

PALM BEACH

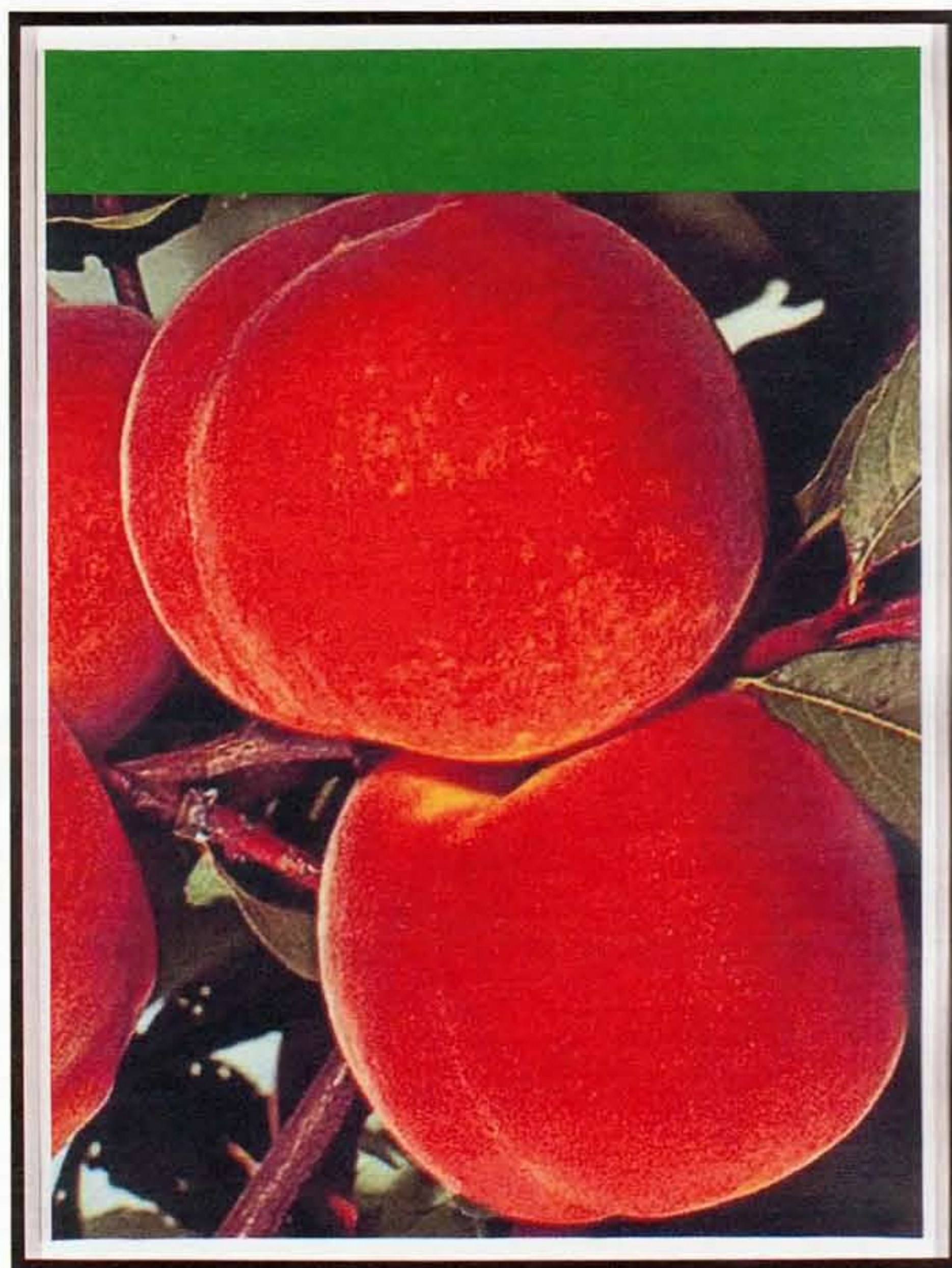
Carolyn Carr / Orly Genger

Gavlak Gallery // January 15–February 12

ORLY GENGER HAS previously filled entire rooms with her signature material—painted and crocheted rope—so in comparison, the sculptures on display at Gavlak Gallery are almost modest. That’s not to say they don’t have serious heft and beauty. The two large rectangular centerpieces, both from 2010, are each about the height of an average human, standing six by four by two feet. One, *Lynn*, is white, the other, *Lee*, black; here and there the paint has flaked away, revealing the yellow geometric patterning of the underlying rope. What looks like a solid bulk is actually an accumulation of ruglike layers held in place by a steel armature. Although the two works are technically identical, *Lee* has more nuance: Its ominous sheen gives it the feel of a coiled headless serpent. Together, these rope stacks are monochromatic sentries guarding nothing in particular. Their surface is porous; you could poke your finger into the rope, wiggle it around. The edges are irregular, not razor sharp. The layers of rope can move, misalign; loops can jut and poke into space. A third, untitled sculpture, composed of

