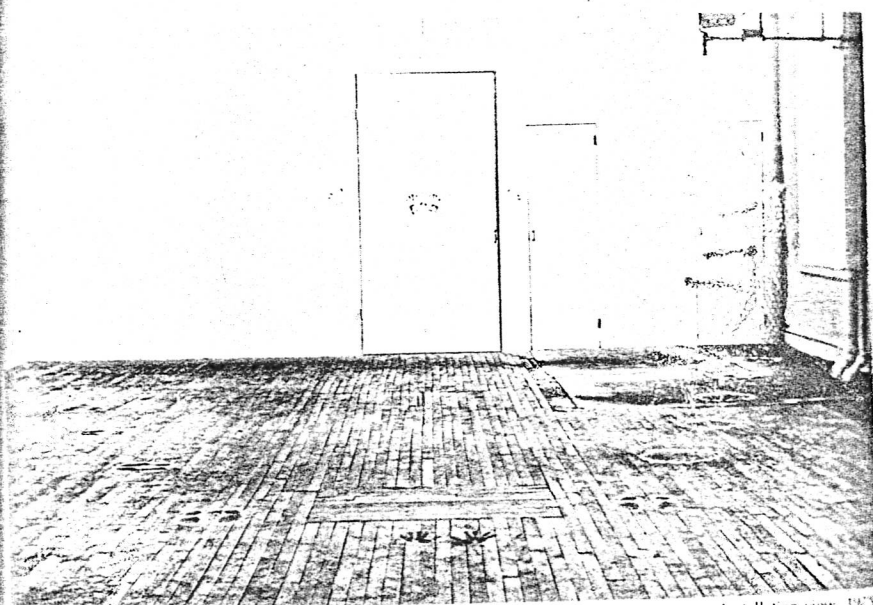


May Stevens, *Flagman*, 1973, acrylic on canvas, 72" x 72"



Susan Heinemann, *Installation view*, 1973

Zabriskie Point. Those scenes had a function in a larger drama. Is Arman maybe the formalist of the genre? In that case, the destruction would have been more complete if he'd wielded the power equipment he apparently uses for his sculpture. Or was he maybe playing to the sizable number of Europeans in the audience who might enjoy the simple spectacle of Arman shocking America?

The major configuration in SUSAN HEINEMANN's installation is a chevron formed by doubled black footprints

made with charcoal and running from the corners of the room to a point somewhere in the center. If the prints signified many people standing abreast, they'd have formed a flying wedge. But it looks more as if the footprints were made by hopping. There's a series of chicken wire cylinders, starting in one corner of the room and descending in height, each of which encloses a pair of prints. The first is about five feet high, about human stature. The others are folded back like potato sacks, becoming shorter as they move toward the triangle's apex. After the sixth, Heinemann switches to outlin-

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 isocetes 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, that 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 robe 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, indivisible by his age, gray. (I was told late paintings "details," and the ground of each by one percent.) He's series of field painting of lovely, like frost. Still, as a register of things are scary. He's and painting one way of orderly progression to a procedure. The Opalka is performing things. But it's a drama to go anywhere. Opalka to his audience is as as some mad person as if forever reciting in assembly. Is the reach in this process transcendence immanent?

JON BOROFKY's same but the inverse both count, but for simple continuation device for an effort paintings, and small to explicate his dream with the number he's ing. This, he told me in his time, and also ture. The stuff in the selected, not weed if the transit from st direct. It's like a y Borofsky. The gallery floor to ceiling with

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