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ART GALLERIES—CHELSEA

## Jesse Krimes

Through Sept. 24.

Burning in Water  
317 Tenth Ave., at 28th St.  
Chelsea

716-380-3080



The materials used in the works in the Philadelphia artist's New York debut hint at their provenance: Krimes made them during a six-year stint in prison for a nonviolent drug offense. While in solitary confinement, he discovered that he could transfer photographs from newspapers and magazines onto little soap squares using hair gel and a plastic spoon. He then embedded the portraits in holes bored through decks of cards, like shallow graves. Also on view is a tapestry on prison-issued bed sheets—a weird, oneiric landscape festooned with fairies, fields, and images transferred from prison copies of the *New York Times* and *Artforum*. Pictures of Rihanna and Taylor Swift, not to mention an ad for a Christie's sale, assume a mournful character as absurdist totems of freedom while enduring draconian punishment.

— *The New Yorker*

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## MORE IN ART »

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ART

### “100 Drawings from Now”

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Oct. 7-Jan. 17



This invitational show, at the Drawing Center, in SoHo, speaks to our lockdown epoch with startling poignancy. All but one of the works were created since the pandemic's onset. Few are thematic. There are scant visual references to the spiky virus, though there are some good jokes on homebound malaise. Among the better-known artists, Raymond Pettibon pictures himself bingeing on episodes of "The Twilight Zone" and Katherine Bernhardt reports a homeopathic regimen of cigarettes and Xanax. Stylistic commonalities are scarce, aside from a frequent tilt toward wonky figuration. The show confirms a deltalike trend—or anti-trend—of eclectic eccentricities without any discernible mainstream. What unites Rashid Johnson's grease-stick abstraction, conjuring a state of alarm in a pigment that he has invented and dubbed Anxious Red; Cecily Brown's pencilled carnage of game animals after a seventeenth-century still-life by Frans Snyders; and a meticulous, strikingly sombre self-portrait by R. Crumb? Isolation. Intended or not in individual cases, the melancholy gestalt is strong, as is its silver-lining irony of satisfying all artists' ruling wish: to be alone in the studio. Alone with themselves. Alone with drawing. I found myself experiencing the works less as calculated images than as prayers.

— *Peter Schjeldahl*

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ART

## Benny Andrews

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Sept. 26-Jan. 9

Rosenfeld  
100 Eleventh Ave.  
Chelsea

212-247-0082

[Website](#)



GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN

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Courtesy the Benny Andrews Estate and Michael Rosenfeld Gallery

The American artist **Benny Andrews**, who died in 2006, at the age of seventy-five, painted with deep feeling for working people. He arrived at the extraordinary composite technique he called

EXPLORE

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Rosenfeld gallery (through Jan. 9), presents the artist's father, a Georgia sharecropper, at hard-earned rest in an easy chair. Andrews also painted his fellow-artists—his wife, Nene Humphrey; Alice Neel; Norman Lewis; Howardena Pindell—because he “wanted to make them appear as much a part of everyday existence as taxi drivers or lawyers.” In the show's tour de force, “Portrait of the Portrait Painter” (above), from 1987, Andrews turned his loving and intelligent eye on himself and his labor.

—*Andrea K. Scott*

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ART

## Beth Lipman

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Sept. 24-Aug. 15

Museum of Arts and Design  
2 Columbus Circle  
Midtown

212-299-7777

[Website](#)



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This glass artist's compact mid-career survey at the Museum of Arts & Design, titled “Collective Elegy,” is a seductive, cinematic affair, well suited to Lipman's themes and to her glittering, translucent medium. The show's breathtaking centerpiece is presented for maximum effect: a phantasmic sculptural still-life of a banquet table, from 2015, greets visitors as they get off an elevator. The array of elements—bowls of fruit and piles of books, redolent of European painting history—are upturned by a forest of prehistoric plants. The tension between historical and prehistoric time is a through line in Lipman's work (which also includes photographs). An enchanted pastoral sensibility, inflected by decorative-art traditions, rules. But one large piece departs from the over-all look of things. Here, enlarged images, cut out and sandwiched between plates of glass, are arranged to form a disjointed interior. According to an accompanying guide

GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN

EXPLORE

—*Johanna Fateman*

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ART

## Caleb Considine

Nov. 14-Jan. 9

Bureau  
178 Norfolk St.  
Downtown

212-227-2783

[Website](#)



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visit Bureau, on the Lower East Side, before Jan. 7, and you'll be met at the door by two dogs—a pair of spare, exquisitely detailed graphite drawings by the American artist **Caleb Considine**. The sketches, of statues flanking a mausoleum in Brooklyn's Green-Wood Cemetery, are virtuosically lifelike (all of Considine's pictures are rendered from direct observation, not photographs), but they're also a reminder that works of art—discrete objects with the power to outlast what they depict—are only like life. Considine's quietly beautiful show of five very small paintings (including “Dre's Cup,” pictured above) captures the mood of the past nine months, intensely concentrated and fragmentary, when the endless news cycle might be relieved by a walk outdoors (the subject of the darkly comic hybrid of landscape and still-life “Hardball with Chris Matthews in Central Park”) and the nighttime view out a studio window in Industry City was uncannily quiet. But all of these sombre canvases are as timeless as they are topical.

