

Thomas Erben Gallery

International Art Trade and Editions

Senga Nengudi: *Pilgrim's Song*, 1996,
mixed mediums, 14 feet square;
at Thomas Erben.



Senga Nengudi at Thomas Erben

Although she left New York in the 1980s to raise a family, Senga Nengudi had established herself in both the New York and Los Angeles art scenes in the 1970s and '80s. In New York, she worked with the Studio Museum in Harlem and with Linda Goode Bryant's Just Above Midtown gallery. Known for her stretched pantyhose pieces and performance works, she has continued to use the discarded objects of domestic life, as was evident in this room-size installation, her first in a New York gallery in many years. Consisting of wall assemblages and a floor piece, the show was marked by an atmospheric and idiosyncratic spirituality.

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In the back room there were more solidly constructed floor sculptures, using baking pans and deep red clay soil in one piece, and Santería candles and heating spirals in others. Exuding a quirky religiosity and evoking African, Afro-Hispanic and Asian sources, Nengudi's works display a Zenlike serenity, a spooky, often fetishistic iconography, a gracefully imposing sense of personal liberation and an otherworldly calm. Her installation suggests that the transcendent is near and that the world's oldest cosmologies can address and transform the products of our own revved-up secular culture. —Calvin Reid

ART IN AMERICA, February 1997

plane as a metaphor for fragmentation. In one work, a stack of inscribed phrases sets the tone: "Tired, tired/ Anxious/ Angry/ Frustrated . . ." Private significations seem to abound, but only the general tenor—that of irreverent angst—is available to the viewer. Though the images emulate the psychic directness of work by children or the mentally disturbed, they are in fact highly mediated by conscious choice and artistic facility. Their primary message is the hipness of their creator.

But the vehicle Prol has constructed for that meaning is now highly aestheticized—in an off-hand, self-denying way. Most of the images are done in ink on scraps of white paper. To assemble the paintings, Prol pastes the sheets in overlapping fashion on found boards of irregular shape, and slathers the whole in layers of gesso so that the outlined forms attain varying degrees of ghostliness. (In each of the drawings, the paper consists of one yellowing page from a book on stress; a single image is centered on a field of gesso.)

Consequently the viewing experience has become one in which the densities of surface, the knobiness of edges and the hazy recession of images count for as much as—or perhaps more than—the nihilistic insouciance of the cartoons. Prol's images may still convey comic despair, but his well-wrought facture and the deftness of his draftsmanship, with its post-Pop concision and liveliness of line, bespeak an irrepressible respect for craft.

—Richard Vine

Roy Lichtenstein at Leo Castelli

After exploring the varieties of Western modernist art with his cartoon-based signature style, Roy Lichtenstein has now turned to the traditional Chinese landscape. The transformation of Western-style painting and drawing techniques into tools for expressing Asian subject matter has also been explored by Brice Marden and, somewhat less successfully, Brad Davis. In Lichtenstein's case, the marriage of East and West works surprisingly well.

The paintings in this exhibition offer pastiches of such standard Chinese landscape motifs as

mountaintops lost in mist, tiny figures carrying walking sticks or bundled in little boats which are nearly lost in the surrounding vastness, twisted pine trees clinging to mountain crags, and gently arching bamboo bridges. Some of these elements are described with crisp black outlines, while others (the scumbled vegetation in particular) appear collaged from bits of stenciled patterns. The most successful works have a minimum of such graphic descriptions and rely instead on subtle variations of benday dots to suggest mist, clouds and the ragged contour of successive mountain ranges.

The airiness of the benday patterns provides a visually convincing counterpart to the thin washes and delicate ink strokes which meld substance and space in traditional Chinese paintings. Solid matter is suggested by a greater density of dots, and the outlines of landscape elements become evident only when one steps far enough away from the painting for shadings of light and darkness to resolve into form.

