

American Dream, Constant Sun illuminate MOCA

ERIN O'BRIEN | THURSDAY, JUNE 08, 2017



My American Dream exhibit by artist Keith Mayerson

Charlie Brown tees up a softball to James Dean. Barack Obama smiles next to Mr. Smith on his way to Washington. Expansive panoramic views of New York and Cleveland are nestled amid LeBron, Bobby Kennedy (styled à la Lichtenstein) and Captain Kangaroo. One entire wall is a recreation of a display from Mayerson's parents' bedroom, with dozens of family portraits, evoking the scent of Chanel No. 5 and neat dresser drawers lined with white gloves and handkerchiefs.

In addition to the content, the tight spacing of the works makes for an intensely intimate experience. The viewer is literally surrounded from floor to ceiling with images that challenge one another and evoke the personal. The side-by-side pictures of Mayerson and his husband as young boys, for instance, immediately recall the viewer's own childhood. That it all spills out next to the likes of Streisand and Frankenstein stretches *Dream* from coast to cultural coast and beyond.

Lastly, the abstracts that pepper the exhibit, from colorful whirling discs to Jason Pollack-inspired efforts, act as would-be scoops of sherbet, cleansing the palate between the kaleidoscope of offerings.