

rachel uffner

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SARA GREENBERGER RAFFERTY

Looking for an antidote to art about art? Try this sleeper of an exhibition about comedy. Rafferty, a standout on the group-show circuit for the past several years, makes her impressive gallery début with loaded pictures of lowbrow subjects: a whoopee cushion, a TV Guide, Goldie Hawn circa “Laugh In.” Though they’re technically photographs, Rafferty manipulates her images to the point of distortion. Some could be mistaken for watercolors (a roadkill-flat rubber chicken); others appear badly stained (Madeline Kahn’s face, reduced to a spectral smear). Rafferty has coined a revelatory new style—call it slapstick grotesque—that peels away the veneer of the comic to expose the darkness below. Through Oct. 25. (Uffner, 47 Orchard St. 212-274-0064.)

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