



Rachel Rose, *Colore* (1820), 2022, pigment and metallic powders on ink-jet print, 13 1/4 × 19 3/4".

The paintings in Rose's "Colores" series, 2021–, present altered reproductions of landscapes by renowned figures such as John Constable and Joseph Wright of Derby. The originals were made during a period, from 1750 to 1860, when enclosures increased. This was the dawn of the industrial age; nature was being transformed from a place of mystery to an object of commerce, carved up into capital. In *Colore* (1810), 2022, a quiet pastoral scene by James Ward—livestock grazing in the English countryside—is polluted by an iridescent sheen. At the canvas's left-hand edge, murky greens curdle like something artificial and toxic. *Colore* (1820), 2022, offers a literal—if almost unrecognizable—gloss on Constable's *Dedham Lock and Mill*, 1820, the verdant stillness of the original now speckled with metallic pigment. The painting's streaked surface is opaque and murky with debris, as if retrofitting the contaminating by-products of all this land grabbing back to the point at which it all began. Rose suggests a narrative—of civilization reaping what we've long sown—by reading backward into the past, tilting it into a different light. *Colore* (1845), 2022, turns a rendering of London's sprawling Hamstead by Francis Danby into an enigmatic palimpsest. Again, the sun is a black hole ominously blotting the sky, while an overlay of velvety dark green and inky blue depicts an oil-slick-like disaster.

The sculpture series "Loops," 2021–, shows the evolution of natural materials into objects of commerce and construction. In *Burl Egg 2*, 2021, the gleaming wood, whose irregular grain makes it a target for poachers, is partly encased by a layer of blown glass that looks liquid. Displayed on a circular mirror, it invites us to reflect on our own desire for luxury ornaments crafted from finite resources. In *Loop* (4.6 billion BC), 2022, a lump of aragonite and a blob of silver glass both look so stylized as to be almost synthetic. The piece collapses the birth of Earth itself into a more uncertain present—and hearkens toward an increasingly unsustainable future.

—Daniel Culpan

DUBLIN

Aileen Murphy

KEVIN KAVANAGH

The leaping dog at the center of Aileen Murphy's *mentality-yatter*, 2021—like many of this Berlin-based Irish painter's subjects—is an exuberantly confusing presence. Murphy's outsize pooch busily commands

the more than six-foot-high canvas, while barely registering as a coherent form. Scruffy, smeary strokes of sharp white, salmon pink, honey yellow, and midnight blue congregate loosely as a canine figure, a dog body without fixed physical contours: Scribbled black eyes peer out from an aggregation of energetic gestural marks. More unstable still is the peculiar hurly-burly of the animal's obscure surroundings. Floating in front are a pair of old-style landline telephones, their curling cables—solid coils of tube-squeezed paint—stretching across the painting's hectic middle. In the background are blobs and pools of pink and blue: summery evocations, maybe, of sunburned skin and holiday swims, the curves of bathing, baking seminaked bodies. Physical pleasure—whether animal vitality or sensual indulgence—feels important, but in Murphy's world awkwardness and agitation win out. Around the excitable dog and the pestering phones, a gathering storm of allover scrawls disrupts and distresses the picture. Here, as elsewhere in Murphy's paintings, roughly identifiable shapes and figures coincide with convulsive, anxious visual yattering.

We can surely find more important things to look at these days than pet dogs and lazing bodies, but in her exhibition "Wet Talk," Murphy made a stirring case for such ostensibly inconsequential subjects. Her art thrives, in part, on tensions between the potential uplift of bodily stimulation and the gravitational pull of a more clumsy, disappointing reality. Teasing, dreamy allusions to assorted states of sensory delight are balanced—or willfully unbalanced—by attention to mundane somatic situations or by the aggressive application of uglifying effects. In *french summer day*, 2021, the breasts, legs, and arms of a classically reclining nude are brightly visible along the small painting's bottom edge, yet the marker-drawn lines of the exposed body are oddly compressed by an obliterating storm cloud above (a dark-stained color field that also curiously accommodates the separated, benignly smiling head of the figure at the base). The superficially pleasing pink-yellow tones of *gel-makers*, 2021—does the title refer to ingredients for skin-care products?—decorate another scene of partial anatomical display, though here, modestly, only bare legs and feet can be seen. Privacy, in this case, is protected, the unclothed body shrouded by a series of emphatic vertical brushstrokes that form a semitransparent white-pink veil across the full width of the composition. This might be a shower scene—the repeated up- and downstrokes a pale curtain—and so

Aileen Murphy, *mentality-yatter*, 2021, vinyl and oil on canvas, 78 1/2 × 63".



