For the past decade, the seventy-eight-year-old has turned an unflinching eye—and a very deft hand—on her own aging body and face in an ongoing series of paintings. The feminist intentions are obvious, and the work is best when it verges on the surreal, playing with double exposures. One startlingly beautiful canvas overlays two images of the artist’s crossed legs, creating a sort of nest, at the center of which a hand rests on a thigh. A turquoise ring on one finger provides a taunting suggestion of permanence in a world in which all things must pass. Through May 21.

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