

Exhibition preview: Kent Monkman, London

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The first time I saw Kent Monkman's sprawling romantic landscapes I could not believe they were for real. Amid the glacial waters, snowcapped mountains and tapering pines was a drag queen. Or to be more precise Miss Chief Eagle Testicle, standing proud in pink stack heels and little else. She was coolly painting a picture of her white male lover, who was naked and skewered to a tree with arrows. Toronto-based Monkman is of Cree descent and his inventive paintings challenge the traditional perceptions of the American West. Funny and politically incisive, his injection of some Cher-like glamour into the heart of America's butch psyche is like throwing a Versace wedge into an auto-repair shop.

• Stephen Friedman Gallery, W1, to Oct 10