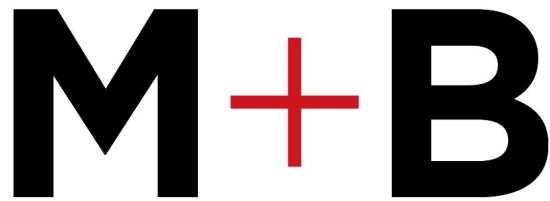




WHITNEY HUBBS

Press Pack



WHITNEY HUBBS

BORN 1977, Los Angeles, CA

EDUCATION

2009 MFA, UCLA, Los Angeles, CA

2004 BFA, California College of the Arts, San Francisco, CA

SOLO AND TWO PERSON EXHIBITIONS

2019 Situations Gallery, New York, NY (forthcoming)

2018 *Stutter Shutter*, David B. Smith Gallery, Denver, CO
Stutter Shutter, Casemore Kirkeby, San Francisco, CA

2017 *Madeleine Cake*, with Alika Cooper, Situations, New York, NY

2016 *Body Doubles*, M+B Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

2015 *Flash: Whitney Hubbs*, California Museum of Photography, Riverside, CA

2013 *The Song Itself Is Already a Skip*, M+B Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2018 *The Monochrome Set*, Soccer Club Club, Chicago, IL
Rock: Shannon Michael Cane, Phil, Los Angeles
Screenspace, Nara Roesler Gallery, São Paulo, Brazil
Ami Omo, Barbara Walters Gallery, Bronxville, NY

2017 Shulamit Nazarian Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

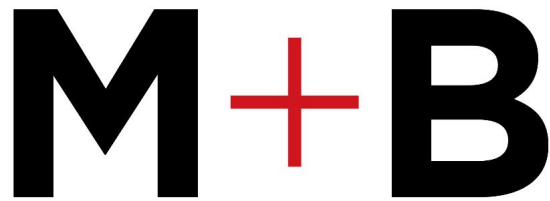
2016 *In the Cut*, Gallery Luisotti, Santa Monica, CA
Icebox Project Space, Philadelphia, PA
Me and My Arrow, Zieher Smith & Horton, New York, NY
Bottom Floor, curated by Max Maslansky, Charlie James Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Either Way Gallery, Metro PCS, Los Angeles, CA
Recent Acquisitions in Focus: Latent Narratives, The Getty Museum, Los Angeles, CA
Lapse-Rate, disambiguation, Phil Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Recent Acquisitions, UCR/California Museum of Photography, Riverside, CA
After Effects, Ballroom Marfa, Texas
Vapegoat Rising, Arturo Bandini, Los Angeles, CA

M+B

- 2015 *New Babylon*, Roberts and Tilton, Los Angeles, CA
Russian Doll, M+B, Los Angeles, CA
Lost in a Sea of Red, The Pit, Glendale, CA
Photography Sees the Surface, Higher Pictures, New York, NY
Arturo Bandini, Los Angeles, CA
- 2014 *Me and Benjamin*, Galerie Xippas, Paris, France
Ghost Shift, New Wight Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Soft Target, organized by Phil Chang and Matthew Porter, M+B, Los Angeles, CA
Duckrabbit, Anat Ebgi Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Staring at the Sun, Curated by Jodie Vicenta Jacobson, Griffin Editions, Brooklyn, NY
- 2013 *Desire*, curated by Jodie Vicenta Jacobson, Yancey Richardson Gallery, New York, NY
The Black Mirror, Curators: James Welling and Diane Rosenstein, Diane Rosenstein Fine Art, Los Angeles, CA
- 2012 *De-Mobbing: Landscape, Structure, Bioform*, Headlands Center for the Arts, San Francisco, CA
- 2011 *Eventide*, Carter and Citizen, Los Angeles, CA
In Practice, UCLA Wight Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
For A Long Time, Roberts and Tilton, Los Angeles, CA
Assembly: Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California, Fred Torres
Collaborations, curated by Edward Robinson, Los Angeles County Museum of Art
- 2010 *Icons and Allegories*, SightSchool Gallery, Oakland, CA
Boneyard, Michael Maloney Fine Art, Los Angeles, CA
Assembly: Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California, FotoFest 2010 Biennial, Houston, TX, curated by Edward Robinson, Los Angeles County Museum of Art
- 2009 *Harsh Terrain*, Roberts and Tilton, Los Angeles, CA
Pacific Design Center, Carl Berg, Los Angeles, CA
Just Like A Train, PHIL Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Keeper of Light, Sandroni Rey, Los Angeles, CA
MFA Exhibition, Wight Gallery, UCLA, Los Angeles, CA
Inside of Me, PHIL Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- 2008 *BlindSpot Lab*, New York Horticultural Society, New York, NY
Let Us Now Praise San Francisco, curated and commissioned by Robert Mailer Anderson, Marx & Zavattero Gallery, San Francisco, CA

PUBLICATIONS

- 2017 Hubbs, Whitney. *Woman in Motion*. Los Angeles: Hesse Press
- 2015 *Dopp Doolittle Hubbs*, Golden Spike Press



- 2014 *Pink Trumpet*, with Nikki Darling, Econo Textual Objects Press
 Desire, New Erotic Photography, Prestel Press
- 2008 *Let Us Now Praise San Francisco*, Marx & Zavattero Gallery

CURATORIAL PROJECTS

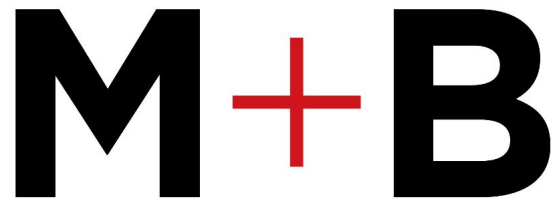
- 2016 Art Bandini, M+B Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
2015 *Russian Doll*, M+B Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

AWARDS

- 2009 Tobey Devan Lewis Award
- 2008-09 Art Council Scholarship

BIBLIOGRAPHY

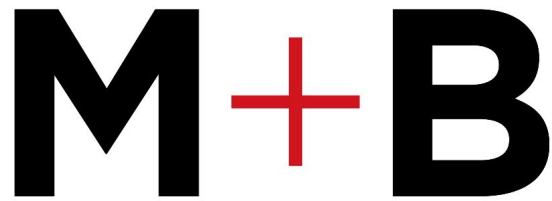
- 2017 MacKeith, Alex. "Crude Metaphors," *Hot Shoe*, Winter / Spring
- 2016 Leifheit, Matthew. "Photographer Whitney Hubbs' Genre-Busting Images of the Female Form," *Vice*, March 19
 Buffenstein, Alyssa. "The Surrogate Self-Portraits of Whitney Hubbs." *Artnet News*, March 18
 Los Angeles Review of Books, Reproduction of five photographs in print issue, February
- 2015 McKnight, Mark, "Flash: Whitney Hubbs." Exhibition essay, California Museum of Photography, 2015
 Los Angeles Review of Books, Digital Review. October, Issue No. 40 (cover)
 The Pit, "*Lost In A Sea of Red*." Ed. by Adam Miller, 2015 (exhibition catalog)
 Merkel-Hess, Matt, "Interview with Whitney Hubbs." Interview by Matt Merkel Hess. *Merkel Magazine*, May 2015, Issue No. 1
 Opie, Catherine, "*Vanity Issue*," *Musee Magazine*, April 1
 Musée Magazine, No. 11, April
- 2014 Blalock, Lucas, "Interview with Whitney Hubbs." Interview by Lucas Blalock, *Issue Magazine*, October 17
 Blind Spot, Ed. by Barney Kulok and Vik Muniz, Issue No. 47
 Vice Magazine, "*How Kohnstamm Got The Beach House*," By David Mammet, June 9
- 2013 Fabrik, "Fresh Faces In Art: Eight LA Artists You Should Know", April 2013
 Mohseni, Yasmine. "10 Must-See L.A. Gallery Exhibitions Opening in January," *Blouin ARTInfo*, January 8, 2013



- 2011 Aletti, Vince. "Assembly: Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California," New Yorker, Issue: 809, April 11, 2011
- 2010 *European Photography* Spring/Summer Watriss, Wendy, and Manfred Zollner, Portfolio, 2010, Number 87, 8-9, ills.
FotoFest 2010 Biennial, Contemporary U.S. Photography, exhibition catalog, 2010
- 2008 "Let Us Now Praise San Francisco", with Robert Mailer Anderson, BlindSpot, Issue 38

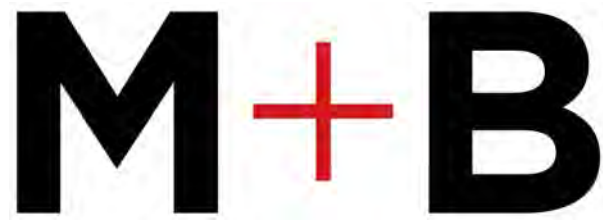
PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

The Getty Museum, Los Angeles, CA
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA
UCR/California Museum of Photography, Riverside, CA
The Whitney Library, New York, NY
The Riot Grrrl Collection, Fales Library Special Collections, New York University, NY



WHITNEY HUBBS

Whitney Hubbs (b. 1977, Los Angeles) received her MFA from the University of California, Los Angeles and BFA from California College of the Arts. Most recently, Hubbs had her first solo museum exhibition at the California Museum of Photography at the University of California, Riverside. Recent shows include *Me and My Arrow* at ZieherSmith, New York; *After Effect*, at Ballroom Marfa, TX; *Bottom Floor* at Charlie James Gallery, Los Angeles; *Vapegoat Rising* at Arturo Bandini, Los Angeles; *New Babylon* at Roberts and Tilton, Los Angeles; and *Photography Sees the Surface* at Higher Pictures, New York. Upcoming exhibitions include a four-person exhibition at The J. Paul Getty Museum in Fall 2016. Hubbs' work has been featured in *Issue*, *Blind Spot*, *The Los Angeles Review of Books*, and *Musée Magazine*. Her work is held in the permanent collections of The Los Angeles County Museum of Art; The Getty Museum, Los Angeles; The Whitney Museum of American Art: Library, New York; The California Museum of Photography at the University of California, Riverside; and The Riot Grrrl Collection, Fales Library Special Collections, New York University, New York. In Spring 2016, *Blind Spot* will publish the artist's monograph, *Body Doubles*. Whitney Hubbs lives and works in Los Angeles.



WHITNEY HUBBS

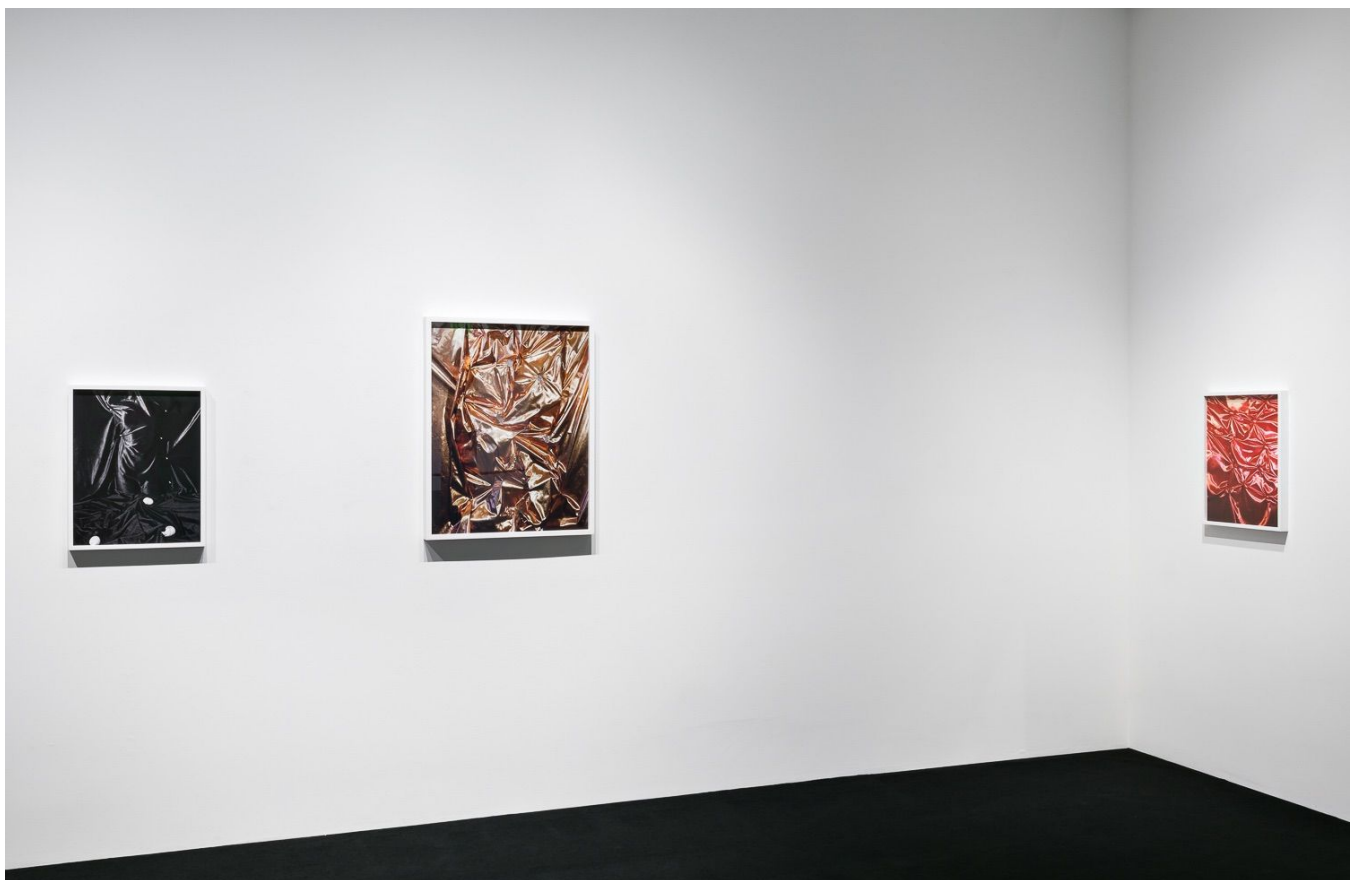
Selected Portfolio

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Installation View of *Stutter Shutter*, solo show at Casemore Kirkeby, San Francisco
January 27 – March 3, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Stutter Shutter*, solo show at Casemore Kirkeby, San Francisco
January 27 – March 3, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Stutter Shutter*, solo show at Casemore Kirkeby, San Francisco
January 27 – March 3, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Madeline Cake*, a two person exhibition with Alika Cooper at Situations, New York
May 20 – June 1, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Madeleine Cake*, a two person exhibition with Alika Cooper at Situations, New York
May 20 – June 1, 2017

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Untitled, 2015
archival pigment print
20 x 16 inches (50.8 x 40.6cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.07.004.20)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Me And My Arrow*, group exhibition at ZieherSmith, New York
July 14 – August 12, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Woman no. 7, 2016

archival pigment print

40 x 32 inches (101.6 x 81.3 cm)

edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.06.007.40)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Bottom Floor*, curated by Max Maslansky, group show at Charlie James Gallery, Los Angeles
June 4 – July 16, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Woman no. 12 (Self-Portrait), 2016

archival pigment print

40 x 32 inches (101.6 x 81.3 cm)

edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.06.012.40)

