

tation of the mind. ADJA YUNKERS, by labeling his contribution "illuminations" directly renews the link with Rimbaud, the poet of the alchemy of colors and words. As André Breton had translated this theme in terms of "les mots font l'amour" ("words make love") so Octavio Paz rephrases it when he speaks of "two syllables in love." Unlike Miró who refers to Rimbaud and Breton in both his *Sourire de ma blonde* and *Sourire de ma brune* by combining writing with images, Adja Yunkers illuminates Paz's poem with indeterminate forms. Bull-red strokes evoke "blood river, river of histories of blood," sinuous vertical intaglio illuminate "the river of your body," pictorial juggleries recall "conjugations, juggleries entering me while entering your body, rivers of sun." The longer we gaze at a page, the better we understand "unreality of the seen all that remains is transparency." Finally everything is united and "dissolved in a foliage of clarity refuge of fallen realities." Pages in which the text is in intaglio by blind, or colorless, printing, bring to mind the first lines of the poem: "the fountain the seed latent word on the tip of the tongue unheard unheard indivisible gravid void ageless she they buried with open eyes innocent promiscuous the word nameless speechless it ascends it descends." So do the poet's lines with caesuras that encourage the eye to descend first along the left half of the page then along the right one before reading the poem horizontally.

Manifestly the poet, at this starting point, is closer to Mallarmé than to the Surrealists. But Yunkers confronts the poet's change of moods with a steady balance, here and there congealing the flowing colors into emblems, erotic, sanguine and luminous. Overlapping transparent colors shift the tonalities of green or yellow, invoking shadows of more sombre moods that pass through the mind of poet and artist. Like others before him, but none with more understanding, Yunkers is fascinated by the magnetism of printed characters. Each double page, 14 in all, varies in layout. Yunkers expresses his appreciation of a writer who knows how to picture his poem on a sheet of paper, by occasionally confronting a sanguine left side with a black ink right side.

While Paz is apt to resort to Cubist, or rather post-Cubist literary attempts at simultaneity, there is nothing Cubist or Constructivist in Yunkers's "illuminations." In contrast with Picasso's brushstrokes that interlock with Reverdy's handwriting in "Le Chant des

Morts," or Miró's tracings that recreate the images of Eluard or René Char, Yunkers asserts his presence without ever infringing on the poet's domain. Perhaps more than most artists, Yunkers is seduced by the alchemy of reproduction, and often blesses the results with a final stroke of handpainting. Embossing, collages, and intaglio, tilt the flatness of surfaces to accommodate the eye with a slanting glance, and the fingers with a tactile perception of oblique perspective. What a pleasure it can be to indulge in those rare books that are not only for the transmission of information! Illuminations and poems are elaborated by means of analogical thinking. For analogical, not illustrative, is the rapport between poet and artist.

I do not know of any living poet whose voice reverberates so stirringly as does that of Octavio Paz and in *Blanco*, concentrated rays shoot at a luminous vision. As sensuous in his expression as is the poet, Adja Yunkers keys his skills to the chords of lyricism; *distinct and vibrant are the notes.*

