accidents, and deliberate intention, a web of forms and ideas. The common element is the studio, which unites the images and at times seems to generate the work. It is not surprising when some of the main characters appear in other photographs in supporting roles: The festooned slab from *Girlfriend* can be seen at the very edge of *Web Site*, and the pile of yarn from *Yarn!* or one very much like it, hides under a table in *Dawn*.

Many of the photos are printed at a large size, investing every detail, every piece of yarn or screw, with a degree of stature. They almost seem alive. In contrast, a group of smaller photographs feel somewhat dull, like snapshots of a chaotic room. In this show, at least, the artist's studio (and the creative process it represents) is more compelling when we can clearly see its moving parts.

—Emily Hall

**Jacoby Satterwhite**

**RECESS**

Many times when we say collaboration, we actually mean task-based audience participation, or even, simply, appropriation. Think, for example, of how "collaborative" processes such as shoplifting and inviting audience contributions often result in a single-authored artwork—the artist has annexed others' efforts as his own. Jacoby Satterwhite literally dances amid these semantic distinctions, producing a body of work that mines the slippery word for all it's worth. To create his fantastical videos, the artist makes CGI renderings of speculative consumer products drawn by his mother, and pairs these animated digital graphics with footage of his own performing body. In his current show, he also solicits actions from members of the public that later become part of the works. His practice is rooted in a personal history that, to some, would sound particularly fraught. Previous projects have dealt not only with his experience as an African American growing up gay but also with his childhood battles with cancer (at age seventeen he went into remission after several rounds of chemotherapy), and in this exhibition, his mother's schizophrenia was the organizing theme.

But like the feel-good vibe of rhetoric of collaboration that may ultimately veil asymmetrical power dynamics, Satterwhite's use of his mother's drawings in the current body of work is complicated, and in many ways enriched, by her diagnosed mental illness, symptoms of which involve a compulsion to create diagrams for improbable inventions. The devices are sometimes tweaks of existing products—a "carosell," for example, is a rotating complex of reclining lounge-chairs, and a shoe roller-coaster helps organize closets—while some stray into the realm of the bizarre, freighted with sexual connotations. One sketch proposes various flavors of a "lipstick" for "between the legs," while a "whiskey flasher" apparatus with "diamond cocks" can be attached to the tops of liquor bottles. These items are rendered with a feverish pencil latticing that looks remarkably similar to the trusswork of radio towers or the faceted polyhedrons of geodesic domes. Satterwhite inserts digitized versions of the drawn objects into his videos as props for outlandish dances, for which he wears shiny, skintight jumpsuits and preposterous headaddresses fitted with glowing screens while voicing on street corners, subway platforms, and other highly trafficked urban areas.

Papier mache to ceiling with taped-up grids of the drawings, the gallery walls presented a disorienting and repetitive agglomeration of designs by Satterwhite's mother. At the center of the space, the artist set up an ad hoc video-recording studio, where audience members were invited to select a drawing from the 260 on display and mime interacting with the depicted item in front of a green screen. Satterwhite was on hand to record these actions, and throughout the course of the show he combined the resultant footage with that of his own performances. On display on a nearby monitor were Satterwhite's earlier works and parts of the videos-in-progress that involve fantasies of penis-like tiered cakes spewing miniature versions of writhing Jacobys, or of a leafblower-like tool (described by his mother as a way to help "turn the smell of pussy off") manipulated by the artist among a crew of mannequins strapped with flaming merkins.

Satterwhite has said that "the blurring of the authorship" in the work is important; he aspires to make "the most personal thing[s] in my life my work." And here is the crux of his form of collaboration: Satterwhite, in his role as artist, is able to organize and reenergize the rituals of therapeutic imagemaking to which his mother, part of a tight-knit family, repeatedly returns, while simultaneously inviting the wider public to engage, possibly empathetically, with the moments of eccentric creativity in her obsessions. In spite of his mother's fluctuating mental health, Satterwhite admires the way she's managed to sublimate her condition into drawings that also serve as creative fodder for his work. In order to effect what he has called a queering of art, Satterwhite tests conventions of race, power, propriety within the family, sexuality, and behavior in public space, and troubles those codes as they relate to others surrounding authorship and originality.

—Eva Diaz

**WALTHAM, MA**

**Jack Whitten**

**ROSE ART MUSEUM, BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY**

A visible presence among New York painters since the mid-1960s, Jack Whitten has recently received a surge of attention. Within the past couple of years, his work has been featured in multiple solo gallery shows and major group exhibitions such as "The Encyclopedic Palace" in Venice and "Blues for Smoke" at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles—not to mention in the cover of this magazine in February 2012—and a retrospective, scheduled for the fall of 2014, is currently in preparation at the Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego. The theme of rediscovery continues at the Rose Art Museum's small but eye-opening show curated by Katy Siegel, where moments of acquaintanceship occur for both the public and the artist himself: The exhibition focuses on the years 1971–73, during which Whitten launched unprecedented investigations into the material possibilities of acrylic and pigment. Most of these works had never been exhibited, having been promptly rolled up and stored in the artist's studio for four decades, seemingly forgotten; Whitten himself had never before seen the show's
two largest paintings—The Parish Way and Asa’s Palace, both 1973—stretched and hung on the wall.

