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JONATHAN ALLMAIER

In his first solo show in New York, the young abstract painter comes across as a shamanic Sol LeWitt, creating art based on sets of instructions. But whereas the late conceptualist's two-dimensional works were handmade by apprentices, as Allmaier puts it, "I want [my] paintings to make themselves, so I am the studio assistant." (Arthur Dove's embrace of Henri Bergson might be a touchstone.) So, after grinding his own pigment and stretching his canvases, Allmaier claims to turn the decision-making over to the objects themselves, which range in appearance from aleatory (a half-dozen Klein-blue smudges on a cloud-white ground) to labored (a colorful jigsaw-puzzle-like composition). Through Sept. 30. (Fuentes, 55 Delancey St. 212-577-1201.)