



Jill Levine, *Llena*, 2011, plaster-dipped gauze, modeling compound, and oil on Styrofoam, 19" x 14" x 9½". Hionas.

gallery was painted with the same motifs, suggesting neon orange and blue temple pylons.

Essentially erased when the Spanish conquistadors burned and destroyed Mayan codices upon arriving on Mesoamerican shores in the late 16th century, the Mayan chronicles were finally decoded and resurrected in the late 20th century. Viewers of Levine's work must undertake a similar task of deciphering form and meaning. This exhibition was an homage to the complexity of visual cultures both recognizable and pleasingly, albeit frustratingly, still somewhat impenetrable. —Michelle Millar Fisher

Logan Grider

David Findlay Jr.

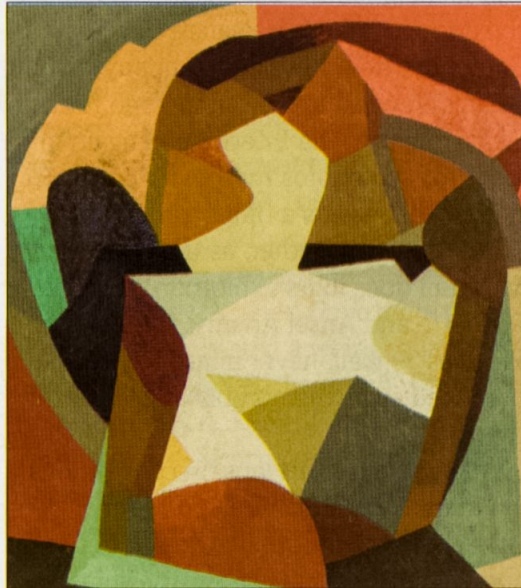
At first glance, Logan Grider's handsome, abstract pieces look like works painted in the early 20th century. His burnished colors and cunningly fit-together shapes, which sometimes seem architectural and other times organic, imply kinships with Arthur Dove, Stuart Davis, Jasper Johns, and even the Indian Space painters. What a revelation to find that the deft explorations of hue and form in this show were the work of an artist born in 1980. In Grider, those old fascinations with shape, color, and texture live on.

Much of the appeal of his work comes from the surfaces he creates, working as he does with encaustic, also known as hot-wax painting. In Grider's hands, the pigmented wax, applied to square

boards, suggests the solidity of fresco and the grittiness of the natural world. One painting, *Untitled* (2014), filled with sharp angles and blocks of greens, mustards, purples, and grays, resembles a built environment of stuccoed shapes. Another, *JHD* (2012), based on heavy, more rounded forms, conjures a still life of potatoes, coconuts, or mangoes. *Self* (2012), a study in umbers, oranges, salmons, and greens, manages to evoke human warmth without alluding to the human form.

In a half dozen small watercolors, Grider explored similar ideas in miniature, the transparent medium offering air and light where encaustic delivered heft and weight. Whether wrought in water or in wax, all the works in this good-looking show were celebrations of nature and the physical substances of this world.

—Mona Molarsky



Logan Grider, *Self*, 2012, encaustic, 42¼" x 38¼". David Findlay Jr.

Joseph Peller

ACA Galleries

Joseph Peller's show, titled "Circadian Rhythms of the City," featured paintings of iconic New York scenes: tugboats in the harbor, rush-hour crowds at Grand Central Terminal, dawn over the Williamsburg Bridge. But the most memorable images were casual observations, such as a rain-slicked street in

Chelsea glowing red under a theater marquee, Bethesda Fountain rising out of blue-tinted snow in Central Park, and hustlers lolling under amber streetlamps in Union Square. Peller characteristically works from life and often uses himself and his friends as subjects.

The high-key color and moody lighting of Peller's paintings capture the grit and romance of Manhattan, harking back to the early 20th century of George Bellows and the Ashcan School. Some pieces in this exhibition gestured back further. A couple of large canvases conjured an upper-crust Manhattan that could have been inhabited by robber barons. In one, a young man with a cigar and his bare-shouldered date share brandy and dessert as they sit in a sumptuous restaurant with a reproduction of Tintoretto's *Leda and the Swan* hanging just above their heads. In another, a pale, black-gowned woman with vermilion hair poses beside a piano, exuding an icy but erotic vibe reminiscent of John Singer Sargent's *Madame X*.

Peller is as adept in pastels, watercolor, and etching as he is in oil, and he has peppered many of these pieces with references to art history. His *Fireworks* (2002), a pastel on paper, captures the Whistlerian poetry of pyrotechnics exploding through mist. *Wake of the Ferry* (2014), another pastel on paper, is an homage to John Sloan's painting of the same name. Peller has smartly restyled old New York in 21st-century garb while also looking at the present head-on. In *Saturday Morning* (2014), he captures a woman in her natural habitat—ensconced in her office and surrounded by books, computers, and papers.

—Mona Molarsky



Joseph Peller, *Summer Evening*, 2014, oil on linen, 34" x 50". ACA Galleries.