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John Haber
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In a recession, any new gallery is cause for celebration, right? Actually, no, but do make an exception this once for Brooklyn. The first week in March, Pierogi opened a second space, Boiler, for the display of large work. Will it last? One piece in the opening show is lucky to have lasted this long. Even a block of ice now has a history.

Of course, most artists barely get by anyway, even in the best of times, and rising rents have surely claimed more victims thus far than falling sales. In the last months both P.P.O.W. and von Lintel survived a fire, but the real growth has come at the high end. Deitch Projects, Nicole Klagsbrun, Taxter & Spengemann, and 303 have all expanded. The first took its bloated empire to Long Island City—for Vanessa Beecroft's amalgam of sculpture, dance, hall of mirrors, buried civilization, and sheer pretension. Her dusty white female bodies on the floor evoke Pompeii, she swears, and not corpses left behind by the economy. The second adopted a temporary project space for Adam McEwen's allusions to heavy industry and missile manufacturing, the third leapt across town to the lavish former studio of Frank Stella, and the last added a larger space only a block away.

One can see all this activity as a sign of hope—or sheer determination. It could also confirm the worst. As buyers retreat to safe choices, will only the big fish prosper? Must installations keep getting bigger and bigger to get attention? As the 2009 art fairs confirmed, a wider public for art is here to stay, and so is its taste for public spectacle. For all that, though, Pierogi is bucking the trend to complacency, even if I am not yet declaring victory.

Williamsburg galleries may have scattered to the winds, but the neighborhood pioneer is digging in. It is defying gentrification in another way, too, in a northwest industrial fringe past the Brooklyn Brewery. Even on the short walk there, with a school and tennis courts always in sight, I felt the fear of those same empty streets not so many years ago. The single room does not look larger than Pierogi's old winding space, except for its high ceiling. Now, though, big work can get in the door. It will just have to cope with the boiler.

That boiler, still attached to the front wall, gives the space its name. One walks around it from either side to enter, and it towers over everyone and everything within. The 2.5-ton block of ice could have calved from it. A dark sphere nearly my height and a good deal fatter could have fallen off. A painting of more circular bands could represent it. Each also recalls Terry Winters's spore-like shapes—between formal structures and natural growth.

Actually, the arctic ice in its glass cube may have calved off a glacier. Flags flutter on high poles to either side, and screens at the base state wind conditions in two points of origin—one for the ice, the other for the work. Tavares Strachan first displayed it in his native Bahamas, and dry ice kept it intact on its way here, where rooftop solar panels power the cooling. It has lost only a few inches, while its sharp edges and transparency of ice have given way to something whiter and sleeker. (Just as in a home freezer, ice evaporates or, technically, sublimates, and I could not see a trace of water on the floor.) Pierogi hesitates to say when the show will end, but it promises to last the month before becoming bar supplies.

Strachan calls his installation *The Distance Between What We Have and What We Want*. Yoon Lee's painting, *JFK*, has a more overt futurism, but its sci-fi landscape, too, seems scraped together from the outer boroughs. From a distance, Schipper's sphere of flashing lights could mask a single human presence. Up close, the small monitors and cameras add up to 215 Points of View. Instead of the enclosed threat of surveillance, though, the gallery disperses a viewer's space, for now, into possibilities.

