In a world characterized by inequalities, A.I.R has been functioning as a space for self-identified women artists since 1972, developing a unique cooperative model through which scarce assets have been shared and women’s issues have been raised. As a feminist artist-run organization, with a self-directed governing body, A.I.R. is an alternative cultural institution which is supported by its network of active artist participants. Its existence has proved to be fundamental in the careers of artists so diverse as Nancy Spero, Ana Mendieta, Mary Beth Edelson, Judith Bernstein and many more!

The struggle continues and now on our 45th season, it is time to extend our resources to an even larger and more diverse body of women and femmes regardless of their current social, economic, national and racial background, while enabling a broader public to benefit from the content and the space A.I.R. can provide.

A.I.R has been able to foster the involvement of women artists through various valued programs such as the Fellowship Program For Emerging and Underrepresented Women Artists. This program has successfully supported the change in the gender balance in the art world and enabled women to participate in the public dialogue of visual arts since 1993. Every year, for the last 24 years, A.I.R has been able to provide six artists with a year-long fellowship which includes professional development workshops, a one-on-one scheduled studio visit with art professionals, an artist-mentor from A.I.R. Gallery, and the coverage of exhibition production costs. With the support of the A.I.R community, more than 86 artists including Kameelah Janan Rasheed, Shadi Harouni, Amanda Turner Pohan, Amber Esseiva, Alexandria Smith, Sam Vernon, Kira Nam Greene, Keun Young Park and Amelia Marzek had the golden opportunity to showcase their first solo exhibition in New York City.

Another one of A.I.R's prized projects is The Unforgettable Program that is divided in three distinct but interrelated parts. Every month, a series of open-to-the-public meetings are held at A.I.R, where the Unforgettable Reading/Working Group gathers to discuss historic feminist and queer manifestos, science fiction, new feminist fiction writings, and theory pieces that help to imagine a future where no-one is forgotten. Another part is the Unforgettable Library which will open in January 2018, allowing artists to focus on issues of race and gender through the sharing of knowledge and the activation of space. Every 8 weeks, an artist will be selected to produce a micro-exhibition which will tie a selection of books that will be added to the library. The third and last part is the Unforgettable Exhibition which is organized to consist two large-scale exhibitions that will research and reconsider A.I.R. past shows through a contemporary lens, in dialogue with artists and thinkers.

These programs are some of the ways in which the A.I.R. Gallery has thrived in being able to support an open exchange of ideas and risktaking by women artists and we plan to continue our legacy in supporting and championing women artists for many more years to come!
To Alternatives in Arts

By LAURIE JOHNSTON

Women in the performing arts are hard at work too. Videotape workshops by the dozen make documentaries for public-access or closed-circuit television, often previewing them at The Kitchen of the Mercer Arts Center 240 Mercer Street. Film-makers, combining idiosyncrasy with self-expression, professional or novice, are working in the arts collectively, often in church. Women of Movies, Inc., the Chelsea Picture Station, Herstory Films and the Women’s Film Room are all working in collaborative spaces.

A Loft-Theater group named the Women’s Happy It’s All Right to Be Woman Community, a 50-minute exchange techniques — as movie billed as the first well as consciousness-raising woman Western, is a — in joint theater-games with a duct of the new feminists the more commercially orientative. So is the multi-talented Westbeth Feminist Playwrights Collective.

In SoHo, 20 women artists have renovated a former machine shop into their own cooperative, the A.I.R. Gallery. 97 Wooster Street.

“aristocracy” is considered a vanguard and revolutionary, a place where strength and capability women share as “artistic.”

Perhaps the largest (335, the gallery coordinator, 600 last year), helped put the Women’s Interart Center into four floors of a former warehouse on West 52nd Street. Most of the carpentry was by women.

Surrounded by the ongoing devastation of the Clinton Urban Renewal Project — a near-wasteland after dark — more than 100 artist-members work in their studios and in group workshops.

“Tonight I’ve made this pathetic little bowl on the wheel,” said Diane Cooper, a painter and sculptor embarking on her first exploration into pottery. But she looked excited.

A.I.R. Gallery
155 Plymouth Street
Brooklyn, NY 11201
(212) 255-6651

New York Times
“To Alternative in Arts” by Laurie Johnston
March 21 1973
10 Galleries to Visit Now in Brooklyn

By MARTHA SCHWENDENER  APRIL 27, 2017

Does opening a gallery in a borough or a neighborhood not previously associated with the art market immediately lead to gentrification?

In the past, artists have been accused of being at the vanguard of unchecked real estate development in low-income areas. But it’s hardly the artists’ fault alone.

American cities have not acted to stave off what geographers and urban planners call “uneven development,” and the story, even in recent years of warp-speed real estate shifts, is much more complex. While artists look for affordable space to live and work in the city, they continue to mount exhibitions showcasing their own work and the work of their friends and associates.

In this roundup of Brooklyn galleries — pushing to the edges of Queens — I’ve highlighted art spaces that confront traditional gentrification and displacement or show how artists and others have responded to the changing geography of art in New York.

A.I.R. A landmark in feminist history (or herstory), A.I.R. Gallery was founded in 1972 by women for female artists. The gallery moved to Dumbo in 2008 and to its current location in 2015. It usually hosts three concurrent exhibitions. The present ones are, in the main space, fuzzy, poetic photographs by Maxine Henryson of mostly European locales; assemblages by MaryKate Maher that reference the environment and climate change; and Alison Owen’s works using postcards, correspondence and other ephemera through which people “connect” (her word) and communicate.
Visit Open Studios in a Former Officer’s House on Governors Island

The nine artists participating in AIR Gallery's inaugural residency program on Governors Island will welcome visitors into their studios on July 29 and 30.
Photos of the Capitalistic Imagery that Overwhelms Beirut’s Landscape

Manal Abu-Shaheen records a city in the midst of being overtaken by billboards but still, for now, showing its history.

PHILADELPHIA — Manal Abu-Shaheen moved to the US from Beirut in 2000. At the time, Beirut was undergoing rapid development changes, still recovering from a 15-year civil war that ended in 1990. The photographer remembers the first McDonald’s opening in 1998. “Before that, most global chains and products were not available,” she wrote in an email. Now she sees many familiar chains and restaurants there, from Dunkin’ Donuts to H&M.

Beirut’s ever-changing landscape is the subject of Abu-Shaheen’s exhibition Beta World City, now on view at Lord Ludd. Through beautifully composed black-and-white photographs and sourced architectural renderings, the artist seeks to create a visual record of Beirut’s contemporary landscape because little formal documentation of the city exists. She likened the city to “a family without a family album,” adding, “I am building my own photographic archive of what Beirut looks like today: a city dominated by billboards.”

In both the architectural pieces and the artist’s photographs, Western companies offer images of an idealized life that is largely at odds with the reality surrounding the advertisements. In “Kate Winslet. Beirut, Lebanon” (2016), a larger-than-life Winslet reclines in a park sporting a Longines watch. In “Ripple. Beirut, Lebanon” (2016), an advertisement featuring a tropical domestic landscape sits at street level in front of what appears to be an apartment complex. Yet the black and white flattens the imagery, making it hard to decipher where the billboard ends and the real world begins. The apartment building itself could easily be an ad: It looks brand new and shows no signs of life.
Though she originally shot in color, after living with the pieces, Abu-Shaheen realized “the color was acting as a barrier from getting to the content of the pictures.” The images carry their own meanings, and the same colors were used in many different billboards, which the artist said made her feel like she was ceding control of her artistic vision.

For the same reason, the architectural renderings are also displayed in black and white. Provided by advertising agencies, these digital pieces clearly show the companies’ aspirational, Eurocentric visions. In “Beirut Render #10” (2017), a thin white woman sits on a lawn by a pool reading a magazine. The computer-generated people in “Beirut Render #3” (2017) also appear to mainly be Caucasian. They are congregating in what looks like a public plaza displaying sand or perhaps some type of ancient ruin. In perhaps the most obvious of the renderings, “Beirut Render #12” (2017), a U.S. $100 bill is being handed from one business-suited white man to another. In the background, Corinthian-style columns sit on an ocean shore to the left, and a massive desert rock sits in the water to the right. Installed on a pillar near the rear of the gallery, the picture is easy to miss — don’t.

The construction boom in Beirut has generated plenty of local criticism, as historic buildings have been razed and public areas nearly decimated. A 2015 article from The Arab Weekly cited increased profits for developers as a major driver of construction, noting that apartment rents in the city have gone up 3.5 to 5.6 percent since 2004. And the number of old buildings has fallen from around 2,000 in 1990 to less than 200 today.

For Abu-Shaheen, having a record of Beirut’s visual history is crucial. “This under-documented place is now occupied by images of a different place and people,” she wrote. Using imagery as their primary communication tool, the companies moving into Beirut overwhelm citizens with an idea of progress that is blatantly Western and capitalistic. How do such images and ideas transform a culture? In “Kate Winslet, Beirut, Lebanon,” a man wearing a Union Jack sweater poses beneath the actress while his friend snaps a picture of him, the two of them standing in front of yet another series of advertisements, this time showing distant locales. Barbed wire lines the top of the ads. Behind the figures is graffiti, rundown buildings, a business with an Arabic store sign. The picture was taken in 2016, and it’s likely that the ads have been updated or the graffiti removed since. This image, as with all the images in this show, provides a record of a city in flux, one in the midst of being overtaken by billboards but still, for now, showing its history.
Is the Push for Women in STEM Hurting Female Artists?

There is already a substantial gender gap in the arts, and President Trump’s proposed budget cuts could exacerbate the problem.
Madeline Johnson comes from a family of scientists. Her father studied aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Her brother has a Ph.D. in particle physics. But Johnson, a 2014 graduate from Skidmore College, studied ceramics. “I am the only artistic person in my entire extended family,” Johnson says. “That’s what made me happy.”

Despite her arts education, Johnson works as an executive assistant at a finance firm in Boston. After a stint at a local bakery, then quitting to devote her time to ceramics, she needed a job to meet the high cost of living in the city, she says.

Meanwhile, Bess Chan, who graduated from Boston University in the same year as Johnson, studied computer science. As a senior, she applied for a software engineer position at Apple and aced the interviews. Now in her third year with the company, she has found herself in an uncommon position: Apple’s global workforce is 68 percent male.

In the U.S., women make up close to 50 percent of the workforce but hold less than 25 percent of jobs in “STEM” professions—science, technology, engineering, and math. It’s a gap the country has long been on a campaign to fix, with government initiatives, privately funded diversity programs (including Apple’s), colleges that offer special STEM support for women, and other incentives.
But now, Donald Trump has thrown women-in-STEM advocates for a loop. Last month, his budget blueprint proposed significant cuts in funding for science and health agencies, draining resources for researchers. For women in science, who receive less funding than their male counterparts, such cuts could be especially crippling.

For some women outside of the sciences, however, the proposed cuts only underscore a parallel problem women face in the arts—one that they say hasn’t received the same amount of attention. While Trump recently signed two bills to encourage women to pursue careers in STEM, there are no arts-and-humanities equivalents. And Trump’s budget proposes doing away with the National Endowment for the Arts entirely.

Johnson, for one, believes “women in the arts are in the shadow of STEM, because it is a field with more power, more sway, and more funding.” Other female artists agree. Has the push toward STEM inadvertently stymied women in the arts and humanities?
The Atlantic

The National Endowment for the Arts, which currently makes up 0.004 percent of the overall federal budget, provides grants for many women-focused arts organizations. “Funding for the arts is always scarce,” says Roxana Fabius, the executive director of Brooklyn’s A.I.R. Gallery, one grant recipient. She believes that cuts to the arts—like those to the sciences—will disproportionately affect women, making it difficult for female leaders in the arts to sustain their organizations.

The picture she paints is grim. According to the Art Newspaper’s attendance survey, only 27 percent of 590 major art exhibitions in the U.S. featured female artists between 2007 and 2013. What’s more, although women earn half of the Master of Fine Arts degrees granted in the U.S., only 30 percent of artists represented by commercial galleries are women. Without adequate support, representation for female artists in museums, galleries, and exhibitions suffers even more, she says. And when women see that female artists have a stage for their work, they’re more inspired to pursue an arts career.
Her paintings pack a punch!

Carroll Gardens artist Susan Bee will lay out her latest collection of work in the exhibit “Pow! New Paintings,” opening at the A.I.R. Gallery in Dumbo on March 17. Among her brightly colored oil and enamel images are a series of couples, inspired by those in black-and-white film stills, featuring two different kinds of smacks — slaps and smooches.

“The figures in the couple paintings interact with each other in love and struggle, and with tension as well as tenderness,” Bee said. “These paintings are both homage and confrontation.”

Bee created new narratives for the old-time images by imagining new backgrounds, colors, compositions and characters through a mix of collage and painting.

