

# ARTFORUM

## “Stretching Painting”

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528 West 26th Street

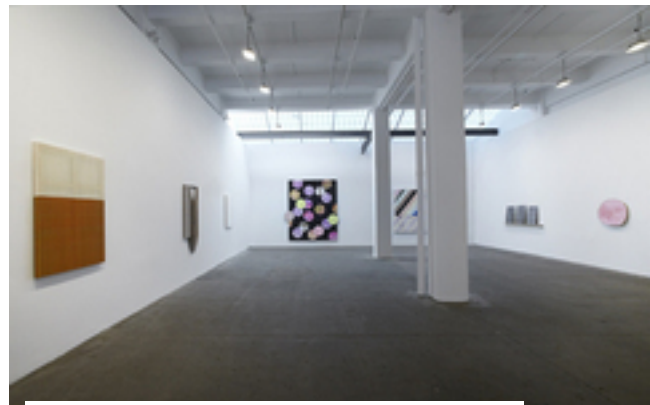
June 21–August 3

In sharp contrast to James Cohan Gallery’s current show across the street from this exhibition, “Everyday Abstract-Abstract Everyday,” which emits a now-ness through its panoptic materiality, “Stretching Painting,” curated by Veronica Roberts, feels almost historical in its numeration of styles that deconstruct the wall-hung painting. “Stretching

Painting” seems born from its dual senior iconoclasts: James

Hyde and Donald Moffett. The former is known for negating painting through a host of processes, while the latter is celebrated for humorously challenging the medium’s conventions through a finely tuned style. Their impish presence is felt within the paintings of the other eight artists in the show by way of either Hyde’s “kitchen sink” aesthetic or Moffett’s rigorous Conceptualism.

Jim Lee, for instance, presents a triumvirate of multifarious objects that manage to turn the usual components of a painting into something comically foreign. *Untitled (Cripple and Pitch)*, 2012, methodically and barbarically sutures two debased monochrome linen-covered panels together with hundreds of staples. Suspended approximately six feet above the floor by a metal pole, this abstract Frankenstein manages to exude a Christlike vulnerability as well as an amateur handyman’s gumption. In more monolithic fashion, Kate Shepherd laser-cuts delicate cracks into the surface of plywood panels, rendering views of Central Park footpaths in mottled shades of gray acrylic paint. The result is a series of objects that wiggle and shimmer elusively around the descriptions of sculpture, drawing, painting, still life, landscape, representation, and abstraction.



View of “Stretching Painting,” 2012.

While the parameters of this exhibition could have included a wider range of ideas, “Stretching Painting” purposefully focuses on the movable wall painting, an object found everywhere—from museums and galleries to hotels, country homes, and airports. This familiarity breeds a restless type of contempt, and Roberts manages to deftly accrue a subtle yet dazzling array of bastardized reactions to the patriarch we all know and love.

— *Ryan E. Steadman*