A pale palette adds to the sense of nonperspectival space. While the originals which have inspired the artist are often without any color other than that provided by black ink on paper, Lichtenstein's works are realized in shades of creamy yellow, blue and green. Such choices reveal how far the artist has traveled from the primary colors of his Pop days, and how little irony or parody is left in his sensibility.

The simplest works are the most successful. One painting encloses a mountain landscape (suggested only by wavelike peaks made of dots) within a set of framing devices which mimic the patterned paper borders of a hanging scroll. Another evokes a river winding through an alpine vista with little patches of flat blue that define the surrounding landscape as negative space. The paintings with sharper details and more crowded compositions fare less well. One becomes too aware of the disjunctive marriage of outline, patterned stencil and dots, and they become too obviously "Lichtensteins." The more abstract works avoid this failing, instead offering us a glimpse into a mysterious, unreachable space.

—Eleanor Heartney

Paul D. Miller, a.k.a. DJ Spooky, at Annina Nosei

Paul D. Miller, a.k.a. DJ Spooky That Subliminal Kid, is arguably the most famous DJ in the New York music scene. He has organized and participated in various high-profile Happenings, cut two albums—imagine an amalgamation of trip-hop, hip-hop, ambient, jungle and dub, called "illbient"—and has written with great erudition and style on the intersection of music and other aspects of today's culture for both music and art magazines, including *Parkett* and *Spin*.

When I read last summer in a *Harper's Bazaar* profile about the forthcoming solo exhibition of Miller (his first) at Annina Nosei, a filmic anecdote came to mind: it's the scene in Julian Schnabel's film *Basquiat* where Basquiat nonchalantly tells Warhol that he's been invited to DJ at the Palladium. The point made is that Basquiat had arrived as an artist. People even cared to know what his favorite records were. My suspicion: now that DJ Spooky has arrived, people even care to know what his own art works might look like.

With the show titled "Death in Light of the Phonograph: Excursions into the Pre-Linguistic," Miller delivered a full package. In the first of two rooms, an installation titled *The Doors of Perception*, Miller enlisted the whole of the gallery space as a compositional frame—a strategy similar to many ambient events, but pointedly more restrained and self-conscious. Four speakers sat in the room's corners, playing a sound track made for the exhibition (the CD was available for purchase through the gallery). A silver tape cassette with a diagonal yellow and black emergency decal on it was mounted on each wall. Symmetrically placed on the imaginary X made when connecting the opposing corners of the room were four irregular tubular steel constructions; then, moving towards the center, four sets of overlapping, rusted security window gates were suspended from the ceiling. In the center of the gallery were two rebar "ladders" that formed an inverted V over a nomadic DJ kit: digital sampling preamp, two more small speak-

ers, and a turntable spinning and forever caught in a deep groove, the sound evoking the drip of a leaky faucet in digital reverb.

As with many other theatrical art installations, comparisons immediately suggested themselves: the piece as a whole evoked flat-footed Futurist stage design fitted with low-budget Mad Max props. But what was compelling in the installation was the way Miller foregrounded the temporal



Roy Lichtenstein: *Landscape with Tall Tree*, 1996, oil and magna on canvas, 110 by 52½ inches; at Leo Castelli.

dimension inherent in the perception of material objects; walking through it, you felt yourself moving, heard yourself hearing. This seemed to be Miller's focus, and justified his interdisciplinary experiment.

The tactic backfired, however,

in the gallery's second room, titled *The Viral Sonata*, where four "8-Ball" bean bag chairs were arranged before several oxymoronically tidy wall assemblages made of street detritus: battered street signs, fractured bicycle parts, deformed mattress frames, graffiti-scarred cardboard and one cracked Bulova clockface were in the mix. On the walls were also four framed music sheets, marked not by traditional notation but rather by silver and black spray paint, puddled, stroked and splattered. The comfortable chairs seemed to generously encourage a thoughtful and meditative experience before these curiously expressionless expressionist works—yet, they actually served to cushion the fall of those numbed by the prospect.

