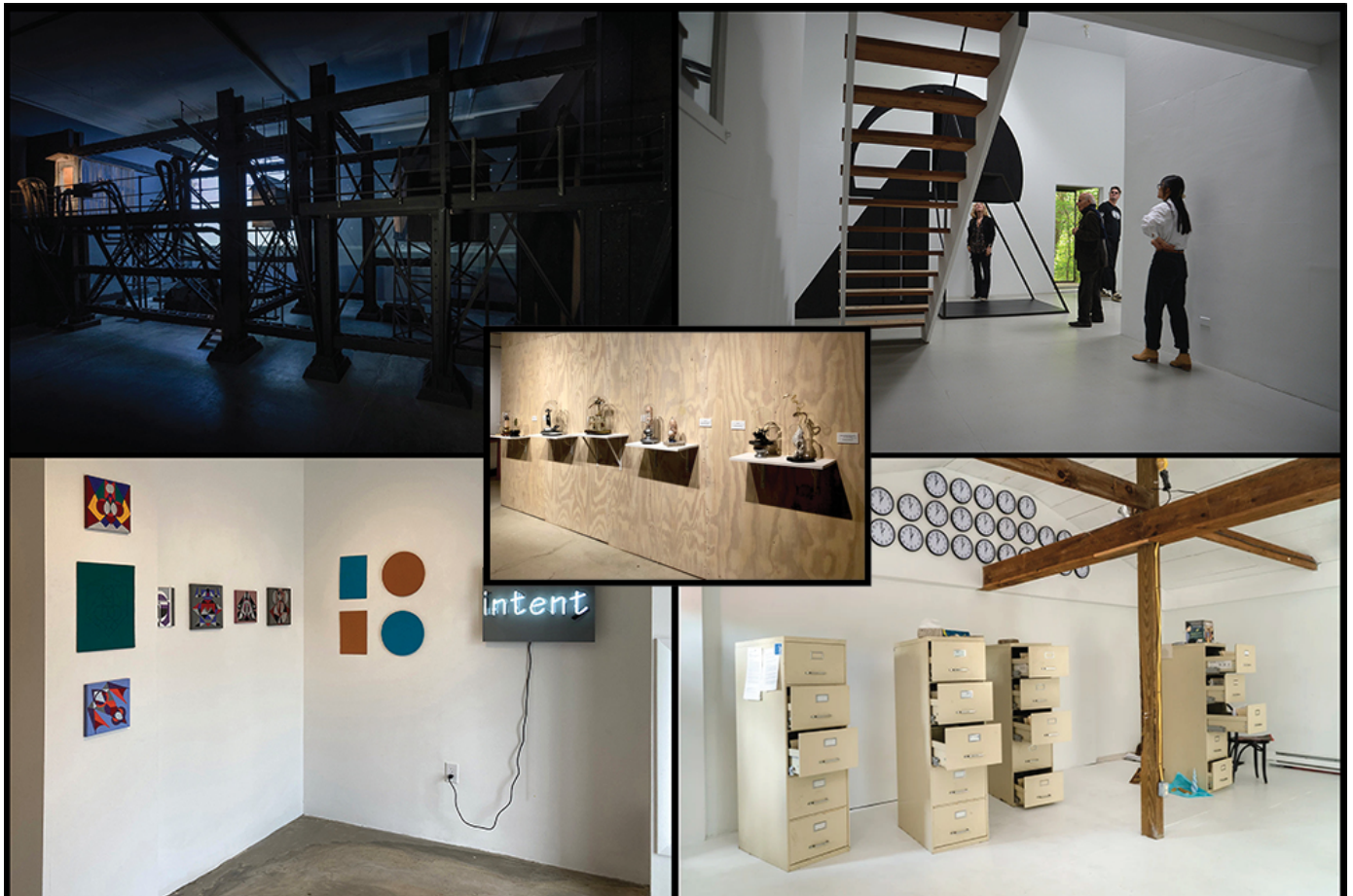


# HUDSON, NEW YORK and beyond



Over the past couple of months, I've visited five local galleries to see five exhibitions by five artists, all women, of very different sensibilities, for whom the space itself was integral to their work.

