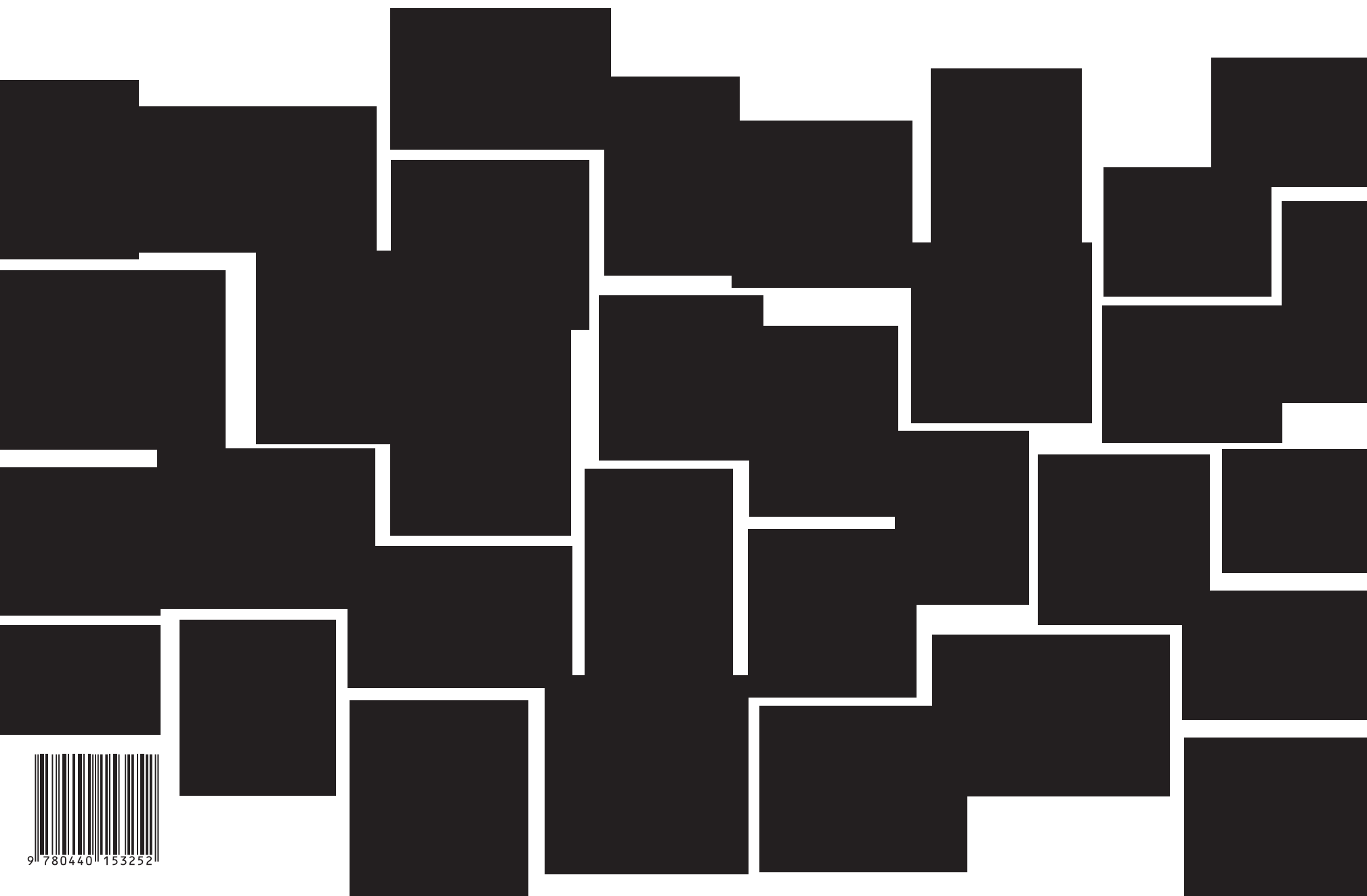


TOPTEN

1998-2008

EDITED BY JAMES HOFF



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The rotating-artist Top Ten began as a regular column in March 1998 following an introduction in December 1997.

This publication is a celebration of the column's tenth anniversary.

TOPTEN

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REAL LIFE ROCKER

GREIL MARCUS TALKS WITH TIM GRIFFIN ABOUT THE TOP TEN

When “Real Life Rock”—Greil Marcus’s Top Ten column—first appeared in these pages in 1990, his epic, pop-inflected diary on a dizzying range of subjects was perfectly suited to an art world obsessed with heterogeneity. But what does this critical format provide us today, when the Top Ten’s radical juxtapositions seem as natural as the weather? On the occasion of our “Best of 2003” issue, I asked Marcus to revisit the early days of his Top Ten and to reflect on the virtues and vices of a column that became a genre. —TG

IN '78 I STARTED WRITING a column on pop music called “Real Life Rock” for *New West* magazine, which later became *California* and is now defunct. At the end of every column, there would be a list, the “Real Life Rock Top Ten,” which included things like records, movies, books, somebody’s appearance on the Grammys. In the mid-’80s Doug Simmons, the music editor of the *Village Voice*, called me and said, “Why don’t you do a column that’s just that top ten?” It was more fun than anything I’d ever done, except maybe when Francis Coppola hired me in the ’70s to write a weekly review of every movie on TV. But that was impossible; this was complete freedom. I’d find myself putting a Little Richard reissue together with the latest punk band from Detroit alongside critical essays from *Zone* anthologies.

Once I paired a *Zone* anthology with Madonna’s “Live to Tell.” I didn’t think it was odd to bring these things together, because I didn’t see the difference. I think the whole high-low business is a load of nonsense. I don’t pay attention to it, and I never have. You could find astonishing examples of what one *Zone* writer called the “luster of capitalism”—which is, after all, what I was focusing on in my column—in “Live to Tell.” The song is all luster. It is completely, unbelievably shallow, and yet it’s hard to hold that notion in your head, because it’s so glamorous and well made.

“Real Life Rock” went to *Artforum* when the *Voice* got a new music editor who didn’t want the column. I had been writing for *Artforum* since 1983, trying out ideas that eventually worked their way into my book *Lipstick Traces*, so I called David Frankel, then the senior editor, who immediately took the Top Ten. What was surprising to me about *Artforum* was

that there the column became both more serious and more playful, both dense and swift. If I did feel any tension writing for an art magazine, it arose because it became too easy for me to write about dada, which was my great fascination when writing *Lipstick Traces*. It was too easy to find items that fit that whole dimension of twentieth-century culture, and I began repeating myself. But otherwise, having the new column meant mainly that I went to more gallery shows. It was very rare to walk into a gallery or museum and not come out with at least one item for the column—whether a poster or some bizarre Sumerian sculpture.

With top tens, you’re always writing about people no one has ever heard of—in fact, people *you’ve* never heard of before stumbling upon them. Certain subjects also become known as you pursue them over the years. If you look back over the *Artforum* columns, one of the continuing stories is Corin Tucker, a singer and guitar player in Sleater-Kinney, certainly the most interesting punk band the United States has turned out since Nirvana, if not before.

A TOP TEN COLUMN IS ABOUT ITEMS THAT ARE AD ODD AS THEY ARE ENTERTAINING. IT’S IN THE ODDITY THAT THE CRITICAL PURCHASE COMES. IT’S IN THE ENTERTAINMENT THAT THE GROUNDWORK FOR CRITICISM EXISTS.

Tucker started out in a two-woman band called Heavens to Betsy. I came across their first primitive home recording on a compilation album. It was called “My Red Self”; it was about, you know, a girl getting her first period. Through the column, I followed Tucker’s work in Heavens to Betsy and then in Sleater-Kinney. There you’ll find the story of everything she and her bands did in obscure singles, in celebrated albums, one concert after another. The column allowed for that kind of continuity.

If I have an argument to make for the Top Ten, it’s that you can find culture everywhere. Culture is always at work, it’s always changing or manipulating or exploiting our perceptions and prejudices—what we want and what we’re afraid of—and you can find very smart, dedicated people working on those premises in shopwindows, in advertisements, in painting and sculpture, in records, in performances. It’s like being at an amusement park with these incredible surprises happening all the time. That’s the sensibility, I suppose, that this column invoked when I was doing it as I should have.

SLANT



List making is definitely the first retreat of the lazy. It is obviously easier to make a list than it is to write an essay. Still, an essay is fundamentally one idea that you play out; this kind of column is much more complicated. And making a good list, while fun, is difficult because it has to be done relatively quickly. If you belabor it, then it collapses under its own weight.

Over the years, I’ve done the Top Ten column for the *Voice*, *Artforum*, and *Salon*; now I do it every three weeks for *City Pages* in Minneapolis. If you’re writing one list for *Spin* or *Mojo*, you’re showing off. You’re showing how smart you are, how cool you are, what good taste you have. When you do a top ten column every month or every two weeks, it’s not about you—it’s about trying to get items together that will be as odd as they are entertaining. And it’s in the oddity that the critical purchase comes. It’s in the entertainment that the groundwork for criticism exists.

Criticism begins on the assumption that people are interested in the world in which they live, but they’re busy, they’re running around. They’re affected by all kinds of things (whether it’s music, movies, advertisement, conversations), but they don’t have time to sit down and think about it. You, the critic, this is what you do with your life. You’re running around too, but you do stop to think, that’s your vocation. You write something, and the person who is affected by the same stuff you’re writing about but is too busy to think about it reads what you’ve written and says, “That makes sense,” or, “That’s exactly what I thought,” or, “That’s complete nonsense, that’s total bullshit. No, it’s not that; it’s this.” That’s the way these columns are supposed to work. □

Greil Marcus is a writer and critic based in Berkeley, CA.

INTRODUCTION

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Lisa Liebmann

Lisa Liebmann writes about art, fashion, theater, film, and literature for various publications, including *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Interview*. She is a lifelong resident of New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **5.** Sigmar Polke, *Plastik-Wannen (Plastic tubs)*, 1964, oil on canvas, ca. 37 1/2 x 47 1/4". **1.** Jean-Philippe Rameau's *Platée* in a production directed and choreographed by Mark Morris, with costumes by Isaac Mizrahi, 1997, performance view at the Barbican Theatre, London. *Platée* (Jean-Paul Fouchécourt). Photo: Bill Cooper. **7.** Jane Campion, *The Portrait of a Lady*, 1996, still from a color film in 35 mm, 144 minutes. Isabel Archer (Nicole Kidman) and Gilbert Osmond (John Malkovich). **6.** William Kentridge, *Felix in Exile No. 1*, 1994, charcoal and pastel on paper, ca. 47 1/4 x 63". **3.** Matthew Barney, *Cremaster 5*, 1997, still from a color video transferred to 35 mm, 54 minutes 30 seconds. The Magician (Matthew Barney). Photo: Peter Strietmann. **8.** Douglas Gordon, *Between Darkness & Light (After William Blake)*, 1997, video installation. Installation view, underground passage, Münster, 1997. Photo: Roman Mensing. **10.** Glass chandelier by Gaetano Pesce, 1997, Palais des Beaux-Arts, Lille, France.

1 *Platée* (*The Royal Opera at the Barbican Theatre, London*): Mark Morris directed and choreographed Rameau's rarely performed, rococo delight—a *fête galante* set to music, concerning a soulfully vain and froglike naiad wronged by Roman gods. Dancer-members of the Morris Group seemed at times to be singing their steps, while the singers moved with intelligence, humor, and verve. The costumes, by Isaac Mizrahi, were expressive and friendly rather than, say, Beatonesque. With sheer enthusiasm and a few ribald turns, Mizrahi warmed up a rather low-rent set, and, most important, unbut-toned the characters, whether the barflies of the prologue, set in a saloon out of Reginald Marsh, or the other kind of marsh denizens in the drama proper, or Jupiter and Juno, those mundane and feckless deities, who turned up dressed like a pair of yacht club arrivistes. The players all prevailed. But the evening belonged to Jean-Paul Fouchécourt, the improbably seductive Frenchman in the amphibiously female title role: never has so green and pendulous a diva loved and lost so trillingly.

2 Sol LeWitt (*Ace Gallery, New York*): Almost unbelievably, this installation of large wall paintings by the master of abstract tectonics was as spectacularly great as his show, in this same space a couple of years ago, of enormous cinder-block structures. These majestic designs, occupying six of the gallery's cavernous bays, were visually engulfing to the point of emotional overload and yet—as always—incorruptibly matter-of-fact. A Cheshire smile did seem to linger over a few of these big easies: insouciant riffs on such highbrow hits as Reinhardt's introspective squares, Kelly's taut-physique curves, and Warhol's glamorous, diamond-dusted black surfaces.

3 Matthew Barney, *Cremaster 5* Why I wept, I dunno, but *Cremaster 5* really shivered my timbers. Maybe it had to do with the sight of Ursula Andress—all forehead, hair ornaments, and ruche, like a natural-born Barney—as a kind of tragic, mock-Tudor queen. Or with the weird fusion of Mozartian *bonheur*, Mahlerian *douleur*, Wagnerian *tempi*, and old Peking-opera glitz that informs the production as a whole and Jonathan Beplers' grand, dissonant score in partic-

ular. Or with the body-pathos leitmotifs involving feet (in chopines, for example, or spherical and soft), skin (moulting and amphibious—a bit like *Platée*, come to think of it), anuses (the tufting of a throne!), and of course balls (sheathed, undescended, emergent, even tethered to pigeons). Or with the fab Budapest locations—the Opera House, the Gellert Baths, an icy Danube under a spooky Chain Bridge—that frame Barney's big themes and magnificent images with the oomph they demand.

4 Edgar Degas (*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*): Both empathetic and predatory vis-à-vis his subjects, Degas was also an avid hunter of other artists' work—Ingres was the oedipal obsession, Manet the infernal-fraternal rival—and regarded his trophies (including some of his own best pictures) as a museum-in-the-making. Dispersed at auction after his death in 1917 and now seen *en masse* again, "The Private Collection of Edgar Degas" is a blockbuster for *cognoscenti*, and a once-in-a-lifetime event.

5 Sigmar Polke (*Kunst- und Ausstellungshalle der BRD, Bonn*): Sigmar the Great—caustic, charming, prescient, and ecstatically prolific—has triumphed in yet *another* retrospective. He pretty much organized this one himself, in collaboration with writer-curator Martin Hentschel, whom he picked. The result was big, bold, and uncluttered—no wee notepad sketches, no ephemera—and unfurled like a lordly elephant trunk, spraying us with energy, ideas, and germs of beauty.

