

the canvas. Martin crops the work in a curious, almost playful way so that several gray boxes formed by his bars seem to fly off a whitewashed backdrop.

Perhaps the darkest and most alluring work was trapped behind the glass wall of the reception desk—it was the show's "black sheep" in the best way. Strikingly, the color scheme of *Finestrae* (19) lacks the otherwise nearly omnipresent whitewash. Deep, rich black/brown panels suggestive of steel are augmented with ocher and yellow strips that appear tobacco-stained. The colors create a brooding, complex mood.

—Tracey Hummer

Bill Jensen at Cheim & Read

Four blackish paintings of recent vintage headlined this show of work by veteran New York painter Bill Jensen, occupying

Swirling, layered mark-making was simultaneously evident and veiled—vigorous and vigorously qualified. Jensen works with a formulation of paint medium that gives him a matte, dry-looking surface; his hothouse palette and the absence of oil's familiar, disembodying sheen make these pictures feel claustrophobically dense. Too many, like *Bacchus* and *Bog* (both 2004-06), rely on a scraping technique by virtue of which the residue of the most recent paint application merges optically and inevitably with the brushstrokes underneath. This trick complicates space by flattening it. Others, like *Luohan X* (2005) and *Luohan VII* (2003-04), are two-color paintings buoyed by calligraphic or horticultural references. As superficially attractive as these canvases are, they hedge the artist's bets—on compositional irresolution or coloristic bluntness—by sticking to a small,

and tar; *Heaven's Hole* (2003-2004), a shadowy, inchoate entanglement of curlicues, almost looks abandoned. Splitting the difference between these somber works and the eager chroma elsewhere is *Luohan Landscape* (2003-06). The squeegeed, putty-colored scrim that conceals the bottom half of the painting seems formed by an act of will rather than habit, and the radiant hues of the upper section are sullied by the glaring presence of pure white. Even on repeated visits, the best part of viewing the show was taking one last look at those black paintings, which simmer rather than boil.

—Stephen Maine

Junko Yoda at Zabriskie

The view out of an airplane window while flying high over New York State's Finger Lakes some years ago inspired veteran Japanese-born New York painter Junko Yoda to initiate a series of lush and sinuous abstractions that she continues to refine in the large-scale works (all 2006) featured in this exhibition.

At first glance, the 14 acrylic-on-wood paintings and works on paper resemble hazy topographical maps. The all-over compositions in subtle gradations of pink, beige, cream, white and pale green veined with thin, meandering dark lines, appear generally cool and contemplative. With the dense surfaces enlivened by delicate and carefully calibrated splatters, usually of magenta and pale green, the works seem positioned in the realm of Color Field painting, arrived at

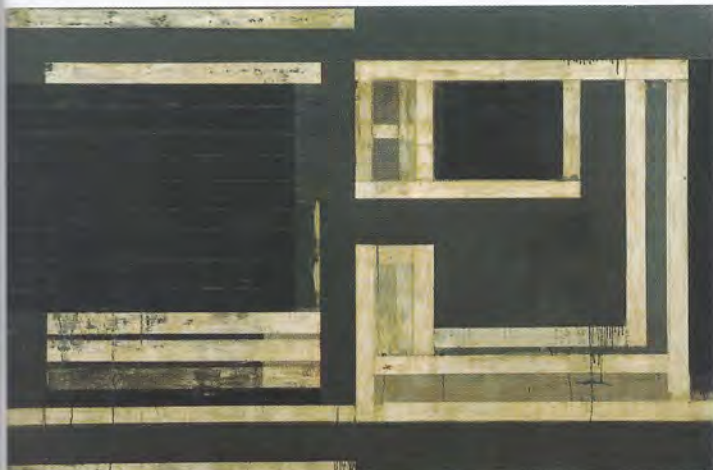
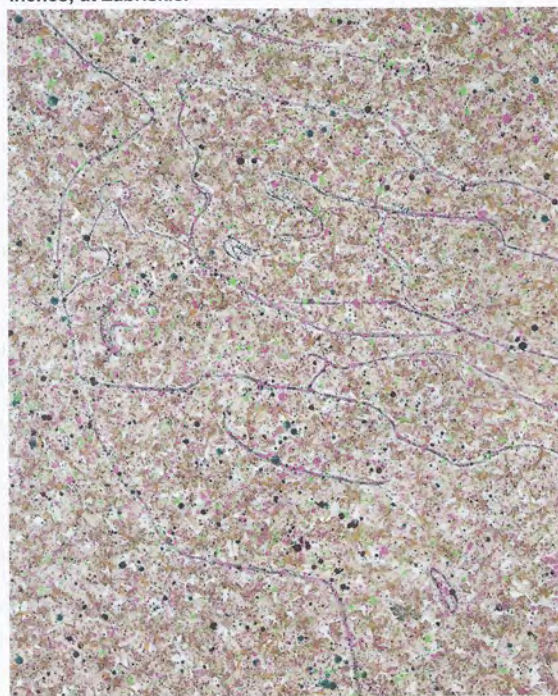


