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## Galleries

### BONNIE LUCAS

Through Feb. 26. JTT, 191 Chrystie Street, Manhattan; 212-574-8152, [jttnyc.com](http://jttnyc.com).

Bonnie Lucas made the memorably unsettling gouaches and assemblages in her JTT show “Young Lady,” curated by Marie Catalano, in the 1980s, but they’re all too timely now. The rosy color that dominates here is just a bit more frankly sexual and charged with menace than Barbie-doll pink. One gouache, “That Girl,” shows a translucent, misshapen face with a tightly closed rose in place of one eye and a blue hair bow jammed in the other; inside her fishlike mouth, two girls dressed like Alice in Wonderland are having a prim tea party. In another, also titled “That Girl,” the waterlogged heroine chokes on an off-brand Wonder Woman figurine with blond hair.

“White Rock,” a four-foot-high assemblage, is even more direct: Against a background of gauzy pink clothing and yarn, white gloves and fake pearls, a plush female doll is attached upside down, as if crucified like St. Peter, but on a welter of contradictory demands and impossible expectations. From her spread legs rises a kitschy, thrift-store Easter egg that pictures a sweet domestic scene of anthropomorphized yellow ducks; above the egg rises a blond knockoff of Betty Boop giving a come-hither wink.

It’s direct, in other words, but not uncomplicated. What makes it all so compelling, even heartbreaking, is Ms. Lucas’s obviously deep ambivalence. There is as much affection for found totems of saccharine girlhood as there is anger or rejection, as much unsatisfied yearning in her distorted images of conventional femininity as there is trauma or shock.

WILL HEINRICH