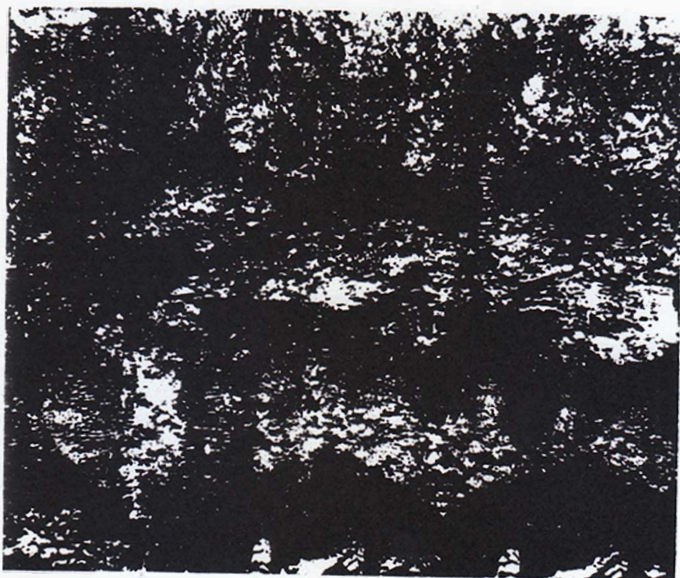


November 1961

# ART NEWS



Sal Sirugo: *Composition R-26*, 8 inches high.

Sal Sirugo [Tanager; Nov. 17-Dec. 7] rubs variously saturated black paints and inks on rag paper to produce a series of tiny intimate frottages that imply distances as big as a wren's nest and as small as outer space. Because of their very restricted sizes the captured images do not dissipate their unpretentious delicacy into luxurious patterning. Sirugo knows what water flecked with sun rustles like, what makes an Old Master sketch full of tiny magic parts, and how wet it gets inside the belly of a thicket. He has rubbed this knowledge into his paper without thinking twice about it. Prices unquoted. v.p.

## arts magazine

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January 1962

Tenth Street: The East Greenwich Village co-operatives had one of their better months with several exhibitions by artists whose recent work evidenced either increased excellence or interesting possibilities. Sal Sirugo exhibited more of his exquisite *frottages*, which stray no further than the diminutive precincts of the miniature yet convey sensory immensities. The technique is evocation rather than representation, via textural ink or paint rubbings on pieces of soft paper, frequently no larger than a folded matchbook. What begins as a Surrealist gimmick is converted, by the artist's extraordinary sensitivity to light and gradations of black, into luminous, impressionistic mirages that will still be there the following morning. They have a hard center of certainty, and the richness of carpets. He is a Seurat in the abstract and ingratiatingly unpretentious. (Tanager, Nov. 17-Dec. 7.) —SIDNEY THUM