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Ernest Trova [Pace] converts his obsessive machine-figure silhouette into sculpture and mechanized paintings. Since the identical figures in his earlier work *appeared* to be in motion (pin-wheeling around an axis) it is logical that he should motorize the image, as he does in a four-part box, each part containing a centered circular canvas which rotates its painted silhouettes. The same figure (armless, sway back, protruding abdomen) appears in bronze sculpture, large and small, chrome plated or covered with baked epoxy enamel, rendering a hard, slick, impenetrable high gloss in black or silver. The suggestion of motion obtains in a piece like the six small silver figures radiating from a center. A new Surrealist dimension appears in static landscapes where nameless directional objects constitute a kind of outer-space environment for the figures with imaginary scientific instruments attached to their torsos. Even more drastic are what look like racing cars in which the bodies are the figures prostrated and sporting weird masks. Trova's antiseptic message is made explicit here and there in his personal motto: "Don't tell Junior what went wrong. Man is only a memory. The only regret is that I am."

J.J.