

Going Home: 43 Fifth Avenue

an exhibition curated by David Rimanelli

November 15 - December 18, 2016

This exhibition takes its title from that of one of the artworks included, Jack Pierson's *Goin' Home*. The language of Pierson's title is vernacular, folksy, reassuring; the work itself is an assemblage of shiny brown metal shards, bits of found signage, very familiar elements within the artist's oeuvre but here abstract, without semantic sense—language dismembered. One goes home to a place severed from familiarity, one that is uncanny and psychically homeless. Displacement within the ordinary is itself paradoxically a normative aesthetic experience, yet one which remains invaluable. All the artworks here work individually and in concert to sustain this sense of permanent displacement. Nan Goldin's grid of photographs occupies the entry: each one shows empty interiors in Berlin and Hamburg—brothels, pensions, and gay bars. The periphery becomes the center, the whorehouse is relocated to what signifies a center of power, "Fifth Avenue," there's even a candy bar named after it, one created originally in 1936, during the Great Depression. One becomes enveloped in densely patterned wallpaper and a *mise-en-scène* incorporating a swag of "baroque" drapery, mirrors, and a bed (before and after being "occupied"). From there we move on to Alex Jovanovich's delicate, twisted drawings, wherein ladies' undergarments join forces with S/M regalia, signaling another return of the repressed. Paintings and sculpture by James Siena further elaborate the thematic of manic yet controlled pattern, drawing one into their networks of geometry and color. Elisabeth Kley's ceramics suggest antiquity and what used to be called the Orient. Ann Veronica Janssens' floating aluminum-and-gold-leaf sculpture destabilizes space, rendering "home" an alien territory. And Richard Prince's band paintings propose another re-calibration of the everyday, with the subtle interplay of white acrylic pigment and newsprint over which the rubber bands plot tentative routes to transcendence and nowhere special. Kiki Smith's three stained-glass stars might serve as coda, tumbling through the exhibition as harbingers of transformation.

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