
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Daniel Gordon

With these elaborately collaged stills—illuminated from the internet and reconstructed in 3-D—the Brooklyn-based photographer continues to make some of the most dazling and disorienting pictures around. He has kept the names of his portraits of young women, Gordon's subjects are vividly colored tableaux arranged to resemble flowers, fruit, ceramic vases, and a stray lobster in this divine technique. Through Feb. 7. (Horticultural Society of New York, 14th & 34th St., 212-227-0915.)

Massimo Vitali

The Italian photographer's very popular color images of beaches in Brazil, Sardegna, Crete, and Lampedusa are especially seductive on a cold winter day. Vitali captures broad and marvelously detailed vistas dotted with people in the distance. He has been making variations on this theme since 1995, and the work's striking visual qualities are revealed as clever fictions, both shrewd and entertaining. Through Feb. 7. (Horticultural Society of New York, 14th & 34th St., 212-227-0915.)

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Ingrid Calame

Since the mid-nineties, the Los Angeles-based painter has been turning marks she encounters in prosaic sites (the bottom of an abandoned swimming pool, the floor of a steel mill into formalist eye candy. For the large wall drawing here, she traced tire tracks at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and transferred the result to the gallery walls using powdered pigment. The fathetly-edged design alternately suggests fuzzy mold, folded wallpaper, topographical maps, migratory patterns, and the lines of an EKG, all so alluring to the eye of the beholder. But Calame's formalist approach could benefit from less control and more risk. Through Feb. 8. (Cohan, 535 W. 23rd St., 202-726-2496.)

Stan Douglas

"LANDMARKS"—the newest video by the Canadian artist, is a historical fiction: what if Mile Davis, so open to funk and in Indian classical music in his 1972 record "On the Corner" had gone on to join with the Afrobeat crew? Reconstructing the CRB Thirteenth Street Studio in a Ginza time church, Douglas assembles a band that never existed (led by Jacob Moran, in a floppy-collared, seventies shirt) to play tunes that recall another era. Like many of the artist's previous films, this one is the most densely layered: the cinematography pays homage to Godard's "Sympathy for the Devil," and the audio and video tracks are completely interwoven, making every possible combination for a run time of less than six hours. Pane it, probe it, watch it—flower—or just sit back and groove. Through Feb. 22. (Zwirner, 533 W. 19th St. 212-727-2228.)

Yvonne Jacquette

The octogenarian painter exhibits her familiar aerial landscapes—Bar Harbor, a Colorado town in the Rockies—but the most stimulating works here present a New York that's teeming and depopulated at once. With pointilist detailing, Jacquette depicts the architecture of the city, from the Hayden Planetarium at the Bank of America tower, on Sixth Avenue, and the quickly pale and off sunlight represent the most familiar scenery. In "Whitney Museum Under Construction II," the construction site and the Hudson River blend into each other, as rising steel girders and highway merge in a freon of red and blue scapes. Through Feb. 8. (DC Moore, 535 W. 23rd St., 212-247-3711.)

Tanya Marceau

At first glance, the New York photographer's large, richly colored pictures of fruit sitting on the ground look like details of antique tapisseries. Sensuous between the gorgeous and the grotesque, the work has more in common with Cindy Sherman's and Warhol's landscapes. Marceau's densely packed images are just as wild and obsessive; despite their obvious, unnatural staging, they feel almost alarmingly out of control. Everything here is overripe and swarming: Cigars, storks, cherries, and a dedicated frog nestled among dead leaves, along with wilted, decaying apples as fleshly and pale as bleating corpses. Through Feb. 22. (Paul, 535 W. 22nd St., 212-677-4180.)

Richard Serra

He does it again. The greatest set of Serra's curvy metal labyrinths is "Inside Out," on Twenty-first Street (closing Feb. 8): more than eighty feet long, forty wide, and thirteen high, made of two-inch-thick, tenderly red-lined plates. Three of four new angular structures, on Twenty-fourth Street, deploy flat plates in ranks, a star configuration, and funnels and arches a wall, the fourth stands massive blocks. Ancient Egyptians, when the pyramids were premised, may have felt as we do here: happily intimidated, victoriously proud. Through March 8. (Gagosian, 522 W. 21st St., 212-741-7177, 555 W. 21th St., 212-741-3111.)


GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

"Come Like Shadows"

This absorbing if uneven group show, curated by the art critic David Cohen, takes its title from a line from "Macbeth," but its mood is more playful than Shakespearean. Facts, context, and details are obscured by intrusions, overlaps, and absence. The figures in Steve Locke's erotic lithographs perform sexual acts on invisible partners, and in Kerstin Drexel's sketchily painted scenes in a lesbian nightclub the viewer is implicated as a voyeur. Some works illustrate their inclusion too literally (a starkly Homoerotic scene of a house by Duncan Hannah, while others feel like they wandered in from another show (Will Cotton's fashion illustrations of the actress Elle Fanning). The high point is an energetic Matt Bollinger painting in which, like a layered off-register silk-screen, a boy's face is shown twice, as if recasting the passage of time. Through Feb. 16. (Zurbaran Studio, 33 Bleeker St., 212-777-0796.)

OF NOTE "BACHELOR MACHINES"

 Borrowing its title from the landmark 1975 exhibition curated by the Swiss polymath Harald Szeemann, this brainy, penetrating group show looks again at the eroticism of technology and the Duchampian interplay of bodies and objects. A sculpture by Carola Rodigies outfits a wonky ceramic vase with razor blades; an assemblage by Justin Beal, incorporating a silver fruit dish on a paint-splattered mechanical base, leaves residues of life but no clear sign of it. Strongest of all are the paintings of James Hoff who investigates culturally specific psychosomatic disorders: "Alien Hand Syndrome," for example, which turns a person's extremities ungovernable, as in "Dr. Strangelove." Through Feb. 2. (Room East, 41 Orchard St., 212-220-7985.)