



THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON  
ABOUT TOWN

ART GALLERIES—UPTOWN

## Sonja Sekula

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This career-spanning show of small works by the little-known Swiss-born modernist contains nothing so dull as a series. Each bright drawing or painting is a world of its own, invented from scratch. In the nineteen-forties, Sekula experimented, in her meticulous fashion, with biomorphic and Cubist abstraction; later, her unfettered compositions included vibrant, washy areas and idiosyncratic glyphs. “7-Levels,” from 1958, features a sunburst at its center and a doodle-like density of ink, overlaid with horizontal bands of pastel color. Photographs of Sekula portray her looking radiant in André Breton’s New York apartment, posing with a bedridden Frida Kahlo, and sitting between John Cage and Merce Cunningham—but their kind of success eluded her. The artist spent her adulthood in and out of mental hospitals, eventually taking her own life, at the age of forty-five. This fascinating, welcome survey aims to rescue her from the footnotes of the avant-garde.