

GALLERY & STUDIO

Andy Warhol at the Metropolitan Museum: All Galleries Lead to the Gift Shop

pg. 14

Andy Warhol (American, 1928–1987) Self-Portrait, 1967. Acrylic and silkscreen on canvas 72 x 72 in. (182.9 x 182.9 cm) Detroit Institute of Arts, Founders Society Purchase, Friends of Modern Art Fund © 2012 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York



Fran Lebowitz: The Girl Can't Type!
a new excerpt from Ed McCormack's **HOODLUM HEART**

pg. 10

DAG HOL

Magical Landscapes



"Fuji Mountain Full Moon" 30x40 cm. oil

November 27 - December 15, 2012
 Reception: Saturday December 1, 4 - 6pm

noho
gallery

530 West 25th St., NYC, 10001
 Tues - Sat 11 - 6pm 212 367 7063
 www.nohogallery.com

New Century Artists Gallery Presents

ENDURANCE

CONTEMPORARY ART SHOW

Curated by Basha Maryanska

November 20 - December 8 - 2012

OPENING RECEPTION
DECEMBER 1st 2012
From 3-6 PM

530 West 25th Street, suite 406, NY, NY 10001

Gallery open: Tue - Sat from 11 AM-6 PM

tel: (212) 367 - 7072

Rohan Baronette
 Dominick Botticelli
 Kim Blackhawk
 Willie Chu
 Robin George
 Any de Grab
 Maria Angeles Hegglin
 Luc de Man
 Larry Glickman
 Anastasia Hurlin
 Mirjana Kanuric
 Natalia Koren Kropf
 Inna Linov
 Dorota Michaluk
 Linda Richichi
 Mira Satryan
 Ariadne Scribetta
 Maurice Van Tilburg
 Magda Zawadzka
 Sook Yoo

NEW CENTURY ARTIST'S
GALLERY

December 20, 2012 - January 12, 2013
 Opening Reception: Thursday, December 20, 6-8pm



© Sofia Dorotea Kukkonen - Nike 3 Oil on Canvas 63" x 47"

The Odyssey Within - an exhibition of Fine Art by Greek and Italian Artists

Mariana Acuna | Laura Almerico | Stefania Buccio Gonzato
 Paolo Cristiani | Lucia Ferrara | Luka Hajdini
 Sofia Dorotea Kukkonen | Massimo Margagnoni
 Vito Matera | Silvio Natali | Fabio Pasotti
 Fabrizio Pinzi | Alma Sheik | Elio Talon
 Monia Tartarini | Franco Testa | Guido Villa

530 West 25th Street, New York
 212-226-4151 Fax: 212-966-4380
 www.Agora-Gallery.com
 info@Agora-Gallery.com

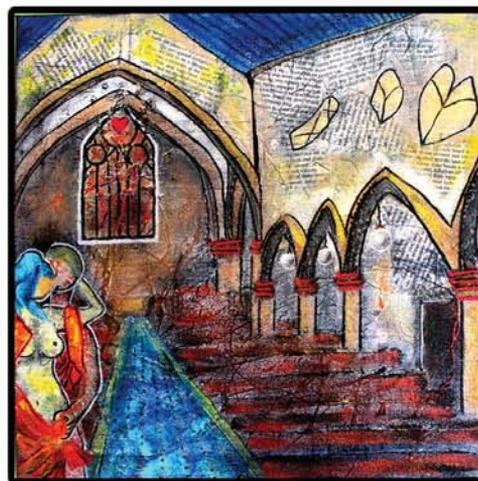
Agora
 Gallery



Penelope Przekop



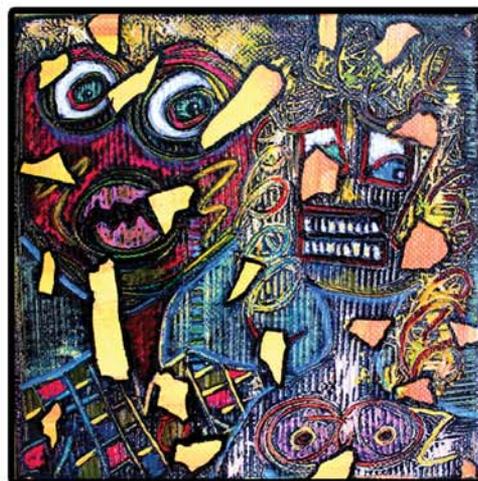
Leap Frog - 13'' x 15''



Exodus - 12'' x 12''



Curious Creature - 12'' x 12''



Better That We Break - 6'' x 6''



Dancing Queen - 6'' x 6''



Genesis - 12'' x 12''

Anne Bachelier Illuminates the Spirit of a Nineteenth Century

Anne Bachelier and Edgar Allan Poe!

... As soon as one learns that gallerist and collector Neil Zukerman's most ethereal art star has teamed up with that immortal master of the macabre, it seems clearly a match made in one of the nether regions of Heaven. For what living visual artist could possibly be better suited to illuminate the words of the haunted American writer who once said "The death of a beautiful woman is the most poetical topic in the world" than the retiring French painter of wraithlike ingenues who personify the Victorian ideal of "pale "tubercular" beauty?

The occasion for this auspicious marriage is "13 Plus One By Edgar Allan Poe," a profusely illustrated volume about to be released in both a standard edition and a Deluxe Collector's Edition by Zukerman's publishing company, CFM Gallery Books. Bachelier's abilities as one of the few contemporary colorists capable of approaching the Old Masters for evoking subtle chromatic qualities were made manifest in her previous illustrations for the same imprint, most particularly those for Gaston Leroux's gothic classic "The Phantom of the Opera," where she evoked the opulent setting of the Paris Opera House — its sweep and grandeur, as well as its shadowy eaves — with such breathtaking skill. Her line and her colors were a bit lighter and brighter in her illustrations for "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," as befit Lewis Carroll's more fanciful prose style and whimsical characters, yet her interpretation of the text was every bit as stunningly on the mark.

For the present volume, however, in keeping with Poe's dark vision, Bachelier has chosen to create oils on panel in black and white grisaille, substituting for her usual radiant hues a plethora of subtle monotonous and dramatic chiaroscuro effects that fully complement his melancholy magic.

The volume opens with Poe's best known and most tragic romantic poem, "Annabel Lee." Some believe this syncopated masterpiece about the loss of an early love was prompted by the death, two years before it was written, of Poe's wife Virginia, whom he had married when he was twenty-six and she thirteen. (In fact, the poem inspired Vladimir Nabokov's novel "Lolita," whose pedophile protagonist's lifelong obsession with "nymphets" was stirred by a



"Annabel Lee"



"The Black-Cat"

prepubescent infatuation at a seaside resort with a girl named "Annabel." And that the first nineteenth century American poet and short story writer to attempt to survive solely by his writing continues to exert a wide cultural impact is heard in poet and art rocker Lou Reed's tribute to him, an entire album of songs entitled "The Raven.")

For "Annabel Lee," Bachelier evokes the setting of a "kingdom by the sea" in bravura fashion, with just the most exquisite painterly suggestion of shadowy spires rising amid moonlit mists, turbulent white waves, and the cloud out of which covetous angels "not half so happy in Heaven" sent down a cold wind, "chilling and killing" and chilling the narrator's star-crossed sweetheart. In the lower right area of the composition, we see the girl in her long white gown, already brilliantly, spectrally oblivious, as her grieving suitor reaches out for her hopelessly in the all-pervasive gloom. Already there is nought for him to do but lie with her nightly in the necrophile's marriage bed of her tomb by the sea.

Next comes "The Black Cat," Poe's terrifying horror story about an alcoholic whose love for a pet feline takes a perverse turn, causing him to gouge out one of the animal's eyes with a penknife in a drunken rage and later hang it by the neck from a tree in his garden. Through a complex chain of such circuitous circumstances as Poe alone could plot, he ends up killing his wife and cementing her body into a cellar wall of a new house he moves into after the first one mysteriously burns down. The police,

investigating her disappearance, hear another one-eyed cat, with which he had replaced the one he killed, wailing inside the wall. It turns out he inadvertently buried it alive along with the corpse of his wife.

Although Aubrey Beardsley made a famous illustration for this story, Bachelier surpasses its merely decorative art nouveau appeal with an image more spookily worthy of Poe's harrowing tale.

Contrastingly lovely, if also supernatural, is Bachelier's illustration for "Eulalie" yet another Poe eulogy for a beautiful woman gone too young to the grave. Although Poe does not make her demise as explicit in the finished text as he does in Annabel Lee," he scrawled the phrase "Deep in Earth" on the original manuscript page. And Bachelier makes it crystal clear in her image of a ravishing ivory-skinned nude with tresses showering in luminous ripples of "humble and careless curl" beyond her slender shoulders, as she stands like a cold ivory statue in the portal of her skull-canopied tomb.

For "The Raven" (along with "Annabel Lee," one of Poe's best-known poems), Bachelier embodies the sheer terror of the verse in a monstrous avian figure — More frightfully formidable than any of the birds of prey in Leonard Baskin's "Raptors" series. Hovering midair in moonlight that reflects off the glistening black impasto which gives palpable weight and depth to its feathers, the frightful creature dwarfs Poe's harried narrator, as he shields his eyes with one hand and with the other attempts to wave it away.

Gothic Master in a New Volume from CFM Gallery Books



“Eulalie”

Here, finally, is the visual complement for which this immortal work has long been pining.

Here, as always, Anne Bachelier actually interprets the texts that inspire her, rather merely than exploiting them as a platform for showcasing her own style and sensibility, as all too many fine artists do when they condescend to work in book form today — and even as many full-time illustrators do, for that matter, in an era when picture books geared to adult readers have become precious rare. It is clear from her visual storytelling that she does not consider illustration a minor art form, but a high calling on a par with



“William Wilson #2”

painting or sculpture, which she undertakes in the spirit of equal collaboration with her close friend and publisher Neil Zukerman.

Zukerman, whose dynamic designs invariably return the favor by respecting and complementing her pictures, seems singlehandedly dedicated to restoring the stature that the illustrated book once enjoyed among grownups, as well as younger readers. And in Bachelier, an artist with a natural humility to match her genius (a rare combination, for sure, in an age of runaway egos!), which enables her to enter into a full collaboration with the author as well, Zukerman has apparently found the perfect

accomplice.

Her drawings and narrative paintings — as the monochromatic oils in this volume can only properly be described — not only thoroughly and thoughtfully translate the spirit of Poe into visual terms, but faithfully capture the spirit and setting of each specific story or poem. For example, for “William Wilson #2,” the story of a man of noble descent who has been plagued since his school days by a “double” who shares even his name (in which Poe can be said to have anticipated the modern problem of “identity theft” in his own peculiar manner), Bachelier depicts the climatic moment when Wilson finally confronts his namesake and nemesis at a ball, before dragging him into an antechamber and stabbing him to death — only to later be haunted at the man’s bloodied image in his mirror.

Also including Bachelier’s illustrations for stories and poems such as “Hop-Frog,” “Lenore,” “The Mask of the Red Death,” “Spirits of the Dead,” “Tamerlane,” “The Tell-Tale Heart,” “Ulalume,” and “Epimanes,” this is arguably the most lavish and handsome edition of any work by Poe ever printed.

— Ed McCormack

Artist’s book signing:
November 8, 2012, 4:30 - 8:30pm
CFM Gallery, 236 West 27th St., 4th floor
www.cfmgallery.com



Land & Sea

Curator: Linda Lessner

October 31 - November 18, 2012

Artists in Land & Sea Show:

Daniel Boyer • Silvia Soares Boyer • Richard Carlson
Charles Coates • Linda Lessner* • Pilar Malley
Dammika Ranasinge • Michelle Melo • Lucinda Prince
Marie Robison • Deborah Yaffe

Broadway Mall Community Center

Broadway@96 St. (NYC) Center Island

Gallery Hours: Wed 6-8pm, Sat/Sun. 12-6 pm

wsacny@wsacny.org 212-316-6024 www.wsacny.org



Free Expression 2012

Curator: Sonia Barnett*

November 21-December 9, 2012

Daniel C. Boyer • Silvia S. Boyer • Robert Eckel
Herbert Evans • Jutta Filippelli • Arlene Finger
Lula Ladson • Nate Ladson • Leanne Martinson
Emily Rich • Amy Rosenfeld • Anne Rudder

Broadway Mall Community Center

Broadway@96 St. (NYC) Center Island

Gallery Hours: Wed 6-8pm, Sat/Sun. 12-6 pm

wsacny@wsacny.org 212-316-6024 www.wsacny.org

Dag Hol, a Norwegian Painter Who Aims High “Along The Borders of Heaven”

In the popular imagination, as expressed in everything from serious poetry to inspirational ballads and love songs such as “Climb Every Mountain” and “Ain’t No Mountain High Enough,” mountains have always been symbols of spiritual or other aspiration.

“Because it was there!” George Mallory answered when asked by a reporter for the *New York Times*, in 1923, why he had climbed Mount Everest.

In his journal of that expedition, Mallory wrote: “Gradually, very gradually, we saw the great mountain sides and glaciers and aeries, now one fragment and now another, through the floating rifts, until far higher in the sky than imagination had dared to suggest the white summit of Everest appeared.”

Two years later, Mallory would attempt to reach that peak once again and die in the effort. But before he did, he further elaborated on what made the effort worthwhile, as follows: “What we get from this adventure is sheer joy. And joy is, after all, the end of life. We do not live and eat to make money. We eat and make money to be able to live. That is what life means and what life is for.”

One might say that making art is a vicarious form of mountain climbing. And perhaps for the contemporary painter Dag Hol, already well known in his native Norway, the metaphor applies more aptly than for most others, since at least two major paintings among the twelve works he will show in his upcoming solo exhibition at Noho Gallery in Chelsea were inspired by Mount Fuji, the highest peak in Japan.

Although he has been exhibiting in Norway since 1983, Hol first attracted widespread attention with his huge historical painting “The King is Thinking,” 1994, depicting Saint Olav and his army before the Battle of Stiklestad, in 1030 A.D. At 300x600 centimeters reputed to be one of the largest figurative paintings in the country, this ambitious and detailed work is now permanently installed at Stiklestad Kulturhus, a cultural center near the site of the battle in Trondheim. The painting was originally commissioned as a private gift and, in what sounds like an act of Dali-like showmanship, the artist reportedly “painted parts of it while dressed in authentic Viking gear, including a 13-kilo coat of mail.”

Legend has it that the battle of Stiklestad took place during a total eclipse of the sun. While this is widely denied by historians, Hol takes the artistic liberty of illuminating his multifigure scene accordingly for dramatic effect, with the glow of the red solar orb



“Fuji Mountain Moon Crescent”

dimmed by an atmospheric veil and the sky darkened as if by night, as the patriarchally-bearded king and his Viking warriors commune before engaging the enemy in a pastoral landscape that will soon be further blackened by blood.

In Hol’s latest work, however, the events of men and how they choose to recall and heroicize their history gives way to the even grander spectacle of nature unadorned, which invariably has a way of dwarfing even our most grandiose deeds and dreams.

Indeed Hol’s views of Fuji possess a natural magnificence that calls to mind a verse by the immortal sixteenth century Chinese poet Li Po about bidding farewell to an old friend embarking on a journey to a place far away amid rivers and mountains: “The lonely sail in the distance / Vanished at last beyond the blue sky / And I could see only the river / Flowing along the borders of heaven...”

Like Li Po’s poem, Dag Hol’s latest paintings seem to suggest the ephemeral quality of human life contrasted with the eternal power of nature, as expressed by Tu Fu, another great ancient Chinese poet, who wrote, “The nation is destroyed, the mountains and rivers remain / The mountains and rivers had always been there, they were there still, they would always remain.”

And like the Chinese masters of ink and brush painting whose sense of the eternal, captured on paper or silk scrolls, he translates so fluidly into the more physically palpable Western medium of oils on canvas, Hol imbues that which is mercilessly vast and immutable with the poignant suggestion of subjective human consciousness, however fleeting and ephemeral in the grander scheme of things.

“My paintings are ‘inner landscapes,’ even if they can be linked to particular places,” states Dag Hol. And encountering “Fuji Mountain Full Moon” and “Fuji Mountain Moon Crescent,” one is immediately struck

by the soulful stamp of individual human consciousness that he places on the pitiless face of the monolithic rock formation that the Japanese consider a sacred site and symbol of their nation.

Hol, on the other hand, sees the same mountain, in the manner as all of his inner landscapes, as a psychological and existential symbol. Thus he depicts it with expressive, if not expressionistic, strokes that, as the scholars of Chinese art insist, invariably reveal an artist’s character as clearly as the site he or she depicts. Hol is obviously in agreement with this view when he states, “I believe that the expression of the painting is hidden in the craftsmanship, in the strokes of the brushes and the palette knife” — the mention of the latter tool emphasizing

an important differentiation between the modes of traditionally Eastern and Western materials and techniques.