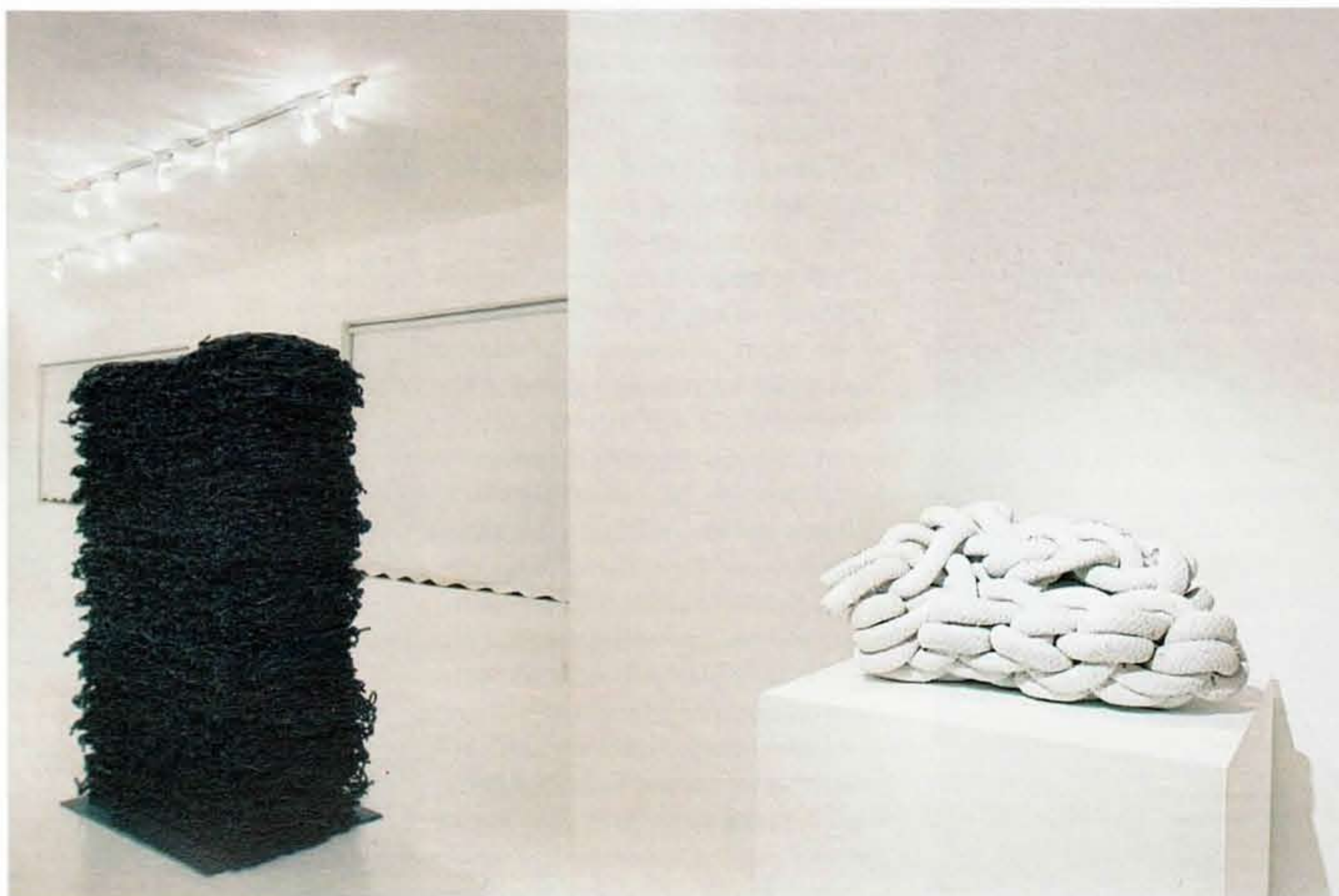
a big knot of thick, white-painted rope, is more manageable in both price and scope—it would fit well on a dais or a shelf—but it’s hard not to see it as a modest-size souvenir of a larger piece. The artist seems most at home with the grand gesture. Several of her works on paper are displayed as well, including a large black-and-white ink drawing whose style owes so much to Sue Williams that it must be a partial homage. Replacing Williams’s intestinal squiggles and orifices is a riot of male fists. It’s like an aerial shot of the world’s largest brawl. The black lines vary in thickness, producing a neat optical effect from a slight distance: The darker ones jump off the surface like stillborn letters, perhaps mangled Arabic calligraphy.

In the gallery’s front space Carolyn Carr’s accompanying solo show demonstrates her love for Andy Warhol and John Baldessari, as well as a talent for experimenting with the planes of a canvas—and questioning what constitutes a painting to begin with. Carr is interested in the conversation between content and presentation, as in what it means to



blow up a camera-phone photo of a chandelier or a vibrant though unremarkable image of fruit on the vine: luxury and refinement reduced to the pixelated and bleached out. The artist also has these images printed on canvas, a technique that’s normally the province

of amateurs who send their wedding photos to print-on-demand Internet companies. Less thought-provoking, albeit pretty, are *Porcelain*, 2010, for which Carr covered a black-and-white stock photo with diamond dust, and *The Yet to Be Named Moment*, 2010, which does the same with gilded powder. All the pieces here suggest that the artist is working at the intersection of photography and painting and sculpture. *From the Westside with Love*, 2010, for instance, combines a Brice Marden-esque tangle of abstraction with half a canvas that is literally folded into a sort of curtain. Carr’s portion of the show is intriguing, although perhaps in need of a little focus. —Scott Indrisek



FROM TOP:
Carolyn Carr
You Cannot Believe What Is Under All That, 2010. Digital print on canvas with natural pigments and gold dust on paper, oxblood-maple frame, 61 x 46 in.

Orly Genger
 Installation view of *Lee* (2010) and *Untitled* (2010) at Gavlak Gallery. *Lee*: Rope, paint, and steel armature, 72 x 48 x 24 in. *Untitled*: Rope, latex, paint, and marker, 23 x 11 x 18 in.