




THE NEW YORKER

ART GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Tony Feher

The heart of this memorial exhibition—the New York sculptor died this summer, at the age of sixty—is an exultant series of nine barnacled monochromes, completed this year and sardonically titled “It Didn’t Turn Out the Way I Expected.” Clam, cockle, oyster, and mussel shells are arranged on panels and painted neon-bright. A room- and career-spanning installation of hundreds of doodles, diagrams, and inspired notes to self, scribbled between 1985 and 2013, reveals another side of the artist: traces of fierce wit and plans for elegant sculptures, including a suspended column of ink-filled plastic bottles, on view here in a window. This is the show’s intimate soul, a fitting homage to the scrappy formalist who saw beauty in the castoff. As Oscar Wilde wrote, “We’re all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.”

Through Dec. 23.

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