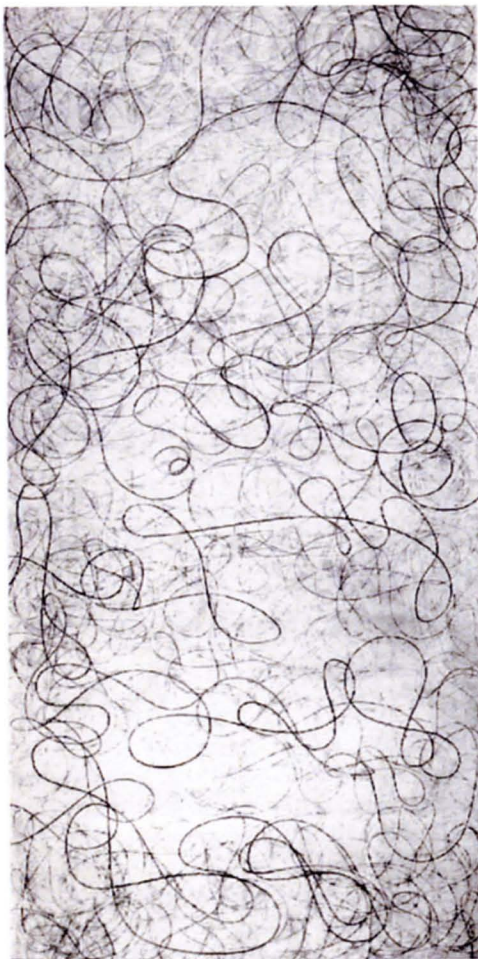


June 26-July 3, 1996



Mark Sheinkman, *Untitled*, 1996.

**Mark Sheinkman +
Consuelo Castaneda and
Quisquey Henriquez
Morris Healy, through Jul 7
(see Chelsea).**

Summer in the city is a time of not only unrelenting heat but also of chaotic group shows in which young, untried artists throw everything they've got at the viewer. But in two current exhibitions, younger artists exercise remarkable restraint. Mark Sheinkman is a prolific young draftsman who works in graphite on paper. Though his compositions are quite simple—consisting entirely of endless repetitions of a single line or shape—they are breathtakingly cinematic. Upon entering the gallery, viewers are greeted by a 30-foot-long drawing of 1/2-inch-wide ver-

tical stripes, more or less evenly spaced. Wavy, horizontal smudges intersect each line like the tracks of an army of snails crossing a drawbridge. Walk by quickly, and you get the sensation of movement, as if you were viewing an ancient kinescope of rhythmic, undulating waves. In the same vein, Sheinkman also includes a long, vertical scroll of paper, on which two lines make their way toward the ceiling like a never-ending two-lane blacktop.

In the back gallery, there's an installation by Consuelo Castaneda and Quisquey Henriquez, two Chilean-born artists living in Florida. The piece is as devoid of color as Sheinkman's work and even more evocative of elemental qualities. It consists of 18 diaphanous circles on the floor made from materials available in any kitchen pantry—including sugar, flour, cornstarch and detergent. These delicate pools of white, beige and gray overlap to suggest the diagram of an enormous molecule. Meanwhile, nearby shelves support glass beakers—some angular, some bulbous—filled with water and mineral oil. The vaguely male- and female-shaped vessels, along with the powdered substances on the floor, evoke a certain domestic alchemy at work, and, indeed, Castaneda and Henriquez are husband and wife.

The final player in these two conceptual shows is the raw brownish cement floor of this gallery, which was formerly a taxi garage. It provides a kind of reality check, reminding us that these cool, neutral expanses of paper and powder are but a short respite from the urban swelter waiting outside.—*Sarah Schmerler*

Critics' picks

"Mark Sheinkman +
Consuelo Castaneda and
Quisquey Henriquez"

Morris Healy, through Jul 4