

Julianne Swartz

Hope

April 26—June 29, 2007



Unlikely hybrids of robotics, chunks of concrete, and three-dimensional drawings in wire, Swartz's sculptures strike attitudes of optimistic pathos—which is not at all the same as pathetic optimism. Hidden motors embedded in the concrete make wire tendrils wave or turn in circles; occasionally two electrified wires cross, causing tiny lights to flare. Wee red hearts bob here and there, and almost invisible scraps of paper bearing words like “hope” tremble, making them nearly impossible to read. In an adjacent room, a suite of skeletal, translucent music boxes (designed by Matteo Ames) pour out disjointed tunes. Through June 29. (Bienvenu, 529 W. 20th St. 212-206-7990.) (The New Yorker, May 28, 2007)