

## 5 Must-See Shows in New York: Grace Weaver, Roger Brown, and More



Grace Weaver at Thierry Goldberg Gallery, through August 7 (103 Norfolk Street)

Let me first say that I'd love to curate a show of works by Weaver alongside works by Jonathan Gardner that would be about the eroticization of tennis in the afterglow of both "Lolita" and "Infinite Jest." (In Weaver's "Match Point," the simple act of tying one's shoe on the court pretty much sets the whole world topsy-turvy.) Press materials note that the exhibition title, "Teenage Dream," is taken from Katy Perry — don't judge — and that the artist thinks of each painting as a discrete pop song. To me, a work like "Love Song," 2015, is more like a film still, edging on the Hitchcockian: A preppy girl in a purple sweater, perky and cupid-lipped, waves while a strange man's silhouette is doubled in her sunglasses, his shadow falling, quasi-sinister, across her face. In other Weaver paintings, couples are contorted and made pleasantly strange: A girl mounts her lover, his head cropped by the frame's edge, and her attention taken up by the book she's reading rather than his body; in "Detente," 2014, limbs liquify as a man in bed peruses his laptop and his girlfriend checks herself out in a hand mirror. Weaver's style plucks from Picasso as liberally as more contemporary influences — Sanya Kantarovsky, Dana Schutz, Dasha Shiskin — but the end result is all her own.