



Adams and Ollman

Peter Gallo: Gods, Sluts & Martyrs
April 11–May 10, 2025

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Adams and Ollman is pleased to announce *Peter Gallo: Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, the artist's first solo exhibition on the West Coast of the United States. The exhibition will feature paintings and mixed media collages on found objects created over the past decade. *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs* will open with a reception for the artist on Friday, April 11 from 5–7 pm and will be on view at the gallery in Portland, Oregon through May 10, 2025.

Gallo's painterly assemblages layer collections of fabric scraps, photocopied imagery, and found materials, including broken chairs, antique cutting boards, rusty baking pans, and old books, into informal compositions—what one critic described as “grunge arte povera.”¹ Atop these well-worn materials, each with its own history, Gallo intervenes with a tumult of thick paint, often in gorgeous shades of red and pink, building up marks sometimes over many years. Like uncanny artifacts from some anterior future, these works contain a multiplicity of time: they feel both new and old, quick and slow, slapdash and carefully, ritually assembled.

Gallo's pursuit is poetic, reflecting back the beauty and poignancy of existing realities. He employs snippets of text—borrowed bits of songs or other artists' writings, common phrases from our everyday environment—squeezed through hypodermic needles in a script that is both barely legible and unmistakably direct. *Violets Violets Violets (E. Dickinson)*, 2016–2025, echoes imagery from Dickinson's famous poem, while *Emergency Entrance*, 2019–2024, recalls hospital signage—distinct sources that emphasize the fleeting nature of existence. Through these words, Gallo explores language's core—its strangeness, seductiveness, and its complex semiotic relationship to images, revealing its heartbreaking inadequacy and brutality.

The exhibition's aesthetic is anarchic; the works are messy, diminutive, and even abject, yet they evoke a sublime vastness. The title *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs* invites interpretation through frameworks of religious symbolism, power dynamics, sexual excess, and sacrifice. Central to the exhibition is *Possession*, 2023–2025, featuring stock reproductions of Bernini's ecstatic St. Theresa collaged across found weatherized plywood panels. Fluent in Catholic iconography (holding a PhD in Art History), Gallo uses a symbolic language rooted in the body—its transgressions, flesh, and control. The works on view evidence corporeal fragility and corruption through representations of blood, bandages, wounds, and holes—invoking the body at its limits in states of pleasure and pain.

Peter Gallo (b. 1959, Rutland, VT) lives and works in Hyde Park, VT. He received a BA from Middlebury College and an MA and PhD in Art History from Concordia University, Montreal. His work has been featured in solo exhibitions at the Douglas Hyde Gallery, Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, and White Columns, New York, NY. The artist's work has been highlighted in publications including *Artforum*, *the Village Voice*, *The New York Times*, and *Art in America*.

1. James Yood, “Review: Peter Gallo,” *Artforum*, February 2005.



Peter Gallo
Possession, 2023–2025
oil, acrylic, and inkjet prints on found wood
51 1/2h x 33w in
130.81h x 83.82w cm
PG022



