

ARTnews

Sandi Slone

CRISTINEROSE

What in the world would bring together Barbie- and Ken-type dolls, marbles, dice, balls, mounds of colored sand, an artificial lake of shimmering blue acrylic and resin, paintings galore, Cibachrome close-ups of the paintings, plus a performance finally deconstructing it all with brooms, music, and a videographer?

The answer: Sandi Slone's solo exhibition at Cristinerose, her first in New York in some time. The main component of this extravaganza was a generous presentation of "broom" paintings—that is, paintings made using a broom as the brush—in an array of luscious Miami colors that swirled into one another like a medley of ice-cream flavors. Titled *The Wave of All Flesh, Tongue and Groove, Lips, Congenital Opening*, and so on, they are Slone's answer to Georgia O'Keeffe. Slone's overlapping broom strokes sweep into a pattern of colliding waves with lots of cleavage, spillage, and painterly oomph, rupturing the picture plane and conflating body and landscape, human nature and nature. It makes you think of the beach scenes in movies

like *From Here to Eternity*, minus Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr but not the sexy innuendo.

In the backroom there was a fake-lake floor painting accompanied by heaps of round, technical-color sand piles arranged mandalalike, each ringed by a contrasting hue, suggesting the circularity of time. On the walls, more wave paintings and photographs of her paintings as tsunamis, acting as a backdrop for her tableaux of toys, which, with disparities of scale, added a dislocating, ominous note. These works cover a lot of ground, making references to Abstract Expressionism, feminist art, Tibetan Buddhism, science fiction—specifically Nevil Shute's post-nuclear holocaust novel *On the Beach*—and Michelangelo Antonioni's film *Blow-Up*. What this all added up to was a razzmatazz venture, both cheeky and tongue-in-cheek.

—Lilly Wei



Sandi Slone,
Fontana, 1999, oil,
acrylic, and resin on
canvas,
24" x 24" x 4".
Cristinerose.