

Alex Bag

303 Gallery

69 Greene Street

SoHo

Through tomorrow

From Cindy Sherman to Sean Landers, there's no shortage of artists who star in their own work, either constantly changing identities or taking the confessional route and digging deeper into the ones they were born with. Alex Bag manages to do both, in a solo debut that offers a fairly sustained, frequently amusing 60 minutes of video. Men and art school are the main targets in brief segments in which the talking-head, alone-in-the-studio format dominates, and commentary veers from the acidly (and accurately) satiric to the heavy-handed and self-involved. But the overall impression is of an artist who has an ambidextrous affinity for the camera, who can marshal dolls and puppets into feminist Mr. Bill-like skits and slip effortlessly in and out of different outfits, roles and accents. Especially good is the encounter between a Ronald McDonald doll and a stuffed kitty, and Ms. Bag's interpretation of a video artist of the 1970's kind pretentiously lecturing on her work.

ROBERTA SMITH