Review of the Exhibition The Poetics of Portraiture: From the 16th to the 21st Century, The William Benton Museum of Art

Features Dark Sun #18

An Exciting Exhibition At UConn Celebrates Five Centuries Of Portraiture



TWO PORTRAITS in the William Benton Museum of Art's exhibition are Stephen Marc's "Untitled," above, a digital montage print, and B Sun #18," a photograph. The exhibition, "The Poetics of Portraiture," opens Sunday.

By OWEN McNALLY

espite its solid academic grounding, the portrait exhibition at the William Benton Museum of Art is a visual riot, a big, rambling variety show packed with show-stopping images. Particularly, which is more than opinitings, with its more than opinitings, which is more than opinitings, which is more than opinitings. The Poetics of Portraiture: From the 18th to the 21st Century" Bits the Benton's walls with ample proof of Curator Thomas Bruth's central claim for his show. "Portraiture," Bruthn says, "is never just skin deep." And this is true, he adds, even when works in the show — such as Harriet Casdin Silver's celebrated hologram study of the way of all flesh—seem to be allow the silver and the silver

Andy Warhol, Chuck Close and Cindy Sherman and such golden oldies as Rembrandt, Peale and Mary Cassatt — the exhibition opens Sunday and runs through Aug. 12 at the Benton on the University of Connecticut campus at Storrs.

For showstoppers, the exhibition features two cultural and historical bookend pieces separated not just by centuries but also by light-years in artistic intent, attitude and

execution:
One bookend is Casdin-Silver's two fleshy holograms, illuminated portraits with fligh-wattage impact. The other is a striking light-wattage lig

symbol of a virtue — in this case, fidelity. One of the crown jewels in the Benton's permanent collection, the painting is the oldest and most beautiful work in the show. Radically different in many ways are Casdin-Silver's holograms, light-powered portraits that all but make the image flesh. "Venus of Willendorf 1991" is a powerful homage to the power and glory of obestiy and the female body. It may even be, at least in some part, an ode to the aging process, a topic It may even be, at least in some par an ode to the aging process, a topic avoided like the Black Death by

most artists.

More than anything,
Casdin-Silver's hologram is a call
for the acceptance of the dignity and

More Than

beauty of all bodies, thin or obese. Her Venus is a protest against the tyrannical sexist standards of 'beauty' and what the male gaze has decreed as the proper girth, contour and poundage for female flesh. The Venus rising in this portrait

The Venus rising in this portrait seems about to shout out, "I am who I am and proud of it."
Casdin-Silver's portrait was inspired by the Venus of Willendorf, an II-centimeter Stone Age icon that was discovered in 1908 in an archaeological dig near the Austrian town of Willendorf. The palm-sized figurine is in the collection of the Vienna Natural History Museum.

While Casdin Silver's portrait of Venus, our contemporary Earth mother, is layered with social and cultural meaning, her second fleshy hologram seems more like a maachre special effect designed to make your skin crawl. And it will. In 'lan,' a naked, agonizingly contorted young man looks as if he's about to spring out of the picture frame onto the gallery floor. It's 3D without plasses. It's grand guignoi in Storrs. Most disturbingly, it looks real. Or at least as real as a wax museum exhibit. You can see the hairs on poor lan's twisted legs, even the wetness of his eye and the hint of five clock shadow on his chin. It's the human

body as a vulnerable, even rather painful piece of work in a portrait more horrorgram than hologram. Ghostly And Ghastly

Ghostly And Ghastry
As if he's shy or overly sensitive,
Ian, despite his dire situation,
doesn't look you in the eye. It's
ghostly ghastly. The deathlike
ambience is morbidly accentuated
by the hologram's lighting effect. All
if lacks is the smell of formaldehyde
to give it the final whiff of a bizarre,
maybe even kinky autopsy in
"NTMPTONS."

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"It's not a novelly," in sists salvators ealers, and the second of the sec

A Close Encounter

A Close Encounter
Among these is a striking
silk-screen self-portrait of Chuck
Close. Approach the work and it
looks like thousands of abstract,
squiggly lines. But as you step back,
a powerful portrait emerges, looking
directly at you.
Besides this Close encounter of a
strange kind, there are Warhol's
amusing portraits of Gertrude Stein
and Chairman Mao. Less
aesethetically pleasing is John

and Chairman Mao. Less aesthetically pleasing is John Coplans' moon-shot portrait of his cracked, cheesy toenails and aging, hairy feet and ankles, an epidermal landscape of who he is as an old

landscape of who he is as an old man.

Philips Halsman, the great photographer of the rich and famous, has a suite of photo studies of Marilyn Monroe mounted on a "celebrity wall" devoted to demonstrating the power portraits have in fabricating the images of pop gods and goddesses. In the best of the Monroe portraits, Marilyn is Mao as a drag queen miacts the trip to Storrs worthwhile. One of the exhibition's underlying motifs is that portraiture, once classically rigid in form as in the "Noblewoman and Child." is now an open-ended genre. The properties of the pro

