



Left: George Sherwood, *Wave Cloud*, 2013. Stainless steel, 96 x 96 x 144 in. From “Convergence.” Below: Jim Lambie, *ZOBOP*, 2000–13. Metallic vinyl, installation view. From “LAT. 41° 7’ N., LONG. 72° 19’ W.”

and ferns. If one failed to wonder why a camper would be parked next to Horticultural Hall, the piece became invisible in the cityscape.

Perhaps the most successful installation was the gigantic heron, *Poised*, situated just beyond the reflecting pool as if stalking its dinner. Woven of small saplings, it was the work of Myth Makers, Donna Dodson and Andy Moerlein. Moerlein also defied gravity with his *Impossible* boulders suspended in trees; he doesn’t say what they’re made of, but my guess is Styrofoam cleverly persuaded to imitate New England rock.

George Sherwood raised the ripples on the reflecting pool to the sky with *Wave Cloud*, a disk of hundreds of tiny shimmering elements activated by wind. It was even more haunting under overcast skies than in sunlight. An argument could be made for Dodson’s goofy *Tiger Mothers* overseeing the squealing and splashing at the plaza’s fountain. Not as spooky as the totemic, bird-headed female torsos that she often makes, her tigers nevertheless looked as though they wouldn’t stand for any nonsense.

Jim Henderson subtly enhanced the alley of linden trees along Huntington Avenue with *Three Bronze Trees* and *Green Landscape*/

Brown Landscape. These tree trunks topped with stacked slabs owe more to his drawings of land forms than to tree forms. Nancy Winship Milliken’s *Lighthouse*, adhered to a plaza building as if it belonged, ambitiously rose three stories, evoking a bell tower as readily as a lighthouse. I found the addition of raw wool fleece to the steel scaffolding aesthetically confusing. The same could be said of Michelle Lougee’s *Christian Science Coral*, crocheted from colored plastic bags and clinging like limpets to lamp posts—although recycling such urban detritus into art ought to be applauded.

It’s unfortunate that most plaza-users likely never found Laura Evans’s half-dozen lunch bags nestled in the grass. Patinated bronze masquerading as standard paper bags, *Bag Lunch* must have disappointed any hungry passersby who noticed it. Anywhere there are trees, Leslie Wilcox’s work fits in: she dresses them in garments made of screen. Here, *Sentinel Stand*, designed to honor three historical figures in the history of Christian Science, tried a little too hard and was a bit less witty than her usual pieces. Iconic plop art by some of Boston Sculptors’ long-timers rounded out the exhibition—perhaps not as integrated as

required, but a handsome visual gift to Bostonians nevertheless.

—Marty Carlock

EAST MARION, NEW YORK
“LAT. 41° 7’ N., LONG. 72° 19’ W”
Martos Gallery

There’s no sign. An address painted on a rock marks a narrow driveway leading to Jason Metcalf’s “historical” plaque commemorating ancient red-haired giants who may never have lived here. Beyond lies the combined summer home/gallery of Chelsea art dealer Jose Martos, artist Servane Mary, and their three-year-old son. Sequestered by preserved wetlands hugging Dam’s Pond, this 10-acre Victorian estate in East Marion, New York, gazes toward Great Peconic Bay, which separates the East End’s South

Fork—and its Hampton celebrity—from its bucolic North Fork neighbor. Martos, drawn to an idyllic community where downplaying one’s assets is the local creed, invited independent curator Bob Nickas to organize “LAT. 41° 7’ N., LONG. 72° 19’ W.”

Titled for the land’s coordinates, this 66-artist exhibition was as compelling and unpretentious as its site.

A sense of humor runs through the place, as quirky, strange, and strangely beautiful art, most of it site-specific, cohabits with ordinary household stuff and the natural landscape. Jules de Balincourt’s three Day-Glo figures emerge target-like from woodlands, their hands raised in surrender, to greet visitors. Inside, guests are asked to proceed quietly—“Don’t wake the baby”—as they tiptoe through the visual conundrums in each room. It takes a moment to distinguish Eddie Martinez’s whimsical constructions from the toys scattered about or to recognize Josh Tonsfeldt’s refrigerator art as art.



TOP: COURTESY BRUCE ROGOVIN / BOTTOM: CHARLES BENTON



Left: Jules de Balincourt, *Total Surrender*, 2013. Marine plywood, acrylic enamel spray paint, and resin, 77 x 24 x 1 in. From "LAT. 41° 7' N., LONG. 72° 19' W." Below: Mel Bochner, *Measurement Plants*, 1969. Three live plants and vinyl on wall, dimensions variable.

