

ART

Laurie Simmons

In the mid-nineteen-seventies, this influential artist began her career by photographing shadowy doll-house interiors. The small, jewel-toned pieces in her new show, “Color Pictures/Deep Photos,” recall those uncanny scenes—with some notable differences. The photo-collage works on view are windows into an X-rated, Lilliputian world of nude, often masturbating female figures (images that the artist downloaded from amateur-porn sites) populating strange domestic spaces. When she started the long-simmering project, in 2007, Simmons planned to present it as a series of large photos. But, this year, she landed on a novel approach, setting the pictures in shadow-box frames and pouring clear resin over them, resulting in a sticky, hard-candy look. Miniature objects—a ceiling light fixture, a pink bathroom sink—often emerge from the surfaces, their toylike presence acting as an unsettling foil to the adult content. Sometimes male artists haunt the compositions, too. Trapped in resin, images of Jackson Pollock’s libidinal splatters and Walt Disney’s observant gaze mingle with the women’s come-hither poses, delivering an extra jolt of irony into Simmons’s distillation of feminism and fantasy.

—[Johanna Fateman](#)

Nov. 9-Jan. 15

56 Henry St.
Downtown
646-858-0800

[Website](#)



MORE IN ART »

ART

An-My Lê: Between Two Rivers

For three decades, An-My Lê has interrogated the representation of war through the preenactments and reenactments of armed conflict: staged battles, training exercises, film sets, and the myriad ways in which it is performed, rehearsed, or mythologized. The work on view in “An-My Lê: Between Two Rivers” charts how conflict embeds itself in both physical and psychological terrains. Even as Lê’s photographs reduce hulking aircraft carriers to toylike size, her closeup portraits of rank-and-file soldiers and technicians evince an expansive empathy for her human subjects. In one image, as sailors set up a shooting range, their bodies map onto the contours of their targets’ silhouettes a little too precisely. Lê’s photographs function as an act of repair, uncovering subterranean histories in order to witness them anew.

—[Dennis Zhou](#)

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St.
212-708-9400

[Website](#)



ART

Artist’s Choice: Grace Wales Bonner—Spirit Movers

For “Artist’s Choice: Grace Wales Bonner—Spirit Movers,” the British fashion designer Wales Bonner organized thirty-seven objects from *mom’s* collection in a witty, sophisticated installation with a symphonic sweep. Its centerpiece is Terry Adkins’s soaring sculptural ensemble “Last Trumpet,” which lines up four eighteen-foot-long brass horns, as if ready for a celestial choir. The show, described as a meditation on modern Black expression, also includes lithographs by Jean Dubuffet, sculpture by Jean Arp, and a fetish object by Lucas Samaras. Especially tactile and tantalizing are Lenore Tawney’s circle of tiny seeds on open book pages, and a scroll by David Hammons, torn to reveal a lattice of wire mesh stuffed with tufts of hair from Black barbershops.

—[Vince Aletti](#)

