

THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART

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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

CLIFFORD OWENS

Owens's performance at his opening—the kind of freewheeling participatory happening for which he's best known—ended with the artist surrendering his naked body to the audience. The show, by comparison, is anticlimactic. The curious hodgepodge of photographs includes scenes from a collaborative, mud-slinging performance with William Pope.L and colorful but solemn portraits of African-Ecuadorian children. The show's sweet spot is an image of Owens's head nestled under the pregnant belly of his Ecuadorian partner. A grid of framed white-on-black texts attempts a playful mix of sexual innuendo and art-critical and racial commentary but instead strikes a note of post-conceptual prosaism. Through Dec. 14. (On Stellar Rays, 133 Orchard St. 212-598-3012.)

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