

“FOCUS NEW YORK.” *Artforum* (May 19, 2022) [ill.] [online]

ARTFORUM

FOCUS NEW YORK May 16 – 25, 2022

FOCUS NEW YORK PARTICIPANTS



DAVID ZWIRNER | 52 WALKER STREET

[52 Walker](#), [52walker.com](#)

Tue - Wed 10am to 6pm, Thu 10am to 8pm

Nora Turato

govern me harder

April 8 - July 1, 2022

[+myguide](#) [press release](#) [share](#)

“Nora Turato: govern me harder.” *Whitewall* (May 17, 2022) [ill.] [online]

whitewall



Installation view, "Nora Turato: govern me harder," April 8–July 1, 2022, 52 Walker, New York; courtesy of 52 Walker, New York.

NEW YORK, LOWER MANHATTAN

Nora Turato: govern me harder

52 Walker is presenting its third exhibition and Nora Turato's first solo show in the U.S., "govern me harder," through July 1.

APRIL 8, 2022 - JULY 1, 2022

The recently-opened art space **52 Walker** is presenting its third exhibition—**Nora Turato**'s first solo show in the U.S., titled "govern me harder." Open through July 1, the Amsterdam-based artist and graphic designer's textual musings fill the gallery with boldly graphic enamel paintings, site-specific murals, and words in a custom typeface (made in collaboration with **Jung-Lee Type Foundry** and **Sabo Day**), which began with a sticker Turato came across in a park, bearing the titular phrase. Drawing from social media, news headlines, and her own thoughts, the artist's featured works offer commentary on the use of text in structures of power and order, internet culture, and regarding our current state of consumer capitalism.



Installation view, "Nora Turato: govern me harder," April 8–July 1, 2022, 52 Walker, New York; courtesy of 52 Walker, New York.



Installation view, "Nora Turato: govern me harder," April 8–July 1, 2022, 52 Walker, New York; courtesy of 52 Walker, New York.



Installation view, "Nora Turato: govern me harder," April 8–July 1, 2022, 52 Walker, New York; courtesy of 52 Walker, New York.



Installation view, "Nora Turato: govern me harder," April 8–July 1, 2022, 52 Walker, New York; courtesy of 52 Walker, New York.

Greenberger, Alex. "5 Tribeca Shows to See During Frieze New York." ARTnews (May 17, 2022) [ill.] [online]

ARTnews

5 Tribeca Shows to See During Frieze New York



BY ALEX GREENBERGER

May 17, 2022 1:30pm



Maia Cruz Palileo, *She Looks at Me, Calls Me Hija*, 2022.

PHOTO GENEVIEVE HANSON/COURTESY THE ARTIST AND JEFFREY DEITCH GALLERY, NEW YORK

In the past few years, Tribeca has seen a resurgence as New York galleries depart districts like Chelsea and the Lower East Side for new digs, making this neighborhood one of the go-to spots for art in the city. A heady brew of art enterprises has formed as a result: relatively young art spaces now exist side-by-side with Tribeca veterans like Postmasters Gallery and apexart, and edgy shows by artists on the rise can be found just blocks from ones by more established talent.

With the exception of David Zwirner, which runs a space called 52 Walker under the leadership of dealer Ebony L. Haynes, most of the world's biggest galleries haven't set up shop in Tribeca yet. That means that, at most galleries in this neighborhood, the average viewer will come into contact mostly with artists they don't yet know, and surprises abound.

To help sort through the multitude of gallery shows in Tribeca right now, below is a guide to five of the best ones.

Nora Turato at 52 Walker



Installation view of "Nora Turato: Govern Me Harder," 2022, at 52 Walker, New York.

Photo : Courtesy 52 Walker, New York

No artist dominated New York this spring quite like Nora Turato, an Amsterdam-based artist whose work makes use of text and speech in all its many forms. At the Museum of Modern Art this past March, she debuted a new performance where, for around 25 minutes, she walked around a pallet loaded with taped-up boxes and intoned about protein snacks, Albert Einstein's brain, and a host of seemingly unrelated topics. (Imagine the world's weirdest TEDx talk, and you may be able to conjure the hypnotic effects of Turato's performance art.) Now, at the David Zwirner-affiliated 52 Walker, she's having her first-ever New York gallery show, and the results live up to the hype.

