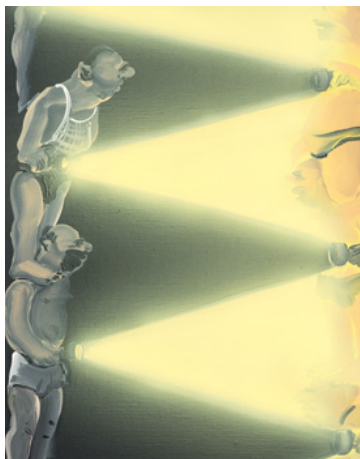




israel lund

To say that Israel Lund makes paintings of nothing is both an oversimplification and technically true. When the 33-year-old Brooklyn artist began producing the ghostly abstractions that earned him a sudden following last year, he was simply pushing ink through a screen onto raw canvas. “With silk-screening, you’re usually trying to transfer a specific image,” Lund explains. “But I bent that convention by just letting the amount of ink, pressure, and size of the squeegee I used determine what the painting looked like. There’s a little control—but a lot of chance.” It was context—not content—that interested him most. Preparing for a solo show at Elaine Levy Project in Brussels last fall, he noticed that the gallery’s interior columns would obscure views of his work from across the room. His response: to base the paintings on a photograph of Daniel Buren’s work with graphic white stripes. “I wanted to mimic that sense of disturbance.” Recently, Lund has been more deliberate in his inspirations, referencing Martin Kippenberger’s doodles on one painting. Working off such sources, says Lund, whose next exhibition runs June 10 through July 29 at David Lewis Gallery in New York, reminds him of his image-hoarding youth, when silk-screening T-shirts was *de rigueur* for punk rock-obsessed skate kids. “It’s like when I was cutting out stuff that I liked to make zines and posters—that part feels familiar.” **FAN ZHONG**

Clockwise, from above: Israel Lund with *Untitled*, 2013; Tala Madani in her studio; Madani’s *Light Balance*, 2013.

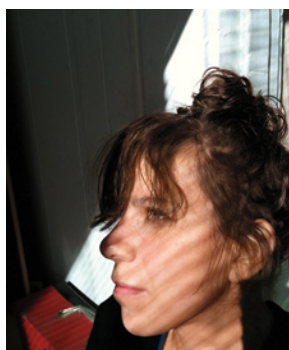


tala madani

Tala Madani’s paintings and digital animations dismantle mainstream images of masculinity with their playfully subversive treatment of the male figure. Clad in underwear or sleepwear, her macho subjects are depicted in absurd situations that often involve bodily functions, suggesting that even these private moments are shared. “I think laughter is incredibly serious,” says the Tehran-born, Los Angeles-based artist, 32, who gained critical acclaim last year when she had a solo show at Stockholm’s Moderna Museet. “Jokes and laughter are a way of opening up your subconscious.” Her recent paintings feature original illustrations from Peter and Jane, a popular series of children’s books that depict gender roles along traditional lines. (Madani used them to learn how to read English as a child in Iran.) The children appear in the same frame with Madani’s men, irreverently combining a prescribed order with loose freedom. Next up for her is “Made in L.A. 2014,” the Hammer Museum’s biennial, which runs June 15 through September 7. **HEATHER HARMON »**

all over the map

Seven hot young artists—from Brooklyn, Brussels, Brazil, and beyond—are staking their creative territory.



samara golden

Samara Golden uses sound and technology to animate her found and handmade sculptural forms—and to immerse the viewer in the otherworldly. Videos are projected on any available surface, and fragmented mirrors implicate the audience in Golden's dramatically lit surreal scenes. "I have really intense attachments to every single thing in the work," says the Los Angeles-based artist. "It's the only way for me build up a strong enough emotional pitch, so that when other people go into it, they will be able to have their own feelings." For the Hammer Museum's "Made in L.A. 2014" biennial, Golden, 41, will present the latest iteration of *Busts: My Personal Winter*, a perpetual work in progress she began in 2010. Recently, she added sculptural depictions of people who have observed or discussed the pieces thus far. "The idea," says Golden, whose next solo show is slated for New York's Canada gallery in September, "is that over my lifetime it will grow to be a very complicated big sculpture." H.H.



justin adian

About five years ago, the New York artist Justin Adian found some foam filling on the street. Inspired, he brought it to his Brooklyn studio, intending to make a sculpture. "It didn't work," Adian says of the finished product, which looked like a cushion mounted on a wall—or, worse yet, the work of the American artist John Chamberlain. "I liked it, but it wasn't mine." So Adian, 37, turned to what felt familiar. "Because I think like a painter, my solution was to stretch canvas over the foam."

