



THE NEW YORKER

BRIAN CALVIN / JIM LAMBIE

Calvin's sylphs are painted with flat bright colors, their faces broken into geometric fields; his work has been compared, not unfairly, to that of Alex Katz. But while Katz's paintings roil with suppressed drama, Calvin's are blank slates. This is painting so aggressively banal that it threatens to erase itself, and yet one senses that this may be the new frontier of painting; the endgame for younger artists (Greg Bogin, over at Leo Koenig, is another example) is to see how closely one can emulate "degraded" kitsch images without actually falling over the edge. In the back room, Lambie continues his second-generation (possibly third) punk invasion of art with "Byrds," a series of paint-dripped sculptures that look like Henry Moores covered in blood or droppings. Through Oct. 14. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663.)