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THE

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# NEW YORKER



BOOTH



**MUSEUMS SHORT LIST****METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**

"Kongo: Power and Majesty,"  
Through Jan. 3.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**

"Picasso Sculpture," Through  
Feb. 7.

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**

"Alberto Burri: The Trauma of  
Painting," Through Jan. 6.

**THE WHITNEY MUSEUM**

"Frank Stella: A Retrospective,"  
Through Feb. 7.

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**

"Agitprop," Through Aug. 7.

**DIA:CHelsea**

"Robert Ryman," Through  
June 18.

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**

"Jacob Riis: Revealing New  
York's Other Half," Through  
March 20.

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**

"A Constellation," Through  
March 6.

**GALLERIES SHORT LIST****UPTOWN**

Julie Ault  
Galerie Buchholz  
17 E. 82nd St. 646-964-4276.  
Through Jan. 16.

Troy Brauntuch

Petzel  
35 E. 67th St. 212-680-9467.  
Through Jan. 9.

Jane Freilicher

De Nagy  
724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.  
212-262-5050.  
Through Jan. 23.

**CHelsea**

Josephine Halvorson / Leslie  
Hewitt / Jennie C. Jones  
Sikkema Jenkins  
530 W. 22nd St. 212-929-2262.  
Through Jan. 23.

Ilya & Emilia Kabakov

Pace  
510 W. 25th St. 212-255-4044.  
Through Jan. 23.

Deborah Kass

Kasmin  
515 W. 27th St. 212-563-4474.  
Through Jan. 23.

Yoko Ono

Rosen  
525 W. 24th St. 212-627-6000.  
Galerie Lelong  
528 W. 26th St. 212-315-0470.  
Both through Jan. 23.

**DOWNTOWN**

Guo Fengyi  
Edlin  
212 Bowery, at Spring St.  
212-206-9723.  
Through Jan. 31.

Robert Smithson

Cohan  
291 Grand St. 212-714-9500.  
Through Jan. 10.

"To Whom It May Concern:  
Photographs from  
the Archives of Haaretz  
Newspaper."

Feldman  
31 Mercer St. 212-226-3232.  
Through Jan. 30.

**MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES****MOMA PS1**

"Greater New York"

This transgenerational group exhibition is a deeply thoughtful if muted affair, with one selfie-baiting exception: an installation of twenty-four figurative sculptures on the second floor. They range from John Ahearn's loving, life-size rendition, in painted cast fibreglass, of a South Bronx mother and daughter, made in 1987, to a statue encrusted in beads—a giddy hybrid of Umberto Boccioni and Bootsy Collins—completed last year by the Mexican-born, Brooklyn-based Raúl de Nieves. Standing sentinel is "Kali Bobbit," a slapstick warrior-goddess in the form of a mannequin wearing thigh-high stockings and a belt full of knives, made in 1994 by the feminist pioneer Mary Beth Edelson. Elsewhere, L.G.B.T. issues are prominent, seen through scrim of both nostalgia (Alvin Baltrop's candid photographs of gay men cruising on the West Side piers in the post-Stonewall seventies) and rage (the AIDS activism of the collective Fierce Pussy). Charles Atlas trains his video camera on the drag legend Lady Bunny as she champions the disenfranchised in an impassioned rant that could give Bernie Sanders a run for his money. Through March 7.

**American Folk Art Museum**

"Art Brut in America: The  
Incursion of Jean Dubuffet"

"Ah Jean Dubuffet / when you think of him / doing his military service in the Eiffel Tower / as a meteorologist / in 1922 / you know how wonderful the 20th Century / can be." That's how Frank O'Hara began his poem "Naphtha." The lines, befitting the offbeat charisma of the great French artist, come to mind in this fascinating show of outsider art from a collection with which Dubuffet (1901-85) sought to beget a climate change in the artistic cultures of Europe and the United States, where the collection resided, in an East Hampton villa, from 1951 to 1962. Starting in 1945, he acquired works by untutored prisoners, children, people hospitalized for mental illnesses, and eccentric loners, mostly French, Swiss, or German, to make a point: "civilized" art was false to human nature and redeemable only by recourse to primal authenticities. Dubuffet's claim to have tapped a universal creative wellspring can seem murky. For one thing, there's an inevitable period bias in any collection. (Ghosts of Joan Miró and Paul Klee haunt this one.) For another, naïveté is never absolute. Through Jan. 10.

