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RYAN MCGINLEY'S ECSTATIC BODY ART

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Like the painter Frank Stella, who was barely a college graduate when he exhibited his *Black Paintings* at MoMA, in 1959, the photographer Ryan McGinley remains shadowed by a museum show staged very early in his career: an exhibition at the Whitney, in 2003, featuring affectless snaps of his friends, often in the nude. McGinley was twenty-five at the time. In the years since, he has continued taking road trips and shooting companions in the altogether, but he's matured considerably, and at an upcoming show, at Team gallery in SoHo, he is presenting new, stately photographs shot during a glacial New York winter, in which naked young things squirm and blossom amid acres of white. (An associated show, of images taken in the fall, opens at Team's Los Angeles outpost later this month, and features much more color.) McGinley's uncommon hibernal photographs required substantial technical preparation—think propane heaters, ice-fishing boats, the works—but the nude bodies in silvery space, often lunging forward or hunched in the snow, may remind you less of photographic forebears than of body artists: Marina Abramović, say, who for a 1975 performance prostrated her naked, whipped body on a crucifix of ice, or else Song Dong, who in 1996 lay all night on Beijing's frozen lake Houhai. McGinley prints these excellent photographs, as ever, in studiously low resolution, which imbues the white of the snow and ice with strange chromatic variety. Near one of the Finger Lakes, an ecstatic model runs toward a waterfall frozen into pillars of ice. The blue snow beneath her bare feet is flecked with pixels of red, as if McGinley's camera could not contain its grandeur.