

and in form (paintings, drawings and a few photographs). But when they were completed, Tompkins's photorealistic black and white 'Fuck Paintings' (1969–74) – scenes from pornographic magazines cropped and enlarged in oil on canvas – were deeply shocking for their portrayal of sex acts and organs, rather than simply objectified female bodies. The same can be said of Steckel's drawings, which mock the phallogocentrism of Manhattan architecture in the crude aesthetic of bathroom-stall graffiti or the jarring colours of nude fornicating couples that Semmel painted *au naturel* in her studio. Even more strikingly contemporary is the conceptual work by British artist Cosey Fanni Tutti, whose pseudonym was inspired by the title of a Mozart opera, often translated as 'Women Are like That'. Working undercover as a sex worker, Tutti appropriated and framed published porn magazine photographs of her own highly feminized body.

All four artists were heavily censored throughout their careers and, 40 years later, their work still offends patriarchal mores that tend to regard women as either mothers or whores. The show's success, though, lies in its rather modest format: an antechamber introduces the four artists by displaying one work by each, and the following gallery explores full series on its much longer walls. Wall-mounted quotes stimulate fruitful dialogue between figures who often disagreed with one another: Semmel, for instance, notably criticized Tompkins for her use of pornographic images.

If attitudes toward sexually explicit imagery have changed since these works were first exhibited, we might wonder why 'Black Sheep Feminism' isn't traveling elsewhere. Dallas Contemporary, located in arguably one of the most politically conservative cities in the US, should be applauded for its boldness, but the discussion should not end there. As the show's subtitle makes clear, sex is inherently political.

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USA

Seth Price

356 MISSION, LOS ANGELES

Want a balanced life? Try sorting work, family and friends – or, per the unsentimental title of Seth Price's latest show, 'Wrok Fmaily Freidns'. Like any serious artist, Price seems to favour the first. At the show's heart is a maze of construction barriers made from railroad ties, two-by-fours and orange netting. In its rough-cut alcoves hang collages made from chunks of plywood, paint, and aluminium and vinyl offcuts. Titled 'scraps' and 'tests', all are provisional 'works in progress'. *Achievement Scrap* (2015) is a pair of commercial plastic prints of skateboarders Price found in the trash and 'tagged' with the all-caps declaration: 'WARNING: MAXIMUM BADASSNESS ACHIEVED.' Cringe all you want; when Price rebrands 'waste' as 'practice' – packaging and selling discarded products as 'raw' art – such acculturated irony is the touch that makes it work.

Commercial imaging materials are never far from advertising. Flanking the show's entrance are *Disidentified Multinational (V1)* and *(V2)* (both 2015), which the checklist calls a pair of 'UV-cured prints on wood-fibre veneer'. Repeated across their surfaces is the sans-serif word 'Alphabet' – not merely a bland placeholder but the corporate moniker of Alphabet Inc., the newly formed parent company of Google. The text's watermark grey evokes the security patterns printed inside sensitive mail – one of Price's staple motifs. Nearby, mounted to a plywood sheet, is the polymer image of a flayed business envelope (*Design for Multiethnic Envelope*, 2015), the interior of which is silkscreened in a full range of skin tones. Elsewhere, in *Skin Color Test Scrap* (2015), a smear of acrylic polymer on board is patterned with a finger's blotchy whorls. Price's stylistic signature here comprises the fine-grained identifiers of white-collar drudgery – prints, brands, patterns – on a blue-collar ground.

'Wrok, Fmaily, Freidns' – who can have it all? The show's title adopts the bad but legible diction of junk mail, perhaps to cram the wholesome trinity into one body and then slip it past the filters. Price has also created his own grinning, multitasking Mascot: a pencil-bearing, hermaphroditic glob. Like any good logo, Price's Mascot can self-reproduce. Versions of the doubly 'graphic' drawing recur on CNC-routed aluminium furniture (such as *Mascot on a Table*, 2015) and among rough paint swatches (as in *Logo Test Scrap*, 2015). In *Interior Life/Hot Dog With Mustard* (2015), tiny Mascots populate a taupe and yellow security pattern inside another oversize, splayed envelope.

Beyond the barriers, sections of PVC pipe are laid out as neatly as a pack of hotdogs, their bell ends alternating (*Waste Pipe Overflow Stock*, 2016), joined in a cross (*Waste Pipe Test*, 2016) or stood on end (*Waste Pipe Vertical*, 2016). Each length or elbow is covered with a black-on-white vinyl wrap densely patterned with leering Mascots. The sculptures are a cruel metaphor for the human condition: fetishized surface on the outside, and inside, a glorified tube. Recuperated as vaguely minimalist sculptures and comprehensively branded, these works are both trash and commodity, casual and calculated, cynical and desperate.

Price's take would be grim indeed, if not for a quartet of panoramic light boxes mounted to the back wall, showing the magnified skin of (and titled after) respondents to a Craigslist ad – 'Freidns' of a sad sort. The images have been digitally stitched together, patch by tiny patch, from thousands of hi-res photos of each person's arm: a fractal composite whose forking peaks and valleys coldly recall the show's CNC-routed furniture and orange mesh. Yet, their affective finish makes these works seem almost tender, as in *Danny* (2015), where the top edge of the skinscape slips, beachlike, under inky waters. Such emphatic beauty weighs down the easy pretensions of 'Wrok, Fmaily and Freidns', as if to merge these categories within the fecund sociality of art. Price's Mascot wants to be everything to everyone – but is human, after all.

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