
**Spencer Finch**

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006 ITEMS ARE affixed to the windows of Spencer Finch’s Brooklyn studio. On the window behind the artist hang a number of light filters, tests for one that will cover a window at James Cohan Gallery during Finch’s show there, opening on May 2.

At noon, time in the gallery the filter will produce exactly the same color as that shining on Mars at noon. He determined that planetary hue from measurements he obtained from NASA. The exhibition will be the first at the gallery for Finch, who also has work on view in the Normaly Impressionist Festival, a new permanent installation at the Quadrant 3 building in London, and is preparing an off-site installation for spices that will debut this fall.

Finch is not, however, the sort of artist who plans entire shows ahead of time; rather, he works on several pieces at once and chooses among them. This comfort with uncertainty turns out to be consonant with his practice. Paradoxically for a visual artist, Finch has long been interested in depicting the unseen and the invisible. Usually this involves some type of measurement. “This indirect form of knowledge is somehow compelling to me,” he says, “and also this idea of really trying to understand something that you can’t see.” The resulting pieces tend to be as gorgeously visible as they are mind-stretching.