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Coal Dust, Oil and Pencil on Paper Mounted on Aluminum, 60 x 40 in.

Glenn Ligon
Norman Lewis
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Lorna Simpson
Lyle Ashton Harris
and others

THIS and THAT
April 28, 2011 - May 28, 2011

Norman Lewis, American Totem, 1960
Oil on Canvas, 74 x 45 in.

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Starting this season, you have probably noticed the ubiquitous M art maps appearing everywhere in New York—Downtown, Uptown, Chelsea. Totalling 45,000 bi-monthly copies and distributed to the city’s major art districts and top hotels, they’re hard to miss.

As the original M magazine has evolved over the years, from a local art guide into a highly regarded art journal with increasing international content, gallery owners and art patrons have expressed the need for a simple guide that visitors can pick up in galleries and hotels and walk around with, taking notes on, stick in their pocket.

Indeed, this was the premise of M from its inception in 1998, when we were the first art publication to herald the importance of what was then an emerging art district called Chelsea.

Our listings policy is simple: We print the name (not just the reference number) of important galleries and art institutions directly on our easy-to-use neighborhood art map for free. For our member galleries, in addition to the map placement, we provide complete listings in print and on our easy to remember website: intheArtworld.com

There is no charge to list your gallery online with M, but to maintain quality listings, membership is by invitation only. You can request an invitation, however. Just go to the M website: intheArtworld.com and click on “welcome” to request an invite. If accepted, you will be sent an invitation with your username and password. It’s that easy.

But of course you don’t have to be a gallery owner to access the most up-to-date gallery listings ever. Have a great spring season.
**New Local Art Maps from M**

M, in the Art world also called the M magazine, has launched a series of bi-monthly art maps covering the important art districts of New York. The first map “M Lower East Side” was introduced last summer—now called simply “M Downtown” — and it is already the largest and most widely distributed art map for this rapidly growing art community that includes the Lower East Side, the East Village, Soho and Tribeca. This map was followed by a second, “M Chelsea”, which includes the Design District and the West Village. The third map, “M Uptown”, includes the Upper East Side, the Upper West Side, Midtown and 57th Street.

**On the Move**

The Pace Wildenstein has moved to 534 W 25th St in Chelsea (the former location of Bortolami Gallery).

The Bortolami Gallery has moved from 534 W 25th St to 520 W 20th St in Chelsea.

The Forum Gallery has moved from 745 Fifth Avenue to the Crown Building at 730 Fifth Avenue (see Midtown listings).

The Noha Haine has moved from the Fuller Building on 57th St to the Crown Building at 730 Fifth Avenue (see Midtown listings).

Ethan Cohen Fine Art, one of New York’s oldest galleries specializing in Asian art, has moved from 18 Jay St to 14 Jay St (see Soho listings).

**New Director**

ShContemporary, the Asia Pacific Contemporary Art Fair that takes place in Shanghai, announced a new director for its 2011 edition. Milan native Massimo Torrigianiinfo replaces Colin Chinnery, as the fair’s third director since its launch in 2007.

**Art Fair**

Art Taipei takes place August 26 - 29 at the Taipei World Trade Center, Area A & D. For more information please visit: www.art-taipei.com. Along with Shanghai Art Fair and KIAF, which take place later, Art Taipei continues the program “ART PREMIUM” which encourages a cultural exchange and support for Asian Arts by providing exclusive service and inviting VIPs from abroad, among the three art fairs.
Review

L’Amour Fou
Picasso and Marie Therese
Gagosian Gallery, New York

By Lee Klein

Protean is the word often chosen to state what is considered obvious about Pablo Picasso, and seemingly a platitude thrown at a dartboard put before us to enhance or maintain the market value for countless counting powers that be; however, here it is proved with every curatorial move.

Centered around the artist’s mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter the curators, Picasso biographer John Richardson and Dianne Widmaier Picasso (the artist and Marie-Thérèse’s granddaughter), have together chosen eighty-plus works from the years 1927-1940 that best represent this mysterious muse. For this unprecedented show, the chambers of Gagosian’s west 21st street gallery in Chelsea have been redone to spectacular effect by the architect Annabelle Selldorf. Here again in continuation, Larry Gagosian is blazing new turf for a commercial gallery to tread where museums once staked dominion. While Larry Salander, the philanderer, languishes in jail and the memory of rustled Rembrandts and hustled Courbets (whereas he took the money and DeNiro took the stand) Gagosian leaps from Anselm Kiefer’s triumph of last year’s Next Year in Jerusalem to this tour de force by any measure, a Picasso exhibit on a single theme—which would have given any William Rubin curated exhibit at the MOMA more than a run for its millions.

