



Loretta Quinn, *Syconium I*, 2008. Aluminum, patina, sealants, and welded steel armature, 120 x 50 x 50 cm.

their liquid draping and Grecian folds reminiscent of the dresses of Madame Grès. Quinn interprets these monuments as places in which memories are located, sometimes beyond our grasp. This is particularly evident in *Dream-Memory* (2001), a triangular plinth of pale marine green. The copper surface is softly feathered; at the top of the plinth stands an inaccessible and remote temple. *The Golden Ball* (2003) elongates a similar shape, holding aloft the central sphere. The viewer is reminded of bedtime tales of the careless young princess with her golden orb, retrieved from the watery depths by a bewitched prince.

*Cathedral of Silence* (1997–98), composed of four vivid indigo cones, was inspired by Quinn's stay at Strathmore, an Italianate mansion in St. Kilda. The poetry of Jean Laroche resonates through this work: "A house that stands in my heart / My cathedral of silence / Every morning captured in dream / Every evening abandoned." These inscrutable figures appear as beacons or perhaps lighthouses of remembrance. They stand

apart but seem inextricably bound together, tethered by the unifying experiences we carry within.

Quinn's exhibition "Syconium" demonstrated how deftly she incorporates botanical details, as well as notions of growth and renewal. The urn-like title works explore the idea of the "false fruit," in which the fleshy part is derived from adjacent tissue, not from the plant's ovary. The figures of *Simulacra in Landscape, I–III* (2003) resemble topiary shrubs bristling with movement, their slender necks curving upward in Dr. Seuss-ian fashion. *Elementary Desire* and its smaller companion *Precious* (both 2004) strike a more playful note. Searing pink and red petals surround the reflective silver center of these mutant hothouse blooms. *Memory of Dreams* (2002) displays Quinn's work at its most resplendent: a solitary funnel of silver rests on a plinth, the light dancing through its dense, curling leaves. It beckons, hovering like a mirage, somewhere between dream and reality—no doubt exactly where Quinn intended.

—Inga Walton

#### MARK DI SUVERO: DREAMBOOK

With a contribution by François Barré. Berkeley and London: University of California Press, 2008. Hardcover; 288 pp., 169 color illustrations, 40 b/w photographs. \$49.95. ISBN: 978-0-520-25865-5.

*Mark di Suvero: Dreambook* shows the daring, greatness, and individuality of di Suvero's monumental work alongside the passions, poetry, and deep thoughts that drive him. As his 75th birthday whizzes past, di Suvero eschews critical commentaries and lets 40 years and over 150 major works speak for themselves.

Most of the sculptures are photographed in dramatic outdoor settings, where wood or steel beams gesture into blue sky. Each work manages to transform tons of raw material into unique, poetic statements. Some works (with and without moving parts) are pictured as being kid-safe and playful. All have evocative names. The early wood beam and mixed-media sculptures have a raw power: *Tom* and *Barrel* (both 1959) are dramatic constructions whose masses jut out at diagonals. *Ad Astra (Toward Stars)* (2005) shows 48-foot-high beams converging around a double circular core. This work is curiously paired with a Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz poem about the hopelessness of capturing honorable love. *For Kepler* (1995), an impossibly angled, red steel sculpture, seems to bow like a geisha as it extends an arm twice its height. di Suvero presents this work with an essay on Galactic Origin Center (GOC) theory, which reformulates space-time relations. While one misses his variously intimate, mischievous, and searing small sculptures and prints, it seems profound that he chose to match his largest works with the large ideas that fuel them.

His choice of spare, timeless texts ranges from poems by Lao Tzu and Yeats to philosophical meditations

on violence, forgiveness, and politics, to straightforward advice: "Chess saved my mind in a hospital: that it's a game is evident, but it is also a passion full of emotion, preplanning, and logic...chess teaches us how to think. You cannot survive in this society unless you can think; organize your resources." Or "Thoreau taught me: to be original is to see the thing as it is, not as others have told you it is." François Barré's closing essay, "Mark di Suvero, or The Era of Builders," relates the artist's strengths: "Courage, risk-taking, momentum, tension, the play of weight and grace in the imperceptible animation of steel, all this gives Mark di Suvero's sculptures a perilous and paradoxical lightness...They interact with the sky and are anchored in the earth."

The book is beautifully printed, its design strikingly fresh. The layout pairs full-color images of di Suvero's sculpture with philosophical musings, often set on a vivid color field. A spare autobiography juxtaposes personal things, such as the birth of his daughter; political events, such as being arrested protesting the Vietnam War; and historic exhibitions. di Suvero also mentions how he founded the Athena Foundation and Sociates Sculpture Park. *Dreambook* inspires readers to dream big, to see clearly, and to discover the joy and the moral truths in life. di Suvero believes that "if we can think and act together, we can change the world."

—Jan Garden Castro