M+B



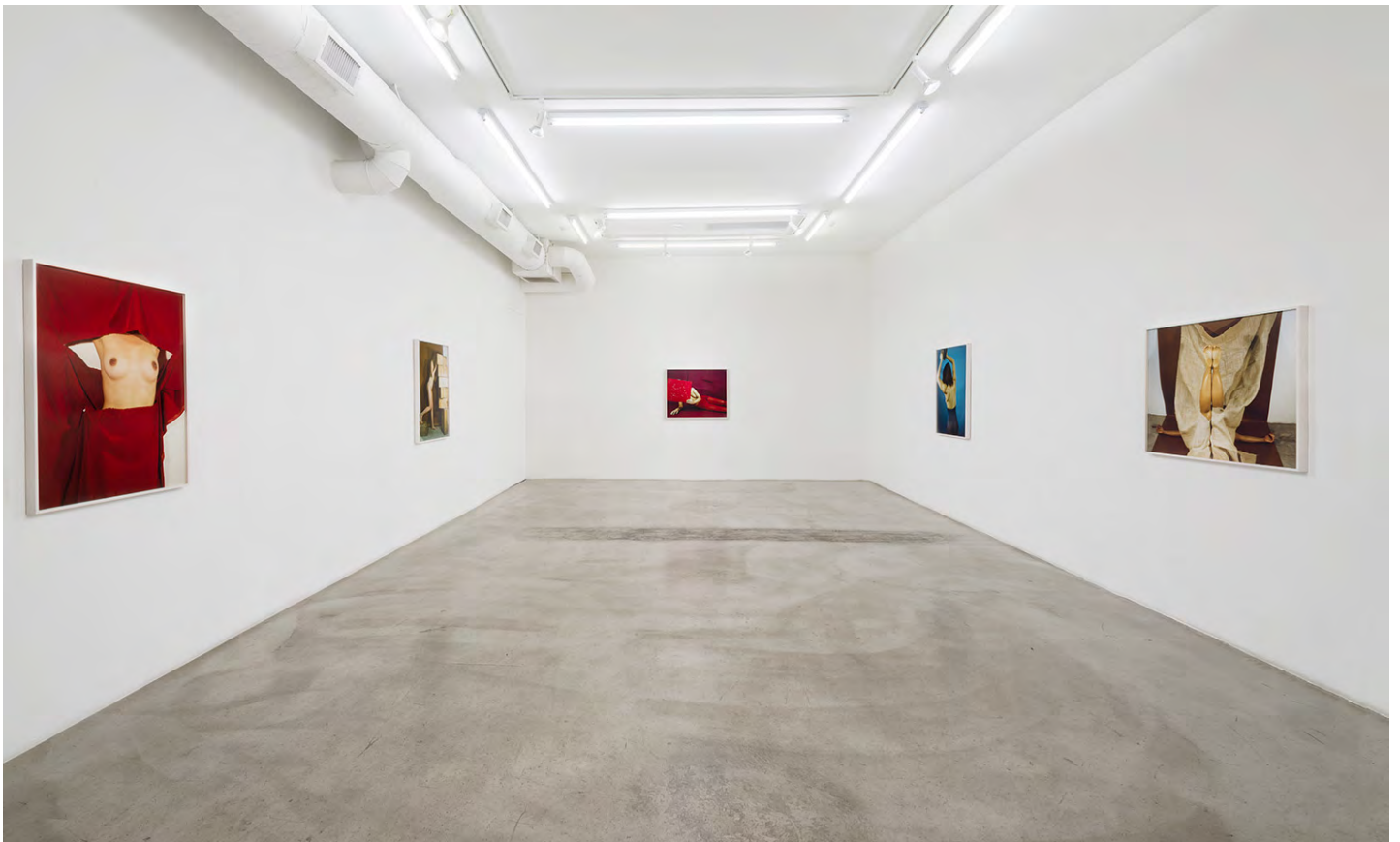
Whitney Hubbs
Installation View of *Body Doubles* at M+B Gallery, Los Angeles
March 19 – May 7, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Installation View of *Body Doubles* at M+B Gallery, Los Angeles
March 19 – May 7, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Installation View of *Body Doubles* at M+B Gallery, Los Angeles
March 19 – May 7, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Woman no.1, 2016
archival pigment print
32 x 40 inches (81.3 x 101.6 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.06.001.32)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Woman no. 3, 2016
archival pigment print
40 x 32 inches (101.6 x 81.3 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.06.003.40)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Woman no. 11, 2016
archival pigment print
40 x 32 inches (101.6 x 81.3 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.06.011.40)

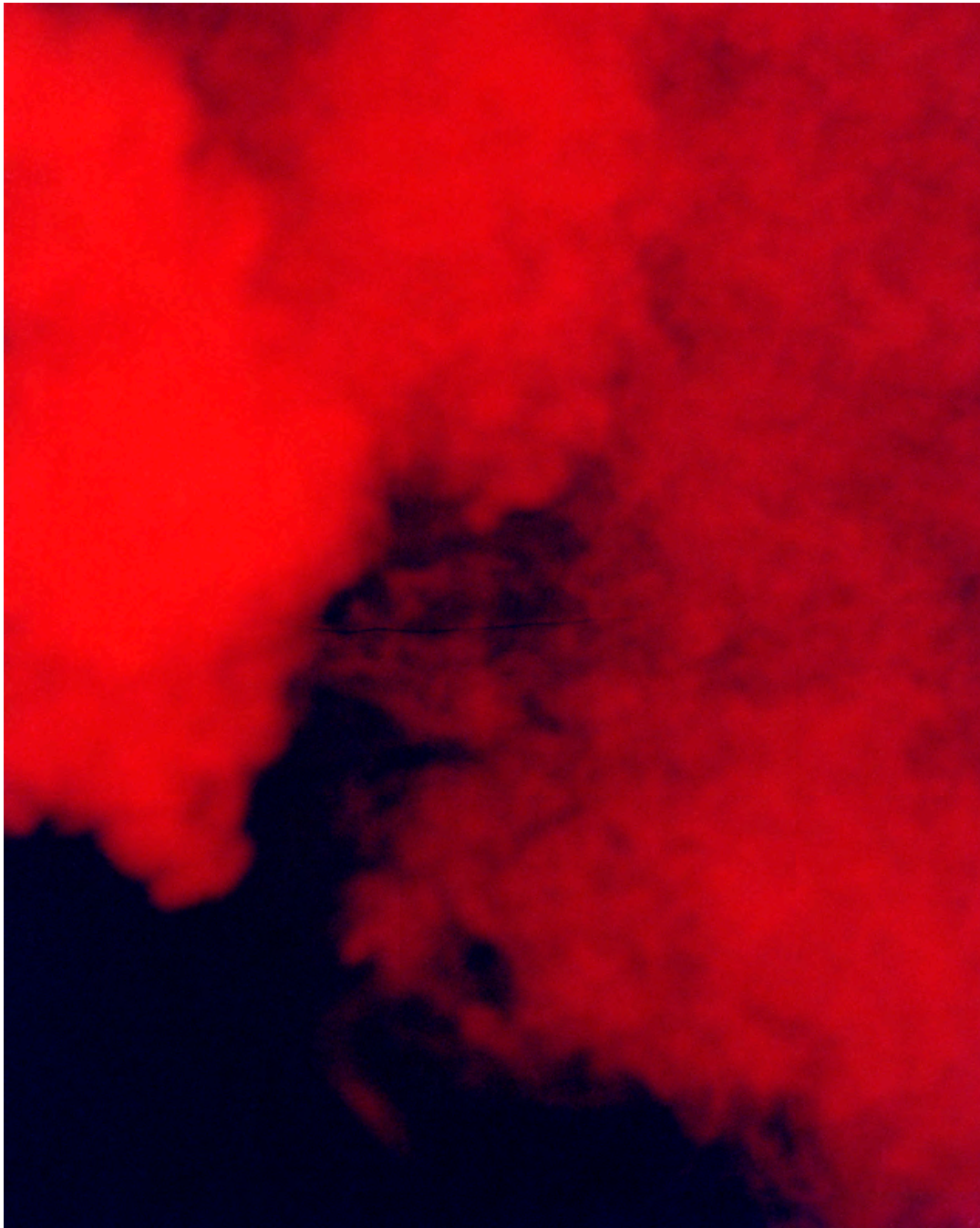
M+B



Whitney Hubbs

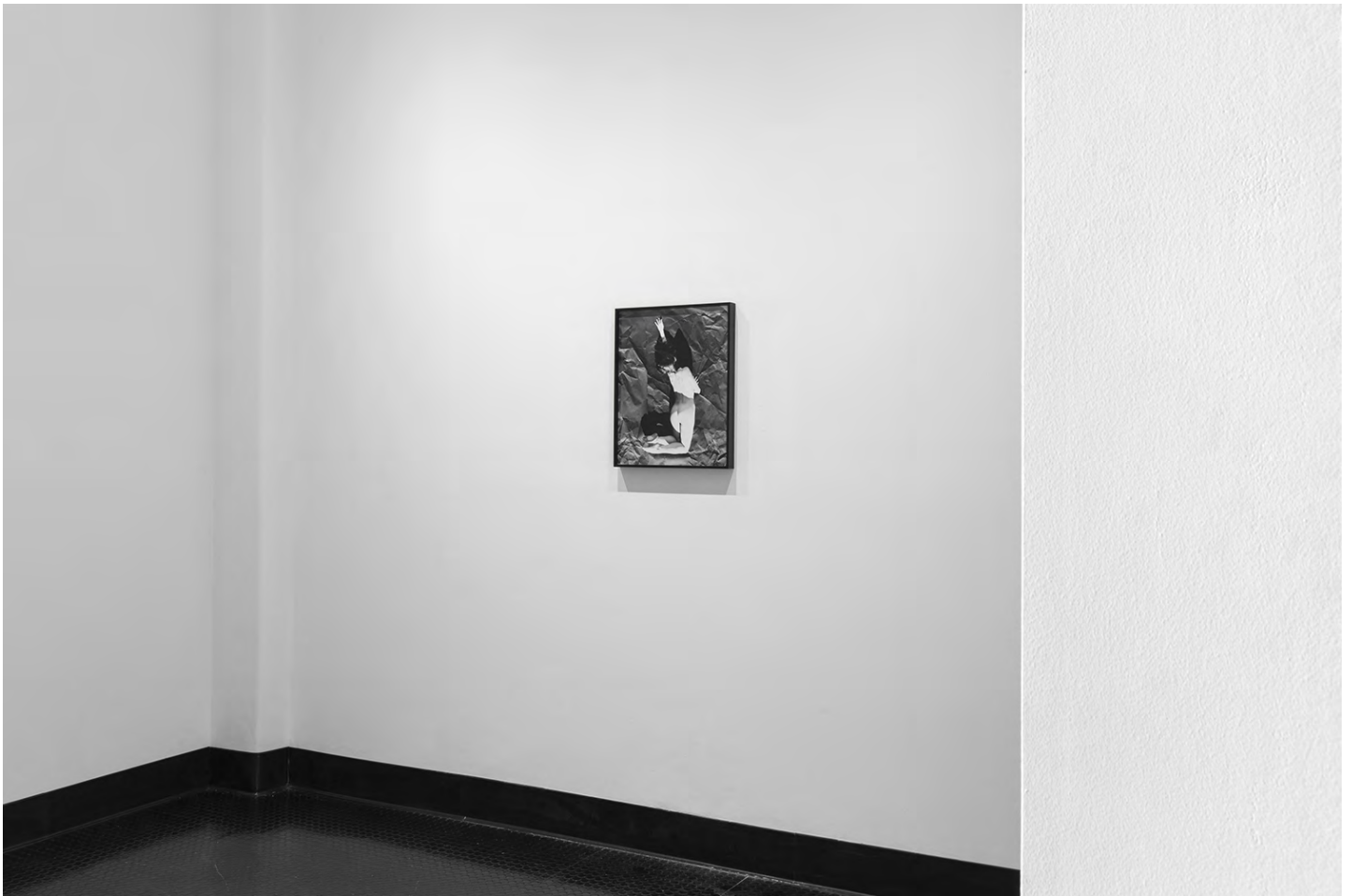
Installation View of *After Effect*, group exhibition at Ballroom Marfa, Texas
March 11 – August 21, 2016

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Red Fog for Vapegoat Rising, 2016
archival inkjet print
40 x 32 inches (101.6 x 81.3 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.06.000.40)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Flash: Whitney Hubbs* at the California Museum of Photography at UCR ARTSblock, Los Angeles
September 5 – November 14, 2015

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Persistent and Falling, 2015
gelatin silver print
20 x 16 inches (50.8 x 40.6 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.05.004.20)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Photography Sees the Surface* at Higher Pictures, New York
July 1 – August 7, 2015

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Self Portrait, 2009
gelatin silver print
20 x 16 inches (50.8 x 40.6 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.02.002.20)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Installation View of *Russian Doll* at M+B, Los Angeles
July 11 – Aug 29, 2015

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Body Surrogate (Self Portrait), 2015
gelatin silver print
20 x 16 inches (50.8 x 40.6 cm)
edition of 3 plus 1 artist's proof
(WH.05.002.20)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Lost in the Sea of Red*, group exhibition at The Pit, Glendale, CA
June 7 – July 18, 2015

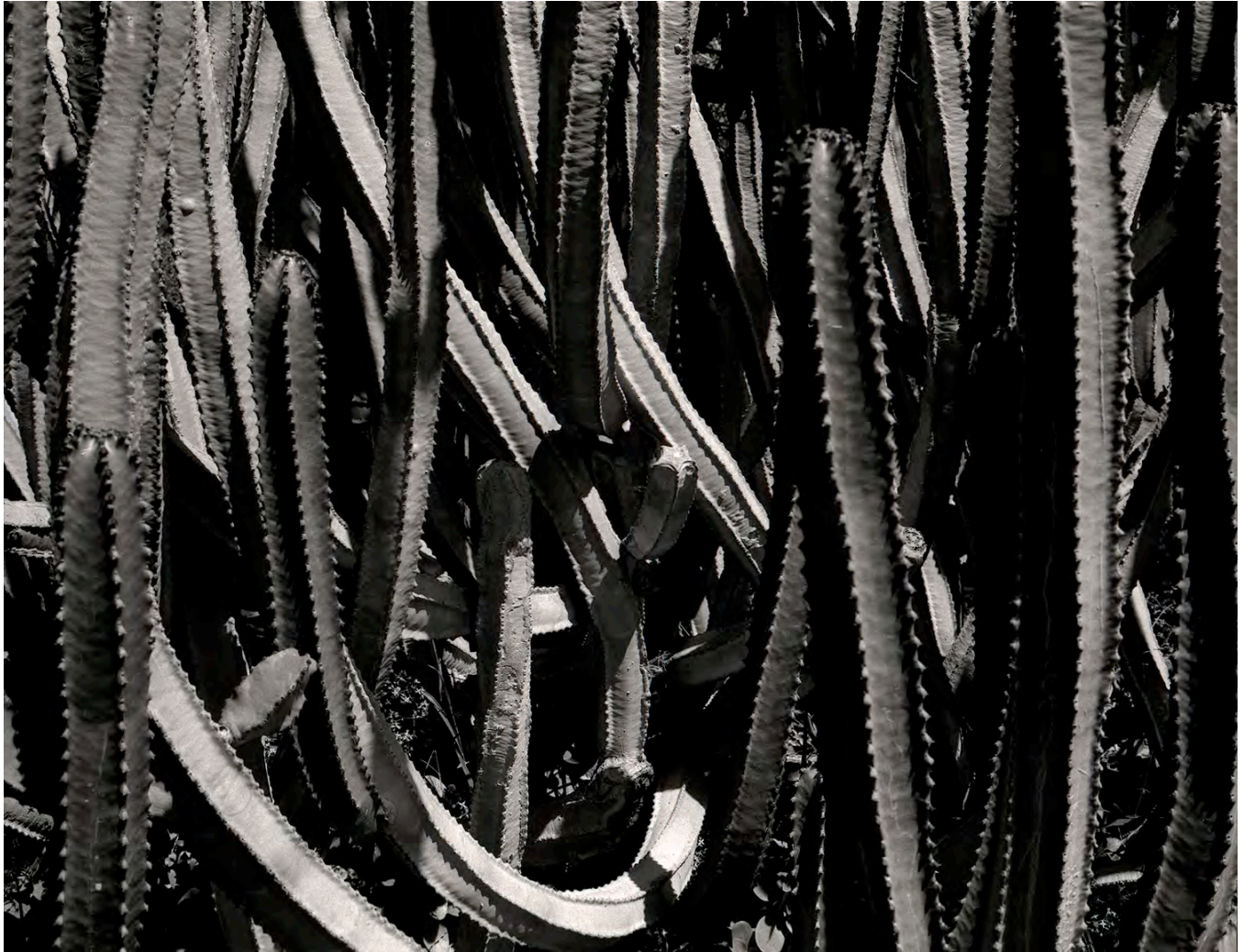
M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *Me and Benjamin*, group show at Galerie Xippas, Paris
November 14, 2014 – January 10, 2015

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Untitled (Cacti), 2013
gelatin silver print
40 x 50 inches (102 x 127 cm)
edition of 3 plus 1 artist's proof
(WH.03.002.40)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *The Song Itself is Already a Skip* at M+B Gallery, Los Angeles
January 19 – March 9, 2013

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation View of *The Song Itself is Already a Skip* at M+B Gallery, Los Angeles
January 19 – March 9, 2013

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Untitled (Boulder), 2012

gelatin silver print

40 x 50 inches (102 x 127 cm)

edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs

(WH.01.003.40)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Untitled (Entryway), 2012
gelatin silver print
14 x 11 inches (34 x 28 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.01.017.14)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Untitled (Horse), 2012
gelatin silver print
40 x 50 inches (102 x 127 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.01.012.40)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs
Installation View of *Duckrabbit* at Anat Ebgi Gallery, Los Angeles
June 13 – July 26, 2014

M+B



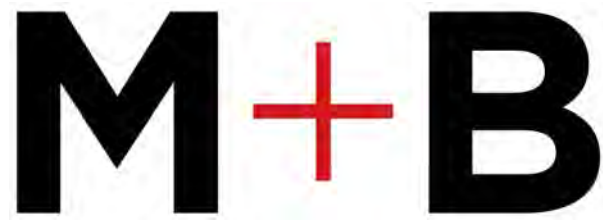
Whitney Hubbs
Division I, 2014
gelatin silver print
30 x 24 inches (76.2 x 60.1 cm)
edition of 3 plus 2 artist's proofs
(WH.04.003.30)

M+B



Whitney Hubbs

Installation view of *Desire*, group show at Yancey Richardson Gallery, New York
July 11 – August 23, 2013



WHITNEY HUBBS

Press and Press Releases

M+B



These Photos Disrupt the Male Gaze

With roots in Riot Grrrl, photographer Whitney Hubbs makes images that challenge norms and herself.

By Elyssa Goodman | Nov 19, 2018

*Women are overlooked far too often in photography. How can we continue to combat this erasure? My answer is this column, “**Woman Seeing Woman.**” While it’s just the start of solving this problem, I, a female writer and photographer, hope to celebrate the astoundingly powerful female voices we have in photography by offering a glimpse into their work.*

From the age of 12, and perhaps even before, the photographer **Whitney Hubbs**’s work has been rooted in disruption. She understood from a young age that the male gaze was being funneled into her, though she didn’t quite have the words for it at the time. Influenced by the Riot Grrrl movement, she sought to rebel against that gaze in the work she made from then on. “I was shown Edward Weston in my first photo class in ninth grade, and then I started using myself,” she says. “Like a punk Francesca Woodman.”



