



(An Appropriate Distance)

FROM THE MAYOR'S DOORSTEP

BY Piri Halasz

Besides, I'd just seen a couple of shows I liked. The first was a two-person show at **André Zarre**, with "**Peter Reginato: Recent Sculpture**," and "**Dee Shapiro: The Hudson Line; Paintings**" (closed May 29). The paintings (from 2009 & 2010) were small, precise, brightly-painted and horizontal views of sights along the Hudson River: houses, train stations, villages, bridges, piers, boats, always with the river as background and participant. Kind of bringing the Hudson River School of **Thomas Cole** and **Asher B. Durand** up to date, though in a simplified and not-quite-primitive style. Charming, in their way. So were the six small sculptures by Reginato, all made of shiny stainless steel and dated 2010. The first group was in a newish style, with simple armatures of straight slender steel rods surrounded by abundantly twisted

and looped, curls of equally slender steel rods. The effect was reminiscent of a tangle of hair or thread, or perhaps a three-dimensional poured **Pollock**. The best was the smallest, "Handyman," only 19 inches high, but carefully thought-out despite its seeming chaos. The other three works were in one of Reginato's more familiar styles, with mostly straight rods of steel defining a central space and combined with cut-out pieces of burnished steel in discs, ovals or other shapes, sometimes vaguely reminiscent of cartoon characters. The best & cleanest in this group was again the smallest: "The Poet Elazar," only 17 inches high.

RUN, DO NOT WALK

The highlight of my day in Chelsea, though, was the wondrous exhibition at **Matthew Marks** (22nd Street location) of "**Anne Truitt Sculpture 1962 – 2004**" (through June 26). If you haven't yet seen this show, run – do not walk – to it. I wouldn't wish to denigrate the very worthy and handsome Truitt retrospective staged at the **Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden** last fall, but its impact was cumulative, building up gradually from gallery to gallery and even going on a bit too long. This show hits you over the head from the moment you enter it. Matthew Marks represents the Truitt Estate and this is their first exhibition of it. After passing the receptionist's desk, you arrive in a large white square soaring space with a whole little forest of ten simple narrow four-sided (square) columns, all slightly different in size, shape and coloration. The earliest is "Sun Flower" (1971), and, as the name suggests, it's yellow. The most recent are "Amaranth" and "Return" (both 2004); the first is among the tallest in this group (at 81") and off-white, while the second is thinner and a deep maroon. Visitors are free to wander through this fabulous little forest, comparing and contrasting. Three of the four corners of the gallery are also blocked off into separate spaces. Each displays one distinctively different sculpture, all earlier than the central convocation, and each, in its particular way, more massive. Earliest is "White: Four" (1962), a tall, thin, flat slab on a small pedestal, completely white and CLASSIC. "Gloucester" (1963) is a stockier broad slab that looks like two flat rectangles put together: the smaller one is a deep, deep purple while the larger one is black. "Pith" (1969) is a very thick and tall olive green column, floating slightly off the ground. All three of these are individually the best in the show, but that grouping of ten in the center is – well, magical.