

'Some (Are) Painting'

John Gibson

568 Broadway, at Prince Street

SoHo

Through July 21

This well-selected show samples a type of sophisticatedly playful abstraction that a lot of young and semi-young painters are doing these days. The curator, David Gibson, doesn't name the trend, but its basic elements are clear: a hedonistic delight in paint, texture and color; a Pop-style recycling of the clichés and conventions of modernist painting; and a Surrealistic propensity for biomorphic shapes and otherworldly spaces.

The possibilities range from Elizabeth Cooper's comically animated blobs and puddles of thick paint to Isolde Kille's glossy, smooth fields of graduated gray that read as cosmic space. Stops along the way include Rachel Urkowitz's "Ozone Hole," a roundish white cloud shape on a yellow field, its details picked out in bright cartoon-style lines; Orly Cogan's heavily glazed, gnarly structure resembling a coral reef; Lisa Stefanelli's elegant, whiplash calligraphy dancing in space; Karen Arm's lovely, finely brushed network of orange lines on a mottled purple ground; Anna Pedersen's linear evocation of a monstrous melting geology; Peggy Bates's thickly poured composition of swirly pale blue and gray forms; and Jonathan Feldschuh's garish confluents of painterly processes and floating landscape.

This is not deep painting. It's more like the work of gifted children than complicated adults. But in its insouciant shallowness lies much of its considerable charm.

KEN JOHNSON