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GALLERIES—CHELSEA

TERESITA FERNÁNDEZ

This cool, spare show of sculpture unfolds into a subtle treatise on seeing and history. Fernández's signature wall pieces, composed of dozens of cabochons of colored glass, are here executed in shades of black and gray, and in a mirror-backed clear version that reflects the room upside down and in distorted miniature. They're impossible to take in all at once, both evocative (of clouds, screens, rain) and evasive. A polished-aluminum sculpture descends in flat, laser-cut frills from the ceiling, like graduated tree branches. The star is a six-by-ten-foot pane of shiny black fibreglass set in a drift of marble dust, a paean to the Claude glass, an optical device used by eighteenth-century landscape painters. Visitors to the gallery become small gray figures in a field of black, their contemporary context erased. Fernández's ongoing study of how we see what we see—the persistence of vision, the elisions that the eye and brain make—remains engrossing. Through April 28. (Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St. 212-255-2923.)