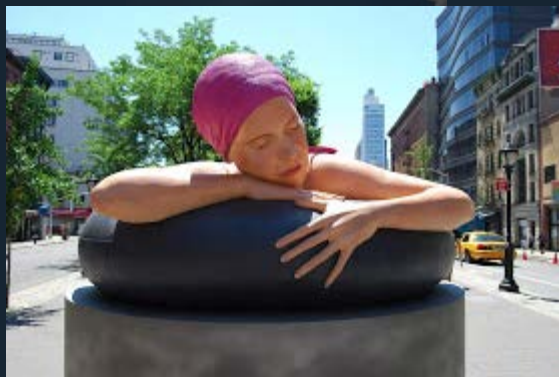


# The Hub Review

Sunday, January 13, 2013

## More public art we could have in Boston: Carole Feuerman



*Survival of Serena* briefly graced Petrosino Square in Manhattan last summer.

You know, sometimes this art thing really isn't so hard.

While surfing the web today, I was reminded of sculptress **Carole A. Feuerman**, whose sensual works in resin and bronze I've long admired. Feuerman (who's based in Florida and New York) is technically accomplished and very talented - and her work brilliantly transposes to the present day the great figurative tradition which long dominated public art.

The poetic beauty of the human body is in fact what Feuerman is all about - but instead of Apollo or Daphne, or some nameless faun or nymph, she gives us *ourselves*, in bathing caps and speedos, and of course often in full color, as in *Survival of Serena*, above, rendered in painted bronze, which stopped traffic in Manhattan for a few months last summer.

Does anybody have to explain that sculpture to you? I doubt it; which, let's be honest, really should be close to a requirement for public art - as willful obscurity is the main reason so many modern and postmodern installations fail so miserably. Face it: the essential (if unspoken) air of *gnosis* that haunts modernism all but undoes it in the public square. I don't care how far to the left the creators of this art are; what they produce is inevitably elitist, and people resent it.

Somehow, though, Feuerman gets to have her conceptual cake and eat it, too; her sexy sculptures feel sweetly up-to-the-minute, and gently, ironically feminist - and the swimwear her near-nudes sport is pretty timeless, too (I mean are bathing suits going to change anytime soon?).



*Golden Mean*, a bronze in Peekskill, NY

You could argue, I suppose, that the spandex and nylon that wittily frame her traditional figurative ideas is, in the end, just a gimmick. But so what? It's a great gimmick, and at any rate only an excuse to dodge the pretentious gatekeepers of modernism so we can access the heroic and poetic nourishment the figurative tradition used to provide.



The artist hangs out with her subject.

So when someone tells you that figurative sculpture looks cloying or clumsy today (like the dreadful Irish Famine Memorial does, I admit), just mention Feuerman to them.

And if you hear of a public effort to fund a sculpture - particularly near a pool! - be sure to put in a word for her.

Because you know, we don't have to put up with the junk our curators and public art committees keep feeding us.

We can have a Carole Feuerman instead.

Thomas Garvey at 11:45 AM

## 2 comments:




Christy Gunnels January 14, 2013 at 6:22:00 PM EST

Thank you for introducing me to Carole A. Feuerman. Her work is soothing. I will soon be in several places where she is exhibiting and will make a point of seeing the work to get a true feeling with the scale.

Reply



Thomas Garvey  January 15, 2013 at 9:11:00 AM EST

Thanks for your comment. *Serena* is pretty big, but Feuerman works in a range of sizes; my impression is she scales things in a site-specific manner.

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### About Me

 Thomas Garvey

A local reviewer for several years, I was cast from my perch at the *Boston Globe* some years ago, but have yet to find another print haven (and probably won't, as they're vanishing fast). In the meantime, I simply couldn't keep quiet about the state of Boston culture (also, I missed the free tickets). This town needs a smart, unfettered critic who's not interested in tossing softballs to the suburbs (or the academy), and I guess I'm just dumb enough to take the job. You can reach me with invites, praise, screeds, etc., at [hubreview@hotmail.com](mailto:hubreview@hotmail.com).

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