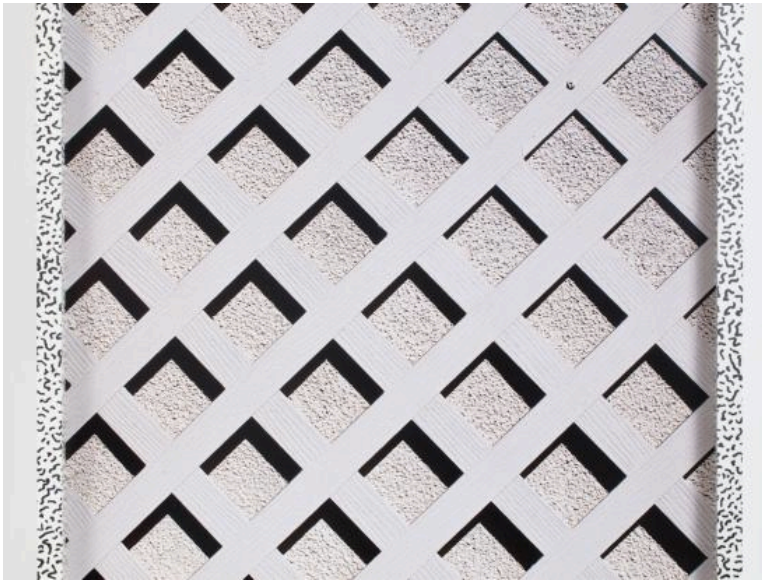


Art in America

EXHIBITIONS THE LOOKOUT



Chris Wiley

at Nicelle Beauchene,

through June 22

327 Broome St.

In his second show of inkjet prints at Nicelle Beauchene, Chris Wiley again focuses on the types of textured objects and exterior architectural details that are often overlooked by passersby in a rush—a segment of a white-washed brick and stone wall, for example, or diamond patterned found in car tire treads. For this series, titled "Dingbats," Wiley built a frame for each print. Sometimes it "matches" the photos, like the one made of brick-patterned wallpaper surrounding a photo of a patchwork brick wall; others incorporate crafty materials like vinyl flooring, seashells, fabric and faux animal skin.

[Source: <http://www.artinamericamagazine.com/exhibitions/chris-wiley/> | published May 29, 2014]

Gallerist

ARTISTS

‘Brutal Constraints, Infinite Variety’: Chris Wiley on ‘Dingbats’ at Nicelle Beauchene

BY NIKKI LOHR 6/10 4:00PM



One very humid afternoon last week, the New York-based artist Chris Wiley was inside the Nicelle Beauchene gallery on the Lower East Side discussing Los Angeles, where he's spent a fair amount of time recently. "L.A. is a city that is never meant to be seen on foot and never meant to be looked at very closely," Mr. Wiley told me. For his second show at the gallery, though, he did just that, roaming the City of Angels far and wide, away from well-trafficked, recognizable landmarks, with his camera.

His exhibition, "Dingbats," includes 15 of the photographs he ended up snapping. They're all about four feet tall, and depict close-up details of L.A. architecture, from lush murals in Venice Beach to rotting buildings with cracks the size of

bowling balls. The works radiate colors that abound in the City of Angels—Schiaparelli pinks, ocean greens and the reds found on the lips of femme fatales.

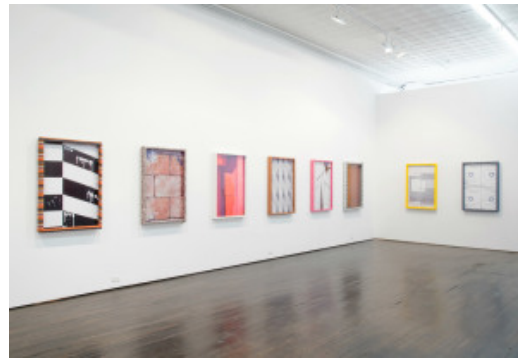
The show takes its titles from dingbat buildings, the inexpensive, shoebox-style dwellings that flourished throughout Southern California in the middle of the century—basically stuccoed boxes with legs. (That name comes from the star-shaped ornaments, found on many of the buildings' facades, that are reminiscent of dingbat forms used in typesetting.) "On one hand you think, Jesus, this [architecture] is so awful," said Mr. Wiley. "But at the same time, it's so incredibly compelling and fun and full of life."

