

LEON GOLUB

Being an activist was as central to the late artist's identity as painting. The works here, from the mid-eighties and early nineties, are less incendiary than those he made depicting police brutality and other acts of violence. But a current of unrest simmers throughout, with race as a central theme. Drawings and raw-looking canvases, hung like posters from nails in the walls, depict people, black and white, eying each other mistrustfully. Lone figures wear menacing scowls. One man sports a T-shirt—its words unprintable here—telling Japan where to go. The sentiment is dated, of course: America has new enemies and competitors. But it highlights, with regrettable pertinence, the absurdity of hate-based politics. Through Nov. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. 212-226-3232.)