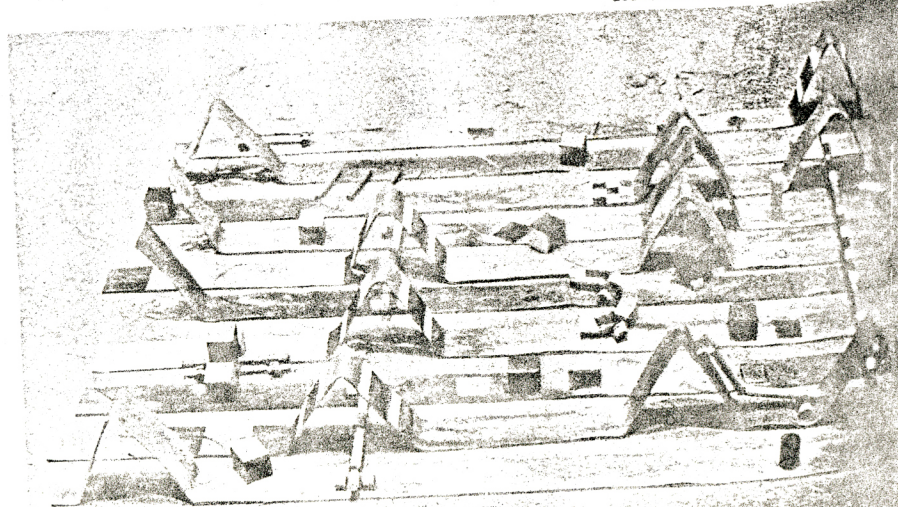
— NICOLAS CALAS

LOUISA CHASE, Artists Space; ALICE ADAMS, 55 Mercer Street; KENNETH SNELSON, Waterside Plaza; FORREST MYERS, Sculpture Now; CHARLES SIMONDS, Artists Space and 112 Greene Street; MICHAEL HEIZER, Fourcade-Droll; EUNICE GOLDEN, Soho 20; ANNE FRYE, 55 Mercer Street; JEAN DUPUY, The Kitchen and 112 Greene Street;

LOUISA CHASE arranges painted sticks and plaster balls on round pieces of colored felt on the floor. Gallery administrator and critic Irving Sandler remarked to a crowd of visitors that *Cars and Triangles* looked like a model railroad. Perhaps he had Stuart Davis in the back of his mind, because *Cars and Triangles*, like much of that Cubist's work, is an active and ingenious abstract composition bounded by a metaphor. These works look like games, but it's not any game you can play. It's more like toys left out on the floor. Chase neither infers systemic preconditions for the existence of her pieces (as did Bochner for his floor pieces), nor a possible use, as do works that mark out a space as a ritual ground. Instead Chase emphasizes the pictorial identity of the sticks and balls in her insular works as figures within a field of color. The composition is rigorous, based as it is on Neo-Plasticism. Yet the things aren't pinned down, so their placement on the felt is contingent on not being kicked or stepped on. These pictorial arrays, subject to the exigencies of sculpture, lie along a peculiar continuum demanding of traditional pictorial formats, and the idea of a puddle.

A group of painted plaster spheres and half-spheres cluster at one end of the blue felt oval in *Sticks and Stones No. 2*. The rest of the spheres in the array have been arrested in their migration to the cluster by a rectilinear pattern of sticks. Chase gives the spheres a kind of motility through composition by analogy to probability models: a Science Fair ping-pong ball demonstration of probability, or pool balls on a table. *Hoops and Balls* and the

Louisa Chase, Installation view, 1973.



REVIEWS

MARY MISS, Greenwich Country Day School, Connecticut; JOHN WALKER, Museum of Modern Art; JARED BARK, Bykert Gallery downtown; JIM ALINDER, The Once Gallery; DORIS ULMANN, Witkin Gallery; MERYL VLADIMER, TED STAMM, Artists Space; JOYCE KOZLOFF, Tibor de Nagy Gallery; JOHN OKULICK, Nancy Hoffman Gallery; THOMAS BANG, O.K. Harris Works of Art;