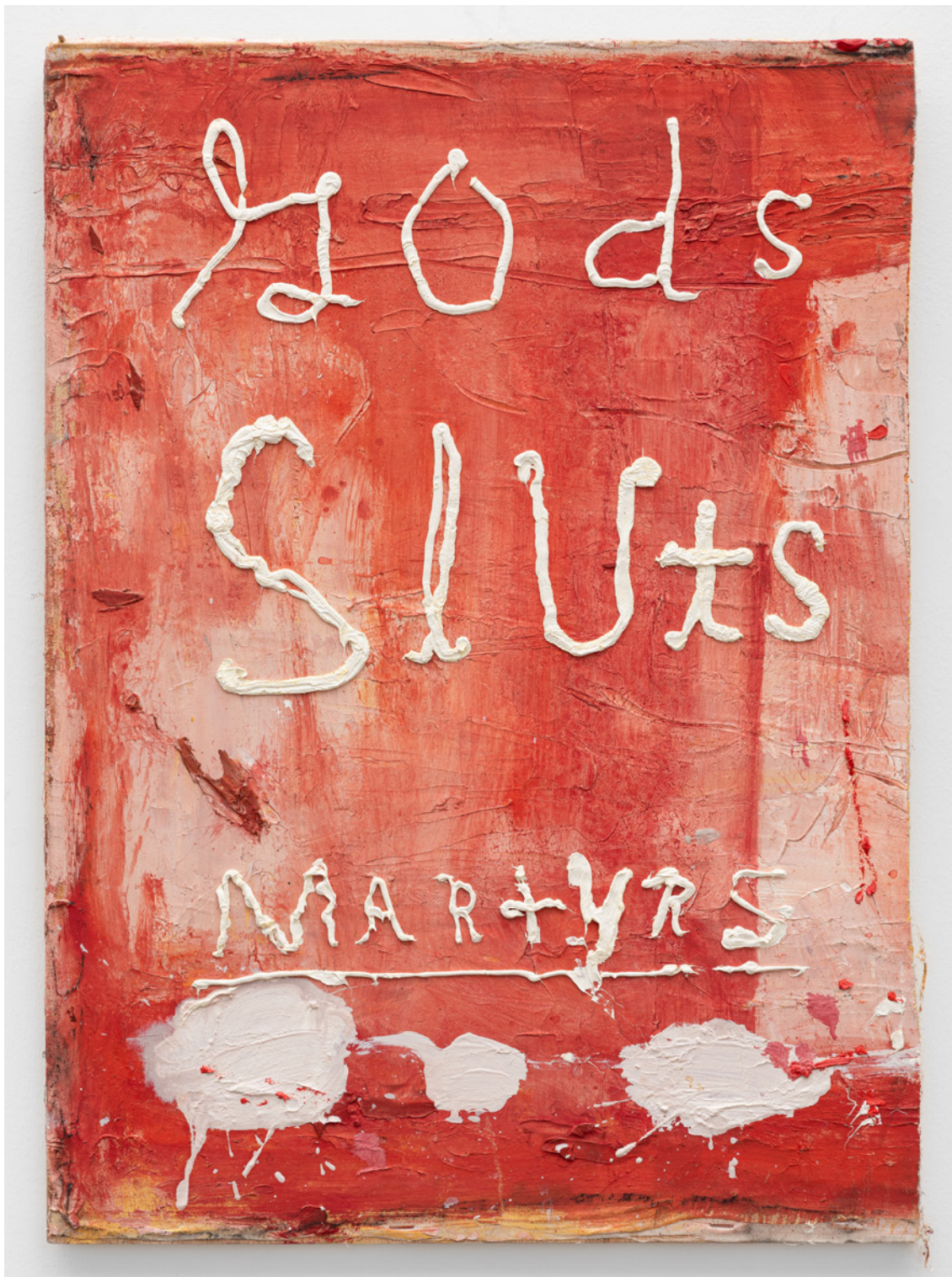
Detail: Peter Gallo, *Possession*, 2023–2025



Peter Gallo
MAMA AMERICA, 2025
oil, felt, and pins on found headboard
19 1/2h x 37w in
49.53h x 93.98w cm
PG011



Detail: Peter Gallo, *MAMA AMERICA*, 2025



Peter Gallo
Gods, Sluts, Martyrs, 2024
oil on canvas stapled to panel
21h x 15w in
53.34h x 38.10w cm
PG017