Bill Jensen: *Luohan X*, 2005, oil on linen, 28 by 23 inches; at Cheim & Read.

via a familiar second-generation Ab-Ex route. Works such as *River Source #3* and *River Source #4*, for example, with pale pink grounds punctuated here and there with poignant splashes of Prussian blue and green, recall certain works by Sam Francis in their tightly controlled gestures. And the gentle optical effect of flickering surfaces that Yoda achieves contributes to the meditative demeanor of the paintings.

The excitement of the work,

Junko Yoda: *River Flow (Alaska)*, 2006, acrylic, rice paper and charcoal on wood panel, 60 by 48 inches; at Zabriskie.



Lloyd Martin: *Finestrae* (5), 2006, oil and mixed mediums on canvas, 72 by 96 inches; at Stephen Haller.

the space opposite the gallery's entrance. Like the other 21 paintings shown, they are oil on linen, vertical and smallish—most under 40 inches tall. These four, containing glossy rivulets of true black as well as passages of iridescent browns and near-blacks the color of dried prunes, convey a sense of cavernous space, simultaneously expansive and contained. Their murky accretions suggest the oddly disjunctive space in the contrast of absorbed and reflected light. Drooping clusters of brushy ovoids are barely discernible through the gloom. The viewer might be spelunking by candlelight.

In the gallery's larger space, chroma was amped way up, the painterly touch turgid and jittery.

manageable, forgiving format.

Jensen was born in 1945, the year that Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner married and moved to Springs, on Long Island. In the Ab-Ex tradition, Jensen embraces the intuitive, rejects the ironic and constructs paintings from a meditative response to sensory experience filtered through the subconscious. Ryder and Dove are among his touchstones. Despite their wildly divergent palette, space and facture, these paintings convey an almost rabbinical authority and seriousness of purpose. The most exciting are those that seem willfully indifferent to taste. The least turbulent painting in the show, *Relic's Relic* (2003-06), is a vertical rectangle divided into halves the colors of mud



Laurina Paperina: *rotfl*, 2007, acrylic, spray paint and pen on wood, 3 panels, 96 by 168 inches overall; at Freight + Volume.

however, is in the details. On close examination, the richly textured surfaces reveal themselves to be labor-intensive collages made of countless tiny pieces of Japanese rice paper and numerous paint applications. Small bits of nearly translucent rice paper, some crumpled and others tightly rolled, are stained or painted with acrylic and then fixed to the panels where they are over-painted before yet another layer of paint and paper is applied. *The Hudson*, the largest work on view (8 by 12 feet), is an awe-inspiring exercise in intricate craftsmanship and elaborate design. Here, a river and its tributaries are suggested by green and blue quivering lines that course through the elegantly crenellated surface. One of the best works, *River Flow (Alaska)*, features thin lines in deep magenta that traverse the opulent, sandy-hued surface. The vibrant webbing activates the composition at certain points, rousing the viewer from the state of calm reflection that Yoda so gracefully imparted throughout this exhibition.