6 William Kentridge (*Documenta X, Kassel*): *History of the Main Complaint* is a short animated film—drawn as if in a cold sweat, in the best Expressionist tradition—about a white, middle-aged South African businessman who commits a highway hit-and-run and is subsequently injured in a crash himself. By means of an X-ray examination of what turns out to be the patient's unconscious, we get to see his life flash before us in combustive shards. Succinct and absolutely electrifying, the artist seems destined to do even greater things—including the set for an upcoming Brussels production of Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria*.

7 *The Portrait of a Lady* (*dir. by Jane Campion*): I have never seen a period film in which the evolving costumes and hairdos of the heroine do so much to illuminate character and situation. Rarely have I been more thoroughly surprised by a performance than by Nicole Kidman's white-hot, stately turn in the title role.

8 Douglas Gordon (*Sculpture Projects in Münster*): Located in a particularly dreary pedestrian underpass ("Purgatory," according to the artist), *Between Darkness & Light (after William Blake)* comprised a large, centrally positioned screen onto which a set of Hollywood flicks—*The Exorcist* and *The Song of Bernadette*—were simultaneously projected from either side. The resulting palimpsest of images and dialogue was hypnotic, funny, and profound by turn: a treatise *trouvée* on the metaphysical nature of cinema, not to mention girls good and bad.

9 Gillian Wearing (*Royal Academy, London; Jay Gorney, New York*): A video—in the currently popular semidocumentary, talking-head mode—in which adults, both ordinary and unusual-looking, seem to utter personal revelations in voices that actually belong to children. The artifice rings poignant and true.

10 Gaetano Pesce (*Musée des Beaux-Arts, Lille*): If Rem Koolhaas' multifunctional building complex helped put Lille on the Chunnel-zone commercial map, the renovation of the nineteenth-century Musée des Beaux-Arts could position the city between Bilbao, say, and Mönchengladbach, along the pilgrimage route for devotees of architecture and art. The building looks grand and the collection (particularly the nineteenth-century stuff) is fun, but two gargantuan, colored-glass chandeliers in the main lobby by the inexhaustibly original Pesce—outrageous, filipendulous affairs that extend some twenty feet across, nearly touching our heads, and whose bumpily pregnant forms evoke cornucopias, piñatas, and Santa's bag of presents—proclaim a *nouvelle belle époque* for this old mercantile town. □

Robert Rosenblum

Robert Rosenblum is professor of fine arts at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **7. Bill Viola, *The Crossing*, 1996**, two-channel video and two-channel stereo sound installation, dimensions variable. Edition of three. Photo: Sally Ritts. **4. "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley."** Installation view, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1997. Left to right: *Third-order Factors*, 1996, press-on vinyl from the digital file, 120 x 69"; *Exploding Cell*, 1994, series of nine screen-prints, each sheet 36 1/4 x 46 1/4". **8. Jeff Wall, *Untangling*, 1994**, Cibachrome transparency, light-box, and fluorescent light, 74 1/2 x 88". Edition of two. **3. Sol LeWitt, *Wall Paintings*, 1997**, matte paint and gloss paint on walls, each panel 15 x 15'. **1. Duane Hanson, *Jogger*, 1983-84**, polyvinyl acetate and mixed media polychromed in oil, with accessories, life-size. **6. Nahum B. Zenil, *La Partida (Death)*, 1994**, oil on wood, 35 x 20".

1 Duane Hanson (*Saatchi Gallery, London*): Perhaps it's my passion for Spanish polychrome sculpture (with real hair and fake tears) that made me a longtime fan of Hanson's, a love that dared not speak its name in "serious" art circles. And now I find sweet revenge for my minority view. Dusted off and minimally displayed, this tribe of American waxworks uglies suddenly took on a freshly macabre second life. Hanson's role may now be Johnny Appleseed's, with progeny like Charles Ray, Robert Gober, and the Chapman Brothers, whose humanoids are at their best when, like Hanson's, they sport Nikes and synthetic hair.

2 Pierre-Auguste Renoir (*National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa*): Rivaling Hanson's ability to polarize responses from populist adoration to elitist condescension is the great Renoir. In tune with our revived fascination for the countless human beings swallowed up in the maelstrom of modern art, this perfect show presented the artist as a keen observer of real-life individuals. He did not, we learn, insist on putting all his sitters in the smiling mold we too often mistake for his only emotion, but could catch endless psychological subtleties, including melancholy and anxiety, as he scrutinized singles or couples, family or friends, and then set them floating or anchored in gorgeous oceans of pigment washed up from Rubens and Delacroix. Colin Bailey's catalogue sets new standards of scrupulous research and elegant prose.

3 Sol LeWitt (*Ace Gallery, New York*): In the fickle turnover of art-world reputations, it's heartwarming to find that some things not only endure, but get better. LeWitt's spectacular wall paintings were anything but déjà vu, rising to heights of extremism that evoked Barnett Newman's gigantic exertions toward ultimate sublimity. Amid these vast murals that created new mysteries from densities of blackness, height versus width, matte versus glossy, LeWitt's art-world crown took on fresh luster.

4 Peter Halley (*"New Concepts in Printmaking 1" (Museum of Modern Art, New York)*): For the tonic of an unsettling visual and cerebral

shock, Halley's installation was a landmark. Generally obtuse about the theoretical trappings of his cell-and-conduit images, I was nevertheless dazzled by the sheer look of this new universe that first grated the eyes and nerves and then transformed clashes of synthetic color, abstruse diagrams, and free-floating objects into an unfamiliar kind of, well, beauty. The mix of an electronic order beyond human intervention and an apocalyptic explosion was like a computer screen savaged by a Luddite. The dust has yet to settle.

5 Georges Seurat (*National Gallery, London*): Radiating from the luminous stillness of *Bathers at Asnières* were a variety of vantage points on the youthful masterpiece, ranging from works by the likes of Flandrin and Bouguereau (which spoke of Seurat's roots in Ingresque ideals of purity) to the artist's own preparatory studies for his huge canvas. As a result, everything, including Van Gogh's later views of the gloomy suburb of Asnières, looked fresh. And as a surprise spin, Richard Dorment, in *The Daily Telegraph*, speculated on a new scenario for the painting, namely, that the spot on the Seine Seurat depicted was a haunt for picking up boys and that the well-dressed gentleman reclining forever in the foreground was considering his prospects. More research into Parisian social history may bear out what is yet another strange layer to Seurat's world of enigmatic silence.

6 Nahum B. Zenil (*Grey Art Gallery, New York*): With a Mexican, ultra-Catholic twist, Zenil belongs to the latest "me generation" of such fantasy self-portraitists and gender-benders as Yasumasa Morimura or Cindy Sherman. Frontal and motionless as a holy icon, the artist's dour, bearded face and frequently naked body repopulate an entire cultural cosmos, whether floating with angel wings over our planet or marrying his double in a bridal gown. I was happy to visit his crazily consistent solar system, whose source of divine light was always the artist himself, a mad tyrant with a child's imagination.

7 Bill Viola (*Guggenheim SoHo, New York*): As an old-fashioned viewer who usually yawns at video art that others find riveting, I was astonished

to experience total immersion in Viola's baptism of cosmic fire and water, which made me forget about media and plunge right into these engulfing, cyclical visions of birth and death, destruction and resurrection. And recalling, as I often do, the aspirations of the Romantics, I thought Turner himself might have found this a thrilling update to the apocalyptic visions that haunted him.

8 Jeff Wall (*Hirshhorn Museum, Washington, DC*): Another revelation via nineteenth-century ancestors. Perhaps it's the light-box that does it, but Wall's endlessly sharp focus on every weed, pore, hair, and pebble, presented in colors of newborn intensity, took me swiftly back to the microscopic infinities of the young Pre-Raphaelites. As obsessive in his pursuit of empirical truths as Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais, Wall also turns mundane facts into radiant fictions of dreamlike power.

9 Georges Braque (*Royal Academy of Arts, London*): Having long ago written off post-Cubist Braque as not only beside the point of mainline art history but as hopelessly sweetened by his un-American love of quiet nuance and *belle facture*, I was obliged to eat my words in front of these meditative images of a bell-jar studio world that mixed mundane facts, remote memories, and phantom aspirations. And that they offered previews of Jasper Johns' own cloistered reveries and compilations lent them an unexpected topicality.

10 Christian Schad (*Kunsthhaus, Zurich*): Thanks to a handful of kinky, hyperrealist paintings from the '20s, Schad has always had his cult following; but at last he's been given the Full Monty. His Young Turk embrace of everything explosive from Cubo-Futurism to Dada experiments in photography, assemblage, and typewriter art was surprise enough; but what followed 1920 was even more startling—a subzero, often X-rated world where both Marlene Dietrich and Stanley Spencer would be at home. Still eerier, if possible, were his later, more official portraits from Nazi and postwar Germany, where Satan lurks behind every frozen stare and grimace. Once seen, Schad's never forgotten. □

Wayne Koestenbaum

Wayne Koestenbaum is a New York-based poet and the author of *Jackie Under My Skin: Interpreting an Icon* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1995).

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **3. Joe Brainard, *Garden*, 1967**, gouache, 37 x 27". **2. Candy Darling on her deathbed, ca. 1974**. Photo: Peter Hujar. **6. Gucci boot advertisement (detail), 1997**. **9. Advertisement for *Coffy*, 1973**. **4. Elizabeth Taylor after brain surgery, 1997**. Photo: Harry Benson. **1. George Stoll, *Untitled (Angel Soft)*, 1997**, copper, cotton flannel, silk, and silk chiffon, 4 1/2 x 13 1/2 x 7 1/2".

1 George Stoll (*Morris Healy Gallery, New York*): Stoll's toilet-paper art, lighthearted and gravid, proves waste's centrality. Looking at these iconic rolls, again I remember the frank demonstrativeness of household objects, their indisputability, difficult as Wittgenstein. Who said a roll of toilet paper was easy to comprehend? I wonder if there are connections between toilet paper and aesthetic commentary. Though some people might think this show's a joke, it isn't. Stoll's objects are actually beautiful, and unlike most of so-called Pop art, his drawings, paintings, and sculptures don't ironize the objects they echo: they simply point, like witnesses.

2 Candy Darling (*Feature, New York*): Say this for Candy Darling: the woman paid attention. Her scrapbooks compel: careful notations of hairdo ideas and techniques. A letter to Mrs. Vreeland, a letter from Kim Novak: I wish there were more shows like this one—inviting vitrines of star/fan ephemera.

3 Joe Brainard (*Tibor de Nagy, New York*): Busy as a monk, poet Brainard, best known for *I Remember*, was also a significant visual artist. His collages, as fine as another's "serious" work, are spare-time art, attesting to time's spareness and to this magician's frugal use of extra, waste moments. I especially treasure his Madonna of the Travel-size Prell and his literal re-utilization of cigarette butts. He sees what he wants to see, nothing more. Here's his "Imaginary Still Life No. 5," from *Ten Imaginary Still Lives* (Boke Press): "I close my eyes. I see a charming nosegay of violets in an ordinary drinking glass. That's all."

4 Elizabeth Taylor (*Life magazine (April 1997)*): Liz chose to publish Harry Benson's picture of herself bald, after brain surgery: an extraordinary act of star abjection, shamelessness, solidarity with the world's other sufferers. The skull scar echoes her long-displayed tracheotomy scar: further demonstration of Liz's too-deep-

for-tears connection to the realm of visible trauma. Says Liz: "I won't dye my hair for a while. I'll let it grow out white. In the meantime, I don't mind being bald. For years the gossip sheets have been claiming I've had face-lifts. Now they'll have to eat their words. Look. *No scars!*"

5 James Schuyler (*The Diary of James Schuyler, ed. Nathan Kernan (Black Sparrow Press)*): Photo inserts prove that the late, Chelsea Hotel-dwelling Schuyler was not (as I once mistakenly wrote) the *least* cute of New York School poets, but at one time the *most* cute. In an era of unsifted confessions, how refreshing are his unhistrionic observations of life outside his window. "October 10, 1970: All over the grass there are yellowing elm leaves (from upstairs they look brown, or just dull) and walking on and among them you see how no pattern is ever as good as randomness."

6 Gucci boots, ostensibly for women Aggression, sleaze, shininess, exorbitance, waste; ugliness transvalued. I've not seen one pair of these red, knee-high stiletto-heel numbers worn, and yet they define where my eye wants to go. Like de Kooning's beautiful last paintings, these shoes are mementos of the cognitively disappeared, and they are the kind of commodity that presents a problem—an ideal, a paradox—that it is the duty of other, more humdrum items to solve. I bought a pair of black boots to commemorate the fact of their resemblance to the unwearable red Guccis.

7 Frank Bidart (*Desire (FSG)*): The newest offering by one of our finest living poets: a book of dramatic salutes to the body, perpetually in the act of bidding a prolonged goodbye to itself and a hello to its friends in the other world. The volume includes haunting poems for Joe Brainard; and a stunning long poem, "The Second Hour of the Night," that weaves together the death of Berlioz's wife and the incestuous relation of Myrrha and Cinyras. A two-line poem entitled "Homo Faber": "Whatever lies still uncarried from the abyss within/me as I die dies with me."

8 Michel Leiris (*Scraps, trans. Lydia Davis (Johns Hopkins University Press)*): At last, forty-two years after its French publication, the first English translation of volume two of this impossible journey into the writer/anthropologist's private lexicon. Almost unreadably labyrinthine and rigorous, it is, ergo, necessary reading. It surpasses virtually every other twentieth-century language odyssey, save those of Proust and Stein. "Cleopatra's nose. Cromwell's urethra. To say nothing of technical inventions like the cooking of foods, assuming the soup pot is indissolubly linked to family life as we understand it!"

9 Pam Grier (*Coffy (1973, dir. Jack Hill, rereleased)*): See Gucci above. A braver and weirder flick than any of its imitators. In a league with Russ Meyer's pioneering *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*: baroque Salpêtrière fun-house sado-masochism. Grier's sanity is more than a fashion statement: she makes the world cohere, provides mayhem its lost logic.

10 Phyllis Rose (*The Year of Reading Proust: A Memoir in Real Time (Scribner)*): An ode to writer's block, in the form of a memoir. Elegant, elegiac, the book shows that impediments to expressivity are themselves expressive, that inaction is an art: "A massive battle takes place every day in the time it would take, unblocked, to write eight pages. If I could just sit down and do it! Instead I think of all the excellent books I've read and think how unlike them a book of mine would be. I imagine my friends reading it dutifully. I imagine strangers picking it up and throwing it down in disgust." It's not easy to write what you really want to write, instead of what you think readers want. Rose's memoir has the fragile beauty of a book that almost didn't get written. □

Dave Hickey

The writings of Dave Hickey were most recently collected in *Air Guitar: Essays on Art & Democracy* (Art issues Press, 1997). He lives in Las Vegas.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: 1. "Ellsworth Kelly," 1997. Installation view, Guggenheim Museum, New York. 2. Monique Prieto, *Puppy Love Lost*, 1997, acrylic on canvas, 21 1/2 x 31 1/2". 3. Michelle Fierro, *What Rebounds Are Made of Too*, 1997, oil, acrylic, and paper on canvas on panel, 20 x 23". 4. Elizabeth Peyton, *Beck*, 1996, watercolor on paper, 12 x 9". 5. "David Reed," 1997. Installation view, Galerie Rolf Rieke, Cologne. 6. Reverend Ethan Acres, *Lamb of God*, 1996, mixed media, lamb 36 x 36 x 18".