He walked over to *Dingbat (6)* (2014), the photo that was the genesis of his show. It shows a wood wall painted a brilliant aqua with a skinny pipe of the same color dangling limply, looking forlorn. One night, Mr. Wiley explained, he had been tossing around in bed, brooding over the photograph, when he wondered what would happen if he put it in an unfittingly

cheerful frame. It ended up encased in hot pink stucco. Other images sport frames of corrugated steel and pink faux alligator skin. They capture the essence of L.A. for him: beauty amidst the tackiness.

Mr. Wiley has become a connoisseur of such flat, vaguely synthetic-looking scenes. It requires patience, like birdwatching or mushroom foraging. He picks a neighborhood, drives there and then spends hours seeing what catches his eye. “In some ways I’m working in such brutal constraints—always shooting flat surfaces, outdoors in broad daylight—but within those constraints there’s an infinite variety of things I can do,” Mr. Wiley said.

His works toys with accepted aesthetic codes, brushing aside rigid notions of good and bad. “There is a friction that is created when these materials that some might say shouldn’t be here or aren’t in good taste are presented as being in good taste,” said Mr. Wiley. He’s showing snippets of the world that rarely make it into galleries, which has caused some people



to view him as an artist who photographs things that people often overlook, though he thinks that phrasing puts it too simply—there’s more going on his combinations of image and frame.

As Mr. Wiley eyed a frame covered in Wild West-inspired fabric with drawings of cowboys, clouds and cacti, he told me that he hopes people can see the humor in his work. The cowboys, he said, could be seen as a metaphor for Los Angeles as the end of the American frontier. Then again, he said, laughing, “It’s just so crazy looking.”

[Source: <http://galleristny.com/2014/06/a-walk-through-with-wiley-chris-wiley-talks-about-his-show-dingbats/>]

KALEIDOSCOPE

BLOG



Chris Wiley, "Dingbats," installation view at Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York, 2014
Courtesy of the artist and Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York

VISIT: Chris Wiley at Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York
June 13 2014, 3:00 PM

Chris Wiley is one of those rare individuals able to balance professional criticality (he's an accomplished writer, curator and editor, including time served as both a contributor and editor-at-large for *Kaleidoscope*) with the receptivity needed to sustain a progressive creative practice. In his visual output, which encompasses both photography and framed sculptural objects, Wiley draws from the unassuming, often overlooked corners of his surroundings, producing textured, geometric compositions out of isolated environmental details. "**Dingbats**," his current offering at Nicelle Beauchene, finds Wiley's eye fixed on a tawdry, faux-modernist brand of architecture ubiquitous to Southern California. Offsetting the garish, ersatz quality of his subjects with thoughtful arrangements and vibrant presentation, the work embodies the balance of aesthetic aspiration and synthetic approximation that characterizes so much of American culture. Central to the series is the idea of framing; literally, in that Wiley has mounted his prints onto sculptural supports overlaid with materials appropriated from home décor (stucco, Formica, fake alligator skin, vinyl flooring, etc.), but also in the sense that, in reducing his view to isolated details and discovered arrangements, Wiley treats his lens less as a window than an enclosure, offering a fresh view of common subjects while reaffirming photography's status as an act of construction in every sense of the word. (Christopher Schreck)

"Dingbats," Chris Wiley's exhibition at Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York, runs through June 22

[Source: <http://kaleidoscope-press.com/2014/06/visitchris-wileyat-nicelle-beauchene-gallery-new-york/>]

Gallerist NY

NADA Miami Beach 2013 Opens to Huge Crowds, Sales

By Andrew Russeth 12/05 3:45pm



Chris Wiley at Nicelle Beauchene

Check out those frames.

Early this afternoon an artist and I sat in the lobby of the Deauville Beach Resort in Miami Beach and marveled as one dealer after another hustled past, carrying paintings in and out of the neighboring banquet rooms, where the New Art Dealers Alliance had been in full swing since 10 a.m. All of the sudden, a Chelsea dealer popped up over over my shoulder.

“Can I ask you to do something crazy?” he said to the artist. He needed help moving a painting that was too big for him to carry alone, and his coworker couldn’t help him. “We’re getting slammed out there,” he said. And so off they went to refresh the works in the booth. Such is the camaraderie that prevails here.

