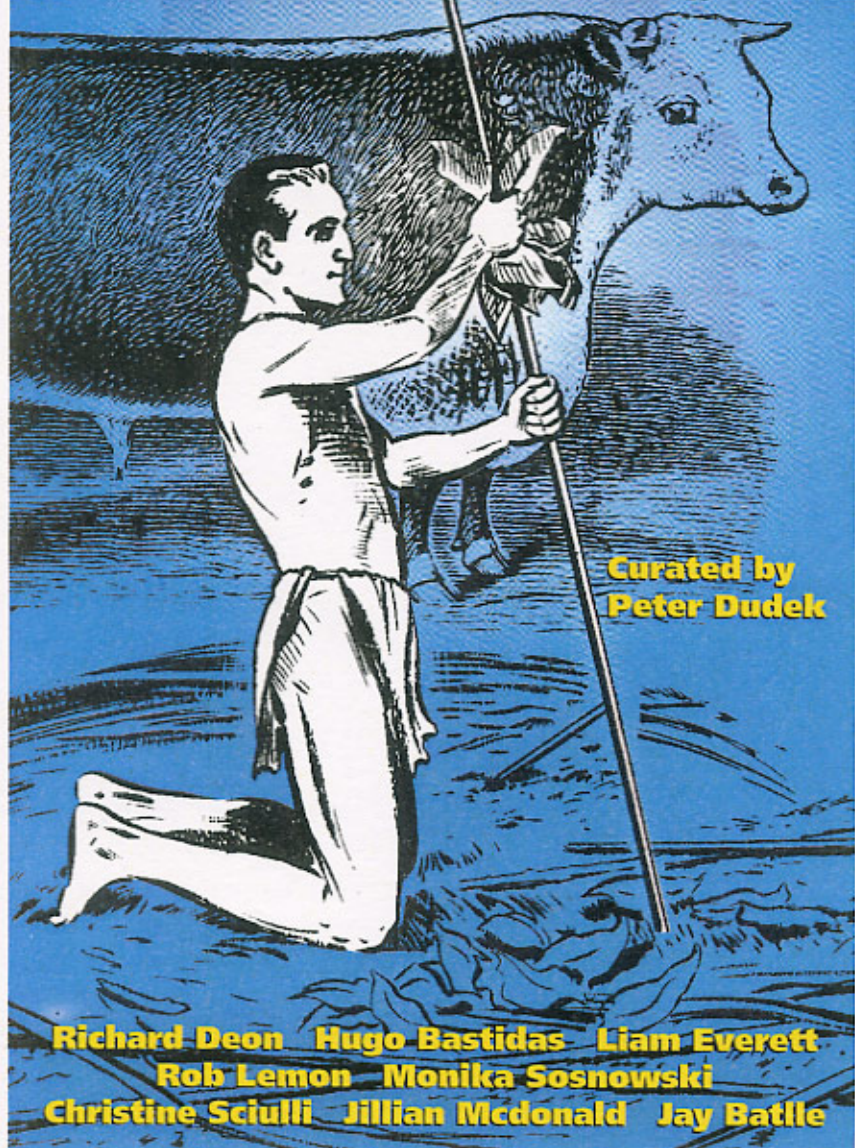


AMERICAN SANDWICH



Curated by
Peter Dudek

Richard Deon Hugo Bastidas Liam Everett
Rob Lemon Monika Sosnowski
Christine Sciulli Jillian McDonald Jay Battle

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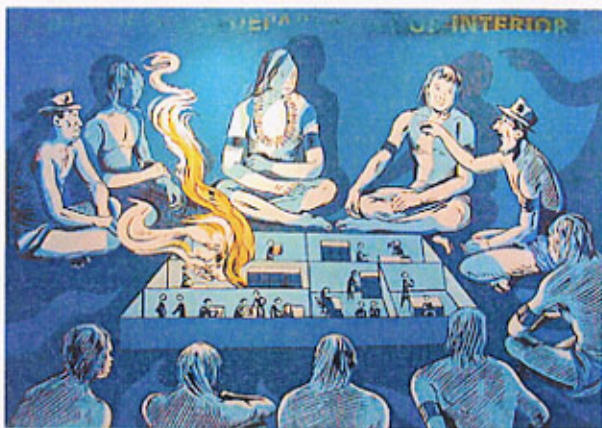
I was having lunch with an Italian art dealer in his New York City gallery. For the occasion I had purchased a rather generic sandwich from a decidedly mundane midtown deli. The dealer, after momentarily scrutinizing this sad configuration of cold cuts, was consumed by a divine moment of European Culinary Superiority. "*American Sandwich*," he sneered.

American Sandwich? The dismissive tone rang in my ears like a shot across my bow. ***American Sandwich!***

Was he insulting the multifarious tradition of overstuffed American sandwich making? How could this be? Hadn't he ever experienced the wonders of **The Philly Cheesesteak**? That gluttonous torpedo of thinly sliced beef and Cheese Whiz? Or it's lower centigrade companion, the eponymous **Hoagie**? And what about **The Po Boy**? Had he not tasted that legendary oyster prize from New Orleans? Perhaps, but if not, then I'm certain he had never been to *Pittsburgh*. *Pittsburgh*, that tenacious Allegheny City, *Pittsburgh*, the city that willed into being its own deliriously overstuffed "sandwich" in which slices of bread are separated not only by meat, lettuce and tomatoes, but the coleslaw and fries as well! All piled high in one gloriously challenging mound of gastronomical delight. History has it that steelworkers had a short lunch break and needed to make their eating habits more efficient in order to accommodate smoking and drinking. Thus was born the well structured, all-inclusive, **Pittsburgh-Style Sandwich**, a stupendous combination of American engineering and creative genius.