1 Ellsworth Kelly (*Guggenheim Museum, New York*): An interesting moment: Ellsworth Kelly and Jasper Johns passing like ships in the night. Kelly's French-kissed Hudson River-Pop never looked more relevant or more refined than in this splendid retrospective—especially in Frank Lloyd Wright's rotunda, where Kelly's sense of geometric nuance effortlessly recruits the willful perversity of the architecture to its own subtle purpose. The space will never look better. So why take it down?

2 "Spot Making Sense" (*Grand Arts, Kansas City*): A bright show in a sleek space with no angst and very little reading. Curators David Pagel and Sean Kelley have assembled a deft selection of works from the Bart and Lisa Generation of West Coast artists—mostly paintings, but one video and some objects, too—mostly abstract, but abstraction at its most worldly, sans process and solemnity and always informed by a sly Ruschavian pictoriality. Standouts include works by Sharon Ellis, Ingrid Calame, Phil Argent, Jennifer Steinkamp, Monique Prieto, Adam Ross, Yek, and Jack Hallberg.

3 Michelle Fierro (*Jack Tilton Gallery, New York*): Fierro deploys constellations of viscous paint blobs, floor scrapings, and other studio detritus across untreated canvas on rectangular stretchers. She adds some marks and smudges, and that's it. The paintings either get you or they don't. Usually they do, but if they don't there are no virtuous fall-back positions. This is win-or-die painting—mandarin grunge—and genuinely affecting in its courageous dishabille.

4 The Reverend Ethan Acres (*Patricia Faure Gallery, Santa Monica*): In this collection of images and icons, the Reverend Acres embraces the beast of fundamentalist religion without irony, as Kiefer embraces the beast of German Romanticism, but with more ludic flair. The centerpiece of the show is a reconstruction of Christ as the seven-eyed Lamb of

God from the Book of Revelations. Floating six inches off the floor, the lamb glides in a large circle, exuding Gregorian chants, like a redeemed Nauman, eliciting awe and giggles. "I have come to put the fun back in fundamentalism," the Reverend declares.

5 Monique Prieto (*Acme, Los Angeles*): Witty abstraction might seem a contradiction in terms, but Prieto brings it off. At first glance, her computer-designed Color Field paintings allude to Jules Olitski and Helen Frankenthaler; at second glance, we detect the subversive spirits of Chuck Jones and Walter Lantz. The drips defy gravity and the brightly colored stains dearly want to be bubbles, balloons, butts, and breasts. Polymorphous cartoon perversity seems always on the verge of breaking out. It never does, so you never laugh out loud, but you have to smile at these lovely and affable paintings.

6 Jesse Amado (*Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston*): Those who despair for the future of installation art can take heart from Amado's exquisite intervention in this room at CAM. He has cut sections into the gray wool carpet and rolled it back, cut rectangles into the dead white walls to expose the aluminum studs, installed handsome steel frames around graphite drawings pinned to the wall, and adorned the floor with lead and lilies. In effect, he has turned the room into a poem. Everything is crisp, clear, and infinitely allusive. Amado is a Mallarmé in a field of Wagnerian furniture-movers. It only takes a few.

7 Elizabeth Peyton (*Regen Projects, Los Angeles*): La Peyton celebrates the men in her life—rock stars, pals, and acquaintances—in these assured works on paper, which somehow evoke both Egon Schiele and *The Little Prince*. Amazingly, the sweetness and candor of these drawings really packs a punch. This probably says more about the art world than it does about Peyton, although it says a lot about her, since the work is clearly less innocent than about innocence. In Lou Reed's phrase, Peyton is hip enough to be square—and gifted enough to taunt us for our anomie.

8 David Reed (*The Donna Beam Fine Art Gallery, Las Vegas; Patricia Faure Gallery, Santa Monica; Galerie Rolf Rieke, Cologne*): Reed juxtaposes small abstract paintings with color stills from movies set in Las Vegas, and provides us with running videos of the show's opening nights. (They accumulated as it traveled.) Reed's quick, gestural paintings invest the stills with the aura of post-Conceptual objects, and the stills invest the paintings with cinematic narratives. The videos of people looking at and talking about art insist on the contagious sociability of the tangible, visible world. A sexy manifesto. The best kind.

9 Mary Heilmann (*Richard Telles Fine Art, Los Angeles*): In the past few years, Mary Heilmann has taken on the role of Marge to any number of local Barts and Lisas. This selection of nifty paintings provides them with something daunting to aspire to, because no one can do less to greater effect than Heilmann does, or with such caring carelessness. She invests the august practice of abstract painting with the insouciance of a fashion gouache—and still stops us in our tracks. I don't know how she does it. I'm just glad she does.

10 Artforum's Best and Worst (*December '94-'96*): This feature used to mark the single, yearly occasion when the rude world of talk intruded upon the nice world of writing—an opportunity for working critics to despise some egregious imposture without investing it with the dignity of an essay. Tender sensibilities, it would seem, have conspired to suppress this tawdry occasion. Now, we have ten bests, no worsts, and everything is all better, if you believe Thumper's mom. And a good thing, too! Otherwise I should have denounced the pathetic mess MOCA made of the Ellsworth Kelly show in Los Angeles, jamming it into undersized, underlit, and inappropriate rooms, then protecting the crowded, vulnerable art objects with nylon-rope barriers on stainless steel posts so the whole affair looked like a Fred Sandback show with crepuscular wall decorations. □

Linda Nochlin

Linda Nochlin is the Lila Acheson Wallace Professor of Modern Art at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts. She is currently at work on *Representing Women*, an account of women and art in the nineteenth century, due from Thames and Hudson this spring.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Georges Seurat, *L'Écho* (Echo), 1883**, Conté crayon on paper, 12 ¼ x 9 ¾". Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. **2. Georges Seurat, *La Baignade à Asnières* (Bathers at Asnières), 1883–84**, oil on canvas, 6' 7 ½" x 9' 10". The National Gallery, London. **3. Joyce Kozloff, *Calvino's Cities on the Amazon* (detail), 1995**, watercolor, collage, and acrylic on paper, 60 x 112". **1. Ellsworth Kelly, *Blue Relief with Black*, 1993**, oil on canvas, two joined panels, 98 ¼ x 89". **9. Rosa Bonheur, *Barbaro après la chasse* (Barbaro after the hunt), ca. 1870**, oil on canvas, ca. 51 ¼ x 38". Philadelphia Museum of Art. **6. Edgar Degas, *Chez la modiste* (The millinery shop), 1884/90**, oil on canvas, 39 ¾ x 43 ¾". The Art Institute of Chicago.

1 Ellsworth Kelly (*Guggenheim Museum, New York*): Without a doubt the season's most exciting show—pleasurable, demanding, and full of surprises. Lots of gorgeous color, tantalizing shapes, delicacy and dazzle. Then the surprising elegance of the small-scale drawings, the wit of the altered postcards. And the upward-and-onward setting of the Guggenheim seemed just right for this ascent toward the absolute.

2 Georges Seurat (*National Gallery, London*): A really interesting show, especially if you are involved in the late nineteenth century, interested in the representation of the bather, and an admirer of Seurat, all of which I am. The antithesis of the blockbuster, this show stuck admirably to the *Baignade* itself, supplementing Seurat's youthful masterpiece with related works and the artist's myriad studies and Conté-crayon drawings, each a different sort of miracle in black, white, and gray. The study in profile for a young boy's head, called *Echo*, close up, cropped, the thread of the paper showing through the crayon, is as beautiful and mysterious as music. I can play it over in my head at night.

3 Joyce Kozloff (*DC Moore Gallery, New York*): "Other Peoples' Fantasies (maps, movies and menus)" was the kind of show I love because it takes lots of looking, filled with variety yet linked by theme and sensibility. The maps include one of the Amazon and its tributaries, with a tape of readings from Calvino's *Invisible Cities*; as well as maps of New York and Paris, the street names of the former replaced with those of Jewish women, the latter renamed for French women. The menus include eight food pieces on the wall in cast plaster moldings along with paintings of food on silk and recipes culled from friends and relatives. I browsed for a long time, consulted the recipes, and laughed a bit, too.

4 Le Corbusier, *Maison Jaoul* (*Neuilly, 1951–56*): In the beginning, the visit was something of a shock: first of all, more color than one expects (a bright, aggressive green, to be explicit). Also, the present owners seem to have tarted up the interior a bit. But then you

become aware of the signature details: the elegant relationship between the brick, wood, and concrete; the perfection of the proportions; the Mediterranean allusions, a whiff of the Greek Islands, a sensation of Catalonia; the way each element works unassumingly to support the whole idea (or ideal).

5 Dinner with Régis Michel (*Paris, July*): Régis is a curator of drawings at the Louvre, so his dinners certainly count as an art experience. He is also one of the most interesting, opinionated, and argumentative art persons I know. He states his views with such assuredness and such gorgeous flights of French rhetoric I am swept off my feet—until I recover and come in, participles dangling, fists flying, for the riposte. It can be anything from the sins of the family ("all families are fascistic," claims Régis over the fish) to Signac ("an awful picture," he declares of one of my favorites). Lots of excellent food and wine, cooked by Régis and Catherine. And a good time was had by all.

6 Edgar Degas "*Degas: Beyond Impressionism*" (*National Gallery, London, and the Art Institute of Chicago*); "*The Private Collection of Edgar Degas*" (*Metropolitan Museum, New York*): In the late work seen at the National Gallery and the Art Institute, Degas continues the old motifs but generalizes and monumentalizes them; I suspect this is partly (but more than curator Richard Kendall will admit) due to the infirmities of age, especially of eyesight. "The Private Collection of Edgar Degas" is a revelation, moving as it does from the most exquisite Ingres drawings to major works by Cézanne. In between are the expected—lithographs by Daumier, some wonderful Delacroixs, *scènes de mœurs* by Gavarni—but also the unexpected, including Gauguin's *Sulking* (very Degas-like, actually) and his great, zany paean to human evolution, *Day of the God* (*Mahana no Atua*). Degas was ever the experimenter, aware of the past, rejecting tradition, embracing the risky future.

8 "Paris-Bruxelles/Bruxelles-Paris" (*Grand Palais, Paris*): Setting out to examine the myriad relationships between the two capitals at the *fin de siècle*, this blockbuster also demonstrated what was specific to the Belgian achievement during the period. The Belgian avant-garde welcomed the greater adventurousness of their French contemporaries with open arms. Exhibitions like those of "*Les XX*," amply represented on the walls of the Grand Palais, included major works by Manet, Signac, and Seurat, among others, and serious critics like the poet Emile Verhaeren analyzed the new art with verve and penetration (a separate show at the Orsay was dedicated to Verhaeren). Belgian and French decorative artists established a dominating presence in the show, especially the gorgeous work by Gallé, Wolfers, and Horta.

9 Rosa Bonheur (*Musée des Beaux-Arts de Bordeaux*): It's best to think of Bonheur less as a major nineteenth-century artist than as a sort of trousers-wearing wonder woman whose work was distributed worldwide in the form of prints. The occasional sketch or drawing was impressive—Bonheur certainly knew her craft—and who could resist animal paintings like *Barbaro after the Hunt*, pathos incarnate, engagingly big-eyed and furry, chained to the wall but still game? Those with a taste for symbolism might see a man's soul chained to a woman's body as the underlying theme here; others might simply opt for an endearing sentimentality.

10 Pierre-Auguste Renoir (*National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa*): I shouldn't mention this because I did write one of the catalogue essays, but since I didn't do the work—i.e., curating—which was done by Colin Bailey, or the painting, I feel entitled to say that there are many winners here: the picture of a portly Vollard looking half proud, half chagrined in a dazzling toreador suit is itself worth the price of admission. Secret discovery: Renoir painted a lot of portraits of boys, men, and mature women. He was not just a painter of pretty young girls, although he certainly did more of them than seems strictly necessary. □

Gary Indiana

Gary Indiana is the author of several novels, including *Resentment: A Comedy* (Doubleday, 1997). His essays were most recently collected in *Let It Bleed: Essays 1985-1995* (Serpent's Tail, 1996). He contributes a bimonthly column to *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. David Cronenberg, *Crash*, 1996**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 100 minutes. **6. Allen Ginsberg, 1966**. Photo: Corbis-Bettmann. **8. William S. Burroughs, 1962**. Photo: Corbis-Bettmann. **9. Paul Thomas Anderson, *Boogie Nights*, 1997**, production still from a color film in 35 mm, 2 hours 32 minutes. **10. Claude Chabrol, *La Cérémonie* (The ceremony), 1995**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 111 minutes. Left to right: Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert) and Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire). **5. Marina Schiano, *Ralph Lauren and Princess Diana*, 1995**, black and white photograph. **1. JonBenet Ramsey**. Photo: AP.

1 The Horror Vacui Effect If 1997 had anything particular about it—doubtful—it may have been the baleful evolution of the horror vacui effect in what we call “mass media”: television, magazines, newspapers, and radio, working in synchronicity, refined the techniques of mass manipulation in ever-more capital-intensive ways. When a promising item began taking shape—JonBenet Ramsey, Marv Albert—it instantly became *the* story, cynosure of all talk shows, leviathan gobbler of all attention, churned into thrilling, earnest-yet-pornographic twaddle, by the likes of Geraldo Rivera, Barbara Walters, Charles Grodin, and Greta Van Susteren. While *the* story played, all others formed a hazy nimbus around it, and once one story had been squeezed dry there was always another ripe for elephantiasis. Every sensation begged the question, *Who started this?* Let’s not leave out the tsunami of pathetic theorizing, delusional free-association, and unbuttoned paranoia available around the clock on the Internet. This corporate Babylonian chatter has produced a worldwide mental disorder whose main beneficiaries are Bill Gates and Ted Turner, reducing the rest of us to peasants huddled around the glowing hearth of the computer screen, gossiping like fishwives about the bold deeds and saucy indiscretions of the great and mighty, for whom we mindlessly toil, like the Albanian grocer who told William Burroughs in the ’30s: “*Pour moi, le Roi est Dieu!*”

4 Romy and Michele’s High School Reunion (*dir. by David Mirkin*): The winning thing about *Romy and Michele’s High School Reunion* is the way it shows two fairly stupid people becoming smarter than everyone around them through a certain purity of heart and blabbermouth guilelessness. Played with transcendently wacky panache by Lisa Kudrow and Mira Sorvino, this movie starts with a ridiculous idea and carries it through with ever-escalating absurdity. And it contains the most embarrassingly funny dance number in recent memory.