The painter Amy Sillman, a former teacher of Murphy's at Frankfurt's Städelschule, has written of a motivating artistic fascination with forms that are "fleshy, funny, downward-facing, uncontrollable." She is an advocate of awkwardness, trusting in a "homely, lonely, ill-fitting" sense of the world that sets her art "against the great and noble." Murphy shares this

fidelity to the deflationary truths of embodied being, just as her work, like Sillman's, seeks to maximize painting's distinct capacity to channel complex elation. The show's title synthesizes such issues well. "Wet talk" can be slang for speaking nonsense or trading insults—offering apt associations with absurdity and vulgarity—and the on-the-ear effect of the phrase is sensual. But it might work, too, as a crude, unsatisfactory description of painting itself: liquid expression. As such, it would undercut lofty aesthetic aspirations, thus typifying Murphy's knowing awkwardness, even as her work itself revels in the medium's flexible and fulfilling relationship with sensory stimulation.

—Declan Long

PARIS

Allora & Calzadilla

GALERIE CHANTAL CROUSEL

During the fifteenth-century age of exploration, European sailors believed in a mythic island called "Antillia," rumored to be somewhere in the Atlantic, just beyond the edge of existing maps. Conjuring this terra incognita, Jennifer Allora and Guillermo Calzadilla's exhibition "Antille" examined the transatlantic ties that inspired French Surrealists. The installation *Graft*, 2021, blanketed the gallery floor with thousands of handpainted flowers, cast from recycled polyvinyl and modeled after the blooms of roble trees. Their pale crepuscular pink struck a sharp contrast to the high-noon yellow the duo adopted for an earlier iteration of the work at the Menil Collection in Houston. This shift in palette drew the work toward transformative states: nightfall, dawn, and shadow. There's a fine line between abundance and excess,



View of "Allora & Calzadilla," 2022.
Photo: Martin Argyroglou.

and the artists were careful to leave pathways through the hyperrealistic blossoms, which were exquisitely rendered in various states of florescence and decay. Between painterly sweeps of material and a disorienting odor of petrochemicals, the installation slowed visitors' movement through the space. In fact, the artists here pointed to the act of walking itself, evoking a series of very specific hikes through the Martinique forest.

In 1941, a cargo ship carrying André Breton and an impressive roster of Surrealists—all refugees from Nazi-occupied France—arrived on Martinican shores, docking in Fort-de-France, a port that, as capital of the French colony, had just fallen under Vichy control. This troupe of intellectuals (among them Helena Benitez, Wifredo Lam, and Claude Lévi-Strauss) expanded its ranks when Breton, out to buy ribbons for his young daughter, came across Aimé and Suzanne Césaire's journal *Tropiques* in a local shop. Breton immediately set out to track down the radical anticolonialist poets. When he found them, the Césaires invited the French artist and his companions for a series of walks under the lush rain-forest canopy of the Absalon Valley. Landscape was key to the Césaires' thinking; the couple fully embraced the notion of walking in search of the marvelous, as the artists might have done that day.

Those walks inspired Allora & Calzadilla's *Penumbra*, 2020, a sound and video installation that cast four fluttering silhouettes of foliage across the gallery's walls and floor to mimic the effect of sunlight filtering through the Martinican rain forests. The position of the light was synced to that of the sun above the gallery. Collapsing the two geographies even further, the simulation was animated by the observed air currents of dominant easterly trade winds, as if transatlantic sea breezes were rustling the leaves, whose contours were created through a careful cataloguing of island flora. The work's score, composed with longtime collaborator David Lang, relied upon shadow tones, the musical equivalent of an astral penumbra. The resulting sound is haunting, like birdsong just before the dawn.

Apart from the projectors that run *Penumbra*, there was no artificial light in the gallery. Inside, pupils widened as the artists orchestrated a return to the sensory through a careful layering of histories and geographies. By transporting the Césaires' landscape to France, Allora & Calzadilla sought to evoke the spirit of Caribbean anticolonialism, opening up the space for silence, light, and movement.

—Lillian Davies

Jacqueline de Jong

GALERIE ALLEN

In the late 1970s, still in her thirties but having made a name for herself as editor of the *Situationist Times* (1962–67) and as a Cobra-adjacent painter of suicides and car crashes, Jacqueline de Jong turned her attention to a rather Pop subject: billiards. Created in Amsterdam, the eight paintings on view here—part of a series comprising more than twenty "Billiards" paintings, 1976–79—featured different permutations of felted tables, glossy balls, wooden cues, cubed chalk, and male players depicted from odd angles and intimate proximities.

The particular game featured in these paintings is carom billiards (or French billiards), played with three balls on a pocketless table. The artist's interest in this sport was at least partly semantic: Cheeky titles in a mix of French, English, and Dutch underscored the auto- and homoerotic undertones of men playing with sticks and balls. The puns work best in French, as in the 1978 painting *Tirer le diable par le queue*, which translates literally as "Pull the devil by the tail," but whose meaning is similar to the English expression "Live hand to mouth." There is also a double entendre in French, as *queue*, the word for both