

Painting

Kent Fine Art
210 11th Avenue, 2nd Floor
New York, NY 10001

kneumann@kentfineart.net
(212) 365-9500

HEIDI HAHN (b. 1982, Los Angeles: Lives and works in Brooklyn, NY)



SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2016 *Bent Idle*, Jack Hanley Gallery, New York, NY
2013 *Shadows from Other Places*, Premier Regard, Paris, France

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2015 *A friend of the devil*, Jack Hanley Gallery, New York, NY
Immediate Female, Judith Charles Gallery, New York, NY
2014 *A Thing of Beauty*, Geoffrey Young Gallery, Great Barrington, MA
Hot Hands, Kathleen Cullen Fine Arts, Brooklyn, NY
The Last Brucennial, New York, NY
New Paintings By, Jack Hanley Gallery, New York, NY
2013 *What Have You Done For Me Lately*, 109 Gallery, Brooklyn, NY
Earthly Pleasures, Jordana Zeldin Fine Arts, Brooklyn, NY
2012 *Show #4*, The Parlour Bushwick, Brooklyn, NY
Brucennial, 159 Bleecker st., NY, NY
Bleach Blue, Fjord Gallery, Philadelphia, PA
Harvey, 109 gallery, Brooklyn NY
Show #3, Parlour Bushwick, Brooklyn NY
2011 *Live/Work*, La Mama Gallery, New York, NY
2010 *Para Plaza*, Art Basel, Miami, FL
Grey Market, No Box Assembly, New York, NY



2009 *That Gum You Like Is Coming Back*, Collective Hardware, New York, NY
2008 *Collective Assembly*, 121 Ludlow Gallery, New York, NY
2006 *Mystery of a Good Time*, The Cooper Union, New York, NY
2004 *New Disasters*, NYU Kimmel Center, New York, NY

PUBLICATIONS

2015 *Art in America*, "The Lookout," April
A. Cudahy, *Packet Bi-Weekly*, "Interview with Heidi Hahn" Issue no. 55 March
S. Gray, *Widewalls*, "Immediate Female at Judith Charles," January.
P. Frank, *Huffington Post*, "10 Badass Female Artists You Sould Know" January 15th.
J. Maleszka, *Leveled*, Judith Charles Gallery Presents Immediate Female, January 22.
2013 A. Russeth, *Observer*, "New Paintings By' at Jack Hanley Gallery," November.
M. Elizalde, *Condé Nast: Traveler*, "New York City Art Gallery Guide: Lower East Side and Chinatown," March 27.

EDUCATION

2014 Yale University, School of Art, MFA (painting), New Haven, CT
2006 The Cooper Union, BFA, New York, NY

RESIDENCIES/FELLOWSHIPS

2015 2nd year fellowship, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
Recipient of a Travel Grant from the Jerome Foundation
Headlands, Center for the Arts, San Francisco, CA
The Lighthouse Residency, Fishers Island, CT
2014 Fellow, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, NY
2010 Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Maine

AWARDS

2014 The Barry Schactman Scholarship
2013 Gamblin Painting Prize
2006 Alfred Montana Prize
RGH Oil Paint Grant





Art in America

HEIDI HAHN: JACK HANLEY GALLERY

by Julia Wolkoff

MAY 2016



The women who inhabit the nine vibrant, introspective paintings (all 2015 or 2016) in Heidi Hahn's exhibition "Bent Idle" embody an array of emotions, their demeanors both infectious and startling. In *I Had a Dream of Being Seen and It Look Like You*, an exuberant figure raises her arms in the air. To her right, another woman, with a look of cautious artistic pride, hold up a small painted portrait of her companion—a blobby rendering.

The surprisingly cohesive body of work in Hahn's New York solo debut contends with the history of traditional figurative painting, in which female subjects possess sensuous beauty offset, generally, by a benzo-like tranquility. Hahn, who recently earned her MFA from Yale, eschews the usual allure, instead embracing women's mercurial moods and mental dramas. Her work joins that of peers like Genieve Figgis and Vera Iliatova (as well as the of certain female figurative painters from previous generations, such as Nicole Eisenman, Marlene Dumas, and Florine Stettheimer) in combatting art historical tropes with lyrical and complex depictions of women.

Hahn's Gumby-ish figures, clad in loose '70s attire, hardly read as suggestive, with their wide hips and saggy breasts — though heavy black outlines create their own sinuousness. Her subjects' playful, cartoon faces elicit a particular empathy, the simplification amplifying their emotional resonance. Still, this crew can be difficult to pin down. A powder-blue gal, her expression resembling that of a smiling emoticon, seems to contemplate her morality beside an unmarked headstone in *I Sing a Song Meant Only for Me*. On the mint-green lawn in the foreground, a second woman lays a flower on a grave cropped out of the frame. Eyes closed, she is alone in grief.

