ing the prints in white chalk.

There's a tendency these days to determine a work by body size, so the sculpture takes the measure of its maker. To read diminishing stature into the diminishing height of the cylinders could make this piece a schematic allusion to a disappearing act. No more chicken wire, no more stature. Then it's into chalk, like a ghost or a shadow, a compressed dimension of self. They are both enclosures. One is 3-D as if there were some invisible mobile agent to contain. The other's 2-D, the footprints become depictions, things to be circled like islands on a map. On the back wall are several handprints that complete the chevron of footprints as a triangle in the sense of denoting a completed motion that describes that figure. But maybe the handprints were made from behind the wall. Are there doors there? This is a zippy ensemble, an engaging circuit of described motions that reflects Heinemann's growing involvement with dance. The performance (a private one) happened in the past, but the leavings gain a presence by her recourse to art devices like the venerable stability of the isosceles triangle, the graphic effect of chalk on the floor, and a conflation of Minimal series sculpture (the cylinders look a lot like Eva Hesse's) with some idea of movement.

ROMAN OPALKA'S work makes me shudder. This was the second installation I've seen of his $1 = \infty$ (one to infinity) paintings of white numbers on a gray ground exhibited with an audiotape of his sonorous counting in Polish. His enterprise is so immediately apparent, and the look of the installation is so funereal, I was quickly scared out of the gallery. It's simply macabre, a yearly Kafkaesque fantasy. Opalka makes On Kawara seem like an artist of infinite variety doing work that's positively rich with allusions to the moment and conditions of its making. At least with those paintings of the time in the morning the artist awoke you can imagine what the weather was like there, what he had to do that day besides the painting. First he gets on a plane if it's cold, and then he goes to a drawer for his stencil... But Opalka seems invariable, a slack system, a locked circuit. Like a computer terminal simply reading out its readiness for some work.

Perhaps some rhythm underlies Opalka's activity. There's a variant pressure of touch that makes some numbers whiter than others. Perhaps they get whitest at the prime divisible by his age, gray. I was told late paintings "details." as the ground of each by one percent.) He's series of field paintings of lovely, like frost. Still, as a register of cold things are scary. He's and painting one way of orderly progression to a procedure. The Opalka is performing such things. But it's a drama to go anywhere. Opalka's music to his audience is as if some mad person as if forever reciting the named assembly. Is there reach in this process of transcendence immigration?

JON BOROFSKY's work is the same but the inverse of both count, but for simple continuation of device for an efficient device, and small to explicate his dreams with the number he's counting. This, he told me, is in his time, and also about the stuff in the selected, not weed, if the transit from state to state direct. It's like a year Borofsky. The gallery floor to ceiling with numbers.

The paintings, Borofsky as marginalia in the way which, stacked in a pile the locus of the show was one," he said, "even be very different," as a sense in which...