

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

White Flag Projects Showcases 3 Art-Making Millennials

by Calvin Wilson

June 19, 2015 5:00 am

“Earth Jerks” might come across as a cryptic title for the new exhibition at White Flag Projects. But it’s actually a playful reference to an influential art movement.

“Over the last couple of years, there were a number of artists that I was seeing that were accessing a certain vein of minimalism that came out of the 1960s, and was somewhat tied into the earthworks movement,” says Matthew Strauss, founder and director of the gallery. “And also into other modes of art-making that emerged at that time.”

Earthworks, or “land art” or “earth art,” focuses on the relationship between nature and art, including the use of natural materials. The idea behind the exhibition, Strauss says, “was simply to make it a show that was about one work, communicating with another work, communicating with another work.”

On view through Aug. 15, “Earth Jerks” features pieces by up-and-coming artists Charles Harlan, Maximilian Schubert and G. William Webb, who have had their work shown in New York. The three all fall into the loosely defined “millennial” category: Harlan is 31, Schubert is 32 and Webb is 27.

All but two of the 10 pieces in “Earth Jerks” were created this year.

Harlan says his work reflects his interest in the “blurred boundary” between the natural and the manufactured. One of his pieces, “Remesh” (2015; concrete, steel, and wood) suggests a collision between those worlds. The column-shaped concrete and fence-like steel are in sharp contrast to the wood — a branch caught in a whirlwind of presumed progress.

Schubert’s pair of untitled pieces (2015; cast acrylic polyurethane, acrylic and vinyl paints) might impress the unschooled eye as variations on the all-white canvas that stirs up so much controversy in playwright Yasmina Reza’s “Art.” But there’s an anarchic verve to the pieces that eschews blankness to evoke a riot of subsumed emotion.

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In Webb's "Ah/Un" (2015; expanded polystyrene), what looks like a codependent relationship between closely positioned slabs of abstraction might be read as a riff on the enigmatic ancient structures at Stonehenge. Also on view through Aug. 15 is "Anna-Sophie Berger," a solo exhibition in the White Flag Library.

White Flag Projects continues its "A Film to be Determined" series at 9 p.m. Friday with a film selected by artist Elaine Cameron-Weir. The name of the film is revealed just before the free screening on the gallery's lawn.

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THE DAILY PIC 01.14.14

The Fine Art of Recycling

G. William Webb turns old bricks into new sculpture.

This 14-inch terracotta drum is called “Quantity”, and it’s a days-old work by G. William Webb, now on view in a group show at the little Room East gallery in New York. At first it comes across as a supremely elegant example of modernist formalism – a kind of apotheosis or archetype of the shape that a potter’s wheel most naturally forms. It turns out, however, that there’s a backstory. Webb made his clay from ancient bricks that he found on walks in Brooklyn, then smashed to a powder with a sledge hammer. The darker dot on top is actually a hole into the drum, filled to the brim with Webb’s raw brick dust. So the piece is still about archetypal ceramics, but this time understood as having a history.

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The New York Times

July 18, 2013

Wry to Whimsical, a Summer Eden for Improvisers

By **KAREN ROSENBERG**

The annual campground-casual show organized by the independent curator Bob Nickas in the [Bridgehampton summer home](#) of Jose Martos, an art dealer, and Servane Mary, an artist, was always an odd fit for the fussy, privet-hedged Hamptons. Fortunately, this seasonal event (now in its fourth year) has found a more suitable home on the North Fork, in East Marion, where the couple purchased a late-19th-century Victorian with outbuildings on 10 acres. (The Bridgehampton farmhouse, dating from the 1860s, was sold last summer and — par for the course — has already been torn down.)

The new location, near the fishing hamlet of Orient, is a place where contemporary artists of all ages — not just the ones who show at megagalleries — actually live and work. (Many of the exhibition’s artists have homes in the area, as do [T. J. Wilcox](#), [Barbara Bloom](#) and [Kelley Walker](#), or spend their summers there.) And it has a lot more outdoor space, some of it on the water, abutting the idyllic [Dam Pond Maritime Reserve](#).

The property’s coordinates — “[Lat. 41° 7’ N., Long. 72° 19’ W](#)” — give the show its title, which feels about right for this improvisational integration of art, locale and lifestyle.