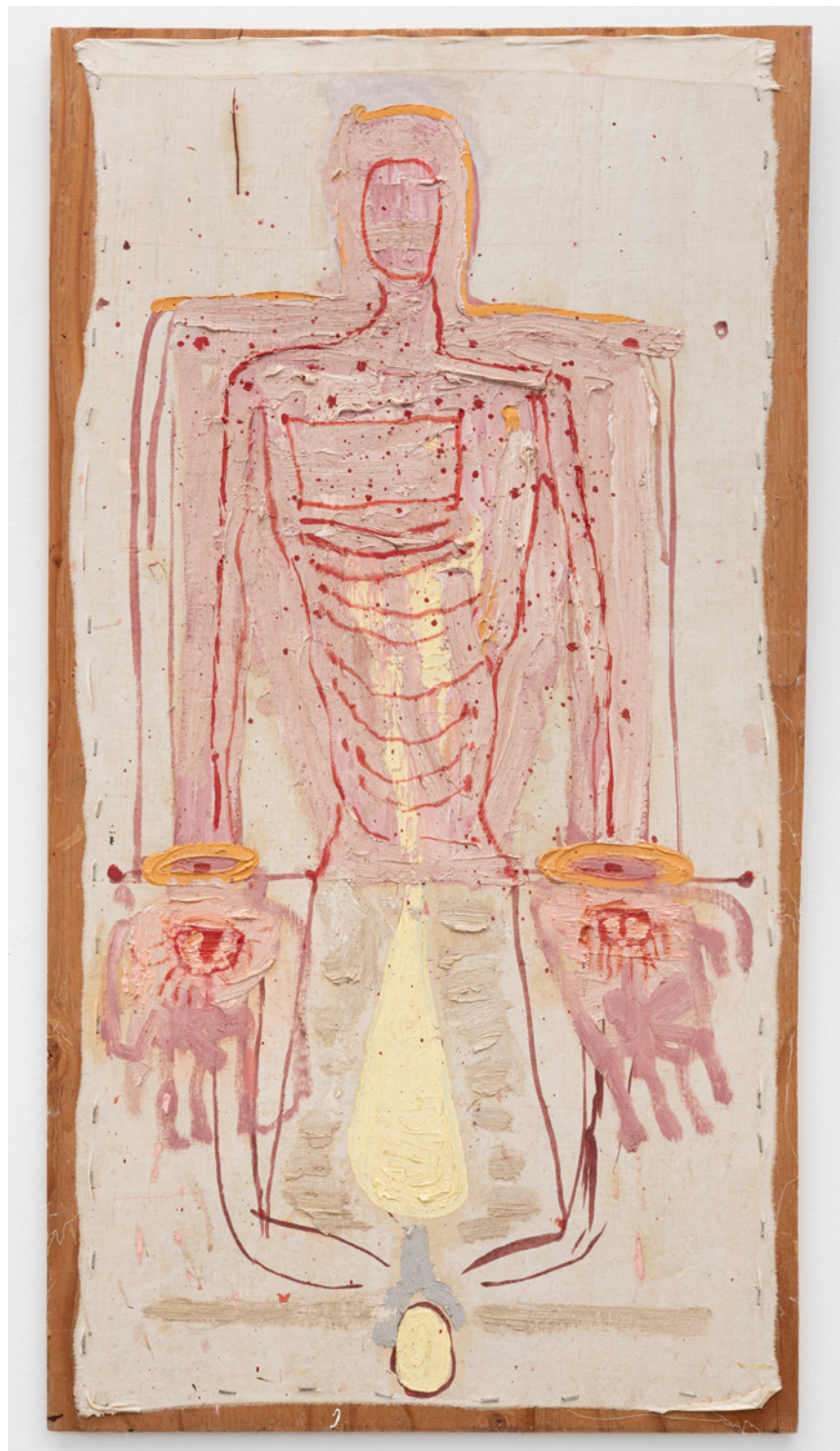
Detail: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts, Martyrs*, 2024



Peter Gallo
Violets Violets Violets (E. Dickinson), 2016-2025
oil on panels
24 1/2h x 22w in
62.23h x 55.88w cm
PG010



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Violets Violets Violets* (E. Dickinson), 2016-2025



Peter Gallo
Untitled Figure, 2020
oil on muslin glued and stapled to panel
35h x 19w in
88.90h x 48.26w cm
PG014



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Untitled Figure*, 2020



Peter Gallo
Eat Die, 2024
oil, inkjet prints, and spray paint on panel
29 1/4h x 19 1/2w in
74.30h x 49.53w cm
PG018



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Eat Die*, 2024.



