

PETER REGINATO



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Recent Sculpture

May 7 - May 30, 1992

Reception for the artist  
Thursday evening, May 7, 6:00 - 8:00 pm

Presented by  
Adelson Galleries, Inc. and William Beadleston, Inc.

EXHIBITION SPACE  
112 Greene Street, New York, New York 10012  
212 966 - 3864



It gives us great pleasure to present the recent sculpture of Peter Reginato. It may seem unusual for two galleries rooted in the tradition of 19th and early 20th century art to exhibit a contemporary sculptor; to us, however, the decision to show Peter's work was both logical and challenging.

Those who write about Reginato's work frequently cite his knowledge of and connection to art history, particularly that of the twentieth century. This is, for us, a critical aspect of his work, one which helps bridge the gap between past and present.

More important, however, is our regard for Reginato's art. We each began admiring his sculpture several years ago and have collected works for our homes. It is telling for us that these pieces work well not only in a gallery space, but surrounded by the snow-covered Rockies or against the backdrop of the Hudson River. It is our hope that these sculptures will bring as many moments of enjoyment to the viewer as they have for us.

Warren Adelson

William Beadleston

All works in this catalogue are steel painted with Insi-tron and are suitable for both indoor and outdoor display.

### Adelson Galleries, Inc.

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## PETER REGINATO: IMPROVISATIONS

"You can borrow a lot of things," says Peter Reginato, "and you can fake a lot of things. But one thing you can't fake is drawing." For an artist who has devoted most of his creative life to sculpture, he's oddly insistent on this point. And he doesn't mean drawing for sculpture, made before the fact to test out the idea; nor drawing of sculpture, made after the fact to document or memorialize it. Reginato understands drawing rather as a vital part of the process of sculpture. He sees it as the true, spontaneous means of invention, a way of creating powerfully individual form.

It's not surprising, then, to find this artist readily critical of what he calls the "neutralization" of drawing by a generation of minimalists who substituted for it the ideal of reductive, geometric form; and of the host of modernist and post modern artists for whom this basic task has been superseded by the ubiquitous found object, or by the techniques of photo-based borrowings and appropriations. The shapes he himself uses, Reginato insists, originate in the simple and spontaneous act of making marks on metal.

Seen now from the perspective of the 1990s, this refusal to "fake it" represents a refreshing reversal, after decades in which critically self-conscious and often socially-directed irony has dominated artists' work, as well as our ways of looking at it. And the authenticity we sense in Reginato's work as a result is not that angst- and ego-ridden authenticity of the post-Sartrean, existentialist Abstract Expressionism of the fifties, but a vital and spontaneous outburst of idiosyncratic form and color. Massive as it is in some of its larger manifestations, Reginato's work never fails to impress us as an act of marvelous prestidigitation, a dazzling juggler's act of shapes and colors in which quarter-inch steel becomes magically lighter than air.

In short, there's nothing cool or correct about this work. Consider its basic elements — the shapes Reginato invents out of the flanks of curved steel pipes and the flat plates which are the raw material for his torch. Quite apart from their hand-drawn origins of which he makes so much, many of them flout the canons of modernism with multiple referential values. With blithe indifference to natural scale or any other logical relationships, Reginato baits the observing mind off on side-trips into widely disparate realms of experience: pods, petals, leaves, and flowers have a biomorphic presence, for example; hints of doors, domes, and windows evoke the domain of architecture while stylized whirligigs, boats and wrenches suggest such human artifacts as toys and tools.

If this diversity of shapes has an inner coherence, it is perhaps in a common heritage from the exuberant, somewhat zany design and architectural forms of the inventive fifties — and it is not insignificant, surely, that one of Reginato's passions as a collector is for the furniture and clocks of this period. Unlike the high seriousness, the expressive bravado, and the psychological introspection which characterize the visual arts of the time, these utilitarian artifacts remained curiously clean