Part of an ongoing series of exhibitions at the Gagosian galleries worldwide, this show leaves no doubt that Marie-Thérèse was one of the great muses in the annals of art as she for Picasso could be seen embodying anything and everything as he, his love and his work morphed together.

The show opens with its two most heart stopping works, realistic portraits from a time when most of the artists opus was abstract, Marie Therese coiffée d’un béret (1927) and Portrait de Marie Therese (1935). Therein the first of the two commences a melody with an arc in the subject’s béret, which then goes on to become the unstated undulating motif of the next two rooms and is eventually broken up throughout, while the second, a side profile posed in the obverse of the usual adatique, carries the visual cadence forth as well.

Exiting the first room and passing the very strange Marie-Thérèse accoudée (1939) things take a dramatic turn in the next room, whereas unlike double decker tourist buses which only go around in a circle, Picasso’s faces tend to go in different directions. Le visage de Marie-Thérèse de profil (1931) is a most elegant delineation in shades of tan, grey and black. In this canvas, the separated and abstracted face descends into a line, and another swoops down not into an oval and a half, but, into an into oval and half an oval which then form an elongated ellipse. Further below, the profile is a form, buxom yet slim, sublime masculine and feminine, and reminiscent of the silhouette of a very fit Ricky Martin in a boatershirt.

Now in the grand room under skylights, undulations, arcs and arabesques flow in a continuous line, from canvas to canvas. This is the largest room in the new layout of the gallery space, and where on the northern wall the sharp angles of the paintings—most notably Fille dessinant à l’intérieur (1935) and Femme lisant à la table (1934) offset

“This show leaves no doubt that Marie-Thérèse was one of the great muses in the annals of art, as she, for Picasso, could be seen embodying anything and everything as he, his love and his work morphed together”
“Here, the interface with Henri Matisse is evinced in the liberated poetic colors as the gigantforms whirl. Meanwhile, there are moments where divine hedonism gives way to images conjured as if from the Spanish Civil War.”

by soft elements and texture—begin the counterpoint to the curve.

Here, the interface with Henri Matisse is evinced in the liberated poetic colors as the gigantforms whirl. Meanwhile there are moments where divine hedonism gives way to images conjured as if from the Spanish Civil War, though they are few. A harmonious valley inhabits the southern wall with works like Femme assise près de la fenêtre (1932) and Femmes nue dans un fauteuil rouge (1932). Finally, there is the diagonal across to the best tailored trio in the whole production Femmes aux arabesques (1931), Femme nue couchée (1932) and Femme aux cheveux jaunes (1931).

This is the crescendo as the wide and voluminous forms sail forth perfectly placed together.

In the remaining two rooms the curve, though still present, begins to give way to sharper edges and borders wherein Picasso widely separates Marie Therese’s eyes and nose in works such as Femme aux mains jointes (1938). Still-lifes are also included here, along with several sculptures. This is a symphonic exhibit, where one is moved to stand back and sigh; so this is what they were saying about Picasso—quite a feat whereas with the artist gone it is entirely the curators’ task to present him once and again to us. M
**Review**

**Jordan Eagles**
Krause Gallery, New York

By Terry Ward

Jordan Eagles could save a lot of time dealing with repeat questions from gallery visitors if he were to get a T-shirt printed with two statements: “Yes, it is real blood” and “No, it isn’t human.” The title of show sums up his process: “BARC” stands for “Blood, Acrylic, Resin, Copper.” Those are the materials, the art supplies. The possible viewer-impact takes more words. Maybe.

The fridge-door-sized rectangles seem to hover along the walls paradoxically with luminous lightness. Despite the artwork’s scale and thickness – often fist-deep – there is a delicacy that comes from reflected light and a sort of inner glow. Each post-painterly color-field artwork is on a clear-box “canvas.” From a distance, there are swirly starbursts of Lava Lamp supernova shapes in red, black, burgundy, and powdery bronze.

