

The New York Times

December 11, 1987

**Edwin Schlossberg**

*Ronald Feldman Gallery  
31 Mercer Street  
Through Dec. 24*

Edwin Schlossberg is a poet whose words, in the past, have tended to drip one by one onto the page, and from there to be transferred to a wide variety of supports. Sometimes those supports were hung flat on the wall. Sometimes they were peculiar to himself, like the T-shirts of a year or two ago that changed color according to the emotional state of the people who were wearing them.

This time round, and in response to a Far Eastern journey, the poems — some of them now noticeably longer and more regular in form — come on screens, on hanging scrolls and on canvases drawn taut and backed with bamboo. Collaged with scraps of paper imported from Japan for the purpose, they look very well. On the screens, the artist's calligraphy might not be rated high by Japanese masters of that discipline, but at least it is clear, there and elsewhere, Mr. Schlossberg had a wonderful time.

John Russell