For, far more than to the linear quality of Asian art, Hol’s paintings are indebted to the full-bodied realism of the Western classical tradition, and related (at least through the overriding influence of European masters, ranging from Rembrandt to Turner) to the Hudson River School and the Luminists whom Andrew Wilton and Tim Barringer celebrate in their definitive text on Landscape Painting in the United States from 1820 to 1880, “American Sublime.”

Indeed, Hol’s vibrantly moonlit Fuji views, with their snowy white (“Fuji Mountain Moon Crescent) or volcanically ruddy (“Fuji Mountain Full Moon) peaks rising out of filmy white mists, possess an atmospheric majesty that recalls certain mountainous landscapes by Thomas Cole. Hol’s more dynamically close-up contemporary compositions, however, gain a purer visual velocity by virtue of being devoid of the tiny human figures that Cole — like the British master Turner and certain of the ancient Asian scroll painters, for that matter — stick onto some of their mountainous vistas like incongruous decals that often thwart the rhythmic flow of their compositions.

“One comes to bless the absolute bareness, feeling that here is a pure beauty of form, a kind of ultimate harmony,” the aforementioned mountaineer, George Mallory, said of conquering Everest two years before it ultimately conquered him.

And it is a towering sense of this awesome and unforgiving emptiness, at once exhilarating and fearsome, that this supremely gifted Norwegian painter gives us in his brilliant new solo show. — Ed McCormack

Dag Hol, *Magical Landscapes*,
Noho Gallery, 530 West 25th Street,
November 27 - December 15, 2012.

With “Divas” and “Dragons,” Kathleen King Expands Her “Flora to Fauna Fables” to New Dimensions

For all the fault a cranky Luddite like myself may sometimes find with it, e-mail does bring occasional wonders. I am thinking of the exquisitely beautiful color pictures my wife’s friend Diana Mullman recently sent her, with a text that said: “It comes from Central America and is found from Mexico to Panama. It is quite common in its zone, but it’s not easy to find because of its transparent wings, which is a natural camouflage mechanism. A butterfly with transparent wings is rare and beautiful. As delicate as finely blown glass, the presence of this rare tropical gem is used by rain forest ecologists as an indication of high habitat quality and its demise alerts them of ecological change.”

Redundancies in the e-mail text aside, looking at the pictures of the Glasswing Butterfly, as it is called, because its tiny, translucent wings “shimmer in the sunlight like polished panes of turquoise, orange, green, and red, my first thought, as soon as Jeannie showed them to me, was, “If this creature didn’t exist, Kathleen King would have had to invent it.”

One might add that King would have had to construct it from scratch with the products of raw nature, as she did for her newest series of artworks, for which she gathered dried leaves and flowers, barbed stems, and other detritus of the field and forest. Combining these raw materials with characteristically inventive aesthetic alchemy in the manner of an artistic Dr. Frankenstein, she created her latest body of work, pointedly entitled “Life After Life.”

Reversing the usual process by which sculptors make two-dimensional sketches as studies for three-dimensional works of art, King assembled “models” from which she made her newest series of large mixed media compositions and monoprints, working from them as if they were nude people posing in a life drawing class. And in the same way that another artist might include the preliminary sketches for more complex finished works, some of these models are included in King’s solo exhibition in Chelsea in their fragile natural state; while others have been developed as 3-D prints, produced via a plastic SLS process, that stand on their own as discrete sculptural objects. Eventually she intends to cast them in bronze; but at present they are realized in a sturdy and durable plasticized material that she paints over in brilliant colors to bring their often tactile surfaces vibrantly alive.

The energy that animates these more worked up sculptures springs, at least in part, from how the artist has left traces of the raw materials that she used to create them



“Natural Fiction Diva”

showing through the paint. Sometimes she goes so far as to further emphasize them with paint, as seen in the darkening of the veins in the leaves that she used to form the wings of one of her dragon sculptures. As if to put an even finer — or at very least brighter — point on the scientific theory that energy never dies: it is simply transformed.

In her elaborately worked-up mixed media drawings and monoprints, as well as their sculptural counterparts, King continues to mine the fertile ground between nature and imagination.

The forms in her newest “flora into fauna fables,” as she aptly defines them, have evolved from the bulbous Loony Toons biomorphism (with roots in the funky Hairy Who aesthetic of her native Chicago) that marked King’s previous series to a bizarre species of baroquely mutated figuration in which certain of the morphed fauna now

appear to take on anthropomorphic qualities as well.

Hovering between abstraction and realism the furling vegetal shapes in the composition she calls “Deciduous Dragon’s Offering,” for example, suggest an upright monster cloaked in an ornate opera cape, as it clutches what appears to be a bulb sprouting a long-stemmed plant in its claw in a manner as dramatic as Hamlet contemplating the skull. The angle at which its craggy head and rhino-horned snout is thrown back, like that of a tenor straining in the ascent to the highest notes of an aria, imbues the strange figure with a comic grandeur that has also long been an integral element of King’s work. Adding to the visual opulence of the composition, minute red-petaled flowers on thin, sinuous stems shed from the dragon’s crusty cloak to merge with the intricate pink, blue, and white linear network swirling rhythmically around the posturing creature, integrating figure and ground with almost Persian print intricacy and lushness.

Equally elaborate is “Natural Fiction Diva,” where the natural relationship of showgirls and flowers comes across in an especially colorful composition, as vivacious and busy as a Las Vegas production number. Here again, the veins of a leaf appear; only now not as dragon wings, however, but as fainter designs in the halo-like headdress or tiara crowning a bodacious botanical configuration with smaller fronds outstretched like graceful arms, perched on an organically patterned platform amid a shower of tiny, dewy buds, resembling stage-lights flickering on a blue curtain.

Kathleen King gives the admirable impression of caring little for current art world trends. One can only compare her in this regard to the 1960s art star Lee Bontecou, who after rising to become the only woman among Leo Castelli’s prestigious stable of artists in the 1960s, vanished voluntarily for thirty years. For like Bontecou, who only reemerged recently with a smashing new body of work, King is an independent and thoroughly original talent.

— Ed McCormack

Kathleen King, “Life After Life,”
Viridian Artists, Inc. 548 West 28th Street,
through November 5th, 2012.

George Oommen's Homeward Journey to the Center of Self

It was once verboten for abstract painters to admit that their work was "about" anything in particular. However, the permissiveness of the postmodern era has done away with the sterile notion that nonobjective painting must be discrete unto itself, about nothing but form and color.

It is doubtful that George Oommen, a painter and architect born in Kerala, a region in the Southwest of India, now a resident of Boston, would deny the place of his inspiration in any era. Indeed, for a few weeks of each year Oommen returns to Kerala, known to many as "an earthly paradise" for a fresh infusion of the light and color that emanates from his canvases. And although he cites the well-known British painter Sir Howard Hodgkin, along with the American Abstract Expressionists Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman as important influences, his overwhelming love of a specific locale as an impetus for creation recalls John Schueler, a splendid painter who forsook the New York School at the height of its fame to migrate to a small village on the seacoast of Scotland for its unique light and roiling cloud formations.

Vestiges of landscape are still visible in Oommen's acrylic on canvas "Visions of Kerala 22," in which one can discern languid palm leaves and mountains on the distant shore, mirrored in a clear body of water, the entire composition awash in a radiant golden orange hue.

Most of Oommen's recent compositions, however, (executed in a particular brand of house paints whose unusual spectrum of colors he particularly fancies) are sumptuous abstractions that project the tropical sensuality and atmospheric essence of Kerala rather than approximating the lay of its land.

A canvas called "Monsoon Magic," for one chromatically rich example, exploits vertical streaks of a liquified vibrant blue hue (sprayed with water to create drips) over a ground of a deeper, more nocturnal blue to evoke the downpours that saturate Kerala during its rainy seasons. To go from this painting, or "Rhapsody in Blue," an even more intensely saturated overall composition of layered drips, to the luminous composition of sunny yellow and orange hues that Oommen calls "Sacred Places Within You 32" is perhaps like emerging into blazing sunlight after traversing one of the Southern Indian Hindu temples where worshippers are enveloped by absolute darkness.

Another vibrantly bright painting by Oommen, "Visions of Kerala 21" projects a sense of tropical heat and verdant growth with a vivid golden orange stratospheric area hovering pregnantly above a low horizon enlivened by variegated green and yellow hues. Here,



"Visions of Kerala 21"

again, allusions to landscape appear, albeit interrupted by a mysterious blue-green rectangle at the lower center of the composition that subverts any completely naturalistic reading of the work.

Even more adamantly abstract is a tall vertical composition called "Harvest Time," the composition of which consists of a simple stately golden orange rectangle, irregularly streaked with strokes of yellow, poised between areas consisting of subtle variations of both hues.

It is a composition as entirely abstract for its formal austerity as any by Rothko or Newman, yet permeated by the light and heat of the artist's beloved birthplace. Perhaps what the paintings of George Oommen finally tell us is that no photograph in a magazine such as National Geographic or realistic representation of landscape can come close to the art of pure painting when it comes to capturing the intangible components of memory that cause our hearts to leap with joy. —Maurice Taplinger

George Oommen, Agora Gallery, 530 West 25th Street, November 1 - 21, 2012. Reception: Thurs. November 8, 6 - 8pm.

WSAC Artists Begin the New Season with Lively Diversity

When curator and participating artist / poet Anne Rudder conceived of an exhibition called "Warm/Cools" she was thinking of a show about the coming of Fall, when "summer romance is a memory and youthful optimism is tinged with wistfulness as days are shorter and cooler." But if some of the chosen artists wandered far afield of the intended theme — well, what's in a name anyway?

At least Rudder's own piece, "Autumn Song," is a characteristically lyrical watercolor depicting a pair of entwined lovers in an autumnal setting and hues illuminating a poem in which "Two Souls move as one / Petals whirl on dark ground / Yellow rusting gold days."

Beatrice Rubel also adheres to the theme in "Summer Fades and Autumn Arrives," a buoyant Miro-like drawing in colored pencil of a sun with beams resembling daisy-petals lighting a yellow sky above an expanse of pale blue in which gold, yellow, and red leaves float like a school of exotic fish passing under water.

Also possessed of a playful sense of wonder perhaps closer to the spirit of Alexander Calder, Amy Rosenfeld straddles two seasons in her freewheeling composition in oil pastels and collage on canvas, "Good Ol' Summer and Fall Days."

Realist Marguerite Borchardt takes a straightforward approach to a seasonal landscape in "River - Fall Reflections," in which luminous blue water, russet mountain

foliage are nonetheless somewhat abstracted in a manner akin to Fairfield Porter. By contrast, the oils of another gifted landscape painter, Nate Ladson, rely on the drama of light and shadow, somewhat in the manner of the British master Turner, for their explosive dramatic effect.

Two other participants lend their own kind of drama to the urban landscape: In her oil "Nighthawks - Harlem 2012," Ida Marx pays tribute to Edward Hopper yet imparts her own atmospheric touch to a nocturnal Dunkin' Donuts on a corner uptown, with patrons looking like laminated sleepwalkers through the big plate glass window and a homeless man slumped on the sidewalk outside. "City Scene" by Helen Henry conjures Brueghal by way of Red Grooms yet also lends her own stylistic panache to a lively crowded street where every window and store-sign is rendered in detail and the face of each pedestrian and driver is an individual portrait.

Abstraction also makes a strong showing in the work of Francois Inseher whose mixed media painting on glass "Harvest" is made up of many intriguing shapes, symbols, and color areas arranged within an irregular grid that gives the composition a winning combination of freedom and formal cohesion. Then there was Emily Rich, represented by some of her most bold and aggressive acrylic and collage paintings, particularly "Ocean Series #23," where converging areas of vigorously gestural

strokes, wavelike rhythms, and circular 3-D collage elements prove that Ab-Ex push-and-pull is still alive and well in the postmodern era.

Another artist who adhered to the seasonal theme, Herbert Evans, showed a composition in acrylic on canvas, entitled "The Birth of Autumn," in which jaggedly arranged photographic fragments of facial features, a semiabstract figure divided between areas of blue and brown and fiery orange hieroglyphics appeared to allude to Cubism and African sculpture. Then there was Joseph Boss who showed a group of small but powerful mixed media abstractions with richly worked surface textures, a broad variety of techniques, ranging from Pollock-like drips to Impressionistic daubs of brilliant color, that, viewed together as an installation, created an effect not unlike a jazz improvisation — perhaps by Charlie Parker — in many diverse choruses.

The final artist and the show's sole photographer, Patience Sundaresan is a vibrant colorist who held her own admirably among several her painter peers, particularly in Central Park Bubble, a magical image of a huge soap bubble, filled with luminous yellow, blue, and violet highlights floating high above the verdant trees and a lone, oblivious, little man.

— Byron Coleman

"Warm/Cools," recently seen at Broadway Mall Community Center, 96th Street (center island)

A Lifetime of Looking Informs the Art of Hedy O'Beil

One sees in Hedy O'Beil's paintings the work of an educated hand; which is say, of an artist deeply steeped in art historical references that she can automatically draw upon whenever she puts brush to canvas or paper, even to make the most spontaneous-seeming gesture. Snatches of Cezanne and Monet, along with a whole range of other modern and older masters, mingle with her own unique stylistic handwriting in a vibrantly varied melange of mark-making.

Like the late Fairfield Porter, another artist well versed in the language of the brush, O'Beil has been a critic as well as a painter for many years. But while Porter set himself up early as a sympathetic realist among Abstract Expressionists, drawing upon their immediacy to invest his figure paintings and landscapes with a singular freshness and vigor, O'Beil passed through several stages to arrive at the purity of line, form, and color that distinguishes her work today.

There was a period of flirtation with feminism at that moment in the 1970s, when to be a thinking woman artist was synonymous with being an activist against the male chauvinist bias of the art world. And for a time she was engaged with a surreal species of still-life painting. But by and large, through it all, she has remained faithful to



"Moonglow"

the "action painting" ethos of The New York School, which made her a natural shoo-in for the Pollock-Krassner Grant she was recently awarded.

In her new exhibition at Gallery 307, a venue in Chelsea sponsored by the Carter Burden Center to exhibit and celebrate older artists who are still doing vital work, O'Beil unveils the full flowering of a mature style. One sees her at her best in the energetic large canvas called "Moonglow," with its lively scrawled white and black ecriture, as freely

flowing as the elegant graffiti of Cy Twombly, exploding on a bright yellow field, further enlivened by bursts dark pink and gray-green above a jerky black line running across the lower part of the composition, suggesting a loopy cartoon mesa in the Arizona desert.

As its name hints, all vague landscape referents fall away in another large canvas that the artist calls "Jazz Red." For here, scrubbed and scumbled primaries merge with bursts of verdant green, areas of a funky dirty pink hue, and a serpentine baroque red linear form that twists and turns upon itself towards the lower right bottom of the composition. The musical title fits the mood, since this work is all about the exhilaration of improvisation.

Then there is "Sky Dancer," its dynamic composition dominated by a single large cloud-like form composed of boldly interwoven red and blue strokes. Suggesting a nest of upside-down alphabet letters obscuring and interrupting each other in indecipherable palimpsests, this monolithic form floats near the top of the composition

Continued on page 13

Hedy Obeil,
"Recent Paintings," Gallery 307,
307 7th Avenue, November 8 - 29, 2012

WSAC: Catching the Wind and Other Challenges

When that I was and a little and tiny boy,
/ With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
/ A foolish thing was but a toy,
/ For the rain it raineth every day," begins one of Shakespeare's most fanciful poems, which inspired the name and theme of a photography exhibition co-curated for the West Side Arts Coalition by participating artists JD Morrison and Janice Wood Wetzel.

Starting with the co-curators, JD Morrison's "Out the Window in the Rain" is an elongated bird's-eye view of upper Broadway with the gutters glistening and the treetops of the traffic island dividing the avenue blooming verdantly, like pampered plants in a window box. Another digital archival print by Morrison called "Clothing Radios" focused on the windowless side of a building covered with hand-painted advertising lettering so faded and further obscured by a downpour as to suggest a wall in old Pompeii.

Janice Wood Wetzel's digital print "Rainbow After the Storm" features a sky so darkly dramatic as to rival that in El Greco's "View of Toledo" brooding hugely over a dwarfed strip of skyline, the whole moody vista made magical by the ribbon of luminous hues curving down from a mass of cumuli. Another digital print by Wetzel, "City Storm Brewing," captures the lull and weirdly intense sunlight amid clouds preceding the event with characteristic attention to subtle atmospheric nuances.

In a silver gelatin print titled "Islamora,"

François Inseher captures windblown palm trees almost silhouetted by the blurring gusts of a tropical storm. Inseher also projects a sense of impending drama in "Confrontation," a view of an aircraft approaching on a runway, as seen through the windshield of another grounded plane in its path.

