PRICE \$8.99

JUNE 6 & 13, 2016

NEW YORKER



Is So" and another painting of sexual intimacy, "Night Studio" (2009): Bruegel, Goya, Vuillard, Munch, Nolde, Kirchner, and Ernst; also, Nicola Tyson and Peter Doig. Like her sexual self-assertion, Eisenman's stylistic genres are means to the end of sustaining her confidence as an artist. They are about being specific. She is a pragmatist in service to creativity that remembers the past, glories in the present, and eagerly addresses the future. Through June 26.

GALLERIES-UPTOWN

Gerhard Richter

At eighty-four, the great German painter is back in the studio, and showing some of his freest and finest abstracts in years. Bolts of fluorescent green and Big Bird yellow course through stuttering, oleaginous fields of reds and blues; marbled compositions on glass, which fall somewhere between paintings and monoprints, emulsify what his paintings on canvas congeal. In their Cagean commitment to form beyond meaning, Richter's new works are as cerebral as ever. They are also among his most audacious. Through June 25. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 212-977-7160.)

"Dis-play / Re-play"

The octogenarian Conceptualist Brian O'Doherty is the star of this strong group show, transforming the narrow building's basement into a trippy theatre of hot-colored walls and gallery-spanning ropes. (The exhibition was curated by Prem Krishnamurthy, who runs the reliably provocative downtown gallery P!) The

theme of architecture recurs in Mika Tajima's translucent resin blocks, which hang on wall-paper depicting a spread-eagled athlete, and in Judith Barry's video installation "They Agape" (1978), in which two female architects bicker about their male colleagues—and each other. A Plexiglas triptych installed in the lobby by Gerwald Rockenshaub shares the colors of the Austrian flag. One panel is slightly askew, as if to suggest that national identity is precarious at a moment when Europe's borderless dream seems imperilled. Through Sept. 5. (Austrian Cultural Forum, 11 E. 52nd St. 212-319-5300.)

GALLERIES-CHELSEA

Ketuta Alexi-Meskhishvili

Her work got lost in the clamor of the New Museum's recent Triennial, but the Berlinbased artist's solo début should correct that. Two ravishing big abstract photographs set the tone: one yellow, one magenta (colors echoed on the sheer panels that curtain the entrance door), they hint at crumpled, torn fabric but dissolve into pure atmosphere. Three small figure studies—an arm, a shoulder, a woman sprawled on the floor in a fishnet body stocking—are titled "after" Robert Mapplethorpe, Francesca Woodman, and Lee Friedlander, but they're no more derivative than Alexi-Meskhishvili's eccentric still-lifes. Through June 18. (Rosen, 544 W. 24th St. 212-627-6100.)

Alwar Balasubramaniam

The Indian artist invests abstraction with the weight of the natural world through the slow,

In her new works at the Fredericks & Freiser gallery (including the untitled picture above), Jocelyn Hobbie strikes an exquisite balance between riotous ornamentation and placid internal states.

controlled application of air and water. Panels of graphite have been eroded by dripping liquid; fibreglass panels are covered with seemingly infinite nodules of paint, aided by currents of wind. (The varying densities suggest a topographic map of a planet far more elegant than earth.) Two sculptures on the floor continue to connect the natural to the manmade. In "Shell as Body," a terra-cotta carapace surrounds a mysterious cavity, while the more unnerving "Body as Shell" is a crumpled sandstone cast of the artist's body. Through June 5. (Talwar, 108 E. 16th St. 212-673-3096.)

GALLERIES-DOWNTOWN

Lukas Duwenhögger

Artists Space, the indispensable nonprofit that helped launch the downtown art scene in the seventies and remains the molten core of what's cool, is losing its home at the end of this show, displaced by luxury real estate. (It will continue to operate in its annex, at 55 Walker St., until it finds a new headquarters.) It departs SoHo on a high note, introducing New York to the bewitchingly stylized paintings and collages of this sixty-year-old German artist, now based in Istanbul. In his tender regard for queer codes of conduct and sublime artifice, Duwenhögger is a bright star in the same constellation that includes Christian Schad, Jared French, and Luchino Visconti. Through June 5. (Artists Space, 38 Greene St. 212-226-3970.)

Josh Kline

In its persuasive admixture of real and surreal, dark humor, and dark formal inventiveness, Kline's new show, "Unemployment," is the sculptural equivalent of a George Saunders short story-which is to say, one of the best things you'll encounter this year. The subject is the built-in obsolescence of the American middle class. The time is the near future (a Presidential election looms in 2031). Shopping carts are piled high with recyclables, a routine-enough sight in New York until you register the fact that the bottles are hands; heaps of cast-off office paraphernalia appear in the tones of beige and brown we call "flesh." The most disturbing disposables are human beings, a quartet of startlingly lifelike figures, dressed in business attire and curled inside clear plastic bags like so much garbage kicked to the curb. (They're 3-D-printed portraits of unemployed people-an accountant, a small-business owner-whom Kline hired to participate in his piece.) Morbid, yes, but what might have devolved into sensationalism instead becomes an engine for empathy. Through June 12. (47 Canal, 291 Grand St. 646-415-7712.)

Mark Lyon

Lyon photographs landscapes in upstate New York while standing inside the bays of self-service car washes, boxlike spaces that supply the images with ready-made frames (graced by the occasional hose). The views—gas-station pumps, strip malls, a swatch of unnaturally green lawn—are transformed by Lyon's keen eye. He works in daylight and darkness alike, regardless of weather, as fog, rain, and falling snow turn the everyday oddly magical. Through June 12. (Houston, 34 E. 1st St. 646-247-1657.)