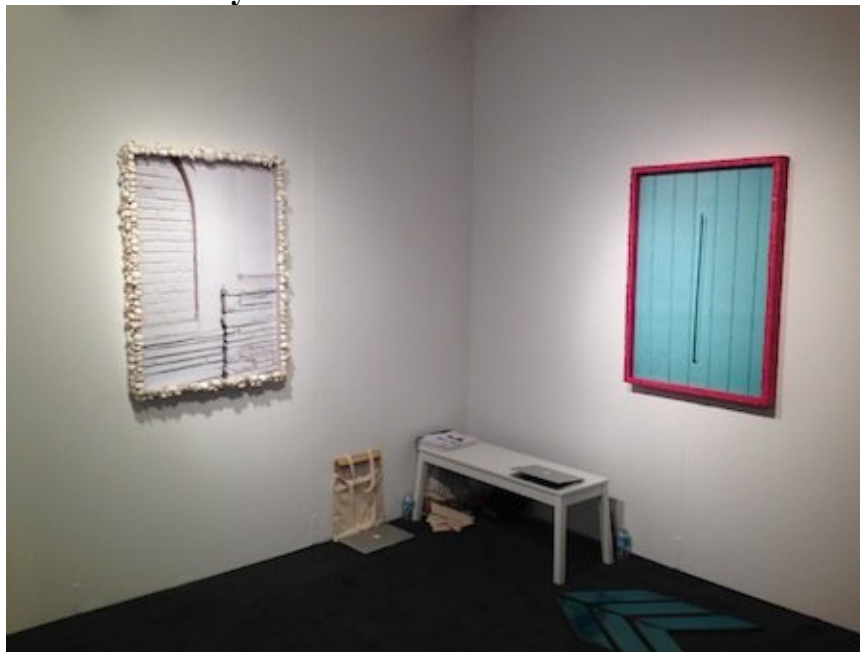
Artist to Watch

Emerging Artists to Watch at Miami's Indie Fairs

By Andrew M. Goldstein

Dec. 7, 2013

Chris Wiley at Nicelle Beauchene's NADA booth



Chris Wiley is another writer and curator (he worked with Gioni on [the last Venice Biennale](#), writing much of the exhibition's text) who is breaking out as an artist—he has a solo project coming up at **MoMA PS1** in March. The works shown here are photographs that the 31-year-old artist takes of Los Angeles's urban landscapes and then encases in odd sculptural frames employing materials more typically used in home construction, from insulating foil to pink stucco, as well as seashells, that lend a touch of kitsch. Almost all of his works sold out in the first day (\$8,500 each, editions of three). [...]

[http://www.artspace.com/magazine/interviews_features/artists_to_watch_miami_2013]

Art in America

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

The Lookout: A Weekly Guide to Shows You Won't Want to Miss

by *aia staff* 05/17/12

With an ever-growing number of galleries scattered around New York, it's easy to feel overwhelmed. Where to begin? Here at *A.i.A.*, we are always on the hunt for thought-provoking, clever and memorable shows that stand out in a crowded field. Below is a selection of current shows our team of editors can't stop talking about.

This week we check out David Benjamin Sherry's candy-colored photos taken in Utah, New Mexico and points west at Salon94, Tonico Lemos Auad's talismanic sculptures and installations at CRG and Cindy Sherman's latest photos of a single female figure posing in front of mysterious landscapes at Metro Pictures.



Chris Wiley at Nicelle Beauchene, through June 3

Chris Wiley's photographs present lushly colored, expertly composed views of architectural details--a stairway and railing, a wall whose tiles have fallen off, a pilaster with peeling blue paint. The artist's acute feeling for light and shade, texture and patina, is offset by an uncommonly good press release that accuses photography of being out to "transmute the fluid stuff of life into a clunky rattlebag of reified signs." The theory-head language is surely wielded with humor when the photographic results are just so plain beautiful.

NEW YORK OBSERVER

Going off the Grid: Wiley at Beauchene, 'Towards a Warm Math' at On Stellar Rays, Simon at Callicoon

By Will Heinrich 5/22 5:17pm



Chris Wiley is interested in meaning. Not meaning as a verb, requiring a particular, limited object to act upon, but meaning as a noun, a slippery, nebulous object to be acted upon in its own right. Though it exists only provisionally, it can still be diagnosed, highlighted, elicited, created, arranged, denied, misrepresented or implied—not to mention interpretively postulated by a viewer or reviewer. But if meaning is the medium, the product will have to be a practice.

Mr. Wiley's *Technical Compositions* is a small show consisting of 13 numbered ink-jet prints (not counting a couple of extras in the gallery's office) of digital color photos. *13* itself—that's the same ostensibly irreducible prime that Judas Iscariot infused with such dynamic potential energy—shows a field of tile-like plastic panels divided by thin steel borders into a checkerboard pattern of alternating reddish oranges. The view is at an angle, so that the lines of the borders converge to the right. The fact that we can't tell whether it's a ceiling, a wall or a floor makes clear that it's meant to be, simply, a *grid*.