In her color digital print "Wet Green Leaves," through a cunningly cropped close-up of magnified raindrops, Jean Prytykacz makes an intimate subject monumental. And intentionally or not, in another picture called "Running in the Rain," Prytykacz conveys some of the "hey, ho" of childhood wonder that animates the first stanza of Shakespeare's poem (before it descends into the mundane woes of adulthood when the narrator comes "alas! to wive" and to carouse with "toss-pots" and "drunken heads"), albeit embodied in a young adult perhaps racing to arrive at the stop in time to catch the bus coming along behind him with its lights glowing blurrily through the downpour.

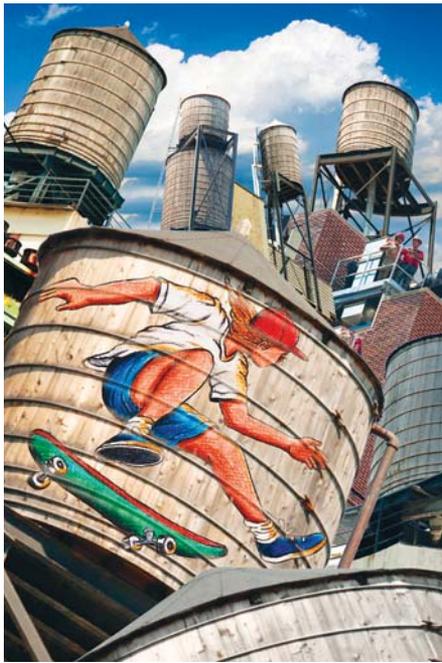
Could it be the bus stop he's racing toward is the very one that Amy Rosenfeld focuses on in her digital print "Look What the Wind Blew Down," lying flat on the sidewalk like a spear that missed its target, right next to one of those yellow NYPD CAUTION ribbons secured to the pole a nearby streetlight? Indeed, the wind rather than the rain is the element that Rosenfeld choose to photograph in other digital prints as well, such as one of a ferris wheel spinning against a blue sky.

Another artist who was challenged by conveying the elusive quality of wind, as opposed to the visible effects of rain, David Reibman suggested its movement not only with his multiple images of pedestrians strolling briskly along city streets but also with the irregular, somewhat lopsided manner in which he presented two or three overlapping prints within a single frame, as though the pictures themselves were being blown around in a gale. Thus still subjects such as "Nam Wah," the oldest tea parlor in New York's "Chinatown," and "The Gugg" (as Reibman abbreviates the Museum that Frank Lloyd Wright designed to resemble a flying saucer anyway) take on a breezy new velocity.

If one were giving an award for the most abstract pictures in the exhibition, it would have to go to Lucinda Prince, hands down. For her digital color print "Pluie Muette" is a lyrical vision of green foliage seen through a glass bubbled by precipitation and her composition called "Waterfall Window" is even wetter. But perhaps Prince's biggest accomplishment (they said it couldn't be done!) was actually catching the wind — or at least its blurred reflection — in the picture she calls "55 MPH"!

— Peter Wiley

"Hey, Ho, The Wind And The Rain,"
recently seen at Broadway Mall Community
Center, 96th Street (center island)



“Water Tanks”

Joe Chierchio is such a consummate draftsman, obviously capable of drawing any image — no matter how unusual or otherworldly — conjured up by his fertile imagination, that one might wonder why he

Joe Chierchio’s “Dream City” Series

would decide to add photographic elements (even if taken with his own camera from his own peculiar angle of vision) to some of the color pencil drawings in his latest series “Dream City.” All one has to do, however, is encounter a work such as Chierchio’s “Water Tanks” to realize that, at least in some pieces, the new approach makes Chierchio’s unique style of urban surrealism all the more magical.

Now notice how the clusters of real water tanks rocketing from rooftops high above the city streets are clustered together like a whole crowd of Wizard of Oz tin men against real cottony white clouds in an actual blue sky. Now notice the boldly drawn longhaired kid in t-shirt, shorts and sneakers, flying with his skateboard suspended in midair in front of the largest water tank toward the bottom-center of the composition: is he semitransparent because he’s actually an image, painted on it, like a figure on a billboard, by some equally fearless aerialist of a supremely gifted graffiti artist with Michelangelo-esque ambitions? Or is he the ghost of one of those young urban daredevils who, having veered recklessly off the wrong steep concrete slope at precisely the wrong moment, now rides the sky through skateboarder Heaven for eternity?

The extra layer of ambiguity that these new photographic fragments impart to the “Dream City” drawings of Joe Chierchio can also be seen in “Girl with Fruit,” where big apples, oranges, and pears in the foreground spill from a paper bag and roll along a cobblestone city street as a blond female runner, as comely and agile as the mythical goddess Diana in a tanktop-halter and shorts gazes apprehensively over her shoulder as she races along a dark city street with tenements and the Brooklyn bridge looming in the background. Here, too, the vertiginous angle at which the runner is tilted, as well as the disparate proportions and scale of the foreground fruits in relation to the architectural elements in the background enhance the dynamic pictorial tension, as in a dream.

Chierchio sometimes reverses the relationship of the photographed and drawn elements, as seen in “Sightings,” where the huge black and white photo-image of a beautiful brunette film star looms like a

Continued on page 13

Joe Chierchio’s paintings can be viewed at www.joechierchio.com

Rosa Tardiu’s Successful Marriage of Formal Rigor and Subtle Emotion

After decades in which recognizable subject matter had been abandoned for abstract modes of expression, some artists sought new ways of merging content and modernist aesthetics. In the United States, this movement, as practiced by artists such as Robert Rauschenberg, Jennifer Bartlett, and Donald Sultan among others, became known as New Image Painting.

Whether it had its exact equivalent as a critically defined tendency in Spain or not, Rosa Tardiu, a painter born in Barcelona in 1944, appears to be very much in tune with the goals of such artists, putting her own spin on new imagery.

One first became aware of Tardiu’s work a few years ago in a splendid exhibition at the Montserrat Gallery in New York City, where she showed a series of paintings on the theme of roses, stressing their formal qualities without ignoring the poetic and erotic allusions also associated with these sensual flowers down through centuries. And although roses still appear as powerful symbols in some of Tardiu’s paintings, various species of wildlife are the principle subjects of her new exhibition “Oro y Negro (gold and black)” at Gallery Aragon, in her native city of Barcelona.

That many of Tardiu’s new oils on canvas of animal subjects are painted as silhouettes not only strengthens their formal appeal yet, paradoxically, lends them a sense of nostalgia, which some viewers will associate with the black paper cutouts popular in earlier

centuries. Thus they can be compared at least on one level to the African-American artist Kara Walker’s simultaneously quaint and bitter silhouettes (actually executed in cut paper) of slaves and masters in America’s Old South. For like the black slaves imported from Africa in chains during that tumultuous period in American history, many of the creatures that Rosa Tardiu depicts are an endangered species.

This lends a tender poignancy to her depiction of a bear walking with its cub protectively positioned between its front legs. However, the hard-edged simplicity of the silhouetted imagery (here further distanced by being presented on a gold rectangle surrounded by a thick black border) prevents the painting from descending into cloying sentimentality. The black image, suggesting a shadow that could vanish with a change of light — just as the species itself could disappear if our world wide efforts at conservation were to slacken — makes this point, even while the painting makes a strong formal statement sufficient of itself to arrest our attention.

Just as striking is a silhouette of a lone deer-like creature poised on a rocky terrain as though about to bolt, as well as another oil on canvas of two such animals swiftly traversing a flatter plane on their delicate legs. In both compositions, once again, the artist’s unerring sense of space and composition enables her to captivate us primarily with the work’s abstract attributes.

The same holds true for Rosa Tardiu’s



paintings of a squirrel (here, in reverse negative, which lends the little critter a ghostly phosphorescence, as it scampers down a darker bough amidst thistles set against a nocturnal black background; a silhouetted wolf howling at a black moon; crow-like birds soaring against a gold sky bordered at the top and bottom by stripes; and other paintings of oddly stylized trees possessed of an almost Asian sinuousness counterbalanced by monochromatic geometry.

In each of her paintings, here as in previous exhibitions, Rosa Tardiu reveals herself to be one of those rare artists who brings about a perfect synthesis of purely formal and conceptual elements. — J. Sanders Eaton

Rosa Tardiu, “Oro y Negro,” Gallery Aragon 232, Barcelona, Spain, November 8-24, 2012 Tardiu’s work can be seen in the year-round Salon Exhibition at Montserrat Contemporary Art Gallery, 547 West 27th St.

Musician-Artist David Tobey Strikes a Spare New Note

A professional classical violinist with the several major orchestras (currently, the Westchester Philharmonic) as well as a painter, David Tobey applies the attributes of music perhaps more naturally to visual art than any other artist whose name springs immediately to mind. In both his figurative and abstract compositions, his rhythmic line is the melodic factor that binds their various elements together harmoniously.

Like Ronnie Wood, the guitarist for the Rolling Stones, who is an accomplished visual artist in his own right and has often painted his band mates in performance, Tobey (who was recently amused to find himself characterized, in a Sunday feature in Westchester's Journal News as one of the county's "Rock Star Residents" for his violin performances at celebrity weddings and parties (including those of Mariah Carey



"The Westchester Philharmonic"

and Jon Bon Jovi) has a natural fondness for musical subjects.

Indeed, Tobey's painting, "The Westchester Philharmonic," which can be seen, along with some of the works in his present exhibition in New Rochelle, on his website (www.davidthobey.com), is one of the more complex examples of his linear style. For this sixty-by-six inch canvas is a minutely detailed depiction of the orchestra in which the artist presently plays. Notice how his rhythmically swirling line unites the foreground figure of the conductor with the various instrumentalists fanning out from him. While the musicians farthest from their leader appear to be receding into deep space by virtue of their diminishing physical proportions and the illusion of deep space that Tobey thus creates. Notice how his linear mastery simultaneously emphasizes the reality of the two-dimensional "picture plane" that

originated with the advent of Cubism and has since remained an integral element of progressive modernist aesthetics. Notice as well how the same linear mastery, in concert with the high notes and chromatic accents provided by Tobey's sublime sense of color, also serves to suggest the lilting rhythms of the music that the Philharmonic is playing with the more abstractly wavering forms flowing fancifully and filling the space above the musicians.

The same sense of visual music suggesting audio nuances also animates Tobey's composition "Harpist." The comely female instrumentalist appears to meld with her instrument as harmoniously as the mythical Leda mates with her swan — the curvaceous neck of which the Baroque arabesque-like curve of her harp actually evokes, just as the linear bubbles surrounding the figure, as well as the mellow blue hues they enclose, suggest the instrument's rippling feminine notes.

Continued on page 13

David Tobey, "Imaginaries Part II," 52 Nob Court, New Rochelle, NY, Nov. 19 through the holidays, Reception: Nov. 19, 3 - 7 pm.

RSVP or to be put on the guest list:
david@davidthobey.com, 914-329-2581,
www.davidthobey.com

Robert Oelman and the Art of Seeing

With the progress of digital technology many photographers have become preoccupied with aping aspects of painting. No doubt, digital imaging has provided us with exciting innovations and new directions in so-called "painterly photography." At the same time, however, we have also seen a disheartening decrease in artful documentary photography.

"What I am about is a dedication to seeing all there is to be seen," says photographer Robert Oelman, who captures what is often invisible: the tiniest and most exotic insects, some of which can mimic leaves and camouflage themselves amid tropical foliage.

Amazingly, many of these species have never been photographed before and are often unknown to all but "the most specialized entomologists," the text announcing Oelman's exhibition tells us. Oelman and his assistant, Cristian Fernando Lopez, travel to the remote rain forests of Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru, to photograph the structurally diverse insects known as treehoppers; katydids, and mantids.

To take insect photography out of the field of scientific specialization and elevate it to the level of a high art, Oelman has developed new techniques and mastered the use of light and shadow in order to create compositions with real dramatic impact.

For the uninitiated, seeing these tiny bugs in his crystal clear close-ups is tantamount to encountering fantastic creatures from another planet — which they might as

well be, considering that the rain forest is a world apart. Take, for example, the print entitled *Tropidolomia sp./"Monte Cristo,"* which like all of Oelman's pictures is a color photographic print on fine art paper. With its long, spider-like limbs and delicate almost human-looking profile and long, tail-like profusion jutting up from its rear end, as it makes its way across a magnified leaf, it appears almost regal in its bearing. Indeed, it is as otherworldly as something sprung fresh from the fertile imagination of the nineteenth century French Symbolist draftsman and painter Odilon Redon — who actually did invent amoeboid beings and insects with human heads!

By contrast, the print that Oelman calls *Tropidolomia auriculata/"Rainbow,"* shows us a literally "bug-eyed" creature as squatly constructed as a frog, perching on its four spindly pink legs on a curved greenish yellow surface that appears to be the rind of a tropical fruit. As roundly ungainly as this tiny creature is, however, it has a feature of beauty and glory: two rainbow-striped wings of more radiant hues than those of most butterflies.

Unusual wings (or are they oversized ears?) are also a feature of another creature, in the print entitled *Membracis dorsata/"Ziggy,"* which has alighted on a large green leaf that it is attacking with what appears to be a large black, avian-like beak. This insect's wings — or ears, as the case may be — are a shiny shade of grey that matches the rest of its body, but they are decorated with bold white stripes



Tropidolomia auriculata/"Rainbow"

at both their broad base and their tapered, tongue-shaped tips.

There are many other delightfully weird mites to be seen in this menagerie of exotic wonders, including *Stenophyllia comigara/"Draco,"* an elongated critter that mimics the color and texture of the rough bark surface on which it is seen. There is also a contact sheet show of several bugs cavorting on leaves, its delicate colors reminiscent of an antique Sunday newspaper page of George Herrimen's immortal comic strip "Krazy Kat."

Also present to provide a broader perspective of the microscopic realm Robert Oelman's minute subjects inhabit is a breathtaking panoramic print called "Machu Pucca, First View," showing verdant mountain ranges enveloped by thick mists, as magnificent as any masterpiece of any scroll painting from ancient China. — Philip Wylie

Robert Oelman, Agora Gallery, 530 West 25th Street, November 27 - December 18, 2012. Reception: Thurs., Nov. 29, 6 - 8pm

FRAN LEBOWITZ: THE GIRL CAN'T TYPE !

an excerpt from *Hoodlum Heart: Confessions of a Test Dummy for the Crash and Burn Generation*

a memoir by Ed McCormack

Journalists and former journalists are inveterate name droppers. I'm not about to apologize for this. Names, along with stories, both on and off the record, are what we feed off professionally and dine out on privately. Popping up in a mundane conversation, the names of the famous are flash points, signifying the cut-rate immortality that, in a secular age, only celebrity can confer. He who can utter these magic names familiarly holds something like the powers of the priesthood when it was still widely believed that the clergy had a pipeline to heaven.

Curiously, celebrities are the biggest name droppers of all. Have I ever hung out with a well known actor who doesn't insist on referring to Robert De Niro as "Bobby?" And if the rock singer Alice Cooper, with whom I toured twice on assignment for *Rolling Stone*, told me once, he must have told me ten times about the time he played golf with Groucho Marx. The famous just can't seem to believe the company in which they find themselves!

But permit me to get personal, as I invariably do anyway. Not too long ago at a big family dinner in an Italian Restaurant called Goodfellas, on Staten Island near the funeral parlor where my favorite aunt, my aunt Delores, was laid out, a first cousin once removed made casual mention of a female rock star who had been much in the news lately. Immediately I was tempted to share a scene I had been privy to, between this singer and an ex-boyfriend, which was among the very few things I considered too gross and demeaning to put into print. But given the solemnity of the occasion, I swallowed my words, and for a while afterward felt noble for showing such restraint.

I didn't succumb to temptation even after the name of a TV chef came up at the dinner table and my cousin Jimmy Coleman, Aunt Delores' youngest son, a sanitation worker with a down to earth wit, mock-boasted, "I pick up her garbage!"

Only later that evening, on the ferry back to Manhattan, did I want to kick myself for missing an opportunity to share some inside dirt.

Such unseemly, often inappropriately timed impulses are among the occupational hazards of being in a profession that affords one close personal proximity to people about whom most other people are almost ghoulishly curious. It is even sometimes hard to control the impulse to drop the names of people one knew before they became famous and of whom, as a consequence, one is intensely jealous.

For example, before I became so drugged, drunken and depraved that only the Godfather of Punk, Lou Reed (light years before he stopped drugging and drinking



Bright Young Things (left to right): Writers Fran Lebowitz and Ed McCormack, and singer-songwriter Garland Jeffreys, 1971

and he and his wife Laurie Anderson became the downtown art scene's golden couple), was suitable company for me, I used to enjoy going to press parties with Fran Lebowitz.

One thing Fran and I had in common was that we were both autodidacts who had dropped out of high school and educated ourselves by reading. Another was that we had both once aspired to be beatniks (although having grown up considerably further than I had from Greenwich Village, in Morristown, New Jersey, where her parents owned a furniture store, Fran's beatnik role model had been Maynard G. Krebs from the "Dobie Gillis" TV sitcom rather than Kerouac or Ginsberg). Yet another was that we made each other laugh, however ruefully, by complaining about how boring every affair we freeloaded at was and how much smarter and more deserving of wealth and fame we both were than all those present who had already attained it.

