

his paintings wish they'd been there and then, it's hard for them to be here and now. I guess the show's a kind of *homage à* — but this isn't Paris.

In his portraits, Foulkes paints the background over parts of the photographic image so that people's skulls take on odd shapes. This overpainting brings both heads and landscape forms closer to a primary biomorphic shape that's not as specific as a finger or a penis. Maybe it's a tonsil. Foulkes's faces are all covered by another image or a geometrical figure. In many paintings, red paint like blood drips from behind these obscuring devices to reinforce the horrific in a more distanced and sedate way than Francis Bacon's or Hans Bellmer's.

Foulkes's earlier paintings are based on postcard vistas of landscapes which might be rocks or elbows, mountains or knees. Several works in this show formally enlarge the postcard idea beyond a simple metaphor for a portable easel painting. Just as one would flip a postcard back and forth between flatly colored image on the obverse side and two-part area for message and address on the verso, so Foulkes's paintings are made to infer both back and front. This is done mainly by bunching several wooden frames around the image, some right side out and some with the back facing out. Occasionally a striped band motif or a scrawled message finds its way onto the image side of the picture. My favorite was a landscape in which a dumpy little guy with a paper bag over his head stands on a rock — there's a certain charm in this conception of embarrassed exposure.

ANDREW GINZEL (selected for Artists Space by Red Grooms) also alludes to the broad tradition of Dada collage. He uses images of men in bowler hats, gravured machine parts, and schematic heads like phrenologist's diagrams in his constructions. These elements are held in suspension by bits of string, and mounted so that they stick up from chunks of wooden logs. These little heraldic arrangements look like models for pageant decor.

I don't like the idea that you should be careful to make historical allusions if you're not going to title your sculpture. Ginzel's vocabulary of images is wider when he's got a plot for his collages, that is, when he joins them with typewritten texts to tell a story. There are three books here with pages mounted separately for show. "Quest to Nekhos" by Strip Osteel is an autobiography as it were of, yep, a thin strip of steel which Ginzel features in the various collages that make up the book. In each the strip is periled by other

tiny inanimate things. *Blind Venetian* is a group of wooden slats hung in a window. A line of text is pasted on the edge of each slat so that you follow the action in the collages on top as you read along the text. Ginzel's prose style is TV show cute:

After a long torrential caste storm decay set in. Fleeing, hordes of rebel Nehchers [tiny twigs] in their new restrictive Rephorm clothes and following their leader Midamerecoa enter suburban Eiderl over Nehcher rubble taking the antidote Aphluense from those left behind.

But the writing suits the collages.

Four big paintings in MICHAEL HOWARD's show are modeled on illustrations for hunting tales in magazines. These scenes of confrontation between armed hunters with dogs and wild bears gave Howard the format for painterly demonstrations. The colors on these large two-panel canvases — mainly brown, black, blue, green and red — form a palette as simple as a woodsman's plaid. Howard doesn't reproduce his magazine models. He brushes his pigment on freely, brusquely indicating the figures of man and beast and making the areas between them into partly independent spiky shapes. Maybe Howard doesn't care what subjects he paints. For four days prior to his show, he hung nine other artists' paintings, all of them based on the cover picture of a sporting goods catalogue. That pre-exhibition implies that Howard thinks of his subjects as mere containers for style. But then his treatment of manly outdoor scenes smacks of painterly bravura; the implicit equivalence is painter as hunter. The theme of man, dogs and bear appears on comical billboards throughout the Southwest to advertise a Reno gambling club. The Howard painting I'd put in my saloon depicts a roaring bear struck by an arrow to the chest, ripping off a thick branch as it falls away from the tree it had been climbing.

Three four-foot-square paintings recall the Surrealist "battle of fishes" theme, the weightless underwater as a metaphor for pictorial space. In them Howard paints not only fish, but fishing lines with the hooks and spinners depicted as if thrown inward from the canvas edges. These are corollary images for the drips, splatters and other painterly marks in the composition. Several of these square paintings (including portraits of Pollock and Cézanne) were composed from the inside out, onion style. Enframing bands and sometimes rows of silhouette shapes derived from shooting gallery popups are

used in a quasi-hierarchical fashion to reinforce a central image.

First I'll carp about the letter from GOREN MADSEN to The Museum of Modern Art management tacked on the wall for the Californian's "Projects" series show. This document might make us privy to the sculptor's thinking about the major piece here, a big leaning wall of bricks restrained from collapse by hundreds of tiny steel wires. Instead, the detailed exposition of how the thing should be installed ends up insisting on its nature as a feat of engineering. The museum translated Madsen's written cautions about people touching the wires into ropes and stanchions, so that the piece is hoisted in its own particular space and activity, blocked off like the fragile illusion that it is.

It wasn't the idea of structural acrobatics apparent from walking around this sculpture that interested me. Instead it was two separate views. Seen head on, the wall of bricks is just an irregular shape. It doesn't evoke collapse. Nor can you tell from that angle just where the individual rows of wires that restrain the bricks are. They're simply a myriad of visual field which is a graded haze. The other view I liked reveals the strange darkened place between the bricks and