—*Andrea K. Scott*

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ART

## Louise Fishman

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Nov. 5-Dec. 20

Karma  
188 E. 2nd St.  
Downtown

212-390-8290

[Website](#)



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At eighty-one, Fishman is painting with a vigor and discipline that might inspire envy in younger artists were it not for the love and light in her work—the product of her generous hand and eye. Fishman's tremendously energetic new two-part exhibition at Karma conveys perseverance, and what life has to offer, if you remain open to it. Coming of age at the tail end of Abstract Expressionism, the painter went through a number of styles (some of her early works employed



pleasures of influence and inspiration.

— *Hilton Als*

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ART

## Mernet Larsen

Dec. 1-Jan. 23

Cohan  
48 Walker St.  
Downtown

212-714-9500

[Website](#)



This American artist has worked at the outer limits of representational painting for some six decades, producing sharp-edged vignettes that transform the abstract geometries of Russian Constructivism into boxy heads, limbs, and other figurative elements. To accompany Larsen's show of new work in Tribeca, the James Cohan gallery has posted a short film on its Web site, in which the artist explains the origins of her singular approach; in addition, all her new paintings' titles directly reference the Constructivist polymath El Lissitzky. In "Solar System, Explained (after El Lissitzky)," a planetary model rests in the center of a dining table; the blocky forms that surround it come to represent people with the addition of the simplest details (as when a plank and a white polyhedron become a leg and a sneaker). In "Gurney (after El Lissitzky)," a lone rectilinear woman inhabits a hospital scene, off-kilter and stripped to its anxious, aseptic essence—evidence that Larsen finds not just figures but also feeling in her abstract muse.

— *Johanna Fateman*

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## EXPLORE

Ongoing

Museum of Modern Art  
11 W. 53rd St.

212-708-9400

[Website](#)



Courtesy MOMA

“What looks good today may not look good tomorrow,” reads an ebullient twelve-foot-high canvas by the Luxembourgish painter Michel Majerus, from 2000, now hanging at MOMA. On the other hand, what was overlooked yesterday may dazzle today. That’s one takeaway from **“Fall Reveal,”** an inspired reinstallation of roughly a third of the museum’s permanent-collection galleries. (Advance tickets are required, available at [moma.org](http://moma.org).) The Majerus hangs on the second



GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN

EXPLORE

snowstopper by Carolee Schneemann (a motorized hybrid of painting, sculpture, and stage set), and mesmerizing footage of the jazz great Cecil Taylor enliven more familiar, contemporaneous works by Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg. Elsewhere, Andy Warhol's iconic "Campbell's Soup Cans" (pictured above, in the company of similarly cumulative works by the German Pop-art pioneer Thomas Bayrle and the first sculpture that Yayoi Kusama ever made, in 1961) get strong competition from another artist who played with her food: the Canadian filmmaker Joyce

Wieland, whose hilarious 1964 short "Patriotism" mocks American nationalism, and the patriarchy behind it, with a stop-motion army of hot dogs.

