

## Andy Coolquitt

By Andrew Russeth

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In Andy Coolquitt's first show at [Lisa Cooley](#), in 2008, he carefully leaned a handful of tall, thin silver and yellow metal poles against the gallery's walls. Some were balanced on light bulbs; one was propped gingerly on a model of a hand extending its middle finger. The space felt like a somber, slightly fragile pagan sanctuary. For this second outing, Coolquitt has transformed it space into a humming party hall.

Coolquitt's poles have returned, but they line the full expanse of the walls this time, and ooze color: fluorescent greens, reds, pinks, and oranges. *BBBBBBBBBBBOBBBBBBBBB*'s flickering field of blue arrives courtesy of Bic lighters embedded in a ceramic plank. They leap off the floor too, as in *0+0* (2009), which reaches from wall to ceiling. Its wrapped with black carpet and crossed with another white pole bearing two light bulbs, forming a ghostly cross.

Elsewhere, Coolquitt simply sets found objects in rows, letting associations form, acting like a more precocious, more abstruse [Haim Steinbach](#). In *TEMP/PERM* (2010), he offers a roll of paper, two of those rude fingers, another lighter, and a small assortment of other items around a pink board that he has tethered to the ceiling by two strings. As in most of Coolquitt's work, any meaning is inscrutable, but it's a serious visual pleasure.

There are a few less-characteristic works on display as well. *A nice soft place for meeting people* is a rectangular cube covered with a velvety lilac-cored fabric and mounted low on the wall, just above the floor on which it could actually be used to serve its function. A dirty, abused ball sits off to its side. It is a disquieting addition: these works may be fun, relatively light-hearted playthings, Coolquitt reminds us, but it would be unwise to get too comfortable. Coolquitt has also adorned a semispherical light with a curly blonde wig to create one wall-mounted sculpture — a goofy, loving tribute to Craig Kauffman's vacuum-formed Plexiglas sculptures that one wishes Kauffman could have lived to see. It's enough to decide that the show's title — however bizarre (is that a majestic plural?) — is undoubtedly true.