

# THE NEW YORKER

4/25/12

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN: ART

## ANDY COOLQUITT

The show opens with a plywood box. But it's no run-of-the-mill homage to minimalism. Titled "Family Tragedy," it houses the bodies of squirrels that died in an accident in Coolquitt's studio, in Austin, Texas. While the makeshift mausoleum may suggest a blunt riposte to Maurizio Cattelan's deadpan sculpture of a suicidal squirrel, Coolquitt is not one for inside jokes. In 1990, he stopped making sculpture to work with the blind, an experience that eventually reaffirmed his belief that art connects people. If that sounds like a buzz kill, it isn't. The objects he fashions from discarded objects are often as funny as they are formally smart. A Plexiglas-covered plywood box is a bizarre amalgam of Donald Judd and Jeff Koons; a bright-orange extension cord powers a low-hanging lamp with a Formica shade. Coolquitt's elevation of the oddball and the commonplace can be strained—filthy tank tops attached to denim bikini bottoms threaten to descend into countrified kitsch—but, on balance, his compositional savvy wins out. Through May 6.

Through May 6

**COOLEY**

107 Norfolk St., New York , N.Y.

212-680-0564

[lisa-cooley.com/](http://lisa-cooley.com/)