

Sarah Walker: *Dark Objects*, 2010, acrylic on panel, 26 by 28 inches; at Pierogi.



mind-expanding sensory experiences than its claustrophobic might imply. More than 13 participating artists, with eclectic backgrounds, with elements of abstraction from a microscopic level to an innocent-looking “uranium glass”) The curator, Willoughby, a media professor in New York, advised us that we should approach the show in a trippy sense, as if we were near death, out of our minds, thoughts into how to create art as naturally as well as possible, neither nonetheless, they could easily be messy, and the sexiness.

At the show were in the more traditional (e) yielded optically like her small-scale Hitchcock slices ranging from the thin and glues the mandala-like composition a magical effect. The pieces magically from biology (CAT scans), mechanics (piston parts) into seamless—whole, while saturated sheets of surfaces so intricate they appear to have

been cut with a laser—though they were, in fact, done by hand.

At the heart of the show, however, was *The Leak in Your Home Town* (2010), by artist-programmers Mark Skwarek and Joseph Hocking, who, to create their work, used augmented-reality software, a method for superimposing 3-D images over live video feed. When visitors pointed an iPhone at a British Petroleum logo installed on the floor, the viewscreen ignited with the image of a swirling toxic oil plume in Flash animation, which leapt out of the corporation’s once benign-looking green-and-yellow sunburst. *Leak*, it should be noted, will work on any BP logo, anywhere, and at press time Skwarek and Hocking were deciding whether to make the smartphone application that runs it available to the general public for “next-to-free.” Let’s hope they do just that. *Leak* is a one-liner, but it’s a good one—a work of interventionist art so deliciously acerbic it deserves the broadest audience possible.

—Sarah Schmerler

## SARAH WALKER

### PIEROGI

Sarah Walker’s paintings hew to the information-overload aesthetic favored by this Williamsburg gallery. Layering linear structures, mutant polyhedrons and pseudo-diagrams in thinned acrylic on smallish, squarish (from 10 by 11 to 36 by 38 inches) wood panels, Walker suggests force fields and event horizons. *Partially Seen Things* (all works 2010) sports intersecting cantilevered dumbbell shapes—looking something like a misbe-

gotten Eames coatrack—in electric azure and ruddy plum. Irregularly spaced yellow-green stripes race through a space mottled with turquoise and tangerine. The interpenetration of fore-, middle- and background looks familiar, recalling the overlaid graphical systems of Terry Winters and Bruce Pearson.

Surprise lurks in the disconnect between Walker's pictorial expanses and her clotted surfaces. At close range, the paintings are junky and dense; tiny pools of medium, fidgety brushwork and evidence of sandpapering create surfaces engagingly inefficient and nasty, nowhere as integrated as they appear from even a few feet away. But from afar—and in photos—her paintings' spaces are as grand as distant views of a teeming metropolis. That incongruity jams the viewer's sense of scale and is the works' most compelling characteristic.

*Dark Objects* resembles a solarized photo of a swirling, violet-black oil slick superimposed on a radiant, metastasizing street map of ochers, oranges and blues. Walker understands coloristic signal-to-noise ratio, playing her crackling oranges, zippy green-blues and vibrant reds off areas of muted secondary hues, near-grays and off-whites. *Fragmenta* looks a bit like a blistering film frame that has been tweaked in an image-editing program. A trippy pattern of bursting bubbles in cool, dense blue opens up, in the center of the picture, to reveal a wonky grid of silvery gray and radiant orange. The colors and contours have a distinctly digital flavor, yet the evidence of painterly labor is irrefutable.

Walker's ambition seems to be to

address the conundrum of contemporary visuality, in which actual and virtual, process and image simultaneously subvert and support one another. Notwithstanding her chromatic razzle-dazzle, her determinedly awkward touch draws the viewer in. Walker's watchmakerlike attention to the minutiae of her craft humanizes her obsession with technological systems. It is a slightly ridiculous way to put together a painting, but this artist makes it work.

—Stephen Maine

## JUNE LEAF

EDWARD THORP

Reprising Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* in a series of reliefs cut from sheets of tin, along with studies on canvas and on paper, June Leaf undertakes a gutsy, idiosyncratic venture into well-trodden territory. Leaf adopts a fairly intractable material to engage physically with the iconic image. Her approach does not involve either outright appropriation (as with Warhol's grandiose *Last Supper* transcriptions) or the switching of the figures' identities to highlight a present-day issue (as with Mary Beth Edelson's or Renée Greene's feminist recastings). Nor is she interested in parody. Leaf's series constitutes a highly personal meditation. You can see her ideas developing among the works, as one figure or another receives particular attention, and others are introduced or (in the paintings or sketches) wiped out. Leaf gives the figures personalities or roles that play against the "readymade"