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Beverly Fishman

By Johanna Fateman



Miles McEnery Gallery, New York, NY, Beverly Fishman: *I Dream of Sleep*, 10 September - 10 October 2020

Sleek reliefs, composed of precise shapes in a bright neon palette, appear to float, rather than hang, on the walls of Fishman's superb new exhibition, *I Dream of Sleep*, at the Miles McEnery Gallery. Nearby, a group of simpler freestanding sculptures evokes industrial design and mass production. Fishman, who has worked in this vein of glossy Pop-Minimalism since the nineteen-eighties, makes abstract art, but her references here are grounded in the real world: pharmaceutical pills and their packaging. *Untitled (Pain, Opioid Addiction, ADHD)*, from 2019, has a dark, geometric ferocity, with black-outlined triangles and a hollow "D"; another piece (which lists epilepsy, anxiety, and depression in its title) is a harshly sunny close cousin. All of the formally seductive works on view serve as distilled metaphors for Big Pharma's expertly engineered mirage of well-being.

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