This injustice obviously bothered Fran even more than it did me, because I can't count how many times she suggested, "Why don't we write about each other, Ed, and make each other rich and famous?"

At that time Fran and I both wrote for Changes and Andy Warhol's *Inter/View*. But because I also wrote for *Rolling Stone*, which had a much larger nationwide readership than either of those two New York cult publications, I must smugly have felt that I was already "almost famous," to borrow my fellow former *Rolling Stone* writer Cameron

Crowe's title for the feature film that, in his case, eventually eliminated the "almost" part. So when Fran suggested that we hype each other in print, I laughed it off — if not superiorly, as if I really didn't think she could be serious about such a scheme.

Although she was great company and I respected her talent, my condescending attitude toward Fran was perhaps best expressed in a conversation I had one day at the Factory with our mutual friend, Glenn O'Brien, who co-edited *Inter/View* with Bob Collecicello. When Glenn mentioned that he was about to type up Fran's latest column, I said incredulously, "You mean Fran still hasn't learned to type?"

"No, she always writes with a pen," Glenn told me.

"She'll never be a real writer until she learns to type," I said, as if to idiotically reverse Truman Capote's famous crack about Kerouac, by saying, "That's not typing, that's writing!"

Another time I ran into Fran at Max's Kansas City and told her my wife had left me.

"I'm so sorry to hear that, Ed," she said. "You and Jeannie always seemed like such a perfect couple."

No more than a few minutes had gone by, however, before she said, "Since you're not living together anymore, Ed, would you mind if I called Jeannie and asked her out?"

"No, not at all," I said, even though I actually minded very much, preferring to continue thinking of Fran as a friend rather



than a romantic rival. But if asked to break down our social set demographically, I would have had to estimate that it was probably about one third Straight, one third Gay, and one third Undecided, with everyone free to change places and partners at any time. Theoretically, it was a scene in which everything, and everyone, was up for grabs, so to speak. So it would have been bad form — not to say, unsporting — to wax prohibitively possessive about someone with whom one was no longer cohabiting.

A couple of days later Jeannie called and said, “Do you think I’m dating girls now — or what?”

“What do you mean?” I asked disingenuously.

“Your friend Fran just called to ask me out. I knew she had to have gotten my new number from you, since I never gave it to any of those Max’s people myself.”

“Well, who have you been giving your number to anyway?”

“You have a lot of nerve to ask that question. It’s none of your business, but I’ll answer you anyway: Nobody. Some of us have other things to do besides run around with everybody in town. I have a child that I’m responsible for: your son, have you forgotten? But you still haven’t answered my question.”

“Yes I did give your number to Fran. When I told her we were separated, she asked for it and I didn’t think you’d mind. You’ve always liked Fran, haven’t you?”

“True, I like her a lot better than most of those decadent characters you hang out with. But that doesn’t mean I want to go out with her!”

“I know, but I figured you’re a big girl,

so he doesn’t feel too insecure about our separation and everything. Being a reasonable person, she seemed to understand perfectly well, and it was all very friendly. But do me a favor, from now on don’t go giving my new number to anybody — especially not your freaked-out friends from Max’s!”

It was one of those edgy conversations that you have with someone who has decided, after years of trying, that you’re impossible to live with. But I missed Jeannie terribly and was always happy to hear from her about anything at all.

* * *

“Did you see ‘Factory Girl?’” a former Factory girl whom I had not heard from since the early ‘70s e-mailed me awhile back, referring to a recent film about Edie Sedgwick, Andy’s first Superstar. “It reminded me of how mean we all were back then.”

She was right; we were all so gossipy, competitive, and bitchy, even when it came to our good friends — at least behind their backs. In fairness to myself, though, I did recommend Fran highly to my then literary agent, Dorothy Pittman of John Cushman Associates. Unfortunately, Dorothy found Fran’s writing “arch and affected” and turned her down — a decision that had to haunt her, even if she wouldn’t admit it, after Fran’s first book, “Metropolitan Life,” got her compared by reviewers to Dorothy Parker shot to the top of the *New York Times* bestseller list.

Dorothy jumped into a hasty marriage, moved upstate to Ossining (Cheever country and home of Sing Sing Prison); suffered a devastating depression (we had one last phone conversation, and all I remember of

you know how to take care of yourself. I just didn’t want to come on like, you know, uptight.”

“Of course! I mean, God forbid that the super cool Ed McCormack should ever act uptight about anything!”

“Please don’t be so sarcastic. So what did you tell Fran anyway?”

“I told her basically what I just told you, but more politely. I thanked her for thinking of me and said I’d like to see her sometime in the future, but right now I’m really busy with work and trying to spend as much time as possible with Holden,

it was how sad she sounded and that dogs could be heard barking in the forlorn screen-door stillness of a suburban afternoon); then died far too young (of what, I never found out).

Looking back, I can’t help wondering if her miscalculation about Fran’s writing, along with the thankless task of trying to agent someone as unmanageable, irresponsible, and ultimately unprofitable as myself could have contributed to the general malaise that set the stage for Dorothy’s untimely demise.

But for all Fran’s talent and wit, who could have predicted at the time that this cranky, frizzy-haired munchkin of a girl would eventually become the author of two bestsellers, a frequent TV talk show guest, appear in a recurring role as Judge Janice Goldberg on “Law & Order,” and — the icing on the cake! — the sole subject of “Public Speaking,” a full-length HBO documentary by her good buddy “Marty” Scorsese?

So you can imagine how I felt when, as a consequence of having dropped Fran’s name to my editor at the *New York Daily News* Sunday Magazine (for which I was reduced to freelancing in the 1980s after burning all my hipper bridges), I inadvertently obliged myself to write a profile of her. It’s masochistic, I know; and it only makes things worse when the friend who has succeeded so spectacularly seems genuinely happy to see one again. Because if you’re anything like me, you automatically assume that it’s only because they want to rub your nose in their success.

Originally, I planned to interview Fran in her apartment, an idea that seemed to terrify her, even though I was sure her new digs at The Osbourne, one of the city’s grandest prewar apartment buildings, had to be a lot more impressive than the dark little tenement studio apartment in the Village where I remembered visiting her back in the early ‘70s (when if I remember correctly, she was still occasionally driving a cab to make ends meet).

At first she agreed; but on the morning of our appointment, she called to suggest moving our meeting to another, more public location.

“There’s some kind of construction going on next door and the noise is intolerable,” she explained with deafening silence in the background. “They seem to be using some monstrous new machine — it’s even worse than usual today.”

“Well, I was hoping to observe you in your natural habitat,” I persisted. “Maybe we could postpone it a few days. When do you think the noise might end?”

“Next March,” she said, suggesting that we meet instead at Wolfe’s Delicatessen on West 57th Street, right down the block from the Osbourne.

By the time her friend Marty filmed her for HBO in 2010, Fran Lebowitz would come to resemble the bastard offspring of some unlikely tryst between Oscar Wilde and Lillian Hellman — especially in the tuxedo-type outfits that I often saw her wearing in all those fancy party photo layouts in New York and Vanity Fair. But that day in 1986, aside from a few gray hairs here and there, she walked through the door of Wolfe’s looking not much different than how I remembered her over a decade earlier. She was still short, still smoked incessantly, and still sported the habitual blue blazer and jeans uniform that she adopted from our former publisher Andy Warhol. For all my mean-spirited cynicism, she seemed genuinely happy to see me as she made a beeline for my table, thrusting out a cheek for the expected social peck. And it was heartening to see that she still “wore life like an itchy sweater,” as someone once so aptly put it, as she launched right into a tirade about the college lecture circuit, which accounted for a large part of her income: “It’s too bad you’re not doing this story in the winter. I’m sort of the Willy

spaciousness was made all the more impressive by a conspicuous lack of furniture. Showing me into her study, where the only thing to see was floor-to-ceiling books, she said, “This is where my desk was before I sold it. Another excuse not to write.”

After fixing me a scotch on the rocks and herself a club soda in the equally bare pantry, she led me into the living room, where the only amenities were a lonely looking easy chair and a handsome sofa: black leather but not kinky. Producing a single ashtray for us to share as we both settled onto the sofa, she explained that she was selling off her furniture, piece by piece. Not that she was

“But I actually lived better then,” she insisted. “At least I could still afford to take taxis — even ones that I wasn’t driving. I haven’t taken a taxi in years unless someone else is paying for it.”

Okay, so I had been wrong in assuming that Fran had not taken public transportation in years. But I still guessed that her poor-mouthing was more than a little exaggerated, because I didn’t really believe her when she claimed that she had been afraid to collect an advance on her long-delayed novel-in-progress, “Exterior Signs of Wealth.”

“Since the book isn’t going to be a roman a clef like Capote’s ‘Answered Prayers.’ I didn’t fear libel suits. It probably seems completely illogical, but what I was more afraid of was that I’d make a deal, it would be in the papers, and some lunatic would appear out of nowhere to sue me — just for having money!”

In any case, fame more than money, had always been the currency we craved above

But I actually lived better then... At least I could afford to take taxis—even ones that I wasn't driving.

I have about the same amount of debts as Brazil.



You'd be appalled at how conservative most of the kids are today. They make me feel as though I'm talking to my parents.

This is where my desk was before I sold it. Another excuse not to write.

Loman of literature and you could keep me company on the college lecture circuit. Seriously, though, you’d be appalled at how conservative most of the kids are today. They make me feel as though I’m talking to my parents.”

“Believe, me, I get inklings of it, like the other day on the bus,” I said, although I was sure Fran no longer used public transportation and might not be able to identify. “I heard a college age kid sitting behind me say ‘I.R.A.’ to his friend and, naturally, being a child of the ‘60s, I assumed they were talking about the Irish Republican Army, until the conversation went on and it finally dawned on me that they were actually discussing their Individual Retirement Accounts.”

Fran laughed, and apparently comfortable now that we could still rattle on in the same old way, invited me up to her apartment, saying “I don’t usually let anyone who writes about me see my place. I wouldn’t even let Better Homes and Gardens in. But since you’re an old friend, I guess it would be okay.”

The apartment’s high-ceilinged

going into the family business, mind you; she simply had no other choice.

“It’s not the monthly maintenance that I can’t afford, it’s the loans I took to buy this place. I have about the same amount of debts as Brazil.”

“Well, it’s a hell of a lot nicer than that broom closet-with-hot-plate you had in the Village,” I told her, remembering how Jeannie and I used to invite her over for dinner once in awhile so she’d have something home cooked that wasn’t out of a can.

all else when we were both impoverished “bright young things,” to borrow Evelyn Waugh’s phrase for the characters in his novel “Vile Bodies.” That book was set in the 1920s through the 1940’s, when carefree young aristocrats and barely hanging on bohemians mingled freely in London’s decadent demimonde, drinking, snorting cocaine, attending wild parties together, and comporting themselves much as practically everyone we knew did in the 1970s. To her credit, however, unlike me, Fran managed to navigate through our own very similar era without the help of either drink or drugs. Her only obsession was becoming famous.

And now I couldn’t help wondering if she finally was rubbing it in when she reminded me of one press party at the Rainbow Room that we showed up for together, only to be told by the haughty door bitch with the list, “I’m sorry, but Rolling Stone was invited and Interview was not.”

I drew a blank and she gave no hint of how the incident, which would obviously have been more memorably traumatic for her than for me, had been resolved. Improbable a couple as we would have made, even for that time, I’d like to think I claimed her as my date and we were whisked right in. Or else that I behaved like a true gentleman,

declaring, “Well, I’m sorry, but if Fran Lebowitz is not welcome, I don’t wish to freeload in this dump either,” and taking my friend by the arm, gallantly stormed out. But since it was just as plausible to imagine myself retreating behind a potted plant to avoid being dragged away from an open bar, I quickly changed the subject to our erstwhile second home Max’s Kansas City.

The impact that the closing of Max’s as we knew it had on our social set can only be compared to how the party ended for London’s bright young things with the onset of W.W. II. Our friendship survived after Mickey Ruskin sold the place to clueless entrepreneurs who turned it into a punk rock club in 1974 — even if it was seriously soured (for me at least) by the publication of Fran’s first bestseller “Metropolitan Life” four years later. We would still run into each other at parties and various events. And it was clear that Fran’s runaway success had not changed her. But it had changed me. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that I had not changed my own situation sufficiently to still be on a par with her in the fellowship of the misery that loves company.

Nor could I take any comfort in that other cliché about it being lonely at the top simply because when we ran into each other Fran seemed as discontented as ever and just

as eager to resume our mutual grouching. Discontent, after all, was her stock in trade, and had obviously served her far better than mine had served me, providing her with a better class of problems and complaints.

Ignoring the more salient fact that I was either drunk or hung over most of the time and she was not, I tried to tell myself that the two books I had been contracted to write from scratch but could not seem to finish presented a bigger challenge than she had had putting out a selection essays previously published in *Inter/View*. But that wasn’t much comfort either, as “Metropolitan Life” continued to climb the bestseller list. And although I didn’t go about it in any overt way, but rather through a more cowardly process of avoidance, I found myself going out of my way not to run into Fran.

Yet here we were in 1986, reunited at last, and here I was agreeing vehemently with her that henceforth we should make a point of getting together more often than every twenty or so years. And I knew that she meant it when she called right after my piece came out in the News to tell me how much she had enjoyed it, then tried to pin me down to a dinner date.

I wasn’t surprised that she enjoyed the article; since there are few smells worse than the stench of one’s own sour grapes, I made

sure that my approach was not as caustic as it could sometimes be. (For example, in the final draft, when she referred herself as “the Willy Loman of literature,” I cut out my sour grapes editorial aside about how she struck me more as the Henny Youngman of literature.)

I put her off about dinner, promising to be in touch as soon as I finished a writing project I was struggling terribly with (something I was sure she’d understand, given her own decades-long block, to which she has come to refer as a “writer’s blockade”). Still, I was reminded of my promise a couple of weeks later, when I heard John Prine’s song, “Hello in there,” with the line, “Some day I’ll go and call up Rudy/ We worked together at the factory” — and found myself mentally substituting the name “Fran” for “Rudy” and capitalizing the “F” in Factory.

In the meantime, over two and a half more decades have gone by. I suppose what it comes down to is this: When a friend’s name becomes a name that you drop, it’s time to drop that friend.

* * *

Previous excerpts
from **HOODLUM HEART**,
a memoir by Ed McCormack can be read on
galleryandstudio.com

HEDY O’BEIL

Continued from page 7

above a spacious, freely brushed whitish ground with multicolored pentimento glowing through like fragments of neon in a thick fog. Here, too, a whole lifetime of looking at paintings comes into play, informing the succulent complexity of this single work with subtle shifts of gesture and hue that reward prolonged contemplation.

Few colorists of such intensity can compete with themselves in black and white, but Hedy O’Beil proves herself an exception to the rule in a series of smaller works on paper in India ink and oilstick on a nocturnal theme. Worked up with concentrated overlapping strokes, replete with expressive drips, these gemlike monochromatic works transcend all boundaries between drawing and painting, making a more modest but by no means less rich contribution to a splendid solo show.

— Ed McCormack

JOE CHIERCHIO

Continued from page 8

guardian angel over a group of young tourists on the open top of a sightseeing bus, presumably cruising through Times Square. Conversely, in another “Dream City” composition called “Coke Billboard,” a drawn face of a model, her glistening red lips sipping soda from a classic green Coca Cola bottle through a blue and white candycane striped straw, the verdant leaves of

real trees encircling her long pale neck like a green feather boa, graces the entire side of a photographed tenement building set against a luminous orange-streaked color pencil Fauvist sky.

Equally, radiantly gorgeous are Chierchio’s pictures of a real live model in a miniskirt checking her text messages on a real fire-escape, as giant rainbow-colored pigeons swirl in the foreground; or typing on her laptop while perched on a fire-hydrant in a grid of four different colors that suggests a Pop tribute to Andy Warhol.

Along with his innovative mixed media “Dream City” series, in the new mode he refers to as “Fusion Art,” Joe Chierchio continues to create his completely hand-drawn New York scenes, such as one in which an Amazonian beauty in a skimpy red halter lolling languidly near a lake in Central Park appears unaware of the little man with the net attempting to capture the colorful butterfly tattooed on her lower back.

— Ed McCormack

TOBEY

Continued from page 9

All of these same linear felicities are present, albeit in streamlined form, in Tobey’s new series of thirty paintings, in which he has switched his medium from acrylics to enamels on canvas, the same medium, most notable for its flowing liquidity, that Jackson Pollock used for many of his pioneering Abstract

Expressionist paintings. It is apparently not Pollock, however, who inspires this series — although Tobey shares that late maestro of the drip’s love of extemporaneous improvisation verging on spontaneous combustion! — but more likely the ancient Zen Buddhist literati painters of ancient China and Japan whose economy and sense of space these new works appear to emulate so gracefully.