No, Turato is not here in the gallery to perform, which is a bit of a disappointment, but she's showing a series of new text paintings that mirror her unusual line delivery, which involves the speeding up and slowing down of certain phrases. Throughout, there are references to uneven power relations. The show's titular work, *govern me harder* (2022), for example, spells out its name with a gigantic "h" and "er," as if to elucidate an otherwise unforeseen gender dynamic inherent in the phrase. Allusions to Carly Simon lyrics and the film *Barton Fink* (1991) can be spotted in other works. Printed on steel, these paintings are slick and glossy, and look a bit like advertising for products no one would actually want. Never one to let her viewers off easy, Turato doesn't explain what any of her statements actually mean, not that she has to—they intrigue because they are so hard to parse.

On view through July 1, at 52 Walker, 52 Walker Street.

Leung Coleman, Madeline. "Down the Wormhole With Jerry Saltz." *New York Magazine: The Critics Newsletter* (May 13, 2022) [ill.] [online]

The CRITICS New York

Down the Wormhole With Jerry Saltz



Photo: Jonathan Muzikar/The Museum of Modern Art, New York

1.



Don't get him wrong: He appreciates the beautiful. But when Jerry Saltz was getting into art, to call something "beautiful" could mean to dismiss it. *Beautiful* meant dazzling. *Beautiful* meant limited. When he first learned about Matisse — the early nudes, the still lifes, the graphic cutouts — Jerry knew the work was beautiful, and he knew that wasn't supposed to be enough.

2. "I grew up in a generation that was still sniffing and looking down at Matisse for being the painter of the comfortable armchair," says *New York's* senior art critic. "We didn't understand that beauty is what works. It has a use. In this case, it really is like a time-tunnel wormhole that can take you into ideas that would just shock you."

3. Take *The Red Studio*, which Matisse painted in 1911. The artist was in his 40s. Picasso was nipping at his heels. Matisse had seen his younger rival's *Les Femmes d'Alger*, and what can you really say to that? No longer the vanguard, Matisse turned inward, roomward. And he made this: a big canvas slathered edge to edge in red like coral, like old blood, like clay troweled off the river bank. On it, he painted his own studio with canvases hung and stacked and small sculptures.

5. I ask Jerry if it isn't a bit literal for MoMA to display *The Red Studio* right next to all the stuff that's in it. "You could argue that, and you would be right," he says. "To me, setting up an equation is not a bad thing. Yes, you could say it's oversimplifying something, but I defy anyone to look at these paintings that were in that other painting and then think, *Meh, this is kind of simple*. In fact you see how it echoes out." And if it doesn't resonate with you, no problem:

4. It's only the furniture, barely sketched in, that lets you know where you are. "He describes a space that's both flat and dimensional — that goes back, comes toward you. That is very beautiful but so radically weird that you can still understand why it could shock your nana," says Jerry. "It's like a painting as an ark: 'I'm going to put these on board and see what they can reproduce.'" Right now at the Museum of Modern Art, you can see *The Red Studio* alongside those paintings and sculptures. In [Jerry's review](#), he calls the show an "art-historical reunion."

6. Unlike [another show](#) Jerry reviewed recently, "Matisse: The Red Studio" is nice and small.

Jerry's longtime readers know he writes from the gut. He likes to revisit old work and feel his way along it, searching for the emotional linchpin: the mid-career crisis that pushed Matisse further; [Jasper Johns's](#) turn to doing "what is helpless"; the wreckage of [Alice Neel's](#) personal life and what she made because she survived it. But Jerry mostly fills his weeks with galleries. There he sees new work or newer ways of showing old work.