—Paul Myoda

Hans Peter Kuhn at Pier 32 on the Hudson River

Hans Peter Kuhn's *The Pier* was an evening light-and-sound installation along the Hudson River on the lower west side of Manhattan, near Canal Street. It ran for two weeks last October. The work consisted of nine plywood pillars about 15 feet tall and 6 feet square, spaced equidistantly on the derelict Pier 32. The pillars were painted in pairs of bright solid colors, and also bathed in colored light; each had one hue on the north and south sides and another on the east and west, so that, seen at an angle and from a distance, the same color pairs were visible regardless of viewing position.

River and air travelers, drivers

Hans Peter Kuhn: View of *The Pier* looking toward Jersey City, 1996, light-and-sound installation; at Pier 32 on the Hudson River.



on the West Side Highway, and walkers, joggers and bladders on the riverfront pedestrian path saw a green and yellow pillar closest to the land, then a yellow and red one, next a blue and green one, then rose and deep blue, teal and orange, etc. The colors, as declarative as semaphore flags, were readable at great distances. They interacted with the far city- and riverscapes, calling attention to like colors, both showy (blue lights atop the Empire State Building) and incidental (pink and purple neon signs along the Hoboken waterfront).

The clearest view of the piece was from the parallel "South Finger" of Pier 34, a newly opened structure leading to one of the Holland Tunnel ventilation buildings in the river. From that viewpoint, the radiant color slabs stood like an alien squadron confronting the blocky behemoths of Lower Manhattan. There, too, you had the best seat for the "music of the shores"—Kuhn's composition of riverside sounds, digitally manipulated and programmed to move along a succession of speakers down the length of the pier.

It was only with access to the sounds (which drivers missed) that you could discover the true theme of Kuhn's work: stillness and motion. Color held steady while sound came and went and varied widely in tone and duration. It was sometimes dully percussive, sometimes metallic and echoing; it could throb like an engine so that you thought something was moving past you in the dark, or screech like electronic feedback, wail mournfully like a fog horn or shush like water moving past a hull. The



Paul D. Miller, a.k.a. DJ Spooky: Installation view of "Death in Light of the Phonograph," sound and sculpture, 1996; at Annina Nosei.

electronic sounds mixed with natural ones—the unamplified slap of water against the pier, the hiss of the wind off the river and the rising and falling hum of traffic on the highway.

Kuhn, 44, is a man of multiple talents. He composes music for dance, and won a Bessie Award in 1992 for work in New York's Summerfare. He won a Golden Lion in Venice in 1993 for a collaboration with Robert Wilson. He has exhibited widely, especially in his native Germany, was an artist in residence at P.S.1, and has also performed in Europe and the U.S. For *The Pier*, drawing on all his interests, he distilled from the characteristics of the place a moment of both excitement and peace.

—Janet Koplos

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Although she left New York in the 1980s to raise a family, Senga Nengudi had established herself in both the New York and Los Angeles art scenes in the 1970s and '80s. In New York, she worked with the Studio Museum in Harlem and with Linda Goode Bryant's Just Above Midtown gallery. Known for her stretched pantyhose pieces and performance works, she has continued to use the discarded objects of domestic life, as was evident in this room-size installation, her first in a New York gallery in many years. Consisting of wall assemblages and a floor piece, the show was marked by an atmospheric and idiosyncratic spirituality.

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In the back room there were more solidly constructed floor sculptures, using baking pans and deep red clay soil in one piece, and Santería candles and heating spirals in others. Exuding a quirky religiosity and



Emil Lukas: *Time Line Under Pear Tree*, 1994-96, mixed mediums, 40 sections, 12 1/2 inches in diameter, 42 feet long; at Bravin Post Lee. (Review on p. 101.)

mid '80s, regularly works in steel, but the method he used here is new. For each sculpture he cut a simple shape, in multiple versions of graduated sizes, from sheet steel of varying grades of hardness. He then stacked the shapes concentrically, welded them together and burnished the resulting object. The process leaves its record in the surface of the work as shimmering lines that echo the overall shape of the object. The reiterated contours create the impression that the form has a sort of halo or aura.