“I work intuitively,” Bee said. “I want to enhance the found images with the addition of color, pattern and texture.”
Once Bee chooses an image and sketches it out on the canvas, she uses the basic outline of the scene as a space for improvisation.

“This process is much like the way a jazz musician riffs on a famous melody,” Bee said. “I put in the layers of oil paint gradually over time, building up to a composition that works as a figurative paintings but also as a colorful abstraction.”

Bee connects with audiences by evoking intense moods and emotional, colorful scenes.

“I hope that the viewers are stimulated and energized by the paintings,” Bee said. “To me, paintings can awaken one to the possibilities of the imagination through color and composition.”

“Pow!” is Bee’s 21st solo exhibition, and her eighth at the A.I.R. Gallery. Her first exhibit in the Dumbo space came in 1998, and she says that the gallery has provided an important space for community and experimentation.

“It is great to be part of a historically important women’s cooperative gallery that has been operating continuously since 1972 in New York City,” Bee said. “As women artists, we can support each other and take risks to show work that might not be able to be shown in a more commercial space.”

16 Feminist Art Shows to See In Honor of Women’s History Month

See these shows in New York and around the country, featuring women artists and feminist icons.

Politics got you down? Grab back! March is Women’s History Month, and what better way to pay homage to all the pioneering women who have advanced the cause for women’s equality than to go see these 12 shows and exhibitions? Currently on view in New York and around the country, these shows feature the work of pioneering feminist artists, old and new:

New York’s gallery dedicated to presenting the work of women artists, founded in 1972, presents new paintings by Susan Bee that look to advance a feminist agenda and question commonly held cultural preconceptions of gender roles.

Location: A.I.R. Gallery, 155 Plymouth Street, Brooklyn
Price: Free
Date and time: March 16–April 16. Wednesday–Sunday, 12 p.m.–6 p.m.
Avoiding Contemporary Politics At A.I.R. Gallery’s “Sinister Feminism”

Sinister Feminism
A.I.R. Gallery
155 Plymouth Street
Brooklyn, NY
On view until February 5, 2017

One of the few positive side effects of Trump’s chaotic pussy-grabbing rise to power is the revitalization of feminism as an active political tool. Between the Women’s March and women-driven exhibitions like Nasty Women, women are now at the forefront of the resistance to Trump’s dangerous administration. The strength of this feminist revival explains why the failure of A.I.R. Gallery’s 12th biennial exhibition Sinister Feminism is such a disappointment.
Rather than a strong rebuke of a misogynist administration, *Sinister Feminism*, curated by Piper Marshall with Lola Kramer, shows a stubborn refusal to scrap wonky aesthetic concerns in a time of political emergency. Not only is the exhibition's attempt to rethink feminist art's essentialism hackneyed, it also felt disassociated from reality.

*Sinister Feminism* begins with a jolt. A sculpture, *8am Woman on the Subway*, by Chelsea Rae Klein sits slumped in a corner right inside the entrance like a mannequin in a haunted house. Made of newsprint-stuffed nylon tights with long, black hair hanging off its ass, it appears as if viewers mistakenly stumbled into a crime scene. This uncanny shock is only compounded by B. Quinn’s two giant slabs of butter hanging nearby like a wall of gelatinous human fat.
This isn’t to say all the included works forgo politics. However, faulty curatorial choices distracted from their efficacy. Take, for example, ceramics club (cc)’s Untitled (Hillary’s), a collection of small ceramic Hillary Clintons awkwardly positioned on a high shelf that wraps around two walls. These representations of Hillary Clinton vary widely. In one sculpture, she flies through the air like a feminist superhero, while in another, she snuggles up to President Obama. Unsurprisingly, the entire shelf features a colorful array of pantsuits.

I appreciated the installation’s exploration of Clinton through kitsch, but with the sculptures sitting so close to the ceiling, I had to resort to staring at the works through the camera function on my phone. And even then, I couldn’t discern the detail of the material or process. I only came away with a vague recognition of their subject. Perhaps unfairly, it left the installation looking like a display of trinkets in a suburban home.
This isn't to say all the included works forgo politics. However, faulty curatorial choices distracted from their efficacy. Take, for example, ceramics club (cc)'s Untitled (Hillary’s), a collection of small ceramic Hillary Clintons awkwardly positioned on a high shelf that wraps around two walls. These55.58 representations of Hillary Clinton vary widely. In one sculpture, she flies through the air like a feminist superhero, while in another, she snuggles up to President Obama. Unsurprisingly, the entire shelf features a colorful array of pantsuits.

I appreciated the installation’s exploration of Clinton through kitsch, but with the sculptures sitting so close to the ceiling, I had to resort to staring at the works through the camera function on my phone. And even then, I couldn’t discern the detail of the material or process. I only came away with a vague recognition of their subject. Perhaps unfairly, it left the installation looking like a display of tchotchkes in a suburban home.
Cooperative Consciousness Photo Essay: A.I.R. Gallery at Kochi Biennale 2017

A.I.R. Gallery, currently located in Brooklyn, New York, is the pioneering women's cooperative gallery in the United States. A.I.R. stands for “Artists In Residence” and was founded in 1972 in the then gritty loft district of SoHo, in Manhattan. The gallery fulfilled a much-needed professional exhibition platform as well as mentorship and networking opportunities for women artists.

Published: 10th January 2017

Considered progressive—even radical and subversive—from the outset, A.I.R. has reshaped the entire artistic landscape by working towards the greater visibility and inclusion of women artists.
cooperative consciousness
A.I.R. Artists at Kochi
December 12, 2016 - March 29, 2017
Opening: Mon, Dec 12, 2016
Panel Discussion: Wed, Dec 14, 2016, 3-5 pm
Artist Talk: Fri, Dec 16, 2016, 2-5 pm
Gallery QED Cochin compound
5760, Bousai Rd, Mattancherry, Kochi,
Kerala 682002, India

CURATOR Kathryn Myers CO-CURATOR Jayanthi Moorothy
PARTICIPATING ARTISTS
Dita Deval, d'Ors de Sinews, Yvette DebyDubalin, Nancy Marrow,
Shannon Fennell, Melissa Fennell, Jane Gilner, Alexi Hambrook,
Mariana Hryciuk, Judy Jolivette, Louise McCagg, Jayanthi Moorothy,
Mire Ochiltree, Julie Kirs Driffil, Joan Stelzer, Jane Swart

The interconnected currents of Cooperative Consciousness—identity,
materials, substance and formlessness—justify the range of artists
diverse and experimental approaches that have always characterized
the work and creative practices of A.I.R. artists. Founded in 1972
New York, A.I.R. (Artists in Residence, Inc.) is the pioneer women’s
cooperative gallery in the United States with sustained operations and
activities for the past forty-five years.

During the course of the exhibition, a series of programs and a panel
discussion will attempt to initiate dialogue with women artists and
others over varied issues encompassing feminism and the arts.

www.airgallery.org/exhibitions/kochi-biennale-2017

Current A.I.R. artist member Jayanthi Moorothy who has lived in New York for the past decade but is originally from Kochi in Kerala, initiated the idea of an A.I.R. exhibition for the Kochi Biennale.
Jayanthi invited Kathryn Myers, a professor of art at the University of Connecticut to curate the exhibition titled "Cooperative Consciousness." Sixteen members contributed work.

The exhibition was organized along three major themes in response to Biennale curator Sudhanshu Shetty’s curatorial statement – “varied and fluid approaches to knowledge through making, performance, imagination, multiplicity, and tradition.”

(Pictured: Joan Snitzer, Doria Dorost, Alisa Henriquez, Jody Jokorisma, Nancy Morrow, Maxine Henryson)

A.I.R. Gallery
155 Plymouth Street
Brooklyn, NY 11201
(212) 255-6651

Bring Home Stories
“Cooperative Consciousness Photo Essay : A.I.R.
Gallery at Kochi Biennale 2017”
by Kathryn Meyers
January 10 2017
These themes of shifting senses of identity, uncanny and innovative use of materials, and permeable boundaries between abstraction and representation created connecting currents among the diverse works of art. (Pictured: Julia Kim Smith, Jody Johlerisma)

Shetty's premise that the gap between "the real and the mythic, the seen and unseen, the hidden and the experienced" is illusory, opened up the possibility of multiple responses and pathways for encountering the multi-media and multi-dimensional works of this multi-generational group of women artists. (Pictured: Jane Swavely, Melissa Furness, Jane Gilmar)
One predominant theme was the use of reclaimed, recycled and recombined materials and images which served as catalysts for investigations of collective history, travel and culture as well as feminine and gender identity.

(Pictured: Jayanthi Moothy, Darla Dorosh, Mimi Offsky)

The artists attempt to visualize often suggestive but imperceptible forms, feelings and forces through both the tactile presence of materials and elusive subtlety of metaphor.

(Pictured: Shannon Forester, Yvette Drury Dubinsky, D'Ann De Simone)
As feminist practice and theory have evolved, A.I.R. has reflected and reacted to changing times, needs, and the perspectives of multiple generations of artist members. The artists in Cooperative Consciousness, through their diverse creative practices, insights and life experiences, demonstrate the continued value of community and fellowship in an increasingly market-driven art scene that often fosters and encourages competitiveness and isolation.

[Pictured: Louise McCagg, Jody Joldersma]

Along with Jay Moorfi and Kathryn Myers, two of the exhibiting artists, Nancy Morrow and Yvette Drury Dubinsky came to Kochi.

[Pictured: Jayanthi Moorfi, Kathryn Myers, Yvette Dubinsky, Nancy Morrow]

Bring Home Stories
“Cooperative Consciousness Photo Essay : A.I.R. Gallery at Kochi Biennale 2017”
by Kathryn Meyers
January 10 2017
Jayanthi, Nancy and Yvette gave gallery talks about their work.
(Pictured: Yvette Drury Dubinsky giving a talk)

A panel discussion titled "Essential or Essentialized" was moderated by Kathryn and included Joy, Yvette and Nancy along with New York artist Margaret Lanzerita, Banaras Hindu University Professors Pradash Mehra and writer and curator Shamila Sagara from Ahmedabad. Many of Pradash’s students attended. (Pictured: panel)

Bring Home Stories
“Cooperative Consciousness Photo Essay: A.I.R. Gallery at Kochi Biennale 2017”
by Kathryn Meyers
January 10 2017
As the exhibition progressed, it was gratifying to have so many artists, gallery directors, and art appreciators stop by and engage in conversation about the works. (Pictured: Tunty Chauhan, director of Threshold Gallery with Jayanthi Moorthy)

During the course of the exhibition, Jayanthi Moorthy has organized a series of workshops and artist dialogues engaging the Kochi community with the exhibition. This has been a fruitful way for her to connect with her local community even in New York where she is an artist and an art educator.

Bring Home Stories
“Cooperative Consciousness Photo Essay: A.I.R. Gallery at Kochi Biennale 2017”
by Kathryn Meyers
January 10 2017
AS THE CURATORIAL TEAM of “Painting 2.0: Expression in the Information Age,” we feel the need to address one highly problematic aspect of Jack Bankowsky’s extensive review. While we recognize the author’s in-depth engagement with parts of the exhibition (and the accompanying publication), we strongly oppose his cursory take on the feminist argument that animates all three sections of “Painting 2.0.”

This argument is most strongly put forward in—but not exclusive to—a section titled “Eccentric Figuration,” which, according to Bankowsky, might have been “sacrificed” in order to achieve a “more streamlined whole.” The streamlined whole he envisioned would not include artists associated with the feminist A.I.R. collaborative, whose objective was precisely to disregard the idea of a coherent aesthetic “brand” as well as modernism’s notion of progress (which, as many scholars and theorists have pointed out, closely parallels the values of patriarchal capitalism). Neither would it have included artists such as Joan Mitchell, Eva Hesse (as represented by her less known early paintings), or Joan Snyder—mentioned by the author—whose work is fundamental to a project that investigates an ongoing yet largely unacknowledged afterlife of modernism’s gestural heritage in the information age. While Bankowsky manages, remarkably, to touch on most of the artists represented in the other two sections of the exhibition, “Gesture and Spectacle” and “Social Networks,” and even proposes additions—such as Roy Lichtenstein, Martial Raysse, Brice Marden, John Armleder, Richard Prince, Jeff Koons, and Takashi Murakami—most of the artists represented in “Eccentric Figuration” remain unnamed, with the exception of those who are “cherry-picked” as “relevant highlights” (Bankowsky’s words) for the other chapters of the show. Despite his acknowledgment of the exhibition’s claim that the “body, the human hand, the material mark . . . [are] privileged vehicles by which to figure [today’s culture of the networked image],” Bankowsky makes no attempt to engage the prosthetic corporeality featured in Lee Lozano’s and Maria Lassnig’s paintings from the 1960s, the theatrical staging of clichéd gestures in the ‘70s work of Ree Morton and Frank Stella, the painterly renderings of excess by Elizabeth Murray and Ull Hohn in the ‘80s, Sue Williams’s and Jutta Koether’s ‘90s contributions to the discussion of affect and the object, or more recent takes on the relationship of painterly embodiment and mediation by artists such as Amy Sillman and Leidy Churchman.

