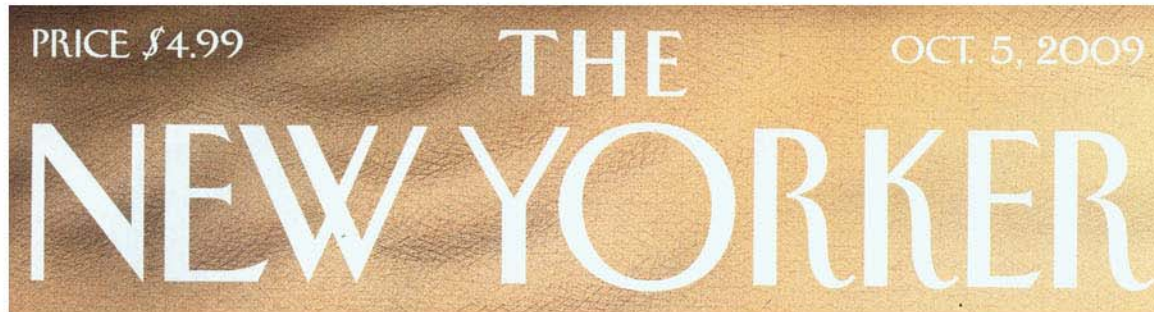


"Galleries - Chelsea: Tom Burr." *The New Yorker* (October 5, 2009): print.



GALLERIES—CHELSEA

TOM BURR

The tropes of modern sculpture, from the ready-made to rectilinear minimalism, become players in a cryptic and campy personal drama. Just inside the gallery entrance, a black overcoat hangs from the knob of a black-painted door; it's a sculptural double entendre, both a monochrome monolith and an absent body. Elsewhere, old sneakers are displayed in Judd-like Plexiglas boxes; blue pajamas are draped across a hinged board that's folded on the floor in a zigzag, like the world's least cozy chaise longue. Black-and-white photographs, taken in Burrville, Connecticut, form an incomplete grid, as if to suggest that its story is open-ended. Maybe so, but it's also exhausted. Aiming for ambiguity, Burr achieves ennui. Through Oct. 31. (Bortolami, 510 W. 25th St. 212-727-2050.)