The sculptures are modest in size, 20 inches tall at most. Although the shapes tend to be iconic—shield, tombstone, arrowhead, bow, mask, bone—their curves are organic, even

Arthur Mednick: *Lith 7*, 1996, steel, 15 by 10 by 6 inches; at Eich Space.



slightly pneumatic, so that one responds to the sculptures, despite their intractable substance, with a sense of bodily identification. This organic abstraction relates the "Liths" to the works of Martin Puryear, John Duff or John Newman, but Mednick's forms are simpler than theirs. Appearing to be less invented than evolved, these sculptures are more nearly the heirs of Henry Moore.

The forms are, in fact, so "of a family" that this show at Eich Space, a newish basement-level gallery entered through steel doors in a sidewalk near the Tribeca Grill, was better regarded as an installation than as an offering of independent pieces. The sculptures seemed to have a social nature, and benefited from company and comparison. Their methods of attachment to the wall concealed so that they seemed weightless, and their dark, steely hues contrasting with the freshly painted white walls, the essential forms made a solemn procession around the room.

Mednick presented a greater variety of forms in "Slag," a group sculpture exhibition curated by Mark Mennin in a corner of a Chelsea warehouse being converted to a public market. His work there, also steel, included three wall pieces: a smaller, tauter arrowhead, a stylized torso, and a funnel that seemed to symbolize energy. There were also two freestanding pieces: a smokelike coil of metal arising from a blocky, cubistic base, and a perforated screen that brought to mind lava crusts and seashells. In the works in both shows, Mednick skillfully employs his material to invigorate forms we instinctively know, bringing to them a contemporary feel with an undercurrent of toughness.

—Janet Koplos

Simon Leung at Pat Hearn

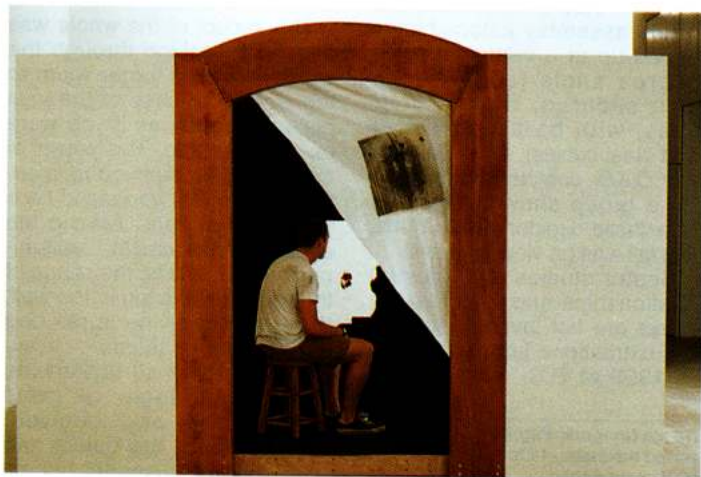
The nine works that made up Simon Leung's recent exhibition "Call to Glory . . . or Afternoon Tea with Marcel Duchamp" are perceptually spare and conceptually dense. To say that they queer the reception of Marcel Duchamp would be overhasty; to refer them to Duchamp's play with sexual identity would hedge the bet. Too much, too little, too soon, too late: as in Duchamp's

Large Glass or *Etant Donnés*, in Leung's work timing is everything, anticipation is futile and the viewer is always already outwitted.

