

Marc Hundley, “Joan Baez Is Alive”



Team Galley, through Oct 29
(see Soho)

Turning impeccably laid-out quotations from novels, songs and poems into silk-screened and stenciled works on paper, Marc Hundley establishes an intentionally modest love affair among himself, his appropriated sources and the viewer. Many of the pieces are labeled with the place and date when Hundley first heard the song or read the words, yet street names are given without cities and days are missing years, creating an indeterminate time and location that hovers among Hundley's past, the viewer's present, and some future interaction between yearner and object of desire.

To intensify the relationship shared by his works and gallery visitors, Hundley (who's also a carpenter) has installed a generous pair of custom-made two-sided

benches, comfortable places to relax while perusing his tender entreaties. Channeling Virginia Woolf, for example, one text reads DO LET'S BE FRIENDS AND TELL EACH OTHER WHAT WE'RE LIKE. I HATE BEING CAUTIOUS, DON'T YOU? It sounds like Hundley himself posing the question, but is he addressing the viewer or some invisible person nearby?

Two of the works come in free unlimited editions. COME BACK, PLEASE COME BACK, one pleads, while the other, a quote from the Magnetic Fields, poses an invitation: WHILE WE'RE STILL HOLDING ON COUNTING DAYS UNTIL WE'RE GONE CAN WE SPEND SOME TIME ALONE IN OUR FREE LOVE OUR FREE LOVE ZONE? Like a ticket summoning the viewer to an assignation sometime before death, the piece reveals an open-ended courage to be vulnerable. With melancholy seduction, Hundley sets himself up as a ghostly lover-friend, offering respite for contemplation without giving everything away.

—*Elisabeth Kley*



Installation view