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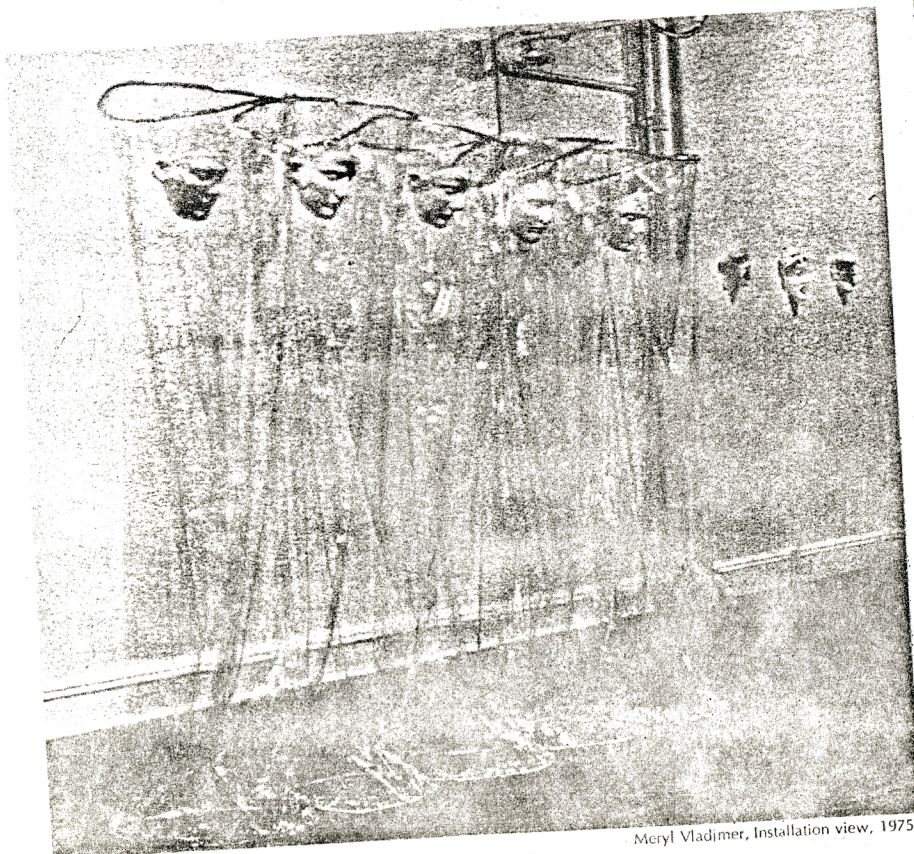
scaler, tel at the ental face mask, pinned on the wall, stares back at the point of origin. A reemphasis on theater? The staging of an art event?

Two other pieces reinforce the sensation of drama. In one, five cylindrical plastic bags hang in a row, each containing a face mask placed at the viewer's head height. A tableau of bodiless statues which suggests a human presence within the enclosed spaces. Sculpture encasing human action into permanence, the prop left in a play from which the actors have vanished. It is this sense of absence within implied thereness that dominates Vladimer's corner piece. Looking through a rectangular plastic bag, one confronts one's own face in a mirror hung on the wall. The emptiness of the sealed-off space is felt through one's reflection as a possible presence. Here there are no masks to distance oneself from the stage. Or, is it that the mask becomes one's own? And one finds oneself, the spectator, cast into a role, as the sculpture.

I find it difficult to write about painting. And so I stand in front of TED STAMM's paintings not knowing how to react. Trying to enter into a language painting has evolved for itself and to understand what it means in terms of my perception, my being. Three large canvases each consisting of a smaller triangle on the left, attached to a square. Together they work as a series, as different ways of dividing the surface and locating its possibilities of shape. To describe one. A chalk line parallels the triangle edge and continues until it meets the top of the square. Another line runs from the bottom right corner diagonally across until it hits the other line and stops just short of reaching the apex of the triangle. Three blacks of varying opacity fill in the demarcated areas, but not exactly. Sometimes they extend over more than one area or end at the actual split between the canvases, an implicit third line of division. Thus, the paint creates shapes of its own which are both determined by the drawing and vie against it. But what does all this mean? The working out of how one constructs a painting? A testing of the possibilities given within a format?

In another room a series of 13 small square paintings. On each a piece of

MERYL VLADIMER. A different kind of portraiture. Traces of presence. The masks and props of actors who have disappeared. On the wall a series of plaster-cast faces progressing from the



Meryl Vladimer, Installation view, 1975.