It begins with a sign posted along the driveway that looks to be the work of a local historical society but is actually by the artist [Jason Metcalf](#). Mr. Metcalf blends reality and fiction in describing East Marion’s first known inhabitants, the [Orient Focus People](#), providing details on an archaeological dig that may or may not have happened and leaving you with an image of “redheaded

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giants that ruled the area by defending it with their advanced weaponry and knowledge of war.”

The rest of the outdoor works, most of them site-specific and well camouflaged, form a kind of sub rosa sculpture park. Aaron Suggs’s “Untitled (Transparent Dinghy),” an almost invisible vessel made of clear acrylic, floats on the pond; nearby, [G. William Webb](#)’s thin steel hoop frames the water view without calling much attention to itself. To the east, [Wayne Gonzales](#)’s painting “Waiting Crowd,” a sort of modern-day grisaille “Déjeuner sur l’Herbe,” rests on the ground in a shady copse.

In and around the trees on the lawn are a number of works that seem to have been made by industrious squirrels. [Christopher Astley](#) has wedged cubes of cast polyester resin into a crevice between trunks; Peter Coffin, also using brightly colored resin, has attached hands to the branches on a dead tree. [Jim Drain](#), meanwhile, has fashioned a sprawling mobile from an assortment of household items, including a beach chair frame, a clock, and a porcelain bell; at first sight, it looks disconcertingly like debris from a hurricane.

There are blink-and-you’ll-miss-it interventions like [Adriana Lara](#)’s rubber ball, pinned to a tree with an arrow, and [Davina Semo](#)’s small, puzzlelike arrangement of triangular concrete blocks on the grass. But there are also high-visibility outdoor paintings by, among others, Mr. Metcalf, [Chris Martin](#) and [Jules de Balincourt](#). Mr. de Balincourt’s three cutout figures, planted in the grass, look a little like shooting targets, yet they’re spray-painted in Day-Glo colors and wave their arms in gestures of surrender.

Inside the house, the cluttered aesthetic of the Bridgehampton shows — or maybe of the house itself — has been supplanted by streamlined interiors and big statement pieces. Sometimes this means that the art-life balance is weighted in favor of art, as with the enormous [John Miller](#) sculpture that nearly fills the dining room with a scatological-looking dark brown blob.

On the second-floor landing, reached via [Jim Lambie's](#) groovy stairway carpet of multicolored metallic vinyl, shelving supports a striking display of 24 plaster heads by [Barry X Ball](#), all of them cast from life.

The faded floral wallpaper original to one bedroom makes an excellent backdrop for the batiklike patterns of a painting by [Tamara Gonzales](#) and the punchy silk-screens of Mr. Walker. And the clean white walls of another bedroom form a gallery for [Dave Muller's](#) site-specific painting "W.W.S.R.D. (x7)" (the letters stand for "What Would Sun Ra Do?," in homage to that Afro-Futurist musician.)

No space has been overlooked. A short, mesmerizing video of peas swirling in water by the photographer Wolfgang Tillmans plays in the garage; a grottolike glow-in-the-dark installation by Ms. Mary occupies the basement.

The room that best captures the vibe of these summer shows, however, belongs to the couple's 3-year-old son. On a recent visit, the floor was strewn with building blocks, trucks and other toys, but the walls were covered with art, and the room's empty closet had been papered with whimsical drawings and etchings of animals by Bill Adams. Above the bed, a do-it-yourself wall painting provided by [Lily van der Stokker](#) declares, "This Belongs to Me."

Everything here seemed to say that this is the kind of house and the kind of summer destination — unlike the Hamptons — where kids can be kids, and artists can be artists.

"Lat. 41° 7' N., Long. 72° 19' W" runs through Sept. 2 at the Martos Gallery, 12395 Main Road, East Marion, N.Y.; (212) 560-0670, martosgallery.com.

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction:

Correction: July 18, 2013

An earlier version of this review referred incorrectly to the artists included in the exhibition. Although many of them have homes in the area or spend their summers there, not all do. The review also referred incorrectly to the work by Peter Coffin. He attached brightly colored cast resin hands to branches on a dead tree; he did not paint the tips of the branches. Earlier versions of two picture captions with the review, using information from the Martos Gallery, carried erroneous credits. The image of Barry X Ball's "Collection of 24 Plaster Heads" is courtesy of the artist and Charles Benton/Sperone Westwater, not courtesy of the artist and Charles Benton/Martos Gallery, New York. The image of Aaron Suggs's "Untitled (Transparent Dinghy)" is courtesy of the artist and Martos Gallery, New York; the picture is by Mr. Suggs, not Charles Benton.