

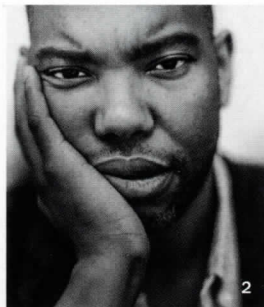
HELEN MOLESWORTH

HELEN MOLESWORTH IS CHIEF CURATOR AT THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, LOS ANGELES. HER MOST RECENT EXHIBITION, "BEFORE YOU LOOK: BLACK MOUNTAIN COLLEGE 1933–1957," IS CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, BOSTON.

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1. Abraham Cruzvillegas, *Reconstrucción2: Here We Stand*, 2015, wood, iron, leather, carpet, cardboard, glue, stainless steel, cloth, falcon dung. Installation view, Bird and Animal Market, Sharjah. From Sharjah Biennial 12. Photo: Deema Shahin. 2. Ta-Nehisi Coates, Baltimore, July 16, 2015. Photo: Gabriella Demczuk/The New York Times/Redux. 3. Ernesto Ballesteros, *Indoor Flights*, 2015. Performance view, Arsenale, Venice, May 6, 2015. From the 56th Venice Biennale. Photo: Alessandra Chemollo. 4. Kerry James Marshall, *Untitled (Studio)*, 2014, acrylic on PVC panel, 83 1/2 x 119 1/2".



5

"ABOUT FACE" (KAYNE GRIFFIN CORCORAN, LOS ANGELES; CURATED BY KRISTINA KITE AND SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER) This tight group show featured works by Joan Brown, Brian Calvin, Maria Lassnig, Dianna Molzan, Diane Simpson, and Christina Ramberg that traversed sculpture, video (Lassnig's fantastic autobiographical *Kantate*, 1992), and painting. It glided from the 1970s to the present, offering an eccentric counterhistory focused on portraiture in the age of abstraction. Instead of producing a static tension between these two supposedly polarized forms, the exhibition generated a field of play and pleasure where feminism (the rethinking of standard categories) and formalism (the exploration of new meanings) rode slipstream on each other.

3

ERNESTO BALLESTEROS, INDOOR FLIGHTS (56TH VENICE BIENNALE) In the middle of the complete turmoil of the Arsenale, Ballesteros silently pursued the flying of small handmade airplanes. I watched him for an hour on opening day, and the flights went no farther than fifteen feet. I was mesmerized by the simplicity and humanness of the gesture. In August, a friend who had visited Venice long after the opening craze recounted, with utter amazement, watching a flight that occupied a long stretch of the Arsenale, culminating in a boomerang-style return to its maker. That Ballesteros's patience should be so well rewarded bolstered my belief in art's small pleasures.

4

KERRY JAMES MARSHALL (DAVID ZWIRNER GALLERY, LONDON) In Zwirner's polite town house, Marshall installed a suite of figurative paintings depicting extravagantly beautiful women alongside the downright masterful *Untitled (Studio)*, 2014—a picture as complex and gratifying as any nineteenth-century painting as parsed by T. J. Clark or Linda Nochlin. The exhibition had the clarity of a thunderstorm, both destroying and cleansing the canon of Western pictures. After the rain, a glimmer of light offered a Rorschach-esque lurid neon abstraction. I've been following Marshall for two decades and felt wonderfully stumped. Rainbows indeed.

