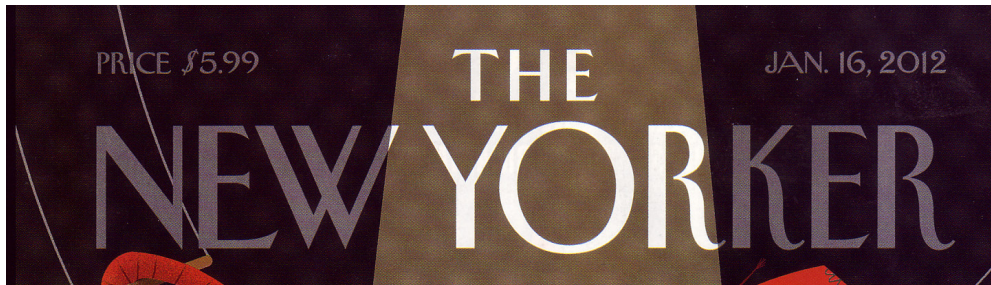


David Gilbert

The New Yorker
January 16, 2012
By: Vince Aletti



GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

DAVID GILBERT

The Los Angeles artist makes sculptural installations from paper, fabric, and string and then photographs the ephemeral results. Printed big and in color, Gilbert's pictures retain the spontaneity and spirit of their making, but they also feel nicely resolved—both prankishly off and just right. In one, a string of crumpled paper scraps hangs like an oversized necklace in front of a shadowy white wall, on which scattered doodles include the phrase “love love sick.” In another picture, a striped shirt slathered with paint and wrapped in red yarn dangles limp and forlorn next to the large slice of another photograph. A painted clump of paper suspended from the gallery's ceiling provides a welcome bit of context. Through Jan. 22. (Von Nichtssagend, 54 Ludlow St. 212-777-7756.)