



Norman Mooney at Causey Contemporary

Wall Flowers

White stars, a giant sea urchin, a grounded alien spacecraft; these are a few initial reads of the fascinating forms currently on view (through April 13th) at Causey Contemporary (92 Wythe Ave.) "Wall Flowers", an exhibition featuring the sculptural work of Norman Mooney, is a meditation on the interplay of scale, mass and permanence.

A perfect example is the voluminous "Wall Flower #1", a pollen yellow explosion suggesting both the petal form and parachute ball of a dandelion, only at 50 times its original size. Marking some of the artists first forays into color, this piece and the equally engaging "Wall Flower #2" seem fantastical yet familiar. This contradiction extends through the materials to their optical impression. Constructed out of aluminum spikes, these structures seem as weightless and ephemeral as the subjects they reference.

Like dancers en pointe, the spindly and star-shaped "Windseeds" of the center gallery seem poised precariously on the edge of movement.

Gallery Director and Founder Tracy Causey-Jeffery describes Mooney's work as "falling into or away from, the viewer", a position corroborated by the experience of moving among it.

Echoed in the space itself, the aesthetic paradox continues. Grand and expansive, the new home of Causey Contemporary (all 4000 square feet of it), seems also intimate and contemplative. A press statement on the "Wind Seeds Series", suggests a perfect summation, "(his work) conceptually deals with contraction and expansion, the end of what previously was and the birth of something new." So Mazel Tov, Mooney and Causey! To color-filled beginnings and continual growth.

-Enrico Gomez

The Arbitrariness of Signs

"I saw the sign and it opened up my eyes and I am happy now ...". Many readers will rehear the pervasive pop ditty from the 90's; a song sure to conjure recollections of time and place as varied as those who recognize it.

It is this sort of universal identification paired with personal recall and association that is at the heart of "The Arbitrariness of Signs", on view at Momenta Art (359 Bedford Ave) through April 19th. With contributions from 15 artists, the show manages to be both plentiful and playful, successfully fulfilling the promise of guest curator Sara Reismans experimental accompanying text.

The consummate Reisman encourages us to "receive the artworks according to your personal visual languages and codes". The adoption of this suggestion is where the show and the fun really begin.

First stop on this odyssey of symbol would be Nina Lola Bachhubers 'Mute Orchestra', an intriguing herd of steer horns mounted on vinyl records. Enigmatic and stoic, their only music now rendered a syncopated optical interplay of one horn against another. Nearby an impressive latticework of black ribbon and wreaths, Ian Coopers "Switchboard Tangle", possibly alludes to the techno-sourced death of human dependent modes of interpersonal communication.

Additional artworks here, in some way, indicate a process of discernment as ancient as humanity itself. From pre-cuneiform cave drawings to the 18th century rebus to current email emoticons, this show wittily reminds us that, as arbiters of our own visual experience, we remain Cro-Magnon and, in terms of interpretation, the sovereign of all we survey.

-Enrico Gomez



Nina Lola Bachhubers at Momenta Art