After graduating high school, Hubbs shaved her head and moved from her native Los Angeles to St. Louis, Missouri, on a Greyhound bus. She lived in punk houses there, where she also worked at a community-run record store and zine emporium, as well as in the Bay Area, and in Portland, Oregon. In Portland in particular, she fashioned a darkroom in the house’s basement, made a camera-lending library, taught people how to make pictures, and organized art shows.

Living and taking college classes in Portland was inexpensive at the time, Hubbs says, so she took a color photography class at night. After two years, her professor, John Mullen, told her she could go to art school. She didn’t know such a thing was possible when she graduated high school in 1995. “I didn’t know I could go to art school, but I knew when I graduated I could keep up my involvement with Riot Grrrl,” she says. She applied to one college, California College of the Arts, and got in. There, she studied with photographers like Jim Goldberg and Larry Sultan. Graduating in 2005, she went on to get her MFA

M+B

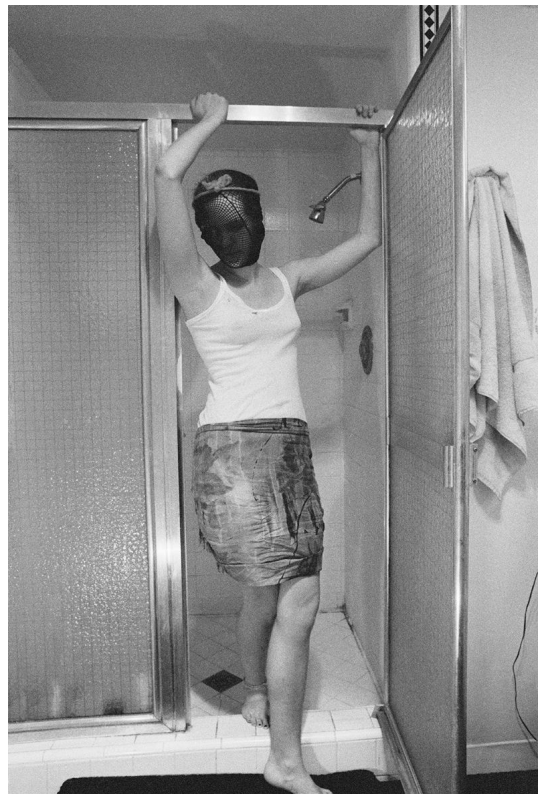
in 2009 at the University of Southern California, after studying with the likes of Catherine Opie and James Welling.

Her Riot Grrrl roots traveled with her. “After undergrad, I got frustrated with the history of men using the female body and the female identity. It was a different time, and my history of photo class was basically men that I was learning about. I was like, ‘Where do I fit into this? Where do all my friends fit into this? How can I be a feminist and like something that’s male dominated?’ It took me five years for it to sink in and express it and regurgitate it out,” she says.

One of the projects Hubbs found herself working on to address the male gaze was 2016’s *Body Doubles*, in which she photographed women in various states of undress, their faces obscured by a variety of textured papers and fabrics in bold colors. The series was her way of showering off the male gaze by looking at women through her own eyes. “If I was raised on sneaking looks at *Playboy* magazine or sneaking looks at porn covers in the video store, fashion, Riot Grrrl, and Edward Weston, how do you come to terms with all those images that you’ve seen at a very malleable age and innocent age?” Hubbs says. “All those are the male gaze, other than the Riot Grrrl stuff... I ask a lot of questions, but I don’t necessarily need an answer, so it was like, ‘How can I explore this and ask these questions, and what would this look like if I took pictures of women?’” Her work from this series is currently on view in Cincinnati’s FotoFocus Biennial—the country’s largest lens-based art biennial—at the Art Academy of Cincinnati’s Convergys Gallery.

The *Madeleine Cake* (2017) exhibition at the Situations Gallery in New York with the artist Alika Cooper explored a similar theme to *Body Doubles*. Hubbs exhibited self-portraiture from two decades of work as well as an image of a mannequin wrapped in black velvet. “I did these self-portraits and then put [them] out in the world because I was given the opportunity to, and it was a way for me to be like, ‘If I’m taking pictures of women, I should take pictures of myself and see how that feels. Is it about performance, or is it about the female body?’”

Hubbs now teaches photography classes at Alfred University in western New York. In her current work, she hopes to blend her backgrounds in Riot Grrrl, academia, and teaching. “It’s always fun to marry the art school me, the professor me, and the Riot Grrrl me,” she says. “How can they all work together in an image? I don’t know, and that’s what I’m always asking.” She is working on a book of black-and-white photographs while also playing with motion and sculpture. Ultimately, she always wants her work to continue to be challenging to her and make her uncomfortable. “I just need to keep having something feel new to me because sometimes life gets really boring,” she says. “How can I disrupt this? How can I be surprised? Disrupting my own norms, that’s all that it is.”



M+B

photograph

STUTTER SHUTTER: WHITNEY HUBBS AT CASEMORE KIRKEBY

By Glen Helfand

Satin sheets can look sexier in pictures than they feel in real life – made, as they often are, with polyester. This capacity for illusion makes them terrific photographic props – the shiny textile appears in a few of Whitney Hubbs's recent photographs, conveying an alluring wit and abject sensuality. Using bargain-bin materials, she riffs on aspects of classic still life, portrait, and self-portrait compositions. There's an alone-in-the-studio playfulness to Hubbs's photographs. They recall Cindy Sherman's sly, surrealistic pictures, though Hubbs admits to a discomfort in front of the camera. And so there's *Pretend Self Portrait #3*, 2018, in which shimmering fabric is draped over a substrate, with rips offering peeks of the opaque white wall behind it. The satin-covered surrogate provides evidence of the artist's playful practice of transforming prosaic materials.



The conversation Hubbs instigates, in the 13 works on view at Casemore Kirkeby through March 3, focuses on deceptive surfaces, skins of various sorts. In *Other Picture #3 (Swaddled Organs)*, 2018, there's a golden sheen to fabric that has been pinched and tied into a pattern of tuck-and-roll nipples. It's an image that makes you imagine running your hands over the undulating and puckered surface. The tactile focus is amplified by black carpeting installed for the show, a sound-muffling softness underfoot. *Other Picture #3* is hung next to an image of a nude body under wet fabric, and Hubbs's corporal focus grows all the more palpable. It's titled *Invisible Woman*, 2018, though the figure's gender isn't apparent.

In other works, elements of actual flesh peek through. While Hubbs is known for her images of women, one of the show's standouts is *Invisible Man*, 2018. A male figure is swathed in a garment resembling a strapless disco body suit made from blue duct tape, and posed against a plastic tarp that obliterates, Venus de Milo-like, his head, arms, and a leg. Carefully deployed cutouts reveal a nipple, chest hair, and the scoop of a flesh-colored camisole. Elsewhere, Hubbs moves studio backgrounds to the foreground with pictures of distressed matte black Cinefoil and "seamless" backdrops that have been loosely created with taped construction paper – colorful, uneven surfaces and textures that subvert expected camera tricks. The edges are rough and endearingly goofy – so confident in their ungainly glamour they seem to flirt with the viewer. I found myself smiling right back at them.

HOTSHOE



WS17

£10

CRUDE CRUDE METAPHORS

BODY BODY DOUBLES

PICTURES
WHITNEY HUBBS

WORDS
ALEX MACKETH

All images © Whitney Hubbs, 2015





CRUDE METAPHORS

They meet at a book launch. She is a junior editor at an established publishing house; he is a general surgeon in a university hospital. The event marks the publication of a colleague's memoir. She has nothing to do with the project; he loathes the author.

He is happy to accommodate her other lovers, of whom she keeps a consistent number. She is happy to work around his wife, of whom she assumes there is a normal number, and whose existence she infers from the obvious. The first time he arrives at her door he brings a bottle of wine, acquired in haste from the local store. She indicates she has no need for such a gesture. He never repeats it.

After a month he lingers at the door a fraction too long. She asks him why. He closes his eyes, and she notices his knuckles whiten on the strap of his rucksack. It's nothing, he says. But he doesn't move, so she asks again.

He asks if she can cover her chin. She thinks for a moment.

"With what?"

"Anything."

She takes another moment and then heads down the corridor into the kitchen. She returns holding a square of kitchen paper over her chin.

"Ok?" she asks.

Feet still planted on the threshold, he inspects the sheet.

"Can you attach it?"

"Why?" she says, her index finger on her chin.

"So it doesn't fall off."

She goes back to the kitchen. Finding purchase against her jawbone, she fixes two corners of the paper to her cheek with sellotape. As she walks, the bottom edge of the paper ripples and tickles her throat.

There is nothing different from usual about what happens afterwards. The paper is a little awkward and at one point the tape almost comes unstuck from her cheek. Fortunately he is in a position to reattach the immaculate square before it can fall away. The accoutrement appears to her to have no effect beside the aesthetic. He is neither more urgent nor more adventurous. She doesn't ask for a reason.

The next time he visits he asks if she will cover her stomach. She keeps a single bedsheet in the top left corner of her wardrobe for situations quite unlike this one. She wraps it around her waist and returns to the door.

"No."

"That's what you said," she replies, letting the sheet hang at her side.

He averts his eyes, settling on the threshold of the hallway.

"Just your stomach," he says.

She carries the sheet into the kitchen, finds a large pair of scissors and cuts a piece of the fabric measured from her pubis to her sternum. She fixes it with tape, as she has before. Then she goes into the bedroom. The tape never wavers.

While the light is still on she asks him if this will be a thing. He asks what she means by thing, and she understands that it will be.

It continues. One night she suggests, for the sake of convenience, that he might let her know in advance which



CRUDE METAPHORS

area he'd like covered. In the silence, she feels his eyes bore into the towel wrapped around her thigh as she checks her emails.

In the following weeks he doesn't knock after she buzzes him into the building, but slides a folded piece of memo paper under her door naming one or other part of her anatomy. Only when the appropriate area has been occluded does she open the door.

The system works, her materials suffice. It is only when he asks her to cover her lips that things become challenging. The available domestic materials are clumsy, inconvenient, too degradable. On his next appearance he brings gauze and surgical glue. They try again.

One day the words "left eye" are jotted on the sheet. As she studies his curlicued "y," a fleshy eyepatch squirms its way under the door. Hospital regulation. One size fits all.

Later, when he puts his cell down and says he has been summoned to the hospital, she doesn't remove the eyepatch. As he is gathering his clothes she keeps it on, running a finger around its border. When he tells her she can take it off, she replies that she knows she can. And after he is gone she goes to the full-length mirror, leaving the patch in place. When she lifts it, darkness swarms her reflection. So she keeps it on.

The use of medical supplies becomes habitual. Certain activities which had been precluded or painful are now largely performable, even elegant. Blue latex gloves, anti-thrombosis stockings, surgical masks maximise concealment yet minimise clumsiness. It is a logical solution.

She wears such elements with no-one else, but she begins to wear the stockings while she sleeps, and in the daytime she notices that her legs feel less heavy. She thinks it might be because of the stockings, but she isn't certain.

Sometime afterwards, she opens the door with her pelvis wrapped in a strip of plastic she can only assume is used for physiotherapy. But he doesn't move. She thinks for a moment he might be affronted by the obstruction, but recalls that they have circumvented that particular issue before.

"I was thinking about last time," he says.

In her bedroom she still has the cryocuff in which she wrapped her left foot the week before. After she covers the appendage with significantly improved technique (she has found a way to ensure that the velcro doesn't make contact with her skin) she returns to the door. He steps inside.

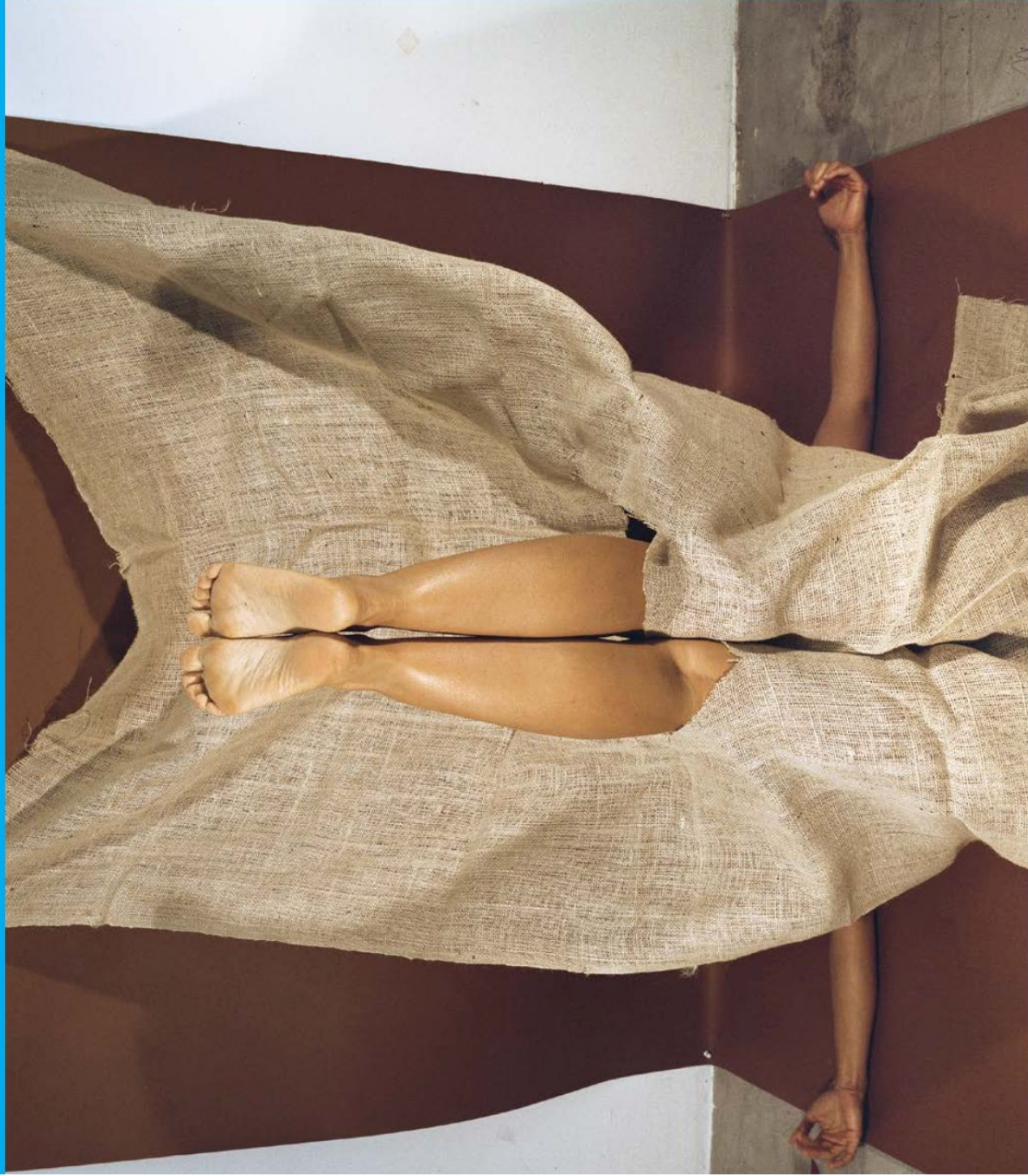
From this time she shields the part of her anatomy prescribed on any particular visit along with those covered previously. It is a gradual occlusion, like the creeping shadow of a sundial. He never strays into the demarcated areas which now encompass, in percentage terms, almost half her body.

No memo precedes his final knock at the door. When she opens it, he is waiting with a hospital curtain folded in his arms. Together, they fix it to the ceiling in her bedroom and let it hang at the foot of her bed. She remains standing on the mattress as he steps down onto the carpet, towards the small wooden chair behind the curtain.

She watches his body crumple through the semi-translucent material used to shield the unwell from witnesses in moments of distress or diminution. There is a single sob.

Behind the veil, shrouded in gauze bandages, she waits. Neither of them move for a long time. In the early morning she slowly unwraps her right hand, unspooling the fabric in silence, and holds her palm up to the drape. The curtain is cool against her skin. She thinks he might have closed his eyes.







CRUDE METAPHORS

BEHIND THE
VEIL SHROUDED
IN GAUZE
BANDAGES

SHE WAITS

metro pcs ~ 422 Ord St., Suite D, LA, CA 90012 ~ www.metropcs.la

ANIMALS WITH HUMAN RIGHTS HUMANS WITH ANIMAL RIGHTS and metro pcs present

MUSHROOMS & HONEY

in collaboration with Either Way LA
11 AM - 4 PM at Nuisance Alley, Echo Park
7 - 10 PM at metro pcs, Chinatown

with

Merideth Hillbrand, Whitney Hubbs, Ian James, Nick Kramer, Julia Leonard, Candice Lin, Anna Mayer,
Devon Oder, Matt Siegle, LeRoy Stevens

~ Organized by Nick Kramer ~

I've invited you for many reasons. I value my encounters with your work and I value the opportunity I've had to think about it for a long time, that is, to remember it. You are all artists whose work I admire and loosely associate with "outside" or "outdoors" and, most importantly for me, you resonate as a group in other, less definable ways. Maybe you project a certain calm. Or, maybe I like to imagine your work in unfiltered daylight. Planted in time and conversation I trust that our ideas will expand and coalesce.

