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 hom-
mage — but this isn't Paris.

In his portraits, Foulkes paints the
background over parts of the photo-
graphic 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' 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' earlier paintings are based on
postcard vistas of landscapes which
might be rocks or elbows, mountains or
knees. Several works in this show for-
mally 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 ver-
so, so Foulkes' paintings are made to
inter both back and front. This is done
mainly by bunching several woven 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, gravure
machine parts, and schematic heads like
phenomenologist's diagrams in his con-
structions. These elements are sus-
ension 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 Ostel
is an autobiography as it were, 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 incantary things. Blind Vanita 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 cues:

After a long torrential caste storm decays
in. Fleeing, herd of rebel Nehcher's
(twigs) in their new restrictive Rephoam
clothes and following their
leader Midamereoca enter suburban Edell
Nehcher rubble taking the antelope
Aphlense from those left behind.

But the writing suits the collages.

Four big paintings in MICHAEL
HOWARD'S show are modeled on illus-
trations for hunting tales in magazine.
These scenes of confrontation between
armed hunters with dogs and wild
beast gave Howard the format for paperly
demonstrations. The colors on these large
two-panel canvases — mainly brown,
black, blue, green and red — form a
palette as simple as a woodman's plaid.
Howard doesn't reproduce his magazine
models. He brushes his pigment on free-
ly, brusquely indicating the figures of
man and beast and making the areas be-
tween them into partly independent
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 many 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-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 dips, spanders
and other painterly marks in the compo-
nation. Several of these square paintings
(including portraits of Pollock and Cézanne) were composed from the inside
out, onion style. Enhancing bands and
sometimes rows of silhouette shapes de-
veloped from shooting gallery poppers are
used in a quasi-hierarchical fashion to
recreate a central image.

First I'll crop about the letter from
OPEN MADSEN to The Museum of
Modern Art management tacked on the
wall for the Californian's "Projects"
show. This document might make
heretical to the sculptor's thinking about
the major piece here, a big leaning wall of
rocks reconditioned from collapse by hun-
dreds of tiny steel wires. Instead, the de-
ed excursion of how the thing should
be installed ends up insisting on its nature
as a test of engineering. The museum
quoted Madsen's written caution
about people touching the wires into
stanchions, so that the piece is
rendered in its own particular space and
unity, blocked off like the fragile illu-
nation that it is.

It wasn't the idea of structural acrobatics
altogether, but 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
pile. It doesn't evoke collapse. Nor can
one tell from that angle just where the
individual rows of wires that restrain the
rocks are. They're simply a myriad, a
natural field which is a graded haze. The
other view I liked reveals the strange
aligned place between the bricks and