



RICHARD ALDRICH

Aldrich would win this year's M.H.B.I. (Mary Heilmann Blithe Informalist) award, if there were one. He's a fey, insolent whiz at tweaking conventions of painting: cutting away canvas to reveal stretchers, attaching curtains with chopsticks, incorporating postcards of Whistler portraits, rendering the word "coward" with a huge "C" in strips of torn shirt, or punctuating fast, loose brushwork with glued-on almonds. When Aldrich simply, abstractly paints, he's an infectious daubster, with sensitivity to burn. One picture credibly—and, thereby, somehow scandalously—pastiche mid-period Guston, in massy grays. This is art with tongue rammed perilously far in cheek, but so far, so good. Through Feb. 28. (Bortolami, 510 W. 25th St. 212-727-2050.)