



Painter/critic Mark Van Proyen recently put together a show at the San Francisco Art Institute, 800 Chestnut Street, called "Vertigo: The poetics of Dislocation.: today is the last day of the show, so if you hurry, you can see in it several things that ought not to be missed.

On the whole, the work in the show is ambitious, but undistinguished. So much art that I see these days might be shoved under this exhibition's title as aptly as what's here. I have to admire though I can't say I like – Al Payne's towering two-paneled paintings in which arbitrarily colored brush strokes coalesce to form images that look like something you might see during a migraine attack. And Armando Rason's mixed-media works have an assured air that contrasts nicely with their puzzling content.

But the sculptures by Richard Berger and the oil pastels and single painting by Irving Marcus are the real meat of the show.

Berger (who currently has a show at the Joseph Downing Gallery in San Francisco) has made two remarkable pieces of "furniture" from sheets of wire screen. The larger piece, a bed with covers turned down, has little rivulets of bright color atop its dark volume that turn the piece into a kind of geological relief map, almost as systematic-looking as a computer-generated image. A bright light shines through the piece at the bottom of the "bed's" headboard, catching daubs of white paint deep down in the work's gridded structure that outline a reclining nude figure.

Marcus' images are garishly colored visions whose narrative content is all but impossible to de-code. That really doesn't matter, though, because it is such a pleasure to delve into his zany pictures.

They have a cartoonish luridness of the sort I associate with Chicago art, but Marcus appears to love color as much as image-making and to handle it with great daring and zest. His roomful of pictures is a substantial show in itself. When you look at Marcus' work, you forget the rest of "Vertigo," and when you turn back to the rest