We fully acknowledge a critic’s right to disagree with curatorial decisions, including his expression of preferences regarding individual artists and artworks—a task that is no small feat considering the scope and size of “Painting 2.0.” However, Bankowsky’s selective and imbalanced discussion of the exhibition’s arguments amounts to a “pruning” (again, the author’s choice of word) that not only makes it impossible for readers to relate to one of the show’s core aims but also suggests intentional gender bias. Bringing together...
“various aesthetic manifestations of what might characterize the bodily in painting under the influence of media and spectacle” was not the female curator’s “impulse,” but resulted from extensive discussions and a collective thought process—just as “Gesture and Spectacle” and “Social Networks” are the result of a team effort. Furthermore, stripping the show of its feminist argument also means stripping off the “body” that holds “gesture” and “network” together. With “Eccentric Figuration,” “Painting 2.0” deliberately pursues a trajectory in conflict with the historiographical privileging of Minimalism, which has shaped the critical reception of painting in crucial ways. Artists such as Mitchell, Lozano, and Lasnig neither subscribed to high modernism’s subjectivity nor submitted to a literalist rhetoric. Like the men working with a model of the body-as-eye or the body-as-phenomenon, they figured bodies that are labeled, mediated, clichéd, sexed—exhibiting a corporeality that is intricately entangled in the contemporary world of spectacle. “Eccentric Figuration” claims the heritage of these artists for a genealogy of painting in opposition to a “streamlined whole.” By treading paths that are not supposed to exist in the canon, their work—and work made in its wake—complicates gendered mechanisms of canonization. Bankowsky closes his self-designated “fantasy” of a “Painting 2.0” without “Eccentric Figuration” by suggesting that the latter might have been a “bolder bid at locating a painting not only of our time but equal to it.” As far as we are concerned, any exhibition—or painting, for that matter—that aims at such “equality” to its time must necessarily recognize the inequities and contradictions that characterize our current moment.

—Manuela Ammer, Achim Hochdörfer, David Joselit

JACK BANKOWSKY’S REVIEW of “Painting 2.0: Expression in the Information Age” at the Museum Brandhorst in Munich (the show has since traveled to the Museum Moderne Kunst Stiftung Ludwig Wien, Vienna), published in Artforum’s otherwise very engaging summer issue on “Art and Identity,” indeed offers a very identitarian concern. It presents us with an exemplary case of social violence in written form: Bankowsky imagines a history of painting without women. On a basic level, the text defies the review format in refusing to engage with the propositions made in the show’s vast thematic survey of painting after 1960. Instead of commemorating the writer’s own desires onto it—and onto the work of numerous artists, curators, and cocurators, as a superfluous addition to the otherwise male duo of curators. "Painting 2.0" confounds its audience by engaging canonization itself in the constitution of something that “Painting 2.0” distinctively aims to combat: the relentless reinforcement of male privilege that has been continuously showcased in painting’s embarrassing master narratives. Where the exhibition attempts to delineate the history of painting as an undivided and unutterable conjoining of the information age and human expression—complicated by its associations, per the curators’ introduction, with not only “intuitive subjectivity” but also “conservative forms of nationalism and patriarchal posing”—Bankowsky simply seeks out who is worthy of carrying the torch of painting’s vitalist mastership. He consequently reviews not the exhibition but rather its potential for catering to his own masterful taste.

Out of the show’s three chapters—“Gesture and Spectacle,” “Eccentric Figuration,” and “Social Networks”—he singles out the second as unworthy of painting’s history. This is the very chapter of the exhibit in which the curators engage explicitly with questions of painting’s sexes. Instead of simply opposing male vs. female painting, they draw out divergent lines of desire that cut across such gendered stereotypes and instead engage with painting as living practice. Bankowsky, interested rather in a “more streamlined whole” that would entail the appearance of one sex only, the sex of the master, leaves the actual questions posed in this section illegible. While he takes the time to provide us with an almost complete list of artists on display in the show’s other two sections, most of the artists in the “Eccentric Figuration” section—the complete roster of which (in Munich) comprised Kai Althoff, Monika Baer, Nairy Baghramian, Georg Baselitz, Lynda Benglis, Sadie Benning, Leidy Churchman, William N. Copley, René Dané, Carroll Dunham, Nicole Eisenman, Isa Genzken, Philip Guston, Harmony Hammond, David Hammons, Rachel Harrison, Mary Heilmann, Eva Hesse, Uli Hohn, Joan Jonas, Jutta Koether, Maria Lasnig, Lee Lozano, Joan Mitchell, Rei Morton, Ulrike Müller, Elizabeth Murray, Ed Paschke, David Reed, Amy Sillman, Joan Snyder, Frank Stella, Walter Swennen, Paul Thek, Cy Twombly, Sue Williams, and Karl Wirsum—are central to the consequential decentering of painting’s sexed stereotyping, and yet simply go unmentioned.

Others, such as Althoff, Hammons, and Dunham, are corralled to resuscitate the very normalized order their works defy, thereby obliterating the show’s claims and the history of such hard-won positioning completely. Bankowsky even implicitly qualifies Manuela Ammer, who authored the essay devoted to this section in the show’s catalogue and cocrated it alongside its counterparts, as a superfluous addition to the otherwise male duo of curators. "Painting 2.0" confronts its audience by engaging canonization itself in the age of mediatisation. For example, it helps us to understand New York’s A.I.R. as a “Social Network,” which served not only as “an effective vehicle for combating the system and getting the art out into the world,” but also “intuitive subjectivity” but also “conservative forms of nationalism and patriarchal posing”—Bankowsky simply seeks out who is worthy of carrying the torch of painting’s vitalist mastership. He consequently reviews not the exhibition but rather its potential for catering to his own masterful taste.

By suggesting that “eccentric figuration” is merely a “warring paradigm” that distracts from the “mutually enriching” relation between the show’s other two chapters, Bankowsky reasserts that old logic that complains of the “distinctions” of feminism—or indeed, political—arguments from an apparently more important set of questions. But can the “gesture” or the “social” make sense without a consideration of “figuration,” of embodiment? Can “spectacle” or the “network” be conceived without questions of marginality, rejection, or “eccentricity”? These, however, are questions that take seriously the suppositions of a review that seems bent on not taking its subject seriously. A simpler question might be whether Bankowsky has considered the point Carol Duncan made forty-one years ago in the pages of this magazine, in her 1975 article “When Greatness Is a Box of Wheaties,” and that others like Chantal Akerman, Lucy R. Lippard, or Silvia Bovenschen emphasize at the time—that the assumption of “greatness manifests itself in the same way all the time . . . [that] it is a universal quality,” is done for, just as “greatness itself should be constantly coming undone. This is, as we are made aware in Bankowsky’s text, a project further from completion than we might have dreamed. It has been incessantly pushed toward realization by the work of numerous artists, curators,
writers, and teachers who believe that the instrumentalization of art as a means of reinforcing and ornamenting privilege has to be tirelessly countered. Bankowsky’s position is exemplary of a master narrative aiming to exclude women. In other cases, such lines of exclusion identify different groups as (art) history’s dispensable parts, whose presence taints art’s greatness as a streamlined whole. Bankowsky’s identification of the show’s artists follows the still overwhelmingly naturalized lines of a gender model in which identity comes as a given, and in his case as a given privilege. But many other contributors to Artnet’s summer issue on “Art and Identity” seem to have moved past this nostalgic divide and cherish identity as the battleground of a shared desire for emancipation. To quote Zackary Drucker from one of the remarkably pertinent texts in the same issue, “Visibility is a material.” To have it taken away—again!—is unacceptable.

—Rachel Haidu, Jenny Nachtklang, Kerstin Stakemeier; Julia Bryan-Wilson, Lynne Cooke, Helmut Draxler, Darby English, Devin Fore, Tom Holert, Sven Lüticken, Maria Muhle, Steven Nelson

*Denotes participation in the exhibition’s catalogue and/or related events.

THE SUMMER 2016 ISSUE arrived at my house today. It contained the best review I have read in any art publication in years—a sustained, honest, art-historically astute but also refreshingly personal argument publication in years—a sustained, honest, art-historically astute but also refreshingly personal argument

Into the show, we arrived at my house today. It contained the best review I have read in any art publication in years—a sustained, honest, art-historically astute but also refreshingly personal argument publication in years—a sustained, honest, art-historically astute but also refreshingly personal argument

This is precisely what Nochlin (and her compatriots in other academic disciplines) set out to do, and thanks to their tenacity, four and a half decades later the playing field looks more level—not by any means flat, but yes, progress has been made. Next year we should see a woman in the White House (God help us if we do not!), and when we casually survey the artists who have come of age since the early 70s, surely there are as many women who seem likely to withstand the judgments of time as men. That said, there are also women artists whose work is less than earthshaking—just as there are male artists whose output is unlikely ever to be mistaken as first-rate—and I confess to being somewhat mystified by the opprobrium I have received for admitting this hardly surprising fact of life into my consideration of “Painting 2.0: Expression in the Information Age.”

I went at my review forthrightly (and at the risk of offending the single-issue voters among Artnet’s readership), based on my assumption that in a publication given to parsing fine-grained distinctions about the meaning and evolution of art—a context in which, I would like to think, the baldly reactionary politics I am being accused of here are unlikely to find a home—one should be able to discuss such differences without fear of censure, or censorship. In my experience, the most powerful, compelling (can we reclaim the freighted “great” in 2016?) women artists—and I have known and worked with a few of them—are the last people on this planet to wish to exempt their often hard-won achievements from the critical distinctions that enable us to appreciate them as such in favor of a blanket (and patronizing) critical immunity.

I was shaken by this pair of letters and remain shaken. While I am tempted to dismiss these attacks as merely the expedient defense of a group of ambitious curators (and their vocal allies), miffed by the fact that the reviewer they drew happens not to believe their curatorial effort to be quite as convincing as they do, the seriousness of the charges (the accusation of “intentional gender bias” is heavy artillery) demands that I take these reactions seriously. Nor do I discount the possibility that the slight to women artists I am accused of is genuinely felt as such by these letters’ authors. This prospect is deeply troubling to me, and I can only insist that, if I have not been willfully misrepresented, then I have been misunderstood.

It is clear that the perception of gender bias in my review stems from the fact that I criticized and accorded less attention to the third of the show titled “Eccentric Figuration.” Accompanied by a catalogue essay (therein lay its destabilizing power).

Jack Bankowsky responds:

When art historian Linda Nochlin posed the revolutionary question Why are there no great woman artists? she dared to acknowledge a state of affairs that was, in 1971, all too grimly real. The situation, she insisted, would not be righted by feats of scholarly revision alone (Berthe Morisot versus Édouard Manet). Such intellectual labor on behalf of women artists of the past was not to be discounted, of course (if the deck was stacked against women achieving art-historically in the present, so too was it stacked against us perceiving achievement by women in the past), but her point was that the problem could not be wished away in polite revisionism. The problem was not only real, it was foundational, and the status quo would only give way to a determined unpacking of the substrate of prejudice, received ideas, and closely guarded male privilege that the very rhetoric of her provocation slyly summed up (within its destabilizing power).

Artforum
October 2016
importantly, women artists figure decisively in all three sections of the show, as one might have hoped they would, and as the curators argue in their letter, the feminist thread runs strong in all three chapters. All this said, was I really not to criticize the "Eccentric Figuration" section for fear of being accused of "intentional gender bias"? Talk about a repressive injunction! My point was not to exclude the artists (male, female, or any other gender) in this section, but simply to demonstrate that the artists whom I find most powerful I also feel to be less than perfectly served by the frame this chapter imposes.

I will own to one criticism in the letter from the curators (the more measured of the two responses—if only relatively speaking): In the perfect review I might have written if, well, I were perfect, I should have discussed more explicitly the feminist thread the curators argue runs through each of the sections and essays. Their complaint is fair in that by not highlighting this motivating imperative, I prevented the reader from perceiving the curators' full purposes, as their feminist perspective informed some of the selections and omissions that I went on to criticize. Had I done this work, the take on the show would surely have been fuller and truer. But really—willful bias?? If I failed to explicitly analyze their feminist frame—one frame, it is important to remember, in an endless mise en abyme of nested frames—the plain fact that I considered, and considered favorably, any number of the women artists one might presume said frames were devised to serve should count as the plain measure of my commitment. Indeed, if these charges were not so horrifying to me, so bullying and disrespectful of my past work and of my intentions, not to mention those of the magazine in publishing my review, I would find it laughable to be accused of "disappearing" the likes of Jutta Koether, of whose work I mounted an apology in the very review under attack. Or Eva Hesse, an artist I hold in the highest esteem. Or, absurdly, Rachel Harrison, a sculptor I similarly admire, and indeed honored with a cover when I was the editor of this publication—never mind the fact that I contributed an essay to her monograph. One would think my involvement with this artist's work might have earned me the right to my implied criticism that Harrison's art was as inadequately served by the conceptual frame to which it was subjected in the "Eccentric Figuration" section and the accompanying essay as that of Isa Genzken (an artist whose work I also happen to admire), or, for that matter, any number of male or male-identified artists (such as Leidy Churchman), for reasons I spelled out in my review.