In 3, there's another grid, this one composed of bricks, concrete and the squares of a sidewalk; 4 is a shimmering grid of watery shadows on the gray wall and street-level exhaust vents of a windowless corporate building; and 9 has a complex and musical grid made by the deft cropping of stairs and heavy, ornamental bank columns. In 5, a grid of blue tile is interrupted by a pile of sand; in 8, a grid of shelter is constructed haphazardly and impermanently from corrugated tin; in 6, a dark concrete wall of tiny squares half eaten away turns the destruction of information into the creation of new information; and in 7, which shows the colorful wall of some exotic temple or bathhouse, a grid metamorphoses into a multitude of rosettes.

But though the focus on corners and building materials and shadows and walls, the extravagant sense of flatness

created by a tight depth of field and matte finish, would make any of these pictures look like a composition study even when considered alone, with the exception of *13*, it's only the context they all create together that guides our attention to the grid. And without that grid, they would be, as photographs, both heavier and less interesting. They're like stones in an arch, whose function would be not merely diminished but actually evaporated by the removal of the other stones. In *1*, hiding behind a column as a discreet nod to the agency that actually creates meaning, is an empty, discarded armchair.

Further north on Orchard Street, at the gallery On Stellar Rays, Mr. Wiley has curated the serendipitously concurrent group show "Towards a Warm Math." Mel Bochner's *Perspective Insert (Collapsed Center): Color*, a 1967/2011 c-print mounted on aluminum that shows a crumpled reddish-orange grid set over a receding white one, establishes the grid's photographic bonafides, but it's Melvin Way's two pocket-size drawings, the mostly red *Kum (H₂O)* and mostly black *HOCH₂, CH₂*, that really set the terms: the question here is how public systems of meaning—such as language, theological or political orthodoxy, or geometry—are adapted or subjected to personal intentions.

Mr. Way's drawings, somewhat bent and smudged at the corners because he carried them in his pockets, show apparently meaningful chemical equations surrounded by blocks of color—but what the lambda surrounded by glowing lines would mean to a chemist is one question, and what it meant to Mr. Way is another.

Eugene von Bruenchenhein contributes to Mr. Wiley's show two beautiful ballpoint drawings of vaguely ornithological geometric patterns; John Houck, two carefully, deliberately creased, computer-facilitated grids; and Ionel Talpazan, two large, exuberantly colorful diagrams of the UFOs that we can expect any day now, complete with explanatory texts that might or might not make sense if you read Romanian.

Thomas Bayrle's 1970 *Stalin (rote Version)* depicts the iconic dictator using repeated red iterations of his iconic mustache. Brody Condon's *Vat Flesh on a Pedestal of Imitation Jade* is like a four-foot-high geodesic spermatozoon, in which the pattern of expression adapts itself to the pattern of growth. Oliver Laric's *Versions*, three small, motley-colored, polyurethane sculptures, wade into iconoclasm, Walter Benjamin style: reproducing an altarpiece figure in St. Martin's Cathedral in Utrecht that was defaced during the Reformation, they were poured by the artist in a mold made from a model built to order in China from digital photos the artist collected on the Internet.

The last word here goes to Lucas Blalock, whose 2011 silver print *Numbers*, which shows heavy black numbers, including the much-praised 1, the controversial 3 and the mysteriously powerful 23, against a windy grayish background, serves simultaneously as the show's joke, question, précis and punchline.

After you come out of On Stellar Rays, walk over to Forsyth and hang a left, because meaning can also be donated, catalogued, exploited, oppressed and discarded—or salvaged, memorialized, repurposed and put up for sale. For 34 years, until she was laid off after helping to lead a strike, Mary Corliss managed the five million images of the Museum of Modern Art's Film Still Archive. Jason Simon's *Festschrift for an Archive* combines, between sober gray covers, an interview with Ms. Corliss, two judgments by the National Labor Relations Board and a publicity still (not from the archive) from a Hollywood film about labor. Most of the book's edition of 200—along with images of Charlie Chaplin, Marcello Mastroianni, Thommy Berggren playing Joe Hill and another project called *Two Essays on Banks*—are on display at Callicoon Fine Arts.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN: ART

CHRIS WILEY

The subjects of Wiley's color photographs are the sort of urban spaces and objects your eye usually slides right past: a concrete stairwell, a badly painted door, a pile of discarded junk, buckling tiles. Seen isolated and tightly cropped, these fragments of cityscape are dead ends—sites so anonymous and uninviting that paying close attention to them feels almost perverse. But Wiley's a sharp-eyed observer, alert to texture, incongruity, and the way sunlight butters weathered things. His pictures don't transcend their mundane subject matter, they embody it: a wasteland without poetry, sentiment, or illusions. Through June 3.

Through June 3

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