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whitewall



Hope Gangloff
Solomé
2009
ink/city-coated paper
25 x 37 inches
Courtesy of Susan Inglett Gallery, New York

NEW ARTIST

HOPE GANGLOFF

BY SCOTT INDRISEK

Hope Gangloff's studio in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, is a life study in itself. There's the consumer detritus that finds its way into her work — empty Adidas boxes, bottles, books, copies of expertly designed vintage pornography, folders full of personal snapshots. A rope swing hangs from the ceiling; paint splatters the floor. It's a cluttered, highly personal space for Gangloff, who's best known for her realistic, detailed portraits of that oft-derided subspecies: the urban hipster. "I'm not always very social, but I can act social in my drawings," she says. Her subjects lounge and loaf, chugging cheap wine from the bottle, en route to rock concerts or corner bars. Gangloff's women nurse hangovers, hang bare-chested out of apartment windows, curl up on the floor surrounded by weird minutiae coughed up from their purses (rolling tobacco, pill bottles, bodega coffee cups).

She expresses an admiration for the work of Aubrey Beardsley, who proved "how outrageous and dramatic you can make something using one color." For Gangloff, that color is often a vivid, in-your-face red. (There are also shades of Egon Schiele's portraiture in her drawing style, a resonance between 1910 works like *Scornful Woman* and Gangloff's depictions of urban twentysomethings.) Yet she's equally obsessed with physical objects as she is with human subjects; often it's the typography on a product that sets her off. "I love drawing stuff," she explains. "I think I'm going to make a big pile, a garbage-dump-style pile of trash, with fluorescent bits, caps, labels . . . It'd be really

beautiful, I think." She's not afraid that the specific products, styles, and brand names will date the work — locking her art in a specific moment of time is part of the appeal. "That's what's fun to me about going to the Met — to see things on the kitchen table in a painting from the 17th century."

Gangloff graduated from the prestigious Cooper Union, but since then her career path has been less than conventional. She was art director for the short-lived but beloved New York magazine *Sweet Action*, a hip erotica publication targeted at straight women. (A "cutesy nude mag," Gangloff clarifies. "It wasn't porn.") Her illustration received a mainstream boost after Myopenbar.com — a Web site dedicated to free drink specials around the city — began to feature her work prominently. Drawings later appeared in both the *New Yorker* and in *New York* magazine ("Gender Bender"), accompanying an extensive piece about feminine drinking habits. (Despite the omnipresence of booze, please don't typecast her as the Alcohol Artist: "Not everybody's drunk!")

Consider Gangloff a visual reporter of her surroundings. At the moment, those surroundings are the besotted, highly social environs of Manhattan and Brooklyn. That could change. She speaks fondly of fellow artist Gavin Tully Anderson, who built his own studio near New Paltz, New York. "We go up there quite a bit to get away from the city," she says. "Now we're all jealous, sitting in the city looking at him. He smells like sulphur-y water and campfire smoke and

wears big, thick sweaters. Fresh air does a person good." If she has her way, she'll be documenting an even more obscure corner of the natural world: Antarctica. Gangloff has applied for a coveted grant that sends a handful of artists and writers to work on the continent. "My proposal was that I was going to do what I do here, but down there," she jokes. "Nightlife in Antarctica!"

Gangloff manages to straddle the worlds of illustration and fine art with ease, and a prominent display at this year's Armory Show increased her visibility to collectors. Her newest gallery work focuses on painting rather than drawing; she appreciates the freedom of the medium, a move away from the smaller intricacies of pen and ink. She has both commercial representation through Art Department and a parallel fine art career with Susan Inglett Gallery, where she'll have her next solo show in October. That exhibition will feature six or seven large-scale paintings. When *Whitewall* visited Gangloff in her studio, she was in the middle of one canvas that will likely be included: a portrait of a mostly nude young woman on a couch, reading a book. As with many of her subjects, this one is an acquaintance: the fashion-designer girlfriend of fellow Susan Inglett artist Eric Fertman. But a word to potential collectors — even if it's at the show, this one might not be for sale. Gangloff says, "We thought it'd be fun for her to have a big naked painting of herself in her house."

— WHITEWALL 50 —



Hope Gangloff
Get On the Floor
2007
ink/clay-coated paper
14 x 17 inches
Courtesy of Susan Inglett Gallery, New York

— WHITEWALL 51 —