



THE NEW YORKER

JANUARY 29, 2001

MIRANDA LICHTENSTEIN

For suburban adolescents, the moderately picturesque, dimly lit locations known as lovers' lanes are sites of rites of passage—first kiss, first beer, and then some. Using only her car's headlights, Lichtenstein has made ten large color landscapes of those places, from the empty stands of a high-school football field to the back nine of a golf course. Her images are devoid of people and full of paranoia—it seems as if something might be groping in the shadows, or watching you. Through Feb. 10. (Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 255-8450.)