

## San Francisco Chronicle

### Liam Everett's ghostly fabrics at Altman Siegel

By Kenneth Baker  
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Liam Everett summons references to art other than his own with a touch so light as to appear unintended.

Consider the large fabric pieces in the Bay Area artist's show at Altman Siegel. Each one has swathes of organza or wool slung between slender vertical timbers whose residue of stains suggest that they also served as supports during the works' making. An apparently related work in the adjacent room, spanning a pair of sawhorses, hints ambiguously at Everett's studio practice.

Even from a distance, these pieces stir memories of Robert Rauschenberg's "Hoarfrost" series of the mid-'70s. Their faint suggestion of battlefield stretchers brings to mind the use of similar forms by Salvatore Scarpitta (1919-2007) and the self-mythologizing Joseph Beuys (1921-1986).

Ghostly imprints of folds and overlays in Everett's pieces might even recall the Shroud of Turin that, Christian lore has it, captured the image of the crucified Jesus. But if Everett would own that association at all, it would probably be as an example of the projection of desire. Meanwhile, his working process, which involves ink, acrylic, alcohol and salt,

remains mysterious, as do the objects hanging veiled in a couple of pieces.

Untitled works on Masonite hint that they also might have originated as by-products of other studio output. They have peculiar internal auras - of light seemingly creased with shadow - dimly reminiscent of early 20th century modernism.

Everett undermines his art's air of lightly borne education by attaching wordy titles that, whether he has written or borrowed them, feel like lyric frosting on well-cooked fare that does not want it.