

Discoveries (and Steals) at NADA New York 2016

Another year, another [NADA New York](#). And despite a certain déjà vu inherent in wandering Basketball City once again, scribbling notes doomed to be indecipherable within three hours of their writing, the fair offers some nice surprises — many of them tucked into the tiniest-sized booths flanking both sides of the venue.

For instance: Massif Central, helmed by artist Tessa Perutz, which has packed a wealth of original and editioned works into its slender space. A newly designed scarf by [Trudy Benson](#) hangs beneath small paintings on burlap by Josh Abelow, each priced at \$2,800. They're joined by drawings from Tal R's "Alstadt Girl" series (\$10,000), a selection of Ted Gahl paintings of double-sided burning candles that riff on Richter's iconic treatment (around \$2,000), and an [ELLEN BERKENBLIT](#) work on paper — primary-colored flowers, with nary a witch in sight — for \$5,500. Another find nearby: Tracy Thomason abstractions, made by layering pigment mixed with marble dust onto the canvas and then gouging out geometric compositions. They're at Cuevas Tiliard, each with a very fair asking price of \$2,200. And, as [previously reported](#), publicity firm Creative Council is selling drawings and paintings by dealer Joel Mesler — irreverent, scrappy things that ponder everything from cocaine to Syria to single-motherhood — with the works on paper all priced at \$200, regardless of size.

Small things are abundant at this year's NADA. At Josée Bienvenu's booth, rows of delicate oil paintings on cardstock, collectively titled "Postcards to AZ," 2016, depict paintings and sculptures censured during the Nazi's infamous "Degenerate Art" exhibition. (They might each be postcard-sized,

but they'll still set you back \$2,500.) Galerie Joseph Tang has a massive grid of small paintings by Sean Bluechel, an array of Raoul de Keyser-esque exercises in mixed-media abstraction — each \$1,800, though the price drops to \$1,400 if you buy 16 or more — occasionally incorporating felt, shells, and mud. Los Angeles Nomadic Division has an open edition of pigment-stained towels by [Amanda Ross-Ho](#), each \$100. Jack Hanley is offering New Age colored-pencil perversions by Alphachanneling — they'd pair nicely with one of Caroline Wells Chandler's ecstatically dirty-minded knit characters, offered by Roberto Paradise — as well as small abstractions based on truckside logos by Alain Bilteryst (if you like those, check out Elise Ferguson's larger, layered pieces over at Halsey McKay). Maki Fine Arts has a witty series of paintings by Fuminao Suenaga, each of which represent a page of Google image results for artists like Ellsworth Kelly, Agnes Martin, and Lucio Fontana — a fitting homage to an age in which many collectors might be browsing, and buying, artworks based on thumbnail images on smartphone screens.

At Galerie Sebastien Bertrand, Chloe Wise's sculptures of foodstuffs — goopy mountains of pasta accented with split papaya — are as smart as they are stomach-churning. (That gallery also has a terrific triptych by [Alexander Kosolapov](#), which repurposes Marlboro cigarette packaging to “advertise” the artist Kazimir Malevich.) And if you're going to buy one table-sized, grotesque ceramic sculpture at NADA, make it the 1974 opus that the Landing is presenting: a collaborative effort between [Peter Saul](#) and Clayton Bailey that depicts a monstrously botched operation, with two deranged scientists cobbling together a Frankenstein creature whose legs are composed of sausage links. It's a welcome reminder to never trust [Peter Saul](#) with a scalpel, no matter how nicely he asks.