7. He wants to see art that is “in play” (“At this moment, right now, it feels convincing. It isn’t a gimmick. It isn’t just a political cartoon”), and he has a few favorite places to do that. For paintings he calls “wild style, physical, smart,” go to **Canada** on Lispenard Street. For the work of a curator who he predicts will “take her place in the firmament of the power art world,” check out Ebony L. Haynes’s **52 Walker**.

8. He adores **White Columns**. He adores **Gordon Robichaux**. “I can tell everybody that if they stop paying attention to the same 55 artists that they see covered as ‘best booths’ and ‘best in show,’ art is in fantastic shape.”

Walking around Two Bridges the other day, Matisse on the brain, Jerry caught an echo in an unexpected place. At a small gallery called 56 Henry, he saw some paintings by the artist **Richard Tinkler**.

10. “They’re these abstract, kind of geometric paintings made of little brush strokes,” he says. “They seemed to glow with intensity, color, ideas of structure. I saw the kind of radioactive glow of Matisse materializing in an atomized cloud in these paintings.” Jerry really liked them. They looked, he adds approvingly, “almost like dish rags.”

— Madeline Leung Coleman

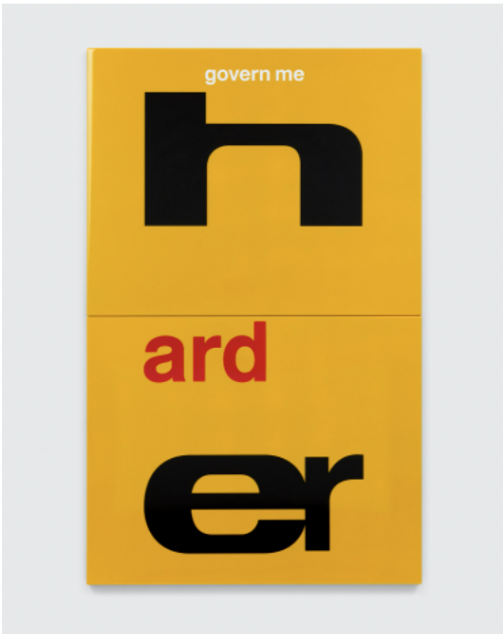
Hampton, Maddie. “Nora Turato: govern me harder.” *The Brooklyn Rail* (May 2022) [ill.] [online]



ArtSeen

Nora Turato: *govern me harder*

By **Maddie Hampton**



Nora Turato, *govern me harder*, 2022. Vitreous enamel on steel in two parts, overall: 75 5/8 x 47 1/4 inches. © Nora Turato. Courtesy the artist and 52 Walker, New York.

Precision meets the edge of nonsense in *govern me harder*, Nora Turato’s solo presentation at 52 Walker. Vibrant murals painted from floor to ceiling are punctuated by seven enamel panels each emblazoned with graphic lettering, the font bolded and stretched and still just legible. Text runs along the bottom of the walls, fitting around corners, elastic and scarcely interrupted. At a distance, the alluring palette of the murals (cadmium red, electric green, yellow, and baby blue) and crisp, curving forms of the repeating shapes reads as digital. The lines morph as they are reproduced, resembling more a copy-paste function than the reality: painstaking stencil work. But look closely, and you can see the sharp lines waver, subtle imperfections that give vivacity to Turato’s project by providing evidence of the contradictions she is teasing out. In this slick sea of graphic smoothness and language lost from meaning, something has still been irrefutably made.

ON VIEW
52 Walker
April 8–July 1, 2022
New York

The source material for *govern me harder* is the same found language that gets scripted into Turato's performance pieces. Culling words and figures of speech from books, thoughtless clips of conversation, and the internet, Turato has been collecting these "pools" of language since 2017. Formatted into graphic books, Turato performs the pools—the most recent of which, *pool 5* (2022), just closed at the Museum of Modern Art in New York—in modulating tones, playing with the rhythm of her voice until the words become more sound than symbol. Trying to follow any narrative is futile as Turato spins language through her lips less for what it means than how she can make it echo.