Here is, to my mind, the key question (rhetorical only, please!): Was this show intended merely as a catalogue of everything that called itself painting during the span of years corresponding to the rise of the World Wide Web? (No, the show was about painting, with conspicuous omissions suggest this cannot be the case.) Or was it a more ambitious attempt to track some decisive modulations, even a paradigm shift, that have occurred in the art of painting in conjunction with the advent of Web 2.0 and (as I would have hoped the show would do, and indeed called on it to do), to privilege work that gets under the skin of these changes, figuring (consciously or otherwise) painting's changed condition in their light? I gave the curators credit for the latter because I felt the show made valiant headway in this respect, via its proposed "network painting" model, wherein painting remains at once itself (as a convention) and "beside" itself, activating the social and cultural networks in which it is necessarily embedded precisely by performing its status as such within said networks. I also believe the show made significant strides in plotting a revisionist history of painting since the '60s that might be seen to support this paradigm shift. By this litmus test, I argued that I did not think the inclusion of the A.I.R. work was convincing (indeed, a less disingenuous response to my review might have debated this claim), and I certainly never said that artists in this collective should be written out of art history, as the letter signed by Haidu et al. claims (in fact, I took pains to underscore that this was not my point). Rather, I argued that A.I.R. seemed a strained fit with respect to the network painting model, which I found to be the exhibition's most compelling offering. Neither did I say that all the artists (female or male) in the "Eccentric Figuration" section should have been scapped; I merely said that the section's underlying model, which seemed to propose the recuperation of the painterly body and gestural mark as in itself a significant artistic response to our networked present, did not seem convincing to me as a way of confronting this contemporary condition from any vantage, feminist or otherwise.

To dismiss the distinctions I have argued for as merely affirming a patriarchal brand of greatness seems to me a willful vulgarization of my program—when I am, in fact, calling precisely for a painting that, like the freighted term greatness, in the words of Carol Duncan, "should be constantly coming undone"—a painting that, on the most substantive and structural level, as opposed to a merely a reactive one, addresses the challenges of the internet age. Such a model of painting today would internalize the lessons of several decades of interdisciplinary and intermedia experimentation rather than blithely proceeding with painterly business as usual, if the medium's expressive ways and means were ever-stable. Indeed, the very impulse to mount a mega-survey of painting (however affirming the marketplace remains of such initiatives) may be somewhat problematic as a feminist initiative, as so much, yes, "great" art by women in the period in question has staked its claim precisely outside and between the traditional mediums. Suffice to say that heated accusation (not just of gender bias, but even "violence") here seems to leave any honest characterization of my argument—not to mention the serious discussion of painting or gender or how they might relate—entirely by the wayside.

I can only hope that the readers of this exchange of letters will take the time to go back to my review, where I took pains to argue my points at great length, and which appears in cartoon versions in these attacks. To the offended parties, I can appreciate that my having cited near my conclusion several prominent male artists who I felt were conspicuous in their absence (an absence all the more notable for remaining unremarked on by the curators, particularly given that they are among the purest exemplars of what I see to be the show's most productive paradigm) might have felt like the last straw and kindled suspicions; but these happened to be the artists who were missing. I can assure you that had the show omitted women artists who have as decisively figured painting's networked condition under the pressure of our technologized present as the men I cited—artists like Koether, Genzken, Harrison, Emily Sundblad of Reena Spaulings, R. H. Quaytman, and, in a more pointedly instrumental manner, Adrian Piper—I would have called them on this just as loudly. And I should have called them on the missing Sturtevant, who would have made an astringent addition to the "painterly renderings of excess" the curators seem to see as the province of the art form particularly suitable to women.

Let me conclude by saying only that I regret that I should have been misunderstood by anyone regarding my commitment to art by women; indeed, it runs directly counter to my own self-understanding. I would have been inconsolable had I not, in fact, also received numerous personal notes complimenting my review from both men and women—men and women as committed, and as feminist, as my correspondents here—none of whom were in any way compelled to misconstrue my intentions.
Celebrating Women with Overlap: Life Tapestries at A.I.R. Gallery Curated by Vida Sabbaghi

2 HOURS AGO by JENNIFER WOLF (HTTPS://ARTEFUSE.COM/AUTHOR/JENNIFER-WOLF/)
Identity, especially for female and minority artists, has undeniably emerged as a key impetus for art making over the last few decades. Currently on view at the woman-centric A.I.R. Gallery in DUMBO, *Overlap: Life Tapestries* juxtaposes the work of eight female artists to explore the concept of intersectionality, the ways that various aspects of identity shape one’s experience. Given the current political climate, the exhibition, skillfully curated by Vida Sabbaghi, serves as a particularly powerful expression of the female voice as colored by a diversity of race, class, age etc. *Overlap* offers a subtle and uniquely relatable sort of feminism, as well as an embrace of diversity within the largely white male driven art world.

Perhaps the most attention grabbing, and certainly the most pop culturally indebted, piece in the exhibition, Linda Stein’s *Heroic Composition 665 with Wonder Woman Shadow*, inhabits an entire corner of the room with a presence appropriate to the superhero that is Wonder Woman. The work, a life size
Equally powerful is a group of works by Martha Wilson, which examine what it means to age as a woman, when beauty and youth are valued so highly by our society. Feminism and wider ideas of identity come into play in conceptual photographic works like Beauty is in the Eye and New Wrinkles on the Subject, both of which literally portray takes on these clichéd phrases as means by which women keep themselves looking “young.”

The pressure put on women to fit into a pre-approved sort of identity, whether it be professionally, sexually, or in any other area of life informs the show throughout. Shari Weschler Rubeck’s painting As We Leave literally depicts this weight as boulders replace the top of her figure’s body. Bastienne Schmidt’s Typology of Women series similarly responds to society’s desire and pressure to categorize and simplify women into types as a means of identity.

All in all, this powerful grouping of work give an overall impression of both the struggles and joys of being a woman today. In an environment that balances an unprecedented freedom with continuing oppression and uncertainty, Overlap succeeds as a platform to allow women artists to fully own their own unique identities.
Les Femmes Folles

FANNY ALLIÉ, ARTIST
Fanny Allié is currently exhibiting her solo show, VESSELS, at AIR Gallery in Brooklyn, thru Feb. 7. From AIR website:
“In Vessels, Allié builds the structure of a story in which characters coexist with makeshift, handmade dwellings along with domestic objects related to an everyday vernacular imagery. From fragments of images extracted from the daily news, snippets of persistent personal memories or simple observations of her surroundings, she presents a narrative thread that solidly connects humans to each other.”

The artist generally shares with LFF some of her stellar work, what she hopes people get from her work, collaborating and being an artist in New York and more…
Where are you from? How did you get into creative work and what is your impetus for creating?

I am from the South of France (Montpellier). I started taking pictures and staging my two sisters when I was 16, I didn't really know what I was doing but I felt the urge of doing it. I find inspiration mostly in daily life, personal memories and the news.

Tell me about your current/upcoming show/exhibit/book/project and why it’s important to you. What do you hope people get out of your work?

In my current solo show “Vessels” at A.I.R Gallery in Brooklyn, NY, which is a part of the fellowship program, I am showing 3 recent bodies of work: collages on wood panels for which I use newspaper cutouts, life-size hand sewn plastic bag characters and an installation of papier-mâché objects on bamboo sticks (the exhibit is up until Feb 7th). The show focuses on the physical and mental weights we carry throughout our life journey.

When looking at the work, I hope people can create their own narrative and relate to what they see on a personal level.

Does collaboration play a role in your work—whether with your community, artists or others? How so and how does this impact your work?

My art practice is a lonely and isolated practice and I usually don't collaborate with others except the few times when I curated shows.

For me sharing (info – opportunities, tips) and exchanging studio visits with other artists are essential in creating a sense of community among your peers

Do you think your city is a good place for women in art/writing/etc? What do you think is the best thing about your city for artists, and how might it be improved?

Yes I think New York is a good place to be for art in general (for women and men), there are so many opportunities, it’s easy to meet other artists (everyone is basically an artist :) or simply to see shows. Of course there is a lot of competition…
Fanny Allié

Artist Wanda Ewing, who curated and titled the original LFF exhibit, examined the perspective of femininity and race in her work, and spoke positively of feminism, saying “yes, it is still relevant” to have exhibits and forums for women in art; does feminism play a
role in your work?

Feminism doesn’t really play a direct role in my work but it’s something that matters to me as a woman.

Ewing’s advice to aspiring artists was “you’ve got to develop the skill of when to listen and when not to;” and “Leave. Gain perspective.” What is your favorite advice you have received or given?

Be persistent, always…

~

Les Femmes Folles is a volunteer organization founded in 2011 with the mission to support and promote women in all forms, styles and levels of art from around the world with the online journal, print annuals, exhibitions and events; originally inspired by artist Wanda Ewing and her curated exhibit by the name Les Femmes Folles (Wild Women). LFF was created and is curated by Sally Deskins. LFF Books is a micro-feminist press that publishes 1-2 books per year by the creators of Les Femmes Folles including the award-winning Intimates & Fools (Laura Madeline Wiseman, 2014) and The Hunger of the Cheeky Sisters: Ten Tales (Laura Madeline Wiseman/Lauren Rinaldi, 2015). Other titles include Les Femmes Folles: The Women 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014 and 2015 available on blurb.com, including art, poetry and interview excerpts from women artists. See the latest call for work on the Submissions page!

1. twurpentine reblogged this from femmesfollesnebraska

2. femmesfollesnebraska posted this
NOT SO LONG AGO, lots of perfectly intelligent folks believed that the art of painting was vanishing before our eyes, its last allegiants locked in a death dance with the specifics of the medium. Today, the art form seems very much alive. Painting remains the coin of the realm of art (this much seems inarguable), though whether this empirical truth guarantees its vitality is a separate matter. So how, then, does painting live on in the culture of the proliferating image, and what in the World Wide Web does it all mean?

Enter “Painting 2.0: Expression in the Information Age.” The title refers to Web 2.0, that popular catchphrase for the rapid rise of dynamic content and social media in the Internet of the early 2000s, and offers a few clues as to how the exhibition approaches its subject: as a rejiggered version of its former self, equal to today’s data overload. If the mandate of the project as a whole, to quote the jointly authored catalogue introduction, is “to locate the challenges to painting posed by what Guy Debord called the society of the spectacle,” and, by implication, to enumerate and display the painterly responses to these challenges from the 1960s on, the question, we quickly see, is one not just of painting’s fate, or of the mutations that have allowed it to survive in the present, but of our own: How are we to understand the “expressive” brushstroke when our subjectivities inevitably inhere in a thousand daily touches of the screen?

The survey—curated by Achim Hochdörfer, director of the Museum Brandhorst; Manuela Ammer, curator at the Museum Moderna Kunst Stiftung Ludwig Wien in Vienna (where the exhibition opens June 4); and scholar and critic David Joselit—comprises three primary constellations of artworks, each roughly occupying its own floor: “Gesture and Spectacle,” “Eccentric Figuration,” and “Social Networks.” But there are lesser asterisms as well: “Mediated Gestures,” “Expression as Pose,” “Affective Gestures,” “Prosthetic Bodies,” “Questionable Subjects,” “Figures of Sentimentality,” “Capitalist Realism,” “Fantasy of Cologne” (I love this last one!). The list goes on; indeed, roaming though this ambitious, at times unhinged, but decidedly tonic attempt to come to terms with painting in our current moment, I will admit to feeling a bit like a child staring up at the sky on a clear summer night. So incommensurable in number and kind are the prospects on painting today that one falls backward into the grass with a sigh, defeated of ever making sense of it all.

I am being disingenuous. With a little squinting, the contours of a map emerge. “Painting 2.0” (a “palimpsest,” its organizers warn us) is a great deal more than one of those casual, dime-a-dozen afterlife-of-painting affairs the marketplace cyclically (and cynically) stages to reassure itself that the cash cow of the fine arts industry is still alive and making milk. If anything, “Painting 2.0” is three (no, better, a dozen!) shows in one, each a sizable cut above the usual gruel. Indeed, I found myself alternately damning the curators for a lack of nerve in choosing from among the steaming plates and applauding them for insisting on the complexity of the field: The exhibition is a necessary, indeed courageous attempt to chart the considerable terrain to which it lays claim; at times it is a dire one. “Painting 2.0” all but insists it be taken as a definitive statement, as the contemporary painting survey of record.
So where to begin? "Painting 2.0" aims not only to celebrate painting’s relevance in our networked present but to retell the story of the art since the 1960s; the supposition is that painting’s current condition was already incipient in the immediate aftermath of Abstract Expressionism, a period synonymous with the postwar burgeoning of consumer culture and the accompanying rise of new technologies. Each of the three curators has a go at the dual mandate in a catalogue essay keyed to one of the show’s main sections, while a half dozen shorter pieces flesh out the show’s themes. Hochdörfer sets the genealogical parameters of painting in this age or any other—are understood here not of painting as a whole, but as privileged vehicles by which to remember his call for painting to kill itself again—and again (but better)—if it is to live on.