Honey, sweet bio-gold, isn't made in plastic bears and mushrooms aren't convenient stools for tiny creatures. The thing is, both honey and mushrooms keep their truths secret from all but the most dedicated connoisseur. Mushrooms are basically the official plant of the avant-garde* and honey is the moon juice of spiritual correctness. Held secret in hives and beneath the ground these two substances embody weird math lurking outside the easy purview of us human animals.

The connections I draw here are not reflective of the facts or respectful of nature's patterns. Rather, they are based on an imagination of the world via distant, hidden metaphors. Let your mind wander, ask yourself if, and how, you can compress the alien rhythms, expressions and textures of creepy nature into a form that is at all compatible with human understanding.

To give meaning to the shortness of the afternoon (mushrooms), I wanted weeks (honey). I wanted a container, like a hive, to keep all this honey. I wanted something like a mycelial bloom balanced with the frantic orchestration of a hive, each with its own patterns, speed and scale: Mushrooms & Honey.

For the first event of the day, we will gather in a disused alley from 11 a.m. until 4 p.m., for the brief, outdoor section of the show. Then, as day turns into evening, metro pcs will house the second, slow section of Mushrooms & Honey. This exhibition will open from 7 p.m. until 10 p.m. on Saturday, May 14, and be on view until 6 p.m. Saturday, June 25 (with regular hours in between).

- Nick Kramer

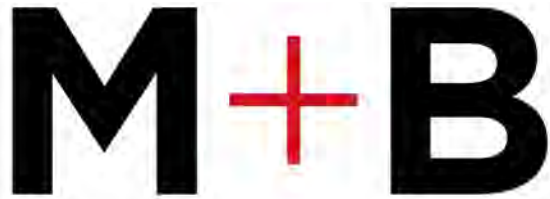
Mushrooms & Honey

Organized by Nick Kramer

Opening May 14, 11 AM - 4 PM (Nuisance Alley) and 7 - 10 PM (metro pcs)

May 14 - June 25, 2016

*Are mushrooms even accurately described as plants?



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE



WHITNEY HUBBS **Body Doubles**

March 19 – May 7, 2016

Opening Reception

Saturday, March 19, 2016 from 6 to 8 pm

M+B is pleased to present *Body Doubles*, Whitney Hubbs' second solo exhibition with the gallery. The exhibition will run from March 19, 2016 through May 7, 2016, with an opening reception on Saturday, March 19 from 6 to 8 pm.

Looking at pictures of women, as seen pulled back toward my eye, I see myself with them. I can't help it. I parse their bodies, the forms. Not my own and yet familiar.

When I'm in front of the camera, my body is being looked at, is being performed, is being directed and recorded. It is being taken apart and pieced back together.

We repeat and repeat, the same scene, against the same wall, with the same lights. We write the body on a piece of film. Film that's been pushed and prodded, mishandled and flipped. At a certain point I had to accept a bodily experience. It was pleasurable to look at their rough unpolished states, the bodies simply are: flipping, posing, being coy, arms as arrows, feet as poles, the lens as lover and mirror, the lens always looking back and being looked at, not by the face, but by the breasts, buttocks, heels, toes, shins, spines and throats, unhurried and happy to give that which can't be taken.

Whitney Hubbs (b. 1977, Los Angeles) received her MFA from the University of California, Los Angeles and BFA from California College of the Arts. Most recently, Hubbs had her first solo museum exhibition at the California Museum of Photography at the University of California, Riverside. Her work is included in the current exhibition, *After Effect*, at Ballroom Marfa, TX. Other recent shows include *Vapegoat Rising* at Arturo Bandini, Los Angeles; *New Babylon* at Roberts and Tilton, Los Angeles; and *Photography Sees the Surface* at Higher Pictures, New York. Upcoming exhibitions include a four-person exhibition at The J. Paul Getty Museum in Fall 2016. Hubbs was selected as one of "Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California" for *The New Yorker* (2011) and her work has been featured in *Issue*, *The Los Angeles Review of Books*, and *Musee Magazine*. Her work is held in the permanent collections of The Los Angeles County Museum of Art; The Getty Museum, Los Angeles; The Whitney Museum of American Art; Library, New York; The California Museum of Photography at the University of California, Riverside; and The Riot Grrrl Collection, Fales Library Special Collections, New York University, New York. In Spring 2016, *Blind Spot* will publish the artist's monograph, *Body Doubles*. Whitney Hubbs lives and works in Los Angeles.

| | |
|--------------------|--|
| Location: | M+B , 612 North Almont Drive, Los Angeles, California 90069 |
| Show Title: | Body Doubles |
| Exhibition Dates: | March 19 – May 7, 2016 |
| Opening Reception: | Saturday, March 19, 6 – 8pm |
| Gallery Hours: | Tuesday – Saturday, 10 am – 6 pm, and by appointment |

For press inquiries, please contact Jeanie Choi at (310) 550-0050 or jeanie@mbart.com.

For all other inquiries, contact Jonlin Wung at jonlin@mbart.com or Sonny Ruscha Granade at sonny@mbart.com.

#

M+B



Photographer Whitney Hubbs's Genre-Busting Images of the Female Form

By Matthew Leifheit
March 19, 2016

Los Angeles-based photographer Whitney Hubbs's new exhibition, *Body Doubles*, which opens Saturday at one of the city's eminent contemporary photography galleries, M+B, takes on the age-old form of the female nude. Asked why she wanted to take pictures of nude women, Hubbs answers emphatically, "Because it's so wrong! Because you can't do it! Because it's a cliché, because it's politically incorrect."

This kind of attitude is apparent throughout the photographs in the show, where skin tones are rendered in grainy greenish hues; blemishes, cuts, saggy bits, and other imperfections of skin are highlighted or even emphasized. Although Hubbs doesn't strive for the kind of perfection a fashion photographer might, the pictures are beautiful in the way David Lynch's films are beautiful. There is a clash in these pictures between the imperfections of the bodies, of the poses, of the way the photographs are made, and the formal perfection of the compositions.



Woman no. 8, 2016.

All photos © Whitney Hubbs, Courtesy M+B Gallery, Los Angeles

Although the photographs are anti-fashion in this sense, they are also working against the kind of idealized pictures men have been taking of women forever. Hubbs frames this work to some extent as a reaction to artists like the late California photographer Edward Weston, famous for sumptuous black-and-white pics of his wife Charis Wilson in the buff. But you can also see references further back in art history, to the early color photography of Paul Outerbridge and other depictions of the female form going back to antiquity. One photograph, titled *Woman no. 2*, shows the truncated torso of a woman bursting forward from behind a red drape. It reminds me of the famous Winged Nike of Samothrace, now housed at the Louvre museum, but Hubbs's Nike has a nipple piercing.

Hubbs clearly takes great pleasure in looking at the female body, but has always been very conscious of the risk of objectifying women. For this reason, she started the process of making this body of work by taking self-portraits, putting her own image on the line. It was around that time I first visited her studio and became excited about her work. Last week in LA, I met with Hubbs over burgers to ask her some questions about the progression of her thinking since then that led her to create *Body Doubles*.

M+B



Whitney Hubbs, Woman no. 2, 2016

VICE: How did you come to do this work?

Whitney Hubbs: I took self-portraits a couple years ago, but it wasn't fun, it wasn't fulfilling.

I really liked them. But it wasn't enjoyable?

It wasn't enjoyable because I wasn't physically taking the picture. I get so much pleasure out of taking pictures. Ever since I was in the ninth grade, which is when I took my first photograph almost 25 years ago, I've been looking at Edward Weston and all those dudes that haven't taken pictures of women. It's been ingrained in me. When I started doing self-portraits there was no pleasure in looking. So I started bringing women into my studio to pose the way I would want to pose. I found women that I had an emotional connection with or a physical connection with, or both, so they could be sort of stand-ins for me.

You wanted them to act as figures in a composition rather than portraits of people.

Yeah, yeah. That's why you never see their faces. I don't want it to be about who the person is, I want it to be about the gesture and the body.

I notice they don't have names, they are titled Woman 1, Woman 2... I wonder also if there is some connection to the de Kooning paintings with those titles.

Yes. I was talking to a friend about the titles, and he reminded me of that.

It also seems like those were some angry paintings of women. Whereas in your pictures, although the women are anonymous, I think they're not treated violently in any way, even though you don't see the faces and certain things are cut off.

I feel like there is subtle dismemberment, but it's a collaborative process in many ways. I don't plan anything out before a shoot, but I do have some idea of what I want. I was trained in the tradition of documentary photography, where I studied with Jim Goldberg and Larry Sultan.

I was taught to be on the prowl, and to shoot a hundred rolls of film, and learn your camera really well. So if you see a shot, and it's the "decisive moment," you can capture it. So I bring that into the studio, where I don't have anything really planned. I like moving around the subject, and loosening up. I'll watch them do something, and ask them to do it again, or hold the same gesture.



Whitney Hubbs, Woman no. 5, 2016

M+B

The way these pictures look is different than many of the color pictures you see now, it's maybe a little less naturalistic, or doesn't have that sharpness and feeling of reality that digital photography creates.

Yeah, that's what I don't like, that's why I stopped shooting color and transitioned into making black-and-white fiber prints in grad school. I could bump up the contrast or lower the contrast, abstract it, make it more ambiguous and mysterious. So when I started doing these pictures, I wanted to take this ideas into color. In black and white, I would never use the full tonal range that's possible to get in the darkroom. So with the color, I decided that if I made it "incorrect," I would be excited to work in this.

Well, that also removes it one more step from reality. I guess also, removing the bodies from the identities of the people takes things further and further away from the facts of what exists in your studio or something.

Yeah, exactly.



Whitney Hubbs, Woman no. 1, 2016

Does that allow you to create something more psychological in a certain way? Or, what does that make room for?

It makes room for mistakes.

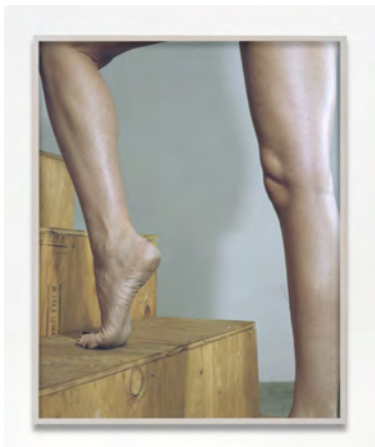
I guess it's like, sort of the errors or the artifacts that photography creates can be some kind of analogue to human nature or human imperfection or something like that.

Yes, imperfection. In one of the pictures, of a woman wearing blue tights, her skin is sagging because it is being twisted. I like those imperfections, which match the imperfections of the color in some way. I think a lot about performance artists of the 70s, like Ana Mendieta and Yvonne Rainer. There were mistakes in their performances because they're doing it live. I wanted to capture that sort of essence, to have it not be too perfect.

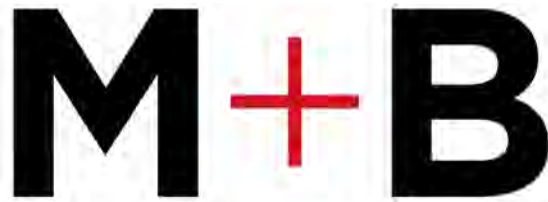
I remember looking at your website a while ago, and there were all these pictures of men.

Yeah, so many pictures of men! In grad school, and right out of grad school, I photographed men a lot. I guess I was interested in trying to figure men out. Men confuse me, but I am also so familiar with them. But I haven't been interested in photographing men in a long time. I find it uninteresting. There's this bravado performance thing they do in front of the camera. And there's no vulnerability involved. The way the women pose and perform in front of the camera with me is so much more interesting and challenging for me, it's so much more fun.

Body Doubles is open from March 19 to May 7 at LA's M+B gallery. More information can be found [here](#). See previous photos by Whitney Hubbs in our 2014 fiction issue.



Whitney Hubbs, Woman no. 7 and 12, 2016



artnet[®]news

The Surrogate Self-Portraits of Whitney Hubbs

By Alyssa Buffenstein
March 18, 2016

From fashion magazines to museum walls, the female form has been depicted as muse, source of inspiration, and object of desire. As a result, some women have to fight just to be in control of their own image. So it's always empowering to see a woman artist exploring the ways her body can be turned into a picture. Or, in Whitney Hubbs's case, her bodies.

Hubbs, a Los Angeles-based photographer whose mostly black-and-white oeuvre comprises disjointed self-portraits and minimal compositions, has a colorful new show, "Body Doubles," opening March 19 at M+B in Los Angeles. This is her second solo show at the gallery, the first being 2013's moody, high-contrast "The Song Itself is Already a Skip."

For the new series, the artist instructed models to pose for the camera as if they were her.

"Body Doubles was inspired by an ongoing inquiry into studying the female form and the performative and directorial nature of making pictures of women's bodies. The idea is that these women are stand-ins for myself and act accordingly to how I would perform in front of the camera," Hubbs tells artnet News.



Woman no. 1, 2016.
Courtesy M+B Gallery, Los Angeles

"I wanted to use self-imposed parameters to see how one could make an interesting picture using repeated gestures just in the corner of a studio. It was my intention for the pictures to be crude and uncomfortable in nature, too," she continues.

The images, a return to color photography after 10 years working in black and white, were made according to strict self-imposed rules, leaving certain elements of the final compositions to chance. Her parameters included shooting with low speed film, "pushing the film" (that is, underexposing it by setting the camera's ISO rate higher than required by the film), and eschewing color correction.

"The result is a grainier print—an effect that intensifies the women's gestures and performance," Hubbs explains. "Everything feels a bit off, more raw."

M+B



Whitney Hubbs, *Woman no. 2*, 2016



Whitney Hubbs, *Woman no. 3*, 2016

At first glance, the photographs could indeed easily be mistaken for self-portraits, or at least as the artist's body. The lonely, posed feeling of the studio shots recalls some of Cindy Sherman's *Untitled Film Stills*, though they are more abstract—there are no characters here, no narratives. But to create these faceless, fragmented images, Hubbs stayed firmly behind the camera, instructing her models to act the way she would, if she were having her picture taken.

"It's uncomfortable making pictures of myself. There is a loss of control that is very different from making pictures of other people. Being behind the camera, for this show, I had ideas of how I would pose and perform, but used women who were similar to me to sit in front of the camera," she says.

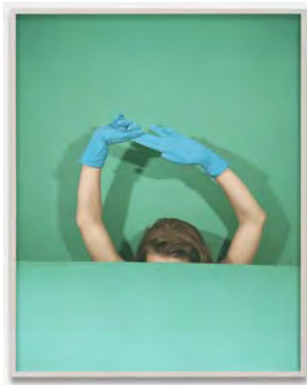
Whitney Hubbs's *Body Doubles* is on view at M+B from March 19 until May 7, 2016.

M+B

ARTILLERY

WHITNEY HUBBS

By Kathryn Poindexter
May 5, 2016



Woman no. 5, Woman no. 3, and Woman no 2 , 2016.

Whitney Hubbs's "Body Doubles" presents the artist's first attempts at color photography after a decade of working in black and white. Eleven midsize photographs feature anonymous women intermingling with provisional sets and props. These cropped and fractured limbs and torsos are, decidedly, the subjects of Hubbs's compositions; subjects that endure both abstraction and obscurity.

In *Woman no. 12 (Self-Portrait)* (2016), a very intentional red herring, we meet the vacant, trance-like stare of Hubbs herself, overexposed in a frontal, waist-up shot; the image lingers as a near-apparition. Holding her arms stolidly at ninety degree angles, her limbs become a secondary frame. This nearly-monochrome, colorless work stands in opposition to the others in the show, all of which exercise an assertive use of color that manifests in drapery, colored paper backgrounds, and improvised props. The works engage in a discourse on the pervasive relationships between women's bodies and directorial imperatives, and on how women choose to represent themselves and each other in modes of empowerment.

To pose is to perform the body. Some of Hubbs's photographs conjure tropes specific to historical representations of the female nude (passively reclined, seductively baring legs and breasts). Others show the body, closely cropped or from afar, in mid-action—seemingly (one wonders at the authenticity of the "action"). An ambiguity which begs the question: is this decisive moment the artist/camera's, the models', or a combination of both? In the new works, Hubbs places notions of play and theatricality at the helm, but exchanges them for the mystery and magic achieved in her black-and-white works. While the new formal strategies may place her in dialogue with other contemporary L.A. photographers like Heather Rasmussen or Anthony Lepore, it comes at the price of the special brand of otherworldliness and well-honed tonal mastery achieved in her colorless works.

Images courtesy the artist and M+B gallery

Whitney Hubbs: *Body Doubles* runs from March 19-May 7 at M+B gallery (612 North Almont Drive, Los Angeles, 90069).



California Museum of Photography
Sweeney Art Gallery
Culver Center of the Arts
University of California, Riverside

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sweeney.ucr.edu
cmp.ucr.edu
artsblock.ucr.edu

PRESS RELEASE
For Immediate Release

California Museum of Photography at UCR ARTSblock presents

FLASH! Whitney Hubbs

September 5–November 14, 2015

Long Night of Arts & Innovation: Thursday, October 8, 5pm–midnight

Fall reception: Saturday, November 14, 6–9pm

Both events are free and open to the public

The California Museum of Photography presents *FLASH: Whitney Hubbs*, the artist's first solo museum exhibition. The single-work exhibition features *Persistent and Falling* (2015), a silver gelatin print. With Surrealist overtones, the work articulates rich black and white tonality, startling composition, and cinematic nuances to frame one of art history's age-old subjects, the female nude. Artist Mark McKnight (UCR MFA 2015) guest authors an original essay to accompany the exhibition.