In *govern me harder*, the focus is the viscosity of language. Formally trained as a graphic designer, Turato's attention to pattern is fastidious. Here, as in her previous installations, found text is painted with exacting care. The show continues Turato's exploration into what happens when a word or a phrase is voided of meaning to the point that its only merit is a graphic one. Where it wraps around the corners of the gallery, the text appears more like ad copy—decorative words used for their punchy provocations and visual appeal. The enamel panels hanging on the walls evoke the retro type treatments of cigarette packaging. Take the work *i sold it for million bells* (2022), with its blocky, wide script. Or *you're so vain* (2022), perhaps the most recognizable phrase in the show, but which captures our attention first by how it has been framed in blue and yellow against black enamel, the letters "s" and "o" pulled wide to span the panel. Presented to us here, the words could mean almost anything and we read them only after we have looked them over thoroughly. Even the font itself, a freshly designed derivative of Helvetica, evokes smooth sameness. We are so used to seeing that particular genre of sans-serif now synonymous with elevated graphic design that it barely registers. *govern me harder* jolts the system by presenting us head on with these familiarities.

The tension between the rigor of Turato's practice and the meaninglessness of her recycled and decontextualized text is fertile ground. What in lesser hands would read merely as ironic, exists in Turato's installation as an exciting point of departure. Words are both medium and content, which opens a space to think critically about the half-life of textual meaning. Each time a phrase is re-used, its effectiveness denigrates until it is cliché. Turato takes this collapsed language and recirculates it, the words newly deployed for their graphic and sonic potentials.

It is a clever move that in turn opens the door unto another suite of questions, asking us to think about what happens when phrasing gets too familiar to convey any meaning beyond the fact of familiarity itself. Turato is upfront about how her interest in English is piqued by her status as a non-native speaker. As anyone who speaks a second language can attest, there is a certain magic to accessing multiple words, each with their distinct subtleties, to mean one thing. A chair is no longer just a chair, and the phonetics of a different language can stoke curiosity. But in that investigation, Turato has landed on a deeper, and perhaps more troubling line of inquiry. *govern me harder* asks us about the health of our tools for making and conveying meaning, and particularly how we might salvage and restore the unique potency of words to communicate novelty rather than reproduce ever-glossier iterations of something we have seen before.



Nora Turato, *i sold it for million bells*, 2022. Vitreous enamel on steel in four parts, overall: 94 1/2 x 75 5/8 inches. © Nora Turato. Courtesy the artist and 52 Walker, New York.

Packard, Cassie. "Your Concise New York Art Guide for May 2022." *Hyperallergic* (May 1, 2022) [ill.] [online]

HYPERALLERGIC

Art

Your Concise New York Art Guide for May 2022

Your list of must-see, fun, insightful, and very New York art events this month, including Willie Cole, Hélio Oiticica, Nanette Carter, and more.



by Cassie Packard
May 1, 2022



Willie Cole, "Piano Bird" (2021), piano legs, keys, metal and wiring, 34 x 32 1/2 x 42 inches (86.4 x 82.5 x 106.7 cm) (courtesy Alexander and Bonin, New York; photo by Joerg Lohse)

May in New York is chock-full of art fairs and arts programming, and the city's galleries and museums are keeping pace by bringing the heat. This month, Hélio Oiticica's radical plans for an immersive outdoor sculptural installation conceived in 1971 are finally realized; intertwined corporeal shapeshifters Lady Jaye Breyer P-Orridge and Genesis Breyer P-Orridge are honored with their first major posthumous solo exhibition; and six decades of Cecilia Vicuña's work across media will be on view in — bafflingly — her inaugural New York museum solo show. Enjoy and be safe.

