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Kembra Pfahler's "Skeleton Fornication," 2006 is part of *Womanizer* at Deitch.

FEMALE GAZE

LIKE THE ENERGIZER Bunny, *Womanizer* at Deitch just keeps going and going and going.

It starts with pictures of naked women and men, veers to a series of vagina portraits, then an image of Jesus flashes you with his/her breasts. But don't expect to find a player's ball; this is a girl's only domain. Instead of a show about men exploiting women for sexual pleasure, *Womanizer* exploits sex and sexuality to shock and provoke for the sake of art, but it's also intended to empower—if you happen to be a chick. Call it burlesque. Call it porno. Call it a joke (with a wink and nod). I doubt any of those descriptions are far-off from the intentions of the artists—Julie Atlas Muz, Kembra Pfahler, E.V. Day, Breyer P-Orridge, Vaginal Crème Davis, Bambi the Mermaid and Liz Renay—who all have performance backgrounds. The work here may be passive aggressive, but it's never passive.

The show begins in an adolescent, candy-colored atmosphere. Bambi the Mermaid, the Queen of Coney Island's Mermaid Parade, greets you with her "CORNSTAR: Freak Pin-Ups" photo series, including a picture of a bearded girl and a grotesque clown surrounded by fruit loops while laying in a bathtub. All very freak show-esque. But that's the point—to provoke the feelings of repulsion and attraction simultaneously.

Next is Vaginal Creme Davis' enclosed homemade creation, "Present Penicative." The installation is a cozy space with a montage of photos on each purplish-pink wall. It looks like the bedroom of a boy who's just beginning to discover his sexuality. The dream element is present, with pictures of pin-ups everywhere, from models to Beck Hansen. And so is the explicit hedonism, with photos of naked men abounding.

I was most amused by Julie Atlas Muz's "Mr. Pussy" vagina portraits. He's kind of like Mr. Potato Head (but I don't recommend giving him to the kids to play with). He appears in various guises, such as a cowboy, Sherlock Holmes and Good Old Saint Nick about to eat a cookie. I wonder what he thinks about Jesus flashing him from across the room, courtesy of Breyer P-Orridge. And how about that shot of Kembra Pfahler being taken from behind by a skeleton? It's beyond necrophilia. (Aileen Torres)

Through Jan. 27, Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (at Wooster), 212-343-7300; *Womanizer* salon ever Thurs. 6-9, free.