Peter Gallo
Untitled, 2023
oil on linen stapled to panel
13h x 24w in
33.02h x 60.96w cm
PG015



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Untitled*, 2023



Peter Gallo
The Return of the White Throated Sparrows, 2024
oil on canvas stapled to found cabinet door, chair
37 1/2h x 14 1/2w x 42 1/2d in
95.25h x 36.83w x 107.95d cm
PG016



Detail: Peter Gallo, *The Return of the White Throated Sparrows*, 2024



Detail: Peter Gallo, *The Return of the White Throated Sparrows*, 2024



Peter Gallo
St. Sebastian, 2023
oil and buttons on canvas stapled to panel
24h x 19 1/2w in
60.96h x 49.53w cm
PG019



Detail: Peter Gallo, *St. Sebastian*, 2023



Peter Gallo
Emergency Entrance/Double Star, 2020–2025
oil on canvas on found plywood
18 1/2h x 35 1/2w in
46.99h x 90.17w cm
PG020



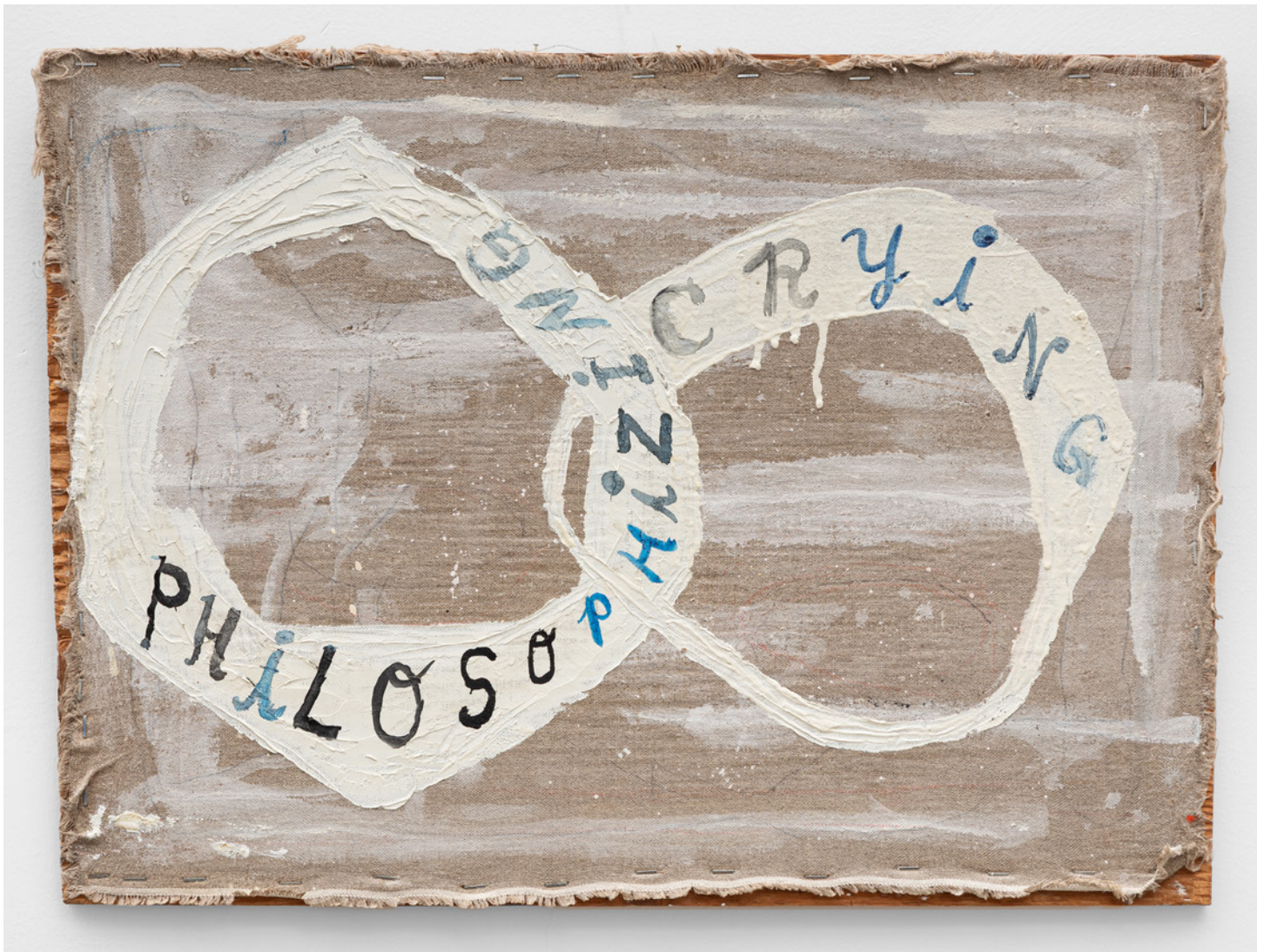
Detail: Peter Gallo, *Emergency Entrance/Double Star*, 2020–2025