Nora Turato: govern me harder



Installation view of *Nora Turato: govern me harder*, April 8–July 1, 2022, 52 Walker, New York (courtesy 52 Walker, New York)

When: through July 1

Where: 52 Walker (52 Walker Street, Tribeca, Manhattan)

Opening on the heels of the Amsterdam-based artist's [performance-publication *pool 5*](#) at MoMA, Nora Turato's first US gallery solo show builds upon her project of denaturalizing our daily deluge of language and typography. Treating words as found objects or sculptural material, Turato paints decontextualized snippets of language — culled from sources including social media posts and exhibition press releases — onto multipart steel panels or directly onto the gallery wall. The artist boldly flouts a modern typographic logic of uniformity and legibility with an irregular typeface made especially for the exhibition.

Gregnanin, Giulia. "Nora Turato." CURA Magazine (May 2022): 272-277 [ill.] [print]

CURA.





272

Nora Turato

Text by Giulia Gregnanin
Portrait by Christaan Felber

During the COVID-19 pandemic I started a Yin yoga program by following the YouTube channel “Yoga with Kassandra.” The name of the prophetess of misfortunes and nefarious events that no one wanted to trust was well-suited for the guru Kassandra who was conducting her divinations wearing yoga pants, moving from the Downward Dog to the Cobra pose with the background of exposed brick walls. The lessons were stuffed with affirmations, i.e. self-motivation phrases to be repeated aloud throughout the session. Potentially the principle of affirmation is quite gripping, since it is based on the recognition of language as an agent able to cast and reformulate reality. I wonder if Kassandra has read Monique Wittig and her theories on the incidence of language in controlling bodies and their narrations. “I am calm and centered,” “I am in love with life,” “I easily handle whatever comes into my way.” Kassandra-the-fortuneteller reached the climax when she warmly exhorted to repeat “I am a money magnet,” unwittingly lifting the veil of Maya and showing how mindfulness became the new capitalist spirituality.

The memory of affirmations resurfaced while looking at the performance by Nora Turato *what is dead may never die*, presented for the first time by Galerie Gregor Staiger in Milan and Zurich, at BASEMENT ROMA in Rome, and at the Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam. Distancing herself from her previous performances, the artist abandoned high fashion clothing and installation elements in order to particularly focus on her voice and on the notes of her speech. The compelling performance’s script written and interpreted by Turato plays on a fine line between a corporate motivational speech, a political oration, and a disguised sermon. Turato is convincing, frightening and amusing the public at the same time. She leaps around a variety of topics such as marketing strategies, the invention of pans, the detective’s profile in crime fiction set in small villages, culture as commodity under capitalism, in a speech that is only apparently disjointed but finds its coherence in the empty spaces between one word and another.

Turato’s flood is the result of an instinctual selection of discourses, phrases and words taken from online forums, blogs, tv series, political speeches, videogames, social media. Browsing the turbulent waters of the Internet solely with her smartphone, Turato performs a sort of disembodied Situationist *dérive* letting herself be

drawn by the attractions of the virtual landscape. The picked language rips through wall paintings, glossy prints, dense books, clashing with our desire of transparency of a logical sense. Turato’s work has been widely analyzed for its ability to mirror current disjointed language—and a disjointed contemporaneity—but little has been said about her latest vocalic development.

At a time of huge acceleration in her career, Turato has shrewdly chosen to slow down and concentrate on a vocal training. She worked with the dialect coach Julie Adams—who works on the diction of famous American actors—on her flow, phonetics, phrasing and accent, thinking of its social repercussions. In Turato’s performances the prosody is hypnotic: her tone, tune and rhythm abruptly switch in order to stress very specific concepts of the script.

The work *ri-mEm-buhr THuh mUhn-ee*, presented at Secession, Vienna, is a further exploration of vocalicity. Through the darkness of the room a flickering red LED light appears in the background, while the artist’s voice is echoing from the speakers. It is lower, calmer, more whispered than usual. The work stems from research on accents and on their social repercussions. Language is a predominant cue for social categorization and the presence of an accent can lead to discrimination due to the stereotypes that individuals have associated with them. As a non-native English speaker, Turato subtly underlines the power of accents. She plays with them, taking the language less seriously as a mother tongue speaker would probably do. Western imperialism has transformed English language into a universal tool of communication. This reminds me the Croatian artist Mladen Stilinović and his pink banner where are sewed the words: “an artist who cannot speak is no artist,” claiming that an artist needs to speak a certain language to exist.

