



# THE NEW YORKER

## Nathaniel Dorsky

In these small stills from Dorsky's experimental silent movies, people appear as reflections and shadows or obscured by a scrim. (They may remind some viewers of Saul Leiter's color work.) Like the films themselves (which are not on view here), the pictures thwart narratives, but the meditative slowness of the moving images is hard to convey frame by frame. Dorsky's best shots pinpoint the pleasures of absorbed attention—on an overblown rose, an orange lizard, a shoe falling apart under water. Trees and flowering branches, usually seen in double-exposed layers, are nothing less than an exploration of bliss. Through Jan. 9. (Blum, 20 W. 57<sup>th</sup> St. 212-244-6055)

The New Yorker, January 4, 2016

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