5 Princess Di’s Deathpalooza Walter Benjamin: “In tragedy the hero dies because no one can live fulfilled in time. He dies of immortality. . . . When the tragic development suddenly makes its incomprehensible appearance, when the smallest false step leads to guilt, when the slightest error, the most improbable coincidence leads to death, when the words that would clear up and resolve the situation and that seem to be available to all remain unspoken—then we are witnessing the effect of the hero’s time on the action. . . . It is almost a paradox that this becomes manifest in all its clarity at the moment when the hero is completely passive, when tragic time bursts open, so to speak, like a flower whose calyx emits the astringent perfume of irony.”

6 Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs, RIP It’s a ghastly joke to suppose that the passing of these essential writers doesn’t totally eclipse in importance the loss of a fashion designer, a fairytale princess, and the

3 Denis Johnson *Already Dead* (*HarperCollins*): Johnson’s story of psychosis, greed, homicide, and weird sex on the Mendocino County coast of California is the best Robert Stone novel ever written, and then some. Johnson taps into the poisoned idealist energies that traveled from the ’60s to the ’90s, mutating as they aged into malefic forms of “spirituality” and sociopathic madness. *Already Dead* is so brilliantly scary, so seriously smart, and so beautifully written that it makes all of this year’s “big” novels by all the darlings of the literary establishment just go away.

7 Imperial Teen, *Seasick; The Geraldine Fibbers, Butch; Blur, Blur; That Dog, Retreat from the Sun; The London Suede, Coming Up; Belle and Sebastlan, If you’re feeling sinister.*

9 Mark Wahlberg’s *Thirteen Inches* Even if it was a prosthesis, it’s something nice to think about.

10 *La Cérémonie* (*dir. by Claude Chabrol*): Based on Ruth Rendall’s *Judgment in Stone*, Chabrol’s film is about a bovine housekeeper whose deepest, darkest secret is the fact that she can’t read. In Rendall’s novel, it’s a little more obvious why the exposure of this secret compels her to murder the overeducated family she works for, and a little more credible, since Rendall’s character is a stout, middle-aged creature from the slums, whereas Chabrol’s actress is a raving beauty. As far as I know, raving beauties have never needed to read anything. Still, Isabelle Huppert’s demonic portrayal of the deranged local postmistress was easily the best performance of the year. □

Boris Groys

Boris Groys is the author of several books, including *Gesamtkunstwerk Stalin—Die gespaltene Kultur der Sowjetunion* (1988; translated in 1994 by Princeton University Press as *The Total Art of Stalinism: Avant-Garde, Aesthetic Dictatorship and Beyond*). He lives in Cologne.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Carsten Höller and Rosemarie Trockel, *Ein Haus für Schweine und Menschen* (A house for pigs and men) [detail], 1997**, mixed media and pigs; house ca. 13' 1½" x 39' 4½" x 19' 8", garden ca. 1,200 square feet. Photo: Arno Declair. **9. American astronaut Scott Parazynski removing an environmental-effects payload case from the Russian space station Mir's docking module, 1997**. Photo: AP/NASA TV. **5. Marcel Broodthaers, *Un Jardin d'hiver* (A.B.C.), [A wintergarden (A.B.C.)], 1974**, stills from a color film in 35 mm, 6 minutes. **6. Ilya Kabakov, "Looking Up. Reading the Words . . ." (detail), 1997**, steel, height ca. 50', upper structure ca. 47 x 37'. Installation view, Münster, 1997. Photo: Robert Ransick. **4. Vitaly Komar & Alexander Melamid, *Holland's Most Wanted*, 1997**, mixed media on canvas, 10½ x 13½". **7. John Woo, *Face/Off*, 1997**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 135 minutes. Left to right: Castor Troy (Nicolas Cage) and Sean Archer (John Travolta). **3. Love Parade, Berlin, 1997**. Photo: Dr. Feelgood. **1. Flowers at the gates of Kensington Palace before the start of Princess Diana's funeral, London, September 1997**. Photo: AP/Bebeto Matthews.

7 *Face/Off* (dir. by John Woo): Cop and criminal swap faces, the way characters in earlier movies swapped clothes—yet “inside” they remain the same. What we have here is a new attempt to prove that beneath the face something like a soul lies concealed, inviolable, impervious to all exchange, identical only to itself—in short, a martial response to poststructuralist discourse.

8 *Matthew Barney's Cremaster 5* In his fascinating film, Barney aims to capture our contemporary decadence. And so he does, by traveling to Budapest, a city where nineteenth-century decadence was better preserved under conditions of Eastern European socialism than in the West. The recycling of East European decadence, however, is handled here with genuine American vitality and technical verve. Rarely has morbidity been so cheerfully served up.

9 *Mir Space Station* The television coverage of repairs to the Russian space station offered an entirely different image of decadence at the end of the twentieth century. Human beings fly out into the cosmos in some high-tech contraption—and spend the whole trip getting the gear to work. There's simply no time left to do anything else. Then again, out there “anything else” looks like infinite darkness. All in all, a fitting metaphor for our high-tech civilization.

10 *The End of Art* In Germany at least, the only topic in art theory and criticism of late has been the End of Art. Even Baudrillard declares today's art to be thoroughly useless. Is there any truth to this? Regardless, it's welcome discourse for the mill. There's no better way of drawing attention to something than declaring it dead. This is famously true of individual artists who had to die before they could become really interesting. Even if you secretly think art is still alive, it's better not to say so out loud. Imagine what would happen if van Gogh and Picasso turned out to be alive and on the scene, and the distance we need to fully admire their work were to disappear. A nightmare. □

Translated from the German by David Jacobson.

to contain *The Enemy*, since in modernity the exultant human mass was no longer constrained by the traditional rules of religious ritual. The Love Parade may well become a (quasi-religious) tradition. And Berlin is particularly well suited to proving that even mass ecstasy is now ready to submit itself to a new kind of artistic ritual.

4 *Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid* (*Ludwig Museum, Cologne*): Conducting surveys of favorite and least liked pictorial elements (colors, forms, subjects, figures, etc.) and using the findings to paint the “most wanted” and “most unwanted” picture for each country was definitely a stroke of genius. Of course, the punchline is obvious, but there are still some real surprises: whereas popular taste in most countries runs to the traditional and naturalistic, the Dutch prefer abstraction and the Italian work looks like collage. It would be a shame for Komar and Melamid to give up their survey prematurely—there's no telling what else might pop up.

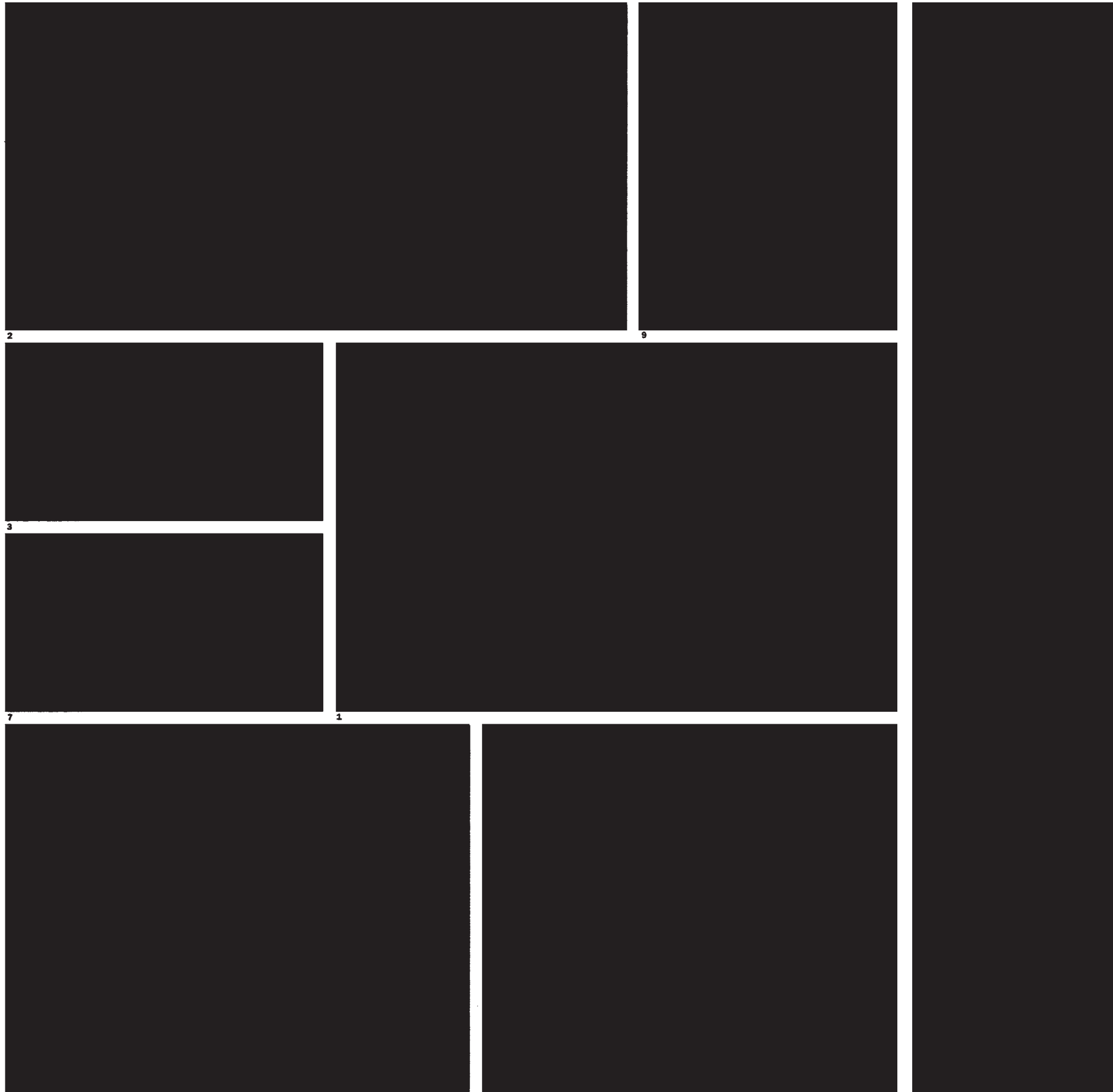
5 *Marcel Broodthaers "Marcel Broodthaers. Cinéma"* (*Kunsthalle Düsseldorf*): After the countless “meditative,” meaning-laden works we've come to know by Gary Hill, Bill Viola, et al., Broodthaers' witty way with filmic images—on view in this show organized by Fundació Tàpies—is still striking. How odd that the first stirrings of media art should be so superior to their rather labored sequels.

6 *“Sculpture Projects in Münster”* In Münster, many works (especially those by Ilya Kabakov, Fischli and Weiss, and Jorge Pardo) reveal a new modesty: rather than demanding the center of attention, they serve as a point of departure for a view of the environs. A particularly clever form of modesty, to be sure—it's easy to criticize a work of art, but how do you criticize the sky, the clouds, water, trees, and quaint old German towns? Granted, this isn't just a matter of an “artistic strategy,” but also of exposing such a strategy, in order to thematize as precisely as possible the relation between the work of art and its context.

1 *The Funeral of Diana* The beautiful princess has traditionally played the role of mediator between life and death, fortune and defeat, power and the people. Either she was sacrificed to the dragon, or saved by the hero, or banished to the underworld, or awarded as the ultimate prize. At times she displayed compassion, at others vanity and cruelty—dealt out with the same mercurial hand as human fate. It's no exaggeration to regard all of modern civilization as an attempt to replace the myth of the beautiful princess with something else—whether it's communism, democracy, or an avant-garde. At century's end we have come once again to see a beautiful princess as the embodiment of fate—and her funeral too, which grows into a global spectacle. Obviously it's not just the fate of the Princess that's being mourned here. The mourning's also for all modern utopias, whose deaths have, out of false intellectual pride, gone unlamented. Only this cumulative sorrow can even begin to explain the scale of this media event.

2 *Documenta X* Catherine David pulled off nothing short of a miracle, managing to pass off fairly conventional pictures, conventionally displayed, as progressive, brainy, and critical with but one (albeit well-calculated) breach of taboo: cold, intransigent dealings with the press, which stunned yet also charmed journalists. Otherwise, little sticks in critics' memory—except maybe those sweet little piggies.

3 *The Love Parade* (*Berlin, July 12*): Hundreds of thousands of young people march through the streets of Berlin on a techno high, a crowd united by a single overwhelming feeling of ecstasy. Yet nothing happens—everything's peaceful, it ends, they go quietly home. For a moment this mass of humanity presents itself as a single work of art, then disperses. One can't help but think that the crowd, having shown its dangerousness on numerous occasions throughout the century, is celebrating its new harmlessness: a demonstration designed to pacify modern cultural criticism, which has always taken the crowd



Arthur C. Danto

Arthur C. Danto is Johnsonian Professor Emeritus at Columbia University and art critic for *The Nation*. His most recent book is *After the End of Art: Contemporary Art and the Pale of History* (Princeton University Press, 1997).

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **4. Arakawa and Madeline Gins, *Critical Resemblances House, Site of Reversible Destiny—Yoro, 1993–95***. **9. William King, *Out, 1995***, cast and plate aluminum, height 10' 8". **6. Mark Tansey, *About, 1997***, oil on canvas, 84 x 56 1/2". **2. Jasper Johns, *Untitled, 1988***, encaustic on canvas, 48 1/4 x 60 1/4". **7. Robert Mangold, *Yellow/Black Zone Painting IV, 1996***, acrylic and black pencil on canvas, 90" x 16' 6 1/4". **10. Nan Goldin, *Max With Richard, NYC, 1983***, Cibachrome print, 20 x 24". **5. Leon Polk Smith, *Event in Blue, 1994***, acrylic on canvas, 58" in diameter.

1 Ellsworth Kelly (*Guggenheim Museum, New York*): Stepping from the final spiral into the museum's topmost gallery was like walking into an aviary of brilliant birds. The paintings, liberated from the austere constraints of the notorious ramp, sported with one another in nonlinear dispositions up and down the high walls. All at once a dimension of Kelly's oeuvre opened up—a lightness, a frolic—undetected when the paintings are seen one at a time or shown lockstep along gallery walls. One felt that there is almost no point to encountering one Kelly alone: in a flock of at least half a dozen, they can chatter with one another rather than moon in monochrome silence about pure painting. So the show revealed the internal limits of Wright's building as a venue for paintings by liberating the works to communicate, free from the helical tyranny.

