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Harmony Hammond

For five decades, this outspoken lesbian artist has been undercutting the pretense that formalism is somehow pure or free of reference by packing her densely textured works with associations. In "Small Erasure #3," from 1999, a sternly worded letter to Hammond from an attorney—regarding the return of another artist's slides—provides the delicate background for a rust-colored diptych, in which dark drips redact portions of the text. "Inappropriate Longings," a mysterious, poetic installation from 1992, hints at a painful story: behind a metal trough of dry leaves hangs a panoramic three-panel painting, composed of cracked floral-print linoleum and earth-tone paint. The words "goddamn dyke" float, half erased, on a field of gold brushstrokes.

Through May 27.

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