

# 'Spumoni' has a pathetic taste

IT IS ALTOGETHER appropriate that Cosmo Campoli's "Spumoni Village" is taking place at Gallery 1134 [1134 W. Washington Blvd.], for the building used to display caskets and what we now see is close to artistic suicide.

As late as 1970, Campoli was producing sculpture of great power and invention. His work—or, rather, some of his ideas—had the freshness of youth. It was as if the themes of love, birth, and death were first seen through the eyes of a child, then given form by a consummate craftsman. Now he has moved from the childlike to the childish.

The gallery is filled with mewling and puking: Two-hundred old shoes [painted by schoolchildren], rotting potatoes, found objects, and pounds of glitter are strewn about like so much visual garbage. On opening night there was the spectacle of kindergarten dressup, music, cookies, and ice cream. Wonderful if you're 5 years old, otherwise pathetic.

One is supposed to look on all this with the affection of a kind old uncle. Yet the world of the child has been turned into a demented Disneyland, complete with Andrew Prueher's sexual machinery and works by 11 other artists who are best protected by remaining nameless. How any piece of aesthetic merit—and there are some—can survive such a mess is beyond me. Only one question remains: How long will Chicago continue to need it?

HARRY BOURAS is showing 16 new works in the Zolla-Lieberman Gallery, 368 W. Huron St. These are not the incised concrete pieces for which he recently gained praise in New York, but rather collage-paintings inspired by mythology and a trip to Europe last year.

In his critical commentaries on radio station WFMT [FM 98.7], Bouras upholds the human element in art, and here makes his moves accordingly. One piece is an homage to the former Chicago Symphony director Jean Martinon; another, a turbulent evocation of *Amphitryon*; and still others are abstracted landscapes. He favors a dark palette and angular forms whose overlapping gives the illusion of deep space. The atmosphere is hot, energetic, suggestive of earlier movements in art history, but usually transcending.

Both shows have been extended beyond their announced closing dates. "Spumoni Village" runs through Aug. 8; Bouras' exhibition through July 3.

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