ARTSblock will be open late on Thursday, October 8, 5pm–midnight, as part of the City of Riverside's Long Night of Arts & Innovation. *FLASH: Whitney Hubbs* and other exhibitions will also be celebrated during ARTSblock's fall reception on Saturday, November 14, 6–9pm. Both events are free and open to the public.

Whitney Hubbs (born 1977 in Los Angeles) is a Los Angeles-based artist. M+B Gallery in Los Angeles mounted a solo exhibition of her work in 2013. Her work has been featured in numerous group exhibitions at Roberts and Tilton, M+B Gallery, and Anat Egbi Gallery (all Los Angeles); Higher Pictures, Griffin Editions, Yancey Richardson Gallery (all New York); and Galerie Xippas (Paris), among elsewhere. She is the recipient of the Art Council Scholarship (2008–09) and the Tobey Lewis Award (2009). Her works are held in the collections of the Whitney Library, New York; The J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles; and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. She earned her MFA at the University of California, Los Angeles in 2008 and her BFA at the California College of the Arts, Oakland in 2004. *Flash: Whitney Hubbs* is the first solo museum presentation of her work.

Mark McKnight (born 1984) is an artist based in Los Angeles. He was among 20 artists nominated for inclusion in the photography biennial *20/20vision*, Christophe Guye Galerie, Zurich, 2015, for which an accompanying catalog was produced. His work was recently featured in a solo exhibition at the Sweeney Art Gallery, Riverside, 2015, and has been exhibited in group shows at M+B, Los Angeles, 2015; Charlie James Gallery, Los Angeles, 2013; Riverside Art Museum, 2013; Roberts&Tilton, Los Angeles, 2010; San Francisco Arts Commission, 2009; and as part of the New York Photo Festival, 2008, among elsewhere. This fall his work will be

included in *The Surface of Color*, at The Pit, Glendale. In 2009 he traveled to Finland on a Fulbright Scholarship. He earned his BFA at the San Francisco Art Institute in 2007, and his MFA at UCR in 2015.

FLASH! contemporary art series features single works made within the last year. The exhibitions are presented on the third floor of the CMP. *FLASH: Whitney Hubbs* is the tenth exhibition in the series. Support for this presentation has been provided by M+B Gallery, Los Angeles.

Also on view at UCR ARTSblock

Reproduction, Reproduction
California Museum of Photography
October 3–January 2, 2016

This exhibition brings together work by Felix Gonzalez-Torres, Rodney McMillian, and Molly Zuckerman-Hartung in an investigation of photographic reproduction.

Reproduction, Reproduction is organized by the California Museum of Photography at UCR ARTSblock and is curated by Joanna Szupinska-Myers, CMP Curator of Exhibitions. The exhibition is made possible in part by UCR's College of Humanities, Arts, and Social Sciences (CHASS) and the City of Riverside.

CMP Projects: Penelope Umbrico
California Museum of Photography
August 29–November 28, 2015

CMP Projects presents a solo installation by New York-based artist Penelope Umbrico. Umbrico's project *Range* (2013–ongoing) navigates the contemporary vernacular of social media and popular smartphone "app" filters to re-present canonical landscape photographs by photography's twentieth century masters. Umbrico contrasts the historically rooted subjects of the "mountain" and the photographic "master" with the increasing fluidity of photography as a medium and as an extension of quotidian life. Umbrico's approach raises questions surrounding indexicality, the art historical trope of copying the masters, and the contemporary mediation of images.

CMP Projects is an ongoing exhibition series that features photo-based work by contemporary artists. This presentation is curated by Joanna Szupinska-Myers, CMP Curator of Exhibitions, and Kathryn Poindexter, Curatorial Assistant. The series is partially supported with funds provided by UCR's College of Humanities, Arts, and Social Sciences (CHASS) and the City of Riverside.

Aaron Siskind: Pleasures and Terrors
California Museum of Photography
August 8, 2015–January 30, 2016

Mined from the collection of the California Museum of Photography, *Aaron Siskind: Pleasures and Terrors* draws from six decades of the seminal artist's career.

Flash: Whitney Hubbs

September 5–November 14, 2015

Persistent and Falling pictures an anonymous female nude. The subject is extending her left arm as if reaching for something beyond the frame of the photograph. Her legs are tucked behind her. The subject's recently denuded body is striking in its whiteness, but not pristine: an imprint from the seam on her jeans is still visible on her left calf, and her bare feet carry dirt on toes and heel. Two crumpled seamless backdrops, material often used in commercial photo shoots, are spread beneath her, filling the majority of the photograph's frame save a small

white triangle at the top right corner. The picture is divided into thirds. An attentive viewer will notice the distinctive creases of the second backdrop and the line produced by its edge. They create a collage-like perceptual discrepancy that is resolved only by our identification of the subject's foregrounded foot and resulting shadow. By constructing multiple surfaces that converge within this single photograph, the effect is that of montage. The canonical reclining nude is reduced and transformed into an imaged surface among imaged surfaces.



Persistent and Falling, 2015
Courtesy of the artist and
M+B Gallery, Los Angeles

Writing about the work of an artist by considering a single photograph, as I have been asked to do here, seems an almost impossible task. This may be especially true of Whitney Hubbs; the complexity of her work often lies in the sequencing of her carefully composed and printed photographs. Over the years her pictures have described a multitude of familiar photographic subjects—landscapes, portraits, nudes, and still lifes—all of which she has displayed together in exhibition. For the photographer *du jour*, such themes might result in self-referential artworks contingent on their reception as overwrought, ironic emblems that chronicle the various histories and genres of the medium; at best, critics might contend, such photographs ironically argue for photography as a kind of dead end. If one pervasive ambition of contemporary photography is the artful re-declaration of a medium's inherent problems, or the invariable reality that photography is still a medium in flux, Hubbs is impervious. Her work argues quite sincerely for the inexhaustibility of such subjects, and by proxy, for the often forgotten fundamentals of a medium and its simultaneous capacity to speak both of surface and of substance.

The uncertainty and mystery in *Persistent and Falling*, and the artist's practice more broadly, evoke the films of Michelangelo Antonioni and Alfred Hitchcock. Hubbs unapologetically employs the art historical trope of the nude, evoking the practice of photographer Edward Weston whose work is also mirrored here in print quality. The crudeness of the backdrop suggests the photograph is a kind of poor man's *tableau vivant*, eliciting other photographic references: Claude Cahun, Francesca Woodman, and vernacular photography are among them. Finally, the faceless woman may appear as an unmistakable art historical reference—she resembles countless reclining nudes but also specifically recalls the pathos, pose, and perspective of Andrew Wyeth's *Christina's World*, 1948, a Realist painting that depicts a paralyzed woman from behind as she attempts to crawl across a field.

The aforementioned forgotten fundamentals of photography—framing, composition, use of light and shadow—have been employed here to great effect, reducing the three-dimensional world into this two-dimensional picture. A light seems to emanate from beneath the subject, confusing our spatial understanding of the photograph and heightening the theatricality of the image. The curious source of light that illuminates the woman's body, and the disorienting shadow that results, suggest that this woman is not reclining but ungrounded, in flight and suspended by photographic record. The drama is magnified by the artist's work in the darkroom; the gelatin silver print furnishes a richer black than we are accustomed to seeing in most contemporary photographic prints. The exaggerated shadow appears as a kind of void beneath her falling body. Considered as a whole, the composition is a surreal *tableau*, and must be reconciled independently of the subject and surfaces responsible for its manufacture.

Taken as its own form, partially obscured by the white flesh of the falling woman, the shadow resembles an archetypal silhouette of

a seated, slumped man with clenched fist. Upon identifying him, the photograph no longer exists as a conspicuous reference to an art history full of reclining, nude, anonymous women. Nor is it merely a meticulously printed photograph. Instead we find it is a photograph that describes a woman reaching beyond the specter of her own shadow, her index finger scraping at the precarious surface beneath her. In spite of her stasis within the fixed image, one might imagine her continuing to fall—beyond shadow, photographic frame, and the very facade she so delicately tries to dismantle.

We might ask ourselves if this is a photograph about loss or desire. The picture would suggest that they are two sides of the same coin.

—Mark McKnight

Whitney Hubbs (born in 1977 in Los Angeles, CA) is a Los Angeles-based artist. M+B Gallery in Los Angeles mounted a solo exhibition of her work in 2013. Her work has also been featured in group exhibitions at Roberts and Tilton, Los Angeles; Anat Egbi Gallery, Los Angeles; Higher Pictures, New York; Griffin Editions, New York; Yancey Richardson Gallery, New York; and Galerie Xippas, Paris, among elsewhere. She is the recipient of the Art Council Scholarship, 2008-09, and the Tobey Lewis Award, 2009. Her works are held in the collections of the Whitney Library, New York; The J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles; and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. She earned her MFA at the University of California, Los Angeles in 2008, and her BFA at the California College of the Arts, Oakland in 2004. *Flash: Whitney Hubbs* is the first solo museum presentation of her work.

Mark McKnight (born in 1984 in Valencia, CA) is an artist based in Los Angeles. His work has been exhibited and published throughout the United States and in Europe. Most recently, he was among 20 artists nominated for inclusion in the photography biennial *20/20vision*, Christophe Guye Galerie, Zurich, 2015, alongside which an accompanying publication was produced. His work has been featured in solo exhibitions at the Sweeney Art Gallery, Riverside, 2015; and Strongroom, Los Angeles, 2015, and included in group shows at M+B, Los Angeles, 2015; Charlie James Gallery, Los Angeles, 2013; Riverside Art Museum, 2013; Roberts&Tilton, Los Angeles, 2010; San Francisco Arts Commission, 2009; and as part of the New York Photo Festival, 2008, among elsewhere. This fall his work will be included in *The Surface of Color*, The Pit, Glendale. In 2009 he traveled to Finland on a Fulbright Scholarship. He earned his BFA at the San Francisco Art Institute in 2007, and his MFA at UCR in 2015.

***Flash!* contemporary art series** features single works made within the last year. The series is organized by Joanna Szupinska-Myers, CMP Curator of Exhibitions, at the California Museum of Photography at UCR ARTSblock. *FLASH: Whitney Hubbs* is the tenth exhibition in the series. Support for this presentation has been provided by M+B Gallery, Los Angeles.

NEWS RELEASE

Exhibition: *Photography Sees the Surface*

Dates: July 1 – August 7, 2015

Opening: Wednesday, July 1, 6 – 8pm

Higher Pictures presents *Photography Sees the Surface*, a group exhibition organized by the artist Aspen Mays.

The exhibition takes as its point of departure Czech modernists Jaromír Funke and Ladislav Sutnar's book of the same name. *Photography Sees the Surface* was published in 1935 by the State School of Graphic Arts in Prague, where Sutnar was Director and Funke taught photography after leaving his position at the School of Applied Arts in Bratislava—known as the "Slovak Bauhaus." The instructional volume features photographs by Funke and his students highlighting the singular ability of the camera to capture the details of an object's surface, accompanied by short descriptive texts and notes on the filters, lenses, focal lengths, aperture settings, and exposure times used to make each photograph.

In the spirit of Funke's project, which was equal parts New Objectivity description and modernist abstraction, and expressly pedagogical, Mays presents an idiosyncratic selection of work by over 20 contemporary photographers who are also teachers (several are her own former professors and students,) as well as historic material, including a 19th century heliogravure of the moon's surface, and a photogram from a Man Ray teaching portfolio. The works on view weave together investigations of photography's ability to isolate detail, abstract form, and obscure and defamiliarize vision, with conceptual and physical references to pedagogy. Visual resonances play out between and across works: surfaces are variably abraded, shrouded, excised, and broken through; certain themes—outer space, mediated landscapes, unfaithful portraiture, questions of serendipity and orchestration in composing a picture, and direct image transfers (in the form of rubbings and photograms)—recur. Direct and more enigmatic depictions of the 'surface' of things simultaneously evoke and challenge the notion that vision, and perhaps doubly so, depiction, are by their very natures superficial.

Artists: Ben Alper, Molly Brandt, Ellen Carey, Lynne Cohen, Linda Connor, AnnieLaurie Erickson, Ben Fain, Jackie Furtado, Nick George, Ann Hamilton, Peter Happel Christian, Whitney Hubbs, Loewy & Puiseux, Jessica Mallios, Man Ray, Casey McGonagle, Eileen Mueller, John Opera, Gina Osterloh, Justin James Reed, Meghann Riepenhoff, Melanie Schiff, Adam Schreiber, Frederick Sommer, Sonja Thomsen, Minor White, Jeff Whetstone, and Anonymous.

Aspen Mays was born in 1980 in Asheville, North Carolina and received her MFA in Photography from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2009. She was formerly Assistant Professor of Art at the Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio and is currently Assistant Professor at California College of the Arts. Mays lives and works in Oakland, California.

For more information please contact Patrick Lloyd at 212-249-6100.

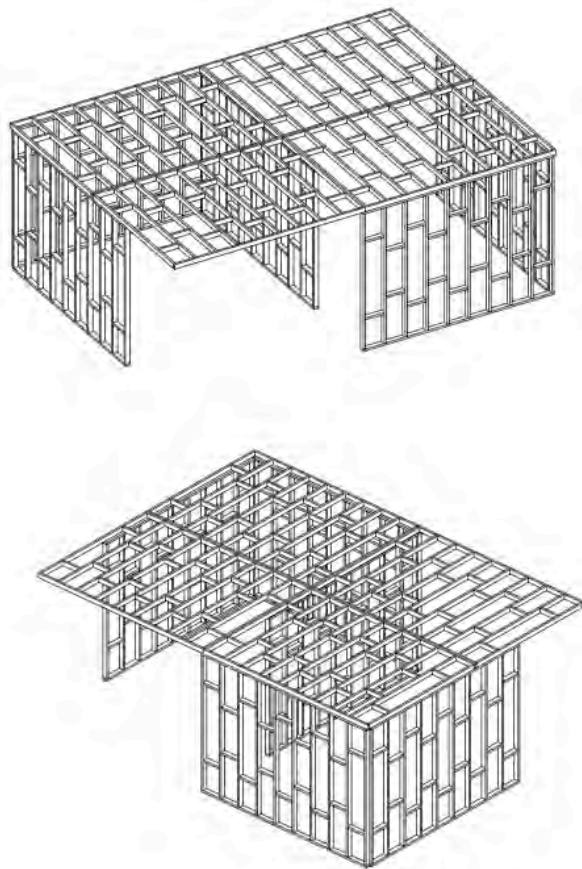
ROBERTS & TILTON

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
June 23, 2015

New Babylon

Organized by Michael Dopp
July 18 - August 15, 2015
Opening Reception: July 18th, 6-8pm

Edgar Bryan
Joakim Dahlqvist
Michael Dopp
Nick Fisher
Sara Gernsbacher
Marcus Herse
Whitney Hubbs
Shoshi Kanokohata
Nevine Mahmoud
Thomas McDonell
Isaac Resnikoff
Philippe de Sablet
Estelle Srivijittakar
Bobbi Woods



Roberts & Tilton is pleased to present *New Babylon*, an exhibition organized by Michael Dopp. The exhibition brings together fourteen artists based on an underlying sensibility exploring the collaborative aggregate as a symbolic social space with moveable articulations. *New Babylon* takes its form as a freestanding structure designed by architect Joakim Dahlqvist, with the artworks on view - sculpture, painting, ceramic, and photography - functioning as both autonomous objects and site-specific installations within the building's apparatus.

As a gallery turned out from within itself, *New Babylon* is as much a structure of wood as it is space. Its seemingly unfinished state - a framework of 2x4's with open walls and ceilings - allows for an uninterrupted process, or wandering, through the site. In this arrangement, space is both paradoxically delineated and unlimited. As a result of this articulation of new variables through the inclusion of art, the individual works become increasingly more complex when viewed alongside and within this structural containment.

Dopp's hybridized methodology of participating as and alongside artists represents a new generation of contemporary art practice born of necessity and its surroundings. This affinity first took form as *No Vex*, an artist-run dj and performance night Dopp organized with Calvin Marcus, and later Lisa Madonna. *No Vex* occurred every Tuesday night at the Hyperion Tavern, Silver Lake from early 2012 through late 2014. *Dopp's* was an open bar collaboration conceived, curated, and constructed by Isaac Resnikoff, Michael Dopp, and Calvin Marcus in 2014. Initially hosted at Marcus's studio in Lincoln Heights, its last incarnation was at 356 Mission during the 2014 World Cup series. *Dopp's* was part of a consecutive series of exhibitions and events coalescing the spirit of collaboration and social space with artists whose work emphasized sport, leisure, and could be purposed as functional items in a bar setting. *Arturo Bandini*, Dopp's current project with Resnikoff, continues in bringing together disparate artists in a similar fashion as did *No Vex* and *Dopp's*.

The tenant of constant through Dopp's various gestures remains his investigation into the interrelation between the creative act and the social act. In *New Babylon*, Dopp returns to the site of architecture as the source of collaboration. Whereas *Dopp's* was a space built within another space, *Arturo Bandini* is an autonomous structure built from the ground up; *New Babylon* encompasses both. Cohabiting between modes of representation, *New Babylon* is an alternative situation challenging the definition of the art object through its placement, and displacement, in spaces of collectivism.

Additional information on the abovementioned projects can be found here:

[Dopps](#)

[Arturo Bandini](#)

For additional information, please contact Camille Weiner at camille@robertsandtilton.com, 323.549.0223.

Gallery hours are Tuesday – Saturday, 11:00am – 6:00pm.