Absent, too, are the big guns of Pop—save for Warhol, of course. This is a radical edit of the ‘60s, if one that will make sense by the time we’ve made it through the exhibition. But as we begin our long journey under Hochdörfer’s lead rubric for his catalogue essay, “How the World Came In,” a riff on Leo Steinberg’s "Painting," Writing of apps like Instagram, he asks: “Isn’t it just at such points of collapse and confusion where art most wants to get busy?”—a reminder (at least to this reader) that the mega painting survey is inevitably a self-fulfilling prophecy when it comes to art’s location today. If I pay this much attention to the catalogue, it is not just because it is a serious effort and deserves to be read, but because this show of nearly three hundred works by more than one hundred artists does not really fly without it.

The “2.0” frame, suffice to say, is capacious: Here, painting’s relationship to information is (sensibly) not restricted to art that is directly shaped by new technologies at the level of making, or even to work that internalizes the social ramifications of our technological expansion. But for the most part, he is an inevitable linchpin in the account. Rather, the frame is widened to include painting that purportedly respects said conditions by the mere fact of its being painting. The body, the human hand, the material mark—in short, the prima materia of painting in this age or any other—are understood here not only as implicit rebuttals to today’s culture of the networked image but as privileged vehicles by which to figure it. With this frame the pliable, anything can be made to fit, and indeed everything has been made to—well, almost everything.

So what is it? Or, better, given the range on offer here, what is not? In terms of the larger historical arc beginning in the ‘60s, Minimalism is out. Three sets of busy revisionists hang on deck, and Minimalism remains a monolith, Brice Marden’s handmade paintings and Donald Judd’s hands-off objects interchangeable. The real foe here is medium specificity, a monster that looms rather scarier in the groves of academia than in the admittedly no less unreal world of art. There is an Oedipal struggle (if a petite one) being waged, and the father figure is Yve-Alain Bois, one of the catalogue’s most footnoted authorities. I am remembering his call for painting to kill itself again—and again (but better!)—if it is to live on.

Well, this quickly gets niggling. The show is full of great art and suggestive genealogies. The proceedings open with Martin Kippenberger’s Heavy Burschi (Heavy Guy), 1989/1990, in which a makeshift dumpster brimming with destroyed canvases sits just beyond a salon-style hang of photographic doubles of the vandalized artworks. Kippenberger may be the artist who, second only to Warhol’s, exemplifies best illustrates the show’s intertwined mandates. As we enter the first gallery, we discover in Heavy Burschi a version of the painterly gesture that is decidedly on the move, routed here through a network of human relationships and mechanical mediations. (Kippenberger’s then assistant Merlin Carpenter created the smashed paintings in his mentor’s style.) Of course, Kippenberger’s “expressionistically inspired analyses of the social dynamics of creative processes” (the words are Hochdörfer’s) was picked up by a posse of disciples: not just Carpenter but Stephan Dillenmuth, Cosima von Bonin, Heimo Zobernig, Stephen Prina, and, last but not least, the mercurial antipainter Michael Krebber (all but Dillemuth show up in this section). From there, painting, by now fully technological, is not just a gestural nor eccentric (to subject them to the exhibition’s simultaneous grids), but then what happened to Martial Raysse, a Pop eccentric to the core?

Well, this quickly gets niggling. The show is full of great art and suggestive genealogies. The proceedings open with Martin Kippenberger’s Heavy Burschi (Heavy Guy), 1989/1990, in which a makeshift dumpster brimming with destroyed canvases sits just beyond a salon-style hang of photographic doubles of the vandalized artworks. Kippenberger may be the artist who, second only to Warhol’s, exemplifies best illustrates the show’s intertwined mandates. As we enter the first gallery, we discover in Heavy Burschi a version of the painterly gesture that is decidedly on the move, routed here through a network of human relationships and mechanical mediations. (Kippenberger’s then assistant Merlin Carpenter created the smashed paintings in his mentor’s style.) Of course, Kippenberger’s “expressionistically inspired analyses of the social dynamics of creative processes” (the words are Hochdörfer’s) was picked up by a posse of disciples: not just Carpenter but Stephan Dillenmuth, Cosima von Bonin, Heimo Zobernig, Stephen Prina, and, last but not least, the mercurial antipainter Michael Krebber (all but Dillemuth show up in this section). From there, we jump back a quarter century with a sampling of work from the postwar transition period. Work from this side of the pond, in which the painterly gesture still persisted, though in manifest tension with an onslaught of mass-mediated imagery, is coupled with that of Mario Schifano in the room following Kippenberger. Fast on their heels comes the Nouveau Réaliste décollage of Mimmo Rotella, Raymond Hains, and Jacques Villeglé, while the likes of Niki de Saint Phalle, Yves Klein, and Piero Manzoni put the “commodified picture” through its performative faces. From there, painting, by now fully instrumentalized, makes a political detour: “Protest Painting” brings together Daniel Buren, Günther Brus, Jörg Immendorff, Adrian Piper (I was happy to remember her WET PAINT placard), Joseph Beuys (with his 1972 protest sign reading DÜRER, ICH FÜHRE PERSÖNLICH BAADER + MEINHOF DURCH DIE DOKUMENTA V [Dürer, I Will Personally Guide Baader + Meinhof Through Documenta V]), Glenn Ligon (Untitled [I Am a Man], 1988), and Jacqueline Humphries, with her impossibly cynical, impossibly chic suite of protester protest signs (all Untitled, 2008). Louise Fishman’s series of “Angry Women” paintings from 1973 (Angry Joan, Angry Lynne, etc.) is the recherché trump card here, in a show that, incidentally, specializes in them. Thiery’s on to “Expression as Pose” (there is a missing footnote to Alison Gingeras for her work on this theme!): Ashley Bickerton (a logo self-portrait), Albert Oehlen (from his neo-expressionist or, better, mock neo-expressionist phase), Keith Haring (a subway drawing), and John Miller (a mannequin in a shit suit), plus Jean-Michel Basquiat, Martin Wong, Mike Kelley, and finally Christopher Wool, Cady Noland, and Steven Parrino, who, with Wool, Humphries, and Michel Majerus, show what is surest, the most visually dramatic room in the show, all black-and-another rather punk. “Gesture and Spectacle” concludes with a constitution titled “Hacking the Code,” which corals Oehlen (now of the wholly technologized gesture), Majerus, Charline von Heyl, Kenny James Marshall, Monika Baer, Isa Genzken,
Josh Smith, Laura Owens—plus Zobernig’s T-shirted mannequin (I mean painting) emblazoned with the word SALE. If Kelley Walker’s toothpaste tour de force kicks off the proceedings, a Wade Guyton “X” from 2007 rounds them out, its evocation of a hard-won battle with an ink-jet printer making a more startling statement about the human agent and how it lives under the technologized image than an army of loaded brushes. I’m exhausted just typing the names.

But on to the “Social Networks” section, where the taxonomy of painterly types is more abstract but also more compelling. With medium specificity again the foil, we learn in the catalogue’s introduction that one way in which twenty-first century painting “has grown interactive” is by incorporating “a broad range of ‘alien’ objects, such as readymades, advertisement, film, video, and performance, into its procedures.” At the same time, “artists began to recuperate and reformat—often through mechanical means—modernist forms.” “Using the history of art as a fully available archive,” the argument continues, “has emerged as a mode of generating ‘user-based content.’” Finally, “interactivity”—and this gets us to social networks, in the model the Pop artist elaborated—a complex social and economic network, encompassing downtown demimondes, uptown café society, print, television, and publishing, the whole revolving around the hub of his painting factory—remains the most vivid embodiment of Joselit’s schema. The paintings (and this is, of course, central here) punctuate the network and ensure the status of the larger machine as art.

In his catalogue essay, “Reassembling Painting,” Joselit elaborates and extends the “Painting Beside Itself” model, upping the stakes by situating observations initially grounded in the work of a handful of current artists in a larger art-historical scenario. His ruminations amount to a retelling of the whole modernist narrative, collaring the currents that flow through the two previous sections and filling out the backstory for the “Social Networks” paradigm. Take, for instance, his discussion of the painterly brushstroke—he refers to it as the “subject/object”—which dialogues suggestively with the “Gesture and Spectacle” floor and Hochdörfer’s commentary on it. In his catalogue essay in Joselit’s taxonomy, the subject/object is elevated to a modernist master trope on equal footing with the readymade, collage, and monochrome, with these four poles shown to demarcate the field of possibility for painting in the present moment. The mapping gets a bit fastidious here, with numbers and letters assigned to cross-pollinating tendencies in an algebra that puts its apogee, as per “Circulation” also hangs together as a section, corralling conceptual dissections of the institution of painting dynamics of a studio visit with a newly anointed art-world dignitary—me!). “Appropriation and Image

The word performance flies by too quickly here. This suggestive line of thinking was first taken up by Joselit in his 2009 essay “Painting Beside Itself.” The nifty pun of a title, suggesting that the painting at issue is at once undone, hysterical, and next to itself in a spatial sense (metaphorically—and sometimes literally), makes the point that painting today, fully conscious of itself with respect to modernist convention, can be seen to “perform” (or in some other sense overtly materialize) its place in the larger social and economic networks in which all images necessarily circulate. Warhol’s example remains ground zero here. The model the Pop artist elaborated—a complex social and economic network, encompassing downtown demimondes, uptown café society, print, television, and publishing, the whole revolving around the hub of his painting factory—remains the most vivid embodiment of Joselit’s schema. The paintings (and this is, of course, central here) punctuate the network and ensure the status of the larger machine as art.
with the title "A.I.R.—A Feminist Network," wherein the offerings consist of art objects in a more or less normative array of styles of the '70s, presided over by a large portrait of the group by Sylvia Sleigh. This is art that is perfectly worthy on its own terms, but not constitutive of the new artistic model teased out in this section. I worry that my distinction will come off as stingy (if not downright sexist), but I just don’t feel that, in this case, the social network was the art. it was, rather, an effective vehicle for combating the system and getting the art out into the world. I was tantalized when I happened on the A.I.R. cell in this unexpected context, but I cannot help but feel that the curators outsmarted themselves, compromising a model with enormous traction in the present with a well-intended art-historical red herring.

But where, I wanted to know, was John Armleder, in a show of networkers with room enough for a hundred-plus artists? He not only annually presides over a demi-booth at Art Basel, an art-fair booth “beside itself,” if you will, but typically displays his paintings—of generic polka dots or Poonsessique drips—as found objects in combination with other found objects (say, a piece of upholstered midcentury furniture). And what happened to Richard Prince, to my mind a next-to-perfect match with the “Social Network” paradigm? I know I’m not going to make many friends by mounting a defense of Prince just now, the artist having visited a triple whammy on himself several years back with a distracting gallery move, a museum retrospective in which he pointedly mainstreamed himself, and a body of work—or several—that gave “getting away with it” (a favored trope of the artist) a bad name precisely by failing to do so. But Prince’s relationship to painting within a managed network that features not only blue-chip galleries but off-site actions, including shops both public and less so, a remote house museum with a down-market spin, and a tireless publication machine epitomizes the contemporary condition of artist-network as diagnosed by Joesitl. And let’s not forget those come-hither “Nurse” paintings, which are about as beside themselves as paintings get, or, for that matter, his recent Instagram paintings. And what, too, of Jeff Koons, and also Takashi Murakami, of the networked art-life universes punctuated by paintings? Both would seem a tidy match, especially where Warhol is the presiding paterfamilias. I’m not suggesting that simply because the work of a given artist fits the model under examination that it must be included. But some decisions here feel capricious, particularly in a show inclusive enough to suggest the encyclopedic. Admittedly, I make room in my scheme of things for art that is close to the symptom, that is rub-your-nose-in-it down and dirty, but I wonder whether, my own enthusiasms aside, I am not picking up a whiff of academic politesse here behind discriminations that I fear chip away at this exhibition’s considerable authority as a period statement.