Unlike so much large scale art, Eagles’ creations are still rewarding close-up. One sees pea-sized drips, tiny pigment sunspots, and miniature spatter-galaxies. Black curdled or scorched blood (at times the artist uses a blowtorch) leaves craquelure mazes. Here and there, metallic pigment blends with colors in almost the wrong way and comes dangerously close to looking “too pretty,” like the gold foil marbleized patterns of an “upscale” Kleenex package – but it doesn’t quite go there. Such areas risk looking artistically “slick” – but, again, not quite.

Meanwhile, rose-toned washes which dried translucently allow peeks through the surface to underlying layers. Much of Eagles’ work is multilayered, as if five or six paintings on clear plexiglass were stacked up and bonded together. It is cliché to remark that art coated with resin “has such depth to it” (of course, when one views paint through a quarter-inch of clear topcoat!), but truly: the actual depth of this art’s color-layering is impressive. There is also psychological “depth”.

If one knows that most of the red colors are from resin-sealed blood, one might be struck with mori thoughts. From an arm’s-length away, you can see visitors’ as well as your own reflections flicker and fade in the glassy surfaces. We are here, ghostlike, and so soon we fade from view. Indeed, some of us in the room will be gone next year or in a decade. The old phrase ars longa VITA BREVIS might come to mind. Art is long and oh life is short.

The art photographer Robert Chapman who was a hospital corpsman during the Vietnam war suddenly recalled the “strangely beautiful” sheen of hours-old sticky blood gum he’d seen so often on the floors of combat zone operating rooms.

The art fad of making weighty statements with body fluids had its place, but was so overdone and run-into-the-ground by the mid-90’s that almost all subsequent art looks derivative and lame. Andres Serrano’s various Piss creations were both a climax and a killing-off of such art – at least, until now. It could be that Jordan Eagles has single-handedly reawakened the genre of body-fluid art.

Eagles associates his art with birth, with life. In this regard, one might ponder the humble origin of one’s own life – and of everyone’s – in the chance mingling of zygotes. Two half-cells meet in a bar, and millions of cell-divisions later here you are as a person and a thinking Self. What a profound concept – and also how unlikely one is to remember such a thing until nudged out of daily routine by confronting work as challenging as this. There is also something intriguing in the union of elemental, primal material with the modern-day chemical technology of resin and acrylic.

The shapes and the color-effects are downright beautiful – or sometimes ugly-beautiful (beautifugly?) in the way that sooty peeling paint or grotty dumpster-lip scumsicles can be “pretty.” Eagles already gets an A. The blood-born (sic) deep thoughts are just “bonus points”. M

**“Much of Eagles’ work is multilayered, as if five or six paintings on clear plexiglass were stacked up and bonded together.”**

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Deborah Brown  
Pool Art Fair New York  
By Jennie E. Park

Dubbed “a meeting ground for outstanding unrepresented artists,” Pool Art Fair New York, one of the better satellite fairs which took place during The Armory Show last month, manages to stay true to its credo. In this interview with featured artist Deborah Brown, we have an unvarnished look at one such unrepresented artist.

At the fair you mentioned that you have a fascination with science and juxtaposing naturally incompatible objects or substances, like human hair and a beetle. Do you choose what to mesh together based on similarities in their chemical compositions? I am interested in the similarities in the composition, but that doesn’t actually inform where the work comes from originally—it usually derives from a place of wanting to connect or show the several layers. On one level there’s the sheer vanity of it—a beetle can’t just go out looking like a beetle, it has to decorate itself, it has to become beautiful, in terms of what we deem as beautiful, and so there’s a kind of exploration of vanity. And then there’s another layer, a spiritual side, the oneness of all things. There really isn’t a difference between the shell of a beetle and human hair; they’re very similar genetically—I mock the idea of human’s superiority over nature in a kind of heavy-handed way. There’s sexuality to it as well, which I can’t seem to get away from. There’s an underlying sexual energy, and I find that when you put certain materials together, it just kind of creates [that] energy.

To flesh out the vanity layer of your work, did you choose insects because we as humans tend to consider them repulsive, or was there something else about insects? I think insects represent a natural order that is not controlled by thought or ego—they have a duty, they have a job, they’re part of a group, the individual is not as important as the whole. And I found I’m drawn to that idea, a disappearance of the individual. So I’m sort of mocking our ego-based culture and individuality because there’s such an absence of that within the insect world.

