NEIL WELLIVER
The implacable Maine landscape painter almost charms in a show of smallish, full-dress studies for his very large, dauntingly adept major works. Welliver has a genius for light-riddled scraps of woods, rocks, water, and mountains, merging reality with an idea of reality in a way that is reminiscent of Wallace Stevens's poetry, only much colder. In a catalogue of the show, the poet Mark Strand finely observes that Welliver's works "embody a vision so uncompromised and of such compact immensity that the viewer is powerless before them." Through June 18. (Alexandre, 41 E. 57th St. 212-755-2828.)