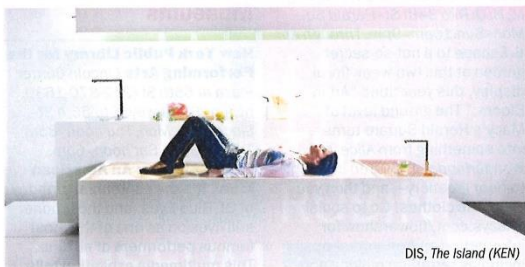


Art

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DIS, *The Island* (KEN)



Shelly Nadashi, *A Good Bowl of Soup*

Critics' picks



PIETER SCHOOLWERTH

A subpar vacuum cleaner inspired the artist to create these paintings, each a compositional wormhole of Photoshop-like effects and abstract flourishes. ▶ Miguel Abreu Gallery; through May 3 (see Lower East Side)

JOE GOODE

The heavens open up in the L.A. artist's images of the SoCal sky, peeled away in places to reveal the canvas. ▶ Van Doren Waxter; through May 1 (see Upper East Side)

LAYLAH ALI

Headless bodies replace the artist's signature "Greenhead" figures in her first solo show in New York since 2005. ▶ Paul Kasmin Gallery; through Apr 25 (see Chelsea)

ALISA BAREMBOYM

Baremboym borrows the form for her enigmatic ceramic sculptures from grapeshot canisters, a type of antipersonnel artillery shell made to spew shrapnel. ▶ 47 Canal; through Apr 5 (see Lower East Side)

CHAMBERLAIN|PROUVE

John Chamberlain's crushed-car sculptures meet French designer Jean Prouvé's elegant pavilions in a tasteful collision between junkyard aesthetics and architectural refinement. ▶ Gagosian Gallery; through Apr 4 (see Chelsea)



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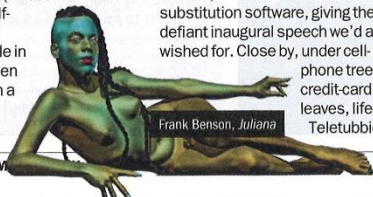
"2015 Triennial: Surround Audience"

The New Museum's young-artist survey brings the noise but not much else. By **Joseph R. Wolin**

★★★

New Museum of Contemporary Art, through May 24 (see Museums)

As everyone expected, the New Museum's third triennial of youngish artists—curated by new-media maven Lauren Cornell and artist Ryan Trecartin, whose own frenetic, extended video selfies were a hit of the first Triennial—abounds with digitized avatars in one form or another. The showstopper, Frank Benson's seductively hyperreal sculpture *Juliana*, was rendered from a 3-D scan of transgender artist Juliana Huxtable (whose photographic self-portraits nearby unfortunately pale in comparison). Seen reclining nude on a pedestal, she exudes an



Frank Benson, *Juliana*

exoticism that arises as much from her otherworldly metallic sheen as it does her unconventional combination of sexual features. Yet a nagging resemblance to Jean-Paul Goude's images of Grace Jones raises unexamined questions about Benson's work within a history of white artists representing shiny black bodies—and also, why so many artists in the show seem unaware of the wheels they reinvent.

Happily, a number of works look outward instead of narcissistically inward. Josh Kline's room-filling installation, *Freedom*, centers on a video of an uncanny President Obama, created with face-substitution software, giving the defiant inaugural speech we'd all wished for. Close by, under cell-phone trees with credit-card leaves, life-size Teletubbies in

riot gear sport tablet devices playing loops of actual cops reading civilian Twitter feeds, some taken from Occupy Wall Street. Kline's evocation of aspirational politics, malleable identities and the control of the surveillance state proves chilling, heady and, paradoxically, hopeful.

Despite the exhibition's metaphorical and literal noise (very few works can be seen without hearing a soundtrack bleeding in from another), a few artists manage to provide oases of relative quiet. Basim Magdy's magic-realist film *The Dent* and Lisa Tan's literary and museological video *Waves*, each induce hypnotic, poetic states of quiet contemplation—an experience that the world has in increasingly short supply, if the busy juvenilia of "Surround Audience" is any guide.

THE BOTTOM LINE Sound plus fury signify meh.

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