“There’s an underlying sexual energy, and I find that when you put certain materials together, it just kind of creates [that] energy”
If you left the hybrids [the art pieces] intact in a landfill, or if they inhabited some other environment that you imagined them in, what would be their lifespan? I make sure that they’re as long-lived as possible. I’m very conscious of lifespan; they’re made of toxic materials, so I don’t see them decomposing. It’s sort of like, after the nuclear bomb, the cockroach shall be the only creature left [laughs].

Why do you insist that they persist? I don’t know if it’s just art world commodity-driven, or something else. Right now, I’m actually working on extremely life-like human forms, being done by special effects firms, made out of silicone—silicone only has a shelf life of about twenty-five years before it starts crumbling a bit. I’m like, “No, we can’t do that—it has to be 100 years!” So yes, I’m confronting exactly that right now.

It’s another kind of mocking or juxtaposition, where you’re saying: this vain thing is utterly discardable, but refuses to be. Precisely.

The tower with legs, and the mushrooms with legs [pieces in the show]—is the human brain being replaced by something, or is it just trapped there? It is trapped there but it’s also—I guess when you feel something, you feel you’re it. So for example, with the [Rapunzel’s] tower, she’s trapped in her tower—it’s a golden tower, about materialism and being sort of contained in this ivory tower. If I put arms or a head on it, it wouldn’t feel as contained. The phallic nature of it really was not my intention, but it turned out that way, which is actually kind of relevant, so that’s okay.

Now that you describe it that way, I see it as an expression of desire—the person desired to be in that mushroom or tower so much that she’s become that thing, and it has ironically trapped her. Desiring and wanting and clinging and grasping—that’s very much about not being present and not being with what is, and so that whole idea of our culture grasping and wanting is kind of where I think we lose our way.

Are your hybrids actually moving around in their environments, with their wings and their legs, or are they trapped there? They look trapped in what they’ve become, but there’s something about them that isn’t—it’s that dichotomy that I think infuses a certain energy in the work.

Are they evolving into something else? It’s interesting you should ask that. I don’t know if you know Ron Mueck’s work—it’s very life-like; you can’t tell in a gallery whether it’s real or not. The piece I’m working on next, which is one of my most ambitious, is this woman lying on a glass slide, as though she’s going under a microscope. Her arms and legs are pinned down, and one of her legs is a frog leg—you can’t quite tell who’s morphing into whom and yet, in that sort of pinned-down, transformative moment, the look and expression on her face will be that she’s completely detached from what’s happening—she’s just beyond it all. So yeah, I think the earlier pieces were more alike forms, intermingling, whereas this, because it’s more life-like, is merging [of distinct forms], but they’re very much what they were before they merged, as opposed to two similar things coming together—I guess it feels more unreal, and yet more real at the same time.

If there were something exasperating or ridiculous about the world, I’d expect the hybrids to sympathize with or reflect that somehow, because they themselves seem so ludicrous—I was wondering if you had any of that level of even a political commentary...

Deborah Brown

Tower with Legs, 2010. Resin. 19.5 x 16 inches.

Courtesy: The artist and Pool Art Fair, New York.
Actually, through their ridiculousness they’re quite wizened—there’s something almost higher-spirited about them. That’s the odd thing; they’re so ridiculous that they transcend what they are. And as far as political, I mean, I think they just look at the whole world as ridiculous—I guess I just see them as wizened spirits, energy. Through their trappings, they’ve transcended their trappings.

Do you distinguish the headless things with legs from the ladybugs or butterflies with heads, in that the legged things are more stuck and haven’t yet reached that transcendent state? Yes, funny enough, I guess they each describe a particular trapping. I guess some pieces are more about the actual feeling of being stuck, versus the possibilities. I suppose it’s where I am at that moment when it comes out, whether I’m feeling optimistic or not. [laughs.]

You’ve said that, for the most part, any movement is internal to the hybrids; but have you considered creating things involving moving parts? Yes. My other ambitious project which I need funding for [laughs] is a Venus fly trap-headed woman sitting at a vanity table. Her head is opening and closing, and she’s turning, and there’s the sound of buzzing in the room, a Zoop! And I think it’s going to be viewer-generated, so when they step in a certain place in the room, it’ll be as though they’ve been caught [laughs]. So again, it’ll be extremely lifelike, and the woman is going to be sitting at a powder pink vanity table made of very shiny fiberglass, looking at her reflection.

