



Getting it on in Dallas...



The fall gallery season in Dallas rarely disappoints; **Douglas Leon Cartmel's** Tom-Ford-paints-a-seascape gloriousness at [Marty Walker Gallery](#), **Raychel Stine's** smart-bomb of an exhibition at [Road-Agent](#), and **Robyn O'Neil's** transcendent showing at [Dunn and Brown](#).

Cartmel's work is wise and refined beyond his years... impeccably sleek, obsessively crafted and gorgeous. The monochromatic paintings on titanium are bleak, brooding meditations on what appears to be a frigid northern Atlantic coastline... perhaps Holland or Maine.

Raychel Stine's dogs, mice and ferrets cocoon themselves in gelatinous globs of post ab-ex goo... further intertwined on a wall of works on paper that seem to anchor the whole exhibition. God! I LOVE this work!

Robyn never fails to deliver. Her graphite meditations have grown from obsessive yet awkward compositions that resonated a black humor, to the most monumental (and I mean monumental) dark and somber elegies... a landscape that seems to portray a post-Apocalyptic sub-Arctic sparsely populated with flora and fauna either in the process of expiring or expired. This show packs an amazing punch...

Glancing at the slight exhibition of [Christian Schumann](#) on the other side of the storeroom at Dunn and Brown makes one point painfully clear; Schumann's work shows why kids shouldn't be allowed to play with abstraction and Raychel Stine shows us why they should.

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