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GALLERIES—CHELSEA

DAIDO MORIYAMA

Moriyama photographs ordinary places and things—a cornfield, a rubber glove, a box of tools, a train yard, a white high-heeled shoe lying on its side—but his pictures are far from ordinary. Dark and strangely ominous, they have an obsessive quality; you don't know if he's fascinated or disgusted by what he sees. This show of more than a hundred small prints from the nineteen-eighties emphasizes the work's funky immediacy. Because everything, from a nude in bed to an urban back alley, looks like a crime scene, Moriyama seems to channel Weegee while adding an inky layer of noir pessimism all his own. Through June 7. (Kasher, 521 W. 23rd St. 212-966-3978.)