

Art

to push his creatures to become participants in their own survival. An invisible human hand hovers over this work like a bad God, but we know there's nothing mysterious about power. Some of the species have been cut open, or are being eaten by others, but no one creature emerges to dominate or organize this garden of splendid evil. Color, rather than gender, is the essential communicative code, but Rockman doesn't tap into any conversations. This is an oddly passive world where the bizarre and beautiful rub up against one another without creating any heat.

GROUP GROPE

There are currently three significant group shows filled with new (or relatively new) artists that confront the body politic. "**Taboo: Bodies Talk**" (494 Gallery, 494 Broadway, through January 26) runs the breast fixation through a series of painful and hilarious motions in photographic works by Annie Sprinkle, Jo Spence, and Hannah Wilke. Also, Linda Troeller's *TB-AIDS Diary* is an affecting narrative that will move and inform any viewer/reader.

There are 22 artists in "**A Paper Trail**" (Berland Hall, 579 Broadway, through February 1), including Karen Finley, Marilyn Minter, Sue Williams, Danny Tisdale, and Melissa Gwyn Miller. Robert Marshall's tender portrait of a young boy wearing bunny ears holding his father's hand describes a formative psychological moment in a child's inner life. It's also a beautiful drawing.

"**Dysfunction in the Family Album**," curated by David Humphrey (Diane Brown, 23 Watts Street, through February 15), includes eight artists—Bonnie Lucas, Andrew Masullo, Arturo Elizondo, and Patty Martori among them—who are working from their own personal stories. The show is like a group therapy session, albeit on a calm night. ■

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