2 Jasper Johns (*Museum of Modern Art, New York*): One senses in Johns' paintings and sculptures a subjectivity stubbornly concealed. The most recent work in his admirable retrospective, just because of its tentativeness, allowed moods and preoccupations to flash, before being closed within the fortress of paint Johns ultimately interposes between the public and a self suspicious of being understood. Every painter paints himself, but the interest of Johns' work lies in the tension between secrecy and parsimonious disclosure.

3 Robert Rauschenberg (*Guggenheim Museum, New York*): In contrast to Johns, one feels that nothing occurs to Rauschenberg without simultaneous translation into art, so that thought and action are of a piece, whether muddled or clear. The retrospective as a whole expressed the spirit of certain of the artist's visionary attempts to make works that contained everything, like a photograph of the whole country inch by inch. Or the biggest print in the world. Or a messy work two furlongs long. Or a worldwide art-making project, involving everyone. The exhibition evidenced a creativity almost priapic in its urgency and in its indifference to limits, offering us more than we could hope to deal with—though I would not have wanted less.

4 Arakawa/Gins (*Guggenheim Soho, New York*): After seeing "Reversible Destiny," I was awed by the transition Arakawa/Gins have made into a kind of utopian architecture, and by the streak of practicality with which they have managed to get some of their projects erected. Whether they are right that architecture holds the solution to the problem of death is something we can rationally doubt. Still, overcoming death is the theme of all religions, most particularly Christianity, and hence most art. What, after all, is Piero's *Resurrection* about? In this respect their buildings connect with a fundamental reason for art, but the pair's secularity insists on real rather than merely represented solutions. It's rare to find art that is subject to empirical disconfirmation.

5 Leon Polk Smith (*Jason McCoy, New York*): This show was Smith's unintended valedictory, for he died, at ninety-two, shortly after the work came down. The recent paintings extended and even refined upon the hard-edged abstraction he credited himself with having invented. And they had a clarity, an energy, an originality, and a beauty that transcended their historical moment as well as the asperities of Smith's personality.

6 Mark Tansey (*Curt Marcus Gallery, New York*): Those who saw Tansey's new work as "one-liners" have one-dimensional minds. One no more "gets" them than one "gets" Kant. Meditations on space, time, and the limits of (pictorial) representation, they sparkle with visual wit, invention, and dexterity. If *Las Meninas* is indeed "the theology of painting," Tansey's work is painting's philosophy.

7 Robert Mangold (*PaceWildenstein, New York*): The scale and beauty of the four variations on geometrical and chromatic themes gave one a sense of privilege to be surrounded by this quartet of deceptively similar large paintings, before they get separated and taken off to various collections. Beneath the beauty, but inherent to their power, are truths about color, shape, physicality, and image that lodge in the mind behind the memory of the paintings' magic.

8 Andres Serrano (*Paula Cooper Gallery, New York*): "A History of Sex" was roundly hated by critics. Too bad: appropriating the format of old-master paintings—Baroque, Rococo, and Romantic—as vehicles for illuminating the airless inward space of sexual fantasy was profound and stunning. The images were hard to take but astonishing, like the one of a man having intercourse with a female dwarf: the eye tried and failed to fuse her handsome head with the disproportionately tiny lifted legs. Nor was there anything prurient about the work, save in laying bare the secret toxic Sodom and Gomorrah suppressed in the sexual imagination.

9 William King (*Terry Dintenfass, New York*): Comedy is underappreciated in contemporary art, in part because the distinction between the comic and the merely laughable has become blurred. It is, however, robust in King's brilliant and witty sculptures, which confirm a thesis of Hegel's, that "comic action requires a solution almost more stringent than a tragic action does." Had one of Giacometti's attenuated figures been placed among King's tall, skinny, almost-Modernist bodies, it would no longer suggest existential gloom but an unsuspected lightness.

10 Nan Goldin (*Whitney Museum, New York*): The spirit of comedy is present by its almost total absence in Goldin's dark images, which nonetheless contain some of the contradictions of true comedy. What I especially admired in her retrospective is the way she records, with full seriousness and affection, the ambitions of those with souls as fragile as paper, and vests futile, marginal persons with the attributes of tragic heroes and heroines. Goldin clearly identifies with the sexually confused, the hopeful stoned, the love searchers, the disease-doomed figures of a contemporary netherworld, whose habitat is squalid rooms featuring soiled sheets, peeling walls, filthy floors. But any antecedent sense we might have of superiority is dissolved, as if holding ourselves in aloof judgment of Goldin's characters is an act of inhibition, if not cowardice. □

Richard Buckley

Richard Buckley is a fashion and lifestyle writer based in Paris. Fashion consultant for *Dutch* magazine and European editor-at-large for *Condé Nast House & Garden*, he also contributes to *Harper's Bazaar* and the *International Herald Tribune*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **6. Comme des Garçons, Spring/Summer 1998 Collection.** Photo: J. François José. **7. Jeremy Scott, Spring/Summer 1998 Collection.** Photo: Guy Marineau/Java. **1. Fashion photograph by Steven Meisel**, from a series of sixteen black and white spreads published in the May 1997 issue of *Italian Vogue*. **4. Alberto Aspesi Autumn/Winter 1997-98 advertisement by Franca Sozzani and Tomato.** **9. Diana Vreeland, 1973.** Photo: Corbis-Bettmann. **5. Wong Kar-Wai, *Happy Together*, 1997**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 90 minutes. Left to right: Lai Yiu-Fai (Tony Leung Chiu-Wai) and Ho Po-Wing (Leslie Cheung Kwok-Wing). **6. La Maison Martin Margiela, Spring/Summer 1998 Collection.** Video still: La Maison Martin Margiela. Center: **8. Raf Simons, Spring 1998 Collection.** Photo: Dan Lecca.

1 Steven Meisel Meisel's monthly spreads in Italian *Vogue* continue to test the limits of current trends in fashion photography. His references are encyclopedic, and his pictures, therefore, aren't always what they seem. In the May issue his black and white "Untitled," showing a model in a barren, windblown landscape laid out as sixteen double-page spreads, makes an artistic nod to Jeff Wall's *A Sudden Gust of Wind (After Hokusai)* and to the Japanese woodblock print that was its inspiration. "The Goodlife," in the October issue, has the glossy look of popular '50s photography, where everyone and everything appears prosperous and happy. A closer look at this camp romp reveals Meisel's ironic take on Nan Goldin wannabes and the media's obsession with "heroin chic." His work acknowledges the illusion and artifice that are part and parcel of both fashion and photography and implicitly asks us not to accept the image as reality.

2 Polly Mellen When she accepted her Lifetime Achievement Award from the Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA) in 1994, Mellen introduced herself as the "world's oldest living sittings editor." The choice of phrase is telling: the more contemporary job description "stylist" often seems to entail a decision to layer one T-shirt over another or to pop the model's zits (or not). When Mellen began her career in the early '50s at *Harper's Bazaar* (under the tutelage of Diana Vreeland), it was another time and aesthetic, as styling required the coordination of hats, bags, gloves, jewelry, undergarments, etc., etc. "It took Alexandre so long to do those extraordinary coifs," Mellen says she took up needlepoint. For her tireless energy ("I never lose my lust for it") as one of the fashion world's living treasures and for her motto, "It's time to move on," Polly Mellen is the best of this or any other year.

3 Amy Spindler Simply the best fashion journalist in the business. Spindler is a true critic and not just a reporter of trends. Her writing for *The New York Times* never fails to put fashion into its cultural, social, and economic context. The CFDA award she received this year was long overdue.

4 Franca Sozzani For the past twenty years Sozzani has been in the business of creating the image for designers, producing shows (casting, sets, lighting, hair, makeup, and music) as well as overseeing the advertising campaigns that follow. For the campaigns of the Italian fashion house Alberto Aspesi, she sought out documentary photographers like Robert Frank (he has shot three campaigns) and Ken Griffiths (who shot a series with Native Americans). This year, she brought together Aspesi and Dirk Van Dooren of the British design group Tomato for a purely conceptual campaign that is this year's most original in fashion.

5 Wong Kar-Wai The best films coming out of Hong Kong today. Wong's fragmented narratives, combined with Christopher Doyle's luscious cinematography, make these films (most notably, *Chungking Express*, *Fallen Angels*, and this year's *Happy Together*) hipper and more stylish than most magazine spreads or music videos.

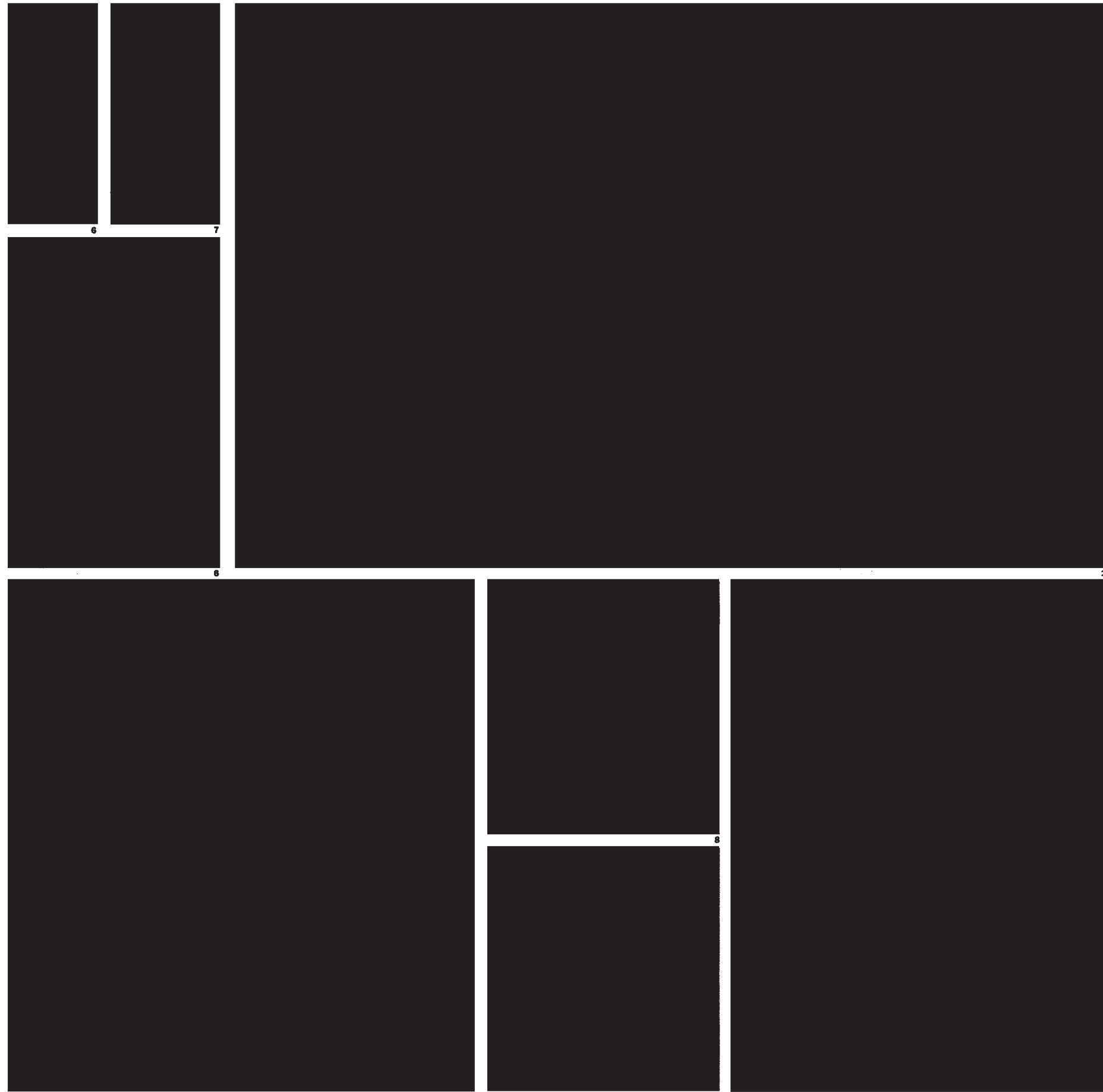
6 Rei Kawakubo for Comme des Garçons, and Martin Margiela The two attempted the unthinkable this year by showing their Spring/Summer 1998 collections back to back in the same Paris location. If the experiment failed, it was nevertheless (considering the jealous nature of most designers) a noble effort—not unlike their unflinching approach to garment design by continually redefining clothing's relationship to the body by its structure, cut, and drape.

7 Jeremy Scott 1997's most quietly hyped rising star. The twenty-four-year-old American with shaved eyebrows and gold front teeth is the reigning darling of Paris fashion. The two collections Scott has shown this year have been an odd cocktail of Pierre Cardin and Rei Kawakubo—with his own signature punk/gothic twist—in clothes that are sexy and modern.

8 Raf Simons "No one is doing interesting menswear that's avant-garde without making you look like a faggot," Jeremy Scott was quoted as saying in the magazine *Dazed & Confused*. He must have never seen the clothes of twenty-nine-year-old Belgian designer Raf Simons (even though they share the same Paris showroom). Trained as an industrial designer, Simons was encouraged to turn to garments by Linda Loppa, the legendary Antwerp Academy professor who taught Martin Margiela, Ann Demeulemeester, and Walter van Beirendonck: "Start by making one jacket and one pair of pants," she told me, so I went home and did." His vision, based on a mix of classic tailoring and hip sportswear, can be summed up in a word: cool.

9 Diana Vreeland D.V. (Da Capo Press): Mrs. Vreeland's memoir and revisionist history of the highest order, reissued this fall. A true fashion original, her camp pronouncements ("pink is the navy blue of India") remain classics.

10 Wallpaper *Wallpaper's* cosmopolitan, hip combination of men's and women's clothes, decoration, entertaining, and travel make it the ultimate modern lifestyle/fashion magazine. □



Barbara Kruger



Barbara Kruger is an artist who divides her time between Los Angeles and New York. In 1999 the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art will present a retrospective of her work.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **1. Bobby and Hank Hill** in "How to Fire a Rifle Without Really Trying," 1997, from the series *King of the Hill*, Fox Television. **7. Chantal Akerman, D'Est: Au bord de la fiction (From east: bordering on fiction), 1994, video installation. **3. Rage Against the Machine. Roseland, New York, 1996.** Photo: Larry Busacca/Retna. **4. Chrysler Composite Concept Vehicle, 1997.** **8. Neil LaBute, In the Company of Men, 1997,** still from a color film in 35 mm, 93 minutes. Left to right: Howard (Matt Malloy) and Chad (Aaron Eckhart). **6. Frank Gehry, Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, Spain, 1997.** Photo: Aitor Ortiz.**

1 King of the Hill (Fox): Who knew Sunday night would be Fox night? Joining *The Simpsons* and *X-Files* is Mike Judge's latest report on the State of the Nation. It's funny, brave, ridiculous, and brutal when it has to be. Sharply written with terrific animation that hits just the right notes, it's laughable, in the best sense of the word.