Between the bookends of the first and final sections comes a third and equally compendious effort, "Eccentric Figuration." Recalling Lippard’s aforementioned landmark “Eccentric Abstraction,” an effort the curators understand as having been at once prescient and inhibited, still too much under the sway of then dominant abstraction to fully admit the figurative impulse, this section returns Lippard’s conceit to the drawing board. The curators’ mandate—to admit the full weight of the bodily repressed in both its abstract and figurative incarnations—yields vivid results, and yet, in the final analysis, I might have sacrificed the added dimension this chapter supplies for a more streamlined whole. What interests me most about the models in play throughout “Painting 2.0” are their ramifications for contemporary artmaking. So while Ammer’s impulse to, in her own words, bring “together various aesthetic manifestations of what might characterize the bodily in painting under the influence of media and spectacle” yields dividends for the work of artists I esteem and who otherwise might not have made the cut (say, Carroll Dunham and Nicole Eisenman), the issue here for me becomes one of warring paradigms rather than mutually enriching ones.

Between the bookends of the first and final sections comes a third and equally compendious effort, “Eccentric Figuration.” Recalling Lippard’s aforementioned landmark “Eccentric Abstraction,” an effort the curators understand as having been at once prescient and inhibited, still too much under the sway of then dominant abstraction to fully admit the figurative impulse, this section returns Lippard’s conceit to the drawing board. The curators’ mandate—to admit the full weight of the bodily repressed in both its abstract and figurative incarnations—yields vivid results, and yet, in the final analysis, I might have sacrificed the added dimension this chapter supplies for a more streamlined whole. What interests me most about the models in play throughout “Painting 2.0” are their ramifications for contemporary artmaking. So while Ammer’s impulse to, in her own words, bring “together various aesthetic manifestations of what might characterize the bodily in painting under the influence of media and spectacle” yields dividends for the work of artists I esteem and who otherwise might not have made the cut (say, Carroll Dunham and Nicole Eisenman), the issue here for me becomes one of warring paradigms rather than mutually enriching ones.

For instance, I would have preferred to discover David Hammons’s draped tarpaulin (Untitled, 2012) in the “Social Networks” section, where its status as a node in the social and economic circulation performed by his practice might have taken center stage, as opposed to through the lens of “Eccentric Figuration,” where, as a painterly embodiment, the work comes off as somewhat anemic. I have the same reservation when it comes to Kai Althoff’s positioning. At least as significant as this mercurial artist’s production of exquisitely wrought easel-size paintings is the fact that he persists in exhibiting them within more or less elaborate mise-en-scènes. Althoff wants to keep his paintings moving, to experience them within the centrifugal operations (musical, theatrical, collaborative) he seems to feel are indivisible from the pictures’ magic—and its contemporaneity. I’m making this up, but one can all but hear the late-night curator bantering: “If ‘Gesture and Spectacle’ gets Kippenberger, then ‘Social Networks’ must have Warhol!”

Is “2.0” an exhibition or a book, a compendium or a show? One hesitates to look a gift horse in the mouth, given the composite worth of the proceedings. Still, while I’m glad I saw Ammer’s show within a show, I can’t help but fantasize a “Painting 2.0” that might have done less but done it more indelibly. How about this? Roll section one into section three, cherry-pick the relevant highlights from section two, and call the pruned results “Painting Beside Itself”? Might the outcome have made for a more resounding statement, a bolder bid at locating a painting not only of our time but equal to it? The curators understand as having been at once prescient and inhibited, still too much under the sway of then dominant abstraction to fully admit the figurative impulse, this section returns Lippard’s conceit to the drawing board. The curators’ mandate—to admit the full weight of the bodily repressed in both its abstract
Daniela Kostova’s solo exhibition, *Loose at A.I.R. Gallery* (the first women’s cooperative gallery in the United States, founded in 1972) in DUMBO Brooklyn, questions the notions of the balance between freedom and safety in a child’s world. Kostova remembers playing as a child in Bulgaria with hardly any rules and/or regulations. Her installation hearkens back to this feeling of play as a complete abandonment of rules and innocence teetering on peril.

For starters, a visitor to her installation may feel a sense of dizziness due to a large geometric shaped photographic mural that has been angled partly on the wall and then, continues onto the floor. The mural like photograph depicts children on a tire swing, arching and bending to achieve the feeling of flying higher and higher. In addition, faux snowballs lay scattered randomly on the floor, a photo of mud swirled into shapes by small hands placed in the center of the floor, and a recently chopped log in a corner, create a sensation of forbidden play. It’s as if the children had played and left in a hurry. In addition, an open bag of sand spills on the floor buttressed by a car tire connected to a rope that springs down from the corner of an opposite wall. The rope stretched so tight divides the room, perhaps symbolizing a boundary between rules imposed by adults and the carefree world of a child. Parents aim to create a safe zone for children. However, eventually the safe zone transforms and the space becomes roped in. In fact, ropes are tied around rolled enlarged photos which are displayed in the center of the gallery space. These sculptural forms depict the push/pull between pure childhood joy and confinement. The photos depict children energized by sheer enjoyment, and then quite literally given boundaries by their rolled shapes and the inherent nature of knotted ropes.
For starters, a visitor to her installation may feel a sense of dizziness due to a large geometric shaped photographic mural that has been angled partly on the wall and then, continues onto the floor. The mural like photograph depicts children on a tire swing, arching and bending to achieve the feeling of flying higher and higher. In addition, faux snowballs lay scattered randomly on the floor, a photo of mud swirled into shapes by small hands placed in the center of the floor, and a recently chopped log in a corner, create a sensation of forbidden play. It's as if the children had played and left in a hurry. In addition, an open bag of sand spills on the floor buttressed by a car tire connected to a rope that springs down from the corner of an opposite wall. The rope stretched so tight divides the room, perhaps symbolizing a boundary between rules imposed by adults and the carefree world of a child. Parents aim to create a safe zone for children. However, eventually the safe zone transforms and the space becomes roped in. In fact, ropes are tied around rolled enlarged photos which are displayed in the center of the gallery space. These sculptural forms depict the push/pull between pure childhood joy and confinement. The photos depict children energized by sheer enjoyment, and then quite literally given boundaries by their rolled shapes and the inherent nature of knotted ropes.
Daniela Kostova: Loose
On View: March 17 – April 17 2016

Gallery Hours: Wednesday – Sunday (12 n to 6 pm)

A.I.R. Gallery, (http://airgallery.org/) 155 Plymouth Street Brooklyn NY 11201

Photography by: Olya Turchin (http://www.olyasurbanjournal.com/)

Art Review by: Olya Turchin
Starting on June 3rd, every first Friday of the month professional artists of the A.I.R. Gallery will lead a free kids art walk in DUMBO. Kids are led through art spaces in the neighborhood and taught how to look, appreciate and talk about art. Come to A.I.R Gallery at 155 Plymouth Street at 4 pm on June 3rd. All kids in the neighborhood between ages 6 to 10 years with a parent or guardian are invited to participate. Space is limited, sign up info@airgallery.org to register. More info here.

Related Posts:
Covering The Waterfront: The Dumbo Gallery Round-Up Part 2

by Emily Colucci on October 7, 2016 Neighborhood Watch

Ieva Epnere, Sea of Living Memories, (video still), 2016. (Courtesy the artist and kim? Contemporary Art Centre, Riga, Latvia)

Following the first part of my DUMBO gallery round-up, I concluded my waterfront adventure by visiting A.I.R. Gallery and Art In General. More on my trip below:

Yvette Drury Dubinsky, CominggoingEurope, 2016, 28-inch diameter, Cyanotype, monotype and collage on handmade watercolor and Japanese paper (Courtesy the artist and A.I.R. Gallery)

A.I.R. Gallery
155 Plymouth Street
Brooklyn, NY
On view until October 9, 2016

Non-traditional gallery models have their pluses and minuses. For A.I.R. Gallery—a membership based gallery founded with the intent to support and raise the visibility of women artists, one obvious perk is the ability to showcase the work of their members. On the downside, though, A.I.R. doesn’t have a curatorial model so much as it does an membership proposal process. Even with an exhibition committee, that pretty much ensures that the shows won’t all fit together neatly.

Take, for example, A.I.R.’s current lineup of fall exhibitions. Yvette Drury Dubinsky’s refugee-focused On The Move set such a high standard of sociopolitical relevance that the other two exhibitions—Nancy Morrow and Erin Wiersma’s duel Withdrawn and Yun Shin’s Filtering—seemed like an afterthought.

Nancy Morrow, See you, see me, see you, 2016, WC, gouache, acrylic, and graphite on paper (photo by author)

Ieva Epnere: Sea of Living Memories
This isn’t to say that the other two shows weren’t compelling in their own right. In particular, Nancy Morrow’s mixed media drawings, made in response to her partner’s struggles with dementia, powerfully translated the failure of memory to recall everyday objects and familiar people. Even Yun Shin’s obsessive and thick abstractions on carbon paper left you wanting to stroke the paper.

But, these work paled in comparison to Drury Dubinsky’s show. Part of this had to do with A.I.R.’s organization of the exhibitions. Viewers entered On The Move first before moving on to the other two shows. It’s almost impossible to transition to more formal aesthetic concerns after confronting a global humanitarian crisis.

On The Move takes Syria as its starting point, a particularly personal topic for the artist who visited Syria just before its civil war. Drury Dubinsky displays a series of mostly circular works on handmade Japanese paper. Each piece features a map, revealing a country or city whose population has endured some form of displacement. The borders of the mixed media collages are covered in mysterious silhouetted figures.

Admittedly, the works are cheesy. Maps and ambiguous refugee figures are not just simplistic, they’re cliché. But, sometimes, I can overlook a show’s cheesiness due to its politics. And the refugee crisis is certainly dire enough to give Drury Dubinsky’s art a second look.

Take, for example, Cominggoing Europe, which depicts layers of overlapping multicolored figures. With no faces or any discerning features, their shadows give no indication of race, ethnicity or country of origin. This undoubtedly deserves an eye roll for its “We Are The World” aesthetic. But, the figures do also engage with realities of displacement. The groups of amorphous figures are, on one hand, a representation of the universality of refugees. They could be anyone. And on the other hand, they are ghosts. Like the displaced are often treated in host countries, they are the unknowable and often, invisible other.

Drury Dubinsky doesn’t restrict her focus to Syria alone, expanding the show’s reach to other forms of displacement. The work New Suns, for example, places migration directly in the United States with a map of the Midwest. With both Chicago and St. Louis visible on the map—two cities where the artist has lived, the work references her own migrations. By tying her personal experiences to the political, she encourages viewers to consider their own moves—whether international, national or just within a city itself—within a global political context.

Ieva Epnere: Sea of Living Memories

Still from Ieva Epnere’s Potom (Later) at Art In General (photo by author)

Art In General
145 Plymouth Street
Brooklyn, NY
On view until November 5, 2016
If Yvette Drury Dubinsky’s *On The Move* succeeds despite its hackneyed imagery, Latvian artist Ieva Epnere’s nearby exhibition *Sea of Living Memories* does the exact opposite. Despite her polished cinematic aesthetic, the show’s political resonance falls flat.

Co-presented with kim? Contemporary Art Centre in Riga, Latvia and curated by their own Zane Onckule, *Sea of Living Memories* deals with the instability of the Latvian identity after the fall of the Soviet Union. While an important subject to mine, the show alienates viewers who aren’t up-to-date on their Latvian history. I found myself researching Latvian politics on Wikipedia late at night after viewing the show to try and understand it.

The central piece in the exhibition is a 20-minute fictionalized film *Potom (Later).* Opening with a textured close-up of a Soviet-style leather trench coat, the film immediately introduces a sense of power and intimidation. It then sleepily follows a solitary older man as he gets dressed, does pushups, eats some ancient-looking bread and wanders aimlessly on a beach. With a droning soundtrack blaring menacingly throughout, *Potom* captures perhaps the most realistic depiction of depression since Lars Von Trier’s *Melancholia.*

More than its pervasive moroseness, the film references the Soviet-controlled military past of the Baltic coast. There are numerous longing shots of ports and ruined fortresses. The last shot in the film juxtaposes the older man’s isolation with the brotherly camaraderie of sailors’ skipping pebbles into the sea.

Even though I caught the overall contrasting nostalgia and trauma of Soviet rule, there were moments in the film when I felt like I was missing something. For example, I assume the ruined fortress on the beach had some specific historic significance, but I have no idea what that was. Instead, I only could relate to it in basic generalities.

This feeling was even further emphasized in the next room, which covers the walls with photographs of coral, a tapestry of the beach landscape in *Potom* and two piles of blankets. The press release describes them as “material reminders of the Soviet legacy,” but it doesn’t give any means to understand why these are Soviet reminders and what they might signify. With some selective Googling, I learned the grey blankets are Russian military blankets, but in the gallery, I wondered if these were intentional or left over from the install. To me, these pieces didn’t seem to add anything to the show, but I suspect that was due to a failure of letting viewers in on the secret.

The exhibition reminded me of the New Museum’s 2011 exhibition *Ostalgia,* which wrestled with the same problematic of longing for the past Soviet control. The strength of that show illuminates the weakness of *Sea of Living Memories.* In *Ostalgia,* the New Museum wrote extensive corresponding wall labels, giving viewers a historical baseline of knowledge with which to approach the work. Art in General provided none of this.