In no particular order:



## **Donna Dennis's *Ship/Dock/Three Houses and the Night Sky* at Private Public Gallery**

Donna Dennis is a highly regarded installation artist, whose work, however, I was only slightly familiar with via her 2007 temporary installation of strikingly incongruous static little white tourist cabins on the Park Avenue median in Manhattan, around which bursted urban activity. In total contrast, her recent installation, in a diminutive gallery space in little Hudson, is a vast, complex panorama — a reconstructed industrial pier set before the endless horizon of the Great Lakes, changing over time in an eerily dark space, mostly in silhouette, like a slow motion Lotte Reiniger film. Mesmerizing and transporting, it was both ingenious

and sublime. To my embarrassment, and unfortunately for you, the show just closed, but watch out for more exceptional shows at Private Public Gallery.



## **Torkwase Dyson's *Closer (Bird and Lava)* at 'T' Space**

A gentle soul, Torkwase Dyson's stark abstract installation has a raw but precise industrial quality, and sits perfectly integrated into Steven Holl's subtly complex little 'T' Space, an elegant combination if ever there was one. At whatever scale, Dyson's work, both her painting and her sculpture, is monumental yet liquid, a highly original meld of geometry and texture, reflecting, with great aesthetic intelligence, the quality of all physical phenomena. Dyson, like Holl,

masterfully integrates art and architecture, as though nowadays there should be any difference: art can be architecture, and architecture can be art. At the opening, Torkwase read some of her poetry, modestly, but yet another dimension to her genius. Sundays, 11 AM — 5 PM at 'T' Space.



## **Francine Hunter McGivern's *Intent* at Turley Gallery**

Even tinier than 'T' Space, the backroom gallery at Hudson's Turley Gallery might be a challenge for any artist to utilize. Francine Hunter McGivern, whose graphic works can range from the minute to the monumental, did so perfectly. Echoes of Mondrian and Malevich permeate her work, but the

mystical element predominant in their mirror-like, symmetrical configurations serve as yantras, the Tantric diagrams that turn the soul to reflect upon itself in a state of mental emptiness. Here, a few of McGivern's beautifully executed, elegant little paintings, paired with a provocative neon installation, focus and titillate the mind with their precision. Unfortunately, the show closed a few days ago, but Francine's vast body of work — including her formidable achievements as a performance artist — is occasionally displayed at her own CR10 art space in Livingston.



**Rachael London's *Paperwork: IFS Documents* at Babayaga Gallery**

Babayaga Gallery is an artist-owned complex of spaces, hidden next door to Stewart's at 23 and 9G, that I'd never heard of, until Rachael London, Baltimore-based artist, sent me an invitation. Her show completely annihilates any distinction between space and work. You enter what seems to be a mess of an office. 25 clocks hover over the space. 6 huge filing cabinets, open drawers filled with files (which you're free to peruse), dominate the space. Rubbish is stuffed in every corner, though elegantly. Wall hangings loom and absurdist carpets sit to be examined. Two sumptuous black office chairs invite you to sit and contemplate the installation. It took a while to figure out what it was about, but at the end of the day I concluded that this is what we all confront on a daily basis: in a nutshell, too much information to absorb, whatever its significance. To July 3, by appointment.



## **Jane Gennaro's *Reliquaries* at TSL**

In May at TSL in Hudson, the remarkably inventive and prodigious Jane Gennaro displayed a series of complex miniature constructions, composed of both natural and manufactured elements, contained within glass cloche domes sitting on a variety of stone, metal and wooden bases, guarding and separating them from the viewer, and thus turning the experience of space inside out. Their contents (entire desiccated dead animals or merely their bones mounted on a range of unlikely supports, or simply floating in transparent preservative) constitute personal totems that reflect the narrative element that pervades Gennaro's work. At the other end of the scale, she dazzles

us with a massive pillar of clear and colored glass fragments that hangs like a smashed up chandelier but likewise screams "Don't touch me!"