



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Martin Kersels

This widely beloved L.A. sculptor and performance artist, who stands six and a half feet tall and weighs north of three hundred pounds, uses his body to bemuse and delight—one previous memorable piece tested how far he could throw people—and employs delicate craft to disarm. The intricate wall reliefs here, which incorporate jigsaw-cut record-album sleeves, traffic in nostalgia for musical tastes, both good and bad, of the past seventy years. The eyeholes in the rotating “Self-Portrait” (2019) alternate the gazes of celebrities perhaps not too sorely missed, such as Doris Day and Charles Manson. A stage made of salvaged doors was created for a performance in which Kersels translates a sad French song, then dons a leather jacket festooned with chains of metal cans and makes a clattering, sashaying exit from the room: *Jacob Marley de nos jours*, ghost of fun past.

— *Peter Schjeldahl*