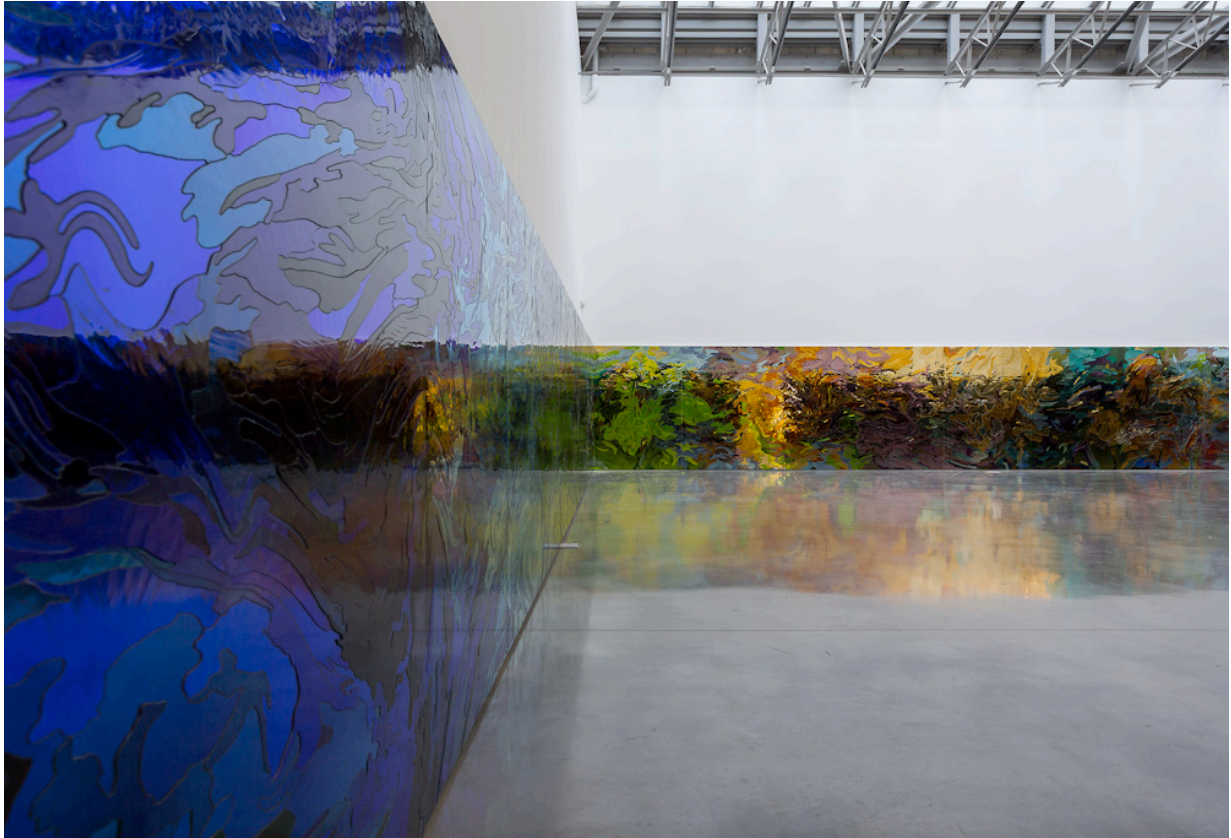


GLADSTONE GALLERY

Taro Masushio, "Critics' Picks: Jim Hodges," *Artforum*, December, 2016

ARTFORUM

Critics' Picks: Jim Hodges



View of "I dreamed a world and called it Love.," 2016.

You enter the gallery, and the sound of a capella singing, without warning, echoes throughout—sweet, jubilant, evanescent. The vocalist, casually dressed like a patron, comes in, faces a wall, and starts doing his thing. The song gently defamiliarizes the exhibition context. This scene is just one element of Jim Hodges's installation *I dreamed a world and called it Love.*, 2016, a painfully heartfelt proposition against the wretched anxiety of the day. Lining the perimeter of the room is a series of tall polished-glass panels mounted on canvas. Hodges conceptualizes the exhibition as a slippery totality: Even the artist himself doesn't know when the music is scheduled to happen. There is also no checklist, which pushes us further into an undefined terrain. Hodges does, however, provide a handwritten card with the show's title. It's a small gesture, but one that suspends the authority of

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“information” in the age of endless data and poetically perverts the conventions of Chelsea shows.

The shimmering surfaces of the glass panels are etched with a camouflage pattern—marbleized colors collide into one another, creating a kaleidoscopic spectrum. Within this intricate lattice, reflections crisscross—the camouflage absorbs the viewer into its fluid reflections. This immersive work cuts off reality to make room for fantasy, marvelousness, and indeed *love*. Hodges’s offering here is not the sum of a clean arithmetic—it is a heady, blossoming thing, as unintelligible and beautiful as a whirlwind romance.