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## Clash of the Items, At a Gallery Near You

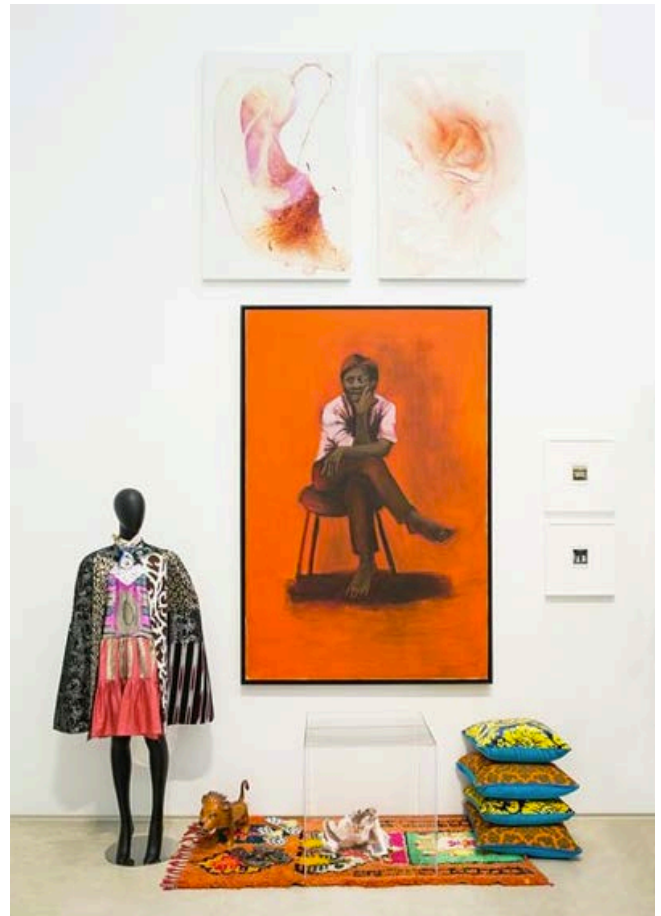
# The New York Times

Heterogeneity and lots of it is trending among the summer's group shows. The mingling of like with extremely unlike is an increasingly popular curatorial approach, as is arranging them in dense installations. In numerous galleries, works of all mediums, artifacts, and objects of design and craft keep company, often at the behest of outside curators. Different time periods are spanned, disparate cultures contrasted, with all kinds of surprises.

**ROBERTA SMITH**

**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK**

At the Jason McCoy Gallery on 57th Street in Manhattan, Stephanie Buhmann, its director, and Samantha McCoy, its gallery manager, have organized "Domesticity," which begins with Louis Comfort Tiffany glass and Charles Burchfield wallpaper and ends in the vicinity of contemporary art and design. In Chelsea, the Andrew Edlin Gallery is presenting a cornucopia of art that qualifies as insider, outsider and somewhere in between, assembled by the artist Sam Gordon. And in "Machinery for Living," the excellent show organized by the artist Walead Beshty at Petzel, also in Chelsea, supplements a central, but varied core of photography with drawings, sculptures, fashion and furniture to create an elaborate portrayal of modernity. But three shows in particular have, each in its own way, revved things up to a dizzying degree.





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**SALON 94** At Salon 94 Bowery, “More Material,” an exuberant, illuminating array of art, photography, jewelry, fashion, ceramics and whatnot, has been orchestrated by the lawyer turned fashion designer Duro Olowu. (He organized a smaller exhibition at the gallery in 2012.) With over 70 people represented, it shows how they erode the traditional boundaries between artistic disciplines simply by doing what they want with what is at hand.

Crossover efforts by three painters include James Brown’s sea-shell-and-glass necklaces, Amy Bessone’s torso-shaped ceramic vases and Josh Blackwell’s wall pieces, which consist of embroidery on irregular mats made of layered plastic bags.

Freedom and the pervasiveness of creativity are Mr. Olowu’s big themes, as is the naturalness of mixing: whether it is the contrasting prints of the garments he designs, the variety of things in his London shop and his own collection, or installations like this. Here, he juxtaposes his own gorgeous, often ethereal evening capes with 25 examples from his collection of short tops called bubas, which are made of Ashoke textiles for Yoruban women of high status, and one of Nick Cave’s flamboyantly bejeweled soundsuits, which only the hardiest performer can wear.

Among the photographs are the work of a talented newcomer Sandy Kim, who records strange New York moments in saturated color; the Polaroid portrait

studies by the painter Barkley L. Hendricks, and images by lesser-known African studio photographers like Dossa Z. Cosme and Mama Casset. Other unfamiliar names include Sylvie Franquet, who creates needlepoint homages to art and literature and also makes small malformed masks in glazed ceramic; Sarah de Teliga, who paints Cubist abstractions on crushed metal cans; and Cyrus Kabiru, whose handmade metal eyewear is best taken as strange, insectlike sculpture. There are wonderful ceramic vessels by Adam Silverman, Gareth Mason, Tommaso Corvi-Mora, Magdalene Odundo, Summer Wheat and Matthias Merkel Hess. His casts of a West African water kettle amount to very large (and heavy) teapots that might have been glazed by Marimekko.

Mr. Olowu has an omnivorous but exacting eye. Looking at his shows is both humbling and instructive, especially where color is concerned. It’s too bad he can’t be cloned. The curatorial profession sorely needs wide-open sensibilities like his.