“Reductionism and Synthesis” are the terms the artist himself favors for these spare, pared-down new nonobjective compositions, which he also refers to, somewhat jocularly, as “Rorschach tests for lovers of abstract art.” But the happy news for lovers of David Tobey’s earlier, more figurative works is that for all their sparseness and pared-down spontaneity these more improvisatory compositions, like those in his first exhibit of “Abstract Imaginaries,” seen last June at Pleiades Gallery in Chelsea, are still informed by the rhythmic and melodic lines that belong to Tobey alone. — Ed McCormack

Is your art website getting lost in cyberspace?
Contact Gallery & Studio at galleryandstudio@mindspring.com to find out how to attract the attention of collectors, curators, critics, and others who should know about your work.

Andy Warhol at the Metropolitan Museum: All Galleries Lead to the Gift Shop

by Ed McCormack

Covered in gaudy Day-Glo cow-head wallpaper, with glitzy silver helium pillows bumping around the ceiling like a traffic jam of blimps and Lou Reed, backed by the Velvet Underground, croaking their junkie anthem “I’m Waiting for My Man,” issuing from the sound system, this gallery in the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s “Regarding Warhol: Sixty Artists, Fifty Years” exhibition transports me like a time capsule.

Suddenly it’s 1971, at the opening reception of an earlier Warhol retrospective at the Whitney Museum, and Andy walks over and asks, “Have you met my wife?”

Of course I have; everyone who hangs out in the fabled Back Room at the downtown bar and restaurant called Max’s Kansas City knows this wispy little blonde, wearing big Holly Golightly sunglasses and brandishing a long cigarette holder as she hangs off Andy’s arm. She was Andrea Feldman — or simply, “Crazy Andrea” — before Andy changed her name to Andrea Whips because of her sadomasochistic tendencies. Tonight she has latched onto him with the proud news that she recently got mentioned in the New York Times as “Andrea Whips Warhol.”

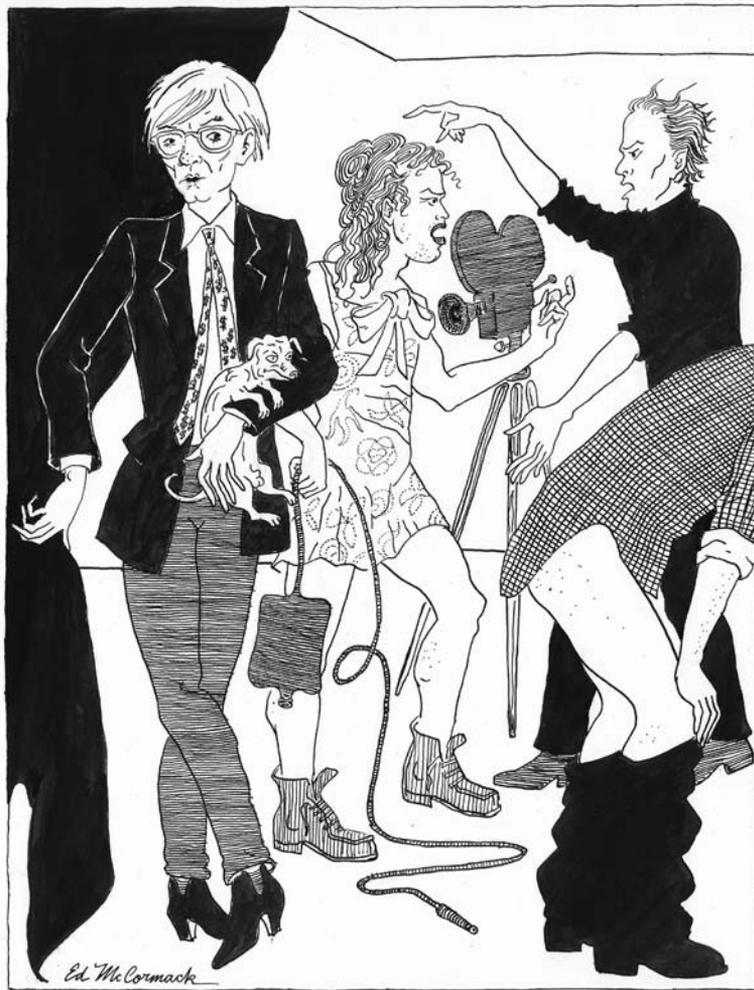
Now she takes a snapshot from her bag and shows it to him, saying “That’s you and me.”

“That’s not me, Andrea,” Andy says, laughing, “that’s just a poster of me!” Taking a pen from his breast pocket, he asks, “Would you like me to sign it for you?”

A year later, Andrea will commit suicide, jumping out the window of her parents’ 14th floor apartment in a high-rise on lower Fifth Avenue. She will leave Andy a note pledging undying love and saying, “I’m headed for the big time. I’m on my way up there with James Dean and Marilyn Monroe.”

On hearing that she landed so hard that she left an impression in the pavement (according to the Back Room gossip), Andy will say, “Oh, it’s so glamorous ... like leaving your footprints outside Grauman’s Chinese Theater in Hollywood!”

But Andrea is still raucously alive tonight, cavorting as though this fourth floor gallery



flocking around Andy: the world’s most convincing transvestite, Candy Darling, lifting the skirt of his silken gown to adjust a stocking and getting the evil eye from an actual genital female glamour girl who calls herself Ultra Violet; frantic little Eric Emerson, a star of the only Factory western “Lonesome Cowboys” and the same toxic imp who, with one of his skanky girlfriends, almost OD’d me one night at the Gramercy Park Hotel, jumping up and down in his leather alpine shorts and bouncy blond Harpo Marx curls; Brigid Polk, the corpulent refugee from The Social Register who shot up, bared her breasts, and extolled the virtues of amphetamines in a rambling monologue in the film “Chelsea Girls,” watching Andy’s back like a burly bodyguard.

“Yeah, Paul,” I answer after a long pause, “but that window is inside out: Never-Never Land is in here!”

* * *

In the early Seventies, although I freelanced for his magazine *Inter/view* and was listed on its masthead as a Contributing Editor, Andy

at the Whitney is Max’s, where she regularly jumps up onto one of the tables and performs her “Show Time” routine — usually an off-key rendition of “What Have They Done to My Song,” which she climaxes by burning herself with a cigarette or sticking a fork in her forearm and drawing blood.

“Andy Warhol is the greatest artist in the world darlings!” she exclaims waving her cigarette holder grandly, as the paparazzi flashbulbs pop all around her.

Passing through the crowd and noticing how she is upstaging Andy, Paul Morrissey, the Factory film director, comments wryly, “We’ll have to get you more interviews, Andrea!”

Then, turning to me, he points to a huge picture window surrounded by a yellow grid of purple cow-heads and says, “That window is the greatest thing in here. It reminds me of the one Mary Martin flew out of in Peter Pan. It had to be made much bigger than an ordinary window so she could fly through...”

Meanwhile, my attention wanders to all the Factory galleries and scenemakers

Warhol still struck me as a freaky novelty act. I regarded him warily and demurred one day when we were having lunch with some other people at Brownie’s, a health food restaurant around the corner from the Factory that served as its unofficial studio commissary, and he offered me a role in “Women in Revolt,” a parody of feminism that he was filming.

“You could be a hippie reporter for Rolling Stone,” he said. “You’d be ... great.”

“Great” was Andy’s favorite word; it could mean any number of things.

“Wouldn’t that be typecasting?” I said.

“Well, uh, yeah ... typecasting is great,” he said.

“Actually Andy, I’d rather write about this movie than be in it,” I told him (a decision I still consider to be one of the only smart career moves I ever made).

You see, I had spent the earlier part of the day watching the filming of a scene in which the drag queen Jackie Curtis, playing a militant women’s liberationist, was supposed to administer a revenge enema to a male

chauvinist hard-hat. As the actor playing the hard-hat stood with his pants down and his hands on his knees, patiently waiting for his big moment in film, Jackie and Paul Morrissey tossed the enema bag back and forth and yelled at each other.

“Goddamnit, Jackie, stop being such a prima donna! Stop acting like you don’t even know how to give an enema and stick it in!” yelled Morrissey tossing the enema bag at Jackie.

Jackie picked up the bag and tossed it back at the director, screaming, “Fuck you Paul, I’m sick of this shit! I’m sick of being paid peanuts to do humiliating things. How come Candy always gets to play the great lady and not me?”

And so on ad absurdum.

As Andy, who had learned the hard way to stay out of the line of fire, stood off to the side, watching this scene unfold while protectively cradling his pampered little dachshund, Archie in his arms, one couldn’t help wondering if this film was his belated revenge on Valerie Solanis, the crazed feminist who had nearly killed him: “ACTRESS SHOOTS ANDY WARHOL,” shrieked the headline of the June 4 1968 Daily News, “Cries ‘He Controlled My Life.’”

Tabloid melodrama aside, any casual observer of daily life at the Factory couldn’t help being aware of the Svengali effect that Andy had on his acolytes, many of whom would do anything — including change their gender identification — for the chance to act out their psychodramas in his films. In the decades since Andy passed posthumously into art history, his influence has spread far beyond the Factory and its environs, as seen in the exhibition at The Met, which features 45 of his own works, along with 100 or so by but a small fraction of those who have followed his lead over the past half-century. (So prevalent, in fact, is the mark he has left on the culture at large — particularly in commercial film — that, while watching Sofia Coppola’s “Somewhere” on DVD recently, all those static shots of Stephen Dorff slumping semi-comatose on a sofa in the Chateau Marmont reminded me of nothing so much as Andy’s “Sleep” or “Empire State Building.”)

The section of the show wall-tagged “Daily News: From Banality to Disaster” includes Andy’s early, monochromatic “hand-painted Pop” works, from 1961, such as “Coca-Cola,” “Dr. Scholls Corns,” and “Icebox,” in which traces of sketchy Abstract Expressionist brushwork and gestural drips still linger in depictions of a single Coke bottle, a foot dotted with corn-plasters, and an open fridge stocked with food products. Color first comes into play a year later in the 1962 classic “Big Campbell’s Soup Can, 19 cents (Beef Noodle).” But by 1963 — perhaps inspired

by the purple numerals of the price, applied with a stamp rather than a brush, to the lid of that first monumental can — the touch of the human hand gives way to silkscreening, a more precise and effortless method for replicating the look of mass production. With this move Andy has already launched the offensive against tradition that will provoke a drunken Willem de Kooning, cornering him at a party, to shout, “I hate you! You’re a killer of art, you’re a killer of beauty, and you’re even a killer of laughter.” And forever after the Abstract Expressionist master would refer to him as “Andy Asshole.”

In truth, Andy was hardly Pop’s first offender. By the time he painted his first soup cans (premiered not in the chic New York art world but at the Ferus Gallery, a small, relatively obscure venue in the Los Angeles beatnik ghetto of Venice Beach), Roy Lichtenstein had already unveiled his comic strip paintings, Jasper Johns had exhibited a sculpture consisting of two gilded Ballentine Ale cans, and Claes Oldenburg had opened “The Store,” an East Village prototype of Keith Haring’s Pop Shop, peddling plaster replicas of consumer goods ranging from birthday cakes to underwear. But at a time when closeted gay artists such as Johns and Robert Rauschenberg were still affecting the macho manner of Abstract Expressionist bully boys like de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, and Franz Kline (even while paying their loft-rent with day-jobs as window dressers at pisselegant boutiques and department stores uptown), Andy’s unabashedly “swishy” persona and the campy quality of his work made him an easier target. Even his idol Truman Capote, whom Andy practically stalked when he first came to New York from Pittsburgh (much as other young fans would later trail Andy), dismissed him as “a Sphinx without a secret.” It was Andy, however, who came up with a characteristically practical solution years later when Capote was finally too burnt out and addled by drugs and alcohol to accomplish the meticulous prose for which he was well known: He made Truman a gift of a tape recorder with which to dictate articles for *Inter/view*.

On the plus side, too, Andy’s gawky, inarticulate awkwardness made him appealingly mediagenic in the manner of a shy, charmingly ditzy starlet. And his spectacular celebrity and success eventually made him a role model for a younger generation of artists in the segment of the show called “Queer Studies: Shifting Identities.”

Keith Haring reprises one of Andy’s iconic portrait subjects with a typically graffiti embellished image of Elvis Presley; Peter Hujar, best known for his poignantly glamorous Gelatin silver print “Candy Darling on his Deathbed,” but represented here by a more campily lighthearted picture



Andy Warhol (American, 1928–1987)
Cow Wallpaper
1966 Silkscreen on wallpaper
46 x 28 in. (116.8 x 71.1 cm) each
The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh
© 2012 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

of another now deceased drag actor, “Ethyl Eichelberger as Medea,” 1979; and Robert Mapplethorpe with a self-portrait posing like a faun in a Fellini film.

Also included are Catherine Opie’s silver dye bleach print “Dyke, 1992,” a rear view of a shirtless young woman with cropped hair and the epithet of the title tattooed on the back of her neck; David Hockney’s 1964 oil on canvas “Boy About to Take a Shower”; and Andy’s own Polaroid print “Self-portrait (in Drag)” 1981. Taking off from the latter work, Douglas Gordon’s C-print of himself in a white fright wig, “Self-Portrait as Kurt Cobain, as Andy Warhol, as Mira Hindley, as Marilyn Monroe,” 1966, is simply silly. Not in the show but reproduced under the heading “The Warhol Effect: A Visual Archive” in the hefty exhibition catalogue, Gillian Wearing’s “Me as Warhol in Drag with Scar” also refers to Alice Neel’s famous portrait of Andy showing off his bullet wounds, and is an even more intricate gender charade by virtue of Wearing being a woman artist. Also reproduced in the catalogue (a handy annex to the show, as well as a helpful resource for making connections that viewers distracted by the Met’s maximalist installation might miss) is “Not Warhol,” a towering pyramid of exact replicas of the trompe l’oeil Brillo boxes that marked Andy’s first foray into “sculpture” in 1964, which the well known “appropriationist” Mike Bidlo showed at Lever House in 2005.

* * *

Andy’s switch, relatively early in his career, from hand-painting to the more mechanical process of silkscreen printing, could be said to have played right into the nineteenth century philosopher and culture critic Walter Benjamin’s theory that “what withers in the age of the technological reproducibility of the work of art is the latter’s aura.” Indeed, in his portraits, particularly, he even appeared to parody the absent auras with the brash Day-Glo hues that glossed up his silkscreened photo images of stellar celebrities such as Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, indicating how personalities are “packaged” like canned soup or boxed scouring pads. Naturally, the moneyed non-celebrities who commissioned

portraits through Fred Hughes, the Factory's dapper liaison with high society, demanded the same slick packaging, and Andy was only too happy to halo them as well.

Paradoxically, Andy employed the same mechanical process to impart a powerful emotional impact to "Nine Jackies," 1964, a large grid of images of Jacqueline Kennedy smiling radiantly in the motorcade convertible just minutes before the first shots were fired in Dallas. In all nine of the squares that make up the composition, JFK can be seen seated on the other side of his wife, also smiling, painted over to varying degrees, resulting in just a faint linear likeness, already spectral.

The possible argument that the unnamed photographer who took the original picture deserves equal credit for the power of the image fails to hold up when one considers how Andy's deliberate repetition of it creates a cinematic sequence that simultaneously evokes the slow-motion movement of a motorcade and a crucial moment frozen in time, just before something tragic happens. Notice that there are no halos here: just a dull, faded blue hue, sans the fluorescence of Day-Glo, fading to grimy newsprint white and dull tan in the last two boxes of the grid. Yet, even without added glitz, the elusive aura whose absence Walter Benjamin bemoaned returns, making "Nine Jackies" as poignantly close as our age has produced to a bona fide masterpiece of history painting.

* * *

In the section of the show tagged "Portraiture: Celebrity and Power" perhaps the artist upon whom Andy had the worst influence is the irredeemably vulgar Jeff Koons, whose glazed ceramic sculpture "Michael Jackson and Bubbles," 1988, a life-size effigy of the late singer and his pet monkey, is quite predictably one of the most popular works in the exhibition. The top contender for the most stylistically irrelevant piece in the show, despite being a celebrity portrait, may be the bombastic neoexpressionist Julian Schnabel's characteristically ham-handed portrait of Barbara Walters — unless one wishes to justify it simply as an example of Warholian "branding," since the catalogue notes that Schnabel "applied his signature broken plate painting technique to the ubiquitous American television interviewer." (Despite being a weak imitation of Francis Bacon, sans that maestro of the grotesque's muscular push and pull, Schnabel's 1982 oil on velvet "Portrait of Andy Warhol" might have made a more appropriate choice.)

