

Martin Eder

Ah, the endless highbrow appeal of kitsch and cheap porn! Eder's paintings feature buxom naked ladies quoted from a motley mixture of vintage and contemporary sources. They recline in perspectively suspect poses, spread across big, luscious canvases that seem to have borrowed their backdrops from Salvador Dali. Here and there, a sad clown or a menacing bird observes. The most surreal aspect of the work, however, is that the grownup dollies on occasion share their uncomfortable spaces with favorite pinups of the grammar-school set: excruciatingly cute, fluffy kittens, rendered in Godzillian scale, loom threateningly over the nudes. Through July 1. (Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. 212.680.9889.)