Unlike the characters in *I Had a Dream*, who seem to share a moment of interpersonal connection, the two figures in *I Sing a Song* could not be more emotionally detached. Distinctions between fellowship and isola-

Painting

HEIDI HAHN PRESS

Kent Fine Art
210 11th Avenue, 2nd Floor
New York, NY 10001

kneumann@kentfineart.net
(212) 365-9500

tion recur throughout the works. This division is especially clear in *I Believe in All at Once, Maybe Later*, in which a tight-knit group sits together on a bed. A dismal trio contrasts with a grinning girl, who, starkly outlined and painted white, holds up a daisy. The situation reverses in the tangerine *Orange You Glad*, in which analogous group of three, now beaming, appears like the Graces beside the same ghostly figure, who weeps, distressingly unnoticed.

Veering toward emotional hyperbole, the paintings' sardonic, moody content is articulated in wistful washes of paint and contrastingly smooth enameled fields. The vascular and fluid results depart from common perceptions of "women on the verge" as pariahs; Hahn's female-only realm invites an inward-looking gaze. A Guston-esque clock looms above a frowning blonde (who suspiciously resembles the artist herself) in *Everything Left is Plain*, a rolling sea of blankets couching her despondence. It's 12:30, and she's alone. The artist shown painting her euphoric friend in *I Had a Dream* could also be interpreted as a stand-in for Hahn. Her subject jumps for joy on the occasion, an ardent reminder of the euphoria of painting, and of being portrayed, and of viewing.

BLOUINARTINFO

5 Must-See Gallery Shows in New York: Heidi Hahn, Amy Sillman, and More

BY SCOTT INDRISEK

FEBRUARY 16, 2016



"this one is smaller than this one," at Postmasters Gallery, through March 12 (54 Franklin Street)

Smallness — as virtue, as point of pride — is big these days. It's a curatorial conceit (see: Chuck Webster's "Age of Small Things," 2013; Phong Bui's "Intimacy in Discourse," 2015; Artspace's recent wallet-friendly small sculpture spotlight), and one that plays perfectly into a New Yorker's ever-shrinking sense of personal and domestic space. Plus, who really needs another show of dick-swinging, it's-impressive-'cuz-it's-enormous art anyway? Enter the latest addition to the canon of tidy tininess, "this one is smaller than this one," a show at Postmasters Gallery curated by director Paulina Bebecka. Ingeniously arrayed on a tiered platform that resembles a large-scale model of an exhibition space, the small sculptures encourage a slow, measured circumambulation. Some look like models for larger pieces, like two painted-wood structures by Olaf Breuning, or Nick van Woert's shelf-sized statues, reproductions of classical sculptures of the male form, their pale surfaces molested by nickel-plated electroform copper, like an outgrowth of surprisingly beautiful warts. Hugh Hayden is another stand-out — pay attention to his subtle works, like one that appears to be nothing more than two logs propped against each other (one has been skinned of its bark, resuited with an elegant sheath of exotic bird feathers). Jen Catron and Paul Outlaw contribute a miniature arrangement of empty, purple-sheeted beds, each with a pair of Nikes next to it — a sick-funny homage to the Heaven's Gate cult suicide that Charles LeDray might dig. Elsewhere, the body plays a primary role, with an emphasis on its more discrete bits: fingers, teeth, cocks. Witness Serkan Ozkaya's pretty, pink terracotta offering, as dainty as a macaroon, and dubbed "Four Little Dicks On A Plate."

Amy Sillman at Sikkema Jenkins & Co, through March 12 (520 West 22nd Street)

Sillman's reputation as a true painter's painter is warranted. Hell, even if you don't paint, spending some time with these large canvases and smaller, wilder drawings might make you want to go home and start flinging pig-



Painting

HEIDI HAHN PRESS

Kent Fine Art
210 11th Avenue, 2nd Floor
New York, NY 10001

kneumann@kentfineart.net
(212) 365-9500

ment around. She's a top-notch colorist, someone who knows how to introduce a salmony pink to a pistachio green in a way that's pretty, but with friction. Her best pieces here look like cartoon Cubism, and Sillman actually does something interesting with that played-out, blah-blah, I'm-mingling-figuration-with-abstraction thing. Before you leave, consider splurging on a \$20 slim paperback on offer from New Herring Press. Titled "Weird Fucks," it's a Lynne Tillman novella, first published in 1980, now republished and paired with paintings by Sillman. Framed in this new context, don't be surprised if those jumbles of shape and form suddenly coalesce into something more teasingly suggestive.

