Akimblog

New York City

Jennifer Cohen & Vlatkat Horvat at Rachel Uffner Gallery

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In a few short months, **Rachel Uffner** has assembled a strong roster of artists in her new gallery, which overtook and swiftly exorcised the intellectual ghosts of 47 Orchard Street. It helped that, as the former director of **D'Amelio Terras** in Chelsea, she developed a reputation for an aesthetically astute, adventurous eye and an unpretentious way about her, a winning combination for finding and exhibiting good art.

Currently on view is an intelligent match: odd, airy, cement-and-celluclay limbed sculptures by **Jennifer Cohen** and figurative photo-collages by **Vlatkat Horvat**. Both works involve isolating and reconfiguring body parts. With Cohen, formalism meets Bob Fosse; jazz hands and feet protrude from otherwise staid sculptural limbs. For Horvat, fragments of the female body are used as serial pedestals. Repeating torsos, for example, are topped with ad-hoc objects such as a pedestrian signal, a pylon, and a kitchen faucet. In *Packages*, a set of ten color photographs, Horvat goes so far as to seemingly do away with the body altogether. Upon closer inspection, however, the large cardboard box, taped bubble wrap, black garbage bag, and other containers each conceal the artist herself. Part of the fun is picturing the dance that must have occurred for Horvat to get in and out of the various containers. Of course, more earnest questions abound, too, such as the push-and-pull that exists between the necessary presence and yet inevitable absence of the artist while viewing the art object, which is its own dance of sorts.

Julia Dault is a New York-based artist and writer. Her articles have appeared in the National Post, Walrus Magazine, and BorderCrossings, among others.

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