



show this one makes you want to see more by all of them.

Susie Rosmarin's grids push the vibrational, hypnotic potential of the grid to its limit without losing its history as a meditative space. Her paintings are like steroid-enhanced Agnes Martins, and that might not be to your taste (or mine), but I'd sure like to see more of them.

Tom Moody and Aaron Parazette both work along the edge between the most abject low art desktop computers can produce and a delicate, immaculate high-art sensibility. The abjectness of their materials (Moody's paintbox spheres and Parazette's clip-art splash forms) distances them from their conventional sources and makes their work interesting as well as seductive, though it's not what puts them on the menu here. There are weirdly passive-aggressive limits to the pleasure which Parazette's splash-fields provide (obsessively eager to please, but still a smart-ass: a hero of the moment), and there is an equally weird commitment to craft in Moody's quilted surfaces (as well as a graceful, subtle bit of homage to Jasper Johns), but they're on the wall here because this is a candy store, and they are here to be seen first and thought about later.

The primarily visual commitment of this collection allows a lot of visual punning to happen, in a good way. Tom Martinelli's dots don't have a lot in common with Yayoi Kusama's dots, but it's nice to see them in a show together anyway. Similarly, the off-registration bleed of color at the edges of Martinelli's dots resembles, but is conceptually miles and miles distant from, the illusory color-haloes produced by Scott's and Rosmarin's stripes, but it's nice to see them

together here, to get a feel for just how much distance that is. Similarly, on the most superficial of levels, Bruce Pearson's acid-Yantra bas-reliefs belong in the same show with James Siena's dense little folk-art Stella knock-offs, and even with Walter Robinson's you-can-do-it, simulationist folk-art spin paintings. But superficiality, the commitment to a surface that becomes the same thing as the picture plane (and then, click/click, is not) is a calling to which every painter must answer, though not always exclusively.

There are 28 painters in this show, and I don't have the space to even write about half of them. There's a frustratingly small taste of Jim Isermann's work here, and a couple of David Clarkson pieces that make me think that a whole show of just his work would tell me a lot more. There are also painters in the show, such as Michelle Grabner and Judy Ledgerwood, who don't deal primarily in visual satisfaction, and kind of get lost in the shuffle here, but are overwhelmingly impressive on their own turf. Oh, and there's a Peter Halley and a Ross Bleckner, some John Armleder prints and some of Fred Tomaselli's hemp-leaf and pill collages, and others — Mark Dagley, Stratton Cherouny, Steve Di Benedetto, Karin Davie — but this is the kind of show where the visual noise between the paintings is as much a feature as the names you read and try to remember. More, really.

*Post-Hypnotic runs from January 14 through February 21 at the Illinois State University Gallery. A reception will be held Tuesday, January 19 (7 pm), and an artist's reception panel will be held Wednesday, January 20 (7 pm).*