

# THE NEW YORKER



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## GALLERIES—CHELSEA

### PETER CAIN

Cain, who died in 1997 at the age of thirty-seven, hatched a dissonant style—call it photo-surrealism—that is growing in retrospective prestige. A crisp show celebrates his paintings of mutant cars: gleaming sedans reduced to a pod of their front and back ends, set on a single wheel; a head-on S.U.V. squeezed toward telephone-booth proportions; and coupes elongated like exactingly pulled taffy. Many of the images are set sideways or upside down, further straining their realist manner with assertions of the painter's impunity. Grating at first, Cain's sleek grotesqueries prove unforgettable. His transformation of our definitive machine—making it symbolize indivisible love and hate—takes willing viewers for a fast, rough ride. Through Nov. 23. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200.)