Other works startle immediately, especially Jim Lambie's *ZOBOP*, a striped metallic vinyl stair runner. Shiny as multicolored holiday wrap, it trumps the muted stripes of vintage wallpaper climbing in perpendicular sync up the stairwell. The stairs lead to Barry X Ball's *Collection of 24 Plaster Heads*, classically inspired life casts gazing creepily from a book nook on the landing. John Miller's 14-foot *Untitled* synthetic boulder consumes the dining room, implying that the house evolved around an ice-age rock abandoned eons ago by a receding coastline.

The show's strongest works are scattered outdoors, where they challenge the eye to catch their visual, psychological, and curatorial puns. Aaron Suggs's transparent vinyl boat floats mirage-like on the pond; Peter Coffin's *Untitled* extends naked tree branches with multiple painted hands that tickle the sky; Charles Harlan's *Couter*, a Minimalist marble sink cutout, hangs sideways beside an outdoor shower; and Carol Bove's *not yet titled* mimics cut firewood in sliced sections of coated steel. Paintings by Chris Martin and Ryan Foerster, like Sam Moyer's forest of faux birch trees, live outdoors, deliberately exposed to the elements. Most striking is Wayne Gonzales's grisaille painting of people dispersed in a park. Placed within a shaded glen and discernible only up close, it summons the curious to enter the space of the work.

More reality-installation than sprawling summer art exhibition, this effort speaks to the many issues facing a still-rural landscape. When Martos bought the place from the Peconic Land Trust, he agreed to preserve its historic character. This care-

fully thought-out merger of tradition standing its ground while welcoming the new goes to the heart of that promise.

—Joyce Beckenstein

NEW YORK Mel Bochner

Peter Freeman Gallery

Mel Bochner, who is best known for his theoretical notations and use of basic materials such as stones, masking tape, walnuts, glass shards, burnt matches, and chalk, began his career using mathematically derived determinants as a means to articulate a playful, albeit rigorous analysis of sculpture. A recent survey of his iconic works, "Mel Bochner: Proposition and Process: A Theory of Sculpture (1968–1973)," clearly situated his influence on the development of process art, particularly among Post-Minimal sculptors working in the late '60s and '70s. This timely and superbly mapped-out exhibition further offered a link that today's digital artists might find enlightening.

Less constructed than placed, these astonishing works, with their rigor and simplicity, are a delight to behold. Bochner's formal vocabulary brings us back to basics, back to the notion that structure precedes form, as it did for the Russian avant-garde. Bochner was clearly a leading figure in conceptual art. He would later go on to embrace site-specific, non-objective and language-based painting, each employing the application of complex ideas.

The exhibition began with *Measurement Plants* (1969) in which three large potted plants are placed in front of a white wall marked with vinyl numbers measuring feet and

inches. The opposite side of the wall featured the related *Measurement Shadow*, also dated 1969, which consists of an aluminum step ladder with a clip-on lamp at its base. On the white wall behind it, one sees the ladder's enlarged shadow, which is again measured with vinyl numbers. In each work, the bifurcation between reality and illusion is made plausible, if not palpable. In the first, the measurement changes as the plants grow, and in the second, the height of the shadows stays the same in reference to the actual ladder. In the latter case, illusion is given preference over reality in that the actual ladder exists in three-dimensional (sculptural) space without surface measurement.

In a statement accompanying the exhibition, Bochner asserts: "Any individual piece exists only as an 'example of itself. Paradoxically, without the object there would be no idea, but without the idea there would be

no object." This statement is particularly apropos to his floor pieces, which often involve white stones and white chalk notations drawn directly on the floor. The numbers range from one to four, or one to five, or one to six. In each linear arrangement, the numbers are either at intervals between the stones or placed beneath the stones in a separate line.

In a related series of works, Bochner draws basic shapes taken from planar (Euclidean) geometry in chalk (sometimes string). In *Meditation on the Theorem of Pythagoras* (1972/2013), for instance, he takes the three sides of a right-angled triangle and places stones equidistantly along each side. On the lesser side of the right angle, there are three stones; on the greater side, there are four; and on the hypotenuse, there are five. As the linear elements extend outward to form a grid on each side,