**GALLERIES—UPTOWN****Enrico Baj**

The Milanese firebrand, whose Arte Nucleare movement of the fifties aimed kitsch and satire at a world shadowed by atomic weapons, thought

seriously and painted otherwise. This essential show opens with a wonderful two-part mural from 1971, festooned with ribbons and fabric scraps, a cheeky update of Seurat's famous "Sunday on La Grande Jatte" (a child by the lake is now framed by a shock of blue hair). Upstairs are earlier forays into burlesque and bad taste, including modifications of cheesy thrift-store paintings: curvaceous nudes and lakeside villages beset by aliens and flying-saucer invasions. The most surprising works here are flat assemblages depicting furniture. Don't be misled by their melancholic appearance—they're a perverse breed of zombie, created with elements salvaged from actual chests of drawers. Through Dec. 23. (Luxembourg & Dayan, 64 E. 77th St. 212-452-4646.)

**Takesada Matsutani**

The Japanese artist was part of the postwar Gutai movement, which made a virtue of freedom and performance, but the earliest works here were created in the late sixties, after Matsutani had moved to Paris. Paintings from his early days in France suggest the geometries of Ellsworth Kelly or Kenneth Noland. Their semicircles of red and triangles of green look pretty decorative now, but sculptures from the same period, especially those made by coating wooden dowels with vinyl adhesive, have an enduring surreal charm. In two new wall-spanning works, both black, graphite or ink runs off the paper and onto the floor, residue of a performative painting technique that would make the old guard of Gutai proud. Through Dec. 23. (Hauser & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. 212-794-4970.)

**Gina Osterloh**

The promising work of this conceptual artist from Los Angeles falls somewhere between drawing and photography—and between being and nothingness. First, she sketches loose grids on large sheets of paper, or spray-paints paper with rows of soft-focus black dots, which she cuts into silhouettes of people huddled in groups. Then she photographs the tableaux—scenes of flatness that sneak a curious volume into the pictures. Everything in Osterloh's world seems to be on the verge of dissolving—even the artist herself, in a video in which she tries to merge with her own shadow. Through Dec. 19. (Higher Pictures, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. 212-249-6100.)

**GALLERIES—CHelsea****Thomas Roma**

Beginning in 2008, Roma began taking a series of ambiguous, charged portraits and landscapes in the Vale of Cashmere, a section of Prospect Park frequented by men cruising for sex, seventy-five of which are on view here. The men in the portraits

agreed to be photographed, and, while some look uneasy, others confront the camera with a calm assurance. Many of the landscapes present the park as an oasis of isolation and comfort, but it's also a site of pursuit, as seen in a number of panoramic sequences of men following paths deep into the woods. Through Dec. 23. (Kasher, 515 W. 26th St. 212-966-3978.)

**Cary Smith**

Smith, who paints hard-edged abstractions, is a virtuoso of balance in disproportion. Six of the dozen new works here feature intersecting diagonal lines of two distinct thicknesses and suggest mosaics. Elsewhere, Smith daubs swatches of color against taxicab yellow and Tiffany blue, and tessellates white ovoids in a field of red and black. Most of the paintings are square—think Malevich, think Instagram—and Smith's deployment of asymmetric components in an equilateral frame has, in the best cases here, the sprightly invention of a Coltrane cadenza. Through Jan. 9. (Fredericks & Freiser, 536 W. 24th St. 212-633-6555.)

**Bjorn Sterri**

From Julia Margaret Cameron to Sally Mann, photographers have long found their muses close to home, in their own families. Sterri taps into that tradition in a series of tender, probing images of his wife and two sons, made during the past fifteen years. Gazing at the camera as if looking into a mirror, they look alternately contented, concerned, amused, and even blissful. Sterri casts himself as a comically stern dad, whether he's seen stepping into the frame with the others or taking it over entirely for an occasional self-portrait, one of which finds him naked in a shallow grave, as if to suggest that, without his loved ones around him, life isn't worth living. Through Jan. 9. (Wester, 526 W. 26th St. 212-255-5560.)

**Martha Wilson**

Wilson, the artist who founded the crucial avant-garde space Franklin Furnace, doubles down on Duchamp in her lenticular self-portrait, "Mona / Marcel / Marge," in which La Gioconda sports Marge Simpson's blue beehive in addition to the famous drawn-on moustache. Wilson's images tend to be one-liners; in the diptych "Bear In Mind / Bare In Mind," she dons a panda mask in one frame and moons the camera in the next. But such puns are leavened by politics; in the past, Wilson has satirized Nancy Reagan and Barbara Bush. Here, she styles herself as Michelle Obama, with half of her face and body painted black. The deliberately partial use of the loathsome minstrel-show trope makes the stakes of the picture clear: in a country as riven as ours, such a parody is defeated before it's begun. Through Dec. 22. (P.P.O.W., 535 W. 22nd St. 212-647-1044.)