

## Series of Short Films by Women Comes to Whitney Screen

The second package of short subjects by women film makers-artists presented yesterday at the New York Cultural Center graphically illustrates that many of the eight contributors offer a good deal less than meets the eye or mind. The creative drive is obvious in all the shorts but only a few, unfortunately, seem worthy of the effort expended.

List as this viewer's favorite, "Wake Dream," an 8-minute color and sound combination of colleges, posters, varied found objects and live-action by Alida Walsh, a sculptor-teacher, that is imaginative and forceful in making antiwar statements. Miss Walsh's use of sacred and modern music enforces a subtly persuasive work.

"Dissolve," a 20-minute subject by Tina Girouard and Susan Harris, sculptors, implements its title artistically by the deft use of camera in the frieze-like dissolving and dual images of two nude female dancers. Phyllis Mark, a kinetic sculptor, is equally effective with "Abstraction/Refraction," a 5-minute study of prismatic images through transparent forms.

The changing dots, ectoplasmic shapes and electronic music of Lillian Schwartz's "Mutations," which has been shot with the aid of computers and lasers, makes for a small but eye-catching view of the potentials of the new techniques. However, Martha Marbles's 3-minute look at bubbling water, "Camino Real" appears to be largely an exercise in self-indulgence. And the same might be said of "Swamp," a 6-minute exploration of weeds, reeds and marsh to nowhere under the auspices of Nancy Holt and Robert Smithson.

Perhaps the most pretentious (and longest subject) is "Pierre Vallieres," Joyce Wieland's 30-minute focus, in the literal sense of the term, on that former Quebec separatist revolutionary expressing opinions on Quebec minorities, women's liberation and other topics. The

camera never leaves the area of Vallieres's lips and teeth in what is not, in effect, a film, but a stultifying lecture.

Joan Jonas's "Vertical Roll," which employs what seems to be a television screen out of control as background for fragmentary

figures—arms, legs, torsos—is at best merely disturbing. All the women, such as Miss Jonas, are to be commended for a serious approach to movies but only a few of them represented here are artists as film makers.

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