Peter Gallo
Beuys, 2018
oil on Time/Life book covers on found wood, nails
11h x 35w in
27.94h x 88.90w cm
PG021



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Beuys*, 2018



Peter Gallo
Philosophizing & Crying, n.d.
oil on linen stapled to panel
15 1/2h x 21 1/2w in
39.37h x 54.61w cm
PG023



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Philosophizing & Crying*, n.d.



Peter Gallo
Andrea Dworkin Mercy, 2024
oil on fabric with found frame
15h x 15w in
38.10h x 38.10w cm
PG026



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Andrea Dworkin Mercy*, 2024



Peter Gallo
Cardiology, 2024
oil, acrylic, and buttons on canvas
24h x 18w in
60.96h x 45.72w cm
PG027



Detail: Peter Gallo, *Cardiology*, 2024



Peter Gallo
Theory Disgust, 2024
oil on linen on panel and found wood
37h x 16w in
93.98h x 40.64w cm
PG028



DISG



Installation views: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, 2025



Installation views: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, 2025



Installation views: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, 2025



Installation view: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, 2025



Installation views: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, 2025



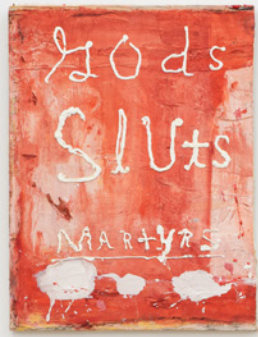
Installation views: Peter Gallo, *Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, 2025



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PETER GALLO

Born 1959, Rutland, VT

Lives and works in Hyde Park, VT

SELECT SOLO AND TWO-PERSON EXHIBITIONS

- 2025 *Peter Gallo: Gods, Sluts & Martyrs*, Adams and Ollman, Portland, OR
- 2022 *Blood & Flowers*, Sean Horton (Presents), New York, NY
- 2018 *Ship of Fools*, Sean Horton (Presents), The Independent, Brussels, BE
- 2016 *Peter Gallo*, Anthony Reynolds Gallery/àngels barcelona, Barcelona, ES
- 2015 *The Patients and The Doctors* (with David Byrd), Zieher Smith & Horton, New York, NY
- 2014 *Peter Gallo*, Douglas Hyde Gallery, Trinity College, Dublin, IE
- 2012 *Peter Gallo*, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London, UK
- 2011 *Paint Symptoms*, Horton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2010 *Time for Motherfuckers*, Horton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2007 *I Will Not Be Judy Garland*, SUNDAY L.E.S., New York, NY
- 2005 *Goodbye Picasso*, Freight + Volume, New York, NY
White Room, White Columns, New York, NY
- 2004 *Lost & Found*, Wendy Cooper Gallery, Chicago, IL
- 1999 *Blue Ground*, Julian Scott Memorial Gallery, Johnson State College, Johnson, VT
- 1997 *ParaphRENalia*, Christine Price Gallery, Castleton State College, Castleton, VT
- 1996 *Broadsides*, Abernethy Special Collections, Egbert Starr Library, Middlebury, VT
College (with Amiri Baraka), Middlebury, VT

