Annette Lemieux

The gallery inaugurates its new uptown digs with a fine sampling of late-eighties works by a pioneer of post-Conceptualist painting, construction, and photomontage. Lemieux’s satirical content may be subtle but it registers with the snap of a major-league breaking ball. The one-of-a-kind classics here include “Calendar Girl,” twelve laser-printed photographs of women who came to a sad end (Marilyn Monroe, Frances Farmer, an anonymous suicide), and a vast canvas titled “Nomad,” which is marked by the restive meanderings of the artist’s paint-smeared bare feet. Lemieux’s special blend of exquisite craft and lurking sarcasm once led the critic Robert Pincus-Witten to term her “Agnes Martin with an axe to grind.”

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