

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

This copy is for your personal, non-commercial use only. To order presentation-ready copies for distribution to your colleagues, clients or customers visit <http://www.djreprints.com>.

<http://www.wsj.com/articles/a-minimalist-heaven-electrified-romanticism-and-handsome-ovals-1457986986>

ARTS | ARTS IN REVIEW | ART REVIEW

A Minimalist Heaven, Electrified Romanticism and Handsome Ovals

Liam Gillick, Yuriko Yamaguchi and David Row in this week's Fine Art



An installation view of Liam Gillick's 'Phantom Structures' PHOTO: JEAN VONG/LIAM GILLICK/CASEY KAPLAN, NEW YORK

By **PETER PLAGENS**

March 14, 2016 4:23 p.m. ET

Liam Gillick, Phantom Structures

Casey Kaplan

121 W. 27th St.

(212) 645-7335

Through March 19

Artists are seldom satisfied with being mere artists—purveyors of shape, form, color, texture, arrangement and, simply, aesthetic pleasure. They have ambitions to do philosophy, clinical psychology and social anthropology, or to inspire political activism. The British artist Liam Gillick (b. 1964), who's also written for such insider art magazines as *Frieze* and *Artforum*, aspires to all of these. Or at least that is how the gallery's press materials would have it: "Varying from early statements of intent and written equations regarding the rationalization of production versus consumption to the suggestion of various *mise-en-scènes*, with references to late 19th century utopian

writing, [Mr. Gillick's] works are a process of continuous reinterpretation.”

The art in this exhibition is in two related and visually ice-cold modes. The first, hewing more closely to the bureaucratise above, consists of Lawrence-Weiner-esque texts of a quasi-nonsensical nature (“Coats of asbestos spangled with mica” is one of the shorter ones) in hard-to-see reflective white on matte white walls. In the second mode, rectangular configurations made of white powder-coated aluminum and transparent Plexiglas evoke screens, doors, partitions and barriers.

The ensemble is astutely installed in what could be the most blindingly white suite of roomy cubicles this side of a microchip research lab. Indeed, Mr. Gillick's exhibition of nominally separate pieces teeters on the brink of installation art. Although there are links between the wall texts, sculptures and Mr. Gillick's intellectual intentions, the net effect for the visitor is an easy stroll through a Minimalist heaven.

Yuriko



'Embrace' (2013) by Yuriko Yamaguchi PHOTO: HOWARD SCOTT GALLERY

Yamaguchi: Interconnected in Art, Nature, Science and Technology

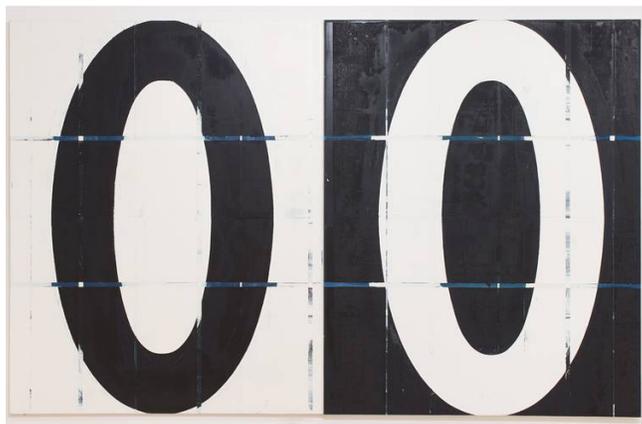
Howard Scott
529 W. 20th St.

(646) 486-7004

Through March 26

“Poetic” is a flattering word often applied to works of art that are merely pretty and don’t weigh much, but it fits the gossamer relief sculptures of Yuriko Yamaguchi (b. 1948) like an art-handler’s cotton glove. Ms. Yamaguchi studied at Princeton with Joan Snyder, a painter of a decidedly materialist bent, and Lucio Pozzi, a scatter-shot painter-performance-artist. It’s safe to say that whatever the effect those teachers had on Ms. Yamaguchi, she’s her own artist.

In the past, Ms. Yamaguchi has worked with paper, flax and wood, but here she fashions stainless-steel wire, cast resin and LED lights into a species of strange clouds with colors ranging from cool blue to hot red, molten yellow, and restfully pale neutral. Her art does what good art should do—compels you to stand back to take in the seemingly living whole, and draws you in to absorb the network of inventive details. With its delicate and lightly technological nature, this is generically the sort of work that attracts such additional adjectives as “energetic,” “atmospheric” and “dreamlike.” Usually, a combination of art and language like that is off-putting, but in the case of Ms. Yamaguchi’s precisely electrified romanticism, it’s simply accurate.



David Row's 'Nine Below Zero' (1993). PHOTO: LORETTA HOWARD GALLERY

4x1: Four
Decades
of
Painting
by David
Row

Loretta
Howard
525-531 W.
26th St.
(212) 695-
0164

Through

March 26

The paintings of David Row (b. 1949) are handsome with a capital H. They’re perhaps a little too handsome. Mr. Row’s ingredients are bold graphic compositions and a worked-on, fussed-over surface that practically shouts, “I’ve labored really hard on these paintings, and they’re much more profound than mere eye candy.”

Mr. Row is a master of his mode, and his astute cramming of geometric shapes (ovals are a favorite) into dynamically constricting formats makes his compositions seem all the more muscular. Recently, he’s been working on polygons, and his color, while measured and considerably muted by his relentless attention to the surface, is nevertheless expert and crisp. “Joule” (2016), a seven-sided wood panel containing a white oval so wide that the black negative shapes in the center and at the corners seem like positive spaces, has the added attraction of a few thin red lines that almost imply wounds. It’s one of

the best paintings in the show.

If every work in the exhibition were as good as “Joule,” this would be one of the most memorable painting displays in Chelsea in recent memory. The show, however, attempts to cover the full 40 years of Mr. Row’s artistic efforts, and is necessarily uneven. An overview in a commercial gallery is always a bit of an odd duck. Commercial crackle and hoped-for institutional augustness don’t easily mesh, as is evident on the checklist, where a few paintings are listed as “museum only.” I asked at the desk if that public declaration meant only a museum could buy them, and was told yes.

Copyright 2014 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved

This copy is for your personal, non-commercial use only. Distribution and use of this material are governed by our Subscriber Agreement and by copyright law. For non-personal use or to order multiple copies, please contact Dow Jones Reprints at 1-800-843-0008 or visit www.djreprints.com.