



## THE NEW YORKER

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### **GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN**

#### **STANLEY WHITNEY**

The veteran abstractionist's woozy, multiply hued grid paintings, slashed with horizontal bands, weave a surprising spell. Most are six feet square. The gorgeous colors aren't collegial; they elbow one another. The ensembles jostle. Whitney's dashing ways with thick and thin paint recall Mary Heilmann's, but he's a lot less blithe. There is a sense of high spirits slightly forced, which beat normal high spirits for reliability—at the willingly paid cost of a certain sadness, which sets in as you look. Eye candy at first glance, Whitney's work unclenches bluesy gravitas. Spend time with, especially, "Bob's (Rauschenberg) Smile." Through Feb. 6. (Team, 83 Grand St. 212-279-9219.)