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JAMES VALERIO

A couple of years ago, this super-realist painter decided to devote his time exclusively to drawing. The results, thirteen silvery graphite images, combine banal subject matter with breathtaking technique. As in his paintings, Valerio works from photographs, which he subtly theatricalizes. In the still-lifes, drops of water glitter with a weird, chromelike shine; in the portraits, wens and wrinkles appear to have been pinched into extra relief. Up close, this kind of topographical fetishism can be mesmerizing. As one steps back, though, Valerio's subjects—flowers, meadows, middle-aged men—remain disappointingly mute. Through March 31. (George Adams, 41 W. 57th St. 644-5665.)