

rachel uffner

THE NEW YORKER



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ART

“FLAT NEIGHBORS”

Skip the glib “vacation paintings” and the parlor-game installation by Strauss Bourque-LaFrance on the ground floor and head upstairs for the creepy pleasures of this four-person show, organized by the ingenious artist Ajay Kurian. Admit that Kurian’s overemphasis on his own work—three of the show’s seven sculptures are his—pays off, notably in a constellation of coin-size reflective disks, inset in the wall; stare at this piece and five peepholes stare back. Let your skin crawl as you stand under Dora Budor’s sculptural plague of frogs, frozen in resin. A text-laced sculpture by Daniel Keller updates the anxious abjection of Beckett and Genet for today’s doomsday preppers. The show’s air of paranoia is abetted by a faint, unidentifiable odor (it’s frankincense, myrrh, and balsamic resin) wafting from Elaine Cameron-Weir’s giant, neon-lined clamshell, which rests on the floor, like an incense burner for alien life-forms. Through Oct. 19.

September 7 - October 19

[Uffner](#)

Rachel Uffner Gallery
170 Suffolk Street
New York, NY 10002

+1 212 274 0064
info@racheluffnergallery.com
racheluffnergallery.com