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CARL OSTENDARP

An eighteen-year survey of Ostendarp's painting and sculpture reveals an almost shocking degree of consistency. Give or take a few paintings—the Benglis-like blobs from the early nineties, a foray into stars—this could be one body of work. Tangy confluences of Pop, minimalism, color-field, and cartoons, Ostendarp's superflat biomorphic compositions throw out references to Miró, Lichtenstein, and (especially) John Wesley, artists whose balancing acts of pathos and humor are echoed here. The show's real subject may be painting itself, as seen in the deadpan "Drips," in which a vertical phalanx of cartoon droplets bisects the picture, a Seussical interpretation of a Barnett Newman "zip." Through Jan. 12. (Dee, 545 W. 20th St. 212-924-7545.)