photographs seems to lever the pool’s floor plane up five or ten degrees. DON HAZLITT, who knows how to confront a box, achieved a trompe l’oeil double-entendre by carving a kidney-shaped swimming pool out of the snow at the bottom of the real (rectangular) pool. This Miami-in-the-snow even had palm trees.

The pool held JOHN MASTRACCIΩ’s numbing “Dilettante Rock” performance, JANE HANDZEL’s films (projected on the black wall), ELISA D’ARRIGO’s drapings of white sheets on clotheslines that somehow converted the pit into a sunken fabric garden, and LUCIO POZZI’s pseudo-dangerous, Hollywood-style, cliché narrative in which volunteers jumped from a diving board onto a fake stake (Pozzi makes a career of the obvious). Among student work, perhaps my favorite was by KEVIN CLARKE, who sat for a day on a red velvet couch in the middle of the pool, “wishing” over a Sears Roebuck Catalogue; his wishes (snips from the catalogue) gradually got plastered over the wall like rising thought-balloons.

Artists Space is also showing two normal installations. One is by ED LEVINE, an artist and busy art administrator, who has architecturally altered an isolated room by subtly manipulating light and proportion. The windows and doors in his drywall partitions correspond not to body space but to the room’s space, thus confusing one’s kinesthetic prejudices. REESIE WILLIAMS reverts to what Artists Space calls “fiction,” but I call neo-post-minimalist punk, or syntax-art extended until the syntax breaks down. I was annoyed by the work’s refusal to proffer its secrets, but that annoyance, typically with the punk attitude, forces you to dig deeper. Is there a bottom? Is there meaning after language? Who knows? Williams’s achieves his impass by associating words and pictures, or pictures and pictures—one of the less cryptic being photos of Paul Newman during various years of his career, paired with the atomic elements discovered during those years. Another series puts pics of assassinated war leaders next to the repeating image of William’s stairwell, which apparently is suffused (for him) with danger. But most works are less communicative. Williams flaunts his concealed intentions, forcing one to stretch all possible associations to the breaking point. He’s learned a thing or two from BALDASSARI and the linguistic-/structuralists like Kosuth, but is determined not to admit the connection. Like the systems-artists, Williams aims for empty-content; unlike them, he also aims for a private, rather than a public, logic. (Artists Space, 106 Hudson St, through June 21)