

Galleries

'Dear Louise: A Tribute to Louise Fishman'

Through June 30, Cheim & Read, 547 West 25th Street, Manhattan; 212-242-7727, cheimread.com.

Louise Fishman, who died at 62 in 2021, is an interesting case of an artist who is widely respected among fellow artists, with an ever-growing influence among younger abstract painters, yet who remains underrepresented in major museums. Reasons for this seemingly contradictory reality can be deduced from a tough, gorgous sampler of a nearly 40-year survey at Cheim & Read.

As is evident at a glance, Fishman bucked conventional marketing logic by refusing to merely tweak a signature brand, she approached her paintings as individual, formally experimental, mood-responsive events, shaped by intellectual and emotional intensities she was immersed in: Buddhism, art history, Holocaust history, relationships and, as she spent increasing time in rural upstate New York, the natural world.

Conventional museums, which are in the branding business, don't know what to do with so maverick a metabolism. But artists know, which accounts for Fishman's influence. And it's easy to see her allure in a show that comes across as a personal lexicon of painterly variety (troweling, dragging, dribbling, feathering) and a chamber-music ensemble of unpredictable — and unpredicted — tonal shifts, from the ash-black grid of "Up and Out" (1992), to the dreamy blue mists of "White Cloud, Blue Mountains" (1996); to the soft amber uprights of "To a Tree" (2004); to the seismic anxiety attack that is "Sharps and Flats" (2017); together, an array of singular happenings; an essay in permission-giving difference.

HOLLAND COTTER



YVA CHEIM & READ

Louise Fishman's "White Cloud, Blue Mountains" (1996), at Cheim & Read.

over with sewn fabric, the forlorn heels, their eroded rubber treads caked with dirt and broken glass, are raised into holy objects. Like medieval reliquaries, which housed shards of bone or scraps of clothing of Christian martyrs, the work enshrines a nearly negligible piece of their owners' lives. And yet Carideo's relics are intimate, retaining the indentation of their wearer's footstep, and so become a transmutation of the body. There's a gentle, almost absurd eroticism: sheathed in worn T-shirts, sun-bleached and sweated-through, the forms are like a rib cage enveloping a grimy ground-down heart. The result is oddly affecting, evidence that the

traces of our lives can be meaningful to others, even unknowingly.

Resembling commercial awnings, Carideo's skeletal constructions do double duty as a bijou paean to the city's street-level built environment, its endless steel pipe scaffolding and storefront advertising. The amusing taxonomy of awning styles rendered in miniature — bullnose, half-domed, quarter round — conjure memories of movements through the city.

Carideo's efforts align with the great artistic tradition of exalting trash. Like the box constructions of Kurt Schwitters and Joseph Cornell, who found beauty in the castoff junk of daily life, Carideo's curios evince an uncommon care in looking, proving nothing is ever lost.

MAX LAKIN

ment can't (or won't) identify. Debris, probably — maybe de-coys.

Paglen likes to show you subliminal images, with hidden but profound flaws — evidence of brutality that, once discovered, you can't unsee. A lurid assemblage on the wall, a chrome and ruby mandala of bullets and numerals orbiting a cackling death's head, is based on a cryptic military intelligence logo. Its title is a common psychops motto: "Because physical wounds heal..." In the hourlong video interview, "Dory," projected on the opposite wall, a former Air Force agent admits to, among other things, planting falsehoods with U.F.O. truthers. He's spilling the tea — yet, in art and war, who can you truly trust? Haven't you been wounded by art?

TRAVIS DIEHL

Greg Carideo

Through July 2, Foreign & Domestic, 24 Rutgers Street, Manhattan; foreigndomestic.io.

Of all the minor tragedies that can befall the city dweller, having to walk around New York down one shoe heel is surely up there. The eight delicate, dollhouse-size sculptures by Greg Carideo on view here memorialize that drama with ennobling effect.

Set within varyingly intricate brazed steel armatures stretched

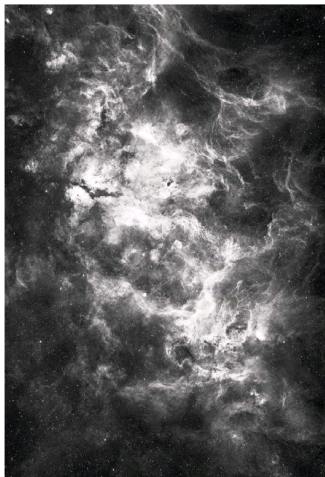


GREG CARIDEO/YVA CHEIM & READ/FOREIGN & DOMESTIC. Greg Carideo's "SHEE" (2023), which includes found objects like a shoe heel, is among his sculptures at Foreign & Domestic.

Trevor Paglen

Through July 22, Pace Gallery, 540 West 25th Street, Manhattan; 212-421-3292; pacegallery.com.

Art — in military terms — is psyops: a kind of mental magic with material effects. This is the insight of the MacArthur fellow Trevor Paglen. For years, he's turned the tools of surveillance back on the U.S. government's covert operations, from tracking spy satellites with telescopes to photographing secret bases with very long lenses, with results blurry and abstract enough to evoke Rothko. His current show at Pace, "You've Just Been F*cked by Psyops," explores dissemblance and misdirection. A suite of grayscale photos with expansive titles like "UNKNOWN #89161 (Unclassified object near The Revenant of the Swan)" depict nebulae smattered on the black ground of deep space like painterly dust. Pay attention, and you'll notice the white streaks skimming through the compositions: These are a few of the objects in orbit that the govern-



TREVOR PAGLEN, PACE GALLERY

Trevor Paglen's grayscale photo "UNKNOWN #89161 (Unclassified object near The Revenant of the Swan)" (2023), at Pace Gallery.



Signals: How Video Transformed the World

MoMA

Last chance! Closes Jul 8
Book tickets online

Hyundai Card

The exhibition is made possible by Hyundai Card.

Installation view of Signals: How Video Transformed the World, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, March 5–July 8, 2023, Photo: Gus Powell

pressreader