

**PHILIP AKKERMAN**

For twenty years, the quixotic Dutchman has painted nothing but his own snub-nosed, gimlet-eyed, modestly handsome face. The results are far less repetitive than one might expect—sometimes, one feels, not repetitive enough: Akkerman morphs from bowl-cut schoolboy to hirsute burgher, from limp-haired rocker to modernist homunculus. The protean vamping is fun—a sort of oil-on-Masonite answer to Cindy Sherman—but the best pictures are often the leanest, where Akkerman limns his features with silvery, numismatic clarity. Through June 30. (Gorney, Bravin, and Lee, 534 W. 26th St. 352-8372.)