The reservoir from which Turato draws for her performances can be found in *pool*, a series of artist’s books that she has been producing over the years, containing the archive of phrases that are part of her arsenal. The title *pool* seems apt to describe its function as containers of words and imageries. Trying to cope with an accelerated planet, “*pool* is a sort of annual report of language we exchanged,” says Turato in the interview with Ana Janevski, curator of Turato’s *pool 5* at MoMA in New York. Indeed, Turato has recently launched *pool 5* performing its words in front of a plywood pallet where the books were stacked. The previous work in Turato’s series, *pool 4*, was scheduled

to open in May 2020 at MoMA, but was postponed due to the pandemic. Turato’s research has been advancing as language continuously flows. The *zeitgeist*, even in barely two years parceled out by the pandemic, has changed. This is the reason why the artist chose to work on a new publication: the language flows of 2022 is no longer 2020. The book is designed with Sabo Day, a collaboration that Turato started during her times in graphic design school.

Turato’s relationship with the Internet is the same as we all make of it. We draw from any source, we jump from one topic to another, from one app to another, hooked on our screens. Social media have led to a fragmentation of our attention, made of disconnected thoughts that find a coherence through our fatigued neurons. In *what is dead may never die*, Turato narrates the story of Albert Einstein’s brain. Stolen after his death and snatched by the pathologist who conducted the autopsy on his body, the brain was kept in a cookie jar until it was sliced into numerous parts and sent to scientists around the world to be studied. Scientists discovered that apparently Einstein’s brain was uniquely well connected, facilitating complex thoughts and decision making. I am wondering if we need Einstein’s prefrontal cortex to cope with the monstrous flux of information in which we are immersed. After all “in the middle of difficulty lies opportunities,” repeats Kassandra in a yoga class quoting the father of the theory of relativity. On the verge of “infoxication”—the overload of information caused by the profusion of content on the network—Turato shows us how language can be expanded outside coherency, finding its own freedom.







i sold it for million bells, 2022 Courtesy: the artist and 52 Walker, New York (p. 276) pool 5, 2022, performance view, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 2022 Photo: Julieta Corvantes Courtesy: The Museum of Modern Art, New York (p. 277)

Sommaruga, Marta. "From Basquiat to the Whitney Biennale. New York: all the exhibitions of the month of April." *ArtsLife* (April 10, 2022) [ill.] [online]

ArtsLife[®]
the cultural revolution online

From Basquiat to the Whitney Biennale. New York: all the exhibitions of the month of April

by Marta Sommaruga



Courtesy The Whitney

Our selection of unmissable exhibitions opening in New York is back. Here is what we have thought for you for the month of April:

4. *govern me harder*, Nora Turato da 52 Walker

From 9 April

Free entry

In the new space of **52 Walker** directed by Ebony L. Haynes, David Zwirner presents *govern me harder*, by Croatian artist **Nora Turato** (1991). The concept of text is at the center of his entire production, which embraces mural works, performance, video and graphic design; after the March *pool 5* performance at MoMa, Turato presents here a series of glazed panels, a *site-specific* mural and a new original font.



Nora Turato, pool 5, Museum of Modern Art



Courtesy The Whitney

Torna la nostra selezione di mostre imperdibili che inaugurano a New York. Ecco cosa abbiamo pensato per voi per il mese di aprile:

4. *govern me harder*, Nora Turato da 52 Walker

Dal 9 aprile

Ingresso gratuito

Nel nuovo spazio di **52 Walker** diretto da Ebony L. Haynes, David Zwirner presenta *govern me harder*, dell'artista croata **Nora Turato** (1991). Il concetto di testo è al centro di tutta la sua produzione, che abbraccia lavori murali, performance, video e graphic design; dopo la performance di marzo *pool 5* al MoMa, Turato presenta qui una serie di pannelli smaltati, un murale *site-specific* e un nuovo originale font.