Elizabeth Peyton hardly does herself proud either, with "Blue Kurt," 1995, a characteristically precious and idealized little oil of Kurt Cobain, unless a fey academic cum storybook approach can be accepted as part and parcel of the postmodern



Andy Warhol (*American, 1928–1987*)
Nine Jackies, 1964, Acrylic and silkscreen on canvas, 65 x 53 x 2 in. (165.1 x 134.6 x 5.1 cm) overall, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Gift of Halston, 1983(1983.606.14-.22)
© 2012 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

permissiveness Warhol hath wrought. Ditto for Karen Kilimnik, who casts Paris Hilton as "Marie Antoinette out for a walk at her petite Hermitage, France, 1750," which the mountains-out-of-molehills prose of the catalogue informs us, "demonstrates an uncomfortable continuity between spoiled women equally out of touch with the masses." (Only, that is, if you can put amusing the cake-eating "masses" with Page Six items about Paris' minor busts for drunk driving or cocaine possession on a par with Marie Antoinette's eventual beheading by guillotine!)

In this portrait gallery, too, Andy outdoes the followers whose banality he inspired with the radical originality of his "Screen Tests": filmed portraits of an unblinking Lou Reed and a bored-looking Nico, two icons of unflappable cool whose stillness on film approaches that of his 8-hour epic "Empire State Building."

In the section of the exhibition "Consuming Images: Appropriation, Abstraction, and Seriality," all you will probably get from Christopher Wool's maddeningly monotonous black and white 1988 pattern painting, "Untitled," 1988, is a headache. On the other hand, Vik Muniz's "Action Photo II (after Hans Namuth), a detailed appropriation of a famous photo of Jackson Pollock at work, executed entirely in dripped chocolate and re-photographed for posterity, has to be some kind of tour de force. By contrast, although Andy, in his usual disingenuous manner, would surely have

denied it, it's difficult to avoid wondering if his "Oxidation Painting" 1978, (part of a series originally called "Piss Paintings" and produced by inviting male visitors to urinate on large canvases prepared with metallic copper paint and stretched out on the Factory floor) is not only a parody of Pollock-like abstraction — scorned by the philistine masses but spared the snobbish critical sneers that greeted Pop — but also his belated, last-laugh answer to de Kooning's accusation that he had killed not only painting but laughter itself!

The final segment of the show, "No Boundaries: Business, Collaboration, and Spectacle" puts a heavy emphasis on Andy's philosophy that "Good business is the best art." Ignoring the ages-old boho taboo against "selling out," he went into the music business, producing albums and concerts for The Velvet Underground; branched out into mass market publishing with Inter/View; moved his films out of experimental avant-garde venues into commercial theaters; signed with the Zoli agency to model professionally and do product endorsements; appeared as himself on television shows, including "Love Boat" and (lending his voice to an animated Andy caricature) "The Simpsons";

produced his decorative flowers and ironically blatant dollar sign paintings. And, by example, he encouraged younger artists, such as Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Basquiat, and Japan's Takashi Murakami to market themselves just as aggressively.

The galleries turn into a gaudy mall of artist "products," including a brilliantly colorful room installation of smiley-face flowers and cuddly "superflat" cartoon bunnies by Murakami; Jeff Koons' kitschy floral "Wall Relief with Bird," 1981, and "Pink Crush," Polly Apfelbaum's 2007 throw-rug floor piece in dye on synthetic velvet — all indebted to Andy's decorative series of silkscreened "Flowers," of which variously colored versions, produced from 1964 to 1968, are on view, along with a selection of his blatantly iconic 1981 "Dollar Sign" paintings.

After ending in the cow-head wallpaper gallery where we began and which served as our Proustian madeleine for this time trip, there was nowhere else to go but the museum's gift shop, presently featuring hard and soft cover editions of the catalogue, Warhol t-shirts, reproductions of Avedon portraits of the Factory Superstars, Marilyn Monroe coffee mugs, Warhol Flower scarfs, and a host of other related products.

It was so tacky; Andy would have loved it!

The Singular Vision of Alexander Kanevsky

Like the young Julian Schnabel during his meteoric rise in the 1980s, when he was hyped more like a rock star than a painter, Alexander Kanevsky is an artist whose career seems to thrive on hype and controversy.

"My painting was suppressed for twenty years by my teachers in school," Kanevsky, who grew up in Soviet Russia before immigrating to the United States in 1990, told *The New York Times*, after his painting of two amorously entwined nudes, "The Couple," displayed in the window of a gallery in New Haven, caused a small commotion when a passing pedestrian reported it to the mayor's office as obscene. Remembering his youthful experiences in his homeland for the reporter from the *Times*, the artist added, "They said, 'If you continue with this, your future will be jail and extinction.'"

Culturally concerned citizens were also quoted: "It just scares me when anyone says anything about taking art out of a window in any way that it is said," said Phyllis Satin, the owner of two local galleries. "The political feeling in the country is reflected in this small incident. That really saddens me because New Haven is such a culturally rich town."

Helen Kauder, the coordinator of arts festival called the situation "incredibly disturbing," comparing it to the fiasco that New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani had caused a year earlier, when he opposed the "Sensation" exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum.

Apparently not wishing to have this tempest in a local teapot turn into a similar media circus, New Haven Mayor John DeStefano told the *Times*, "We are going to call the painter tomorrow and offer to display the work in City Hall."

Somehow the offer was parlayed into a 2001 solo exhibition of several paintings by Kanevsky at New Haven City Hall, the Mayor reportedly telling the artist, "Alexander, I hope you continue to challenge us. It would be a dull place if it weren't for people like you."

By then Kanevsky, had already challenged art audiences in Soho, around the country, and as far away as Bologna, Tokyo, and Dubai with paintings that can sometimes come across as combining elements of Hieronymus Bosch and Francis Bacon. A writer as well as a painter, he had also written and (and in some cases illustrated) novels with titles such as "Oblivion," "Phantasmagoria," and "Cancer and Schizophrenia," which, although one has not read them, suggest a literary equivalent of his visual mode.

In his solo show at Ward-Nasse Gallery in Soho offered an extensive selection of the artist's oeuvre, giving an idea what all the fuss is about. Like the aforementioned Bosch and Bacon, Kanevsky appears to be a maestro of humanist grotesquerie. Nudes

in his paintings, like the two in the work that set off the highly publicized alarm in Connecticut, tend to blend into ungainly protoplasmic masses with bloated breasts and flaccid genitals whose embraces can suggest cannibalism as much as lovemaking. For his figures seem to consume each other with a passion so intense as to call to mind how the female praying mantis literally eats the male in the wake of intercourse.

In another of Kanevsky's compositions, for example, a musclebound Hercules appears to peer over his boulder-like shoulder in distress, as though to call for help, as he grapples with a giant female nude. Her expression is contrastingly placid, her huge cow-eyes almost bored-looking as she envelops him with her opulent flesh and strokes his rippling back with a huge hand as pale as that of the Grim Reaper, although padded — like the enormous pink-nippled breast engulfing his torso — with flesh.

If you are one of those who believe that the modest often have much to be modest about, you will applaud Kanevsky's billing



"The Couple"

worst, depending on one's point of view) ever went so far in either the grandiosity of the goal or the effort to reach it as Kanevsky does in a triptych depicting a bearded deity gripping an orb in which human figures take the place of land-masses, as a tempest of other tiny figures swirl around him like souls trapped between Heaven and Earth. Just as bold in conception are paintings in which classical themes take on a surreal twist as in one antically roiling painting where nude Amazonian marauders appear to be avenging the Rape of the Sabine Women, as they carry off struggling satyrs on horseback. In yet another painting by Kanevsky the traditional theme of Madonna and Child is given new meaning with an image, as monumental as one of Orozco's murals, in which the black-shawled maternal figure appears to be administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to her infant surrounded by smoke in a nocturnal war-torn landscape.

Part of the challenge of Alexander Kanevsky's paintings is interpreting their often dazzlingly intricate compositions, combining whole and bizarrely fragmented human and sometimes animal figures in almost orgiastic masses that boggle the eye and mind. In other works he applies his imagination to specific themes, as seen in his "Hamlet," and "Alexander on the Grave of Achilles," both acquired by Peter Kyle, the General Director of the Royal Shakespeare Globe Theatre of London. As Kanevsky's newest exhibition in Soho demonstrates, to encounter this uniquely gifted Russi émigré's vision is a singular experience.

— Byron Coleman



"St. Peter"

himself on the headline of his website as a "Super Renaissance Man." And you will also appreciate the chutzpah (reminiscent of Norman Mailer's oft-stated Oedipal desire "to go ten rounds with Papa Hemingway") that makes this contemporary painter vow to surpass Leonardo deVinci and be "not only better but the best."

Surely not even Schnabel at his best (or

Alexander Kanevsky,
www.alexanderkanevsky.com,
Ward-Nasse Gallery, 178 Prince Street,
through November 14, 2012

The Group Show “Endurance” at New Century

The title “Endurance,” which can suggest both the effort it takes to create engaging art and the hope that what one makes will have a lasting influence, determines the multiple themes of a new group exhibition curated by Basha Maryanska.

For starters, this show is rich in what can only be characterized as conceptual sculpture: Sook Yoo is an artist who breaks down all barriers between East and West in her sculptures, characterized by freedom and playfulness. There is nothing frivolous, however, about these pieces, inspired by Buddhist concepts of reincarnation, cosmic affinity, and the cycle of life. In Yoo’s “Global Village, a large circular construction of twigs and wire, resting on five large boulders suggests a huge crown of thorns and both a sense of connected and universal suffering.

Another innovative sculptor, Belgium’s Luc De Man, employs diverse techniques, such as bronze casting, black marble carving, wood carving and steel construction, to bring about a harmonious synthesis between art and nature. In his series of monumental “Cubes,” installed in the city of Dendermonde, Belgium, by virtue of a cooperation between civic authorities and the National Academy, a combination of transparent materials and negative spaces enables the viewer to enjoy the scenery framed by the geometric forms.

A more figurative approach characterizes the sculptures of Kim Blackhawk, who began with mixed media Native American doll sculpture and evolved to complex figures of “Fish Men,” modeled in clay, their muscular biceps bulging with detailed veins, their lower limbs replaced by scales and merman tails. Blackhawk’s anatomical skill makes these hybrid beings surprisingly believable as they wield three-pronged spears in the manner of King Neptune, their long hair flowing as if ruffled by underwater currents.

Abstract painters in various modes and mediums also make a strong showing: Inna Linov, a widely exhibited artist born in the Ukraine, presently living and working in Stamford, Connecticut, creates works in acrylic on canvas, featuring vibrant colors and bold forms. In Linov’s large “Overcome,” for example, brilliant red vertical bars dominate the upper part of the composition, while more scumbled white forms with bits of blue pentimento showing through line the lower half of the picture space. Linov’s approach is spontaneous and visceral, with crisscrossing scratches scoring some of the paint surfaces, adding a tactile appeal to the composition to complement its formal and coloristic strength.

The Polish artist Mira Satryan, on the other hand, is a lyrical expressionist whose luminous reds, yellows, and blues, sumptuously brushed, flow like multicolored smoke. There is something transcendent about Satryan’s forms and effervescent colors that harks back to the pioneering abstractions of Kandinsky, Kupka, and others who took inspiration from spiritual disciplines at the turn of the century to evoke what could not be seen in the natural world. Unlike many latter-day abstractionist’s there is nothing affected or false in her approach; she is transmitting a sense of cosmic consciousness that she apparently comes to through a deeply intuitive sense of color and form that lights up her compositions with a vivacious sense of light and life. Although she strives to capture “how fragile everything is” in what she refers to as “a world of passing,” she paradoxically renders the perishable immutable in

her sumptuously brushed compositions.

The muscularly interwoven forms in the paintings of Larry Glickman remind one of Indian Pattern painting and the rugged compositions of the independent Abstract Expressionist Clyfford Still, who thought of himself as something of a shaman. For like Still, Glickman appears to harness the power of primal forces in his fiery compositions, with their flowing shapes and subtle variations of scarlet and purple hues that set off chromatic fireworks when they play off against each other. Although there are no direct references to nature in these paintings, one gets a sense of its underlying energies and rhythms in the vitality of Glickman’s fluid brushwork.

By contrast, Rohan Baronette takes a precise, hard-edged approach to paint application in abstract compositions comprised of baroque shapes flatly arranged on the canvas. Often with monochromatic or deliberately limited color, they enable the viewer to contemplate them as discrete symbols within an overall scheme. They possess a strangely elusive narrative quality rarely seen in abstract painting that teases the viewer as he or she attempts to read specific meaning into forms that suggest pieces in a perceptual puzzle — especially in two black and white compositions where one can almost “read” them as silhouettes of heads, a city skyline, the cars of a train or other actual objects but must finally settle for savoring them for their unique aesthetic appeal alone, at once ornate and mystifying.

In both her drawings and her paintings, Ariadne Scribetta relies on a free-flowing linear approach to define contours, in concert with a lyrical palette of predominantly verdant green hues. In paintings such as “Wisteria,” with its flowing, slightly melancholy plant forms and “Stages,” a three-figure composition depicting phases of feminine development from childhood, to young girlhood, to womanhood, organic forms are evoked with a somewhat ornate tenderness. Scribetta’s sinuous line is like a lasso that she casts out onto the canvas to capture subjects and unite her compositions within its graceful swirls. Her pictures reveal an unusual sensitivity to all living things that lends them a sense of quiet passion.

In her oil “Après-midi Cafe,” Magda Zawadzka employs a precise faux primitive style with clear flat color areas and detailed drawing skills to evoke a well kept garden in which two women with very different attitudes suggest an underlying narrative. Despite their ornate and orderly surroundings, with well kept trees and flowers, tropical foliage, and a neatly trimmed lawn, the women appear to be incongruous companions. An undercurrent of tension can be sensed flowing between them, as one sits up primly under a straw sun-hat in a lounge chair while the other, in some sort of low-cut, short hemmed, slip-like garment sprawls almost wantonly in a wrought-iron cafe chair near a round table with china pitchers, a bowl of strawberries and a basket of fruit. Zawadzka hints at short, perhaps an entire novel, in a picture of a single moment of eternal stillness.

Conversely, the block prints and drawings of Natalia Koren Kropf are all about movement, as seen in her “Circle Dance,” “Ribbon Dance,” and the pair of overlapping figures on a red background that she calls “The Human Pull.” Laid down with the economy of a Zen ink master in a swift line, Kropf’s drawings in particular are possessed of admirable grace. Indeed, they verge on calligraphy,

making of human anatomy an alphabet of movement comparable to lilting visual music, a minuet of twirls and turns, a choreography of the body spinning toward spirit in the trajectory of eternal life.

Another kind of movement comes across in the paintings and drawings of Anastasia Hurlin, whose overlapping network of staccato strokes of color evoke the frenetic flamenco rhythms of a curvaceous Spanish dancer in a red dress in “Caliente,” or the Baroque folds in the ample skirt of a topless goddess with a mane of golden curls in another bravura figure entitled “Olive of the Ancients 2.” The relentless motion only freezes to a stop in Hurlin’s painting “Braceo,” which focuses in close-up on the beautiful face of a heavily made-up dancer in a fluffy white peasant blouse with her bare arms suspended above her head as she clicks her unseen castanets, as though about to exclaim a final “Ole!”

Dominick Botticelli, a New York born direct descendant of the early Renaissance master Sandro Botticelli, is a contemporary surrealist who takes on daring themes in his oil and acrylic paintings. In Botticelli’s “Luciferic Principles and the Rite of Passage,” Satan perches on a rock in a desolate landscape where lightning illuminates the sky, reading the Holy Bible to a nude woman who kneels, at his feet. In another dramatically shadowy image Christ reaches out to humanity from the cross. Taken together, both paintings epitomize Botticelli’s belief that, “When the light and the dark are reconciled within the individual and in turn in the larger culture, balance and conscious behavior become possible.”

The semiabstract paintings of Maurice Van Tilburg hark back to the School of Paris for their tastefully harmonized colors and mood of all pervading calm. Indeed, although Van Tilburg puts a more moral emphasis on the powers of art when he states that he wishes to create art that will make him “a good person,” his serene compositions recall Matisse’s idea that a painting should be “Like a cozy armchair for the viewer to recline in.” Indeed his paintings in this show project a restful quality quite unique in the hectic arena of contemporary painting.

Linda Richichi sees painting as a “pilgrimage, a journey,” and travels from the Hudson Valley, to Tuscan, to Maui in search of inspiration, as well as back in time. In the present show she takes the latter route to create a series of portraits of powerful mythic goddesses such as “Kali,” “Venus,” and “Aphrodite.” The latter portrait is especially vibrant, with the goddess of love depicted within a circle surrounded by an ornate border amid birds and butterflies but painted in a vigorous manner akin to Larry Rivers, with some features sharply defined while others are sketchier, making an ancient subject by virtue of an improvisational painterliness.