Nov. 18-Apr. 7

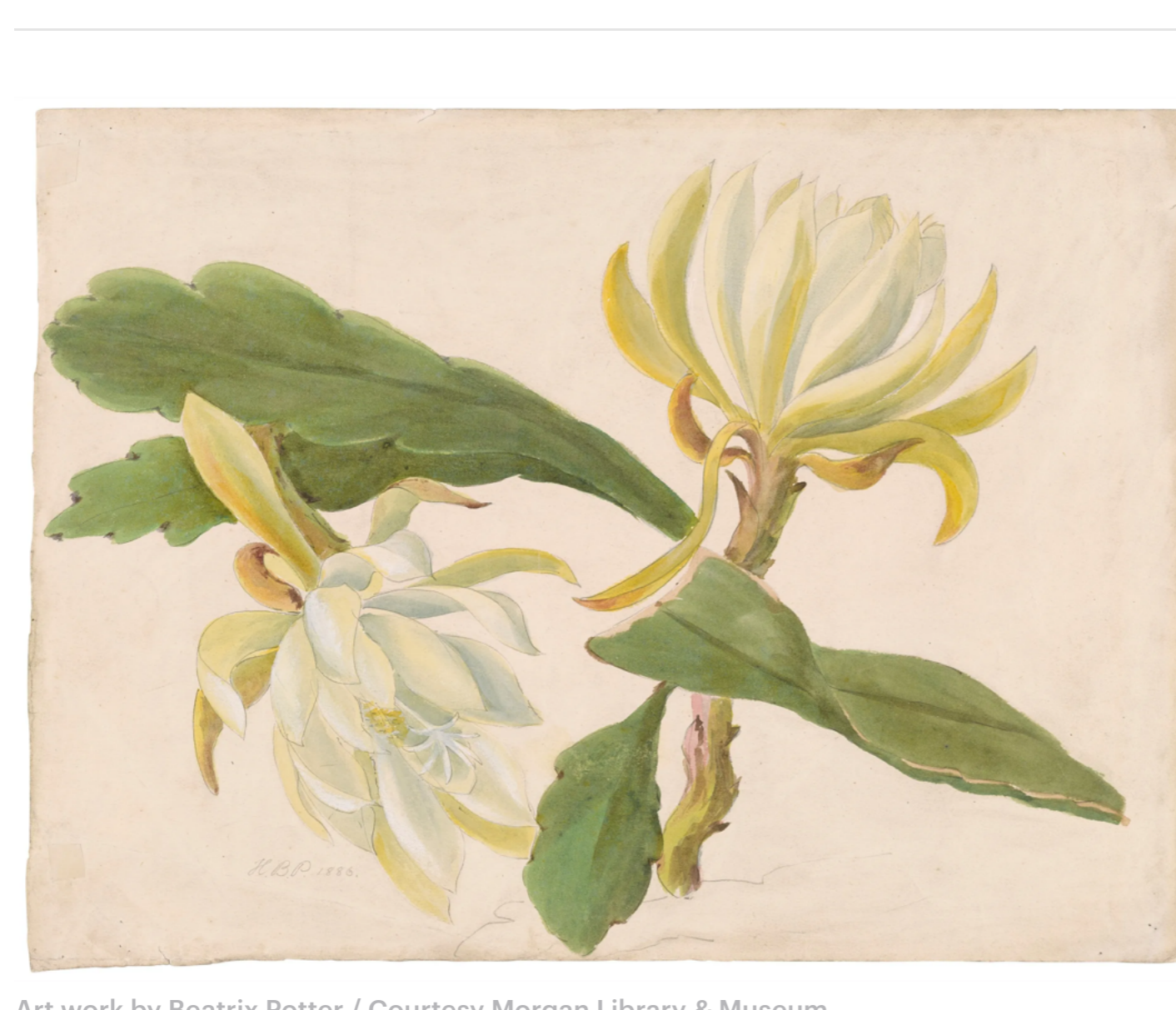
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St.
212-708-9400

[Website](#)



ART

Beatrix Potter



Art work by Beatrix Potter / Courtesy Morgan Library & Museum

People tend to use the word “love” when they talk about the Morgan Library, which celebrates its centennial this year. Its big spring show honors another beloved institution, the British author **Beatrix Potter**. Those who know her only for children’s books may be surprised by the breadth of her career as an amateur mycologist, or by the beauty of botanical illustrations such as “Leaves and Flowers of the Orchid Cactus” (pictured), completed in 1886, the year she turned twenty. But her true legacy may well be in merchandising: in 1903, Peter Rabbit became the first licensed character in history, earning his creator more money than she could spend and anticipating a veritable warren’s worth of I.P. cash-ins soon to come.

—[Jackson Arn](#)

Feb. 23-June 9

Morgan Library & Museum
225 Madison Ave.
Midtown
212-685-0008

[Website](#)



ART

Catherine Opie



CATHERINE OPIE, “Untitled #17 (Windows)”, 2023. From the exhibition “Walls, Windows and Blood” on view at Lehmann Maupin pigment print, 40 x 27 inches (image) 41 x 27.75 x 2 inches (frame dimensions)

Art work © Catherine Opie / Courtesy Regen Projects / Lehmann Maupin

In her latest photographs, **Catherine Opie** takes us on another tour of a solemn sadomasochistic subculture, except that this time it’s the Catholic Church. For the two most striking images in the exhibition “Walls, Windows and Blood,” she assembles closeups of Christ’s gushing wounds, all taken from medieval and Renaissance paintings and all marked by a bold androgynous eroticism. The kinkiness of Christian iconography may be more of a cliché than an insight at this point, but Opie’s eye is so keen that she can walk around Vatican City photographing the most banal-seeming subjects—a red banner, a wall missing a few bricks, a window with a cross running up the middle—and give them a suggestive tingle.

