

of the panels are integral to the esthetics of the work, with each segment bearing a differently colored portion of the tondo.

Walking into the floor-to-ceiling display, the viewer had a sense of the artist's explorative creativity. The steel trays were hung in four rows, their dried-out watercolors ranging from light blue to yellow to red and brown. Their intuitive, varied hues and accidental forms contrasted nicely with the regimentation of their hanging. The tondos, for their part, were related to one another by their basic, repeated motif: the colorful, pieced-together circle sitting more or less in the center of the square. It is as if Kass were working out—almost empirically—all the variables in these color pairs. In this, they are somewhat reminiscent of Josef Albers's investigations of nested squares in color variations.

Kass, who lives in the Appalachian region of southwestern Virginia, also exhibited photographs of the tondo pieces that he set up both indoors, in domestic quarters, and outside, in the rural landscape. In one image, a small tondo is placed on a side table in Kass's living room, furnished with two chairs covered in blue upholstery and a blue rug. The image is a striking example of art set off by a bourgeois environment. Another photo shows a tondo placed in a stream along with Kass's dogs, the painting supported by an easel in the water. Here, the artist shows his sophisticated whimsy.

—Jonathan Goodman

Carl Fudge at Ronald Feldman

Kaleidoscopic complexity has for many years characterized the work of London-born, Brooklyn-

based Carl Fudge, so that his new, dramatically simpler canvases require some adjustment on the viewer's part. Obfuscating but not completely disguising his source material—often images from Japanese prints and modern anime—through the slice and splice of digital manipulation, Fudge's formerly brittle, faceted fields of reticulate outline and flat, local color celebrated entropy, dissolution and the fragmentation of the image. The process yielded something grand, if seemingly fleeting, a snapshot of a metastasizing visual culture: frenzied, proliferating.

So it is a reasonable and interesting next step for him to pick up on the camouflage and faux-Rorschach motifs of Warhol's most abstract work, as he does in this exhibition, titled "Camouflaged." Black silkscreened silhouettes on white or vibrant red-orange grounds make up the "Camouflage" series. Each work is acrylic on canvas, around 4 feet tall and titled *Projective*. The series also recalls, in its apparent proliferation, its machine-made quality and bilateral symmetry, the late-1980s heraldic "Drawings" of Allan McCollum. Excepting the squawking ducklings that emerge from *Projective 122*, these paintings only suggest the presence of hidden imagery; they are static, more shout than shimmer. Hung among them was *Level 4* (6 feet square, 2005), in bald black and white but recalling the graphical complexity and sense of flux of the artist's earlier work.

Also on view were seven 82-by-72-inch canvases from the "Overflow" series, which is based on an image from *shunga*, the erotic subgenre of ukiyo-e, dis-



Carl Fudge: *Overflow Yellow*, 2004, acrylic on canvas, 82 by 72 inches; at Ronald Feldman.

torted beyond recognition. The same black-on-white scaffolding appears in each: a rippling, vaguely waterfall-like schema of lines ranging from thick and blunt to thin and brittle. A single-color river descends through the center of the design and pools at the lower right. Repeating the same structure with different colors is a familiar method for Fudge, as it was for Warhol. In these brawny, comparatively blunt canvases, the linear structure and especially the colors are radically simplified; in *Overflow Yellow* (2004), for example, the industrial color and stouter lines of the central, dominant section thrust the passage into the foreground, suggesting an entirely different conception of pictorial space than the earlier works. However, the impact of these canvases is lessened considerably by the visual tedium of their fundamental similarity, like items in a showroom.

Early in his career, Fudge hit on a good idea and ran with it, fashioning a distinctive, focused body of work straddling not only digital and comics-derived art and, of course, Pop, but also seriality and Pattern and Decoration. It is too soon to tell how his new direction will build upon this early success. But if he shakes off the assembly-line conceit that casts a chill over these new works, he will remain worth watching.

—Stephen Maine

ATLANTA

Terry Rodgers at Fay Gold

Terry Rodgers is a realist known for his contemporary character studies. While his earlier paintings often contemplated personal and family relationships in brightly lit outdoor settings wrought with pale, intense, high-keyed colors, his recent paintings conjure up a vision of the private nightlife of America's privileged youth. Widely exhibited in the U.S. and Europe and noted for their subtle social commentary, Rodgers's large-scale oil paintings (as much as 5 feet high and 6 feet wide) are often based on photographs and are meticulously laid out with computers.

The works recently on view at Fay Gold in "American Rhapsody" depict beautiful and rich young partygoers posing in a series of finely appointed settings. Paintings by Julian Schnabel, Francis Bacon and other darkly stylish artists haunt the walls of each opulent salon where revelers absently commune with each other over champagne and white wine, boutique beer and ruby-colored cocktails. The women are nonchalant about their silky hair, often-exposed breasts and lustrous skin, the hunky men seemingly unaware of both the women and their own perfection. Beneath the cool chic, a narcotic aura

View of Ray Kass's exhibition "Trays and Tondos," 2005; at Zone: Chelsea.

