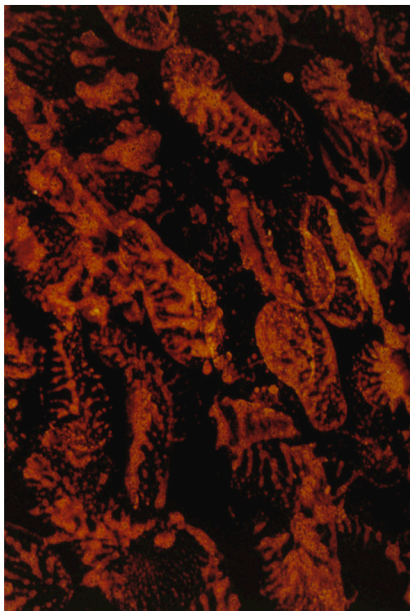


# ARTnews

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## NEW YORK REVIEWS



Curtis Mitchell  
*Six Beers and a Shirley  
Temple*

The Work Space.

### "Kismet"

#### THE WORK SPACE

"Kismet," which means destiny, of course, was a debonair, serendipitous, end-of-summer show where the art was serial and the looking was easy. The five participating artists, mostly New York veterans, were all in fine form. Richard Kalina's collaged, acrylic-and-flashe paintings on gleaming linen revealed in their rich materiality, high on shine. His small, stylish, flirty grids with their squares and crosses in saturated, jeweled hues were ravishingly decorative and delightful to look at—some of his best ever. Gwenn Thomas's neo-retro pastel beauties also shimmered—pigment prints on canvas that pictured

strips of ripped photographic paper and cut felt in abstractions paying homage to Lee Krasner's "City Verticals." Thomas however, adds such a preternatural tangibility to 2-D that you swear the felt is real.

Rob Wynne's wittily deadpan "Seven Deadly Sins," a mixed-media series of appropriated photographic silhouettes that resemble Rorschachs, are framed in an array of fetching designer colors that are more sinful than spiritual, with each sin named and embroidered on the frame—implying, perhaps, that to err is human. Elizabeth Kley's "Pavilion Drawings," hot pink, orange, and lime green architectural fancies with their cupolas, onion domes, minarets, and spires are frolicsome hybrids (think Taj Mahal crossed with Nôtre Dame de Paris) that have the whimsical charm of child's play.

Curtis Mitchell was odd man out in this group, anchoring the show with his somber rust and black *Six Beers and a Shirley Temple*. It's a long, laminated floor piece with photographic imagery that resembles corpuscles under a microscope, but in reality what we see are smeared footprints of various sizes. "Kismet" was as pleasurable as a clear, icy cocktail on a hot August afternoon—and as welcome.

—Lilly Wei