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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

CARRIE MOYER

Imagine Helen Frankenthaler and Philip Taaffe bumming a ride with the Van Dykes on a trip to see the Venus of Willendorf. Moyer channels a delirious range of cultural sources (Elton John's "Tiny Dancer" and George Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique" both crop up in her titles) in big paintings that are unabashedly decorative and slyly feminist. Art history—Matisse cutouts, stain painting—goes toe to toe with prehistory in works like "Rapa Nui Smashup"; hard-edged fields of matte brown and gray open into translucent veils of glitter-laced saffron and peacock blue. Symmetrical compositions play Rorschach-like games (medieval armor, vaginal anatomy, and glazed vases all spring to mind). At times, the humor feels forced—a red-and-white target conflates Kenneth Noland and big-box retail—but Moyer's confidence inevitably wins out. Through June 7. (Canada, 55 Chrystie St. 212-925-4631.)