SELECT GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2025 *Love Poems, Love Poems, Curated by Chris Martin (Singing in Unison, Part II)*, Anton Kern Gallery, New York, NY
- 2022 *Learn but the letters forme(d) by heart, Then soon you'l gain this noble art*, Adams and Ollman, Portland, OR
- 2021 *Dos Espacios*, àngels barcelona, Barcelona, ES
- 2020 *Red Telephone*, Fierman, New York, NY
Pungent Dystopia, Freight + Volume, New York, NY
- 2019 *Under/erasure*, Pierogi Gallery, New York, NY
- 2018 *Cupping the Counter*, Motel, Brooklyn, NY
- 2017 *Ready. Fire! Aim.*, Burlington City Arts (in collaboration with the Hall Art Foundation), Burlington, VT
- 2016 *The Language Games*, àngels barcelona, Barcelona, ES
NADA Art Fair, Zieher Smith & Horton, New York, NY
- 2015 *Take Back Vermont*, Zieher Smith & Horton, New York, NY
- 2014 *What's In and What's Not*, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London, UK
Frieze Art Fair, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London, UK
Call Me In, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London, UK
Art Basel, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, Basel, CH
- 2013 *deCordova Biennial*, deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum, Lincoln, MA
Art Basel, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, Miami, FL
- 2012 FIAC, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, Paris, FR
Art Basel, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, Miami, FL
Frieze Art Fair, Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London, UK
- 2011 NADA Art Fair, Horton Gallery, Miami, FL
Sailors & Shamans, Marvelli Gallery, New York, NY
- 2010 *L'aur'amara*, Gallery MC, New York, NY; Centro Recherche Accademia de Brera, Milan, IT; La Générale en Manufacture 6, Paris, FR

- Fool's House*, curated by Nora Griffin, LeRoy Neiman Gallery, Columbia University, New York, NY
The Armory Show, Horton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2009 *Lover*, On Stellar Rays, New York, NY
A Brief But Violent Episode, SUNDAY L.E.S., New York, NY
- 2008 *Update*, White Columns, New York, NY
- 2006 *Sequence and Consequence*, Steven Kasher Gallery, New York, NY
Most Sincerely Yours, Wendy Cooper Gallery, Chicago, IL
Speed, Galerie Staub Kohler, Zurich, CH
A Handful of Dust, Anthony Reynolds, London, UK
- 2004 *Getting to Know You*, Wendy Cooper Gallery, Chicago, IL
Process/Progress, Firehouse Gallery, Burlington, VT
- 2000 *13 Alumni Artists*, Middlebury College Museum of Art, Middlebury, VT
Facts and Numbers, Margaret Bodell Gallery, New York, NY
- 1998 *Troubling Customs*, Ontario College of Art and Design, Toronto, CA Canada, The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, MA

SELECT EXHIBITIONS ORGANIZED

- 2024 *Gayleen Aiken, I Have Many Hobbies*, Western Exhibitions, Chicago, IL (with Sean Horton)
- 2007 *Our Yard in the Future: The Art of Gayleen Aiken*, SUNDAY L.E.S., New York, NY
- 1998 *Transformations of Text: Visual Art and the Written Word; Basquiat, Ruscha, Hammond*, Helen Day Art Center, Stowe, VT
Family Values, T.W. Wood Art Gallery, Vermont College, Montpelier, VT
- 1994 *Cross-Currents of Influence: Local Art after Modernism*, Brattleboro Museum, Brattleboro, VT
- 1989 *Insider Art*, Grass Roots Art and Community Efforts, St. Johnsbury, VT

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

François Pinault Foundation, Venice, IT
 La Caixa Foundation, Barcelona, ES

Peter Gallo A—Z

Kevin Killian

On Peter Gallo's "Paint Symptoms"

"A man spends his whole lifetime painting one picture or working on one piece of sculpture." Barnett Newman wrote this truth in 1950, this truth about men, but it's almost as if he had predicted the Peter Gallo phenomenon; not that Gallo is repetitious per se but one does come to recognize, then respond to, then live for, the patterns one sees in his work. Count the ships in this show, in his career, Dreamy and sad, scudding across a Turner sea, Gallo's "Blue Ship" is sketched almost in Chinese form, an effect almost as much of calligraphy as of draughtsmanship, its attenuated tendrils or drips tying together the masses of blue accreting at the picture's center, so the pink must be the sky or fog, with gold at the edges, a mercantile sort of windjammer bound for a wealthy East.

Everywhere we who are watching this work encounter language, words, thump, thump thump, like the bumper cars of the county fairs of my youth. "Friendship & Modernism" boosts "Friendship" above, "Modernism" below—the underdog?—nouns pushed apart by a rectangular patch of Silly Putty pink, itself squirming loose from its wooden plank frame. Guess "friendship" has the advantage, for the painter can spin off the "-ship" suffix into a separately painted word. His "ship" sails on, while ugly old modernism, sporting deep slashes in its "m's," looks warped and Russian, or Slavic, a word that begins and ends with a "V," perhaps something like "Vaslav."

