

Adrienne Rubenstein

Pretend Soup

January 16 - February 20, 2015

Opening reception: Saturday, January 16, 7-9pm

Elastic Band Aura, butterflies, Pretend Soup. Listening to NPR (but in Canada so it's CBC) way too loud in the kitchen because grandparents have old ears. The stereo sound through speakers that are at least older than I am, the speaker an old man, probably in his forties but way older than mom or dad. Older uncles with white hair but magic coming out of their fingertips. Cool people have no age. In the basement a green shag rug like Oscar the Grouch and a painting studio where still lifes from Montserrat are coming to life. A window scene with white light reflecting off snow. The magician makes paper dolls with his hands, painting little faces on them with a sharp tiny brush.

In the winter there is green soup mottled with dill and flecks of carrots. Everything is blended. No matter the soup, it always tastes the same. In the spring, strawberries mashed in sour cream, raspberries too. A sort of pâté made from blended nuts that is vegetarian, and delicious, from a many times reused plastic container. A calendar advertising a wildlife charity. In the kitchen at home, there is a poster transported here over time of Matisse's goldfish swimming in a water cup. When you are 22 your friend Lily tells you that the first time she knew she was different she was five and had drawn an ellipsis in her representation of a water cup. Nothing ever looked the same since. The line which could have been straight in a heftier representation became round because it expressed the circular nature of life, no of light.

Soup made in massive batches and stored in the freezer in reused tupperware. The tupperware collected, saved and stacked in uneven piles in the drawer. Wood floors and hiding under the dining room table. Coining terms that get repeated for the next 27 years and ring like bells through the echo of a memory, your grandparents. The things that are important to them, and to you. The smells in the steam that rise above soup. The too-loud talk show host, although you can't understand what he's saying.

Barely there memories that need to be uncovered. Lots of love. Those placemats for children that are laminated and feature Sesame Street characters and word games that you draw on with a pen and then wipe off. Early adolescence, selfishly slowly getting lost in books instead of people. Shutting down and creating your own canister for maturation. Climbing a tree one branch up. Pink shoes with laces becoming constantly untied. Catching frogs in the garden of the country house and keeping them in a penned-in triangle of chicken wire. Offering them a small bowl of water when they become tired. Attempting force-feeding them bugs. A little sadness but then relief. Jars with formaldehyde used to preserve specimens from nature that can then be released. White cotton. Some sort of rifle in a box under the bed. Maps of the Bermuda Triangle, diagrams of fish, "Back to the Future" 1, 2, and 3. Fireplace, cold misty warm lake at dawn.

Adrienne Rubenstein is a New York-based artist from Montreal, Canada. She earned her BFA at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in 2006 and her MFA from the San Francisco Art Institute in 2011. Adrienne has exhibited her work at Galerie Bernard Ceysson, Luxembourg; CANADA, New York; Derek Eller, New York; David Petersen, Minneapolis; and et al., San Francisco. Upcoming exhibitions include Field Contemporary, Vancouver, and Harper's Books, New York. Curatorial projects include *Maraschino* at Fourteen30 Contemporary, Portland; *If you throw a spider out the window, does it break?* at Brennan & Griffin, New York; *Snail Salon* at Regina Rex, New York; and *Forget About the Sweetbreads* co-curated with Joanne Greenbaum at James Fuentes, New York. Adrienne is the Director of CANADA, New York.

For more information or high resolution imagery please contact david@davidpetersengallery.com