

MUSH



NEW WORKS

by

JULIANA MERZ &
HARRY CUSHING

BROOKLYN — Juliana Merz and Harry Cushing first met through mutual friends in the textile industry. Ever since, their life and art has been woven together, a tapestry of primal spray paint and civilizing rectangles. Separate but intertwined, the couple lives and works in DUMBO, where the renegade Ferro Strouse Gallery will present their two bodies of work on the evening of November 14th for a one-night-stand exhibition.

Cushing's paintings pop like pervy firecrackers, sending out desperate distress signals of hammy text messages. They're light-hearted to the point of being sinister, employing the cotton-candy palette of a diabolical clown. All sugar-high and crime-spree, his work is potty humor at its most serious. Using the tools of the street and of the kindergarten classroom—spray paint and markers—he plays with the universal language of graffiti in ways that harken back to man's first prehistoric cave paintings.

The warp to Cushing's woof, Merz mixes primal expression with the containing forces of lockdown rectangles. Her strokes are lush and luscious, like Japanese calligraphic plumb branches that pour forth with manic intensity but are expertly balanced by a Renaissance master's shrewd love for proportion. Exquisitely composed, her paintings create a dialogue between impulse and calculation, her surfaces coming alive as they impose, break, and remake their own rules—like Quattrocento sprezzatura with a Brooklyn accent, she makes being a badass look kind of easy.

But it's not. For life lessons in how to keep your heart and soul alive in the deadening status quo of New York City's sorry excuse for an art world, come check out *MUSH*, which, besides reassuring you that it's still possible to make art, will also be a rocking fun party. Come *MUSH* with us!

NOVEMBER 14, 2013
7PM-12AM
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