The centerpiece of Leung's show, *Antechamber*, restaged the troubled encounter of object and spectator in Duchamp's *Etant Donnés*. In the main gallery was a freestanding white wall in which was set an arched wooden door frame. In it hung a diaphanous silk curtain that held a small palladium print bearing the image of a spectral face. This apparition alludes to the residue of oil and perspiration deposited by the countless faces that have pressed against the peepholes in the door of *Etant Donnés*. Behind the curtain stood a black wall breached by a ragged opening, through which could be glimpsed a pho-

hole—the opening made in the partitions between bathroom stalls to enable viewing or anonymous sexual encounters. Leung exploits the formal homology between the glory hole and Duchamp's peepholes as well as the logic that governs their use. The gaze, revealed as carnal by the discovery of an obscene body in *Etant Donnés*, is given a specific (homo)sexual identity in *Antechamber*.

Pilgrimage returns us to the familiar association of glory with honor and fame. Leaning quietly against a bracket-supported shelf, a mahogany panel displayed Duchamp's somber epitaph: "Anyway, it's always the others who die." Leung's concern with identity and sexuality here rotates into the orbit of ethics. The call to glory reminds us of our accountability to the



Simon Leung: *Antechamber*, 1996, mixed mediums, 96 1/2 by 138 1/2 by 54 inches; at Pat Hearn.

tograph of *Etant Donnés*'s interior scene of the nude, spread-eagled Bride reclining among twigs and brambles.

As though to unpack the enigma of the Duchamp work, Leung opened up the space around and inside *Etant Donnés*. The viewer was free to circumambulate *Antechamber* and was even invited to sit on a wooden stool in the space between the curtain and wall. This area was transformed into a site of gay sexuality by the presence of accoutrements of gay subculture: a red handkerchief, a *Bear* magazine cap and a foot tap. Duchamp's invitation to peep through the holes is reworked by Leung as a "call to glory" in the sense of a glory

"others who die" and of the space that we inhabit together.

With their hidden references to Leung's theoretical interventions in queer and postcolonial theory, as well as to his specific readings of Maurice Blanchot and Emmanuel Lévinas, the pieces in this exhibition are likely to prove elusive to most viewers at first. Resisting the seven-second scan, this work releases itself slowly, in joining us to wait. —Melanie Mariño

Tom Wesselmann at Sidney Janis

For more than 10 years, Tom Wesselmann has been painting on metal. While his early metal pieces were transpositions of

evoking African, Afro-Hispanic and Asian sources, Nengudi's works display a Zenlike serenity, a spooky, often fetishistic iconography, a gracefully imposing sense of personal liberation and an otherworldly calm. Her installation suggests that the transcendent is near and that the world's oldest cosmologies can address and transform the products of our own revved-up secular culture. —Calvin Reid

Glen Seator at the New York Kunsthalle

The top level of the Kunsthalle looks a bit like a gymnasium, with a plywood floor and high, arching rafters. There are no basketball games in this gym, but there was a balancing act: an installation consisting of two life-size rooms connected by a "wall" of bare two-by-fours, the whole assembly astonishingly tipped up at a vertiginous 45-degree angle (all five tons of it secured, thank goodness, with bolts, turnbuckles and steel cables). Glen Seator's *N.Y.O.&B.*, constructed last April for a group show curated by Kunsthalle director Martin Kunz, this fall was on view by itself.

Seator studies architectural relationships and features; his works are not invented spaces but extractions from a context. In 1993 at P.S. 1 he packed

windows with dirt and lowered the ceiling lights to illuminate piles of dust and sweeping compound. In 1995 at the Neuberger Museum he copied an entrance—doors, lighting grid and brick walls—but turned the ensemble on its side so you looked into it from an unusual perspective.

N.Y.O.&B. echoed in configuration and size the Kunsthalle director's office, the unsheathed studs that run down a long brick wall in the staff area, and the bathroom at the far end of the space. The initials of the title identify the two rooms. Seator drywalled and painted his rooms to match the Kunsthalle sources, but left the exteriors raw, with framing and wiring exposed. Thus his work was finished inside and rough outside, while the Kunsthalle (its remodeling set back by a fire a few years ago) is rather the opposite.

