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BARBARA KASTEN AND JUSTIN BEAL

The septuagenarian Kasten is enjoying an enthusiastic revival of late, possibly owing to the number of younger photographers (notably Eileen Quinlan) who have picked up and improved on her ideas. Here, her color Polaroids from the eighties—vaguely architectural still-life arrangements featuring mirrors, copper coil, and metal rods—look like period pieces of graphic design. But earlier photographs of rumpled netting are suave and seductive, and recent closeups of damaged glass are satisfyingly agitated and barbed. Both series are more tightly focussed on the physicality of the materials they depict, which may be why Kasten has been paired here with Beal, a sculptor whose nickel-plated casts of muskmelons penetrated by cucumbers suggest a rude collision of Jeff Koons and Sarah Lucas. Through Aug. 3. (Bortolami, 520 W. 20th St. 212-727-2050.)