

DRISCOLL | BABCOCK

Words in
Space

Maps + Markings: Another Art Roundup (Harriet Bart, William Kentridge, Nathan Carter, Barry McGee + More!)

Shannon Christine Mattern

The galleries have revived after their summer dormancy, and I've been very eager to reinstitute my monthly art-marathon Saturdays — so eager, in fact, that I've spend the past *two* Saturdays in the galleries, with some nice company.

I also had the pleasure of attending two recent art symposia: one for Theaster Gates, who's the Vera List Fellow at The New School this year; and the other on "sensing space," which was staged in relation to the James Turrell show at the Guggenheim (which I also saw). I was actually asked to take part in the Gates conference as a panelist — but because I hadn't had an opportunity to see his Dorchester Projects, in Chicago, first-hand, I felt uncomfortable pretending that I had anything authoritative to say. I tweeted parts of both events. Here's my Storify for Gates (I should note that Twitter repeatedly auto-corrected Aleksandra Wagner's name to "Alexandra" — so there are a lot of typos here), and another for



Turrell.

And now I'll highlight the most memorable of the 19 exhibitions I've seen over the past two weeks, then gloss the rest. These art-roundup posts always end up taking me a ridiculous amount of time, particularly when I add commentary — so I'm simply going to copy in some relevant PR speak to explain the salient points in this work.

HARRIET BART

While Turrell aims to obfuscate our perception of space, Harriet Bart, in "Locus" at Driscoll Babcock, examined various means of



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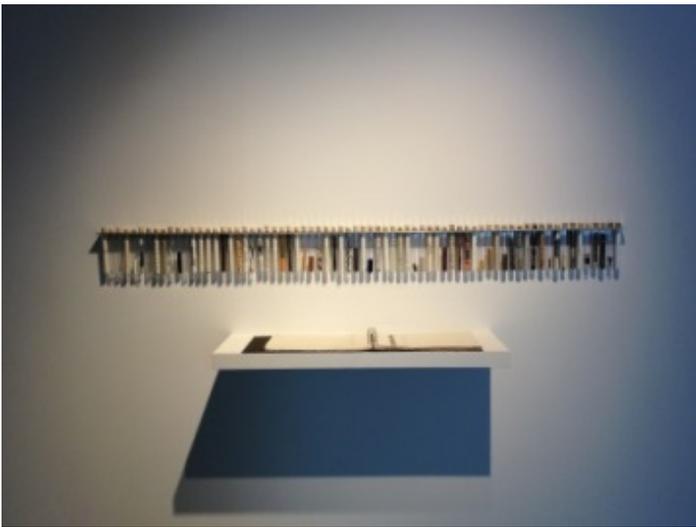
John Driscoll, Ph.D. *President*

exploring, measuring, and orienting ourselves within space:

In *Locus*, bronze, coal, and found objects form imprints of memory and choreographed geographies. Manifesting in plumb bobs, vessels and deconstructed letters, Bart's open investigation of place is simultaneously poetic, philosophical and architectural in nature.

As Christina Schmid writes in the gallery guide:

To plumb a space, we cast a line. Weighted with a heavy object of delicate proportions, the line divides. Pulled by gravity, it points downward in perfect verticality and divines the meaning of 'here' and 'there.' In *Locus*, questions of place, abstracted into space and held in the physicality of objects, preoccupy Harriet Bart.



Schmid: "In test tubes, small objects sample memories, mark time, and define a personal place. Hung aplomb, they promise to render a life legible."



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