—David Ebony

Laurina Paperina Freight + Volume

The initial surprise of Laurina Paperina's show was its funky, knocked-off look. Three 4-by-8-foot sheets of plywood leaned casually side by side against one wall, loosely painted in lurid pink. On the left a homespun Mickey Mouse rolled supine, spurting blood from his guts, while on the right, his assassin, Smurfette, was still firing her gun. A huge speech bubble inflated from Mickey's gasping mouth. Painted

directly on a gallery wall, an unprepossessing Batman, about the size of a two-year-old, let out a lime-green wail of a speech bubble that spread out to act as a background for dozens of hand-size, cut-out creatures—diverse monsters, the Pope, rap artists, fornicating pigs—that had the look of the popular Ugly Dolls. Other works were on paper, from postcard to elephant size. They were hung in clusters, unframed and pinned directly to the wall. Images of popular icons—Beavis and Butt-Head, Homer Simpson, Freddie Kruger—are drawn on fluorescent backgrounds in the awkward style of young kids defacing their exercise books.

There was also a video cartoon called *How To Kill The Artist*. Animated drawings in the same awkward style show various well-known artists being felled by the materials they work with—Flavin gets electrocuted by his lights, Basquiat is drowned in paint, and so on. The video, and in fact all the work, has been created in an improvisational, YouTube spirit. The less professional it looks the better.

Perhaps Paperina (real name: Laura Scottini) is deeply fascinated with American adolescent culture because she is an Italian living in Italy. She titled this show, her first in the United States, "ROTFL," instant messaging shorthand for "Rolling On The Floor Laughing." It is also Mickey's dying gasp. The frenetic pace of the culture pictured here hardly allows for, and doesn't really want, introspection. Nevertheless, Paperina plays a sophisticated game with her characters. She turns artworks—Frida Kahlo portraits, *The Scream*—into cartoons, and car-

toons into paintings. She humanizes her icons with wrinkled tights and pot bellies. And in the way that contemporary cartoons fire off random thoughts and images in all directions, with little reason other than to keep your attention, so Paperina sprinkles visual jokes and asides on Scorsese, Warhol, Bill Clinton and others throughout her work to give us a lot to look at. And for the most part it is wacky LOL (Laugh Out Loud) fun.

—Michael Harvey

OLD WESTBURY

Marta Chilindron and Karin Waisman at Amelie A. Wallace Gallery, SUNY

The exhibition "Sculptures in Four Dimensions" contained recent work, much of it inviting viewer participation, by two sculptors born in Argentina but now resident in New York. Marta Chilindron's *Blue Cube 48* is made of ultramarine ribbed polycarbonate in 72 4-foot squares that stack into the titular shape. The hinged sheets can be unfolded consecutively into the surrounding space. In one configuration for the show, the work extended like a meandering fence through the entrance doors and connected the gallery with an adjacent glass-walled atrium. Visitors could alter the arrangement at will, and the artist herself made occasional changes during the show's run. In its protean constructivism, the piece knowingly recalls Lygia Clark's manipulable sculptures of the 1960s.

Green Pyramid comprises several hinged green polycarbonate triangles that when tightly folded against one another make a 4-foot-high pyramid containing pyramids of decreasing size nestled inside. These elements can be unfolded to resemble a flattened ziggurat, and there are myriad

variations between these two states. As with *Blue Cube*, the translucence of the material produces pale and deep-hued tones, depending on how densely the planes are bunched together. The vinyl *Yellow Circle*, 80 inches in diameter, has been divided into six equal sections. When these hinged parts are arranged in three dimensions, the work offers a seemingly endless number of potential configurations.

Karin Waisman visually echoed the bunkerlike space of a sunken gallery with a 10-foot pink cube constructed from large Styrofoam insulation panels that have been sanded down and abutted to resemble cut stone blocks. Titled *The Garden of Eden*, the work has an inaccessible interior that, indeed, evokes innocent delight. Light shines out through several small holes in each side, and a pink glow emanates from the entire imposing volume. Most of the holes are at eye level and reveal a brightly lit interior space activated by the clusters and curls of a relief pattern carved into the walls. This pattern is punctuated by the rounded silhouettes of smooth surface areas.

Waisman's two other works were wall panels—one a rectangle and the other a circle, each over 6 feet high—featuring white



Above, Karin Waisman: *The Garden of Eden*, 2002-04, Styrofoam, 10 feet cubed; below, Marta Chilindron: *Blue Cube 48*, 2006, polycarbonate and vinyl, dimensions variable; both at Wallace Gallery, SUNY.

