



Limn Gallery

Maureen McQuillan's abstract "Untitled" (2003) is part of "Lines and Curves" at the Limn Gallery.

Lovely lines draw the eye at Limn Gallery

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treat called "Lucky Charms."

In the foreground of the projected packaging, a hand pokes at a milk-filled bowl of the cereal, but never lifts a spoonful. In the background a man crudely tricked out as a leprechaun munches handfuls of dry cereal from a box. Nothing really happens in the video, it merely brings distastefully to life the sort of action implicit in so much novelty food packaging.

In "Dimensional Rift" (2004-05) Roberts presents us with a mirror in which a fissure has opened to expose a video view into star-scattered outer space. It reminds us of our fear of seeing more in the mirror than we can handle, in both a narcissistic and a wider sense.

Philip Knoll's drawings on gessoed panels and canvases rise to Roberts' level of sinister humor only when they phrase grotesque happenings in the narrative language of cartoon and comic strip.

Knoll's bitterly funny "Suburban

Scott Roberts: Indexcision: Sculpture and video installations. **Philip Knoll: Smiling So Much It Hurts:** Drawings. Through July 16. Catharine Clark Gallery, 49 Geary St., San Francisco. (415) 399-1439, www.cclarkgallery.com.

Lines and Curves: Linear works by nine contemporary artists. Through July 30. Limn Gallery, 292 Townsend St., San Francisco. (415) 977-1300, www.limn.com.

Myths" (2005) guides us in reading it without telling us what to make of it.

"Lines" at Limn: The group show "Lines and Curves" at Limn Gallery — never mind that mathematically all lines are curves — warrants a visit because it contains new work by a few familiar names and introduces a couple of unfamiliar but intriguing newcomers.

Sid Garrison shows several of the obsessive colored pencil abstractions for which he is known, including an especially lovely new one, "May 27, 2005," that quavers with echoes of traditional Chinese land-

scape painting.

Former Bay Area artist Robert Strati turns in a tough little wall piece he calls "Squiggle" (2005), a little arrested tornado of heavy wire and fishing line, unaccountably satisfying. It and the drawings of Janice Caswell, which seem to map private memories, bring Richard Tuttle to mind, a risky thing when his retrospective is a few blocks away at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Maureen McQuillan shows handmade abstract drawings in which she has somehow stretched and twisted tidy grids without messing them up.

But C.E.B. Reas nearly steals the show with ink-jet prints and a randomly varying projection of coursing, proliferating and dissolving lines generated by custom-written software.

The withdrawal of the hand from drawing in Reas' work and its strange simulation of vitality make it look like some sort of turning point.

E-mail Kenneth Baker at kennethbaker@schronicle.com.