



Irene Rice Pereira, *Receding Red*, 1946, oil on canvas, 49 1/2" x 39 1/2". Michael Rosenfeld.

UP NOW

'INsite/INchelsea'

Michael Rosenfeld
Through March 9

This gallery's inaugural show in its Chelsea space (after 25 years in Midtown) presents a bonanza of American modernist artists, with many represented by Michael Rosenfeld and others whose work the gallery champions. The art, varying in scale but usually not overly large, suits the dimensions and configuration of the space inside the sexy, angular Jean Nouvel-designed tower. The works line the walls like an endless chorus line of beauties, spreading out into the offices and into an end gallery where several pieces are congregated, introduced by Richard Pousette-Dart's little tremulous yellow-and-white painting from 1952.

The installation is thematic in a way, clustered according to affinities that are esthetic, social, and political. These include Jimmy Ernst's 1942 *Untitled (Priscilla)*, in which a haunting, almost invisible pair of eyes floats, and Federico Castellon's 1937 *Veronica's Veil*, featuring a headless nude seemingly on fire, both exquisite Surrealist paintings.

In another section, there is a confrontational Benny Andrews oil-and-

collage painting from 1969, showing a flag and an African American man with his fists clenched. It creates a sharp and telling contrast with the nearby Archibald J. Motley, Jr. contribution of *The Octoroon Girl*, a genteel 1925 portrait.

Other works of note from a number of women artists include Lee Bontecou's welded-steel wall relief; Betye Saar's delicate miniature house of sorts balanced on a chair; Nancy Grossman's leather-plus wall piece; Jay DeFeo's soaring acrylic and collage that suggests flight; and a mosaic table by Lee Krasner, as well as collages and paintings by Lenore Tawney, Dorothea Tanning, Alice Neel, and Yayoi Kusama. It's a winning selection of then and now, with some terrific surprises among its nearly 80 works. It also reminds you of

artists you might not have thought about for some time—and makes you wonder why you haven't.

—Lilly Wei

Arpita Singh and Robert Kushner

DC Moore

Indian artist Arpita Singh's watercolors are as intriguing as interrupted dreams. In her stunning show, exhibited in a side gallery, the heavily outlined figures of men and women often seemed to hover over fractured landscapes, maps, or diagrams. With their surreal settings, the works combine folk art and modernist traditions to conjure a menacing netherworld. Haunted-looking people inhabit this realm. Sometimes they wander, as if lost; sometimes they run, cower, or wield guns. Their angular bodies and sculpted faces suggest

they might be marionettes or expressionist automatons sent on missions they don't understand.

In one painting, a baffled-looking, tattooed man in a sarong is surrounded by a green expanse with areas neatly labeled "Desert," "Mosque," and "Sand." In another, two identically-dressed men—one with a pistol—move in for the kill, across an orange map that shows roads, rivers, and highways. Singh's subjects are at once enigmatic and disturbing. Her colors, textures, and lines are so seductive they pull us in.

Showing in the larger gallery space were paintings by one of the founders of the Pattern and Decoration movement of the '70s and '80s, Robert Kushner. Here the artist seemed to be deconstructing his earlier, unabashedly sensual art. Asian tradition remained a touchstone. The strips of gold leaf, silver, or copper, overlaid with floral designs, which anchor each work, evoked 17th-century Japanese screen paintings.

In all but a few pieces, Kushner stripped down his palette to something stark. Gone are the warm harmonies of golds with greens and blues, or reds with oranges and clarets. Instead, Kushner offered canvases with a cacophony of blacks, whites, silvers, and mottled grays, punctuated by the occasional dark green



Arpita Singh, *Boys*, 2012, watercolor on paper, 14 1/2" x 11". DC Moore.