



DESPERATE TO LOCATE SOME SHRED OF LIGHT, grace, or decency at the beginning of our new Dark Age

DESPERATE TO LOCATE SOME SHRED OF LIGHT, grace, or decency at the beginning of our new Dark Age, I lumbered downtown to see the Outsider Art Fair the Saturday before last—as my blessed sisters were marching, raging—at the Metropolitan Pavilion in Chelsea. I was in dire need of tempering my apoplectic bloody-mindedness. (When I saw our new chef à l'orange being sworn in with the Lincoln Bible—the same bible Barack Obama used for his 2009



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and 2013 inaugurations—I wanted it to explode into flames.)

When I got there, I had the good fortune of meeting and talking to the delightful Jackie Klempay—proprietress of the former Jackie Klempay Gallery in Brooklyn, now Situations in Chinatown, which she runs with artist Mariah Robertson—about her display of works by Joyce Frizell (expressionistic owl drawings), Raynes E. Birbeck (sexy figurative drawings paired with boat and submarine sculptures made from paper, electrical tape, and toothpicks, among other media), and Jerry Torre, also more famously known as Jerry the Marble Faun, from Albert and David Maysles 1975 documentary Grey Gardens.

Klempay gave JTMF his first solo exhibition at her Brooklyn space in 2014. “He’s had an extraordinary life,” she said. No kidding: According to a 2015 interview she did with the artist, he was an assistant to 1970s cabaret star and frequent Hollywood Squares guest Wayland Flowers, who was known for his performances with his Mame-like dowager puppet, Madame; he worked for Saudi Arabia’s royal family and J. Paul Getty as a gardener; he survived horrific bouts of drug addiction and pennilessness; and he won the title of “Mister Baths”—with a \$5,000 cash prize—at Manhattan’s gay Club Baths s ono



“Known Unknown” curators Frank Maresca and Lissa Rivera. (Photo: Kelsey Stanton/BFA.com)