Adian's stretched canvases crease like skin around the edges of squared cushions, soft-edged planks, and rectangular bolsters in wall pieces that have attracted big collectors like Michael Ovitiz. Sometimes their parts overlap; other times they are designed to be placed in a corner. "I think of my work as paintings, but I have no problem with people calling them sculptures," he says.

Next year, Adian's installation at Lever House in New York will run concurrently with a solo show at the National Exemplar gallery in TriBeCa. His engagement with the Lever House's Gordon Bunshaft-designed architecture will no doubt bring up the same question: painting or sculpture? Adian is happy about the ambiguity: "If you're not sure what something is, it gives you a lot of freedom." MEGHAN DAILEY



kour pour

One of Kour Pour's earliest memories is playing on a Persian carpet in his childhood home in Exeter, England. Later, at Otis College of Art and Design, Pour, 26, began making hyperrealistic paintings of carpets that he found in catalogs. "They started from a personal place," says Pour, who is British-Iranian and lives in Los Angeles. "But they've grown into something else." His first New York solo exhibition, a suite of seven intricately detailed eight-foot-tall canvases, at Untitled gallery earlier this year, sold out before the show even opened. The sudden market demand, Pour says, only plays into the themes in his work. "The narratives depicted in these carpets are often about commerce on the Silk Road," he explains. Pour plans to start creating his own carpet designs for upcoming shows at Ellis King gallery in Dublin this fall and the Mistake Room in Los Angeles in 2015. His source material? The Internet—though he won't search for anything made after the Victorian era. "The images are old, ancient even. But the way they're all gathered from different places speaks to our world today." F.Z. »

Clockwise, from top: Samara Golden; Golden's *Mass Murder*, 2014; Kour Pour with two works in progress; Justin Adian; Adian's *Curtsy*, 2010.



Clockwise, from top left: Jean-Baptiste Bernadet's *Untitled (Fugue-Screen I)*, 2014; Adriano Costa; Costa's *Three Heads—One Is Mine*, 2014; Bernadet in his Brussels studio, 2013.

jean-baptiste bernadet

The painter Jean-Baptiste Bernadet is fluent in a number of styles—minimal, monochromatic, gestural, impressionistic—and works in scales both large and small. In his new “brush strokes” paintings—which will be on view at New York’s American Contemporary gallery June 11 through August 10—repeated marks accumulate for an effect that hovers between the recognizable and the abstract. “I don’t feel any certainty about life, so I want my work to reflect that uncertainty,” says Bernadet, 36, who was born in Paris and is based in Brussels. “I will never be the kind of artist who does one thing.”

But, as American Contemporary founder Matthew Dipple says, “while his approach doesn’t have a linear structure, everything he does is interconnected.” If there is a constant in Bernadet’s work, it’s that there is no constant: He is dependably restless and mercurial, always exploring painting’s many dialects. Earlier this year, *Fugue*, a series of eight large canvases covered with kaleidoscopic fields of brushstrokes, was installed sequentially, like a mural, at London’s Rod Barton gallery. “‘Fugue’ implies repeated, superimposed voices,” Bernadet says. “I’ve always felt that music is more direct than any other form of art. That blast of recognition you feel—that is something I would love to translate into painting.” M.D.

adriano costa

The Campos Elísios neighborhood of São Paulo, where Adriano Costa keeps a studio, is plagued with drug dealers and crack addicts. But the 39-year-old artist insists that “it’s the most beautiful part of the city.” This bleakness and beauty is mirrored in Costa’s sculptures, which often incorporate objects—old Nike sneakers, broken umbrellas, used concert wristbands—salvaged from the urban detritus. Metals are paired with fabrics; wood and concrete with plastic. Some pieces take on clean, straight lines, while others resemble a pile of garbage. And Costa vacillates freely between the raw and grim (a bronze bowl containing dried urine) and the light and playful (dream catchers, palm trees).

Brazil might seem to be nonstop sunshine, sex, and samba, but it’s the gulf between the rich and the poor that shows up in Costa’s art. “People think Brazilians are happy all the time,” he says. “But there’s a lot of sadness here.” And Costa is not one to sit idly by. He is in his studio every morning at 7:30; last year he participated in 14 exhibitions in 10 cities, and he will open a major solo show at Sadie Coles gallery in London on August 28 (through October 4). Being an artist, he says, “is simply work.” ALLYSON SHIFFMAN