

Galerie Francesca Pia

Rochelle Feinstein, *You Again*

A six-venue exhibition in New York, Miami, Zurich, Paris and Los Angeles

Opening February 11, 5–8 pm

February 12 – April 2, 2022

Galerie Francesca Pia is pleased to announce a six-venue, international exhibition of new and historic work by Rochelle Feinstein, organized in cooperation with Campoli Presti, Bridget Donahue, Hannah Hoffman, Nina Johnson and Candice Madey.

Titled *You Again*, the exhibition features several recent bodies of work, arranged thematically by venue, which reflect upon this time of turmoil and anxiety with mordant wit. Each venue presents historic work alongside newer work that responds to, teases, expands on, or complicates the themes of the earlier examples. The six-venue exhibition format functions as a spatial representation of Rochelle's many-faceted practice, giving a birds eye view on decades of her work.

You Again will be accompanied by a broadsheet publication that integrates text and images from all six exhibitions, available at each gallery.

You again! Rochelle Feinstein has been bickering with her own art for a while now. The conversation intensified in the late 1980s when she realized that her paintings had mostly been considered in formal terms. But there was obviously more to it: her painting experience was going to offer something besides its looks. After what the artist called a “painting breakdown” she switched gears, actually, she stepped on it.

A crisis is typically an opportunity for decision-making. Rochelle Feinstein chose to surge ahead and honestly, she's still tripping. The commitment was to put “thinking first” and so evolved Rochelle Feinstein's ongoing idea-driven, polygonal and mucky Abstraction. The painting that ensued follows its own pattern and doesn't obsess over signature styles or the purity of voice or form; it has to come from “normal, stupid life.”

And so, like life Rochelle Feinstein's painting does its own thing via a complex interplay of its integral parts: shifting materials, inquisitive endeavors into everyday subjects and, of course, all the pretty and shitty forms that are out there. But wait, thinking first. Don't worry, the artist assures, “the feeling does come later.” Isn't it supposed to be more than the sum of its parts? But surely, love isn't quantifiable?

Love isn't lying (Crosby, Stills Nash)

Rochelle Feinstein marks her position as a painter, making use of information like a pigment, channeling collective reality through media while recording personal histories, exposing and transposing language time and again: this is the type of painting that acts like an endless and conspicuous stream of consciousness, an impulsive reflection, oversharing and debunking truisms—painting like twitter, blogs and memes long before the internet was everything. To be relatable the expression has to be generic.

Discreet, subversive and even gross at times, Rochelle Feinstein's art encroaches upon the culture (or lack thereof) as much as it reflects it. Escaping the trappings of dull conceptual painting, it is deeply abstract and radically sensual. She has used all kinds of materials from oil paints to tempera, dishcloths and disco balls and even other people's art to make her own work. She scans, pours and patches.

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Images become objects. Ideas turn into limbs. She temporarily ended her own career by declaring the Estate of Rochelle F. (while she was obviously alive and kicking), and always and forever she painted all the nitty-gritty grid, grid, grids.

My kind of wonderful, that's what you are (Barry White)

And now, more than ever, her work takes the idea of surface as a sphere of transmission; contemplating the current anorexia of human touch, shifting from skins to screens and, alternatively, considering surface as a space of taboo—anxiety, disease and grief. Is it inappropriate to ask whether we're healthy, or simply, sane? The artist resists cowering into self-serving sentimentality. And she's still angry. The sentiment lingers. You again. There has to be more to it than what it obviously appears to be. Abstraction is the thing. That's the constraint. It's the missing bit, submerging emotional superficialities into the power grid that connects daily life with a studio practice and in doing so—by using abstraction as a tool or a strategic device—thoughts (and feelings) interact in the world and dissipate, and maybe, and I'm helplessly hoping here, this is how we humbly endure.

– Tenzing Barshee

Born in 1947, Rochelle Feinstein is a longstanding and deeply respected member of the New York art community. A major survey exhibition of Feinstein's work originated at the Centre d'Art Contemporain, Geneva (2016), and subsequently traveled to Städtische Galerie im Lenbachhaus, Munich (2016), Kestnengesellschaft, Hannover (2017), and the Bronx Museum of the Arts (2018-2019). Other solo exhibitions have taken place at Kunsthaus Baselland (2018) and the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard University (2012). Feinstein is Professor Emerita of Painting and Printmaking at Yale University (2017). Among her numerous accolades, she is a recent recipient of the prestigious Rome Prize Jules Guerin Fellowship in Visual Arts, American Academy in Rome (2017-2018). Her work is in museum collections including the Museum of Modern Art, New York; Amorepacific Museum of Art, Seoul; Städtische Galerie im Lenbachhaus, Munich; the Pérez Art Museum, Miami; and the Mount Holyoke College Art Museum.

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Bridget Donahue, New York: January 28 – March 12

Candice Madey, New York: January 28 – March 12

Nina Johnson, Miami: February 3 – April 2

Francesca Pia, Zurich: February 11 – April 2

Campoli Presti, Paris: February 12 – March 26

Hannah Hoffman, Los Angeles: February 12 – March 26