2 C-Span If there's any other brave yet laughable stuff on TV, chances are you'll find it on C-Span. And chances are it'll also be dull, raucous, and scary, since C-Span can be all those things, which is what makes it so riveting. From literary discussions to journalistic debates to live coverage of demonstrations and symposia, C-Span delivers the info before it's been sliced, diced, freeze-dried, and shrink-wrapped by the airheads who deliver the so-called news.

3 Rage/Wu-Tang/Atari Yeah, it was about music. But it was also about a lot of other stuff. Like race, power, boys becoming men, words as weapons, and different kinds of sonic messages. The Rage Against the Machine/Wu-Tang Clan/Atari Teenage Riot tour started off with great expectations and ended with a slightly different cast of characters, losing Wu-Tang for the final dates. But it was an event that challenged notions of taste and groupthink, and reminded us that the frightening power of every stereotype is its ability to contain a nanosecond of truth.

4 The Chrysler CCV Out of the dregs of mediocre American automobile design comes a bright idea from Chrysler. A little plastic number that promises to get people moving for cheap. The CCV—the Composite Concept Vehicle, intended for sale in "developing" countries—looks cute, clean, and lean and gets 50 MPG. How could this pert thing possibly survive on American roads increasingly dominated by hulking Land Rovers and Jeeps? Y'know, the ones driven by all those IMPORTANT people who are just so BUSY and who REALLY need four-wheel drive and for whom even a Humvee feels a bit cramped?

5 UNITE! And what is that yenta in the Range Rover wearing? Well, whatever it is, chances are it was made by a twelve-year-old. Unfortunately, that's true with so much of what we all wear. And that's where UNITE! (the Union of Needle Trades, Industrial, and Textile Employees) comes in. It has relentlessly campaigned to change the horrendous conditions that have been commonplace among the subcontractors of American apparel makers. How much were those Nikes?

6 Frank Gehry, Guggenheim Museum Bilbao I haven't been there but it looks great in photos—an astounding building by a terrific artist. We need some of those here. Buildings that are visually powerful and user-friendly. And I'm not just talking museums. What about schools and hospitals and housing? Look at the skylines of American cities. The architect becomes this little nudnick playing catch-up with the client and the contractor. How pathetic. So much money, so few brains.

7 Chantal Akerman (Jewish Museum, New York): Akerman is like a private eye who goes public, always tracking the nuances, the feel of moments as they pass. In *D'Est: Au bord de la fiction*, the video installation organized by the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, she once again surveils the world of others, gathering evidence in a manner both astute and generous, in the hopes of setting something, whatever it is, free.

8 In the Company of Men (dir. by Neil LaBute): Neil LaBute's smartly lean film cuts through the grease and tells it like it is. Short on visual style but long on powerful acting and scripting, it's a compelling portrait of what we do to one another. But where did that last scene come from?

9 Sister Wendy Because she doesn't have bad hair days. Because she speculates in ideas rather than cold cash. Because she never has to worry about what to wear. Because it's so strange to hear someone take art so seriously. And because she's married to a big shot.

10 Ita-Cho And how about a restaurant with no attitude? And no tablecloths? And no yucky "mood lighting"? It's bright in here folks, and it's all good. Ita-Cho is in a minimall on the corner of Highland and Santa Monica Boulevards. Next to the porno video place and the donut place. It's about serious eating. It's about deliciousness. It's crowded and kind of sceney, but not too scary. It's just the best. □

Richard Shone

Richard Shone is an art historian and an associate editor at *The Burlington Magazine*. He recently wrote the primary essay for the catalogue to "Sensation: Young British Artists from the Saatchi Collection," currently on view at the Royal Academy of Art, London.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **8. Rachel Whiteread, *Untitled (One Hundred Spaces)*, 1995**, resin, one hundred units, dimensions variable. **3. Georges Braque, *Large Interior with Palette*, 1942**, oil and sand on canvas, 55 1/2 x 77". The Menil Collection, Houston. **4. Vanessa Bell, *Composition*, ca. 1914**, oil, gouache, and pasted paper on paper, 21 1/2 x 17 1/2". Museum of Modern Art, New York. **9. Michael Craig-Martin, *Innocence and Experience (Fire Extinguisher)*, 1996**, acrylic on canvas, 66 x 66". **6. Stuart Davis, *Matches*, 1927**, oil on canvas, 26 x 21". **10. Richard Patterson, *Young Minotaur*, 1997**, oil on canvas, 82 1/2 x 48 1/2". **7. Vija Celmins, *Untitled (Big Sea No. 1)*, 1969**, graphite on acrylic ground on paper, 34 1/2 x 45 1/2".

1. Georges Seurat (*National Gallery, London*): The story of the complex evolution of the quotidian but disturbing *Bathers at Asnières* was told through drawings and oil sketches on small panels in such a way that you felt you were following the young Seurat's ambitious progress, moment by moment, draft by draft. Related works by Seurat himself, by precursors (Ingres, Puvis, Millet), and by contemporaries (Monet, Renoir, van Gogh) contextualized the painting itself, which reigned supreme at the show's center, wrapped in its provocative silence.

2. Fernand Léger (*Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris*): In Paris, Léger got the kind of grilling few artists can sustain. Although this massive show was curiously weighted here and there—top-heavy in the early '20s, thin in the late '40s—the trajectory of his development was clear. Complex yet bold, generous, and immediately accessible, Léger survived this forensic examination with flying, primary colors.

3. Georges Braque (*Royal Academy, London*): While Léger opened his world to embrace every kind of activity, his contemporary Braque fastidiously narrowed his focus to his immediate surroundings. This show of the pioneer Cubist's later work contained a superlative group of '40s and '50s paintings of studio interiors, billiard tables, and still-lives. Meditations on space, on transience, on the mutability of objects, the works gave off a pungent aroma that mixed epiphany with unbeatable French taste.

4. "Modern Art in Britain: 1910–14" (*Barbican Art Gallery, London*); **"Treasure Island"** (*Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon*): If Britain has no towering Modernist figures, it can claim a number of artists who have made something conspicuously personal out of foreign influences and native tradition. "Modern Art

in Britain: 1910–14" highlighted the impact European Modernism had on hitherto sleepy British artists. For scholarly acumen and revealing juxtapositions, the show was outstanding. If works by Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, et al. were clear leaders, several British painters looked more than plucky in the face of this barrage. "Treasure Island" jumped ahead half a century to the art of the '60s and '70s (of which the Gulbenkian Foundation owns a substantial collection). Here the influences were transatlantic rather than cross-channel. Artists such as Patrick Caulfield, Bridget Riley, and David Hockney were caught at perfect moments; others whose reputations haven't survived looked briefly buoyant. Through loans of '80s and '90s works—by Long, Cragg, Hirst, Hume—the show marvelously mixed archaeology and current achievement.

6. Stuart Davis (*Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice*): This succinct touring retrospective should earn Davis the renown he deserves in Europe, where he is still an undervalued figure hardly represented in public collections. From his eclectic beginnings to the thoroughbred Modernism of the mature work, Davis' flight path is traced in an exhilarating show.

7. Vija Celmins (*ICA, London*): No less compelling, and also unmistakably American, was the traveling show of work by Vija Celmins, which started a long journey from the Whitney Museum. Its impact was slow-burning—the paintings and drawings gradually disclose a reclusive melancholy through focused vision and immaculate craft, with not a mark wasted.

8. Rachel Whiteread (*Tate Gallery, Liverpool*): In this survey, Whiteread's sculptures shared odd, unexpected affinities with Celmins' work, not least in their use of cool color. The consistency of Whiteread's progress over the last few years may bore those who are impatient with her subtle, multilayered perceptions, embedded in casts of chairs, baths, books, and tables. The rest of us remain enthralled.

9. Michael Craig-Martin (*Waddington Galleries, London; Alan Cristea Gallery, London*): The Irish-born, American-educated artist Michael Craig-Martin is at last becoming known outside Britain, where he has lived for thirty years and has attained guru status as professor at Goldsmiths College. This year he was seen in forceful flow in a show of paintings (at Waddington) and of prints (at Alan Cristea), where the work's sophistication and directness carried an undertow of pictorial anxiety that struck an original, exhilarating note.

10. Richard Patterson (*Anthony d'Offay Gallery, London*): No emerging British *Wunderkinder* to report on, thank God—wouldn't such plugs be skeptically received by a cosmopolitan audience grown sick of YBAs? But I like monitoring the sheep-from-the-goats progress of that generation now mainly in its early thirties (many of whom currently have work in the Royal Academy's exhibition "Sensation"). Particularly impressive was the concurrent solo show of paintings by Richard Patterson, whose work is a highlight of "Sensation." Obvious early influences are digested and reworked to reveal a serious painter whose increasing technical command has enriched the charge of his work. In his bravura cross-dressing of figuration as abstraction and vice versa, humor, nostalgia, sauciness, and the dissection of urban life are indelibly blended. □

David Rimanelli



David Rimanelli is a contributing editor of *Artforum*. He lives in New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left:
2. Robert Rauschenberg, *The 1/2 Mile or 2 Furlong Piece (detail)*, 1981-, mixed media, currently consisting of 189 elements, dimensions variable. Installation view, Ace Gallery, New York, 1997.
3. John Currin, *Ann-Charlotte*, 1996, oil on canvas, 48 x 38".
1. Richard Serra, *Torqued Ellipses*, 1997, Cor-Ten steel. Installation view. Photo: Ivory Serra.

6. David Cronenberg, *Crash*, 1996, still from a color film in 35 mm, 100 minutes. Left to right: James Ballard (James Spader) and Dr. Helen Remington (Holly Hunter). **3. Luc Tuymans, *Pillows*, 1994**, oil on canvas, 21 1/4 x 26 3/4".
1. Carl Andre, foreground: *Slit*, 1981, steel and copper, 38 units of steel, 19 units of copper, each steel unit 3/8 x 19 3/4 x 19 3/4", each copper unit 3/8 x 19 3/4 x 1 1/4", overall 3/8" x 40 1/2" x 31' 2"; background: **Angolaro, 1995**, poplar, 37 units, each 2 x 10 x 50", overall 2" x 19' 11 1/2" x 27' 1". Center: **1. Tony Smith, *Moondog*, 1964**, aluminum, painted black, 17' 1 1/4" x 15' 8 1/2" x 13' 7 1/4". Edition of three. Photo: Tom Powell.

7. *Face/Off* (dir. by John Woo): More duality, more existential trauma, more bullets, more blood, more breaking glass. Two-and-a-half hours of nonstop violence. Loved Joan Allen as the John Travolta character's wife; still a dead ringer for Pat Nixon.

8. Whitney Biennial Okay, it was nicely installed. Let's think positive.

9. Gary Indiana *Resentment: A Comedy (Doubleday)*: Dedicated to the idea that if your children murder you, you must be at least partly to blame.

10. Critic's Panel One afternoon last August I was awakened from a nap by the telephone: Hello, David, it's Charlie Finch. Could I interest you in being on a panel discussion I'm organizing called "Burning Down the House: New York's Toughest Critics"? As I was eager to get to my nap, I said yes. Big mistake. Charlie Finch, the editor of *Coagula*, a sulfurously nasty art-world gossip rag, assembled an on-the-whole inglorious lot. (Gary Indiana, whom I begged to join me on the panel when I woke up and realized what I'd done, was a notable exception.) The panel itself offered the most conclusive evidence yet that I had made serious errors in judgment with respect to my choice of a professional career. Everyone wanted to talk museum administration and seemed exercised over the fact that in the art world money changes hands, though Deborah Solomon topped the irrelevance by suggesting that Nan Goldin and the Whitney Museum had engaged in some sort of collusion to conceal her age and supposed privileged past in the catalogue to her show. I need to get a new job. □

4. Robert Hughes *American Visions* (Alfred A. Knopf; Public Broadcasting System): I have a weird soft spot for this neo-con blowhard, maybe because he really is the most famous (arguably the only famous) art critic of our time, our John Ruskin. When I look at Hughes, I think, Gee, maybe my career does have a future. (See no. 10.) The intellectual level of the *American Visions* TV show was shockingly low, compared, say, to its predecessor, *Shock of the New*, which I much enjoyed as a teenager. It nevertheless delivered many moments of high camp. Every five minutes or so, the camera panned over the expansive American landscape, Classical Thunder boomed on the sound track, and in stentorian tones Hughes rhapsodized over Church, Pollock, the Hoover Dam, whatever. And when the wheat wasn't swaying, Hughes would dilate upon the Big American Car that rushed to and fro in the Big American Landscape. So where was Paul Cadmus and the Big American Penis? Memorable moment: Hughes, in a contemplative mode, lying on his back in James Turrell's *Roden Crater Bowl* to better drink in the transcendence.

5. *The Real World* (MTV): This is really the best show on television. Nothing is funnier than real-life TV. Perhaps the most amusing aspect of it is the unbelievably unsympathetic character of most of the people we're watching. The show is vastly improved by imagining the position of the camera, e.g., just beyond the perimeter of the TV screen, inches away from the characters' faces.

6. *Crash* (dir. by David Cronenberg): Am I the only person who actually liked this movie? I particularly appreciated the director's flat refusal of irony. Instead, he pursues outrageous material with poker-faced sincerity. Can only be appreciated in its NC-17 version.

1. Carl Andre (*Paula Cooper Gallery, New York; Ace Gallery, New York*); **Tony Smith** (*Paula Cooper Gallery*); **Richard Serra** (*Dia Foundation, New York*): I'm coming out of yet another closet: the kind of art I really like is white heterosexual male art. Big butch bruiser art. The kind of art that kicks ass and doesn't stop kicking ass.

2. Robert Rauschenberg (*Guggenheim Museum, New York*): Who are the most important artists of the postwar period? This is a question grand poobah David Sylvester likes to ask, and, as I recall, one member of his own troika is Jasper Johns. My nominees: Pollock, Warhol, and Rauschenberg. Rather unjustly, some maintain that Rauschenberg hasn't done anything good in ten, twenty, even thirty years. So what? He did more in a decade than most comparable figures managed in their entire careers.

