

Art in Review

Andreas Schulze

'Windows'

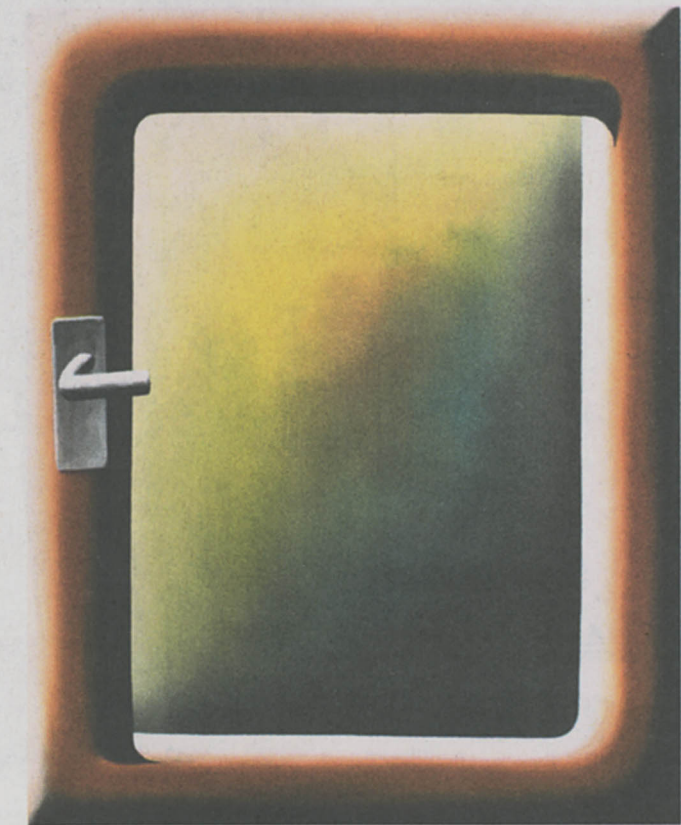
Team Gallery
83 Grand Street, SoHo
Through June 23

Andreas Schulze, who began his career as a Neo-Expressionist, is a terrific artist. He has evolved into a deadpan Pan-Modernist adept at Art Deco-ized surrealisms of a slightly inflated, abbreviated, cartoonish sort that bespeak an admiration of the painters William N. Copley and Konrad Klapheck.

Mr. Schulze's New York profile has been sketchy at best. Until last year the artist — who lives in Cologne, Germany, and is nearing 60 — had had one show each at three galleries here: Barbara Gladstone (1985), Pat Hearn (1986) and Casey Kaplan (1999). Now, after another long pause, he has had two shows within 14 months at Team Gallery.

I caught Mr. Schulze's previous Team effort on its final day in March 2012: it was a bright, semi-domestic environment that filled the gallery's Wooster Street space with paintings functioning as tablecloths, as big planar bases for floor lamps and, in their usual form, as stretched canvases on the wall, including some that enhanced the houselike effect by depicting small windows. Especially striking was a painting of the window of a train or plane flanked by triple tiers of pink plush chairs. Last summer a pink, slightly aquatic abstraction stood out in a group show at Anton Kern.

Mr. Schulze's current exhibition at Team's Grand Street gallery presents more square or squarish paintings of windows. Distinctly Northern European, the windows are depicted with fat rounded wood or metal frames



COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND TEAM GALLERY, NEW YORK

"Ohne Titel (Basler Fenster 6)," a 2012 work by the German artist Andreas Schulze that is part of his "Windows" show.

and often sturdy handles. Their views are nominally abstract: tinted atmospheres that show darkness being banished by the light, which also brightens portions of the frame. Painting's basic nature as framed illusion is evoked with the handles signaling our acceptance of the fiction. The only action occurs in a large three-part image of a wall of picture windows subtitled "Fog in the Living Room," in which one large, possibly horned cloud chases another around a corner, bringing to mind Gerhard Rich-

ter's paintings of fuzzy lions. Mr. Schulze takes the fog into three dimensions by covering a corner of the gallery with gray carpet and tinting it with pale, cloudy colors.

For all its Germanic severity, this is an amusing, immensely satisfying, even beautiful exhibition, and the first time Mr. Schulze has shown more than once with a New York gallery. Perhaps it is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

ROBERTA SMITH