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## "The Manhattan Art Review"

6/14/2025

Maya Angelou, Gene Beery, Ed Boreal, Judith Bernstein, Stuart Brisley, Kathe Burkhart, Neke Carson, William N. Copley, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Celeste Dupuy-Spencer, Agustin Fernandez, Ryan Foerster, Cristos Gianakos, Wayne Gonzales, Oshay Green, Scott Grodesky, Barkley L. Hendricks, Deborah Kass, Steve Keister, Richard Kostelanetz, Lee Lozano, Paul McCarthy, Robert Mallery, Robert Mapplethorpe, Morgan O'Hara, Raymond Pettibon, Steven Pollock, Ira Richer, Kerry Schuss, Jack Smith, Anita Steckel, Harold Stevenson, Banks Violette, Martha Wilson, Alexi Worth - An America - [Mitchell Albus](#) - \*\*\*\*

I was worried about how a 2025 "Fuck Trump" show could work, but this not only avoids drowning in liberal sanctimony, it succeeds in actually being fun and bizarre. Whereas the stereotypical iteration of a show of this kind consists of Democrats patting themselves on the back for defeating the bad orange man with some insipid boomer slogan, these works mostly translate a real feeling into something with a sense of vitality and stakes. The artworks are angry, messy, vituperative, hysterical (in both senses), uncomfortable, even misanthropic. It helps that there's a lot of pre-Trump anti-American art, which lets in a lot of cracked drawings (Ed Boreal, Lee Lozano, Judith Bernstein) and social practice stuff from back when people earnestly felt like America was something worth fighting for, but the recent work is surprisingly lacking in groaners; Paul McCarthy is one of the few who can caricature Trump with enough glee that it doesn't backfire and Anita Steckel's anti-George W. Bush collages are livid without losing a sense of humor. There's even some cheeky stuff like a book by D'Annunzio, a *Mein Kampf* sign-in book from a 1991 Kenny Schacter show, and a Boyd Rice painting. A long time ago, when the album wasn't ancient history, I remember thinking *Yeezus* was a good example of political art because it conveyed Kanye's anger in the music instead of just presenting the entitled moral superiority you get from stereotypical political art. This manages to mostly do the same, surprisingly, even if the underlying political sentiments aren't all that different from something like a recent Jenny Holzer show. I'm being pretty generous because some of these works are definitely annoying, but it's impressive how well it manages to come off. Most of this is because a lot of the work is good, but there's a considerable aid in Mitchell Albus being such a non-commercial weirdo gallery that it avoids the greatest trap of art and politics. Namely, where do you get off pretending to have morals when you're a player in the world's largest unregulated luxury market?

Sean Tatol