3. John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Luc Tuymans (*Museum of Modern Art, New York*): An exceedingly well-received show, triggering one of the more annoying critical reactions in some time. Why do the champions of Tuymans, Peyton, and Currin insist on pretending that their works represent advances in the art of painting, when it seems quite obvious that the "story of painting" has little to do with what makes their work interesting? In *The Village Voice* Peter Schjeldahl exulted over the three in tones more appropriate to the Second Coming. Does anyone actually believe that John Currin has revamped the portrait genre by displacing the figure from the center of the picture to its margins? Isn't this device at least as old as Impressionism? Is Currin et al.'s work really "radical painting," as the curator, Laura Hoptman, told *The New York Times*? Just wondering.



TOPTEN 1998

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TOP TEN

ANDREW HULTKRANS’

1 OS MUTANTES: *Mutantes* (Polygram) A trio formed in the late '60s consisting of two Brazilian brothers and an American woman, Os Mutantes lift the wiggliest elements of Summer-of-Love psychedelia (the Rolling Stones’ “Their Satanic Majesties Request” is an obvious touchstone), mixing in a heady brew of Brazilian music (Gilberto Gil and Tom Zé) and left-field sound effects. While almost entirely in Portuguese, their lyrics I’d guess fall somewhere between the Incredible String Band and “She’s A Rainbow,” but for all I know they could be singing about ritual animal sacrifice. Understanding Portuguese would probably hamper enjoyment of their music, which fascinates because of its inability to communicate anything other than free-floating cultural and genre signifiers—a touch of madrigals, a blast of Haight-Ashbury fuzzbox guitar, some Mamas & Papas vocalizing, borrowed riffs (several bars of “Satisfaction” in the middle of an otherwise original tune), and equal doses of lysergic lunacy and Brazilian folk tradition. Surprisingly, the record covers do a serviceable job of warning you of the unhinged behavior within, presenting the three Mutantes in “groovy” garb that makes outfits on “Satanic Majesties” look like Armani suits.

2 BELLE AND SEBASTIAN: *If You’re Feeling Sinister* (The Enclave). A record so reminiscent of Donovan, it’s embarrassing to love it, but you do. Fortunately, this seven-

member Scottish collective also recalls Ray Davies’ more delicate moments, saving not only your self-image but that ailing, bloated beast known as Britpop.

3 LECTURE ON NOTHING: (PopMafia). A dizzying journey to the gum-stained bottom of the dustbin of history, guided by a boy and his sampler. Probably operating out of some godawful dungeon somewhere in the Bay Area, Eddie Miller sutures affectless motivational tapes, prostitute banter, women imploring our aid in “saturating China with truckloads of Bibles,” and hundreds of other dead voices on the air, lacing it all with music sometimes funky, often beautiful, and always disturbing.

4 BUDDY RICH: *Celebrities . . . at their Worst* (Mad Deadly Worldwide Communist Gangster Computer God). These surreptitious documents of aging jazz drummer and nightmare boss Buddy Rich are legendary among collectors of taped ephemera. Rich was a hothead who lambasted his band night after night for missed cues, playing “clams,” even for growing beards. “This is not the goddamn House of David or a fucking baseball team! This is the Buddy Rich Band, young people with faces!!!” is just one of the bilious eruptions captured by a disgruntled employee, who secretly taped Rich to make a complaint to the musicians’ union.



Hoover and Clayton Moore (*The Lone Ranger*) (detail), n.d. Photographer unknown. Collection F.B.I. From “Police Pictures.”

5 CUT CHEMIST MEETS SHORTKUT: Live at the Future Primitive Sound-session. While many worthy turntablist records have appeared in the past two years, this seventy-minute scratch symphony trumps them all by being performed live, on the fly, with “no mistakes allowed,” as Rakim once said. Listen slack-jawed as four hands rewrite the history of hip-hop, and music itself, on five turntables.

6 HOOVER MEETS CLAYTON MOORE (THE LONE RANGER): *Police Pictures: The Photograph as Evidence* (Chronicle Books). This strange image of J. Edgar Hoover and Clayton Moore reveals such a wealth of covert information that it is astonishing Hoover let it escape from his files. The two men pose side by side, hands clasped. Hoover’s rest loosely over his genitals; Moore’s are held higher, tighter, as if wringing themselves, or trying to wash off

something unspeakably dirty. Both men wear suits. Hoover wears a Mona Lisa smile, Moore wears a mask. The photo seems an almost intentional symbol of Hoover’s deeply closeted sexuality. “Who was that masked man?” indeed.

7 WEEGEE’S WORLD: (Bulfinch and Little, Brown). Finally, a quality coffee-table treatment of the great Arthur Fellig, unsung father of both paparazzi and film noir. Like noir cinematographer John Alton, he painted with light, capturing blacks that were “none more black,” but unlike anyone else, he made crime scenes funny and celebrations sad.

8 ALFRED MOLINA: *Boogie Nights* (New Line Cinema). Molina’s brilliant portrayal of an early-'80s coke fiend inspired the most stressed-out scene in recent cinema history, while embodying everything loathsome about that disposable

era—the tacky decadence, the casual nihilism, the bad drugs, and worst of all, the music. “Sister Christian,” “Jessie’s Girl,” “99 Luft Balloons,” everything on his “My Awesome Mixed Tape #6,” are immune to even ironic appropriation, and render the '70s disco earlier in the film positively timeless.

9 WILD STYLE: (Rhino). So *that’s* where all those samples came from. Rhino excavates an absolutely essential missing link in hip-hop history. Hard to believe that such a vibrant underground scene existed at the precise moment that Molina karaoked over Night Ranger and a base pipe.

10 PODER SEXUAL: (Spanish-language TV). Everyone knows that Spanish channels offer steamier soaps and racier talk shows than Fox. They have also aired the best infomercial of all time, for a male sexual stimulant known as “Poder Sexual.” This half-hour plugfest guarantees the mystery elixir to be “100% Aphrodisiacol!” before plunging the viewer into a tempestuous dramatization of impotence. The plot: man can’t get it up, wife is frustrated, man is devastated, sticks gun in his mouth, sees promo for Poder Sexual, orders product, produces baby with wife, becomes a real man. I don’t know the last time I saw someone stick a gun in their mouth during a commercial, but it had me reaching for the phone. □

Andrew Hultkrans is a frequent contributor to *Artforum*.

PETER HALLEY'S TOP TEN

Peter Halley is an artist and publisher of Index magazine. A retrospective of his work, "Peter Halley: Painting as Sociogram, 1981-1987," was recently held at the Kitakyushu Municipal Museum in Japan. His prints were recently on view in "New Concepts in Printmaking I" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

1 JULIA SCHER (ANDREA ROSEN GALLERY): The show of the year, if not the decade. Scher turns a set of themes—surveillance, interactivity, installation—into an amazing experience of light, time, and space. Funny, awesome, scary—or, as she puts it, "If this is a smart room, how come I'm tripping on all this stuff?" This installation should be permanent.

2 OLIVIER MOSSET: Mosset may not be new, but he's always current. My favorite work is an 18-foot-long pink monochrome from '86 that's both bold and beautiful. A *soixante-huitard*, he was splitting his time between the US and Europe well before it was fashionable. Moisset established the motorcycle as the ideal transport for the nomadic artist and has constantly supported other artists, helping arrange shows for young Americans in Europe. And now this master of

the post-'60s sublime has finally settled down in Tucson. Well, Robert Smithson always recommended the desert.

3 THE ADIRONDACKS: While we're on the subject of nature: the Adirondack mountain region—all six million acres—is empty, beautiful, and cheap. The landscape is like none other in the Northeast: it seems positively Scandinavian. Even in August, the ground radiates a coolness trapped from the previous subarctic winter. It's more fashionable to schlepp out to Montana or Wyoming, but if you've been on a plane lately, you know it's much more relaxing to cruise 4½ hours upstate. And with all the kitschy food concessions along the way, you can even pretend you're stuck in an airport.

4 MARIO BIAGIOLI, GALILEO, COURTIER (CHICAGO): Need something to read while you're up in the Adirondacks? *Galileo*,

Courtier describes the career of the Renaissance man not as a scientist but as a courtier who made his way by creating technological baubles for the powerful. Galileo presented his discovery of the moons of Jupiter to the Medici family under the title of the "Medici Stars." Upward mobility within the system of aristocratic patronage, not cash, was what mattered, and above all science had to be amusing. Biagioli's book reminds us that today's art world is more the product of this system than of market capitalism.

5 SHIRO KURAMATA (GREY ART GALLERY): The enthusiastic response to this innovative Japanese designer's exhibition proves that modernity is back. But Kuramata's modernity—like much of what has been done in Japan since the '60s—is playful, perverse, full of historical innuendo, exuberantly experimental, even anthropomorphic. The Kuramata show, seen in a New York context rife with machine-age moralism, creates a touchstone for what modernity can be (and has been elsewhere).

6 WE, AS IS (ASPHODEL): Modernity's back in music too. WE are in tune with the sonic themes of post-Web life. The music's emotionally resonant—almost spiritual—but it switches gears just when you least expect it. And it's all done with sampling and turntables—the ultimate

in musical appropriation. Like others in the electronica/ambient/illbient movement, WE hail from Brooklyn: a logical provenance, given the borough's kaleidoscope of Arab, Caribbean, and African-American sounds.

7 WALTER CHATHAM: In the most geriatric of professions, architects in their midforties are still at the outset of their careers. My favorite among this generation is Chatham (although this alternates every week with my admiration for Deborah Berke). Like Frank Gehry at the beginning of his career, Chatham moves easily between low-budget commercial projects and test-tube residential commissions. Iconoclastic and irreverent, he designed restaurants for Brian McNally in the '80s (including the classic Jerry's in SoHo), built the only brutalist house in Seaside, Florida, and was commissioned by Martha Stewart to handle an unrealized renovation of her Gordon Bunschaft house on Long Island. He's designed an eighteenth-century-inspired house in Nevis as well as a stunning corrugated-steel house in Mississippi. Chatham's use of materials is very pop, and he creates kinetic plans of social movement with Mozart-like ease. Watch out.

8 FRANKLIN STATION CAFE: I happen to live in TriBeCa, the center of the universe for mediocre restaurants owned by entre-

preneurs intent on luring the city's white-collar worker ants. But for a really tasty bite around here, try Franklin Station Cafe, where the husband (French) and wife (Malaysian) proprietors serve the freshest French-Malay "bistro" food in a comfortable place with large windows overlooking the street. Arty slides of far-away places are sometimes projected on a screen over the door. And Edith Piaf can often be heard above the mealtime chatter. The spicy shrimp and noodles with French bread accompanied by a papaya shake is guaranteed to cure the common cold.

9 HELMUT LANG BOUTIQUE (SOHO): Richard Gluckman's interior is startlingly monumental and sexy, with all the clothes hidden behind monolithic black slabs. And there are no men's and women's sections, just rack after rack of the most beautiful fabrics, colors, and cuts ever.

10 GUMMO (FINE LINE FEATURES): The most beautiful and poetic movie I've seen in years. The closest analogy is to the early Fellini of *La Strada*, in which the everyday drama of people at the fringe is transformed into an imagistic reverie. Harmony Korine deserves credit not just for making a beautiful film, but for taking the first small step in breaking the stranglehold Hollywood-style narrative has had on our minds since the onset of Spielberg's and Lucas' reign. □

Karen Kilimnik is a Philadelphia-based artist represented by 303 Gallery in New York. Her work was most recently seen in a solo exhibition at the Kunsthalle Zürich, with a catalogue copublished by Edition Patrick Frey.

KAREN KILIMNIK'S TOP TEN

1 The movie ***THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK*** (Randall Wallace, 1998)—makes you love France. Loved "for France" in the apple scene, so heartwarming. D'Artagnan comes out on a horse, and two rotten apples are thrown at him. The first he slices in midair with his sword, the second he catches in midair with his sword, takes a bite, and says "You are right, it is rotten, I will speak to the King." Then D'Artagnan tells the revolting peasants not to harm the musketeers, "For they serve France . . . and you" (or something like that), almost makes you wish you were French—actually, it really does make you wish you were French. Come to think of it—it did

make me wish I was French and was surrounded by such beautiful architecture and such wonderful clothes and horses. The filming and editing and music was great. I don't think editing is appreciated enough. I don't think comedies are appreciated enough either. Such great costumes and sets. The music was fantastic too.

2 Also loved ***THE SCENE WHERE PHILLIPE'S MASK IS REMOVED*** and you see the flames behind the mask as it's taken off, and Leonardo's hair and makeup is really beautiful. The music is fantastic too. He should wear smudged eyeliner more often, it's very flattering.

3 **PATRICK MACNEE'S *THE AVENGERS AND ME***, with Dave Rogers (Titan Books). My favorite actor, writer, and charming person. And the newly printed original *Avengers* TV shows on video which I can't wait to see—the most superb show ever—and Patrick MacNee is a great, great actor he's always fantastic and perfect.

4 ***THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK***. The gorgeous Leo as Phillippe at the window in moonlight, a real Greta Garbo moment. Very Queen Christina. I love the filming, the editing, the music, the lighting, the costumes, and, of course, the acting in this scene, and I love the trailer, which includes this scene, a very Hollywood scene to me (old Hollywood).

5 ***ONCE UPON A CRIME*** by Dino DeLaurentis. To me, it's perfectly acted, perfectly written, and filmed. A laugh-a-minute movie set in Monte Carlo, what more could you ask for—with six of my favorite actors and actresses, starring John Candy, George Hamilton, Richard Lewis, Sean Young, Cybil Shepherd, Jim Belushi—it's so funny.

6 ***THE PENNSYLVANIA BALLET'S SLEEPING BEAUTY***. Superb costumes and lighting, especially the nymphs and the white cat. Timour Bourtasenkov, he had such great stage presence in the Pennsylvania Ballet *Nutcracker*.

7 ***THE ROYAL BALLET'S SLEEPING BEAUTY AND LA BAYADERE***. The best Little Red Riding Hood red costume, and the best wolf and four trees, and the best dancer as Little Red Riding Hood.

8 ***THE PARIS OPERA BALLET LA BAYADERE*** choreographed by Rudolf Nureyev. The best shades scene and beautiful blue and green costumes.

9 ***THE AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE***. The dancers are so amazing, loved everything (that I saw).

10 **MAUREEN GALLACE'S** beautiful, exquisite paintings of trees and houses and landscapes. They are all fantastic. Every single one of them is absolutely gorgeous and superb.

11 **SALEM** from *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*. My favorite TV star.

12 **HUGH GRANT** in *Extreme Measures*, *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, the one about the theater company, and *Nine Months*. He's another of my favorite actors. He's so funny, smart, and charming. I think *Extreme Measures* is my favorite but they're all great.

