

THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN: ART

SEBASTIAAN BREMER

There has been a lot of painted photography in town lately (Sam Falls's recent outing at Higher Pictures, Sarah Anne Johnson's current show at Saul), but Bremer's is the most sophisticated, the most excessive, and the most extraordinary. Working in a variety of scales, from modest to massive, he covers the surfaces of his often appropriated photographs with an intricate network of fine white dotted lines. As clustered dots ape the texture of shagreen, some resolve into figures or objects, and others into pure, if utterly over-the-top, decoration—Art Nouveau at its most psychedelic. Because many of Bremer's subjects, both photographed and drawn, are female nudes, the atmosphere is especially louche and seductive. It's every odalisque's boudoir and every voyeur's fantasy. Through April 23.

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