The impact of the whole was dazzling. Looking through the windows of the larger room to the distant reaches of the vast gallery, you felt as if you were on a listing ship. The power of the piece was that you momentarily forgot that you stood on a stable, level floor. Among the other interests was the arbitrariness of the details: the shape of the windows, the jog in the wall, the location of the lights and outlets, the positioning of the sink and toilet all lacked the pretty logic of good design and showed, instead, the quirks and compromises that come with a long history.

In establishing a dislocated and destabilized architecture, Seator also suggested a metaphor for psychological conditions: a vulnerable skin, a functional but empty heart, a life precariously balanced. Such readings might seem unlikely except that he earlier made walls that appeared to have vomited plaster, so this kind of expressive content is not new to him. But more important was the work's exactness and physicality: *N.Y.O.&B.* was a demonstration of concreteness and capability, more informative than real life because you could see the hidden support structure.

—Janet Koplos



Glen Seator: *N.Y.O.&B.*, 1996, mixed mediums, 28 by 50 by 20 feet; at the New York Kunsthalle.

Emil Lukas at Bravin Post Lee

The heart of Emil Lukas's third solo at Bravin Post Lee was a 42-foot cylinder of 40 irregular segments that extended almost the entire length of the gallery's main room. Titled *Time Line Under Pear Tree* (1994-96), it identified the two aspects to be considered in all of Lukas's works: natural materials and the passage of time. He introduces organic irregularity to the Minimalist's serial structure in this sober concrete-and-plaster casting. What we see here is not serial repetition but serial change, as each break in the cylinder reveals the introduction of a new substance—shells, stones, eggs, sticks, leaves—or a touch of color. The segments range from an inch thick to more than a foot long; only the diameters remain constant.

Lukas's absorption in the natural isn't a matter of sentimental attraction; he doesn't go for effects of charm or conventional beauty. *Release* (1996) is a glass box filled with papers that are "decorated" with random splatters, holes, threads, stains and several squashed bugs, some stitched down. *Organic System with Buckets* (1995) is a wall diptych (no buckets are visible) that includes a halo of lines around the circular evidence of some coloring agent dumped onto this canvas ground. The lines are not the product of the artist's hand but the trails of maggots he allowed to flourish in the bucket. The means may be repellent but the effect is not. (The same can be said of David

Nyizio's bug-shit "paintings.") The left half of Lukas's diptych is a shattered sheet of glass attached to the canvas with paint.

The glass represents an instant's action, the maggot trails a somewhat longer interval, the accumulation of pages and residues in *Release* a still longer investment of the artist's time. But *Release*, and also two stacked works of organic materials and trash cast in plaster, *Leaf to Mouth* and *Down Through Center* (both 1996), involve the viewer's time as well as the artist's. In these works, the multiple parts are not simultaneously on view, as they are in *Time Line Under Pear Tree*, but must be viewed in successive increments, like turning the pages of a book or viewing the frames of a film. There is a certain narrative aspect but no real plot: the works are accounts of transformations, with one page or cast related to the next but the direction of the whole unpredictable. Lukas's works seem to be both home experiments and amateur archives. We perceive a reserved or even impersonal quality that gives way, after some thought, to a rather comforting sense of the connectedness of all things.

—Janet Koplos

Arthur Mednick at Eich Space

The eight wall-hung steel sculptures in Arthur Mednick's show are part of a 1996 series called "Lith." Mednick, a Philadelphia native based in Brooklyn who has been exhibiting since the

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ART IN AMERICA, February 1997

Starting in 1978 and throughout the '80s, the artist emphasized performances/ collaborative artforms and, with a move to Colorado Springs late in 1989, freed up time for a reevaluation of her relation to art and the process of art making.