— *Andrea K. Scott*

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ART

## Paul Chan

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Nov. 6-Dec. 19

Greene Naftali  
508 W. 26th St.  
Chelsea

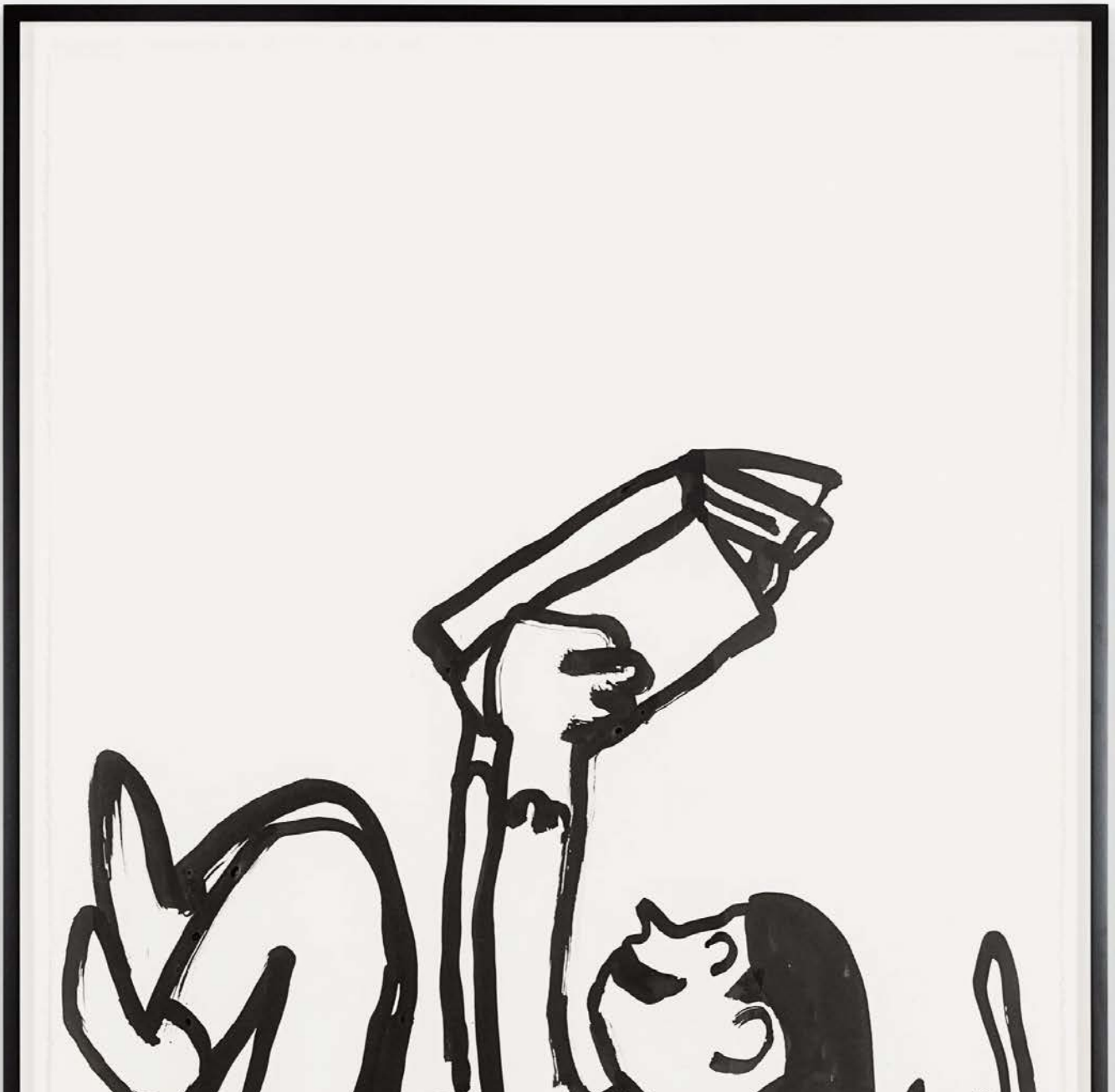
212-463-7770

[Website](#)



GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN

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Courtesy the artist and Greene Naftali

Philosophy may not seem like child’s play—until you consider that Ludwig Wittgenstein took a six-year hiatus from his career to teach grade school in rural Austria. In fact, the great Austrian thinker published only two books during his lifetime: “Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus,” in 1921, and a children’s dictionary, in 1926. The latter, which lists more than five thousand words, is now available in its first English translation (by the insightful Bettina Funcke), called “Word Book,” released by Badlands Unlimited. The project was dreamed up by the artist and Badlands founder **Paul Chan**, who is also the father of a school-age girl. Previously more of a Theodor Adorno man, Chan became captivated by Wittgenstein’s mind and his willingness to change it. The artist contributes a handful of ink illustrations to the book, made with his nondominant hand—his left—to maximize freedom. These drawings and others (including “neuartig / anew,” pictured above), on subjects ranging from an edelweiss flower to an epidemic, are on view (through Dec. 19) at the Greene Naftali gallery.

—*Andrea K. Scott*

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ART

## Sally Saul

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Nov. 13-Jan. 30

Uffner  
170 Suffolk St.  
Downtown

212-274-0064

[Website](#)

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pandemic) become something like an indoor sculpture garden at the Rachel Uffner gallery, where they're placed on pedestals of varying heights. Saul, who lives in the Hudson Valley, titled her show "In the Woods," playing on an undercurrent of anxiety lurking in the bucolic. Working in a forthright style, informed by folk traditions and the Bay Area art scene of the nineteen-seventies, Saul is attuned to the natural world and depicts birds—white-throated sparrows, a red-winged blackbird—with particular charm. Some of the pieces evoke turmoil, both inner and outer. In "Transformed," a woman whose features recall emojis appears on the brink of a breakdown; in "Troubled Waters," a ring of white waves encroaches on a figure in an inner tube (or a black hole). Such sculptures offset the show's more contemplative moments and remind us—like the title of a bust of a bespectacled woman in a blue mask—that we're still in the midst of "Hard Times."

—*Johanna Fateman*

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ART

## TARWUK

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Nov. 13-Jan. 9

Martos  
41 Elizabeth St.  
Downtown

212-560-0670

[Website](#)



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The Croatian artists Bruno Pogačnik Tremow and Ivana Vukšić, who collaborate as TARWUK, make a mesmerizing, if occasionally head-scratching, début at the Martos gallery. (The duo now live in New York.) Weathered-looking figurative sculptures, made from materials as varied as polyurethane foam and actual teeth (human and coyote), combine sci-fi aesthetics and the

GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN

EXPLORE

on TARWUK's haunting, fragmented world, citing the Croatian War of Independence, in the nineteen-nineties, as a formative trauma for the artists and noting the pop and art-historical references in their dense visual lexicon—which is cryptic but well worth decoding.

—*Johanna Fateman*

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