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ART IN REVIEW

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'Sign of the Covenant'

John Connelly Presents

526 West 26th Street, Chelsea

Through tomorrow

There are six young artists in this naughty little show, and I'm glad to make their acquaintance. Actually, some I already know. Kent Henriksen's embroideries, in which Rococo swains and maidens are fitted with pullover hoods and restraints, are around a lot these days, their kinkiness quotient steadily rising. So, to a lesser degree, are Jeff Davis's monumental bearded male heads. Howling or singing, they are like hippie versions of Mount Rushmore, propped up by putti.

Jarrold Beck concentrates on faces in his small graphite drawings, or rather on expressive individual features like eyes and mouths, which he lifts from advertising and pornography. Kaye Donachie paints bodies, and paints them well in "Is There No One in Your World but You?," a near mirror image of two nude women on a bed. In Gerald Davis's cartoonish three-part drawing titled "Conrad," an overweight adolescent, ritually abused by his peers, is initiated from dubious innocence into hardcore experience.

Finally, a single ink drawing by John Kleckner proposes yet another sort of transformation, as sex and physical decomposition are revealed to be aspects of the same natural process. Poetry has, of course, mined this theme for centuries, though Mr. Kleckner's phantasmagorically exquisite image is a little too raunchy to be "poetic" in any conventional way, which is what makes it nice.

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