

hours: this is not just a more casual way of seeing art, but a service rendered to all those uptown gallerists on Tuesday-to-Saturday punch-clocks. So on the first Sunday of the marathon, I took note of the fact that after I had reintroduced myself to Nicelle Beauchene and informed her that I would be reviewing Luke Dowd's exhibition, she proceeded to put on the Cure and pump up the volume. This was a downtown gallerista living the life. I was impressed. And as much as I struggled to find something palatable and contemporary in Dowd's serial silkscreens of diamonds, I left humming *Boys Don't Cry* and remembering little else.

John Gerrard *Oil Stick Work*

Simon Preston

Angelo Martinez had been hard at work by the time I arrived at John Gerrard's solo exhibition. Six out of every seven days, at dawn, the Mexican-American builder creates a black square on the exterior of a Kansas silo with an oil stick crayon, setting a calendar that will see the edifice fully black in 30 years. In case clarification is required (and here I feel it may be), let me add that Martinez is a virtual character in a realtime 3D projection, *Oil Stick Work* (Angelo Martinez, Richfield, Kansas, 2008), 2008. By stepping into a rectangular pool of light, one activates a camera that tracks around the silo grounds, giving a degree of transparency to the site that only reminds one that gallery hours prevent a viewing of Martinez's actual performance. The presentation of Martinez as a minority labourer executing a conceptual script at a rural American facility compellingly weds social and art-historical issues, and Gerrard's use of programming technology to give a long-term timeline to an otherwise propositional action lends conviction to his project. My only qualm may be the assumptions spectators could draw from the necessity of their standing in a spotlight to activate the track. Does Gerrard intend a distinction to be drawn between Martinez's aestheticised, daily labour and the leisure that allows one to stand in a gallery and view this Middle American spread?

Paul Doran

Sunday

Time slows to a momentary halt in Irish artist Paul Doran's small landscape-proportioned paintings. Thick, impasto brushwork sits on canvas surface as if perpetually wet, and mountainous topographies produced by layers of underpainting bolster the representational quality of Doran's interlocking marks and geometries. These techniques go some way towards achieving his goal of privileging the 'handmade' over process-based art, yet the proliferation of short strokes and Doran's all-over treatment actually introduce methods of standardisation all the more interesting for arising through such painterly means.

Michael DeLucia & Luke Stettner *Never Odd or Even and What Was, What*

Infinite Patience

Haunch of Venison

Let's just get it out in the open: Stanley Whitney is the saving grace of this three-person show. Call me a sucker for expressive painting, but while the line that Kunié Sugiura pulls tight in her work between painting and photography serves as a conceptually compelling delineation of percept and affect, I can't help returning to the smallest of Whitney's gridded colour-fields, which are suffused with such brilliant hues as to change the temperature of an entire room. Neither document nor experience, James Drake's figurative drawings can't seem to make up their mind, and the inclusion of his paper cutouts as well as his sculpture is confusing in a show that ostensibly seeks to create links between the oeuvres of different artists. The common thread among Drake's works is assiduous labour, often manifest in the form of giant scale and 'more is more'. While for some artists working larger can enhance the expansive qualities, here bigger mostly just equals bigger (and sometimes worse - did I really say that? Yes). Drake's *A Thousand Tongues Burn and Sing* (1996), a wall-mounted gaggle of silvery appendages, is the closest he comes to eliciting a visceral reaction in the viewer. Next door, his gigantic paper cutout of a chandelier made me cringe. I'd naively thought we'd put that form to bed.

★★★★

(16 reviews to go)

Stage II

The Project

While not overtly the curatorial intent, this group exhibition hits on one of the big challenges of balancing mental life in New York City: realising where performing for a real audience ends and performing for a projected one begins. Many of these works play with the absurdity of reality, whether underlining and emphasising a quality that already exists, or abstracting it to allow for greater ease of access by the viewer. *Billy, Billy* (2002), a 13-minute video by European collective Superamas, traces the unfolding of an unremarkable but awkward housecall between a pair of friends of the opposite sex in a banal Paris apartment, during which it becomes clear that the hostess has a thing for her afternoon guest and maybe vice versa; the adult-clumsy tension is excruciating. At various pedestrian moments in the film, emotions are extruded by spliced-in clips from movies like *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986) and *High Hopes* (1988) that reflect, exaggerate or help to define the timbre of the instant. Rashaad Newsome's film *Untitled* (2008), a choreographed vogueing piece, was accompanied by photographic film stills, the first setting in motion, and the second freezing, the rehearsal of one of the most dramatic forms of dance in existence in a context of solitude. The pieces enact an impressive deconstruction of theatricality.

Robert Kushner *Silk Road*

DC Moore Gallery