



THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN: ART

MARK GREENWOLD

The cheerlessly self-aware hyperrealist shows underknown, quite sensational paintings from the late sixties and early seventies, most in acrylics, which channel the era's frantic attitudinizing and sexual frenzy. Think of it as history painting in the bedroom. Meticulously rendered, perspectively skewed upper-middle-class interiors are inhabited by naked or clothed, lovemaking or loitering figures, often seen in different scales and perhaps at different times. The effect is hotly cold. An intense moral anxiety, if not outright trauma, attends acts of seeing that suggest eyes pinned open: reluctant, unremitting. Through April 17.

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DC MOORE

724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., New York, N.Y.

212-247-2111

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