What element would the movement introduce that isn’t currently in the work? I think it’s just another layer of something to get pulled into and engaged in.

As far as how you personally relate to these sculptures, do you consider them to be sentient or alive? Do you ever find yourself talking to them? Yes, I do talk to them. They’re self-portraits. Each one is sort of a facet of me, captured at whatever time I was feeling that way. So yes, in a way I talk to them as parts of me, when I’m feeling in a certain mood, or if they’re sitting around, I just sort of connect to that part of me when I’m looking at them.

There was a reference in one of your earlier interviews to mirroring; do your pieces mirror something either of your dreams, or very fundamental to you that you can’t articulate? I have to say, most of the

“I have to say, most of the work doesn’t come from my dreams—it’s not like I wake up and go: Oh my God, I just had that…. It’s completely from just processing life in a very conscious way”
work doesn’t come from my dreams—it’s not like I wake up and go: Oh my God, I just had that… It’s completely from just processing life in a very conscious way.

So if it is a conscious exploration, do you feel that it’s almost like your iterations of random amalgamations are an empirical study, where you’re trying to prove the same hypothesis, over and over, using slightly different… Yes, I do think that, but I think there’s been an evolution in the work—my initial investigation was surface and veneer and vanity and preening oddities, and now it’s morphed into connections to nature and, on top of that, spiritual dimensions. As I evolve, [my work] comes along with me. And funny enough, as I evolve, I look back at the old work and I see in it things I didn’t see before.

And that would also speak to the movement you described as being internal to them—it’s kind of reflecting that. Yes, exactly.

Do any of these hybrids remind you of other people, or are they, after you’ve created them, their own beings or identities? They’re kind of regurgitating iconoclastic pop culture references that we all tend to have, so I think they’re very identifiable in that way to many people. At the same time, [they’re] no one else but me. And funny enough, as I evolve, I look back at the old work and I see in it things I didn’t see before.

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And that would also speak to the movement you described as being internal to them—it’s kind of reflecting that. Yes, exactly.
As for the environment you ideally imagine them to be in—whether it be a gallery setting or a fanciful universe—what would it be? That’s a good question.

In a way, I think juxtaposition is always a powerful thing, so I think putting them in an environment where they’re not supposed to be is quite powerful. If they were in an idealistic environment, like in a forest, rummaging on a completely organic forest floor—that could also be quite powerful. In a sterile museum, or a collector’s home, again, they’re still playing on wherever they are, and that’s another level that completes the whole message or impact of the work.

So I guess there’s some persisting integrity to the hybrids, even though they’re hollow and ridiculous, because wherever they are, they’re mocking or resisting in a similar way. Yes, exactly.

I think we’d mentioned briefly that you could see these as lamps or having a utilitarian function; this question may or may not be insulting, but, if they were to become utilitarian objects, would something be lost in that translation, or, would the meaning actually be enhanced?

It’s also very flat—I mean, we lived in a beautiful place across the beach, it was lovely, but nothing happened. There was no energy, it was kind of like a fantasy land; there was very little intellectual, original thought that happened [at] happens there. I hate to say that—it’s generalizing of course. When I moved to California, everything was like, boom, boom, boom, and clicked, and I woke up. But I feel that sort of hazy quality never left me, and I’ve kind of embraced it, and I think that is where a lot of that sort of surreal, you can close your eyes and float, place comes from.

So I guess it makes sense that it wasn’t a dream—it was your actual experience. Exactly! [laughs]

What part of Florida was this? Boca Raton. It was just sort of landscapes of emptiness, nothing happening. It was lovely, but not real.

You couldn’t engage with it. It wasn’t real.

Your experience living in LA, with the entertainment industry and where everything is kind of a mockery of itself—what point did this intersect with the haziness? It dramatically collided with it, and all the work from when I started making the little hybrids came from the whole Hollywood, media-driven, advertising, “what is beauty,” “what is of value”—all of these things were very much informed by Los Angeles. When I was at Otis Parsons in MacArthur Park, there was such an incredible dichotomy between the wealthy and the poor—it was just an extraordinary place, very difficult imagery, seeing certain people live in certain ways. It was kind of a wakeup call, a wakeup for me.

The dichotomy in terms of the economic or social strata that people lived in—how would you say that’s reflected in a particular piece? I do sort of mock materialism, so I’m critiquing the fixation on the idea of happiness and fulfillment through that. I don’t directly address it, but it’s certainly implied.

