

Lily van der Stokker

KOENIG & CLINTON

459 West 19th Street

September 4–October 18

For her latest exhibition, Lily van der Stokker has assembled a fiercely united front of matte, Pepto-Bismol-pink painted wooden boxes, furniture, panels, and walls bordered with ribbons of fuchsia and the occasional dollop of creamy yellow for a daisy's center. The artist—a purveyor of margin-style doodles blown up to mural scale—begins the show with *Yelling Women* (all works 2014), a sculptural speech bubble protruding off the wall like an advertisement, proclaiming, “only yelling older Women in here Nothing to Sell.” It’s a preemptively dismissive gesture, and critical in turn for how it winks at the invisibility in which established women artists continue to labor, especially within the market (nothing to sell, nothing to see?).

Throughout the installation, text blurbs with polite phrases and small chat sayings such as “nice” or “best regards” pepper the corners of paintings or lie in cut vinyl, cloud-shaped puddles around the base of sculptures, as in *Huh 2*. A stack of painted boxes over nine feet tall, draped with flat, thin vinyl cartoon drips and crowned with toilet paper rolls epitomizes the artist’s wayward translation of banal commercial design and products into an individual vocabulary. Over the past three decades, Van der Stokker has displayed an impulse towards totalizing ornamentation and a curious commitment to sentimentality bordering on mawkishness, as deep and light as the flat, pink puddles here. But it’s this very lightness, combined with a generous consideration for beauty, which renders her gestures radical when art is dominated by sparsity and political grandstanding.



View of “Lily van der Stokker: Huh,” 2014.

— Paige K. Bradley

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