

Sirmans, Franklin. "The Light Show." *Time Out New York*, no. 264 (October 12-19, 2000): 58.

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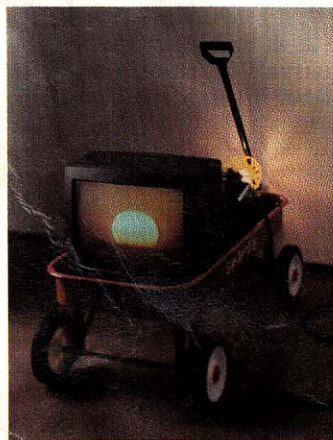
Gale Gates et al., through Oct 21 (see Elsewhere).

Curated by Christine Y. Kim, "The Light Show" eschews both pop-cultural quotations and the sort of old-school theory that might seem irrelevant to anyone under 30. But it does have roots: The exhibition features ten contemporary artists whose works made with light suggest ties to such artists as Dan Flavin, Robert Irwin, James Turrell, Felix Gonzalez-Torres and Jeff Wall. Recognizing those sources, however, isn't a prerequisite to enjoying this show. The art is thoroughly of our moment, and full of vitality for even the most devoted gallerygoer.

This fresh-from-the-garden quality is due in part to the wit with which the show has been installed. For example, Matthew McCaslin's video monitor sitting on a red wagon and showing the sun setting, titled *Hello Good-bye*, is appropriately placed at the gallery entrance. Nearby are quiet and elegant photographs by Gerard Byrne: Shot through building windows, they depict empty white spaces that look curiously like gallery spaces between shows. As a result, one can't help but focus on colored light that's reflected on the windows themselves, and which seems to emanate from some TV hidden from view inside each of the rooms.

Among the works by other artists here, Rico Gatson's *Fiery Cross* looks superb. An arrangement of colored and white light bulbs in the form of a cross, the piece creates a dazzling effect that calls to mind the ever-changing lighting around Times Square or at the top of the Empire State Building. Kira

Lynn Harris's *Interstices* imagines the light seen from the darkness of outer space with a breathtaking economy of means: A sheet of mirrored Mylar, which covers a corner of one gallery, is painted black in such a way that pinpoints of glittery reflected light show through. Also outstanding are Jordan Tinker's light boxes, which feature beautifully photographed gas stations. Tinker shoots them from a distance, making the spots seem like the only signs of life on the open road; the best of his three works here focuses on the stations' own light box signage, which ends up reminiscent of those lone, little human figures that appear in 19th-century American pastoral paintings. All in all, the exhibition takes what might have been dry subject matter and makes it shine.—Franklin Sirmans



Matthew McCaslin, *Hello Good-bye*, 1998.