

Carlin, T. J. "Bruce Pearson."  
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## Bruce Pearson

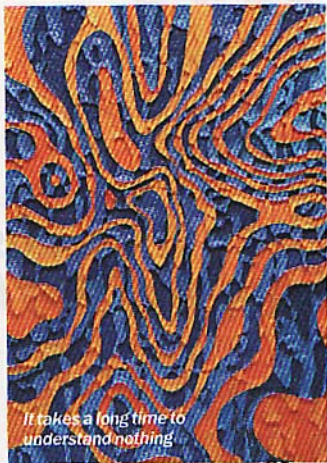
★★★★☆☆

**Ronald Feldman Fine Art**, through  
Apr 18 (see Soho)

*It takes a long time to understand nothing* is the title of one of the pieces in Bruce Pearson's latest show, but it could also serve as a warning: It is best to take in these behemoths of oil over carved Styrofoam slowly, by walking back and forth between the paintings and allowing them to reveal the nuanced intricacies of their surfaces, composed of sinuous plastic rivulets.

Color plays a central role here, and assiduous observation is highly rewarding. The hues in *Encyclopedia 4 (Lurched from crisis to crisis, what could happen without a decisive move, agreed they had no choice)* seem like a throwback to the garish psychedelic clash of supergraphics. Painted in tightly woven patterns, their effect is one of impenetrability; entering the rhythm of the work feels like the visual equivalent of mastication.

Nearby, several mostly white pieces provide a contrasting exercise in chromatic understatement. In the crevices of Pearson's deep textures, you can make out hints of very pale mint and the lightest icy cyan,



dispersed throughout an otherwise snowy field. These works are undoubtedly the most accessible in the exhibit.

Pearson's lengthy titles inject a certain sense of humor into a series of objects, which, by dint of their physical presence, can seem a little overwhelming. As a collection, they effect a decided push and pull, landing us in that strange and sometimes disorienting territory of unhurried scrutiny.—T.J. Carlin