To be fair, Epnere does show a series of short interview-style documentary videos in the last room of the gallery, which shed light on the strained transition of post-Soviet Latvia, as well as the romantic and familial relationships that make this division more complex. But after watching a slow 20-minute film, it is hard to find the motivation to sit and dive into the personal stories of Latvian citizens with limited context. Indeed even those who do make it through the narratives, may still find themselves seeking an answer key.
CATCHING UP WITH A.I.R. GALLERY: AN ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN ARTISTS FOR OVER 40 YEARS

BY ANNI IRISH

A.I.R. Gallery launches a new series of shows on January 7, 2016, including the group show Generation X: Razzle Dazzle featuring the work of two hundred female artists. As a pioneering New York City gallery, A.I.R's mission and alternative model has been setting precedents for the art world for decades. Also forthcoming are concurrent solo shows by the artists Nancy Azara and Fanny Allié.

Founded in 1972, in New York City, A.I.R. Gallery began as the brainchild of artists Barbara Zucker and Susan Williams, who cofounded the gallery with 18 other women artists. Zucker and Williams recognized the lack of female spaces in the art world as well as the challenges women artists faced at this time and sought to create their own. At the time of its inception, A.I.R was the only women-run, maintained, and artist-directed non-profit, cooperative gallery in the US.

Through Zucker and Williams' radical model, they helped change the way that galleries were thought of during this era, and situated female artists centrally in the art world. Notable members included Nancy Spero, Rachel baras-Cohain, Judith Bernstein, Daria Dorosh, Harmony Hammond, Louise Kramer, and Howardena Pindell, among others. These early members were trailblazers in the feminist art movement and helped to push beyond the expectations of the art world at this time.

Over the past four decades A.I.R. has been a driving force within the New York City art scene and beyond. They have worked tirelessly to promote women artists and in recent years have branched out into other projects that have helped to promote the gallery's mission. A.I.R. has continued to reinvent itself over the last several decades which has helped it remain a staying force in the New York art scene.

I recently spoke with A.I.R. Gallery’s Associate Director Jacqueline Ferrante, who is also a Brooklyn-based painter, about the gallery’s history, how feminism has played a vital role in its mission, and some of the challenges she has personally faced as a woman artist. We also discussed several of the recent community-based initiatives that the gallery has launched such as artist talks, recent exhibitions, the Legacy Project, and projects that the gallery is involved in today.
Anni Irish: How has A.I.R.’s history informed the kind of work it does today?

Jacqueline Ferrante: A.I.R. was formed in 1972 to provide an exhibition space and community for women artists in New York City. At that time, it was very difficult for many women artists to have exhibitions or receive gallery representation. At A.I.R. women had the opportunity to show their work to the public while knowing they had the support of their peers. This gave them the chance to take risks with their work by exploring ideas and themes that likely would not be shown in a commercial gallery. We’ve created opportunities for women artists of all ages, backgrounds, and cultures. We seek to be inclusive and are working on creating more programming opportunities for women minority artists as well.

Today A.I.R. is the oldest all female cooperative gallery in the US and has continued to advocate for women in the arts. Although more women show work than before, it is still a male-dominated art world (solo shows, auctions, the value placed on their work). It’s not only difficult to get a solo show as a female artist, but even studio spaces are hard to come by. We’re here to support all self-identified female artists.

AI: What is A.I.R.’s role in helping to promote and encourage women and feminist artists?

JF: A.I.R. Gallery is a thriving place for women in the arts. It shows the importance to have a women’s gallery where women have the support of each other, their work, and share work and ideas. It’s really a collective of women who have the opportunity to use A.I.R. as a non-commercial gallery to pursue their own visions. It’s allowed artists over time to do the work that they want to do without feeling any commercial pressure to do one thing or the other. Sometimes one small change is enormous for an artist and this is extremely useful for them. The artists exhibiting also have control over the installation of their work, what work they want to show and they receive a higher commission than a commercial gallery would give.
AI: What are some current initiatives the gallery is involved in?

JF: A.I.R. gives six underrepresented or emerging artists a one-year membership including a solo exhibition through our Fellowship Program. Artists awarded the fellowship receive a solo exhibition sponsored in full by the gallery, development workshops with arts professionals, a one-on-one studio visit with one of the panelists, and an A.I.R. New York Artist as a mentor to work with throughout their time at the gallery. This is open to any self-identified female artist who has not had a solo show in a commercial gallery over the past 10 years in New York City. The application is free and artists can be of any age to apply. This gives mothers who have children, or artists who have full time jobs the opportunity to learn about the New York Art scene, take risks in what they choose to show, and join the A.I.R. community.

We are also working on a Legacy Program. There are many artists that have been a part of A.I.R. who are no longer with us or can no longer take care of their work. It’s very important for us to keep their legacy alive. Therefore we are in the process of creating a page on our website which gives documentation about each A.I.R. founder or pioneer including information on where you can find their work now and their years of membership at the gallery. Eventually we plan to do this for many artists!

AI: Could you talk more about the Legacy Project?

JF: The legacy project was an idea that started with one of our founding members, Daria Dorosh. Over the last year, we have compiled research on each artist at New York University Fales Library (where our archives are held), collected photographs of them and their work, and have been in touch with family or their estate. When completed, we plan to have a legacy section on our website noting all of A.I.R.’s founders and pioneers. Each artist will have information about them including their participation in A.I.R., their importance in the art world, where to find their work now, and their accomplishments after being at the gallery. This is a project that could grow to the inclusion of other notable self-identified female artists outside of the A.I.R. community, keeping their history alive.

AI: What makes A.I.R. unique from other gallery spaces?
JF: The 22 New York Artists serve as the Board of Directors and contribute to the financial support of the organization through membership dues. They also have control over decisions on policy, exhibitions, and more at A.I.R. by a voting process. Each New York Artist receives a solo exhibition in Gallery I every 2.5–3 years, a summer group show, and off-site exhibition opportunities or fairs.

AI: Can you tell me about your most recent exhibition cycle?

JF: Currently the exhibitions we have up are by our A.I.R. artists Erica Stoller (Gallery I), Esther Naor (Gallery II), and Sylvia Netzer (Gallery III). All three artists have very different work yet have a similar color palette. The shows look great together!

Erica Stoller works with unexpected materials such as hula hoops, cable ties, and insulation. In Gravity Feed her work will be changing numerous times throughout the four weeks. Parts will be disassembled and/or moved around in the space. It’s intriguing to me when the work has been changed slightly because I notice parts of the work that I hadn’t before.

Esther Naor’s work are photographs of her mother’s collection of small objects placed on a colorful background. She places these objects in front of a solid vibrant color. Some of them are triptychs but they’re hard to spot since they’re not next to one another. Sylvia Netzer’s exhibition Rattles is small ceramic sculptures that are playful. You can pick them up and they are actually rattles that make noise. Each of them have a name which you can find on the bottom of each piece: Merlin, Suki, and Lefty, to name a few.

AI: How has your experience as a female painter affected the way you approach your job as Associate Director?

JF: Having an understanding of where the artist comes from is very helpful for my position at A.I.R. As a female painter, I understand how stressful it may be to get your work out there, and when you have the chance to be in an exhibition, it’s very important to make your vision seen.

Having the artistic background paired with the logistics and operations of A.I.R. is a way that I can have an understanding of what the artist is looking for when planning their exhibition. Not every artist is the same either; they have their own wants and needs, and their idea of how they would like to see their show, which a commercial gallery doesn’t have. I’m able to relate to them in that way and make them feel that they have the support they need.

AI: What are some of the biggest challenges you have faced as a female artist?
JF: I find myself not wanting to give myself enough credit, as do many female artists. Whether it has to do with pricing work, asking for studio visits, etc. However, being a part of A.I.R. is a constant reminder that women are just as good as men and can have the confidence in asking for what they want and that they can do anything they put their mind to.

—Anni Irish

(Image at top: Erica Stoller, Gravity Feed, Installation view at A.I.R. Gallery. All images: Courtesy of A.I.R. Gallery)

Posted by Anni Irish on 1/7/16

Tags: Women Artists, A.I.R. Gallery, non-profits, feminism, Jacqueline Ferrante
A Black American Artist Explores Her Refusal of Christianity

by Seph Rodney on May 18, 2016

“Direct Downward Cut at the Head; Overhand Knife Thrust”; “and where the blood ran fastest, there he whipped”; “To them God has appeared as a Negro”; “syntactical slips and breaks” — these are a sample of the bits of text affixed to the walls in Kameelah Janan Rasheed’s On Refusal, one of three concurrent exhibitions at A.I.R. Gallery. As the phrases might suggest, On Refusal is a difficult show. The gallery space is starkly divided between the chromatic camps of black and white. This is a hint about the kind of world we are entering: it’s circumscribed by the Christian faith, whose system is essentially Manichaean, a dualistic cosmology of a fallen, evil world of matter doomed until a transcendent spiritual truth rescues it. But the system doesn’t work. The attempts Christianity has made to corral this artist’s feelings, thinking, and responses within the confines of a sin-and-redemption narrative are cracking and splintering all over the gallery walls.
Everything here — each image, video clip, snippet of text stuck to the wall with T-pins — is piecemeal, fugitive, partially articulated, trying to come to the surface. The photos are often blurry, over- or underexposed, askew, interrupted by other overlaid objects. *On Refusal* gives us Rasheed inside of what the gallery’s press release calls an “affective space,” which is the simply the arena of emotion, attitude, and mood. Here, orbs that seem to represent the sun or moon are not great, glowing celestial bodies; they are dull, badly copied, half-remembered objects that now seem like ersatz versions of themselves. The shine of idealism is gone, and Rasheed wants us to see what’s left in its wake. Rather than attempt to tell us how agonized and distressed her relationship is to her family and their religious practice (theirs because it’s clearly not hers now, if it ever was), she shows us through a lyrical cascade of text, photographs, photocopied images, and video with sound. The exhibition illustrates the difference between felt experience and a crafted story relating that experience, between thick description and editorial. It comes together when considered as a whole, all the breaks accepted as the truth of the artist’s experience.

Often, when the subject of Christian faith (or faith in general) is discussed publicly in the US, the putative benefits of belief are fiercely defended: custodians say that it provides a moral compass, gives people a sense of community membership, encourages loyalty to a tradition that imparts direction and purpose, cultivates ancestral connection. Few, however, discuss Christianity’s love affair with the dialectic of punishment and redemption. Having grown up in a family with these beliefs, I remember the joy our congregation took (at both church and school) in reciting the agonies that Christ endured in supposedly dying for our sins. The Christian’s ecstatic identification with being whipped, beaten, and scorned is one side of the ledger, balanced on the other by the notion of ultimate transcendence and perfection — being “saved.” The faith offers both carrot and stick. Rasheed demonstrates this most effectively with her snippets of text. One can see the violence inherent in the system and the way it’s subtly celebrated. Yes, the belief promises healing, but only after you’ve been cut to the bone.
Detail of Kameelah Janan Rasheed’s ‘On Refusal’ (2016) at A.I.R. Gallery
It’s a tremendously powerful story, particularly when read through the historical lens of the African American experience. Then the tale takes on special significance, becoming a source of comfort and succor, a way to endure, a means to identify with Jesus Christ and have him, in turn, identify with the black person’s struggles — thus the references within the texts here to a “black God.” This narrative has been adopted by many people whose need for it vastly outweighs their suspicion that it is just another myth replacing the previous one. Yet — and this is one of the contradictions that comes through most clearly in Rasheed’s show — while the story is supposedly all-encompassing and a means for everyone’s “salvation,” the universalism of Christianity comes into conflict with that crucial modern idea of personal agency.

In the projected video, a street preacher calls out a black woman. He says that he heard her earlier and knows that “her mouth is wicked.” She doesn’t back down but instead argues with him, starting with a
question — the question that always needs to be posed to religious systems: “Do you know me?” She then proceeds to curse him out. Rasheed shows that the totalizing discourse of Christianity is completely indifferent to individuality: We are all going to hell or we are all saved by the blood of Jesus. We are all stuck in this overdetermined dualism — even dying doesn’t set us free. The refusal of this work is the refusal to be enticed by that narrative, to be swallowed up by a mysticism doomed to repeat the cycle of sin-wash-rinse-repeat. Rasheed raises a very personal set of complexities but refuses anyone a means of escape. One text piece reads, “And I think the underlying question is “Where do we go from here.” That is precisely the question.

Detail of Kameelah Janan Rasheed’s ‘On Refusal’ (2016) at A.I.R. Gallery, showing an act of faith healing on video

Kameelah Janan Rasheed: On Refusal continues at A.I.R. Gallery (155 Plymouth Street, Dumbo, Brooklyn) through May 22.
10 Black Artists to Celebrate in 2016

These players are killing the game.

