

## NEW YORK IN REVIEW

**Elena Sisto** (Damon Brandt, March 15–April 14) operates on the level of the schema of painting defined as a personal mirror: painting as fetish revived by the intensity of physical contact with a painter. *Stinker* floats quasi-Magrittian—and therefore dead—motifs, borne from out of field, across the painterly reflection of a memory of a blush. A comic-strip Nancy pulls back a red curtain, which illustrates an oil-paint rouge. The red curtain might comment on predilection, as a penis between two eyes makes for a somewhat Pinocchioesque nose. The Nancy figure in *Hearth* does not thank the fireman's ladder-climbing rescue from possible death and sexual awareness. The fire was a mirage of hearth and home. Elsewhere, the Donald Duck represents the out-of-touch and voyeuristic sexuality of the male of the species. In *Untitled* the red face of the Nancy figure marks a hiatus in awareness. *3, 6, 9* escalates innuendo toward innuendo: a lightbulb is illuminatingly pregnant. *Stupid Cupid* has a great title, and an accurate message. All in all, the material facts and closure of painting are defended as a palimpsest marking an awareness of rites of passage that, in such a physical context, can only be represented as quasi-sexual. These are shy, coy, cute, silly, and not entirely mature paintings. But they speak self-hurt volumes of retreats being sounded on the topic of love in current culture.