

ARTnews

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Edith Schloss [Green Mountain; to April 2] has had many shows of paintings and of boxes filled with arrangements of emotive objects, both in New York and in Italy, where she now lives. These latest paintings and prints are so sprightly and care-free that it is a temptation to imitate them as one writes about them, with letters spurting out by themselves and words running up and down the page. Although her range and variety seems considerable, the pictures fall at the same time into one narrow category: always, it seems, a row of familiar objects—a cup, a compote, a pitcher, a vase, some fruits, some flowers—lining up to look at a view of the Ligurian Sea, which is sometimes brilliantly blue, sometimes grey, sometimes with all colors wrung out of it, sometimes a wall, sometimes a tranquil expanse, with one small island on the horizon. One unforgettable work shows a few of these objects amid a halo of paint midges, and below the ground-line, scrawled lines of poetry by Clark Coolidge. When she writes words in her pictures or in her prints, they have the ornamental grace of bits of thread which always fall in the right place, like raindrops. These delightful works share more than poetry and optimism—a quality of clear light accented precisely by small spots of color. L.C.