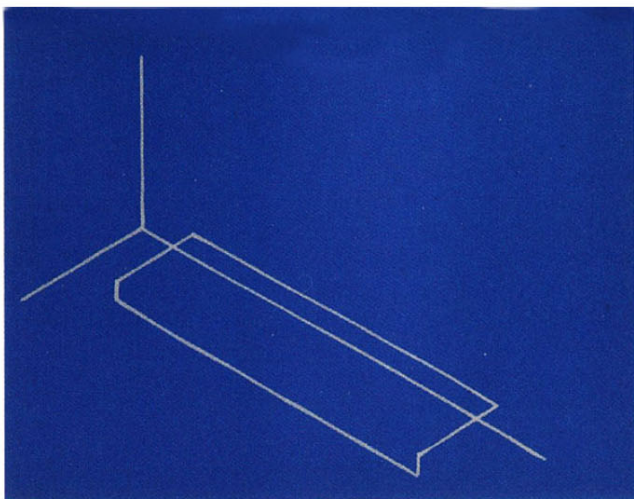




Fred Sandback, *Untitled* (detail), 1975, linocut on Japanese paper, 17 1/2 x 21".



MARY ELLEN CARROLL

Fred Sandback (Lawrence Markey, San Antonio)

Fred Sandback once described himself to me as “a bench-warmer of the Minimalists”—on the team, yet philosophically opposed to being put in the game. The Sandback exhibition at Lawrence Markey gallery this past spring warranted a trip to San Antonio, where an exquisite 1975 linocut detailed a corner and a rectilinear form: a bench. Sandback’s work keeps our comprehension pendulous—in suspension between a lightness of touch and a conceptual weightiness. A few months later, I traveled to Guadalajara, Mexico, for Manfred Pernice’s show at OPA (Oficina para Proyectos de Arte), where the architectural environment earnestly integrated itself into the work. Viewed from the outside, Fred’s and Manfred’s sculptures create paradoxes of perceived interiority. That alone is what a successful work of art achieves—making us more keenly aware of our existence.

The Artists’ Artists **BEST OF 2010**