Any de Grab’s paintings, on the other hand, are distinguished by a sense of fanciful surrealism, as seen in “Bathing Trumpets,” where the curved bells of the instruments emerge from water like the strange sea serpents, framed by the ornate forms of bare black tree limbs on the foreground shore,

Continued on page 23

Endurance, New Century Artists Gallery,
530 West 25th Street,
November 20 - December 8, 2012

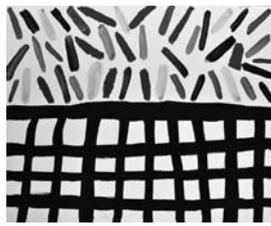
“ArtShare” Brings Art from the Heart to Chelsea

“ArtShare,” the fourth group exhibition in Chelsea of artworks created by children and adults with intellectual and developmental disabilities including autism spectrum disorders, cerebral palsy, and epilepsy, once again goes beyond art therapy to reveal how such individuals often display artistic talents often comparable with those of unaffected artists. Sponsored by Heartshare Human Services of New York, a 97 year old social organization, the participants (some of whom are residents of group homes, others of whom are outpatients), this show, like the previous ones, reveals a variety of styles.

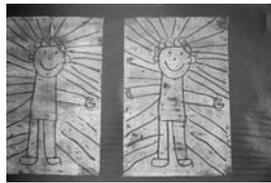
“Hot Sun,” an acrylic painting by a client named Alethia Capers in acrylic on board is a lively expressionist vision in brilliant red, yellow, and orange hues in which the sense of light and heat is conveyed not only in the artist’s color choices but also in the indication of heat waves with several strategically placed staccato strokes to the left of the fiery orb that dominates the composition. Then there is Miriam Duncan, who employs a luscious combination of green, red, pink and purple hues laid down in bold, gracefully curving strokes, set against a brilliant yellow background, in her abstract acrylic painting on canvas, “Rainbow Wave.”

Others take more figurative approaches, as seen in “Eber Acres,” a drawing in colored pencil on paper by Jacky Wojciechowski, in which a detailed representation of a bovine figure with a bell dangling from its neck strolls across a green lawn wearing an expression that suggests the proverbial “contented cow” slogan of the old fashioned Borden’s milk advertisements. Such details as one shed in the background with a sign that says “Local Edam Cheese” and a larger red barn-like structure with a sign saying “Guernsey Cows” suggest that this charmingly folkloric picture preserves vivid memories of a Heartshare group field trip. Here especially, Wojciechowski, who also has another work in the exhibition, a less detailed but no less charming acrylic painting entitled “Guernsey Cow,” reveals a degree of natural talent that suggests the possibility of future artistic success.

Also quite impressive beyond the expectations of a specialized exhibition such as this one are two works by a client named Jennifer Enny. One is an acrylic on canvas called “Night Hawk,” although the avian species it depicts bears more resemblance to a night owl. Artistic license aside, however, it is a strong, beautifully organized picture that would be admirable in any exhibition context, with the formidable-looking brown-feathered bird staring out at the viewer with an intense and intelligent expression, as it perches on a thick branch that it grips with its strong talons, as white clouds float by in a deep blue sky. Indeed, Jennifer Enny’s strong, yet restrained color sense and the black outlines that she employs to give weight



Eric Reges



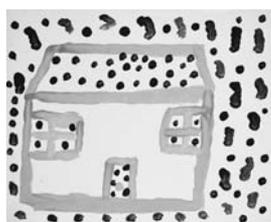
Damien Samuels



Tammy Price



Frank Vedi



Paula Samaroo

and towers (one with a drawn window, out of which the stick-figure of the fairytale maiden moon appears, her long locks dangling down to the ground) also boasts a catwalk with a guard walking across bearing a torch. It is ingeniously designed and possessed of a singular charm.

Then there is Rokhaya Rabalais, whose painting “Power” ostensibly depicts a pair of yellow and blue crossed swords. But on further inspection the two objects also resemble the reverse sides of neckties, where they are stitched together. And since neckties, like swords, might be considered phallic symbols, one has to wonder if the message the artist is conveying, whether purposely or intuitively, is that a necktie although less blatant than the blade of a sword, can be a persuasive instrument of male power. This would be a sophisticated, if not profound

perception in any artistic context — but most particularly an exhibition one does not attend with such expectations. One was also impressed by the “Dude,” a clay figure by Kenneth Cheng with multicolored feathers sprouting out of its head among other decorations suggesting either a flamboyant East Village punk or a voodoo doll; “Choir,” a drawing by Ronald Gaines in marker, crayon and pen on paper of three thin, elongated figures that look as though they may be singing and dancing with joy at having been magically transformed from pencils into living beings; and “My Community,” a work on paper by Lamar Jones, in which buildings and figures are rendered with an almost hieroglyphic simplicity, yet project the sense of a bustling urban neighborhood.

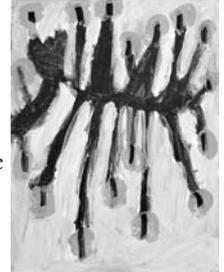
While no one with a heart would deny that art therapy is probably useful for the treatment — or at very least the recreation — of clients such as those served by social agencies such as HeartShare, an exhibition like ArtShare — at least from this viewers’ point of view — could also be invaluable for and encouraging those special talents for whom art can become a life-enriching, and perhaps even profitable, activity.

There are many more artists and works in the show than can be adequately accounted for here. Some of them are pictured and others the reader can see for him or herself by visiting the gallery.

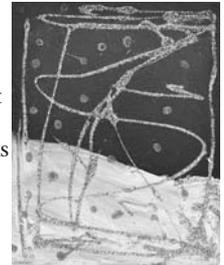
— Maureen Flynn



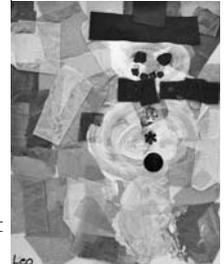
Kadeja Abdelsadek



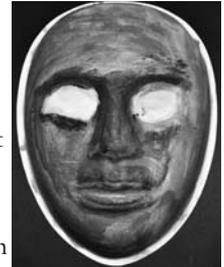
Jayson Lewis



Jermaine White



Brandon Avila



Priscilla Lleanas

4th Annual ArtShare for HeartShare, New Century Artists Gallery, 530 West 25th St., through November 17, 2012

The ASCA Takes the High Line for its 95th Annual Survey

The 95th Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Contemporary Artists (ASCA) once again lives up to its title theme “Alternate Avenues” by encompassing a wide variety of methods, media, techniques and styles (some of which are reproduced here, since the show includes many more works than it would be possible to adequately review in an article of this length).

Abstraction, for example, comes in many forms: Neva Setlow employs clear, brilliant colors and precise yet stylized floral shapes set afloat on a brilliant blue field in a manner that harks back to Matisse’s “Jazz” series. Aply attuned to her uplifting forms, Setlow’s buoyant collage is entitled “Abundant Joy.”

Hank Rodina, on the other hand, uses a

combination of sharp geometric shapes and fanciful signs — suggesting stick figures that morph into musical notes and brightly colored exclamation points that appear to have slid off their circular bases — in his composition in acrylic and cut mat board, “Flamenco Sketches.” Here, Rodina’s subtly modulated tangerine and blue background adds a lyrical counterpoint to his sharply defined shapes. The technique of pointillism is revived by Santina Semadar Panetta to create an abstract composition in which a multitude of tiny dots of color create a shimmering overall surface that yields subtle tonal shifts with prolonged contemplation. As its title, “Mystical Vibrations,” indicates, however, Panetta intends this large oil in a perfectly square

everywhere these days, is represented by a characteristically graceful calligraphic work, exemplifying the sensitivity to line and tone that has won her the admiration of numerous modern Chinese and Japanese masters.

Sculptors also show a variety



Miriam Wills



Richard Karp



Bonnie Rothchild



Yanka Cantor



Dominick Botticelli



Estelle Levy



Barbara Browner Schiller



Esther Berman



Janet Indick



Anita Adelman



Leanne Martinson



Olga Kitt

of styles: In the unusual mixed media combination of bronze and driftwood, Sally Pitt creates a winningly goofy prehistoric dino-dragon she calls “Calissius.” In another odd mix conjured by Pitt, a rusted and battered metal box becomes the Pandora’s container for an assortment of miniature

headless, limbless semitranslucent dress dummies in confectionery hues suggesting lollipops for Dada.

Working in tri-colored metals, Julie Joy Saypoff, creates a complex “Tree of Life” configuration called “Seedlings.” The title seems to refer to the tiny human figures perched on the platform-like leaf forms jutting out from its sinuous branches.

Sachie Hayashi’s white midrock sculpture “Spirit of the Wind” gives palpable form to an elusive element of nature. Suggesting both flames and the Phoenix that might rise from their ashes and take flight, Hayashi’s piece projects an exhilarating sense of velocity. Then there is Raymond Weinstein, whose curvaceous marble torso “Etude” is a timeless

Continued on page 23



Min Myar



Ray Shanfeld

format to project a spiritual as well as optical effect.

The title of Doris Wyman’s oil painting on hand made paper, “Jemez,” refers to Jemez Springs, New Mexico. Wyman, however, is a quintessentially sophisticated New York painter, and her bold approach boils her impressions of the expansive Southwestern landscape down to a few minimalist shapes and subdued yet dynamically delineated color areas. By contrast Maria de Echevarria gives us the lay of the land and its particular light and color in her painting “Barrier Island Dawn.” However, even while evoking such specifics, she creates a spare composition with a quiet chromatic simmer reminiscent of Rothko.

Rose Sigal Ibsen, a Romanian born practitioner of Asian and ink painting who seems to turn up in exhibitions



Cari Clare



Harriet FeBland

ASCA’s 95th Annual Exhibition the High Line Loft, 508 W. 26th St., For show dates visit ASCA’s website at www.ascartists.org

CLWAC: Over a Century in the Forefront of Women's Art Advocacy

One of the more striking statements in the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club's 116 Annual Open Exhibition, which recently filled two main galleries of the National Arts Club was a painting by Fahimeh Amiri called "Caged Women." Painted in acrylics in a strongly rhythmical semiabstract manner, it depicted a huge stylized bird in flight by the light of a crescent moon over a spired city, carrying in its claws a large cage in which six women, shawled and faceless, huddled together. Its effect was even more poignant in the context of a large group show celebrating the freedom of expression for women in the arts that the 19th century philanthropist, for whom the club is named, championed for much of her life. (Catharine Lorillard Wolfe was also the only woman among the 106 founding members of the of the Metropolitan Museum of Art when it was incorporated in 1870, and she eventually bequeathed her collection of 140 paintings to the museum, with which the club maintains strong ties to this day.)

This year's Honored Member of the CLWAC was Gloria Spevacek, a sculptor born in New York City of Mexican immigrant parents who has been a board member of the organization since 1993. Known for her marble

eggs. Also outstanding is this veteran sculptor's "Me with My Dolly," an affecting childhood self-portrait rendered immutable in bronze from an old photograph.

Among the painters, Janet A. Cook displayed virtuoso skill in her large realist oil on panel, "Falling with Phaethon's Horses," with its superbly foreshortened female nude floating gracefully through space above fanciful architecture. Another accomplished realist, Gaile Snow Gibbs also made an impressive showing with her oil portrait of a young man with an intense gaze and a halo of thick black curls, who bears a resemblance to the African-American rock star Lenny Kravitz, painted in the manner of the Old Masters. And "The Poker Club," a group portrait by Jill Banks, of a group of middle-aged to elderly gathered around a card table portrayed a "strictly stag" evening from a wry feminine perspective. Also outstanding among the portraits were: "The



Mary Rose O'Connell



Elizabeth Brandon



Lucille Berrill Paulsen



Susan Phillips



Grace Mehan DeVito



Andrea Placer



Fahimeh Amiri



Jill Banks



Gloria Spevacek



Lee Apt

and bronze, several of which were on view, Spevacek's work is distinguished by an unusual combination of formal gravity and buoyant visual wit. This can be seen particularly in her animal subjects, such as the bronze "Cat and Mouse," in which the feline figure stares intently at a computer mouse; and a work in alabaster on a marble base called "Fatherhood," referring to how it is male emperor penguins, rather than the females of the species, who care for their

Blue Robe," Grace Mehan DeVito's painting of a modern young woman whose stately bearing recalls some of those who posed for John Singer Sargent during the Victorian era; "Ethan," Holly Bedrosian's insightful oil of a serious-looking little boy; "Gerard," Jeanette Dick's pastel of a middle aged man in a black turtleneck jersey with an ideally bald pate and neat gray goatee looking away rather than out at the viewer, notable for its casual quality, enhanced by a technique that moves between full-bodied realism and sketchy spontaneity; "Cowboy's Prayer," Andrea Placer's precisely detailed colored pencil drawing of two rodeo riders praying before engaging in their perilous sport; and "Jen in the Garden," Mary Rose O'Connell's full-length figure of a slender wisp of a brunette girl in a floppy straw hat and gossamer white dress standing, sprite-like,

shimmer of sun-flecked foliage. And in "St. Ryfi," Lucille Berrill Paulsen captures what may be the sense of mystification that many of us past a certain age feel in the face of the new computer technology, in her pristinely limned oil of a clear-eyed, lightly bearded young man, his head encircled by a gold nimbus surrounded by patterns of cyber-symbols as intricate as the decorative schemes of Gustav Klimt.

While choosing a subject that has been branded as definitively by the great contemporary realist Wayne Thiebaud as

Continued on page 23

The Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club
116th Annual Open Exhibition,
recently seen at the National Arts Club,
15 Gramercy Park South.

The Sun-Drenched Passion of Sherry Sweet Tewell

Sherry Sweet Tewell is a mixed media artist who employs abstraction in a particularly allusive postmodern manner to create works that are brilliantly colorful and accessible, despite their often nonobjective compositions.

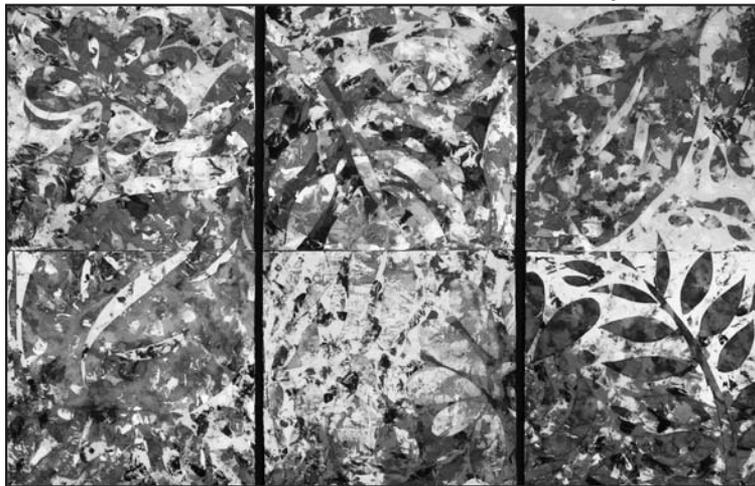
A native of Kentucky, Tewell bravely migrated to Key West, Florida, several years ago.

"After divorce, my children away in college, I decided it was time to live the life I had dreamed of. Leaving behind my family and friends, I packed only the belongings that would fit in my Miata and my cat, of course, and embarked on my journey. Not knowing a soul in Key West, I was excited about pursuing my art career and becoming part of this quirky artist community."

The sun and color of the Keys permeates not only her paintings, sculptures, and murals, but also her textile designs, book illustrations, and other items of applied art that she creates in her desire to survive by art alone and "apply my talents liberally."

Typical of Tewell's buoyant style is a large triptych in her favored medium of acrylic and resin on wood called "Tropical Celebration," in which a plethora of stylized leaf and frond shapes in a variety of luminous greens, yellows, and oranges merge the color and light of Impressionism with the vigorous gestural bravura of Abstract Expressionism.

Tewell also comes up with a vibrant spectrum of hues in "Bite of Orange," where the composition is almost minimal, consisting, at first glance, of an expansive area of green meeting a smaller area of orange under a low horizon line. On closer



"Tropical Celebration"

perusal, however, one discerns extensive underpainting beneath the thick, tactile surface that Terrell builds up with layers and glazes of acrylic and resin. The green area at the top of the composition was apparently achieved with yellow slathered over a bright cerulean blue hue, while in the lower area the artist allows a golden ochre pentimento to show through her vigorous network of bold orange brush strokes. At once sensuous and sumptuous, the entire surface glows with subtle chromatic highlights.

The sense of pure joie de vivre that Teller achieves through her use of color carries over into works such as "Weaving the Sunset," where blindingly brilliant vertical streaks descend like a waterfall of light; "Slice of Lime," its title hinting wittily at the liquid refreshment that hard-partying denizens of the Keys imbibe to beat the heat, its strong composition evoking the local landscape and climate with just a few succinct forms and luminous hues; and "Some Black," where three tiny dark areas that could almost suggest silhouetted figures are all

subsumed by big bold blocks of variegated primaries as luscious as those in the best canvases of Hans Hofmann.

But that all is not merely fun in the sun of a tropical bohemian haven comes across in Tewell's bitterly titled assemblage sculpture, "He Came On My Dream." It consists of a shapely nude figure resembling the kind of mermaid ornament once used to decorate the prow of a ship. Cut off at the thighs, her torso artfully defaced with red and blue paint, gagged at the mouth, it makes an affecting, perhaps cautionary, statement about female

disempowerment in what is sometimes called the "post feminist era" by an artist who candidly refers to how her work has been affected by the unanticipated end of a long relationship.

