

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:



Kent Dorn Untitled, 2010 Oil, Mixed Media on Canvas

DNA Gallery presents "BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR" - 40 gallery artists and invited guests, curated by Nick Lawrence.

July 2 - 21, opening reception Friday, July 2, 7-10 pm.

Featuring gallery artists: Eric Aho, Mary Behrens, Jay Critchley, Peter Hutchinson, Monique Lai, Peik Larsen, Sarah Lutz, Sue McNally, Daniel Ranalli, Andy Rosen, and Tabitha Vevers. And invited guests: Trudy Benson, Diego Benevente, Erik den Breejen, Quentin Curry, Anahi DeCanio, Kent Dorn, Andrew Guenther, Edda Hansen, Daniel Heidkamp, Peter Allen Hoffmann, Susan Jennings, Kahn/Selesnick, Jeremy Kost, Hash Halper, David Humphrey, Nick Lawrence, Thomas McDonnell, Lucas Moran, Ilse Murdock, Francie Randolph, Lance Rautzhan, Max Razdow, Caris Reid, Amy Shackleton, Ali Smith, Jessica Tam, Russell Tyler, and Tom Watson.

America - and the world in general - is witnessing one of the worst ecological disasters in recorded history. The ongoing BP oil spill, increasing everyday, is rapidly extinguishing not only all vestiges of corporate accountability, but any hope for a non-toxic life on this planet in general. Life as we know it, which originated in the ocean, has been forever changed - fallen victim to blind capitalistic greed.



Amy Shackleton "Long Range - Calgary/Lake Louise",
2009 acrylic on canvas

Mother earth is bleeding. Yet amazingly enough, we are still slow and stubborn to realize the significance of the ecological issues facing the planet today. Many of us would rather stick our head in the sand - even if that sand is strewn with oil - than believe the truth. Perhaps only a disaster of this magnitude will finally wake us up, unify our reaction and make us realize just how precious this planet is, and how much we need to take care of our home so that we can - as a species - survive. On the other hand, it is entirely conceivable that it is too late - that the only way to staunch this wound will be with the sacrifice of human life on our planet. It's a high price to pay, an apocalypse which will wipe out civilization as we know it.

The earth's fate hangs in the balance. The BP spill, in reality, is just one of innumerable environmental challenges we are up against. From oil spills to nuclear annihilation, from global warming and diminishing icecaps to toxic shock and factory farming - the human race has been systematically abusing its habitat and the other creatures living here, for quite some time.

"Behind The Green Door" addresses this demise, directly and obliquely, by 40 artists, DNA regulars and invited guests, working in a wide variety of media, but with one shared vision: the earth is a precious, living, breathing - and mysterious - organism, and we as a race seem more inclined to destroy it, rather than understand or co-habitate in harmony with it. We are all responsible; every last, gas-guzzling, meat-eating, stimulous-addicted, television-weaned one of us is involved, directly or indirectly, in this fate. "Behind the Green Door" assembles this passionate group of artists with a conscience and a purpose: to blow the lid off repression and ignorance, and examine and expose these inconvenient truths. With a nod to the seminal 70's erotic film of the same name, one of the key premises of this exhibition is that ecological awareness is akin to sexual awareness. It is a true wake-up call from the planet, a veritable coming-of-age/rite of passage for us, as an adolescent species. The scales are shaken from our collective vision; innocence and naivete are decisively shattered. The thin green curtain is drawn away.

We begin with Peter Allen Hoffmann's overt homage to Manet's "Origins of the World", twinned with his identically-sized bucolic "Stream" - which together create a poignant and stark portrayal of the earth as goddess of fertility. From there we move to Tabitha Vevers' alternate symbol of procreation - "Gynandromorph" - a hermaphroditic, post-nuclear deformed mother figure reluctantly nursing a variety of odd offspring, forlorn on all fours in a desolate, gold-leafed beach scene replete with ravaged wind turbines.

Her bizarre vision of the future is echoed by Amy Shackleton's strange Utopia, where Jetson-type trams zip into Swiss mountainsides, and technology couples uneasily with landscape, suggesting a possible way out of the mess we're currently in.

