

By GRACE GLUECK

Victor Faccinto (Phyllis Kind Gallery, 139 Spring Street): A miniaturist, Mr. Faccinto has a thing for forks. Using the tiniest brush available (a Winsor Newton 000), he paints on forks minuscule figures and symbols that largely relate to love duels and personal battles between good and evil. A fork, for example, dominates the face of a ritualistic mask, called "Fallen Angel," a primitive-looking object that spouts walrus tusks, shells and shark teeth and is embellished all over with tiny images of devils fighting angels. The fork itself, with its satanic prongs, forms the nose of the mask, but is also a wicked persona in its own right, adorned with even tinier symbols.

Like ancient gods, the fork can be androgynous: in "Winged Fork," a movable fork on a plaque with an abstract narrative has a male-female presence, depending on which side you view it from. On yet another plaque, a male and a female fork are so constructed that they can be made to copulate. All of this sounds dangerously cutesy, but Mr. Faccinto is so skilled at his demanding craft and so enchanting a fantasist that you are thoroughly taken in. (Through April 12.)