The concept of constraint is essential to understanding Adey’s work. Each piece has a particular set of rules that govern the choices he makes. The gut reactions that many artists make within the artistic process are not acceptable. If a change is necessary, Adey will return to the original guidelines and adjust the parameters that allow for different decisions, but those new guidelines must then be enforced throughout. In the limitations of Adey’s work we find the meaning and perhaps the most defining aspect of the subjects studied.

The most extreme example of Adey’s constraints is “Omega Man (Trillion-Second-Countdown) #1.” Utilizing Russian-surplus nixie tubes, which basically is a fancy way of saying old electronic counters, he stages a countdown from 1 trillion seconds to zero. Built with a backup battery and linked to satellites, they will not misfire or lose count, even if powered down. Counting down before our eyes, Adey was able to enforce his restrictions on a work of art that will complete its action in about 31,000 years. Adey has the wit to engage our attention and the imaginative depth to hold it. Just be sure to check back every few thousand years.

G. James Daichendt

ANDREA BOWERS

(Pomona College Museum of Art and Pitzer College Art Galleries, both Claremont) Google “Steubenville, Ohio” and the first entry that pops up is “rape.” The “sweetjane” project by Andrea Bowers, an artist and activist in the tradition of feminist intervention, is a re-visititation to the scene of a crime — a communal rape of a teenage girl — and a scrapbook of the artist’s own Ohio childhood as that time unfolded in what we in Los Angeles refer to as “flyover country.”

Now shamed and vilified, Steubenville is the kind of town that exemplifies “Friday night lights,” where the high school football team carries the burden of the town’s honor and identity. Whether or not the fetishization of football led directly to rape is debatable, but clearly women were dehumanized there. A native of Ohio, it comes as no surprise that Bowers would be interested in male privilege run amuck, for the artist inherited the mantel of protest from feminist artists, such as Suzanne Lacy.

In this project, Bowers traces how, forty years later, women are still blamed and slut-shamed for being raped, while the perpetrators are protected and forgiven and the local media reinforce male dominance. Validating that art should be engaged in current events and must energize the audience towards awareness and change, Pomona and Pitzer colleges present the imposition of external judgment upon Steubenville. Bowers shows how the scab was peeled off a social wound, exposing a suppurating rape culture. The desecration of one human being by a pack of teenage boys would have been covered up by complicit adults, who drove the victim and her family.

Bowers, continues on p. 24...
irregular shapes of varying size create movement, and guide the eye in a seemingly never-ending circle of engagement with each work. Two of the works use ‘line’ to form the geometric shapes – these lines are made of embroidered multi-colored cotton threads. Some of the works appear more like rugs in their materials while others could almost be paintings on unstretched linen. Berg’s textiles through the use of fabric, has revised the context of painting in an intriguing way (Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego, Downtown, San Diego). Cathy Breslaw

“The Log from the Sea of Cortez” (1951) by John Steinbeck documents his six-week expedition through the Gulf of California with marine biologist Ed Ricketts. In her current exhibition, photographer Dana Montlack references Steinbeck’s journey via her collaboration with the Scripps Institute of Oceanography and Birch Aquarium in La Jolla. Her undersea images are dissections and magnifications of specimens and charts from the waterways of the “Sea of Cortez,” which also provides the title of the exhibition. These lambda prints mounted on aluminum are richly hued snippets of marine life and maps collaged in layers on mostly round formats that mimic the eye of a microscope. While we aren’t always sure what we are looking at, these photographic multi-images provide glimpses unavailable to the naked eye. They are fragmentary hyper-views of the natural organic world that appear both wondrous and confusing. These visual abstractions border on painting as the transparent layering of images blur our vision of the ‘original’ photographs. Montlack’s photo-collages are unified in their attempt to capture the totality of nature, and they serve to refresh our awareness of the unseen universe (Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego, La Jolla).

Dana Montlack, “SIO 15,” 2013, lambda print mounted on aluminum, is currently on view at MOCA San Diego. Courtesy of Joseph Bellows Gallery.

... Bowers, continued from p. 16

out of town, if the footballers had not filmed themselves in flagrante delicto, then circulated the images of violation and bragged about their deeds.

In the wake of these publicized prurient acts, the artist’s video of the protesters who came to Steubenville wearing the mask of arch-protester Guy Fawkes play on the dialectic between exposure and protection. Bowers graces the young victim with the benediction of Lou Reed’s “Sweet Jane,” a lament for “Jane Doe,” belatedly protected by the court but only after her attackers advertised the rape through social media.

Sweet Jane became a hashtag when the “hactivist,” Deric Lostutter a.k.a. KYAnonymous, exposed the assault, forcing the community to confront the crime. The artist took up the exposé, observing and recording the trial and the protests, producing drawings and films that showed the defensive reaction of the publically shamed town, only now it was Sweet Jane who finally had the privilege of protection.

Bowers has recreated a town without pity, allowing the viewer to follow the ugly revelation and the reluctant resolution as s/he moves from campus to campus. There is melancholia to the presentation of the fragile lives of girls, and nostalgia surrounding the sad scrapbooks of small town life, and most importantly a lingering anger. We remember Suzanne Lacy’s 1977 feminist protest installation, “Three Weeks in May.” Here we are thirty years after the introduction of “post-” and we now know that “post-feminism” means having to do feminism all over again in the name of all those “Sweet Janes.”

Jeanne Willette