

*Bendix Harms, The New Yorker, February 13th, 2006*



# THE NEW YORKER

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**BENDIX HARMS**

Harms is an apt representative for the sincerity generation of painters, with canvases full of clumsy, lovable figures, anthropomorphic animals, and lots of hearts. A man cries fat tears over a dead bird; an airplane becomes a lover—or perhaps just an object of unbridled affection—in “Boeingbändiger”; birds and humans share a bath in “Endstation Old Garge.” A recurring owl motif and moody colors demonstrate the artist’s allegiance to traditional Teutonic melancholy, but it’s expressed here with emotions almost as sappily sentimental as a greeting card. Through Feb. 25. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663.)