

TimeOut

NEW YORK



Art

Kate Gilmore and Karen Heagle



AT FIRST GLANCE, Kate Gilmore's three battered, waist-high red enamel cubes standing in the middle of the gallery seem to have little to do with Karen Heagle's paintings and watercolors hung in clusters on the walls. The latter's exuberant renderings of buzzards, hyenas and other scavengers, ripping into carcasses or absconding with meaty morsels, feature washy landscape settings, many of them elegantly gold-leafed. A few small drippy abstractions collectively titled "Feeding" resemble bloody pools and provide some formal relationship with Gilmore's boxes. But for two hours each Saturday and Sunday afternoon, young women in red sweatsuits, work boots and black baseball

USEMUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK; KRISTEN KILPONEN, COURTESY THE ARTIST AND ON STELLAR RAYS



Installation view

caps appear to stomp, kick and pound on the Minimalist boxes with a slow, steady rhythm so oppressively loud that it fills the gallery with an echoing beat of warning and feminist-tinged rage.

In the back room, a pairing of another red cube (this time blown apart by a sledgehammer) and a large painting on paper of a pile of severed cattle heads suggests shared themes of violence and death, leaving you caught

somewhere between sacrificial carnage and an avenging angel smashing the instruments of patriarchal order.

It's next to impossible not to see this combination of images and performances by two of New York's most dependably engrossing artists as a reflection of the current political situation. The danger is clear. The tocsin is sounded. The vultures are circling. ■ *Joseph R. Wolin*

→ On Stellar Rays, through Feb 19