

# What to See in N.Y.C. Galleries Right Now

By Travis Diehl, Martha Schwendener and [Blake Gopnik](#)

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*Want to see new art in New York this weekend? Start in the Lower East Side to see a tense group show about women, then head to Chelsea for Spencer Finch's show at the Hill Art Foundation. Then slide over to Brooklyn to explore Nöle Giuliani's art made from kombucha.*

## Newly Reviewed

*Hours vary at galleries. Visitors should check in advance.*

LOWER EAST SIDE

### 'New Images of Women'

Through Jan. 21. Shoot the Lobster, 138 Eldridge Street, Manhattan; 212-560-0670, [shootthelobster.com](http://shootthelobster.com).



Installation view of the group show "New Images of Women," curated by Candy Cane at Shoot the Lobster. Its title nods to the 1959 MoMA blockbuster show, "New Images of

Man.” via Shoot the Lobster; Photo by Adam Reich

The title of this group show — which includes work by 22 artists depicting, more or less abstractly, women — nods to “New Images of Man,” the 1959 MoMA blockbuster curated by Peter Selz. That exhibition collected the twisted forms of modernist portraiture by the likes of Giacometti and Francis Bacon under the banner of the nuclear age. Much of that brutality lingers in this revision curated by the artist Candy Cane.

These “new images of women” are tense, taut, laced with intimations of sex and violence. The largest portrait, a photograph from Pieter Hugo’s “Nollywood” series, portrays a Black woman holding the rough handle of a bolo machete that looks run through her naked sternum. She stares down the lens while stage blood soaks the blanket at her waist. A royal blue three-foot-tall “Raggedy Ann” riff by Jason Yates sits like it’s gawking at the gore. Other photos show bondage, rope play, the tropes of sexploitation and indie sleaze. This isn’t raunch for raunch’s sake, though — these raw images confront the idea that the word “man” could name the whole happy human family. That happiness is fraught, too. In a 2021 headshot by Bill Taylor, a woman with a graying buzz cut and facial tattoos rests in a hospital bed, possibly asleep; for “In My Garden” (1987), Cindy Sherman dresses like a sludge-splattered oil worker, holds a dead snake like a symbol. Our social traumas have evolved, our boundaries of normalcy blurred, but Selz’s show, or at least its title, remains an art-historical earworm. *TRAVIS DIEHL*