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artists are clearly concerned with context, but none of these works transcends “pop art,” public sculpture that seems to have dropped down like Dorothy’s house into Oz. The exception is Kori Newkirk’s stately “Sentra,” three shimmering plastic curtains that transform an ordinary stroll up the steps of St. Nicholas Park into a pop-up parade. *Through July 25.*

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Keltie Ferris**

The Brooklyn artist writes a new chapter in the history of painting as performance—a powerful update of Yves Klein’s infamous use of naked women as blue-dipped brushes. Ferris’s imprints on paper of her own painted form, clad in a button-down shirt and belted jeans, have a cowboyish gender fluidity. The results can evoke Warhol’s iconic Elvis series, especially when Ferris’s hands rest at her hips, as if poised at a holster. In the turquoise-and-crimson “Joan/Joni,” we see a sturdy stance and a blurred head; in “twinK-twin,” the figure is headless and symmetrical, a vision in yellow and silver. The novel self-portraits may surprise viewers who know only the artist’s rambunctious abstractions—they will doubtless earn her some new fans as well. *Through May 6. (Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 212-744-7400.)*

**Joan Wallace**

This disarming show—the artist’s first in twelve years—is mordantly beautiful, briskly conceptual, and not to be missed. It spans three decades, beginning with collaborations she made, as Wallace & Donohue, with GERALYN DONOHUE, in the nine-

teen-eighties. In the alluring “Go,” from 1983, a small blue rectangle floats on a sea of red. The addition of a side-view mirror transforms the canvas into a speeding car—as does the paint itself, which is manufactured to combat rust. (Other works play similar tricks with a refrigerator and a swimming-pool ladder.) Several pieces use the trappings of domesticity to take on painting’s masculinist history. In “Piece of Cake (for Jack Goldstein),” from 2004, a video monitor set into a half-yellow, half-blue painting screens footage of a similarly two-toned layer cake. *Through April 22. (Dec, 2037 Fifth Ave. 212-924-7545.)*

## GALLERIES—CHELSEA

**Erwin Wurm**

The Austrian artist has been making “one-minute sculptures” for years. But these lightly modified pieces of furniture—kitted out with instructions for viewer participation—seem tailor-made for the times, serving as Instagram bait while also reflecting a general state of high anxiety. One high point, “Head TV,” is a credenza with a skull-size hole cut into its top; seeing gallerygoers nervously approach the piece and then giddily stick their heads inside is like watching a reality-television revamp of a self-administered Milgram experiment. *Through May 26. (Lehmann Maupin, 536 W. 22nd St. 212-255-2923.)*

## GALLERIES—BROOKLYN

**Morag Keil**

“Passive Aggressive 2” is the title of this succinct and impressive show by the Scot-

tish-born, London-based artist. Three pieces are placed as far away from one another as possible. A motorcycle helmet is crudely outfitted with a flip camera. An electronic picture frame rests in a drawer, displaying stills from the show’s third piece, a video, which features computer-animated empty rooms, traffic scenes (shot by the helmet camera), and footage of a young woman filming herself. It’s all a bit ponderous, but themes may include motion as metaphor, the colonization of the real world by virtual realms, and the intense self-reflexivity of the art world. *Through April 23. (Real Fine Arts, 673 Meeker Ave., Greenpoint. 347-457-6679.)*

**Postcommodity**

Raven Chacon, Cristóbal Martínez, and Kade L. Twist are the members of Postcommodity, an art collective, based across the Southwest, that is committed to shining a light on the lives of the indigenous people in North America. (A stirring video by the trio is included in the current Whitney Biennial.) Their latest piece, “Coyotoje,” is a surreal re-creation of an illicit border crossing: it isn’t subtle, but it is very powerful. In a dark room, men’s voices are heard whispering phrases in Spanish (English translation: “We have to go,” “They’re going to kill you”), a reference to the decoys allegedly used by the U.S. Border Patrol at the Mexican border at night. A large color photograph of dogs standing menacingly around a horse’s skeleton hangs by the reception desk; near the door, a closed-circuit camera projects visitors’ faces onto an inflatable ten-foot-tall *chupacabra*, a mythical predator. *Through June 3. (Art in General, 145 Plymouth St. 212-219-0473.)*



“County Mayo” (2016), by Sarah McEaney, is one of the Philadelphia artist’s recent acrylic paintings on view at the Tibor de Nagy gallery, through May 20.