Battenberg works in a range of media. Above, the large photo shows the unique bronze, *J.G. Sheds His Wolf's Clothing* (1990). Small photos, counterclockwise from top: *Flying Lady*, polychrome aluminum (1983); *Hommage to Hoffer*, bronze (1987); *Polesitter*, lithograph (1989).

"I was making a feminist statement," Battenberg says, "but a lot of women didn't agree." • Next is a work from a quieter period, one of his "burial" series, a cast bronze assemblage of metal twigs supporting an undulating triangle of animal skin. It conveys a mood of ritual observance and resignation. Finally, there are the new things: rugged, prickly forms of wolves and birds of prey, suggestions of a spirit that can't be captured. • "I've gone through a whole syndrome of media," Battenberg says, surveying the maquettes spread before him. "And I've



"I've gone through a whole syndrome of says, surveying the maquettes spread be- settled back to sculpture. Drawing and