Heidi Hahn at Jack Hanley Gallery, through March 13 (327 Broome Street)

Flip the gender on Keith Gessen's 2008 book, "All The Sad Young Literary Men," and you'd end up with a suitable alt-title for the terrific group of paintings in this young artist's first solo with the gallery. Dudes, however, have been banished here — unwelcome, or perhaps just uninteresting. Hahn's style tiptoes around Dana Schutz, Genieve Figgis, and fellow newcomer Grace Weaver. Her compositions feature groups of women, either clownishly happy or extremely sad-faced — this is emotion as emoji, surely. Her characters hang out on beds that are more like roiling oceans of abstract pattern (you might be sad too, or at least a little freaked out, if the fabric of reality proved so absurdly malleable). They mope beneath the clock's angry tick-tocking hands, hide in the shadows behind the light cast by an oversized candle, or — in one instance — jump up in the air while their friends paint them, a suggestion that (no matter how bad shit gets) there's a way to work around it, literally.

Catherine Opie at Lehmann Maupin Gallery, through March 5 and Feb 20 (526 West 22nd Street and 201 Christie Street, respectively)

In Chelsea, Opie presents an insider-baseball array of portraits, mostly of friends and fellow artists, all of them captured in moody chiaroscuro: Matthew Barney's shaved, brooding head floats out of the shadows; Lawrence Weiner flaunts a bare chest and scraggly beard, smoking either cigarette or spit-wetted joint. (This grouping also includes a tondo-shaped portrait of self-serious Jonathan Franzen, studying the endnotes to an edition of "War and Peace" as if it were holy scripture; one would hope he was in on the joke.) These images are paired with a number of shots of natural landscapes and iconic sites (like Niagara Falls), photographed all out of focus, as if by the most inept tourist in history. Somehow, it works. Downtown, Opie has a very different body of work on view: Images of the estate of the late Elizabeth Taylor. Here we get what might be termed a portrait-through-absence, to risk a dabble in the land of total pretentiousness; Taylor is gone, but still somehow present, through sparkling jewels, brand name labels, tiny dog statuettes, photographs of Michael Jackson, and other inanimate evidence of a life.

Butt Johnson at CRG Gallery, through February 21 (195 Christie Street)

We've had plenty of erotic anatomy in this exhibition run-down so far, but don't get too excited by this artist's name, which suggests a prurience that's not on display. But do get excited by what the guy can do with simple colored pens, an excess of time, and a designer's eye for the finely turned line. During my visit I overheard him describing his meticulous process — "it's like surgery," he said — and that steady-handed painstakingness pays off in drawings so intricate and maze-like that they can appear positively digital. The show bills itself as "Quaint Abstractions," a nice humble-brag. Geometric intensity is achieved through taping off areas, messing with perfect grids, and physically gouging the surface, as in one white monochrome that's all about such cuts. Painters, pay this one a visit — it might just make you yearn for paper.

ALSO WORTH SEEING: While On Stellar Rays readies for a major expansion, they've got a small, quasi-informal selection of work from gallery artists on view through February 28, including Rochelle Feinstein and Tamar Halpern. But the star here is Zipora Fried, with two large-scale colored-pencil abstractions. The best one is a big, simple rectangle in indigo blue, a cousin to Serra's oilstick drawings and Reinhardt's inky black monochromes. Shifting light plays like crazy on each tiny, vicious, vertical mark. This is the kind of strange, ominous, lurking mass I could really learn to live with.



Painting

HEIDI HAHN PRESS

Kent Fine Art
210 11th Avenue, 2nd Floor
New York, NY 10001

kneumann@kentfineart.net
(212) 365-9500

The New York Times

Review: Heidi Hahn at the Jack Hanley Gallery

by Martha Schwendener

February 25, 2016



The clock reads 12:30 in "Everything Left Is Plain" (2016), a pink-red painting in Heidi Hahn's first New York solo show, "Bent Idle," at Jack Hanley. It's impossible to tell, however, whether this means afternoon or just after midnight. The same ambiguity runs throughout Ms. Hahn's other paintings, which depict young women laughing and crying — or perhaps laughing and crying at the same time — in groups and pairs, or alone with a cat or a candle.

Ms. Hahn presents an impressive, cohesive body of work, although it rests on many formal precedents. The most obvious is the sinuous line and pungent coloring of Edvard Munch, the Norwegian painter who is featured in a Neue Galerie show that explores his influence on German and Austrian Expressionists. You can also feel in Ms. Hahn's work the impact of recent figurative painters such as Sue Williams, Lisa Yuskavage, Judith Linhares and Dana Schutz. She draws fruitfully from nonart sources as well: the cheerful flowers and artificially ecstatic women in tampon commercials; the yellow smiley face and Kool-Aid man; even the flowing facial hair of the Wookiees from "Star Wars."

By all appearances, Ms. Hahn is dealing with a painterly version of "Girls"-esque drama, with a 1970s aesthetic. Yet, the feelings are relatable: Broken hearts and betrayal; youthful love and raging hormones. In the same way Munch's work served as an emblem of modern anxiety and neurosis, however, Ms. Hahn portrays life in the age of emoji and social media, where ambiguity often reigns.

Heidi Hahn, 'Bent Idle,' Jack Hanley Gallery, 327 Broome Street, Lower East Side, Through March 13
A version of this review appears in print on February 26, 2016, on page C25 of the New York edition.

