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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

SEAN LANDERS—A few years ago, Landers had an artistic and existential crisis. With his career as a sculptor going nowhere, he scribbled his suffering, elation, and spleen on yellow legal pads, tacked the results on the gallery wall, and a new and radical confessional art was born, one that required the gallerygoer to read—*a lot*. Incredibly, it was worth the effort. In his latest installation, Landers deploys what has become his stock-in-trade—writings, videos, and the odd sculpture. But he seems happier about sculpture these days, having fashioned a group of green-glazed terra-cotta leprechauns. As usual, Landers' point is excruciation: he revels in the tackiness of these misshapen bogeys as talismans of ethnic identity (Landers is part Irish). But the repressed conventional artist in Landers can't resist some aesthetic polish, and these sprites from the netherworld of kitsch are actually quite handsome. Through Nov. 27. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)