



*Crazy Cats:*

*Nicole Eisenman at Leo Koenig and Bill Adams at Kerry Schuss*

By [Will Heinrich](#)

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(excerpt)

**ANOTHER WAY TO CUT INTO** a singular, besetting question is to stick to a singular motif, looking for the answer not in the carefully contextualized emptiness of white, but rather in the infinitely dense obscurity of overlapping layers of black. Bill Adams has been drawing the same one-eyed cat for years. Consisting almost entirely of wiry, tangled lines, this cat can grow to fill a frame or be shaped into a kind of topiary, swim in wild colors or float on paper alone, but, like Ms. Eisenman's self portraits, it prefers to face the viewer head-on. *Finalist*, the second show at Kerry Schuss's new space on Orchard Street, enacts this obsessively meditative tete-a-tete in a handful of intent ink drawings and gorgeously moody small watercolors, as well as in eight chine-collé etchings published, under the same title, on yellow rice paper laid into heavy white, by Flying Horse Press in Orlando. Here and there, a cat can still be recognized, but in most of the pictures the focus has moved so close that there's nothing but an eye—human, not feline; perhaps it's the artist's reflected in the cat's—surrounded by looping, feathery lines, a sexual, mystical, sideways mandorla whose reflective black pupil silently beckons and threatens. The next step will be to dive in.