

# THE NEW YORKER

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APRIL 20, 1998

**MARK SHEINKMAN**—In this artist's first show of paintings, canvases curl at the edges and roll up into sculptural forms, mimicking Chinese scrolls, or perhaps monumental peels of birch bark. The visible surfaces are painted in severe, polished monochromes of black, white, and metallic gray, and are scrawled over with broken grids and lines that vibrate like seismic readings. There's a brooding aloofness, if not coyness, in these paintings; the viewer senses that what is revealed is of far less moment than what is concealed inside the scroll. Through April 18. (Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)