Judith Linhares and Sherri Kerlin

Edward Thorp 103 Prince Street, SoHo Through March 1

Judith Linhares had her first solo show in 1972, but her figurative paintings share many of the concerns of her younger colleagues today, particularly the theme of childhood seen through self-conscious adult eyes. Distorted, cartoonlike figures of adolescent girls stand under the spotlight glare of a circus ring or perform humiliating acrobatics. Elsewhere, fairy tales are re-enacted in a bad dream warp: Jill (of Jack and Jill) lugs her pail of water toward an unclimbable hill; cats and ducks are as monstrous as dinosaurs. Many of the figures are paradoxically set among lush flower gardens, which Ms. Linhares paints with a nimble, decorative flair.

Sherri Kerlin's hazy ink drawings suggest a similar mix of fantasy and threat, with images seemingly derived from photographs, then reworked. A sidesaddle Victorian lady, for example, has a diminutive Grim Reaper for a groom. Ms. Kerlin's careful draftsmanly touch is effectively deadpan. And clearly, the disenchantment of childhood continues to be one of contemporary art's continuing preoccupations.

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