

(6 by 7 feet) and most ambitious painting in the show. The work centers on an urban view out of the artist's studio window in an industrial building. The black metal frames of the numerous glass panels on the window wall form a grid that covers the entire surface. A floral still-life resting on a table along the lower center of the canvas counters a blue lightbulb hanging just above it, as well as a pigeon presumably flying toward the uppermost glass panel. Despite the bird's unfurled wings, it hardly conveys a

Robert Bordo at Alexander and Bonin

Like an actor's stage whisper, Robert Bordo's muted colors and veiled imagery suggest intrigue and promote an aura of heightened importance. They prompt the viewer to lean in close, to hang on every painterly syllable of his oils, to be drawn into what seems like an artworld subplot. The understatement has a theatrical quality that is unlike the histrionics favored by many of Bordo's contemporaries.

The Montreal-born artist has



Robert Bordo: *another day*, 2005, oil on linen, 32 by 39 inches; at Alexander and Bonin.

sense of motion, and the entire painting is remarkably static.

Moore is at his best in *Pink Protea*, another view out the studio window high above the street. A glowing pink flower at the bottom center plays counterpoint to a dead branch and brown leaves to the right. The organic forms correspond to the urban scene outside the window where a restored 19th-century building contrasts with a looming tower of scaffolding above a dilapidated structure next door. In this poetic and luminous image Moore examines the delicate balance of life, decay and destruction.

Elsewhere in the show, however, his floral still-lives too often sink to a level of sweet sentimentality. After seeing a work like *Pink Protea*, one would expect more adventurousness from an artist with the formidable skills Moore certainly has at his command.

—David Ebony

worked in New York since 1972 and teaches at Cooper Union. A few years ago, he won notice for paintings composed of clusters of pale, broadly painted, postcard-format landscapes. The earliest paintings here might be a memento of this vein; in *Open Studio* (20 by 24 inches, 2003), sketchy little sub-paintings, postage-stamp size in a tint of gray, dot the pale blue-gray canvas like refrigerator magnets and seem to be floating away into a haze. Elsewhere, the vignette conceit has evaporated, but the haze remains.

Six of the 12 paintings in the show are characterized by a number of small elements—dots, daubs, tiny strokes of the brush—distributed more or less evenly across the surface. On the slightly craggy, reworked taupe ground of *suite* (22 by 46 inches, 2004), a pattern of brown dashes shifting in density and direction suggests an undulating topographical

surface. The same approach yields a sense of extreme close-up in *prickly pear* (32 by 39 inches, 2005), wherein tiny flecks of terra-cotta color sweep a mottled, organic green ground. This abstemious painting looked downright flashy in the context of this understated exhibition.

Bordo's interest in a swelling, forward-moving pictorial space, and his knack for suggesting a figurative presence while not describing one, are on display in *daybreak* (22 by 28 inches, 2004). The corner of a curiously indicated geometrical form, a platform or slab, protrudes from under preeningly plain horizontal bands of scraped ocher and gray. The bands resemble a stage curtain, which the title suggests might be rising, promising brighter conditions of light under which the mise-en-scène might be made plain.

Three regions structure *another day* (32 by 39 inches, 2005), a work that lent its title to the show. It has a disjointed and dreamy but loosely concerted ebb, as if all the elements in the picture were washed by the same tide. Bordo's wet-into-wet technique promotes subtle shifts in hue. Wafting through the midsection is a loose band of neutralized umber, brushed bits of which seem to have become detached and float upward into a receding background region, where grays sufficiently cold to suggest blues and greens serve as chromatic foils. Below, charcoal-gray shards stud an expanse of a similar, denser color. Here, improbably, brushiness imparts a sense not

of movement, but of stillness and repose. —Stephen Maine

Arthur Simms at Five Myles

Best known for his found-object sculptures reminiscent of the piles of belongings that homeless people often transport in carts, Arthur Simms recently mounted an exhibition of sculptures and drawings made between 1989 and 2005. Relying on precarious placement and balance, these works activate their quotidian materials through visual tension, rendering the mundane magical.

In *Crossroads, St. Andrews, Kingston, Jamaica, 1961-69* (1992), an imposing accumulation of old clothes, road signs, discarded metal and other detritus, tightly bound in twine, is built on a small wheeled platform that almost inconceivably holds up the mass. *Blue Chair* (2002), its small titular component wrapped in bright copper wire, is topped by a curved branch with a sharp knife attached to one end and a heavy stone to the other.

Simms, who calls himself a "constructivist" in the literal sense, sometimes joins collected leavings into conceptual portraits. Named for the artist's mother and father, *Icema and Chester* (1989-92) features burlap bags, scrap lumber and highway caution signs set within interlaced wood frames fastened together with knotted rope and reinforced with glue. The sculpture assumes a contrapposto stance, twisting on its vertical axis.

Other works are rife with cul-