In recent years, a handful of black artists have been able to achieve enormous critical and popular success. As we’ve seen in the rise of contemporary names as Hank Willis Thomas (http://www.artnet.com/artists/hank-willis-thomas/), Kara Walker (http://www.artnet.com/artists/kara-walker/), and Juliana Huxtable, their claims to the most coveted of art world honors come with inscription in the new art historical canon.

What isn’t often a subject of discussion are those stories of artists emerging from the fold, however. To this end, we couldn’t think of a better way to honor the spirit of Black History Month than to fill this void with a lineup of black artists who are doing big things this year.

1. Njideka Akunyili Crosby
Topping our list is Nigerian-born artist Njideka Akunyili Crosby (http://njidekaakunyili.com). Her meticulous, large-scale collage paintings on paper have been widely lauded for charting positive portraits of intimate African experiences, running counter to typical narratives of diasporic trauma. If her work looks familiar, you’ve probably seen her piece Before Now After (Mama, Mummy and Mamma), (http://whitney.org/Exhibitions/NjidekaAkunyiliCrosby) across from the Whitney Museum’s new building.


Njideka Akunyili Crosby, I Refuse to Be Invisible (2013).
Photo: Courtesy of the artist.

Image: nsuartmuseum.org.
A.I.R. Gallery
155 Plymouth Street
Brooklyn, NY 11201
(212) 255-6651

(ArtNet: 10 Black Artists to Celebrate in 2016 by Rain Embuscado February 13, 2016)

With the Norton Museum recently premiering her first institutional survey this past January, we don’t anticipate a break in momentum anytime soon. Her survey, titled “I Refuse to Be Invisible,” runs through April 24.

2. Kameelah Janan Rasheed
Kameelah Janan Rasheed’s part-gallery, part-public art exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary African Diasporic Art (MoCADA) gave Brooklyn a crash course on “HOW TO SUFFER POLITELY (and Other Etiquette).” Late last year, five of her large format digital prints were installed on the property’s windows facing South Portland Avenue. As detailed in the project’s statement, the text-based series aims to “explore how suffering, anger and responses to trauma are policed to ensure that said expressions of suffering do not disrupt...oppressive institutions and systems.”

Rasheed has been enjoying a steady rise into art world prominence since 2008, with exhibitions at the Brooklyn Museum and the Studio Museum, among others. According to her website, we can expect to see some new work in upcoming shows at the A.I.R. Gallery Space and with 21st Projects: Critical Practices Inc. later this year.
A.I.R.
Practices Inc. later this year.

Photo: Courtesy of the artist.

3. Awol Erizku

Erizku told artnet News in a phone interview that he’s currently in negotiations over summer shows in Europe and Asia. In the meantime, he’s actively touting “Duchamp Detox Clinic” (http://www.wmagazine.com/culture/art-and-design/2016/01/awol-erizku-duchamp-detox-clinic/photos/) in Los Angeles, where he curates shows in unorthodox spaces like offices and warehouses. “I’m trying to find a way to present and re-invent the gallery space in 2016,” he said. “I like creating very conventional art shows in non-conventional spaces.”
4. Eric Mack
A recent alumnus of the prestigious residency at the Studio Museum in Harlem, New York-based artist Eric Mack has a penchant for using fabrics, quilts, and other found objects to create his vibrant albeit dystopic assemblages. According to a feature by Artsy, who identified him as one of 2015’s top 15 emerging artists, his practice is attracting some serious industry interest.

Los Angeles-based gallery Moran Bondaroff, who currently represents Mack, held a solo exhibition for him late last year. The gallery told artnet News in a phone interview that the show, titled “Never Had a Dream,” was well-received. “It was a very fitting time because he was featured in the MoMA PS1 show “Greater New York,” the representative said, “so we were happy to give him a solo show on the heels of that.” Up ahead, Mack looks forward to a group exhibition at the Moran Bondaroff gallery in April, and a noteworthy two-person show at the Almine Rech Gallery in Paris later this fall.

5. Kevin Beasley
Arguably best-remembered for his big-league debut at the Whitney Museum’s 2014 Biennial, American artist Kevin Beasley has recently taken his industrial-inspired sound works out of the white box and onto the stage. Last fall, Beasley hosted “Untitled Stanzas: Staff/Un/Site,” a hybrid performance-piece sound installation that saw him layering audio recordings over a two-day period on New York’s Chelsea High Line.

Earlier this year, the artist joined a group exhibition at the historic White Columns Gallery in New York. The eponymous “10th Anniversary White Columns Annual” includes veterans Rainer Ganahl, Nancy Shaver and 22 others and runs through February 20. According to the Casey Kaplan Gallery, who represents Beasley, the artist is also looking forward to another major group exhibition at the Modern Art Oxford in London opening April 15th, alongside Yoko Ono, David Maljkovic, and Njideka Akunyili Crosby among others.
6. Tabita Rezaire

Rezaire’s intrepid, pop-heavy video installations have recently been featured at Goodman Gallery in Johannesburg. Her work has made its way across the Atlantic for a show at the Museum of Contemporary African Diasporic Art (MoCADA) in Brooklyn titled “Sorry For Real [http://mocada.org/sorry-for-real/],” which runs through April 10.

7. Jacolby Satterwhite
As an artist pushing the Afrofuturist message back into the cultural conversation, Jacolby Satterwhite
A.I.R.

[http://jacoiby.com/home.html]'s deft experimentation with digital technology and its artistic possibilities has earned him widespread attention in recent years. His body of work is concerned with “themes of memory, desire, personal and public mythology.” A digital wizard and voguing extraordinaire, Satterwhite's video pieces often encompass immersive landscapes where pop, queer, and art's respective properties are synthesized into other-worldly realms of his making.

Earlier this year, Satterwhite joined a group exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in London titled “Superhighway [http://www.whitechapelgallery.org/exhibitions/electronicsuperhighway/],” a show dedicated to articulating digital technology's radical impact on artists working from the 1960's to the present day. Satterwhite was also commissioned to create an interactive piece for the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's grand opening this spring. Like Eric Mack, Satterwhite is represented by Moran Bondaroff Gallery in Los Angeles.

8. Jennifer Packer

Photo: Courtesy of the artist.
Figurative painting benefits from counting American artist Jennifer Packer in its ranks. At the tail end of 2015, the New York-based painter mounted an exhibition titled “Breathing Room” at New York’s Sikkema Jenkins & Co. Gallery—home to the likes of Kara Walker, Vik Muniz and Sheila Hicks. The show ranged from portraiture to textured still lifes of flower arrangements—attracted the attention and praise of Artforum critic Abbe Schriber last December.

It’s worth noting that like Njideka Akunyili Crosby, Awol Erizku, Kevin Beasley, and Eric Mack—whose portrait she painted in 2013 (see above)—Packer is an alumna of Yale University’s MFA program. She is currently represented by London-based gallery Corvi Mora. We look forward to hearing more from her in 2016.

Nina Chanel Abney, From If You Say So... (2015).
Photo: Courtesy of the artist.

9. Nina Chanel Abney
Should the art world cast its gaze on the firestorm that is the Black Lives Matter movement, it needn’t look any further than artist Nina Chanel Abney for an artistic authority. In an interview with Vanity Fair (which dubbed Abney a champion of the movement), the American artist revealed that industry recognition sprung from...
from early interest in her politically-charged MFA thesis show in 2008. Years later, her paintings continue to reflect episodes of police brutality and institutional humiliation.

Earlier this year, Abney joined four artists in “Flatlands (http://whitney.org/Exhibitions/Flatlands),” a group exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art that runs through April 24.

As one of the latest artists in residence at Gateway Project Spaces in Newark, New Jersey, Abney’s new solo exhibition (http://www.gatewayprojectspaces.com/) is on view until March 18.

Derrick Adams, Crossroads (2012).
Photo: Courtesy of the artist.

10. Derrick Adams
Though Derrick Adams is a little seasoned for our lineup of up-and-comers, his forthcoming role as curator for a section at VOLTA (https://news.artnet.com/art-world/volta-2016-derrick-adams-curator-373997) gives us reason to pay heed. The delegated 2,600-square-foot space will feature eight emerging artists working across mediums.

As a celebrated artist in his own right, Adams has shown at MoMA PS1, the Kitchen and, most recently, at last...
SUSAN BEE
A.I.R.

To those who already knew Susan Bee’s work, this show of recent paintings might have felt at once familiar and strange. The familiarity was due to lush, boldly colored landscapes; proliferating abstract patterns; whimsical collage elements; and quasi-mystical allegories all rendered in Bee’s distinctive stylistic blend of folk art and pastoral psychedelia. The strangeness came with a well-oiled, closely hung oil paintings based on film noir stills. Most feature a man and a woman (he sporting a gray fedora; she with a wavy ’40s hairdo) engaged in a tussle (Cover-Up), a brutal courtship (Desire), or simply on the run (Recalculating; all three 2010).

In several paintings Bee departs from such classic noir scenarios. Women and children are her protagonists, most notably in Drive-By (2009), where one woman steers with one hand as the other thrusts a large-caliber pistol out of the car’s open window. A young girl, whom we instantly cast as the shooter’s daughter, sits next to her. Both figures are looking toward the viewer, while the gun is angled slightly to the side, pointing at some unseen victim/aggressor. Painted, like all the other film noir compositions, with flat colors and an unapologetic awkwardness that evokes Jean Hélon’s 1940s work, the figures in Drive-By appear oddly calm and determined, unlike the fragile-looking couple in Recalculating. Both paintings rely on a palette of faded grays and washed-out blues, and artfully employ car windows to frame their subjects; they are both also clearly informed by the artist’s strong emotional identification with her subjects rather than by any interest in the nostalgic glamour of the inspiring films.

Susan Bee:
Recalculating, 2010,
oil on linen, 16 by 20
inches; at A.I.R.

(The introduction of color into what were originally black-and-white stills effectively stifles nostalgia.)

It’s not only ’40s flicks that Bee adapts: this show included her awesome direct versions (both 2009) of two old-master paintings in the Met: Woman Tormented by Demons, after the Michelangelo of the same title, and Saint Anthony in the Wilderness, based on a small Quattrocento panel long ascribed to Sassetti (now it’s credited to the Osservanza Master). What Bee prizes in the Italian primitives, and in other influences such as Marsden Hartley (especially his late landscapes) and Casper David Friedrich, is their vision of painting as a medium of solace and revelation. She is still creating compelling symbolic landscapes (well represented in this show), but in the rawer film noir paintings Bee has shifted her focus from nature to human nature, an altogether darker subject.

—Raphael Rubinstein
Meet 5 Organizations Promoting Women Artists

Artists' Book resident Sarah Peters, center, worked in Women’s Studio Workshop’s letterpress, papermaking and bookmaking facilities for seven weeks to produce “The Moon Has No Weather,” a limited-edition book about the moon as an archive of its history. Image courtesy of WSW. For more information, visit wswworkshop.org.

By Renée Phillips

In Honor of Women’s History Month in March, also known as “HerStory” month, I take pleasure in sharing information about five extraordinary artists’ organizations that exist to promote women artists. Each organization offers special opportunities to advance the professional art careers of women artists in different ways.

A.I.R. Gallery

A.I.R. Gallery, located in Brooklyn, N.Y., is the first non-profit, artist-run gallery for women in the United States. Its mission is based on the feminist principles of economic cooperation and decision by consensus. Since its inception A.I.R. has continued “to offer an alternative venue for women that protects the creative process and the individual voice of the artist.”

Founded in 1972, A.I.R. offers women artists a space to show work “as innovative, transitory and free of market trends as the artists’ conceptions demands.”

In 1993, the A.I.R. Gallery established the Fellowship Program for underrepresented or emerging artists. The A.I.R. program includes mentoring and professional development for six artists over a 12-month period in preparation for a solo show at A.I.R. Gallery.

All women artists not having a solo show in the last 10 years and residing in the greater New York metro area are eligible. The A.I.R. Fellowship includes a scheduled gallery exhibition, member artist liaison and an additional stipend.

To learn more about A.I.R., visit http://www.airgallery.org/.
The 5 Best Things To Do In NYC Tonight, Feb 1

Jeanette May: Bachelor Pads

(credit: airgallery.org)

A.I.R. Gallery
111 Front St.
New York, NY
212-255-6651
airgallery.org

Ever wondered what modern day bachelor pads look like? Now you can see an entire photography exhibit devoted to attractive men in their contemporary Bachelor Pads. Inspired by the 1960s movies and magazine spreads highlighting the phenomenon of the “bachelor pad”, Jeanette May lets viewers see today’s bachelor in his metropolitan dwelling. Gallery is open until 6 p.m.
Art that makes you feel cool

Let these works transport you to chillier climes. By Sarah Bruning

Anne Percoco, Field Studies

What it is: This landscape collage was made out of hundreds of images from ads in a New York phone book.