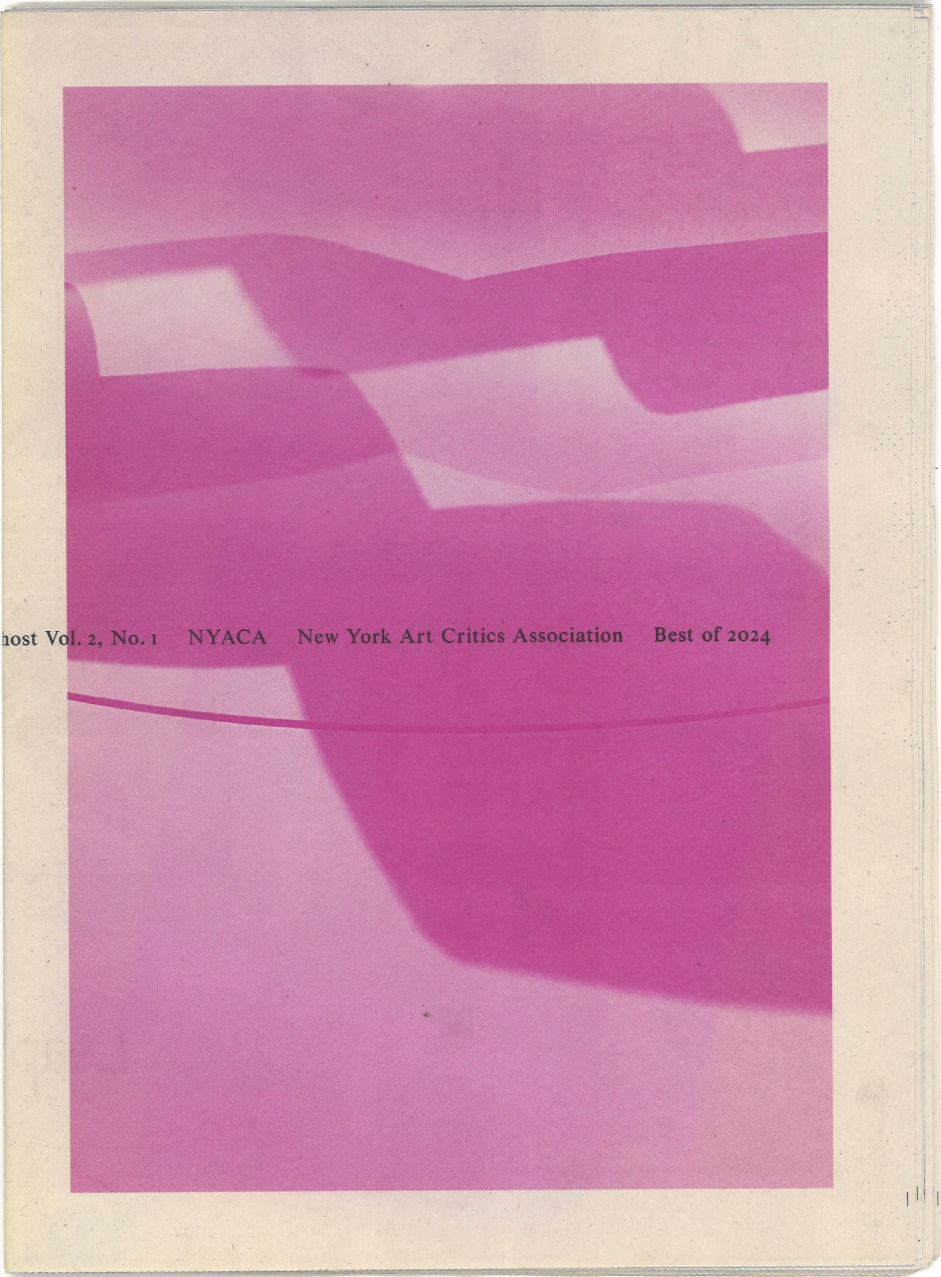


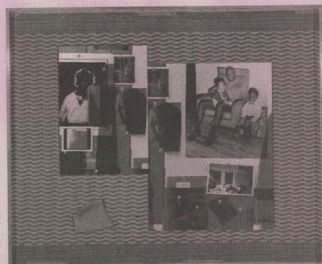
New York Art Critics Association
2024



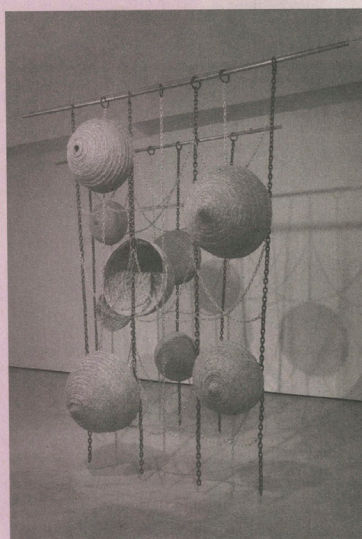
host Vol. 2, No. 1 NYACA New York Art Critics Association Best of 2024