—[Jackson Arn](#)

through March 12.

Lehmann Maupin
501 W. 24th St.
Chelsea
212-255-2923

[Website](#)



ART

Mary Weatherford

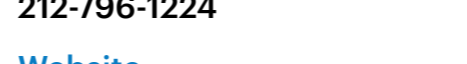
A pleasant form of meditation would be to glide through **Mary Weatherford**’s latest exhibition, “Sea and Space,” and try to count all the greens. In new abstract paintings—some Flashe on linen, some ink on paper, none unimpressive—you will find every shade and saturation of the color, from pond scum to Statue of Liberty, spread across the picture plane in gooey waves. The one thing you will not find is neon lighting, probably the most talked-about component of her earlier paintings, though not my favorite. This time around, an air of psychedelic mysticism presides over everything, inspired, Weatherford has suggested, by NASA photography and trips to the Hayden Planetarium. It’s a trade-up.

—[Jackson Arn](#)

through March 2.

Gagosian
976 Madison, at 76th St.
Uptown
212-796-1224

[Website](#)



ART

Prickling Goosebumps & a Humming Horizon



Art work © Pipilotti Rist / ARS / Courtesy the artist / Hauser & Wirth / Luhning Augustine; Photo by Thomas Barrett

An antique marble fireplace, a model of a human intestine, a 1.5-ton boulder, park benches, rainbow fibreglass blobs, carpets coated in oozy tie-dye video projections: the contents of the Swiss artist Pipilotti Rist’s two-gallery exhibition, “Prickling Goosebumps & a Humming Horizon,” are as flashy and exhausting as a casino, though she’s been considerate enough to include couches and pillows, too. Gallerygoers who come to take a load off may be surprised to find the eccentric objects curiously forgettable; what sticks with you instead is the mood of grim, compulsory whimsy. Hollywood movies, it’s been said, are becoming more and more like theme-park rides. Perhaps avant-garde art is, too?

—[Jackson Arn](#)

Luhning Augustine through Feb. 24;
Hauser & Wirth through April 15.

Hauser & Wirth
542 W. 22nd St.
Chelsea
212-790-3900

[Website](#)



ART

Senga Nengudi

Though this delicate and memorable exhibition isn’t a retrospective, it does convey the philosophical belief in flow that Nengudi has held for half a century. From the beginning of her career, this Black American artist (who has lived in Colorado since 1989) established her own -poetics of the body and how it moves through the world, a poetics that is unimpeded by racial distinctions; Nengudi takes from the cultures that have influenced her and recasts them all in her image. For example, she travelled to Japan in 1966, attracted by the experimentation and the “happenings” of the Gutai Art Association, fellow-artists who were breaking the frame to make work that was physically free, unbounded. Her show is itself a kind of happening, across five galleries, drawing on the tension between freedom and resistance, collapse and resurrection. The first piece that you see is “Wet Night—Early Dawn—Scat Chant—Pilgrim’s Song” (1996), a multimedia work that includes a selection of spray-can paintings on cardboard, earth in bubble wrap and dry-cleaning bags. In the corners of the room, Nengudi has sprinkled carotid-toned pigment, mixed with what looks like glitter, rivulets of color that likely shift and spread with foot traffic. On one wall, she has drawn a red body—it’s the only figurative representation in the show—that appears to be flying in a circle. When Toni Morrison wrote “Song of Solomon” (1977), she was, in part, inspired by stories she’d heard of enslaved people flying back to Africa. The flight of Nengudi’s figure feels like a form of release—of rivers whirling and then landing somewhere. In our dreams, perhaps.

—[Hilton Als](#)

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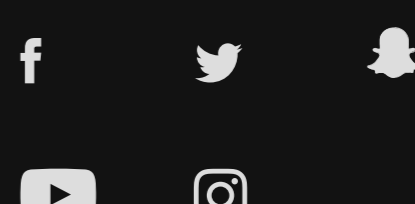
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