"The heart swells with joy and love, the heart breaks with sorrow and pain," says Sherry Sweet Tewell, who channels both the joy and suffering of her every experiences into passionate works of art. — Marie R. Pagano

Sherry Sweet Tewell, Agora Gallery,
530 West 25th Street,
January 16 - February 5, 2013.
Reception: Thurs. January 17, 6 - 8pm

The **GALLERY&STUDIO**
advertising deadline for the
February/March issue is
Jan 9 for color,
Jan 16 for black/white.

G&S Classifieds

opportunities

WEST SIDE ARTS COALITION (WSAC) established 1979, welcomes new members from all geographic areas. There are approximately 14 exhibits per year for Fine Arts, Photography, and Craft Arts. Music, Poetry, Theater and Dance programs available. Contact info: Tel. 212-316-6024, email- wsacny@wsacny.org or website- www.wsacny.org. Or send SASE to the West Side Arts Coalition, PO Box 527, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025. Visit our ground floor gallery at 96th Street & Broadway (on the center island) New York City. Open: Wed. 6-8pm, Sat. & Sun., 12-6pm.

CUSTOM PICTURE FRAMING for artists and galleries. Museum quality, selected frames & mats. Float & dry mounting, canvas stretching. Jadite Galleries, 662 10th Ave. (betw. 46/47 Sts.) Hours: 12 - 6 pm, Free delivery in Manhattan. 212-977-6190 jaditeart@aol.com

MONTSERRAT CONTEMPORARY ART GALLERY is reviewing artist portfolios for its new Chelsea Gallery. National and International artists are invited to submit. Sase, slides, photos and brief artist bio. Send to: Montserrat Contemporary Art Gallery, 547 West 27 Street, NYC 10001

VRIDIAN ARTISTS INC. 3rd International Juried Photography Exhibition: Juror, Nat Trotman, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Cash Prizes, Group Exhibition, February 5- 23, 2013. Deadline for entries, Dec. 1. \$40./3 images \$5. each additional. Download prospectus at www.viridianartists.com <http://www.viridianartists.com>

NOHO GALLERY is viewing portfolios in all media for our Chelsea location. Visit nohogallery.com <http://nohogallery.com> for application form, or send SASE to Noho Gallery, 530 West 25th Street, NY, NY 10011.

Michael R. Horenstein Attorney & Counsellor at Law

- Arts Law, Provenance Concerns
- General Business Law
- Contract Drafting & Review
- Corporate Law & Company Formation
- Commercial Litigation

437 East 80th Street, No. 27, New York NY 10075
Ph: (212) 517-7340 Email: horenstein1@earthlink.net

For health care information please contact
New York Artists Equity Association, Inc. (NYAEA) at 212-941-0130.
Write for information to NYAEA, PO Box 1258, New York, NY 10276
or email: reginas@fiac.net or reginas@anny.org

NEW CENTURY

Continued from page 18

with sharply pointed mountain peaks (one with a triangular portal through which the sky can be seen) in the distance. "Informismus," another painting by de Grab pays homage to René Magritte, featuring four figures in business suits, with rolled newspapers emerging from their white collars where their heads should be. A witty parody, one supposes, of received information in a world ruled by mass media.

Maria Angeles Hegglin, born in Cordoba, Spain, is a landscape painter whose work is notable for its subtle colors and tactile surfaces, apparently accomplished with a palette knife. Applying thick impasto directly to the canvas with strong strokes, Hegglin achieves a sensuous tactility that lends her compositions of lakes, mountains, and leaf laden tree limbs an appealing briskness and physical palpability. Her paintings are as sumptuous as cake frosting.

Digital photography, one of the new frontiers of visual art, is employed with particularly poetic effectiveness by Mirjana Kanuric to capture images of a snowy day in Central Park. Particularly appealing is a print of a snowcapped gazebo that could suggest a remote outpost in Alaska, until one notices the tall gray silhouettes of apartment buildings looming in the distance. Photography also makes an impressive showing in the work of the collaborative team of Robin George and Willie Chu who produce surreal scenes that would do credit to any painter, as seen in "Fable in Blue" where two images of a pale waif in a ghostly white gown with neon red hair are juxtaposed in a metaphysical nocturnal landscape of floating red orbs and distant ruins.

Then there is Dorota Michaluk, who combines photographic images of urban skyscrapers and high-rise residential towers with acrylic or serigraphic line images of idealized youthful faces that suggest the characters in True Romance comics. Like the paintings of David Salle, Michaluk's mixed media compositions employ superimposition to suggest the simultaneity of contemporary urban life, in which one is constantly carrying diverse impressions and subliminal afterimages in one's mind while traversing city streets.

— Maurice Taplinger

ASCA

Continued from page 20

embodiment of voluptuous femininity. Weinstein turns hard, cold stone into soft, warm flesh with the aesthetic alchemy of a latter-day Pygmalion. By contrast, Marcia Bernstein's abstract mixed media work, "Unnamed # 16," simultaneously suggests a classical column and a primitive artifact of a lost culture. Either way, it is a convincingly crafted and mysteriously thought-provoking object. Then there is Lea Weinberg whose work in wire mesh and mixed media "Mother's Gift" combines organic abstraction with anatomical allusion in a manner that suggests life in the womb before birth. Like Kiki Smith, another female sculptor willing to go out on a limb, Weinberg approaches bodily imagery from a radical perspective.

Figurative painting also makes a strong showing here: Roberta Millman-Ide with a realist work in oil, gesso, and kosher salt (the latter, presumably, as a textural enhancer) called "Enlightenment," depicting a kneeling woman

in East Indian dress with her arms raised to embrace various luminous rhythmic forms symbolic of the title. Figures and symbols are also combined in the watercolor, ink, and crayon compositions of Margo Mead. In "Hear No Truth, See No Truth, Speak No Truth," Mead adopts the old saying, substituting the word "truth" for "evil" and replacing the proverbial monkeys with graceful, classically proportioned human figures gathered around a globe in a metaphysical cosmic space. Contrastingly down to earth, Jo-Anna Melrose's gouache monotype "Dream" is a lyrical vision of a rosy, reclining female nude in a combination of line and pale, lyrical colors reminiscent of certain *bordello* scenes by Jules Pascin or Toulouse-Lautrec.

Adding their own visions to a group survey remarkable for its variety: Gary Shaw shows "Attacking Beasts," a semiabstract composition that offsets the violence of the artist's theme by virtue of the tactile translucence and the glowing colors he achieves in the ancient wax-based medium of encaustic; and Lisa Collado, whose intricate mixed media and collage memorial to the victims and heroes of 9/11, a veritable maze of images and fragments of text, amounts to an affecting emotional roadmap.

— Maurice Taplinger

CLWAC

Continued from page 21

Monet did the water-lily might seem a formidable challenge, Susan Philips takes her own approach to confectionary still life in her scrumptious watercolor of a display case filled with colorful cakes and pies, "Sweet Tooth." In its own way, "Stillness," an oil by Elizabeth Brandon also brings an inanimate subject to life with a depiction of wine bottles, flowers, loose white petals, and fruits within the compartments of an open cabinet, putting a new face on still life by arranging its traditional elements within a grid format usually favored by more abstract artists.

Atmospheric landscape subjects also abound, as seen in "Stone Fence in Winter," a pastel by Alexandra Marinaccio that captures the desolate beauty of a snowy winters day so vividly that one can almost feel the nose-numbing chill. In "Tidal Pool" Christine Ferreira Friedman employs watercolor to evoke tide crashing against rocks and rising mists with splashy spontaneity. By contrast in "Venice 111," Margaret Sun uses the same medium in a manner akin to the great Chinese-American watercolor master Dong Kingman, to lend a fanciful poetry to the ornate architecture and bright banners of a sunny canal scene. In "Peter Pan Statue," Holly Meeker Rom offers a characteristically fresh view of the familiar bronze figure, framed by a stone archway and pooled shadows, in its little circular court in the sleepy, leafy reaches of Carl Schurz Park. Then there is Susanna Anastasia, who takes a path somewhere in the middle in "Red Oak with Butterfly," evoking an impression of nature as visceral as something by Charles Burchfield.

Finishing where we began in the downstairs sculpture gallery, Mary Taylor's steel piece "Burrowing Owl IV" is especially notable for the artist's tactile treatment of each individual feather of the creature's coat, as it perches upon one claw on a rough pedestal of natural stone. Jean T. Kroeber's marble figure "Escape" displays her unique combinations of contemporary and classical elements. Antonia Layton's "Mother's Children," melds the maternal figure and her three offspring as a single organic unit and is carved from a partially translucent alabaster material that gives the impression of being illuminated from within. "African Tranquility," a piece in black wonderstone by Jinx Lindenauer is possessed of a powerful minimalist sense of form. By contrast, Lee Apt's painted mixed media wall relief "Am I Blue" evokes a funky sense of movement in a manner reminiscent of the downtown Abstract Expressionist and poet Ted Joans's jazz series.

Figurative sculpture in bronze also runs the gamut, ranging from "Samantha the Performer," Barbara Beatrice's realist full-length figure of a compact contemporary young woman in bellbottoms striking a bodacious pose à la Britney Spears; to "Ancient Vessel," a streamlined semiabstract vision of a childbearing woman, all flowing rounded contours, by Mary DeWitt Smith; to Amy Bright Unfried's "The Spratts (Moebius Pair)," with its fluid green form, tactile surface, and green patina; Patricia Heep-Coll's wittily convoluted stoneware figure of an elephant, "Lost Elegance," like many of her wonderful animal figures is enlivened by unexpected negative spaces. By contrast, Jacqueline Lorico's "L'Abbondanza" merges smoothly integrated human and vegetal forms in a marvelously organic mass of white marble.

As Gaile Snow Gibbs, the new President of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club recently announced, "the club's mandate to support and promote the work of professional women artists is as strong today as it was 116 years ago." Comprised of two hundred and thirty four works of art by artists from across the country, this exhibition was far too large and varied to do true justice here. One can only hope that this review will encourage readers to visit the club's website (www.clwac.org) and make a point of visiting its 117th Annual Open Exhibition in person.

— J. Sanders Eaton

FOR EXHIBITION AND GALLERY ADS

contact Jeannie McCormack,
publisher, (212) 861-6814
at gallerystudio@mindspring.com

FOR DISPLAY ADS

contact Betty Cheung
Advertising & Marketing Manager
at advertise@gallerystudio.com

**ASCA's 95th Annual Exhibition
"Alternative Avenues"**

For show and reception dates visit our website at
www.ascartists.org

The High Line Loft • (Chelsea) 508 West 26th St. (5D)
Tues.-Sat. 11:00 am - 6:00 pm • Thurs. 11:00 am - 8:00 pm

Anita Adelman Elaine Alibrandi Joseph Michael Amabile
Georgiana Cray Bart Esther Berman Marcia Bernstein
Dominick Botticelli Nikolai Buglaj Linda Butti Yanka Cantor
Mihai Caranica Cari Clare Lisa Collado Elvira Dimitrij
Maria de Echevarria Harriet FeBland David Green Brentano Haleen
Sachie Hayashi Helen Henry Esther Ibsich Rose Sigal Ibsen
Janet Indick Richard Karp Olga Kitt Olivia Kooalethes Estelle Levy
Annette Lieblein Frank Mann Leanne Martinson Margo Mead
Jo-Anna Melrose Roberta Millman-Ide Min Myar Hedy O'Beil
Santina Semadar Panetta Gilbert Passarella Sally Pitt Lisa Robbins
Alan Roland Bonnie Rothchild Hank Rondina Gerda Roze
Julie Joy Saypoff Barbara Browner Schiller Neva Setlow
Raymond Shanfeld Gary Shaw Uri Shulevitz Allan Simpson
Salvatore Tagliarino Amie Ilva Tatem Lea Weinberg Ray Weinstein
Marilyn Weiss Miriam Wills Doris Wyman

JOE CHIERCHIO

jchierchio@gmail.com www.joechierchio.com



HEDY O'BEIL

Current Paintings



November 8 - 29, 2012

GALLERY 307

307 7th Avenue, Suite 1401, New York, N.Y. 10001
Tues - Sat 11 - 5 646-400-5254
www.carterburdencenter.org



Winter Warm-Up

Curator: Carole Barlowe

January 2 - 20, 2013

Broadway Mall Community Center
Broadway@96 St. (NYC) Center Island
Gallery Hours: Wed 6-8pm, Sat/Sun. 12-6 pm
wsacny@wsacny.org 212-316-6024 www.wsacny.org

GALLERY&STUDIO

An International Art Journal

PUBLISHED BY

©EYE LEVEL, LTD. 2012

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

217 East 85th Street, PMB 228, New York, NY 10028
(212) 861-6814 E-mail: gallerystudio@mindspring.com

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER **Jeannie McCormack**

MANAGING EDITOR **Ed McCormack**

SPECIAL EDITORIAL ADVISOR **Margot Palmer-Poroner**

DESIGN AND PRODUCTION **Karen Mullen**

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **Maureen Flynn**

www.gallerystudiomagazine.com

Subscribe to

GALLERY&STUDIO

\$25 Subscription \$20 for additional Gift Subscription \$47 International \$5 Back Issues

Mail check or Money Order to:

GALLERY&STUDIO

217 East 85th St., PMB 228, New York, NY 10028 Phone: 212-861-6814

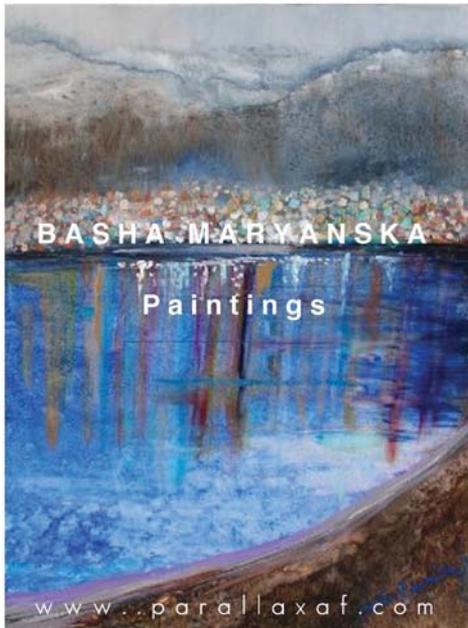
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

PARALLAX INTERNATIONAL ARTIST FAIR
at PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL



www.parallaxaf.com
15 East 27th Street NY, NY 1006, US.
Fri. Nov. 16th - 7 PM...
Sat. Nov. 17th 11-5 PM
Sun. Nov. 18th 11-5 PM



www.aurillon.com

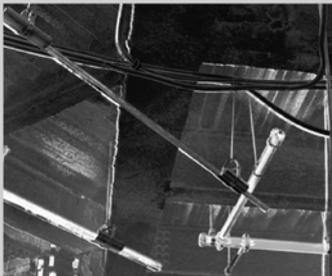
Recent works

HeartShare Human Services of New York proudly presents the

4th Annual
ArtShare for HeartShare

for Artists with Intellectual and Developmental Disabilities

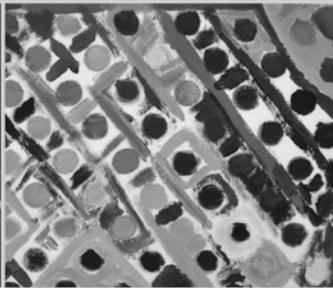
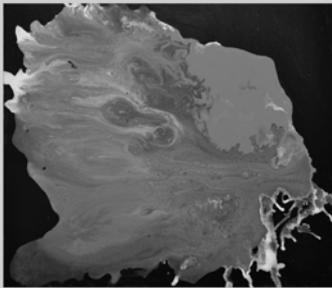
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30 - SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 2012



New Century Artists Gallery
530 West 25th Street, Suite 406
New York, NY 10001



Opening Reception
Friday, November 2, 2012
4:30 PM - 7:30 PM



www.heartshare.org/artshare
www.newcenturyartists.org



A Gift of Art 2012

Curator: Margo Mead

December 12 - 30, 2012

Adrienne Cosner • Elizabeth K. Hill • Yukako • Margo Mead
Livia Monaco • Michelle Ordynans • Dammika Ranasinghe
Marie Robison • Ava Schonberg • Kehinde Peter Schutz
et al

Broadway Mall Community Center

Broadway@96 St. (NYC) Center Island
Gallery Hours: Wed 6-8pm, Sat/Sun. 12-6 pm
wsacny@wsacny.org 212-316-6024 www.wsacny.org

<http://utamariakrapf.name/>

Illustrations by Anne Bachelier



Artist's Book Signing November 8, 2012 4:30-8:30pm

CFM Gallery

236 W. 27th Street 4th Floor NYC 10001
(212) 966-3864 info@cfmgallery.com

www.cfmgallery.com

*Fini * Dali * Bachelier * Parkes * Hart * Fields * Bubacco * Lichtenfels * Rao * Rops*