

NEW YORK

SEE this ART

BY JERRY SALTZ

New York is about to be awash in art, with the Whitney Biennial going up and the Armory Show coming to town. But New York is always awash in great art (much of it not for sale—imagine that). Here, critic Jerry Saltz has created six walking tours of galleries, museums, and the street, singling out 44 particular pieces he loves. The booklet can give you only a taste—illustrated or crudely reproduced—so tear it out, put on good shoes, and take a look at these works for yourself.

RIP THIS OUT

DOWNTOWN

Walking time:
6 hours



Margaret Lee, closer to right than wrong/closer to wrong than right (2014)
Jack Hanley Gallery,
327 Broome Street

Lee—who is also a partner in another great gallery, 47 Canal—is a hell of a complicated and funny photographer. Adept at camouflage painting, sculpture, and photography, here she turns art into a pup. While you're there, ask Hanley how he almost got me arrested once.



Magdalena Suarez Frimkess, Untitled (2013)

White Columns, 320 West 13th Street
How fantastic is it that one of New York's vanguard spaces regularly features the work of fabulous so-called outsiders, like the ceramic face thingies that I so want by the incredible octogenarian Magdalena Suarez Frimkess.



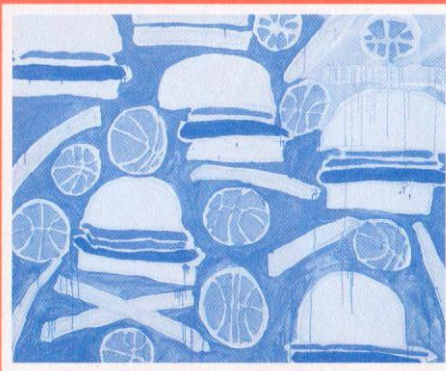
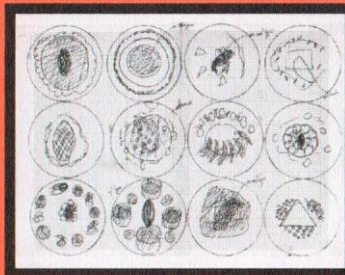
doing, I always feel grateful that it's doing it. Like this show of the forgotten, beautifully grubby pre-punk photographer Karlheinz Weinberger and his outlaws in uniforms and homemade garb.

Karlheinz Weinberger, Black Engel's (1960)
Maccarone, 98 Morton Street

This gallery is my Werner Herzog—no matter what it's

Ferran Adrià, Plating Diagram (2000–4)
The Drawing Center,
35 Wooster Street

Adrià, often called the greatest chef alive, is also a good artist. His diagrams and drawings look a lot like whatever it was that I tasted when I was ravished once in his restaurant El Bulli. Delectable.



Katharine Bernhardt, Hamburgers, French Fries, and Basketballs (2013)
Canada, 333 Broome Street

One of the most out-there, loose painters working right now. The show is packed with large-scale forays into still life via depictions of Americana. The color is brash enough to make you clap—or run.



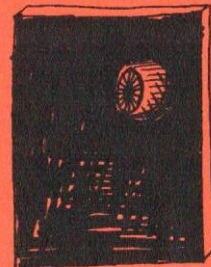
Brian Belott, Phone (2013)
Zürcher Studio,
33 Bleecker Street

A good group show of the graphic masters; don't miss the drawing-force-of-nature Brian Belott, who has never seen a surface or wall he doesn't want to aesthetically assault.



Rachel Mason, Doll Audience (2014)
Envoy Enterprises, 87 Rivington Street

Once I saw this gremlin's 2004 sculpture of herself kissing George W. Bush, I understood that she had a chance to wreak havoc. Here she's back doing some sort of mad voodoo with mirrored dolls of female artists.



Charles Mayton, Untitled (2014)
David Lewis, 88 Eldridge Street,
fifth floor

Eldridge Street just keeps getting better. In this weird-ass Charles Mayton picture, a hovering eyeball mutates into a neo-Redon-like image by way of formalist abstraction, German Expressionism, and graphics.



Pawel Althamer, Venetians (2013), and Laure Prouvost, For Forgetting (2014)
New Museum,
235 Bowery

Two to lose yourself in: Pawel Althamer's ghostly sculptures of beings from other worlds and dimensions, and Laure Prouvost's immersions in media, video, and space.



Laurie Simmons, Blue Hair/Red Dress/Green Room/Arms Up (2014)
Salon 94 Bowery, 243 Bowery

Images of adults who dress up like little girls who dress up like sex kittens who turn into uncannily surreal views into strange inner places.