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Eye Exam: Stand in the Sun

Posted by Art Editor

Speaking of networks, Adds Donna has tapped theirs, currently hosting a group show of works by the collective of artists who operate Essex Flowers, a great project space in New York's Lower East Side, located in the basement of a flower shop. I love everything about this space, and one of Flowers' own, Kendra Jayne Patrick, has curated a bright assortment that ranges from monochrome painting to cast silicone body parts. Nearly all the works are lovable, but several in particular—especially through their relations to one another—cast a light (ha) on how to approach imagining images.



Tatiana Kronberg. "Untitled," 2015 photogram, 50" x 60"

Tatiana Kronberg's photogram rests in the corner where wall meets floor, its surface alive and kicking with a woman's limbs akimbo, adorned with botanical laurels silhouetted in white against a glossy black field. The nonchalance of her crumpled display shows women doing it for themselves, against a history of these sorts of female-body-as-object photographic imprints in more austere works like Yves Klein's or Robert Rauschenberg's cyanotypes. Lizzie Wright's nearby bricolage shrines "Venus" and "Bachelor" complete the scene with each emanating their own light sources. The two might be in competition to illuminate Kronberg's lady-wraiths. "Venus" is a sweet but unsentimental totem with seashell nightlights serving both as a mermaid's brassiere and mismatched glowing eyes in an oval glass face; as seen in Magritte's 1934 "Le Viol (The Rape)," there's power, charm and wit in conflating the gaze with erogenous body parts. Weird faces, new sights and particularly frameworks for how women look (all meanings of the verb) occur throughout the exhibition, including Heather Guertin's goofy, grim abstracted facial expressions. Amanda Friedman's "Timekeepers" mark out mystical eyes across all sorts of metal lids and discs, an extensive calendar of the artist's aging, looking back at her from a densely painted, crowded array.