Waiter, there’s a fly in my show! Granted, it’s barely discernible, printed in pale hues dotting a white curtain against the back wall. The New York artist has earned a well-deserved following for treating the subject of comedy—performance, anxiety, punch lines—with Conceptualist flair and wry feminism. But the deadpan distortions of her new photo-based works can be so turned in on themselves that they become oblique, notably in two bruise-colored works featuring the international symbols for rest rooms. A spare, tender image of Laraine Newman, a slapstick Madonna clutching plastic breasts to her chest, strikes a welcome note of lucidity. Through Dec. 21.