

Art in Review; A. L. Steiner

By [Roberta Smith](#)

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1 Million Photos, 1 Euro Each (minimum order)

Luke Dowd, Scott Myles, David Noonan, Brett Cody Rogers and Giles Round Unborrowed from the eye John Connelly Presents 625 West 27th Street, Chelsea Through Jan. 6

Contrasts happen. The discrepancy between these two shows deserves note, even though noting it borders on old-school gender essentialism. In the outer gallery is a group show of young British, American and Scottish artists, all men, making what might be called Neo-Constructivist quasi-painting. Most of it teeters between two and three dimensions with a kind of desperate, post-punk glower. None of it is devoid of promise. The best impression is made by Luke Down and Giles Round, who collaborate on a garish triptych called "2 Willow Road." Each part is a spiky, slapped-together geometric abstraction set in a wood frame deep enough to serve as a shelf for the draftsman's lamp sitting on it, lighting the picture.

Meanwhile in the inner gallery is an exhibition of A. L. Steiner's raunchy, out-there photographs of almost nothing but women having a blast being women: on their own, with their children or with other women, whether friends, lovers or comrades in arms. I can't imagine anyone of the female persuasion not getting at least a little high at the sight of this array, which covers most of the available space on the bright-orange painted walls. Men are allowed, but this is definitely a clubhouse.

Ms. Steiner is half of Ridykeulous, a radical lesbian cohort she formed with the artist Nicole Eisenman. Her riot-girl images have clear political, celebratory and perhaps even educational intent, but they work quite well as photographs in their own right. Ms. Steiner is, like Nan Goldin, Terry Richardson or Ryan McGinley, an astute photographer of intimacy. Unlike them, she avoids any connotation of exploitation, intrusion, self-indulgence or sensationalism. Her images are utterly straightforward about their true content, which is nothing more or less than equality.

As the title of the exhibition implies, the photographs cost one euro each only if you buy a million, which would include some not yet taken. This of course would create a whole new intimacy artist and collector.

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