

Previewed

3 Staying West-Coastal momentarily, the quick way of describing **Brian Calvin** might be to call him the slacker Alex Katz, with a dash of early Lucian Freud. He emerged during the mid-1990s with crisply painted, cartoon-bright portraits of long-haired, androgynous, fat-lipped, zonked-looking countercultural types, generally doing pretty much nothing. This fact underlined Calvin's resistance to narrative, though one might glimpse a spectrum of emotions – not least amorphous anxiety – sliding across his bug-eyed young faces. While Calvin occasionally reorients to Californian landscapes, or just

mouths (by which he's clearly captivated), he's been remarkably consistent over his career, to the point where his paintings feel like old friends, small modulations in his style having disproportionate effects. Here the focus is on paintings of twins, with accompanying drawings.



3 Brian Calvin, *Agreement*, 2018, acrylic on canvas, 76 × 102 cm.
Courtesy the artist and Almine Rech, Paris

3 *Brian Calvin*
Almine Rech, Paris
9 March – 13 April