

# The New York Times

## Art in Review: Lisi Raskin

By Holland Cotter

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Switchyard  
Guild & Greyshkul  
28 Wooster Street, SoHo

Lisi Raskin's New York solo debut stretches drawing to installation size and projects it beyond the gallery. Guild & Greyshkul's windows are covered by graphite images of what look like dark clouds, facing the street, with each sheet of paper turning ragged at the top, like barbed wire, allowing a weird orange light to filter through from inside.

The same light gives the gallery interior a twilight dimness, intensified by a big, suspended rectangle of plywood that effectively lowers the ceiling by several feet. The bunkerlike compression helps to focus attention on the walls, lined with a continuous, friezelike drawing of junglelike vegetation -- on bunched, cut and collaged paper -- broken by blasted clearings and dotted with tanks and armored cars.

Gallery press material says the idea for the show came from a personal experience, when the artist was ticketed for trespass while exploring a railroad yard in North Carolina -- apparently a breach of homeland security. Photographs she took of the fenced yard, along with pictures from a 1955 Atomic Energy Commission report on experiments in nuclear destruction, are among several sources she drew on for her wraparound image of a universe literally torn to pieces.

It's a little like a rip-and-paste version of James Rosenquist's "F-111," minus Pop, paint and precision, or like one of Nancy Spero's great, scrolling dances of death with a different, scrappier dance. It works.