Roberts & Tilton is located between Fairfax Avenue and La Cienega Boulevard.

Parking is available on the street and at Dunn Edwards located 1/2 block east of the gallery.

M+B

MUSÉE

Vanity

A special section curated by Catherine Opie

April 2015
No. 11 Vanity



Whitney Hubbs. Above: Performance I. Opposite: Performance II, 2015.

In thinking about the idea of vanity I thought of pushing against it and it's antonyms like denying one's own admiration of their self and applying an obstruction of looking at one's own self.

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M+B

ISSUE MAGAZINE

MADE IN LOS ANGELES

WHITNEY HUBBS

Interview by Lucas Blalock
October 17, 2014

"THE WORK I'VE ENCOUNTERED LATELY HAS BEEN LOOKING
AT ITSELF IN THE MIRROR, AND NOW I'M LOOKING AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR PER SE." — WHITNEY HUBBS

These photographs by Whitney Hubbs for Issue Magazine came about following her solo exhibition "The Song Itself Is Already A Skip" at M+B Gallery in Los Angeles in 2013. The images in the show were above all sensory—filled with evasive light and shadows and for all their eschewal of narrative, incredibly provocative. Last year, her work was featured in "The Black Mirror" curated by James Welling and Diane Rosenstein at Diane Rosenstein Fine Art.

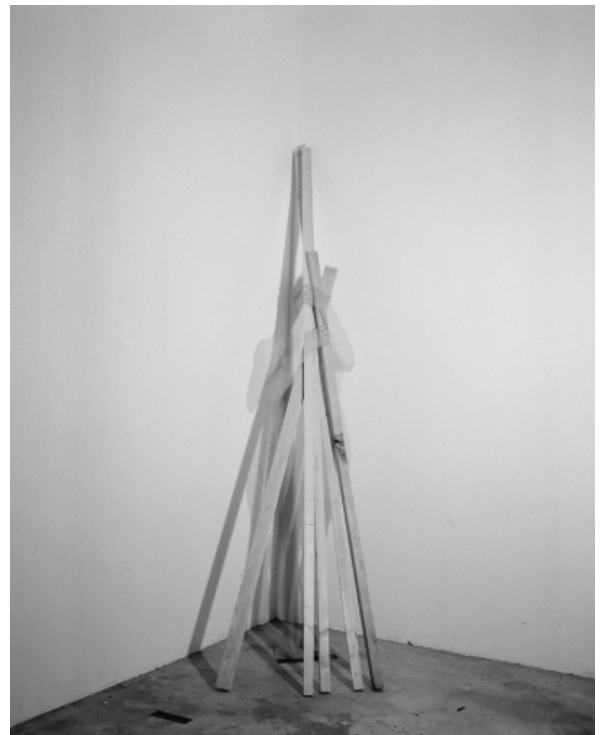
In these new portraits, Hubbs's work turns a corner—out of the daylight and into the studio. The result is what Hubbs calls an instinctual foray into self-portraits. It comes as no surprise then that photographer Lucas Blalock stepped in for a conversation with Hubbs about her newest work. As a photographer, Blalock is interested in the internal information and conflicting realities that a photograph presents to its viewer.

Lucas Blalock: You have recently turned from photographing other models to photographing yourself. Do you consider these self-portraits? I am interested in how your newer work feels drawn between someone like David Lynch (who is constantly using reflexive terms—e.g. Mulholland Drive) or Rimbaud (e.g. "I is someone else") and the deadpan studio site of artists such as Bruce Nauman—where the performance of an activity takes on meaning through its literalness . . . All men, ugh! Valie Export and Maya Deren are super relevant here too.

Whitney Hubbs: The self-portraits came about instinctively. I wanted to make pictures that reflected a renewed ownership of my body and lived experience. I was, and still am, contending with my own fragmentation and feeling out of balance. In the studio, I manipulated these photographs and the repetitive performances in them for self-reflexivity. Making them created immediate problems and accidents that weren't happening when I photographed models or the world outside.

It seemed arbitrary at first to photograph myself, but I followed my intuition in regards to myself as the subject and now it seems so correct. I appreciate that about my creative process. I never map out or pre-plan anything. That way of working, the intuition and the accident, is a meditative state for me.

LB: I am intrigued by your description of these pictures as so personal and yet containing the question at large of "who is she?". Not that this isn't in itself an incredibly palpable (and terrifying) kind of crisis! It makes me want to talk about sympathetic magic and doubt, both of which are sort of absent from how pictures are being considered these days.



Repetition, 2014

M+B



Repetition, 2014

WH: Self-reflection can be a crisis and at the same time so liberating. These self-portraits function more in the latter sense.

To me, when I hear sympathetic magic I think of having empathy for the medium, its problems, and its setbacks—rather than fighting against it and conceiving immediate answers. Doubt creates an ambiguity that draws me back into making more pictures. If the answer was clear cut there wouldn't be this mystery or openness. While the pictures are directorial, they seem to lack any direct meaning. So in-between these is doubt that I can relate to.

**"TO ME, WHEN I HEAR 'SYMPATHETIC MAGIC'
I THINK OF HAVING EMPATHY FOR THE MEDIUM,
ITS PROBLEMS, AND ITS SETBACKS"
— WHITNEY HUBBS**

LB: Readers may see these terms as anachronistic, but that is a notion I want to challenge. It seems to me that the role of the artist moved from "genius" to salesman with Warhol, and to critic through Conceptual Art. This is obviously an oversimplification, yet I think artists feel these definitions especially when they are young and trying to find their way. Genius certainly isn't something I am interested in recovering; however, these other roles feel really constrictive. This brings me around to what you are saying because both photography and photographer have bearing here. I wrote a review of Barney Kulok's book "Building". It said:

"There is though a sense of incompleteness, of investigation, of theater; the feeling of seeing, an awareness of an invisible armature. And it is these latter qualities that situate Kulok's work among the more forward of his peers. After all, it is not a delimited aesthetic or style that the current "crisis" of reflexivity in photography offers, but a far broader and deeper opportunity to think in pictures."

Something like this is what I want to get to here—basically that "advanced painting" isn't always Abstract Expressionism! Do you think much about how your work relates to the bigger conversation around photography today?

WH: Yes, I do think about it. How can I not? My work is born out of looking and being engaged with both past and contemporary photography. It is also born out of unique, individual experiences. The work I've encountered lately has been looking at itself in the mirror, and now I'm looking at myself in the mirror per se. A personal kind of self-reflection.

LB: Recently I have been challenging myself to think again about photography in terms of time instead of information. Your pictures are interesting to think about in this way. In some ways your work is always acknowledging time (flowers, horizons, bodies), but their internal time is hard to place. Are you thinking about this?

WH: I think of time in what is beyond our control, such as the mistakes and problems with looking. In looking at my subject matter, it becomes an active state of observing and untangling layers and meaning. In my photographs, my subject matter and how I look repeats itself but the results vary.

Whitney Hubbs is a Los Angeles artist noted for her intensely dark prints. Hubbs was tapped as one of Vince Aletti's "Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California" in The New Yorker (2001) and has been featured in Blind Spot. Her work is held in permanent collections of The Getty Museum (Los Angeles), The Whitney Museum of American Art: Library (New York), and Los Angeles County Museum of Art.



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE



WHITNEY HUBBS

The Song Itself is Already a Skip

January 19 – March 9, 2013

Artist's Opening Reception

Saturday, January 19, 2013 from 6 to 8 pm

This is anti-montage. **M+B** is pleased to present Whitney Hubbs' first Los Angeles exhibition *The Song Itself is Already a Skip*. The exhibition runs from January 19 through March 9, 2013, with an opening reception for the artist on Saturday, January 19 from 6 to 8 pm.

Dark, raw, powerful and swimming in sensuality, the work of Whitney Hubbs is at once blunt and lyrical, formal and improvised, recognizable to daily experience and yet totally foreign from it. Full of unlikely visual rhythms, Hubbs' work creates and provokes with aesthetic force. Her images reside in a reticence of feeling. Through profound light and dark, a specific refusal of continuity or seriality, as well as latent eroticism, Hubbs demonstrates over and over her disinterest in generic narratives. Her work persuasively follows its own internal logic through her willingness to challenge the relationship between photographic immediacy and "authenticity." This is the point of contact where reality and representation become muddled.

While we are accustomed to the photographic medium as the revelator, Hubbs confounds this idea. Abstracting through framing and with little desire to illuminate or provide an understanding, Hubbs prefers to leave the viewer feeling — sensing. A continual tension builds throughout the work. The darkness confronts you. The release overpowers. It is a sense of intuitive wonder you are left with. Defining, while withholding. Simply there. If you care to look into the corners, around the edges and crawl into the vastness, you find yourself pulling wonder out of the chaos and revealing something more.

Whitney Hubbs (b. 1977, Los Angeles) holds her MFA from UCLA (2009) and her BFA from California College of the Arts, San Francisco (2005). Noted for her trademark intensely dark printing, her work often recalls those she cites. Cinematic influences include Jean-Luc Godard and Michelangelo Antonioni, as well as photographic masters Edward Weston, Frederick Sommer and Manuel Álvarez Bravo; visceral painters Michaël Borremans and Marlene Dumas are other notable influences. Hubbs was included in 2010's FotoFest Biennial, Houston, Texas and notable press includes a highlight in Vince Aletti's "Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California" for *The New Yorker* (2011) as well as featured in *Blind Spot* Issue 38 (2008). Hubbs work is held in the permanent collections of The Whitney Museum of American Art: Library, New York and Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Location: | M+B , 612 North Almont Drive, Los Angeles, California 90069 |
| Show Title: | Whitney Hubbs: The Song Itself is Already a Skip |
| Exhibition Dates: | January 19 – March 9, 2013 |
| Artist's Opening Reception: | Saturday, January 19, 6 – 8pm |
| Gallery Hours: | Tuesday – Saturday, 10 am – 6 pm, and by appointment |

For more info, please contact Alexandra Wetzel at **M+B** at (310) 550-0050 or alexandra@mbart.com

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BLOUINARTINFO

10 MUST-SEE L.A. GALLERY EXHIBITIONS OPENING IN JANUARY

January 8, 2013
By Yasmine Mohseni

There's no better way to kick off an artful 2013 in L.A. than by visiting the newest gallery shows, and this January is a particularly prolific month in exhibitions. Here are the top 10 gallery exhibitions opening over the next few weeks.

Whitney Hubbs, "The Song Itself is Already a Skip" at M+B, 612 North Almont Dr. January 19 – March 19, 2013

Hubbs' intuitive photographs, some of which are held in the permanent collections of the Whitney Museum in New York and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, reveal cinematic influences from film icons such as Jean-Luc Godard and Michelangelo Antonioni. In her latest series, the dark and richly pigmented black-and-white photos seek to illicit and provoke the viewer's senses, either veering towards surrealism or presenting eerie landscapes.



Hugh Scott-Douglas, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" at Blum and Poe, 2727 South La Cienega Boulevard, January 12 — February 16, 2013

The Canadian artist makes his L.A. debut with a solo show inspired by the 1920s German Expressionist silent film *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Much like how elaborate stage sets determined the film's mood, Scott-Douglas' show — which features ongoing bodies of work in the form of cyanotypes (or blueprints), laser cuts, road cases and slide

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american PHOTO

A Black and White Revival From Colorful LA

Whitney Hubbs is a young photographer who's mastering the fundamentals of the craft

by Dan Abbe
June 16, 2013

These days, many of the young photographers who are garnering attention from galleries and magazines could be called “conceptual” in some way. By this I just mean that their photographs are meant to represent an idea or provoke a thought, rather than to show their own technical skill as a photographer. Of course, this doesn't mean that conceptual photographers are unskilled! Instead, it's often the case that they allow their technical ability to become a “mere” (scare quotes) element of their work, or they willfully discard it altogether. In any case, it's refreshing to see the work of Los Angeles-based Whitney Hubbs in this context, given her clear dedication to the fundamentals of photography.

The work in this post comes from the series “The Song Itself is Already a Skip,” which she exhibited earlier this year. To be honest, I've never seen Hubbs' prints in person, but even from these digital files, I think I can imagine what they might look like. I'm guessing that people might often compare her work to Edward Weston, given



Untitled (Kneeling)
Courtesy M+B

the deep blacks she gets in her prints. Of course, her subjects are not quite as classic as Weston; she's out in the real world. Still, in Hubbs' vision, something as simple as the gateway to an apartment building becomes a complex composition.

While Hubbs is certainly no carefree snapshooter, it's also clear that she's allowed some elements of chance into her photographs. The image of a curtain that covers a baby's face is the most spontaneous here, and it's probably also one of the most easily understood of her images given that it contains (relatively) so much action. In the hands of most photographers this might turn into a playful scene, but actually, Hubbs' intense dark printing makes the photograph end up looking somewhat sinister.

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Untitled (Baby)
Courtesy M+B



Untitled Cacti)
Courtesy M+B

It's worth looking at the other series on Hubbs' site. I'm particularly interested in her photos taken around auto races. This work is not her most recent, but it's pleasing to see this very modern activity seen through Hubbs' eye. Hubbs is represented by M+B, which is interesting given that they also represent the colorful (and conceptual) photographers Sam Falls and Jessica Eaton. Hubbs is of the same generation as these two, yet her approach is quite different. Perhaps you could call her a "throwback," but that might suggest this way of producing photographs stopped at one point. Maybe it's better to say that she's carrying on a long tradition, and to leave it at that.

M+B

whitewall

CAN ARTIST WHITNEY HUBBS MAKE THE ORDINARY MEANINGFUL?

February 4, 2013

By Susannah Tantemsapya

Whitney Hubbs' first Los Angeles exhibition "The Song Itself is Already a Skip" is on view at **M+B Gallery** through **March 9**. Her high contrast photographs provide a mysterious, romantic perspective to a loosely constructed story about California.

"I grew up in Los Angeles—at one point in the mountains and another point near the ocean," says Hubbs. "That sort of ominous experience of the landscape definitely has an affect on what I take pictures of and when."



Inspired by French philosopher Gilles Deleuze, her show's title is extracted from his writing: "...the song is like a rough sketch of a calming and stabilizing, calm and stable, center in the heart of chaos. Perhaps the child skips as he sings, hastens or slows his pace. **But the song itself is already a skip:** it jumps from chaos to the beginnings of order in chaos and is in danger of breaking apart at any moment." Hubbs' photography lyrically moves the viewer in the same comforting way. Her current work has been inspired by songs from Joy Division, Bruce Springsteen, Grimes, and Spiritualized.

At first glance, her subject matter seems quite ordinary. But as time passes, the elements of light and dark begin to draw the viewer deeper into her composition. The sexual undercurrent that permeates her work is especially evident in *Untitled (Horse)*, which is beautiful, yet ever so slightly uncomfortable to linger on.

Hubbs prefers her viewers to come to their own conclusions about her work. Her understated approach allows a certain openness. "I'm just going to keep taking pictures and see what happens," continues Hubbs, "I give myself over to my intuition and what's in front of me, so I don't have a set plan."

Whitney Hubbs (b. 1977, Los Angeles) holds her MFA from UCLA (2009) and her BFA from California College of the Arts, San Francisco (2005). Noted for her trademark intensely dark printing, her work often recalls those she cites. Cinematic influences include Jean-Luc Godard and Michelangelo Antonioni, as well as photographic masters Edward Weston, Frederick Sommer and Manuel Álvarez Bravo; visceral painters Michaël Borremans and Marlene Dumas are other notable influences. Hubbs was included in 2010's FotoFest Biennial, Houston, Texas and notable press includes a highlight in Vince Aletti's "Eight Emerging Photographers from Southern California" for The New Yorker (2011) as well as featured in Blind Spot Issue 38 (2008). Hubbs work is held in the permanent collections of The Whitney Museum of American Art: Library, New York and Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

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LightBox *TIME's Photo Editors on Tumblr*

February 2012



© Whitney Hubbs, Courtesy M+B Gallery, Los Angeles
Untitled (Hair), 2012

On view at M+B Gallery till March 9, 2013: Whitney Hubbs. *The Song Itself is Already a Skip*:

Dark, raw, powerful and swimming in sensuality, the work of Whitney Hubbs is at once blunt and lyrical, formal and improvised, recognizable to daily experience and yet totally foreign from it. Full of unlikely visual rhythms, Hubbs' work creates and provokes with aesthetic force. Her images reside in a reticence of feeling. Through profound light and dark, a specific refusal of continuity or seriality, as well as latent eroticism, Hubbs demonstrates over and over her disinterest in generic narratives. Her work persuasively follows its own internal logic through her willingness to challenge the relationship between photographic immediacy and "authenticity." This is the point of contact where reality and representation become muddled.

