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ALEXI WORTH

The pleasures and tensions of intimacy—between artists and viewers, painters and subjects, men and women—occupy Worth in his third show at the gallery, which plays a game of call-and-response with his last one. A fascination with obstructed views and the slippery nature of shadows (at once absence and form) recurs, as does a preoccupation with the interplay of art's favorite frenemies, photography and painting. Halved apples are among the allusion-packed motifs, signalling Magritte's trompe-l'oeil Surrealism, the biomorphic shapes of Myron Stout, the greenish hue of daguerreotypes, and the temptation of Eve. Worth embraces the conundrums of life after the Fall—including the camera's invasion of the canvas's Eden—and he renders them tenderly, epitomized by a loose swoop of white brushstrokes that delineate bedsheets. Through Jan. 3. (D. C. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-247-2111.)