As far as your formal art education, was there an instructor who really clarified the direction that you would take and the questions that you would ask and even the materials you would use? I think they all did. Kim MacConnel is an artist from San Diego, and he was all about found objects when I was an undergraduate—I would go to thrift stores and that would be where I’d get everything, you know, gilded frames and strange old toys. In grad school, I didn’t really have one mentor, because it was so feminist oriented and I was interested in that, but it wasn’t my passion. Italo Scanga, he was an Italian painter—he was also into found objects, so I would say those two were the most influential.

You mentioned you have siblings, and that they do things completely different from what you’re doing now? Yes. One is a school teacher, one is a mom, a housewife, and my brother is a waiter and a musician.

And how do they react to your work? I think they get it and they don’t—I don’t think they fully understand it, but that’s OK. My mother loved to come to my studio last year when she was visiting, and it was incredible for me because she really got it and she saw her connection to it. That was incredibly powerful for me because she’d never really seen my work before.

Do you have children now? I do, I have a daughter—she absolutely loves the work, and refuses to let me sell certain pieces.

Does she name them, and really interact with them? She interacts with them, and she’s just fierce about the ones she loves, and she’s fascinated with all the strange things that come in the mail for me, you know, strange sourcing of objects.

I’m really interested in how children interact with these things—I don’t know if they would seem more or less scary to a six-year-old? I was watching some kids who came into the show and they were quite put off, but they wanted to interact with them in a physical way, and of course I let them—they really wanted to sort of know [them]. I do think they connect in a more pure way. I think [my daughter] does get it, she gets it subliminally without really being able to articulate it.

Is there anything about your work that people always miss? I don’t have a set idea as to exactly what I want them to walk away with. Hopefully the work will resonate, and possibly suggest a new reality, or a new investigation into what they deem reality. I just want to get them to think. Or feel. I don’t even know if it’s think—that’s when we get into trouble [laughs]. I get them to feel.

Las Vegas, 1981
Robert Kunec
532 Gallery / Thomas Jaekel, New York

By Francis Timothy Walsh

At first glance, it’s tempting to classify this collection of images and ideas as “political art,” and move on. Pause a minute, though. There is “political art” and there is fine art that is political. The former is a genre available to most anyone with an agenda to promulgate. In the past decade, galleries have been full of “political art”—one looks, one gets the point, and one leaves the ideas, generally, in the gallery, on the walls. Viewers avoid collateral damage to their minds; the work prompts little questioning of one’s moral pre-conceptions.

Then there is fine art that is political. This is what Robert Kunec makes—careful, reflective work imbued with a political message. It’s art with an emotional punch, too—one that lingers in the mind afterwards.

Each piece in this show is made from materials that range from bronze to plastic; some incorporate found objects. Surfaces are clean; color choices are subtle. For the most part, this work quietly invites the viewer to come closer, to linger nearby, to look beyond the initial gestalt. Kunec is careful to avoid letting materials overpower his political message.

And what is that message? On the face of it, Kunec’s is a message about terrorism as a universal source of cultural angst. One piece entitled IT’S NOT A BOMB! reminds us of the added “cost” of contemporary travel. Consisting of a black suitcase with leather straps, the title is printed on its side, in glaring white letters. Enough is enough, it seems to tell us.

Raised in the Catholic faith, Kunec does not confine his ideas about fear to the obviously political. The show’s title, In the Name of (lacking the obvious Father) alludes to this. There is a “Presidential” podium that, when viewed from the speaker’s viewpoint, is also a prie dieu (praying desk). Since the finished piece is a product of a “WE CONFESS Do-it-yourself kit” found in another part of the gallery, we can assume that it’s also a stab at all of us.

In our modern world, whole cultures seem to have an increasing capacity to forgive themselves for their political misdeeds. Another piece, consisting of a loaf of bread painted gold, with a mallet and a spike on either side, bears the title Corpus Dei (God’s body), a reference not only to the Eucharist but to the Crucifixion as well.

But this is not a show about redemption. Kunec uses irony to remind us that the fears and uncertainties of our post-9/11—and now post Bin Laden—world lurk just below the surface of our collective sub-conscious.

