



Liset Castillo

[Black and White Gallery](#)

636 West 28th St

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Chelsea

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Chelsea, Gallery

[map](#)

This Cuban-born artist photographs elaborate cityscapes that she sculpts from sand, mixing geography and architectural epochs. One image includes the massive monument to Christ the Redeemer (in reality, perched high over Rio de Janeiro) cheek by jowl with a collapsed Empire State Building and the Taj Mahal. A different incarnation of Castillo's ever-changing metropolis features a spiraling Tower of Babel contrasted against the inverted cone of the Guggenheim Museum. Her imaginary world is literally as ephemeral as a sand castle, yet the photographs proffer documentary "truth," lending historical gravitas to these fleeting civilizations.

(Baker)



Maximum Voracity

Jackie Soccoccio's retinal thought storm

by Jerry Saltz

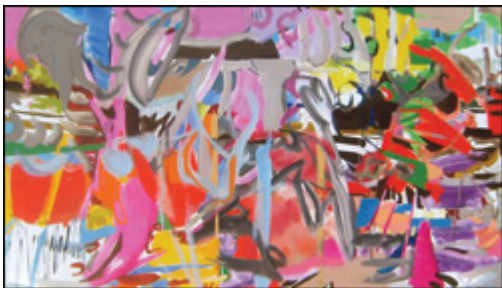
January 4th, 2007

Many of last year's good solo shows didn't garner as much attention as they maybe deserved; among them were outings by Joyce Pensato, Benjamin Edwards, Ellen Altfest, Kate Gilmore, Stuart Hawkins, Jennifer Dalton, Guy Ben-Ner, Karen Heagle, Judith Linhares, Chris Minor, Halsey Rodman, Tommy White, Keith Mayerson, Joe Fig, Mindy Shapero, and Sara VanDerBeek. One sleeper still on view is Jackie Saccoccio's uneven, retinal thought storm of an exhibition, which brings to mind baroque ceiling swirls, floral patterns painted on Japanese vases, and iced fog, and has what Georges Bataille called an "unstoppable repugnant voracity."

Saccoccio's paintings come dangerously close to looking like mid-century abstraction, particularly the work of artists like Joan Mitchell and de Kooning. Yet if you spend time in this show, the old-school quotient subsides and sparks begin to fly.

This is partly because Saccoccio has installed a number of large fluorescent-colored paintings atop calligraphic drawings made directly on the wall. You begin to get that she is nervily trying to combine the verve of Mitchell, the analytic painting-is-part-of-the-world conceptualism of Sol LeWitt, and the hardcore graphicness of Christopher Wool.

Saccoccio is in love with painting's expansiveness. She wants to literally go beyond the confines of the canvas. Here, the walls turn into roiling landscapes and biomorphic diagrams of cities. This makes the adamantly abstract paintings feel like real occupants of this unreal, diagrammatic realm. Then the effect reverses and the paintings turn unreal and the walls reassert themselves. Paintings hung on bare walls elsewhere in the gallery become loners living off the grid. If Saccoccio rids herself of the considerable whiffs of old abstraction, she won't be a dark horse much longer.



Jackie Saccoccio: In Transparency

Dark Horse
Black & White Gallery
636 West 28th Street
Through January 16

Jackie Saccoccio's "Symphony"

Courtesy Jackie Saccoccio and Black & White Gallery



Best in Show

by R.C. Baker

January 4th, 2007 4:13 PM

Michael Dominick

Clocks with no hands are mounted on the walls; a yard-wide rusty bowl embossed with the word "Memory" sits above a propane flame as water dripping from it instantly hisses away as steam; a tall iron forge hulks in the far corner. Dominick's *Memory Fountain* turns the gallery's broad cement courtyard into a 3-D version of some depopulated plaza out of a surrealist painting. The gray cinder-block surroundings and the heap of fine ash under the forge (left over from the opening's iron pouring performance) combine with the steam, wintry sun, and shifting clouds to evoke the shimmering, elusive contours of some fading recollection.

Black & White Gallery, 483 Driggs Ave, Bklyn, 718-599-8775. Through March 5.



Wednesday, February 28, 2007

PRINCE: PRE-FAME

Picture it . . . 1978. Before the paisley, the purple, and the pop life, a young, Afroed Prince Rogers Nelson from Minneapolis is about to take on the music world. Think pre-For You. His doe-eyed innocence and that unique flair for fashion are evident in the black-and-white photo exhibit **Prince: Pre-Fame** at the Black & White Gallery. The photos were taken by Minneapolis-born photog Robert Whitman when both men were in the early stages of their respective careers. Prince might be strollin' down the street or standing in a parking lot, but take a good look. These images scream, "Might not know it now, baby . . . I'm a star!" **(Martin)**

Tuesday to Saturday from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and by appointment, through March 17, Chelsea Terminal Warehouse 636 West 28th Street ground fl New York, NY 10001 Chelsea, \$FREE