Thomas McDonnell renders painstakingly accurate yet detached studies of garbage in paint. Detritus and recycled material is evident as well in Kent Dorn's thick impasto technique, but his subject is a romantic, backpacking couple poised at the brink of the brave new world of the 21st century, and oblivion. They seem uncertain if they're stepping into salvation or disaster. Russell Tyler paints blobby figures wading in muck as if they've suffered - and barely - survived a nuclear holocaust. Monique Lai tints and treats her erotically-charged figures as though they were irradiated, also suggesting fallout and aftermath, the passing of innocence and childhood. Erik den Breijen affirms this sentiment in his textual, rock-lyric inspired "Motel of Lost Companions", as does Lance Rautzhan in his graffitied, Lautrec-inspired "Papillon Never Made Love". So also does Lucas Moran's hip rainbow-infused ghetto scene. Daniel Ranalli portrays the actual demise and degradation of Cape Cod in his imagined topo map of global flooding...and Hash Halper creates a crystal ball where the future is transparent - and can take place now.

Other artists address the opening of these doors of perception less literally - Peik Larsen's monotyped flowers rally a throwback to sixties nostalgia; Ali Smith, Trudy Benson, Jessica Tam, Sarah Lutz and Ilse Murdock's lush abstractions continue in this vein. Eric Aho and Sue McNally enlist defiant painterly technique coupled with faithful recreation of elements of fire, water and air - where purity teeters between the real and the surreal, physical paint is pitted against ethereal concept, and innocence is inevitably tainted with loss. Mary Behrens conjures up the oil-soaked horizon in her eerie red-imbued photo "Drifter"; likewise Francie Randolph's trilogy of slick waves clearly evokes the Gulf terrain; an ominous sheen pervades her waxed photo work like the burgeoning oil itself.

In spite of the gravity of the subject, some artists do maintain a lighter approach. Andrew Guenther's miniature oil derrick (or is it a hookah?) loans a bit of morbid humor to the situation, as does David Humphrey's tongue-in-cheek "Pounder", a surreal scene depicting a pear-shaped woman or man beating down a full drum kit/ tympany which floats on a rust-stained horizon. Daniel Heidkamp delights us with a full-blown parody of "Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe, including a Brooklyn hipster foursome reveling with fully-naked exhibitionism atop a day-glo blanket in the park. Titled "Naked Piknik", it seems to endorse a What-me worry? response to the madness and destruction of our natural world...("It's the End of the World As We Know it, and I Feel Fine...") Jeremy Kost appears to share this sentiment in his collaged photos of drag queens gone wild. Jay Critchley offers his "Tamponument" of Provincetown, an irreverent and jaundiced gaze at recycling, while Caris Reid channels her spiritual twin in a series of mandalas dedicated to one of the first female dancers to play Salome. Max Razdow also invokes the dark muse in his brilliant black ink drawing captioned "Your fetid Truth becomes Ruin, my Breath is a killer's ladder".

Peter Hutchinson employs his trademark whimsical narrative in a construction, "The Red and the Black", with colors that personify our collective cultural divide. And



Tabitha Vevers EDEN (GYNANDROMORPH), 2009-2010 oil and gold leaf on polymin

Andy Rosen never fails to deliver a one-two ironic punch - this time with a rough and ready sculpture of a strange oil derrick, careening off a barnacled dolphin endowed with a trapdoor in its belly, which, upon closer inspection, divulges a hidden scene of a hibernating bear.

While none of these artists in “Behind The Green Door” claim to have discovered an exact solution to our global environmental crisis, more than a few suggest various avenues and arenas where we might evolve out of our primitive state and possibly heed the wake up call, and - maybe - veer away from the tide of extinction. Hope does spring eternal; perhaps in this lifetime we’ll live long enough to turn things around.

Please join us for our opening season reception Friday, July 2nd with the artists at DNA Gallery, 288 Bradford Street, Provincetown, MA 02657. And have a happy, healthy and green summer.

For more information, please contact Nick Lawrence @ info@dnagallery.com, or call us @ 508-487-7700.