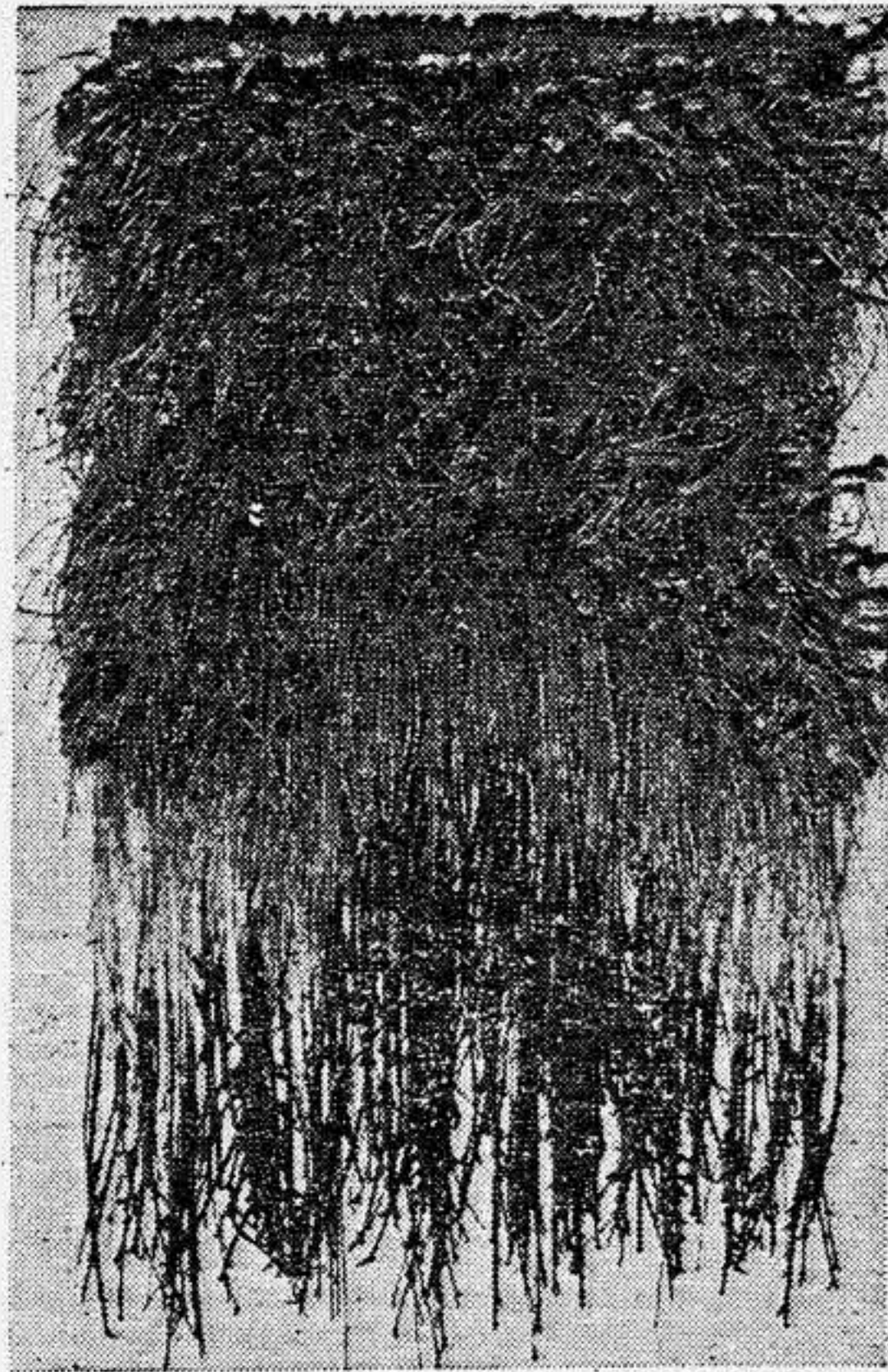


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One of Lewis Knauss's fiber constructions

Fiber Meadows

By LISA HAMMEL

Winter fields and autumn wheat, the first snow, streams, mountains, the wind, the night—these are the auras that Lewis Knauss creates.

Mr. Knauss is a weaver who lives and works in a small town in Pennsylvania. He constructs hangings mostly out of natural materials—jute, sisal, twigs, feathers and fleece—that reflect his deeply felt environment. Not patent views of nature, not a neatly delineated landscape but subtle evocations: the chance glimpse that registers on the inner eye, like a rough, half-hidden mound of grass in which twigs have become entangled.

About 25 of the weaver's pieces can be seen at the one-man show he is now having at the Hadler Galleries, 35-37 East 20th Street. Although the techniques of each piece are similar, and the style consistent, the works nonetheless represent an appreciable range, from miniature weavings to one huge looming black piece.

The larger pieces have a monolithic simplicity—a slash or a square of bristly, wheat-like raffia against a flat ground of rough jute, or fluffs of fleece against pale sisal, broken by two brown lines—like wagon tracks in the snow.

It is in the eight medium-sized works, however, which are deliberately hung in a continuous row, that Mr. Knauss's earthborn lyricism best comes through.

Playing variously on one-foot squares with monochromatic contrasting materials—from blunt unbleached canvas to fragile dogwood—Mr. Knauss achieves in this group a rough textural depth and a touch-me tactility that ends, in the eye of the beholder, as emotion.