There’s an AK-47 in bronze, with what seem to be thorns sticking out from it. There are photographs of faux IEDs (improvised explosive devices) that appear strangely amusing (one is made of plastic water bottles) until we remember the Shoe Bomber. There is a beautiful tourist map of Iraq, which has been mutilated. Of course, entering the political arena, we are reminded quickly that there are two sides, and then some, to every issue.

“‘There is ‘political art’ and there is fine art that is political. The former is a genre available to most anyone with an agenda to promulgate”
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212.226.3970 info@artistsspace.org
www.artistsspace.org Tue, Thu, Fri 12-6; Wed 12-8; Sat 12-5

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472 West Broadway, 10012
212 226 2262 www.axelle.com

Peter Blum SoHo
Richard Gardner, Bob Axel, David Monderer, R. Wayne Parsons,
May 3 thru Jun 4; Butch Cordsa, Amina Baharav, Peter Agron,
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99 Wooster St, 10012
212 243 0641 soho@peterblumgallery.com
www.peterblumgallery.com Tue-Fri 10-6; Sat 11-6

Brooke Alexander
Wooster, 2nd fl, 10012
212 925 4338 info@baxditions.com
www.baxditions.com Tue-Sat 10-6

The Drawing Center
35 Wooster, 10013
212 219 2166 info@drawingcenter.org
www.drawingcenter.org Tue-Fri 10-6; Sat 11-6

Eli Klein Fine Art
662 West Broadway, 10012
212 255 4388 www.elikleinfineart.com

OK Harris Works of Art
383 West Broadway, 10012
212.431.3600 www.okharris.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Ronald Feldman Fine Arts
31 Mercer Street, 10013
212 226-3232 info@feldmangallery.com
www.feldmangallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6; Mon. by appt.

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Robert Kuehn “In The Name Of”, Apr 28 thru May 26; Marcy
Brafman “Peartescent”, painting May 31 thru Jun 27
917.701.3338 info@532gallery.com
www.532gallery.com Tue-Wed 11-6; Sat 1-5

ACA Galleries
2752 6 W 20, 10011
212 206 8080 info@acagalleries.com
www.acagalleries.com Tue-Sat 10-6; 10:30-6

Andrea Rosen
525 W 24, 10011
212 427 6000 mackall@rosengallery.com
www.rosengallery.com Thu-Sun 10-6; Sat 11-6

Bertrand Delacroix Gallery
Ron Agam, Apr 24 thru May 28
535 West 25th Street, 10001
212 226 2262 newyork@axelle.com
www.axelle.com Tue-Sat 10-30-6.30

Betty Cuningham Gallery
547 W 25, 10001
212 242 2772 info@bettycuninghamgallery.com
www.bettycuninghamgallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Ceres
547 West 27th Street, Suite #201, 1000
212 947 6100 art@ceresgallery.org
www.ceresgallery.org Tue-Sat 12-6; Thu until 8

Cheim & Read
547 W 27, 10001
212 242 7727 gallery@cheimread.com
www.cheimread.com Tue-Sat 10-6

CW Gallery
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Tue-Sat 10-6

DC Moore
George Tooker (1930-2011) “Memorial Exhibition”, Jun 9 thru
Aug 5; Mary Frank “Transformations: Wood Sculpture, 1957-
1967, and Recent Photographs”, May 5 thru Jun 4; Jacob
Lawrence “Builders”, May 5 thru Jun 4
535 W 22 St, 2nd floor, NY 10011
212 247 2111 info@dcmooregallery.com
www.dcmooregallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Andrew Edlin Gallery
134 10th Ave, 10011
212 206 9723 aedlin@edlinalgallery.com
www.edlin@edlinalgallery.com Tue-Sat 11-6

Gagosian Gallery
Pablo Picasso and Marie-Thérèse, “L’AMOUR FOU”, Apr 14 thru
Jun 25
522 W 21 St, 10011
212 741 1717 www.gagosian.com
newyork@gagosian.com Mon-Sat 10-6

Gladdstone Gallery
515 W 24, 10011 info@gladdstonegallery.com
www.gladdstonegallery.com 212 206 9300

High Line Gallery
511 W 20, at the High Line, 10011
212 645 2355 / 203 858 0059 Hours vary; by appt

Kips Gallery
511 W 25, 10011
212 226 4215 kips@kipsgallery.com
www.kipsgallery.com Tue-Sat 11-6

Kathryn Markel Fine Arts
529 W 20, 6th fl, 10011
212 366 5368 markel@kathrynmarkelfinearts.com
www.kathrynmarkelfinearts.com Tue-Fri 10-6; Sat 11-6