American Sandwich? Such puerile arrogance. Such a continentally finite frame of reference. What can one say to someone, this someone that came from a country shaped like a boot?

I say **Star 67**. Yes, **Star 67**, the gallery in Williamsburgh. Not *Star 80*, the film that starred a woman known for her breast augmentation. No, **Star 67**. Where else to elaborate upon a cultural slight and bring together the ingredients for a feast of yet another sort?



Take **Richard Deon** for example. A scantling of Roy Lichtenstein and a peppering of Al Capp—conglutinated painterly possibilities with a social infusion. Civics lessons, political strife, suburban development, chads and the 'peace dividend' all combined to produce a fine American Sandwich.

American!? As American as **Hugo Bastidas** can be. With a scherzando of wit and the recumbent political personages, Hugo mixes painterly pleasures with a strictly personal, identity crisis. A Hudson River fish fry rages inside his "lock box" of personalities. To dredge, or not to dredge? There is no doubt here.

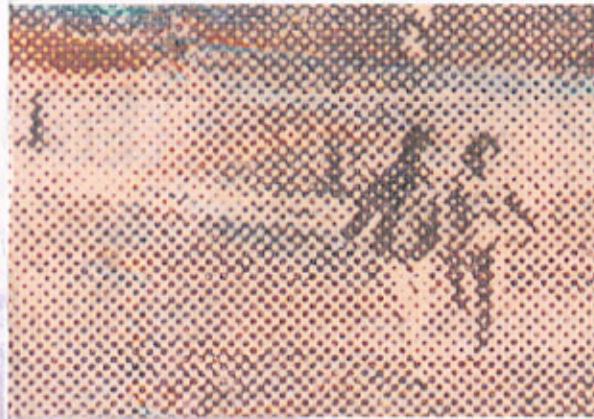


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So we find a like-minded **Liam Everett** with crinkled pencil drawings all lined up. Reluctant relief from the din of cultural clash, trash, crush, and mush. A 'tough love' graduate and Ayn Rand sympathizer, he is not immune to artistic authority.



Rob Lemon—pasquinader of the web world. A trip down the yellow brick road of Lemon.com swings with the sanguine lilt of a future yesteryear. Antediluvian forms found nowhere else are pixil-puttied, animated and tweaked into being. Amoral creatures frolicking about in this very pubic forum.



With a beauty that is hers alone, **Monika Sosnowski** creates 'a something' from the juxtaposition of scavenged photographic images. Newsworthy representations of time and place in a disquietingly evocative altered state. Beauty is a form of intelligence.

A cryptically luminous and dumbfounded American ingenuity permeates **Christine Sciulli's** anological contraption. Within this evanescent spark chamber the physicality of Sisyphian brutality is vaporized into a volatile column of repetitiously ambiguous and ambitiously frustrating clumsiness.



Behaviors, graphically gripping and lusciously colored are the forte of **Jillian McDonald's** video dramas. Here, loquaciously set amidst aural samplings, the improbable pairing of polar bears and alligators duel with richly modulated spectrums.



Throughout **Jay Batlle's** provisional articles, concrete schisms are explored via intuitively conceptual transactions. Rambling discourses on the love of materials and objects are here engorged with the facticity of constructional coloration and the dandy-like caress of formalism.

Star 67? Yes, **Star 67.** At 67 Metropolitan Avenue. In the not so recently discovered neighborhood of Williamsburgh. In the borough of Brooklyn. In the city of New York, New York. So nice they had to name it twice. But that, of course, is another movie.

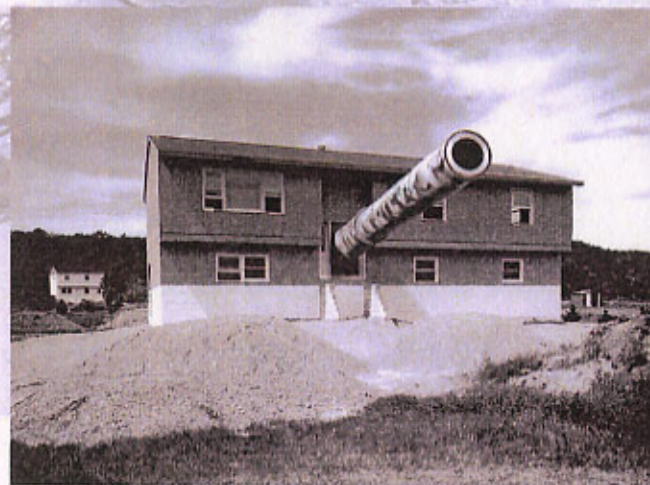
—Peter Dudek, curator

Next issue:

Exploring Indigenous and Regional Epicurean Hedonism:
The **Ramp Pies** of West Virginia.

AMERICAN SANDWICH

April 6–April 29 • Opening: Friday, April 6, 7–10pm



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