

THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Annette Lemieux

The gallery inaugurates its new uptown digs with a fine sampling of late-eighties works by a pioneer of post-Conceptualist painting, construction, and photomontage. Lemieux's satirical content may be subtle but it registers with the snap of a major-league breaking ball. The one-of-a-kind classics here include "Calendar Girl," twelve laser-printed photographs of women who came to a sad end (Marilyn Monroe, Frances Farmer, an anonymous suicide), and a vast canvas titled "Nomad," which is marked by the restive meanderings of the artist's paint-smearred bare feet. Lemieux's special blend of exquisite craft and lurking sarcasm once led the critic Robert Pincus-Witten to term her "Agnes Martin with an axe to grind."

— *The New Yorker*