

“The answer they got was the same that I did, when I exited from the 3rd floor annex of Marian Goodman, on the south end of the building, and started along the corridor that leads back to the elevators on the north end. The only gallery open was **Francis M. Naumann Fine Art**, showing “**Pamela Joseph: Wunderlust**” (through December 23).

I charged in and looked around to see a wall full of paintings combining bright red, yellow, pink and black comic-strip images of women with segments from the deep green giant fern-like forests of **Le Douanier Rousseau** to create garish, overcrowded pictures in what looks like deliberate but cheerfully bad taste. Elsewhere were similar depredations committed on famous paintings by artists ranging from **Dali** to **O’Keeffe**. Wow, what a pleasant change of pace! I practically laughed aloud.

Naumann’s a scholar who’s written books on **Duchamp** and dada, and this show was pure neo-dada, pop art right out of the 60’s – just the antidote that those puzzled art-lovers had been looking for, to counteract the stultifying pretentiousness of all that third generation, third-rate ab-ex which had cluttered up the galleries in the 50’s. No wonder pop caught on so fast and powerfully.

If you read Joseph’s catalogue essay, by **Eleanor Heartney**, the “paintings” are really oil with collage on linen, culled from postcards, erotic magazines, etc., and they all have heavy political significance about the role of women & stuff, but my first impression had been of rebel artistic attitudes, and my revisit to the gallery did nothing to change that view.”

by Piri Halasz, December 2009.

To see her whole review of December shows called “*From the Mayor’s Doorstep*,” log onto: <http://piri.home.mindspring.com/pDec09.html>