This photograph of "Holes," a new show by Elizabeth Jaeger, is keeping a secret, and so are the sculptures themselves. From a distance, the exhibition—which inaugurates Jack Hanley's new Tribeca gallery and is on view through Nov. 20—appears to be an austere arrangement of a dozen black ceramic vessels. But approach, and you'll discover that each one hides a small world, ranging in mood from Orwellian (the regimented desk-dwellers of "Office") to romantic (the nude couple embracing in "Midnight") and surreal (the tiny figure clutching its tinier doppelgänger in "Zoom Zoom"). Jaeger heightens the air of surprise with unexpected shifts in scale; not all of her characters are Liliputian. Those midnight lovers embrace in a three-inch-wide bowl, but the two-foot-wide container of "Catnap" conceals a life-size clay feline. (There are no mice in these scenarios, but you may think of Stuart Little; at times, Jaeger's winsome figuration suggests a Garth Williams illustration in three dimensions.) Of course, the isolation of the past pandemic months is a touchstone, but so is the interiority of mental states, whether waking or dreaming. The contemplative mood continues in "Gutted," an exhibition, on view through Dec. 1, of Jaeger's piscine blown-glass sculptures (inspired by Roman lachrymatory bottles) at Mister Fahrenheit, an intriguing new project space, in the West Village, tucked into a secret garden behind a green gate.—Andrea K. Scott

"Surrealism Beyond Borders"
This huge, deliciously entertaining show, at the Met, surveys the transnational spread of Surrealism, a movement that codified the poetics of André Breton in 1924, in Paris. (It had roots in Dada, which emerged in Zurich in 1916, in its infatuated, tactically clownish innovation to the point of personal mania, or, as it were, World War.) Most of the show's hundreds of works—and nearly all of the best—date from the next twenty or so years. As you would expect, there's the lobster-topped telephone by Salvador Dalí and the locomotive emerging from a fireplace by René Magritte, both from 1936; the crowd pleader, this time a show's super curator, Barbara Breitenau, and Matthew Gale, prove the case for Surrealism. High culture had never dealt with social issues, but now they offered some of the ground for this, and the best of the show explore certain scenes. The variety of discoveries, detailed with exceptional scholarship in a ravishing keeper of a catalogue, for that the writing, with such title shocks as "The Sea" (1929), a fantasy of the Japanese Kogyo Harue that displays, among other things, a flayed submarine and; "Untitiled" (1967), a weaponized throng of human and animal faces and figures, by the Mozambican Malangana Ngwenya.—Peter Schjeldahl (metmuseum.org)

"Niloufar Emamifar, Soil Thornton, and an Oral History of Knoberry"
Three numerically related projects—one wonderful fiction book and installation by two artists—are united in this rather cryptic exhibition, on view in the SculptureCenter's catacombs-like basement. The fascinating subj-