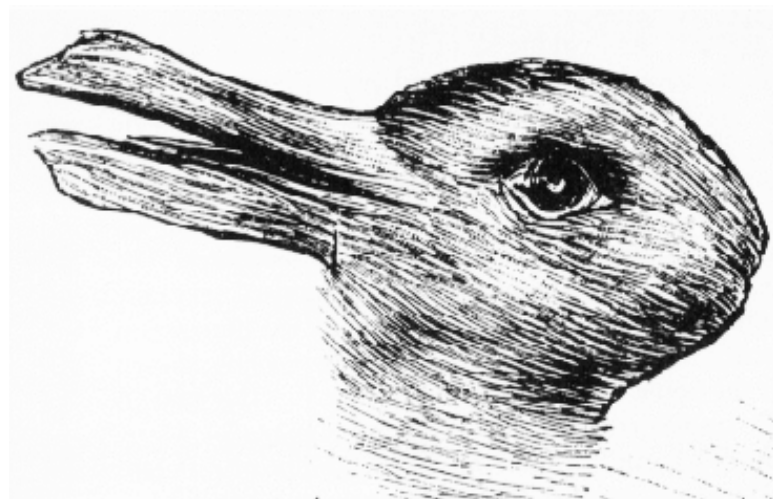
While we are accustomed to the photographic medium as the revelator, Hubbs confounds this idea. Abstracting through framing and with little desire to illuminate or provide an understanding, Hubbs prefers to leave the viewer feeling — sensing. A continual tension builds throughout the work. The darkness confronts you. The release overpowers. It is a sense of intuitive wonder you are left with. Defining, while withholding. Simply there. If you care to look into the corners, around the edges and crawl into the vastness, you find yourself pulling wonder out of the chaos and revealing something more.

Duckrabbit

Organized by Jason Bailer Losh

June 13- July 26, 2014

Opening Reception: Friday, June 13, 6-8pm



**Matt Ager
Martin Basher
Armin Boehm
Anthony Caro
Aline Cautis
Andy Coolquitt
Rick Hager
Whitney Hubbs
Nick Kramer
Pernille With Madsen
Jason Bailer Losh
Sigrid Sandström
Melanie Schiff
Emily Sudd
B. Wurtz**

Anat Ebgi is pleased to announce *Duckrabbit*, an exhibition organized by Jason Bailer Losh, opening June 13 and on view until July 26, 2014.

Whenever someone other than the artist sees an artwork, a duckrabbit is born. A lobed inkblot, seen one way, resembles a duck; seen another, a rabbit. The eye is an eye, but the ears are also a beak. The artist draws a duck; the viewer sees a rabbit. The present show is the public debut of rare and energetic creatures, born in the solitude of the studio, anxious to be seen. The present show is the consummation of a long flirtation between intent and reception.

Duckrabbits fill the damp warren of the gallery. As the viewer wades in, ankle deep in duckrabbits, interpretations proliferate. Wherever you look, behind every rustle in the weeds, out darts another aesthetic dilemma: duck or rabbit; rabbit or duck. Sculptures read as inverted furniture; photographs confuse the optical and the physical; paintings extrude the picture plane into vertical still lifes. Plinths, striations, expressive lines, painterly marks, texture, polish, highlights and shadows abound. The borders between sculpture and installation, sight and touch, art and object approach a feathery, furry precision. These duckrabbit scenes, meant to be read one way, read another, pivot around a core, around an eye common to both duck and rabbit: the quality of being art.

For more information, please contact Stefano di Paola: Stefano@anatebgi.com or call (310) 838- 2770
Gallery hours are Tuesday-Saturday, 11am-6pm.



How Kohnstamm Got the Beach House

June 9, 2014
By David Mamet

It was near morning. Margaret and Mel sat, alone, on the couch.

"The weekend the power went out at the Bel Air may have been the most restful of my life," Mel said.

"As you grow old, various things fade—appetite, I find, increases; but I think this places me in one of two camps."

"What is the other?" Margaret said.

"They grow thin, as they age," Mel said. "But both, I believe, find a diminishment of sexuality. Perhaps the thin, though, less. I don't know. You would know, how would you know, you're half my age."

"Not exactly," Margaret said.

"Well..."

"I am ten months your junior," she said.

"That winter," he said, "it was raining. As it rains in Southern California, in that idiot-



*Untitled (Beach), 2012, © Whitney Hubbs,
Courtesy M+B Gallery, Los Angeles.*

determined way that everything takes place here. I was at the Bel Air. I had this plan. To begin at dinner that night, and I was lounging, watching the television. Where they warned about flash flooding; and the 405 was out, and the 10 was out, and Sunset was closed, and there went the power. Whole hotel. Whole town. All went quiet and dark. I picked up the phone. The phones were dead. And here this strange calm. Just like that, came over me, such that, looking back, I never even thought, 'I'm going to miss...'

"I sat on the bed. I smoked a cigarette. I was thrilled, if I may, and I hope you will excuse me, by the silence. And I suppose the word is that I was 'subsumed,' if that is the word, by a felling which I later called 'peace.'"

"I'm going to guess," Margaret said, "who was meeting you there."

"No, I don't think you can," Mel said.

"It was Molly Brammell."

"Yes, that's right," Mel said.

She nodded. "And the house came down. The, the..."

"Foundation," Mel said.

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“...and they were in court with the builder. And I’ll tell you how I know, because Slick Kelley, who...”

He nodded.

“You remember,” she said.

“Indeed I do,” he said.

“...who defended him, or whatever the hell you do, when you sue the builder... Slick Kelley, and whatever-happened-to-him, is he died of cancer...”

“I know he did,” Mel said.

“...as fuckin’ horribly,” she said, “as I ever hope to see a human being die.

“When I die, Moogey,” she said.

“I know he did,” Mel said.

“...as fuckin’ horribly,” she said, “as I ever hope to see a human being die.

“When I die, Moogey,” she said.

“...what?” Mel said.

“‘When I die,’ you will remember I began that lugubrious sentence...”

“I heard you,” Mel said.

“You did not,” she said. “You were off in the past, somewhere. Thinking of some broad you’d had, some broad you’d wronged, some nice broad you did not appreciate: ‘all-old-hags-now-and-what-does-that-make-you?’ such that, in the style of the old, you were missing some short, pathetic, but real moment of the remaining few vouchsafed to you.”

He sat for a while.

“The thing of it is,” he said, “that, that, the true—and it is not the memory, if I may, but the search for the memory, which is the killer.”

She listened quietly.

“Because...” She moved closer to him, on the couch, and took his face in her hands, and turned his head, and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

“Well, then,” he thought, “what was the difference between that and this? Four moments, perhaps, in a life. Or do they only appear in relief, with the weakening of desire?

“Gain, kill, breed, and then,” he thought.

“But you know,” he said, “it’s what makes the Movies.”

“And there is always,” she said, “the young hopeful from Arkansas to call her up, and lick you all over, stick her tongue up your ass...”

“Yes, but she will not know,” he said, “or what the fuck I’m referring to, however modernistically I pitch my tone.”

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"The girls, in the old days," Margaret said, "did not, in their day, know a fucking thing. All they did was nod sagely, at given intervals, and dress well. And any man in a good suit could have them."

The maid came by and refilled Margaret's marijuana pipe.

"And they would fuck like bunnies," she said. "Oh, the shame of it all. That they allowed themselves, not merely to lose that flat belly and those pretty, high tits, but to decay and die, one and the same with the overpriced mulch my gardener, whatever the fuck his name is, pours upon the ground. And the ones who didn't wish they had. Truth to tell.

"Save the exceptional, stoical, philosophic heroes, and I use that term advisedly, and I do include myself, who gazed deeply enough into the pool to make out..."

"...their own face?" Mel suggested.

Margaret shook her head.

"Their own face," she said, "And, beyond that, the sky. And, beyond that: nothing. Oh, boo, and oh-fucking-hoo."

She finished tamping down the pipe and nodded to the maid. The maid lit the pipe, and Margaret drew once, twice, and waved the girl away.

"And I'll tell you who bought the new house on Tigertail..."

"The Sterns..." Mel said.

"Yuh." She drew again on the pipe. "When they rebuilt. Ten? F'teen years later? When he went to Mexico? She moved out to the Beach? Which was a big fucking mistake. To sell it. 'Cause she took a beating, and when she came back? She tried to sell the beach house..." She waved her hand at the wrist, to indicate Mel knew that story.

"But who bought the Tigertail house—and this is something you don't know—was Charlie Kohnstamm."

They settled back in the couch, as the maid brought out a tray of fresh coffee.

"All the bigshots, in those days," she said, "back in the Real Studio days. Back in the blowjob days. They had, as you know, these li'l fuck cottages, in Rustic Canyon. And the parties that went on..."

"I'd been to some of them," Mel said.

She shook her finger. "Back in the thirties," she said. "And, I'm saying, before either Law or Custom, and before the War.

"And Kohnstamm, at this juncture," she said, "was an office boy. He said, or let us infer, that he was somehow 'muscle,' or, I don't know, a dope smuggler..."

"...which he was," Mel said.

She shook the notion off. "He went, or was sent, now and then, South of the Border, to their Homes down there; where the housekeeper would hand him a 'can of special coffee,' for Mister M."



*Untitled (Hair), 2012, © Whitney Hubbs,
Courtesy M+B Gallery, Los Angeles*

“...but always sharp...” Mel said.

“...please,” Margaret said. “Such that. Happened to be. One late night. Down in Rustic Canyon. One late night. He was, I believe, taking the air, in a guest bedroom. Close of a party. He’s looking to prune the over-heavy money clips, the luminaries, in their languor, left in their pants, before moseying down to the pool house. And here he is, young Kohnstamm. In the dark. Trips over his employer.”

“...with a little boy,” Mel said.

“No.”

“With an underage girl,” Mel said.

“No. With his daughter.”

Margaret appreciated Mel’s wonder for a moment, and watched the small smile begin at the corner of his mouth.

“And she never said anything?” Mel said.

“Well, no,” Margaret said. “It seems that she was safely drugged. In an uncharacteristic act of thoughtfulness on her father’s part.

“But Kohnstamm, you see. Saw something other than mere parental probity.”

Mel looked down at the coffee table.

“He saw a new world,” she said.

She took another deep drag on the marijuana pipe. She began to cough, and Mel moved toward her. She waved him away. He looked down, until she’d finished coughing.

There were small tears at the corner of one eye. She took a cocktail napkin off the coffee tray and wiped them away. Composed, she began her story again.

“All the big shots in those days,” she said, “had their fuck cottages. Some of them in Rustic Canyon, some of them were up in Malibu.

“Now, Kohnstamm? To him, this was the epitome of luxury. The ‘beach shack,’ as they said, or, in our irony-starved day, ‘the place at the beach.’ And he lusted, as after teenage flesh, for such a beach shack.

“His presence there, among the great, challenged him. For he had sensibilities.”

“That he had,” Mel said.

“...which is an understatement,” Margaret said. “And Hancock Park, the mansion; Bel Air, the Home; Rustic Canyon, Palm Springs? These were nothing to him—but as the Ring to the boxer: an arena.

“He would squire Marcus, Mrs. Marcus, the children, a starlet... He would: arrange a birthday party, fetch the forgotten present, convoy the drugs, or hookers...”

“And while there,” Mel said.

“Of course,” Margaret said. And many is the platinum watch or bauble, the odd \$50, piece of ass, or case of bubbly which went glimmering in those stately homes. And it was rumored, though I wouldn’t say it, that perhaps he aided in this or that less amateur depredation. For he loathed the motherfuckers. With that white hate which we find so seldom, and so shockingly, among our naturally forgiving people.”

“He envied them,” Mel said.

“I would think. Though, independently, he did, as we know, possess the power to truly, truly hate. And I admired him for it. As it never diminished his marvelous clarity.”

She turned her head so slightly, and the maid appeared to refill the demitasse cups.

"You wanna drink?" she said.

"Sure," Mel said.

"But Malibu," Margaret said, "always got to him. As he saw it was the Last Best Place. Remember. There was nothing there. Thirty-eight? Forty? Just before the War? Nothing there. Dunes. A house? Might as well have been on fifteen thousand acres. Dunes. The beach. The sea.

"It was, to the kike, Moogey? To the kike, which is what he had been born, perfection. We forget. I met his mother. At the end? He flew me back. When she was dying. And he took me down. To Rivington Street, and you never saw that look in his eyes, and I mean cold. When he spoke about the tenement. And his love for that old lady? And we went up there. He spoke to her. In Yiddish. And she didn't know where she was, and she thought she was back in Poland. Roosevelt Hospital. She was dying. And he held her."

She cleared her throat.

"And it was me he asked to fly back with him.

"I was honored. It was, of course, a confessional. That he wanted someone to show it to. Who understood it. Before it was all gone."

"But you always understood it," Mel said.

"Of course I did," Margaret said. "Which is why he asked me. Not that; but he desired me; though..." She passed her hands over her body. "...wreck that I am today; I was, as you remember..." He nodded his assent.

"...the fucking fellow," she said.

The maid brought a brandy bottle, and a small glass.

"Just leave it, Mercedes," she said. "That's all."

Mel poured the glass full, and drank it down, and refilled it. Margaret watched him.

"Ruinous. Ruinous," she said. "The things we do. Charlie? He'd always known, his destiny. Was to be a thief. Because, the goyim weren't going to give him a job, had he wanted it; and the yids? How was he going to fight his way in, having nothing?

"His ambitions were: \$300 in his wallet, a new suit, and a piece of ass."

"It was all front," Mel said.

"Precisely," Margaret said. "Which is the thinking of a luftmensch. Which is what he was. And then," she said, "in two moves. The first, greed, and the second, the second, an act of genius, Moogey, where in an instant, he gave birth to the new thing.

"He comes on Marcus. The Head of the Studio. Fucking his sedated daughter. All right? Marcus. Looks at him. There is no gun. Marcus cannot kill him; Kohnstamm can leave the room. With what he's seen.

"Marcus looks up at him. Conquered. Pleading. 'What do you want?'

"Kohnstamm? For his part? He does not hesitate. 'I want the house in Malibu.' Marcus starts to nod. Hesitates. 'But,' he says, 'how would I explain it?'

"And here it is. Here's what Kohnstamm says: 'You say it goes with the new job.' 'What job?' Marcus asks.

"'You appoint me,' Kohnstamm says, 'new head of the studio.'"

The maid closed the door behind Mel. He walked down the three stone steps and stood in the driveway.

"Where would I be off to now?" he thought.

"Some girl, of course. Or no. I would have brought one to Margaret's." She would have fallen asleep on the sofa. In the study. "She'd have waited, at first, of course, while we talked. And then gone off and fallen asleep."

"All the pretty broads there. And would she have been possessive? Anxious, or jealous? No. Not a young one, who had nothing to fear." And then he would wake them to go home with him. Or he would leave with someone he had picked up at the party.

He walked toward his car. "Two hundred thousand dollars worth of specially tuned and buffed and cosseted metal. And what difference does it make?" he thought. "When it could not be that old convertible, some bathtub Porsche, some Girlfriend Car."

He stood in the predawn. He felt the ebb of the night come on more quickly, and the approach of the hot day, which, in the desert, as he was, is the time of death. He searched for the efficient cause of his acute nostalgia, and found it was Molly Brammel, and a specific evening, forty years ago, at Margaret's.

She had been the young girl asleep on the leather couch in what Margaret's then husband called the Library.

His first memory of her was the curve of her haunch, as she slept, on her side, her mouth slightly open.

He had stood, in the library door, looking at the girl. At the curve of her hip. At her half-open mouth, and he longed to see how sweet her breath was.

She'd woken at his gaze, and turned to sit upright on the couch, looking at him. He did not know who she was, and he doubted that she knew him. He did not know who she had come with, or who would be so foolish as to have left a girl like this alone—for the party was over, and, as usual, he was the last to leave.

Margaret's husband had gone, as he did, early in the evening, to do whatever he went off to do, leaving Margaret to her friends. And had Kohnstamm been there? He had not, no, he had been in Europe; he had been on someone's yacht, he had been in Rome, shooting that Epic; he was having an affair with its star, with some countess, with someone's mistress, in Paris, at the Ritz, in a dive in the Marais, with the girl he'd met in the War; he was in Israel, perhaps, Margaret suggested, with a raised eyebrow meaning no-more-will-be-said; and, so, they had ceased speaking of their Byron, and turned to the true business of their colony, which was, as always, sexual and financial gossip.

These were his favorite times. White nights, in effect, around the campfire, where, as Margaret had said, "all the scant wisdom of the tribe is retold, and its totems aired, and all the usual songs sung." Which she had said that night, forty years ago. And forty years ago, he remembered, he had seen the girl on the couch, and she had woken up and looked at him. The longest time. While he had thought about nothing.

And then, without conscious intention, he'd heard himself saying, "Get your coat."

"So long ago," he thought.

"The usual songs sung," Margaret had said, venturing, as ever, magnificently close to sentiment. He'd had Tiffany's put it on a cigarette box. "Here's an idea," he thought, "stolen in a robbery. A cigarette box. Years go by. The giver comes upon it in another country. In a pawnshop. How did it get there?" He opened the door of the black car and sat with his feet in the driveway. "And here's an idea," he thought, "which is: What difference does it make?"

David Mamet wrote the screenplays for American Buffalo, Glengarry Glen Ross, The Untouchables, The Postman Always Rings Twice, and Wag the Dog, among many others.

Desire

Curated by Jodie Vicenta Jacobson

July 11 – August 23, 2013

Opening Reception, Thursday, July 11, 6-8pm



Erica Baum, Gabriele Beveridge, Louise Bourgeois & Tracey Emin, Carol Bove, Sharon Core, Moyra Davey, Constance Dejong, Dru Donovan, Vivienne Griffin, Janice Guy, Whitney Hubbs, Marilyn Minter, Ana Mendieta, Yoko Ono, Mariah Robertson, Cindy Sherman, Ruby Sky Stiler, Hellen van Meene, and others

The Yancey Richardson Gallery is pleased to present *Desire*, a group exhibition of women artists offering a selection of works examining desire vis-à-vis the mesmeric female gaze. Taking form in a variety of media, the selected works tease out themes ranging from sex and death, to awkwardness, seduction, psychology, and semantics. Considering the capricious and fleeting nature of desire, the selection of works reflect a multiplicity of perspectives, giving preference to allusion and suggestion while refusing to settle into a programmatic visual syntax to derive meaning.

