anniversary



A Free Verse Poem: Under the Night Sky at albertz benda & Friedman Benda, New York

Carl Barnett

It has always been our innate pull to wonder at the night sky. To look upward and peer inward. A beckoning of our making, the stars above so too within. This is both our romanticism and our longing, to know ourselves and our place beyond the ridge of body and earth. Beyond to the vastness of the unknown. Magic and infinity. This has been our history in caves, our present of light filled landscapes and parlous future. An unknown future. This is who we are in the folds of darkness. I, manifesting in the universe of we. Creative and curious creatures, builders, dreamers and destroyers. Lovers.

The creative process has long been our poetic verse to the dark night. Our rhyme to find reason. This is perhaps what **gallery Friedman Benda** has curated; a free verse poem entitled **Under The Night Sky.** A layering of work that loosely and directly references earth and its outer surroundings.

October 25 — December 15, 2018 albertz benda & Friedman Benda 515 W 26th Street, New York



Byung Hoon Choi

The night, its sky and our place within. Through various arenas of creative making, Friedman Benda opens up a dialogue of our obsession with the night sky. Where we are and who we are as we twirl and gaze out, spin and reflect. The exhibited work attempts to explain itself in relation to the subject at hand. Each in its own way, an answer to the question: who are we if not the dark, if not the stars, if not the moon and the vastness of blue and black



Wendell Castle

It is through our creating that we make the ephemeral tangible, that we tamper our emotions and order our chaos. This grounds our footing and gives hold against the blackness of our fears. And in this exhibit, this pays homage and exalts our yearning, speaks to our archaic need to find ourselves. It shows itself poignant in our challenged era, our deep connection to our surroundings, the umbilical timeline.



Cindy Sherman

Under The Night Sky reminds us of who we are, our true scale and place within. Desire and wonder. Energy and matter. Above and below.



Anders Ruhwald



Christopher Wool