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‘Super-Rough’

Through June 27. Outsider Art Fair, 150 Wooster Street, Manhattan, (212) 337-3338, outsiderartfair.com.



Installation view of “Super-Rough” Photo: Olya Vysotskaya

As befits the ongoing pandemic recovery, “Super-Rough” is a streamlined, tabletop version of the Outsider Art Fair. Selected by the Japanese artist [Takashi Murakami](#), in collaboration with the fair’s owner, Andrew Edlin, this year’s version is medium-specific: Everything is sculpture, plus some wall reliefs. Most of its 250 works are crowded onto a hip-high pedestal 60 feet long and 7 feet across. Kambel Smith’s large painted cardboard model of the Capitol Building and Tom

Duncan’s miniaturized mechanized panorama of Coney Island have been granted their own floor space.

The result is close to stupendous, like the cream skimmed off an average art fair and presented undiluted, no booths or aisles and not much walking. The 28 participating dealers are mostly from the New York area; the artists themselves hail from far and wide.

On the pedestal, things are loosely arranged according to material. Up front, a scrum of imposing carved-wood pieces come plain, like Moses Ogden’s haunting portrait bust, or painted, like Gaston Chaissac’s totem. Midway, a nest of textile-oriented works emerge, most notably Judith Scott’s superb wrapped-yarn piece; Yumiko Kawai’s colorfully embroidered mounds; and Ryuji Nomoto’s aerated landscapes of gossamer threads — actually strands of glue. Then carved stone seems announced by the fanciful creatures of Alikan Abdollahi, which are trompe l’oeil painted papier-mâché. Chomo (Roger Chomeaux) evokes stone with painted plaster-skimmed concrete. Truth to materials triumphs in four ferocious, beautifully carved limestone or alabaster gargoyle-like heads by Jerry Torre, known as the Marble Faun. Ceramics makes its presence felt with Shinichi Sawada’s textured creatures; Alan Constable’s glazed cameras and Seyni Awa Camara’s two-headed being, in unglazed terra cotta.

No surprise, the largest, most unruly category is assemblage. It begins with the blunt found-objects pieces of Lonnie Holley and Hawkins Bolden and extends to Paul Amar’s radiant melding of faces and altarpieces in painted shells — which resemble miniature Mardi Gras floats. A similar but more improvisatory intricacy obtains in a group of memory jars covered with coins and whatnot and the lavishly robed women of Sylvain and Ghyslaine Staëls. Like much else here, they astonish.

ROBERTA SMITH