Lehmann Maupin Gallery
540 West 26th Street, 10001
212 255 2923 info@lehmannmaupin.com
www.lehmannmaupin.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Matthew Marks Gallery
522 W 22, 10011
212 243 0200 info@matthewmarks.com
www.matthewmarks.com Tue-Sat 11-6

Mike Weiss Gallery
Ygal Ozeri, “Garden of the Gods”, Painting, May 6 thru Jun 1
520 W 24, 10011
212 691 6899 info@mikeweissgallery.com
www.mikeweissgallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Messineo & Wyman
Robert Stweers “Crawling the Seamstress”, Apr 14 thru May 21;
511 West 25th Street Suite 504, 10001
212 414 0827 memessineo@aol.com
www.messineowyman.com Wed-Sat 12-5; by appt

Metro Pictures Gallery
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www.metropicturesgallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Robert Miller Gallery
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212 366 4774 rmg@robertmillergallery.com
www.robertmillergallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6

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www.mixedgreens.com

Nancy Hoffman Gallery
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www艺术家空间.com Thu, Fri 12-6; Wed 12-8; Sat 12-5

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www.wardnasse.org

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Fountain Gallery
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212.262.2756
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Galerie St. Etienne
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www.gseart.com Tue-Fri 11-5

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149 E 38, 10016
212.573.6968 x10 info@gabarron.org
www.gabarronfoundation.org By appointment only

Howard Greenberg Gallery
41 E 57, 14th fl, 10022
212.334.0010 info@howardgreenberg.com
www.howardgreenberg.com

Nohra Haim Gallery
Antonio Segui’s “A Retrospective Exhibition 1966-2010”, painting Apr 27 thru Jun 10
730 Fifth Avenue, 10019
212.888.3550 gallery@nohrahaimegallery.com
www.nohrahaimgallery.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Bill Hodges Gallery
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212.333.2460 info@billohdgesgallery.com
www.billhodgesgallery.com Tue-Fri 10:30-6; Sat 12:30-5:30

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www.jadite.com Tue-Sat 12-6

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www.newartcenter.net Tue-Sat 1-6

Michael Rosenfeld Gallery
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212.247.0082 info@michaelrosenfeldart.com
www.michaelrosenfeldart.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Throckmorton Fine Art, Inc.
Valdir Cruz, “RAIZES BONITAS”, Apr 21 thru Jun 4
145 E 57, 3rd, 10022
212.223.1059 kraige@throckmorton-nyc.com
www.throckmorton-nyc.com Tue-Sat 10-6

Uptown

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www.as.americas-society.org Wed-Sat 12-6

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Guggenheim Museum
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Van de Weghe Fine Art
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www.nationalacademy.org Wed-Thu 12-5; Fri- Sun 11-4

Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Ave at 75th, 10021
212.570.3676 info@whitney.org
www.whitney.org Wed, Thu, Sat, Sun 11–6, Fri 1-9
LIC / Queens

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43-01 22nd St., 11101
718-784-5577 info@reisstudios.com
www.reisstudios.com Mon-Sun 12-6

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44-02 23rd Street, ground floor, 11101
718.729.2988 info@m55art.org
www.m55art.org Wed-Sat 12-6; by appt

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center
22-25 Jackson Ave, LIC 11101
718.784.2084 mail@ps1.org
www.ps1.org Thu-Mon 12-6

QCC Art Gallery
222-05, 56th Ave, 11364
718.631.6396 QCCArtGallery@qcc.cuny.edu
www.qccartgallery.org Tue-Fri 10-5; Sat-Sun 12-5

Socrates Sculpture Park
Broadway & Vernon Blvd, LIC 11106
718.956.1819 info@socratessculpturepark.org
www.socratessculpturepark.org
International - Shanghai

Contrasts Gallery
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+86.21.6323.1989
www.contrastsgallery.com

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+86.21.6321.9900 info@shanghartgallery.com
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621 Changde Road, (near Wuding Road), 200040
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Red No. 1-D, Cao Chang Di Village, Chaoyang District, Beijing 100015
+8610.5127.3298 bj@chambersfineart.com
www.chambersfineart.com Tue-Sun 10-6

Red Gate Gallery
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+8610.6225.1005 www.redgategallery.com Sun-Sat 10-5

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