

Tanya Leighton

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What to See in N.Y.C. Galleries Right Now

By Roberta Smith, Martha Schwendener, John Vincler and Siddhartha Mitter

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Want to see new art in New York this weekend? Start in Chelsea with Katinka Bock's uncanny photographs at 303 Gallery. Then head to TriBeCa to see Gracelee Lawrence's Plastic Sublime at Postmasters. Or venture out to SculptureCenter in Long Island City, Queens, for Lydia Ourahmane's video of her journey to the Sahara.

Last Chance

TRIBECA

Elizabeth McIntosh

Through July 1. Canada, 60 Lispenard Street, Manhattan. 212-925-4631; canadanewyork.com.



Elizabeth McIntosh's "Curious Trees" (2022) in her solo show "A Ball Is for Throwing," at Canada.
Credit...Elizabeth McIntosh/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York;
via Canada

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Our planet will never avoid eco-disaster unless consumers start buying less stuff and reusing the stuff we have. “A Ball Is for Throwing,” Canada’s solo show by the Vancouver painter Elizabeth McIntosh, can be read as providing a kind of picture, much abstracted, of what a world of reuse might look like. Its nine paintings are assembled from existing parts, like those stylishly “green” outfits that get re-cut and resewn from earlier fashion mistakes.

McIntosh’s “Curious Trees” features a single arboreal form presented in double, once in royal blue, and again, a few feet to the right, in shocking pink. Its image seems repurposed from some other place in our commodity culture where it was turned out in several colorways. Behind those trees sits hurricane fencing: Telltale breaks in the pattern tell us that, at some point, the image of that fence was crudely cut-and-pasted together in a computer before McIntosh transposed it into art.

Like almost all the paintings at Canada, including “Notes,” “Inside a Picture” and “Sappho’s World,” “Curious Trees” encloses its imagery inside the crude outline of an open book. That adds to the impression that we’re encountering McIntosh’s subjects (trees and a fence; a cute dog; yellow sticky-notes) at second hand — not out in the world, but as mere pictures such as ones you’d find on a page.

Could it be that these paintings imagine a world where the Land’s End catalog still exists for us to delight in, but no longer points to stuff we buy? *BLAKE GOPNIK*