

THE GALLERIES

LA CIENEGA AREA

Joe Zucker is a contemporary painter associated with both New York and Chicago. Juan Ponce de Leon was a 16th-Century Spanish explorer. A reasonable person might well ask what Zucker is doing making a series titled "Ponce de Leon Paintings."

Five oversized pictures and nine smaller ones pursue the theme. All are limited in color to red, green and black as if produced for the Christmas market. All are painted on a material bearing a suspicious resemblance to aluminum foil. The general style employed is that of Neo-Expressionism. We see "Ponce's Flagship," which looks like a silvery double pagoda on rough seas. We watch as "Ponce Duels Seminole Chief Mishagosh" rendered in a looping stick-figure style.

Zucker is clearly quite a good painter, confidently setting down animated gestural strokes, creating interesting compositional interval and keeping his effects fresh. The problem here is substance. These works are so trendy and materially thin that the only one that really works is "Black Plague and Anopholes," which looks like a poster. Finally it's clear the art, like its subject, is willing to sacrifice anything for the appearance of eternal youth. (Daniel Weinberg Gallery, 619 N. Almont Drive to Jan. 28.) —WILLIAM WILSON

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Veteran L.A. artist David Bungay is back with another batch of curiously touching paintings and watercolors of the North Woods. They manage to maintain and solidify previous virtues. He deals with subject matter like moose, deer, logs, boulders and towering mountains without collapsing in a heap of pantheistic sentimentality.

Often he is as accurate about nature as Andrew Wyeth—and without his fussiness. In an image of a startled deer running away there is a hint of Winslow Homer. The jagged landscape "Cyclamen" recalls Marsden Hartley. The works, in fact, waft with urban art-school memories. They are occasionally witty as in paint-splatter rendering of granite, or eccentric as when Bungay uses a piece of plastic for a ram's eye.

Mainly they are melancholy. Somehow these pictures bespeak a gifted figurative artist who has philosophically walked away from art world politics and shifts in fashion. Here is a special kind of wistful middle-aged disillusionment content with quiet personal satisfaction. (Janus Gallery, 8000 Melrose Ave. to Jan. 28.) —W.W.

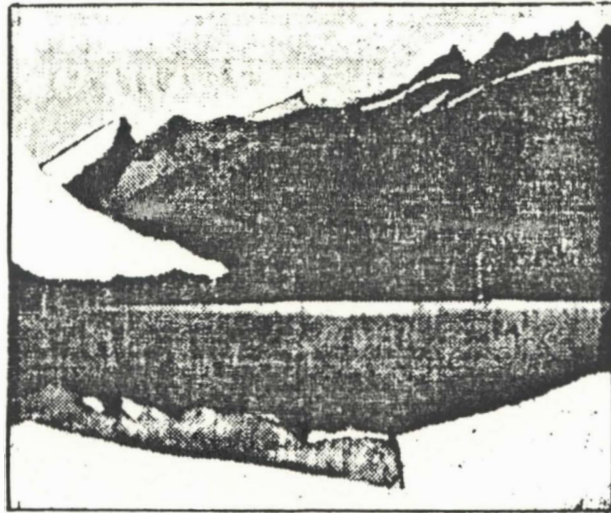
WILSHIRE CENTER

Trevor Norris, a Briton trained artistically in (Jan. 21.) —W.W.

THE VALLEY

Kyoko Asano's paintings are figurative, but only in a tentative way. Her subject is easily recognizable: ocean shoreline. Yet both the scale and the perspective overwhelm the individual object.

In earlier work, Asano employed decorative pattern-



DOUGLAS PARKER

David Bungay's "Cyclamen" is among paintings from North Woods in show at Janus Gallery.

ing. Turning to nature, she finds the same—only it is more random and complex. The structure of "Moon Stone Beach Number 6" is typical of her most ambitious canvases. As the eye moves from bottom to top—which the imagery encourages—it first locates driftwood; larger stones, a Frisbee, a crushed soda can and assorted other litter; shifts to greater expanses of sand; and comes to rest within the tranquil blues of ocean.

Asano's overarching effect is her strength. She understands the relationship of art to nature, the poignancy of capturing a scenic moment which will inevitably disappear. She is weaker with some of her fine details. Technological objects are thinly painted and the water, in passages, looks too wan and flat. For her vision to be completely convincing, the power of each detail must match that of her controlling concept.

Laura L. Lasworth creates a world of anxiety-ridden situations in small oil paintings and drawings. Her use of design, color and light dramatize the tense, though sometimes perversely funny, mood that pervades each of her pictures. Rooms are grotesquely colored in blacks and blues and garishly lit by odd-shaped lamps. Within such rooms are people with distorted faces and grim expressions. It all looks like a secular inferno, which often feels claustrophobic because many of the paintings are tiny. Analogously, her concerns are narrowly focused, repeating the same theme of alienation from self in each work. (Orlando Gallery, 14553 Ventura Blvd., to Jan. 27.) —ROBERT L. PINCUS

ONE-WO

By COLMAN ANDR

It's a good thing little—six or eight room—because of the whole place by tables to cooking all washing the dishes ar I can't vouch for ho tasks, I do know, fro of wry good humor comes to matters cull

Little Prague, ob gressing briefly (as Hungary and German soups and salads—the former very good

REST

is beef noodle soup w rich and tastes hom though sparse, have al dumpling is deceptive soup one night was p seeming even richer a ribbons.

Among the modest sauerbraten is particu enough and thankful sometimes is—though occasion. Roast pork perfectly accompanie kraut with caraway potatoes—not overdo edges. A rich, serious especially Hungarian i hue and mouth-warm tions of good paprika extremely satisfying maybe the best dish

