

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**  
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—“Kori Newkirk: 1997-2007.” Through March 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6, and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

### ROMARE BEARDEN

The “Black Odyssey” collage cycle, made in 1977, transports Homer’s epic to a mythical Mediterranean-African kingdom. Poseidon is a painted warrior with ritual scars on his cheeks, the lotus-eaters skinny-dip, and Odysseus, tied to the mast of his ship, is dwarfed by muscular, strutting sirens. Crisp, cutout shapes sing in synopated visual rhythms, as Bearden masterfully interweaves violence, humor, and lyricism. Of the twenty original panels, sixteen are on display here—exhibited together for the first time in thirty years—along with related drawings and a series of pen-and-ink studies based on the *Iliad*, made by Bearden in 1946. Through Jan. 5. (D.C. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-247-2111.)

### BIALA

Schenehaia Tworzkowska was born in 1903 in Bialystok, Poland. Several emigrations (and name changes) later, the painter Biala, like her brother Jack Tworzkov, was a fixture on the avant-garde scene. Hobnobbing with Matisse, Gertrude Stein, and Ford Maddox Ford, she lived in Paris, Venice, and Provincetown; her paintings favor waterways and low, luminous skies. A selection of canvases, drawings, and collages spanning the years from 1960 to 1990 demonstrate a touch that’s both nervy and sensual—a pink haze on the Giudecca, the blue roof and yellow façade of Les Invalides, a gestural swath of dune and ocean laid onto newspaper. Through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-262-5050.)

### SALLY MANN

Mann’s former gallery mounts an exhibition of the photographs that made her famous and, briefly, notorious in the early nineties: “Immediate Family,” pictures of her three children as naked sprites in the family’s boho-naturist version of the Edenic South. Seen anew, the work retains its sophisticated fairy-tale quality, underscored by the kids’ graceful beauty and casual nudity. Performing for the camera, starring as themselves, Jessie, Emmett, and Virginia play innocents with a narcissistic streak and an erotic edge. The selection here nudges us toward Mann’s precedents (Edward Weston, Lewis Carroll, Imogen Cunningham) while reinforcing the series’ status as a contemporary classic. Through Jan. 12. (Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. 212-750-7070.)

### TINO SEHGAL

“Welcome to this situation,” the sextet lounging in the back gallery at Marian Goodman announces in unison, whenever a newcomer walks through the door. Then one cites a quotation, and discussion ensues. (Talking points on one recent visit ranged from modernism to “Star Trek” as a Cold War text.) Sehgal’s piece—equal parts graduate seminar and cocktail party—is too mannered to be called radical. But the young German artist’s take on what it means to “pro-

duce” an art work in this consumerist climate is thoughtful, and the results are engaged and provocative. Through Jan. 10. (24 W. 57th St. 212-977-7160.)

## GALLERIES—CHELSEA

### NICOLAI HOWALT AND TRINE SØNDERGAARD

Photographing hunters and their prey in the Danish countryside, this married couple produces big, wonderfully expansive color images that are just too good to be true. In fact, the photos are fictions—convincing digital collages

for their folk medicine. Printed in dusty, muted colors that appear bleached by the sun, Hugo’s images are for the most part formal portraits, remarkable primarily for their subjects’ macho posturing, mirrored and mocked by the beasts at their side. His subjects may be merely exotic versions of U.S. gangbangers with pit bulls, but Hugo’s photos have a certain call-of-the-wild appeal. Through Jan. 12. (Milo, 525 W. 25th St. 212-414-0370.)

### MALA IQBAL

Iqbal’s bright and bouncy landscape paintings suggest a mash-up of Caspar David Friedrich and graffiti taggers—or, perhaps, Jackson Pollock and Saturday-morning cartoons. Airbrushed highlights and illegible but vaguely alphabetical marks double as dappled light on picturesque ruins, stare long enough at fall foliage reflected in an alpine lake and it dissolves into drippy painterly flatness. The palette turns to acid greens and yellows garnished with electric blue and fuchsia. The mood is less ironic than visionary. Through Jan. 5. (P.P.O.W., 555 W. 25th St. 212-647-1044.)

### CARL OSTENDARP

An eighteen-year survey of Ostendarp’s painting and sculpture reveals an almost shocking degree of consistency. Give or take a few paintings—the Benglis-like blobs from the early nineties, a foray into stars—this could be one body of work. Tangy confluences of Pop, minimalism, color-field, and cartoons, Ostendarp’s superflat biomorphic compositions throw out references to Miró, Lichtenstein, and (especially) John Wesley, artists whose balancing acts of pathos and humor are echoed here. The show’s real subject may be painting itself, as seen in the deadpan “Drips,” in which a vertical phalanx of cartoon droplets bisects the picture, a Seussical interpretation of a Barnett Newman “zip.” Through Jan. 12. (Dee, 545 W. 20th St. 212-924-7545.)

### MAGNUS PLESSEN

The scraped brushstrokes in Plessen’s paintings leave you grasping for similes: like Picasso’s trompe-l’œil wood grain, like the planks in a picket fence, like strips of packing tape. Plessen uses these rough, chunky elements to render blocky figures—men, women, and children who struggle to distinguish themselves from their bland white backgrounds. There’s an endearing wackiness to the work, tempered by a Teutonic, formalist rigor. Plessen’s work looks right at home in Gladstone, which also shows Carroll Dunham, an American painter similarly obsessed with absence and presence, and with making paintings that are at once slapstick and high-stakes. Through Jan. 12. (515 W. 24th St. 212-206-9300.)

### “EPILEPTIC SEIZURE COMPARISON”

The disturbing and the decorative merge in this startlingly good group show. The title is borrowed from Paul Sharits’s 1976 film installation, a split-screen projection of a man in the throes of a convulsive seizure, intercut with flickering fields of color. Works by Jutta Koether, Daniel Pflumm, and Jason Rhoades complement the sense of agitated yet onerous overload. Pflumm’s wall-mounted, logo-shaped light boxes (the red, white, and blue of Rite Aid appears) and Rhoades’s metal shelves of neon signs suggest advertising stripped of all but hallucinatory meaning. Koe-



*An image from Ethan Russell’s show “Let It Bleed,” documenting the Rolling Stones’ 1969 U.S. tour, at the Morrison Hotel Gallery.*

meticulously cobbled together from many individual shots. The results are at once romantic and realistic: wide-open landscapes as settings for the kind of bloodless hunting scenes painters once imagined, as well as a suite of smaller pictures of shot birds disintegrating in midair. Neither sentimental nor propagandistic, Howalt and Søndergaard present the hunting life as a tribal outing in a teeming but no longer peaceable kingdom. Through Jan. 12. (Silverstein, 535 W. 24th St. 212-627-3930.)

### PIETER HUGO

Most of the pictures in this South African photographer’s New York debut were made in Nigeria, where he travelled with a troupe of young men who use animals, including monkeys and enormous muzzled hyenas, to attract customers