SENGA NENGUDI's works are conceptual-material manifestations.

Formally well crafted with a seemingly mere insignificance of mostly found, discarded materials ... as, for example, all sorts of paper, hosiery, styrofoam pepples, pigment, lint ... they create charged spaces with room for multiple potential readings.

Combining materials/objects with economy and specificity, she uses their histories and symbolic values as a springboard for their very transformation.

African and Eastern philosophies as well as "ways of doing" are of strong influence. A symbiosis of different artforms ... sculpture, dance, performance, poetry, sound ... a human presence (humanity) is needed to activate the work.

Thomas Erben Gallery began to represent **SENGA NENGUDI** in summer of '95 and found, immediately, tremendous interest in her work. The installation "OA (Through Here)" is currently included in "NowHere" at the Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebaek, Denmark, as part of "Incandescent", curated by Laura Cottingham. **SENGA NENGUDI's** work has been included in major survey shows of contemporary African American art.

For further information and slides, please contact Thomas Erben at (212) 966-5283.

Gallery Hours: Tuesdays - Saturdays 10-6 pm.

THOMAS ERBEN GALLERY

INTERNATIONAL ART TRADE AND EDITIONS

Press Release

SENGA NENGUDI:

**WET NIGHT
EARLY DAWN
SCAT-CHANT
PILGRIM'S SONG**

September 5 - November 9, 1996

Thomas Erben is very honored to present **SENGA NENGUDI**'s installation as the inaugural exhibition of his new public space at 476 Broome Street.

SENGA NENGUDI enjoys a reputation as a legendary figure, part of the most provocative group of African American avant-garde artists who began working in the '70s (which included **DAVID HAMMONS**, **ADRIAN PIPER**, and others).

This is the artist's first New York solo show since her last exhibition in 1982 at the now esteemed Just Above Midtown Gallery (JAM) which represented the artist from 1976-82.

Formative for her art were simultaneous exposures in the mid to late '60s at the Watts Towers Art Center and the Pasadena Art Museum, Pasadena, CA, site for an explosive experimentation with and mix of art forms of the then mainstream avant-garde (i.e. Kaprow, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg...).

Equally experimental, the African American artistic community in Watts, furthered by the 1965 Watts riots, pushed beyond traditional Western artforms and articulated a new visual language (i.e. Purifory, Outterbridge...).

In 1966, a year-long foreign studies program at Waseda University, Tokyo, allowed the artist to follow her attraction to Eastern cultures and search for Japanese avant-garde activities such as the Gutai Group.

Moving to New York in 1971, her influences and interests centered around the Weusi Gallery and the Studio Museum in Harlem, the "Uptown Art" scene. Her friendship with the artist Charles Abramson and their discussions of African philosophies and other highly abstracted concepts were particularly empowering.

Back in Los Angeles in 1974, her camaraderie with David Hammons grew closer and the artists exchanged studios during their bicoastal activities on through the early '80s. It was also Hammons who introduced her to Linda Goode-Bryant, resulting in the "RSVP" exhibition in 1977 at JAM of her now famed panty hose sculptures.

(over)

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Combining materials/objects with economy and specificity, she uses their histories and symbolic values as a springboard for their very transformation.

African and Eastern philosophies as well as "ways of doing" are of strong influence. A symbiosis of different artforms ... sculpture, dance, performance, poetry, sound ... a human presence (humanity) is needed to activate the work.

Thomas Erben Gallery began to represent **SENGA NENGUDI** in summer of '95 and found, immediately, tremendous interest in her work. The installation "OA (Through Here)" is currently included in "NowHere" at the Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebaek, Denmark, as part of "Incandescent", curated by Laura Cottingham. **SENGA NENGUDI**'s work has been included in major survey shows of contemporary African American art.

For further information and slides, please contact Thomas Erben at (212) 966-5283.

Gallery Hours: Tuesdays - Saturdays 10-6 pm.