

ARTNEWS

AROUND NEW YORK

Cameron Rowland's objects, on the other hand, are brutally straightforward (rococo only in their ingenious conceptual underpinnings), as is his message: slavery continues in the United States. For his show at **Artists Space**, Rowland registered the nonprofit as number 91020000 (the exhibition's title) with Corcraft, the industrial division of the New York State Department of Corrections that sells goods produced by convicts paid \$0.10 to \$1.14 an hour. A few of these products—man-hole levelers, an office desk, and firefighters' jackets (red-orange for prisoners, yellow for non-prisoners)—were scattered around the largely empty gallery. An explanatory text transformed them into gut-punch sculptures, pathos-filled updates on the readymade that changed the way one looks at objects, and the way one thinks about how they came into being, and how they are used. Institutional critique has long felt like the project and province of an aging generation, but Rowland, not yet 30, has positioned himself as a natural heir to Hans Haacke, Michael Asher, and yes, Andrea Fraser.

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