

New Yorker January 6 2006, page 15 REVIEW:

GARY SCHNEIDER

Schneider's life-size portraits—each a full-length nude seemingly buoyed up and floating on a pitch-black void—loom from the walls like earthy gods and goddesses. Photographed lying down in the dark over a period of half an hour or more, the figures are only partially illuminated and look as if they were dusted with soot. They might be ready for interment, but they're also vividly alive and present, and they confront the viewer eye to eye like long-lost brothers and sisters. The effect is at once unsettling and exciting, all the more so when you're confronted with a subject's frankly erotic response to the photographic experience. Through Jan. 7. (Aperture, 547 W. 27th St. 212-505-5555.)