In addition to this particular act of unveiling, the Rose exhibition furthers Siegel’s advocacy of the early ’70s as a watershed moment for, rather than a lull in, the history of painting—an argument that she developed in the 2006 exhibition “High Times, Hard Times: New York Painting 1967–1975,” which included Whitten. The Rose displays five paintings, a series of remarkable paint collages on canvas, and several works on paper, all of which testify to Whitten’s oft-stated drive to overturn dominant postwar attitudes toward process and material. For his paintings from this period, the artist employed innovative devices such as rakes, combs, and, in a brash move to negate the autographic gesture of the Abstract Expressionists (Whitten has spoken of wanting to paint “faster than Bill de Kooning”), a twelve-foot-long squeegee—dubbed “the developer”—that allowed for the rapid dragging of paint across the canvas as it lay on a low, specially constructed table on the floor of his studio. In Whitten’s work, Jackson Pollock’s dance of dripping and slinging around and over the support turns into a single leveling, methodical movement from one end of the canvas to the other, producing the painting’s smooth yet pitted faces. The cement-like surface of Third Testing (Slab), 1972, for example, is shallow and pocketed, gouged and tweaked—a result of Whitten’s pouring a layer of acrylic and shaving off the top with a two-by-four.

Similar intimations of space are seen in the six works included from the series “Acrylic Collages,” 1973, in which Whitten affixed curls of dry or semidry paint sliced from his other compositions to untreated linen, using acrylic as a kind of binder, creating images that loosely resemble notation or punctuation and attest to his exploratory play with the language of his medium. Acrylic also forms a thin layer onto which Whitten dropped and smeared dry pigment in two sets of works on paper, “Dispersal ’B’,” 1971, and “Cut Acrylic Series,” 1973, both of which suggest movement into as well as across the plane. Critics often point out that Whitten’s squeegee paintings predate those of Gerhard Richter, but the variety of surface textures that Whitten achieved and his investigative mode of continual experimentations further distinguish his practice. In Asa’s Palace, the most visually stunning work in the show, pink and lavender base colors stretch across the canvas but are broken up by irregular, jagged shapes where gray underpainting is glimpsed. These shallow craters also expose blobs and streaks of yellow, purple, blue, and brown, all of which pop and vibrate to counter the first impression of smoothness, compelling the viewer to look more closely, and find instances of depth.

—Grégory Williams

Casilda Sánchez

Aspects Ratio

Casilda Sánchez’s best-known digital-video installation, As Inside as the Eye Can See, 2009, pictures two eyes with long lashes approaching each other in extreme close-up. This confrontation between anatomies brings to mind the physical and social collisions of body art, but it also reads as a pun on Clement Greenberg’s celebration of painting as an appeal to “eyesight alone.” Sánchez’s first solo exhibition, mounted at Aspect Ratio, continued to play with conventions of vision and picturing that have been historically linked to painting, but were here approached through the material conditions of the moving image.

For the exhibition’s centerpiece, Winter Landscape, 2013, rather than projecting video onto painted canvas, as artists such as Donald Moffett and Albert Oehlen have done, Sánchez references painting obliquely by rear-projecting a hazy, sepia-filtered long shot of Brooklyn’s Prospect Park onto the semitranslucent surface of three adjoining Plexiglas panels. The triptych is painted with a thin layer of white acrylic and rests on a shelf suspended just below eye level. Sánchez’s piece at first resembles a tableau that has been evacuated of human figures, save a flickering in the distance. And yet, when an adult and a child enter the frame from the foreground, the video suddenly depicts a present tense actuality, and the details of their pink and red winter clothing abruptly destabilize the distant view. The artist, notably, cites the influence of Bruegel, whose window-size panoramas, populated with dense groupings of figures, incorporate narrative intimations that unfold across multiple temporalities. With its simultaneous registers of pictorial statement and continuous motion, the work exemplifies Erwin Panofsky’s use of the term moving picture in his writings on early cinema. Mixing its metaphor, the backlit object also reads as televisi- nal, while its recorded music-box sound track lends the work an uncanny, analog quality akin to that of a windup toy. Sánchez’s post-production addition of soft focus not only adds to this spectral effect but also makes the image appear hand-drawn—a kind of inverse usage of the “blur” as we know it in painting, where it has historically been employed in order to evoke the quality of photographic reproduction.

Of course, the use of landscape in video art has a long history, ranging from Gerry Schum’s 1969 television broadcast of film works by Land art practitioners, to the genre of landscape video exemplified in the Carnegie Museum of Art’s 1988 exhibition “The American Landscape Video: The Electronic Grove,” which included works by Mary Lucier and Frank Gillette, among others. These latter works, which