I e-mailed Peter Gallo to ask what was up with all the words, disturbing the surface of the picture, sometimes buried under a flurry or compost of what I now think of as paint symptoms. Just a day later my inbox rang at me, and "There's this huge pleasure," Gallo wrote, "in painting out words and phrases, especially those in another language... I really do not read German well at all...however, when I take a sample from Holderlin, or Celan, or one of Kant's or Freud's or Schreber's or Beuys' amazing and crazy words or utterances, and paint it out on a surface, and see what happens, it seems to hand over some of its sense to me." Kant I never think of in terms of magic, but the others, maybe?

Later it hit me that he uses the verb form "to paint out" in a way totally different than the way I do. My mouth only manages that phrase in my urban alley, when I walk to my car and overnight street gangs have covered it with the ecstatic menace of graffiti. "Nuts," I tell my iPhone. "Oh for crying out loud, now I've gotta paint out this mess." Painting out is covering up, obliteration, disguise: what else could it mean, but for Gallo it seems to convey only application, making, even interpellation, calling something into being by locating it. Queer language practice long ago made "out" the center of every progressive formation, and dimly I begin to imagine "painting out" as a liberation, an escape from the picture plane.

Recently a Gallo fan told me, "Peter Gallo's painting is to ordinary art as jailhouse tattoos are to ordinary tattoos." Sort of a strange compliment perhaps? The boy's big red lips and large green eyes, like olives, gleamed but gave no clue. Ultimately I thought of how the hipsters in my neighborhood in San Francisco will flock to Don Ed Hardy's studio to get Occupy Oakland tattooed down their arms, but in a jailhouse, you'd have to be really desperate or under duress (even the duress of boredom) to submit to that stubby needle and that fizzy hydrocortisone. Vaslav's long sinewy body is covered with Russian gang tats, of death as a woman tied to a firecracker, of a giant four-headed dog with V's for eyes, What if Gallo's pictures were really postcards, messages from a place far away and long ago like yesterday? X's and O's, like kisses, decorate the trellis of each pop-up Ouija board. You could be the guy who saves his ass by writing letters for the other lifers. Zoning in and out of consciousness as the world explodes, the stultifera navis glides on a stern horizontal, as though on greased machinery, right out of the picture. For Foucault, writing in *Madness and Civilization*, it was at this point, the late 15th century launch of the "ship of fools" (Der Narrenschiff of Sebastian Brant), that image and text began to dissociate from each other, to break apart, to break off relations with each other, and that this is the burden we all labor under today. For Gallo the situation is rather different—maybe more hopeful? Images and text still bear relation, bear witness in a certain way, there is a ritual, symbolic intercourse here that delights me as a writer.

I came to this work when people kept telling me, look beyond the "beautiful losers" of the soi-disant Mission

School here in San Francisco, look back, go to the source. He lives in Maine and he's called Peter Gallo. I'm happy and I'm frightened, the way Speke must have felt approaching Lake Victoria. Fear creeps in further as I ponder Gallo's restricted palette. Those shades of taupe and tan so etiolated, at the end of their tether; the pale flesh color of band-aids; pinks and grays that must have been boiled from flowers and mashed, as indigenous tribes once dyed the dwellings invading forces tried to pronounce as "wigwams." On Facebook sometimes months will go by without a status update from Gallo, and then, like today, it's a picture of a thistle patch in November, the camera angle taken down low, near the earth, the broken exploding thistles marvels of no color—the color of a spider web, a fringe of hair, the hair color Marilyn Monroe went to during her intellectual period, when she had herself photographed next to Carl Sandburg and said she had his hair now. Why are the loveliest and softest things in the world the scariest? I guess because they've been somewhere, somewhere close to death perhaps. Before the ship of fools set sail (again Foucault) life opposed death, and madness hardly was noticed. And afterwards madness took the place of death, just like the escaped prisoner takes care to mold a version of his own body out of towels and whatnot, to leave behind under the threadbare blanket when the guard shines a light on his bunk. Barnett Newman had it slightly wrong, about men at least: —in my view a man spends his whole lifetime breaking out of one prison.



Studio view, Hyde Park, VT



Studio view, Hyde Park, VT