Together, the selection includes a peephole op-art ink drawing by **Vivienne Griffin** (image, right); a teen-crush style hot-pink toned photogram of Japanese actor Toshiro Mifune by **Mariah Robertson**; a symbiotic nature/soul film gesture by **Ana Mendieta**; a palpitating pillow talk video by **Constance Dejong**; a prickly, suggestive installation by **Gabrielle Beveridge**, a painting by **Yoko Ono** titled, *Touch Me*; visceral, physiological watercolors by **Louise Bourgeois and Tracey Emin**; and meditative, sensual, collages by **Carol Bove** and **Ruby Sky Stiler**. Additionally, there are photographs by emerging artists **Dru Donovan** and **Whitney Hubbs** riffing on overt/covert metaphors of desire, as well as **Cindy Sherman's** satiric projections, **Moyra Davey's** vampy sister Lou, the clandestine, nude figure of **Janice Guy**, **Hellen Van Meene's** statuesque damsels, **Sharon Core's** candy apple compulsions, **Erica Baum's** truncated literary fantasies, and **Marilyn Minter's** black cherry smirk. **Ruth Bernal's** evocative image of a preternaturally festooned Bob Dylan for his 1976 album *Desire*, serves as a pop-cultural touchstone and curatorial inspiration for the show.



The works on view occupy an interstitial space between images of instant gratification designed to evoke desire, and images as critiques of such determinations. Instead, the selected works extend and open up a time and space for the generous movement of desire. In lieu of works that simply objectify desire, the selection of works hint at a generative space of desire before reaching the virile 'climax' of objectification, thereby making visible a feminine desire that lingers in a space *before*.

Jodie Vicenta Jacobson is an artist, curator and educator living and working in Brooklyn, NY. She is Curator-at-Large for Blind Spot Magazine / Photo-Based Art and was Curator at The Horticultural Society of New York from 2003-2009. She is represented by Yancey Richardson Gallery and teaches photography and contemporary art at the School of Visual Arts and Parsons the New School for Design. The gallery extends a special thank you to Dana Faconti, Editor and Publisher of Blind Spot Magazine, and Erin Yerby, for their ideas and support for this exhibition.

For further information or press images please contact Ian Rios: irios@yanceyrichardson.com

Summer Hours: Monday – Friday, 10am – 6pm for the duration of the show.



NADA (NEW ART DEALERS ALLIANCE) ART FAIR

MAY 14, 2013
By Travis Huse



One of the many art fairs that were open this weekend, NADA (New Art Dealers Alliance) Art Fair was at Pier 36 in Basketball City. The non-profit's showcase on the river in Basketball City was very painting-centric, but there were some intriguing photographers present from some of the galleries.

One of the many art fairs that were open this weekend, NADA (New Art Dealers Alliance) Art Fair was at pier 36 in Basketball City. The non-profit's showcase on the river in Basketball City was very painting-centric, but there were some intriguing photographers present from some of the galleries.

The Los Angeles gallery M+B, who also set forth an impressive booth at AIPAD, and the Parisian New Galerie, whose impressive architectural photographs, from the French collective A Kassen sets the standard for photography at the fair.

M+B, while not solely a photographic gallery, has brought work from Whitney Hubbs, with two gorgeous black and white nudes, easily the most sensual work of the entire fair. Her work exhibits a very lyrical profession of desire, with highly effective use of curved linear softness. Her darks are dark, and her lights are light. These works express her talent in merging the two impressively, drawing the eye smoothly and slowly across her images. Her photography presses against abstraction, and by leaving narrative hidden from the viewer, Hubbs is able to create her trademark voyeuristic feel, drawing your interest in a decadent, slightly sinful manner.

Alongside M+B, The Parisian New Galerie set the standard for photography at the fair. Their collection of works from the French collective A Kassen bend and explore material in a way that is seldom seen in photography, due to the medium's native constraints.

The first series, Encirclement, focuses on this by framing their photographs within the subject of the photograph. For example, their image of a rounded storefront is housed in the same glass and wood contained in the photograph, essentially destroying their subject matter. While this process makes their photographs into tombstones, they are also capstone celebrations, giving new life into the material and ensuring a repurposed life for it.

In Equalize, The work consists of a photograph, cut and offset at its lateral bisection, with a streetlamp appearing to maintain normalcy. Eschewing digital manipulation, the artists cut and reassembled a streetlight so that their final work plays upon concepts of perception and challenges photographic truth.



Their third series, Flatten image, emulates the process of the same name in Adobe Photoshop, albeit in a direct, physical manner. In these works, four prints are superimposed over each other, with interconnected frames showing the placements of each individual image. These works draw from the varied histories of photomontage and collage in discussing digital storage and its extensive use in today's photography.

The New York Photographic market presence is noticeably absent here, however. Vicki DaSilva's print, Dude Descending a Staircase (to the Vault), is one of the few photographs exhibited by the New York galleries at NADA NYC. Obviously referencing Duchamp's famous photograph, DaSilva is a whimsical take on the history of photography.

Due to its location, the event was the most spacious of the weekend, allowing visitors a much more comfortable experience than that of Pulse, Cut/Log, or even Frieze. There is beauty in stepping aside from the spectacle. And while photography wasn't the highlight of the fair, it was present and it was heard, and heard loudly.

3. WHITNEY HUBBS

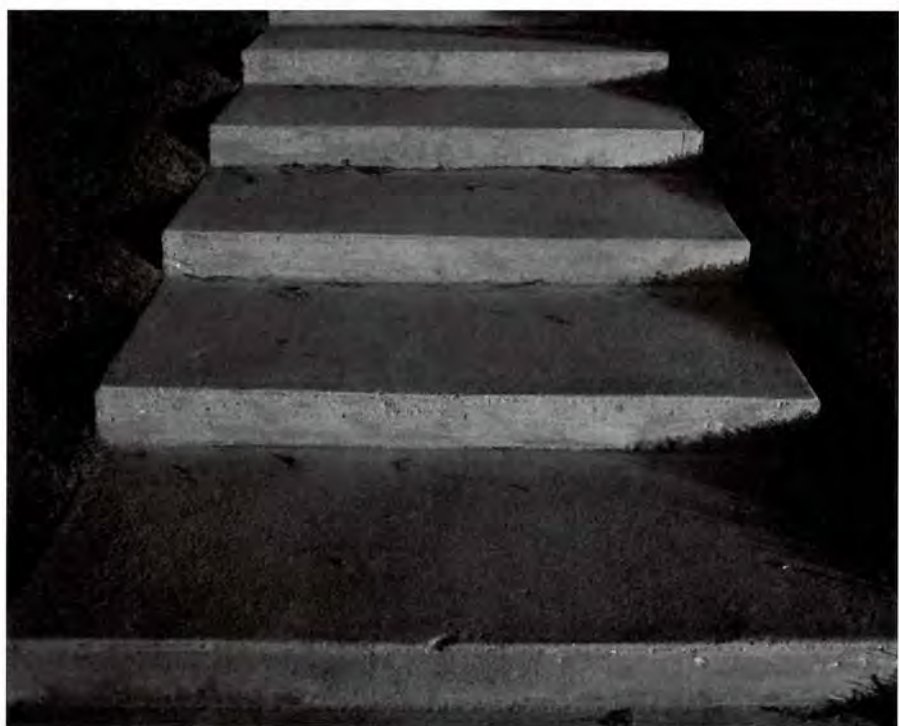
Whitney Hubbs (b. 1977, Los Angeles) fashions indeterminate topographies in which representation and abstraction coalesce. Void of signifiers such as color or distinguishing locale, her black and white photographs offer a dramatic regeneration of chiaroscuro. As if composing the anatomy of her images with shadow and light, Hubbs engages in a kind of cinematic surrealism that makes bodies, earth formations, animals, and water alluringly nebulous forms. Depth and texture become the vague cues between eerie and beautiful, seductive and terrifying, oftentimes resulting in an instinctual tension between extremes. Her figures' features are often obscured behind hands, sheets, or foliage, as her landscapes are cropped excerpts from a larger vantage point - both subjects epitomizing the simultaneous arousing and fearful qualities of the unknown. <http://www.mbart.com>



(ABOVE) **UNTITLED (HAIR), 2012** • GELATIN SILVER PRINT
© WHITNEY HUBBS, COURTESY M+B GALLERY, LOS ANGELES

(RIGHT, TOP) **UNTITLED (HORSE), 2012** • GELATIN SILVER PRINT
© WHITNEY HUBBS, COURTESY M+B GALLERY, LOS ANGELES

(RIGHT, BOTTOM) **UNTITLED (STAIRS), 2012** • GELATIN SILVER PRINT
© WHITNEY HUBBS, COURTESY M+B GALLERY, LOS ANGELES





projections — responds to the gallery's architectural footprint.

Michael Genovese, “Lines and Cracks and Zebras and Horses” at OHWOW, 937 North La Cienega Boulevard, January 12 — February 9, 2013

For his second solo show at OHWOW, the L.A.-based artist presents a body of work based on delineation, fissures, and the concept behind the saying “when you hear hoof beats behind you, don’t expect to see a zebra.” Plasma-cut steel relief sculptures arranged throughout the gallery create a subtle series of works based on materiality and concept.

“From Triple X to Birdsong (In Search Of The Schizophrenic Quotient)” at Kayne Griffin Corcoran, 2902 Nebraska Avenue, Santa Monica, January 12 — March 9, 2013

The Santa Monica gallery opens a group exhibition curated by ex-Palais de Tokyo director Marc-Olivier Wahler. The show focuses on the negative space of an exhibition through the work of artists such as Carol Bove, John McCracken, François Morellet, and Oscar Tuazon.

Bernard Piffaretti, “Report” at Cherry and Martin, 2712 South La Cienega Boulevard, January 12 — February 16, 2013

The show at this Culver City gallery will be French painter Bernard Piffaretti’s first United States solo exhibition in 10 years. By vertically dividing each canvas into two halves and creating the right side as the original and the left side as its copy, the artist seeks to present codes of modernism with strict conceptual methodology.

Accompanying the exhibition in a catalog of Piffaretti’s work is text from a series of exchanges between the French artist and the New York-based artist Matt Connors.

“Ma Prochaine Vie” at Courtesy via multiple sites, January 17 — 27, 2013

Courtesy, the new roaming art gallery conceived of by Paris-based curator Isabelle Le Normand, will unveil its 10-day inaugural show in Los Angeles in events at three different locations throughout the city. The commercial exhibition will be held at the West Hollywood gallery Here is Elsewhere, the non-profit art space ForYourArt and at the private residence of prominent Los Angeles collector Danny First. The ambitious show features over forty artists including Scoli Acosta, Michel Blazy, Sophie Calle, Zoe



Crosher and Jennifer West.

Grant Stevens, “Supermassive” at L.A. Louver, 45 North Venice Boulevard, Venice, January 17 — February 23, 2013

This is the Australian artist's first West Coast solo exhibition and is also the gallery's first international Rogue Wave Project (L.A. Louver's program presenting emerging talent in the Venice gallery). The interface between popular representation and lived experience drives Stevens' practice, working in various media including sculpture, drawing, photography and video as a means to explore and manipulate the conventions of narrative.

Whitney Hubbs, “The Song Itself is Already a Skip” at M+B, 612 North Almont Drive, January 19 — March 19, 2013

Hubbs' intuitive photographs, some of which are held in the permanent collections of the Whitney Museum in New York and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, reveal cinematic influences from film icons such as Jean-Luc Godard and Michelangelo Antonioni. In her latest series, the dark and richly pigmented black-and-white photos seek to illicit and provoke the viewer's senses, either veering towards surrealism or presenting eerie landscapes.

Fiona Connor, “Bare Use” at 1301PE, 6150 Wilshire Boulevard, January 19 — February 23, 2013

L.A.-based artist Fiona Connor will present her first solo show at 1301PE. Connor's practice exists at the intersection of architecture, sculpture and installation. She seeks to encourage viewers to reflect on their physical surrounding by re-contextualizing objects through the painstakingly crafted replicas of everyday objects. Her work was featured in “Made in L.A. 2012” at the Hammer Museum, the first Los Angeles biennial.

Robert Gober, “Sculpture Drawings Studies” at Matthew Marks, 1062 North Orange Grove, January 19 — April 6, 2013

Legendary conceptual artist Robert Gober will unveil new work for the first time in four years at Matthew Mark's Hollywood gallery. Gober, who has been exhibiting since 1979, has produced a group of sculptures and works on paper, marking his first one-person show in Los Angeles in 15 years.



Sean Townley, “The Mocking Hand” at Night Gallery, 2276 East 16th Street, January 26 — February 24, 2013

The darlings of L.A.’s underground art scene open their new downtown warehouse exhibition space with a solo show by emerging local artist Sean Townley. In “The Mocking Hand,” Townley seeks to unveil the historicity of history, delving into notions of anachronisms and linear time through his sculptural work.

M+B



THE NEW YORKER

ASSEMBLY: EIGHT EMERGING PHOTOGRAPHERS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

April 11, 2011
By Vince Aletti

Regional focus seems almost incidental to this exceptionally strong group show; what's most striking is the intelligence and idiosyncrasy of the work that the curator, Edward Robinson, has chosen. The photographers, nearly all of whom are making their New York début here, take very different approaches to the medium, from the relatively straight (Whitney Hubbs's haunted, allusive "Day for Night" series) to the oddly manipulated (one of Matthew Brandt's portraits was processed with vomit, another with mucus). Matt Lipps stands out with disorienting still- life images that set jagged mountains from Ansel Adams's Western landscapes against photographs of interiors from his own childhood home. Through April 9. —*Vince Aletti*



Les Snorri passent à la machine

Les laveries font partie du paysage new yorkais. Aucun autre service public ne rassemble autant d'inconnus dans le même espace pour partager l'un de leurs rituels les plus intimes. Les laveries reflètent souvent le tissu social, culturel et économique du quartier, et écrivent l'histoire du design urbain de façade. Acculés à la faillite, elles sont l'un des derniers bastions des petits commerces de New York. Réalisées de 2008 à 2012, ces images représentent l'ensemble des cinq arrondissements de la mégapole.

« LAUNDROMAT », DES SNORRI BROS. POWERHOUSE BOOKS, \$40. WWW.POWERHOUSEBOOKS.COM



100000 \$ LA PHOTO D'IWAN BAAN

Elle a fait la une du *New York Magazine* : L'image aérienne de Manhattan après le passage de l'ouragan Sandy prise par Iwan Baan, est devenue un emblème. Exposée ici en œuvre d'art grand format éditée en 10 exemplaires, elle est vendue \$100,000 au bénéfice du fonds de soutien mis en place par le maire de New York. Le MoMA participe à la campagne d'affichage de l'opération.

« *The Way We Live* », d'Iwan Baan. Jusqu'au 13 avril. Perry Rubenstein Gallery, 1215 N Highland Ave, Los Angeles. www.perryrubenstein.com

LES ESSENTIELS

« THE UNPHOTOGRAPHABLE » : œuvres d'Alfred Stieglitz, Man Ray, Sophie Calle... Jusqu'au 23 mars. Fraenkel Gallery, 49 Geary St #450, San Francisco. www.fraenkelgallery.com

KENNETH JOSEPHSON. Jusqu'au 16 mars. Gitterman Gallery, 41 East 57th Street, Suite 1103, New York. www.gittermangallery.com

« Natura Morta », de PAULETTE TAVORMINA : Jusqu'au 9 mars. Robert Mann Gallery, 525 West 26th Street, New York. www.robertmann.com

« *The Song Itself Is Already A Skip* », de Whitney Hubbs. Jusqu'au 9 mars. M+B, 612 N Almont Drive, Los Angeles. www.mbart.com



WHITNEY HUBBS S'EXPOSE À L.A.

Sombre, puissant, brut, lyrique, sensuel : le travail de Whitney Hubbs laisse tout sauf indifférent. Clair-obscur, refus de la sérialité, érotisme latent, Hubbs suit de manière convaincante sa propre logique et cherche le point de contact et de confusion entre réalité et représentation.

« *The Song Itself Is Already A Skip* », de Whitney Hubbs. Jusqu'au 9 mars. M+B, 612 N Almont Drive, Los Angeles. www.mbart.com



WILLIAM KLEIN DE W À K

Cette exposition de photographies et de peintures de William Klein couvre la période 1940-1990. Elle dévoile notamment ses débuts et les fondements de son langage visuel. À cette occasion paraissent les ouvrages « *Paintings, etc.* » (Contrasto) et « *William Klein: ABC* » (Abrams). « *William Klein: Paintings etc.* », Du 1^{er} mars au 27 avril. Howard Greenberg Gallery, 41 E 57th St, Suite 1406, New York. www.howardgreenberg.com



David Nadel en terre brûlée

David Nadel a passé ces cinq derniers hivers à photographier les restes de forêts brûlées du nord-ouest du Montana. Errant sur les sentiers désolés avec son grand format, il a créé un corps de travail solitaire et obsédant, composé de paysages austères et dévastés. Les arbres noirs saillent hors de la terre blanche, dessinant des compositions graphiques comme tracées au fusain.

« *BURNS II* », DE DAVID NADEL. JUSQU'AU 10 MARS. SASHA WOLF GALLERY, 70 ORCHARD STREET, NEW YORK. WWW.SASHAWOLF.COM