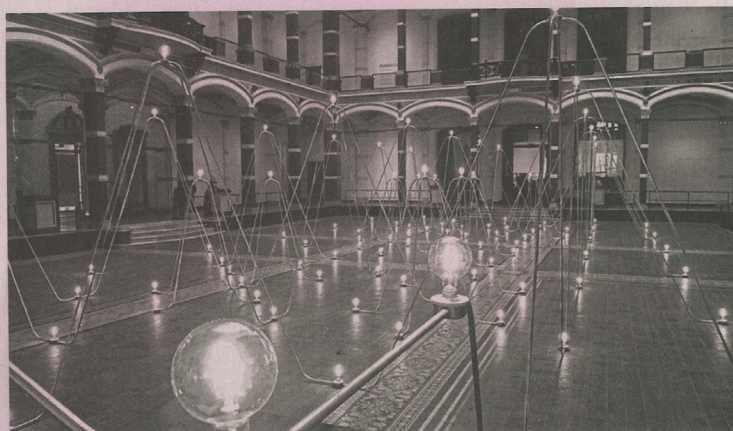
CAROLINE WEINSTOCK, *Dead Pet*, *Bel Ami*, Los Angeles.



LYLE ASHTON HARRIS, *Our first and last love*, the Queens Museum, New York. Co-curated by Lauren Haynes and Caitlin Julia Rubin.



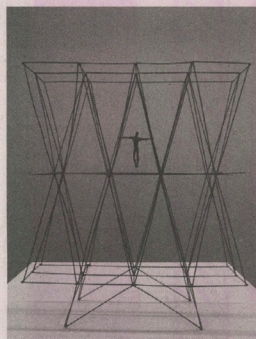
ANA LAURA ALÁEZ, *I Am a Palace / I Am a Stable*, Es Baluard Museu d'Art Contemporani de Palma, Palma, Mallorca. Curated by Frederic Montornés.



NANCY HOLT, *Circles of Light*, Martin-Gropius-Bau, Berlin. Curated by Clara Meister and Lisa Le Feuvre.

Linda Norden

Boston

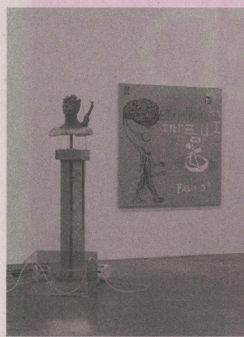


Bauhaus?, Mario Diacono Gallery. There is no gallerist I more admire, no one whose shows more reliably delight, than the great Boston-Rome itinerant spirit, Mario Diacono. The show he orchestrated in his newly re-opened and relocated, tiny Beacon Hill sub-basement space—at no less than age 94, going-on 95—delivered in all the ways Mario always has, right down to the mystery of the single sculpture on display and the beautifully painted walls, one green, one white, one red, one blue, which situated the object elementally between earth, air, fire and water. I felt like giving this three Michelin stars: “worth the travel.”

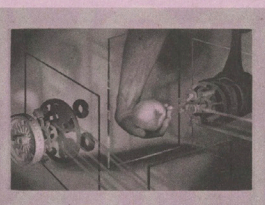


CHARLES ATLAS: *About Time*, Institute of Contemporary Art. Selected and installed by the artist with curator Jeffrey De Blois, and similarly soul-satisfying, though worlds' different in its appeal. I could look at Atlas's Merce Cunningham videos forever, and the gallery he filled with countless of these, as free-standing projections, was spaced and paced to play as analogue for the stops and starts of the dancers they documented. Somehow this multiplied the pleasures any one of his Merce videos offers up solo, without in any way competing with the dancing. This alone would have made the show a destination, but each of the other large galleries offered up a chapter in Atlas's art-life, equally precise, equally transporting. The stagings made the exhibition a kind of theatrical multiplex, lyrical, hilarious, horrifying and heartbreaking in turn.

Los Angeles



NATHANIEL MELLORS, *Songs in the Key of Mard*, *The Box*.



CLAIRE LEHMAN: *The Understudy*, and *I Call It Home, My Hell*, with ROSA AIELLO, MATTHIAS GROEBEL, MARKUS SAILE, JULIA SCHER, and TYPE 42, curated by DREI, Bel Ami. I discovered this gallery a couple of years ago, and have made a point of visiting every time I'm in LA. They do everything so well, and I really like both the eye and the thinking in their group shows. The Cologne-curated show in April was terrific; and they do a great job of presenting single artists in meaningful, not redundant, depth—as with Claire Lehman, whom I've known for some years, but whose new paintings totally surprised and confounded me.