reviews: new york

As if to underscore the effect of those pictures, the show’s largest work, Shield (2008), featuring what appears to be a man-made formation of stacked stones, was printed in a wall-size format and felt quite heavy and static.

The relatively small Untitled I (2009), by contrast, draws the eye upward as crescents branch off to the left then to the right, cutting ever more deeply into the rock and forming darker shadows. Other images emphasized the contrast between the horizontal lines formed by sedimentary deposits and the vertical ones resulting from flowing water.

Overall, Kaloudi’s work conveys a message of natural harmony—water, rock, and air all part of one synchronized system. The sentiment may seem a little old-fashioned, but graceful beauty never goes out of style.

—Eric Bryant

‘Re-Accession: For Sale by Owner’
Flag Art Foundation

This somewhat novel and very apropos show, curated by Phillea Knight and Amanda Steck, engaged work by a variety of artists, many without gallery representation, and it covered the gamut from witty and playful to affecting and earnest. Thoughtfully installed in a homelike setting, the art could be purchased directly through the owners, often the artists themselves.

Presented on the second floor of a sleek Chelsea duplex (open Fridays or by appointment), the selection had a random touch, like that of an enthusiastic collector. After all, the principal link here was survival in a recession. But there were some striking pieces.

Among them, hanging above the staircase was painter Paul Pagk’s “Liquid Sky” (2003–9), a series of 13 focused takes on abstraction; and nearby, Onion’s Hands, June 10–June 11, 2009, two stunning line drawings by Dana Phelps, describing delicate hands in motion at various times of day as noted on the margins.

The best part of the show involved work reflecting directly on its subject—the situation of art in a financial downturn. The messages were subtly and cleverly arrived at. Jennifer Dalton’s Are Times of Recession Good for Art? (2008), composed of two gumball machines (one filled with red plastic capsules and marked “No,” the other with blue capsules and marked “Yes”), is obviously a political statement, but also a gamble, suggesting: You pays your money and takes your chances. Devon Dikeou’s What’s Love Got to Do With It? (1991–ongoing), consists of black-boxed gallery listings, including exhibition titles, dates, curators, and artists, for shows Dikeou participated in, from the downturn of the early ’90s to the present.

From Conrad Bakker’s straightforward Sign [GOING OUT OF BUSINESS], 2009, to David Baskin’s Giacometti-esque Ikea Sculpture (2009)—a bargain no doubt—the show let artists speak directly to their collectors and viewers.

Meanwhile, downstairs a polished photography show, curated by Stamatina Gregory, featured work by ten artists, ranging from Cindy Sherman to Thomas Demand, Noriko Furnish, and An-My Lê. Although an elegant gathering, it held few surprises. That was for upstairs.

—Barbara A. MacAdam

Tim Davis
Greenberg Van Doren

Ancient Roman aqueducts upstaged by panchy men playing golf, an angel-filled fresco effaced by scratched-in graffiti; a pink apartment building looming over a crumbling sculpture of a sphinx.

The pictures in “The New Antiquity,” Tim Davis’s recent series of C-prints, oscillate between earnest and playful. It’s never quite clear whether the images should be read as a “tsk, tsk” to those who disregard antiquity or as a friendly reminder that past and present exist on a continuum and can’t be disassociated.

Davis trekked throughout Italy, China, and the eastern seaboard of the United States looking for incongruities—odd layerings of past and present, or outright rejections of history. He found the most obvious collisions in Italy, whereas his stateside findings were more subtle. There were boxes of real-estate flyers sitting outside old stone buildings, for example, and faux church steeples for sale on a lawn. The most compelling pic-