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ART

ANN AGEE

In this thoroughly winning but overstuffed show, the Brooklyn artist lets loose her deft hands and wild imagination across too many subjects to name. A short list: the British neoclassical architect John Soane's breakfast parlor, seen awash in blue, yellow, and pink, in a fifteen-foot-long painting on paper; porcelain frames so intricately decorative that they give frippery a good name; a rack of silk-screened guidebooks whose languages include Bulgarian and Tamil; a row of beribboned perfume flasks that double as sex toys. There are also Delft-patterned toilets and freestanding mid-century-looking abstractions. A tighter edit might have enhanced the experience, but the excessive production has feminist overtones—think of it as a portrait of having it all. Through April 18.

March 5 - April 18

P.P.O.W. (<http://www.newyorker.com/goings-on-about-town/venue/ppow>)