13 **LONDON**. The fresh-squeezed orange juice sold in supermarkets, Pret-a-Manger restaurant chain with take-out and eat-in sandwiches, salads, and desserts, with organic ingredients and no smoking, McDonald's veggie burgers, and at Boots and Tesco's supermarkets all kinds of ready-made sandwiches with healthy breads and sandwich ingredients. I loved the turkey with stuffing and cranberry sauce sandwich only available during the Christmas season—maybe not so healthy, but really delicious. And the beautiful flowerbeds and beautiful parks, a perfect place to eat the sandwiches and fresh-squeezed orange juice. □

Harmony Korine, *Gummo*, 1997, still from a film in 35 mm, incorporating Super-8, video, and Polaroid photographs, 95 minutes. Solomon (Jacob Reynolds).

Randall Wallace, *The Man in the Iron Mask*, 1998, production still from a color film in 35 mm, 132 minutes. Left to right: Athos (John Malkovich) and Phillippe (Leonardo DiCaprio). Photo: Etienne George.

JOHN WATERS' TOP TEN

John Waters is a filmmaker and artist who divides his time between Baltimore and New York. His film *Pecker* opened nationwide in September. His photographs were recently published in *John Waters: Director's Cut* (Scalo). Photo: Greg Gorman.

1 **CY TWOMBLY, UNTITLED (1992):** I defy you to come up with a more cutting-edge piece of work than this shockingly beautiful sculpture I first saw at the opening of the Menil Collection's Cy Twombly Gallery in Houston. Rich people, art critics, and museum trustees never looked more vulnerable as they turned the corner and came face-to-face with this rudely witty, obscenely elegant piece that made everybody in the room look like they were trying too hard. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know it's supposed to be about "time and meaning," "transformation," and

"metamorphosis and myth," but to me it looks like a most confident and graceful depiction of Godzilla's discharge. Go see it. It's still there.

2 **ODEUR 53:** I never wear a scent, but this "abstract anti-perfume" from Comme des Garçons has me hooked. Only Rei Kawakubo could get away with creating a new fragrance "cloned" from "inorganic materials," "smells with no precise names only abstract ideas." Do you want to smell like "the absence of structure"? I sure do. How about the combination of "the freshness of oxygen," "burnt

rubber," "wash drying in the wind," and "ultimate fusion"? If so, you're in luck. Just call me Odeur 53 John. P.S., it stings.

3 **ADULT VIDEO NEWS:** The *Variety* of the porno film business. This monthly trade glossy reviewing such titles as *Shut Up and Blow Me*, *Fuck My Dirty Shit Hole*, and *Rectal Rooter* also features hard-hitting editorials against "barebacking" (lack of condom use) in heterosexual sex epics. The gossip features on porno-star feuds alone make this a must-read for any serious student of journalism.

4 **DAWN POWELL:** Even though Gore Vidal later called her "our best comic novelist," the great Dawn Powell died broke in 1965, "destined to be forgotten." But now a full-fledged Dawn Powell revival is in progress. Try starting with *My Home Is Far Away* ("not for fun but it is a masterpiece," reads the least aggressive jacket blurb I've ever seen) and graduate to *The Diaries of Dawn Powell* where, after the death of her husband of forty-two years, Powell writes, "we have been through worse disasters together." Then you'll be ready for the book I've been waiting for: Tim Page's sad but never depressing, funny but hardly smile-inducing biography *Dawn Powell* (Henry Holt), the crowning jewel in the literary resurgence of the wittiest, most terrifyingly personal writer you never heard of.

5 **THE DONNAS (LOOK-OUT! RECORDS):** The trashiest girl group since the Shangri-las. Four teenage tough girls from Palo Alto, California, who don't have names, only letters (Donna A, C, F, and R) that are spelled out on their Kmart-style T-shirts. Singing about busting curfews, parental meddling, and teenage sex, here are the baby-sitters of your nightmares. "You make me hot!" they snarl in their jailbait voices; "I'm thinkin' of taking a bite, if you know what I mean!"

6 **SQUEEZEBOX:** The long-running, still-great Friday night "hetero-friendly" punk gay party at Don Hill's, produced by Michael Schmidt. It's got everything I need in a New York club: scrawny go-go boys, Russ Meyer-type go-go girls (with and without penises), queerly incorrect music, and sexually confused beauties of both sexes. Best yet, it's the only club in town that *never* tries to get its celebrity guests in the gossip columns.

7 **HOMICIDE:** The last TV show I watched regularly was *The Fugitive* in 1963. Then I took LSD and never watched television again. Until now. *Homicide* is the grittiest, best-acted, coolest-looking show on TV.

8 **SIXTIES RADICALS, THEN AND NOW (MCFARLAND PRESS):** I always went to protests in the old days not so much for politics but because everybody looked

so sexy. Tear gas, Vietcong flags, fighting the "pigs": it all made me horny. I didn't worship Mick Jagger, Joan Baez, or Wavy Gravy; no, I idolized Bernadine Dohrn, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, Jim Fouratt, and Kathy Boudine. *Sixties Radicals, Then and Now* brings me up to date on some of my one-time mentors, the cultural terrorists who influenced my early films much more than anyone knows. Now, if someone would only tell the story of Sue Africa, the only white member of MOVE, the radical back-to-nature group that was bombed by the city of Philadelphia in 1985. She *must not* be forgotten!

9 **LILY VAN DER STOKKER:** The sole artist I collect whose work made a dinner guest in my New York apartment threaten to leave before the meal was served. "You bought that!?" the usually sophisticated friend screamed as she tried to fathom Lily's girlish, nauseatingly sweet drawing. "Well . . . yes," I stammered, trying to convince my dinner partner of Lily's subversive celebration of everything artistically incorrect: bird-brained femininity, shallow kindness, and mawkish cheer all colored with a ham-fisted lack of irony. "And better yet, she did it first!" I tried to reason as my friend reluctantly sat down to dinner, grumbling right on through the appetizers.

10 **BRAWNY:** The only paper-towel packaging you can jerk off to. □

Jim Shaw is a Los Angeles-based artist represented by Metro Pictures in New York. A collection of his drawings, *Dreams*, was published in 1995 (Smart Art Press). In addition to his work as an artist, he served as the animation director for *Nightmare on Elm Street 4*, in which he also played the part of a teenage soul escaping from the neck of the just decapitated Freddy Krueger (pictured above). Photo: Justin Klarenbeck.

JIM SHAW'S TOP TEN

1 Miss Velma's Bicentennial extravaganza, **CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA**, is the most amazing piece of video I've ever seen. Existing at the low-budget end of Aimee Semple McPherson's LA-based Christian spectacle tradition, she's been putting on glitter-encrusted performances for decades. In this, her masterwork, all manner of poetry, song, and theatrics is enacted on tinsel-draped sets. In the crowning segment, Miss Velma does a Native American dance in a red, white, and blue headdress, shoots out balloons at forty paces with a pistol, and sings a carol on a penorgan. A one-woman variety show for Jesus.

2 It's hard to imagine a more godforsaken place than Slab City, California, at the southern end of the festering Salton Sea. Yet this is home to **SALVATION MOUNTAIN** and its creator, Leonard Knight, who lives in his

ancient hand-decorated truck and works in an igloo built of adobe, the same material used in his monumetal layers of housepaint to keep it gleaming under the boiling desert sun, the awe-inspiring work bears a resemblance to early Oldenburgs in the details, which are all you see as you clamber across its surface, surrounded by Bible quotes and the Sinner's Prayer. All of the local government's attempts to raze it only focused more attention on Knight's message, his only goal. It seems fitting that, after he's gone, the mountain, like flesh, will gradually return to the dust from which it was created.

3 On the LP **TELL ME A STORY, AUNT B**, you'll find the most chilling children's tales ever recorded for unsuspecting Protestants. "The Golden Age" tells of a rebellious boy wishing for adult freedoms forced to view a future of wage slavery, his

mother's demise, and his eventual feebleness and death. "Sorry Is as Sorry Does" tells of a naughty boy named Sorry who ignores his mother's cautions about making prank phone calls, shoots his playmate with his dad's revolver, and prays for redemption with his doubtful mom, played by the aging and malevolent Aunt B.

4 It's difficult to choose the best **JACK CHICK** comic. Early tracts, like "One Way," are endearingly perverse and have a purity lost when artist Fred Carter gave the later comics their slick veneer. However, Carter did pump up the latent sadomasochistic, Tom of Finland-esque aspects. The "Alberto" series features a hunky, biracial duo of Christian Crusaders as they listen to the paranoid ravings of an escaped Jesuit who testifies to the horrors of the Catholic church.

7 The pivotal character in Larry Clark's film **ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE** is a gun-peddling preacher played by James Otis who takes the wounded protagonist and his adopted family of drug-dealing thieves into his guarded compound. Embodying a frightening set of opposites and taking on some of his young charge's sexual uncertainty and severity allow him an authority that eludes laughter.

5 The high point of **REV. ETHAN ACRES'**s debut show at Patty Faure Gallery wasn't the rotating multihorned "Lamb

of God" or his beautiful "Highway Chapel," but a moment that occurred after his Sunday morning sermon. While Acres performed blessings of expectedly ironic things (master tapes, a poodle, Christian kitsch), another, clearly sincere, Christian artist came up, tears streaming down his cheeks, overjoyed to find a kindred soul. Here was an intersection one doesn't expect in postmodern art, a collision of faith and artifice.

6 When **AWAKE!** updated its look, I was upset the magazine had yielded to the relentless forces of progress, until I realized it was still ten years behind the times and continued to distill its images to render perfect archetypes: drug addict, worried teen, Beast of the Apocalypse. The system of distribution (in whatever laundromat or bus station you're stuck in) is genius.

7 The pivotal character in Larry Clark's film **ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE** is a gun-peddling preacher played by James Otis who takes the wounded protagonist and his adopted family of drug-dealing thieves into his guarded compound. Embodying a frightening set of opposites and taking on some of his young charge's sexual uncertainty and severity allow him an authority that eludes laughter.

8 I once found a pile of hand-tinted silk-screened images from the Book of Revelations pictorialized in what

seemed to be an easy-to-understand way—if you had the long-gone interpretations of the preacher who used them to explain the mysterious final Gospel. Later I learned that **V.T. HOUTEFF**, their creator, was the founder of the "Shepherd's Rod," which evolved into the church we now call the Branch Davidians.

9 The most anomalous Christian instructional artworks I've found are the Bethel series. Painted around 1960 by **WALTER OHLSON** in a Surrealist/advertising style, these allegorical works use some suspiciously New Age icons, like rainbows, to convey their meanings, elaborated in discussion guides whose exactitude lessens, unfortunately, the mystery of the images.

10 **CHESTER BROWN**, today's greatest comic artist, has been rendering the Gospels in the back of his *Yummy Fur* and *Underwater*. They came as a perplexing contrast to the wild scatological content of *Ed*, the *Happy Clown*, the main serialized story. As he began to chart stories from his personal experiences, the Gospels became stranger, the characters reflecting the contradictory nature of Jesus—okay, maybe I can't explain the appeal of these works, maybe as a nonbeliever in a Puritan-based culture there's some combination of vicarious piety and guilty Christian recidivism involved in my fascination with them. □

Cy Twombly, *Untitled*, 1992, wood and plaster, 19 x 13 1/2 x 17 1/2".

Leonard Knight's truck. Photo: Jim Shaw.



THE BEST OF
1998

Over the next 24 pages, a dozen *Artforum* contributors remember the high points of the past year.

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Dave Hickey

Dave Hickey is an art writer who lives in Las Vegas. His essays have been recently collected in *Air Guitar: Essays on Art and Democracy* (Art Issues, 1997).

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **1. Robert Gober, *Untitled* (detail), 1995–97**, mixed media, dimensions variable. Photo: Russell Kaye. **4. Takashi Murakami, *My Lonesome Cowboy*, 1998**, oil, acrylic, fiberglass, and iron, 100 x 46 x 36". **2. Richard Serra, *Double Torqued Ellipse* (detail), 1997, and *Torqued Ellipse III* (detail), 1996**, weatherproof steel. Photo: Dirk Reinartz. **3. Ron Nagle, *Yulelu*, 1997**, porcelain and glazes, 5½ x 5 x 4¼". **6. Peter Saul, *Your Sexist Joke*, 1997**, ink, colored pencil, and acrylic on paper, 26 x 23". **9. Helen Vendler, *The Art of Shakespeare's Sonnets*** (Belknap/Harvard University Press, 1998). **5. Maxwell Hendler, *Really Green*, 1997**, resin on panel, 31 x 33".

1 Robert Gober (*The Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles*) The one-night-stand aspect of museum installations has never been dramatized more poignantly than in Robert Gober's magnificent tableau at the Geffen. The experience of seeing the piece (which combined aspects of a Bernini fountain with a gorgeous, Thoreauvian *Etant donnés*) was quite literally haunted by knowledge of its transience. Upon arrival, you immediately wanted to return, and then return again. Leaving the museum, I felt like Bogey watching Bergman fly away into the fog.

2 Richard Serra, *Torqued Ellipses* (*The Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles*) The only possible compensation for the loss of Gober's piece was its replacement by Richard Serra's *pièce de résistance*. Early in his career, the richness of Serra's works was a little cheapened by the whole working-class-hero-invades-wussy-museum-with-raw-steel ambience. Not so with the *Torqued Ellipses*. They are clearly and unabashedly art on a grand scale, and the kines-
thetic bang that Serra's work invariably delivers is undiminished. Macho transgression wears away. The athletic grace of the high baroque does not.

3 Ron Nagle (*Frank Lloyd Gallery, Los Angeles*) How far can you get from Serra and Gober and still be super? And still be baroque? Ron Nagle's tiny, luminous, pseudo-vessels occupy that position. If Fabergé had lived in California, loved hot rods and surfboards, and been blessed with an impudent art-historical wit, on his best day he still couldn't compete with Nagle. No larger than teacups, Nagle's pieces shine, glow, swoop, curve, and blend—each with its own ghostly presence and haunting silhouette. We don't know what they are, but, clearly, they couldn't be better.

4 Takashi Murakami (*Blum & Poe, Los Angeles*) How far can you get from Gober, Serra, and Nagle and still be super? And still be baroque? Takashi Murakami's exquisite, life-size cartoon sculptures are Bernini all the way. Until I saw Murakami's *My Lonesome Cowboy*, I had never seen a contemporary sculpture that could compete with Bernini's *Saint Theresa*. Murakami's works celebrate sexual-spiritual ecstasy with comparable extravagance.

5 Maxwell Hendler (*Patricia Faure Gallery, Los Angeles*) Maxwell Hendler's modestly scaled paintings are made by pouring resin on rectangular wood panels in monochromes that are never quite the color you think they are. They have a simple readiness about them that defies all abstract pretension—a refined affability that reminds you, every time you look, that nothing in this world with a body and color is ever as simple as you think it is.

6 Peter Saul (*Nolan/Eckman Gallery, New York*) In one of Peter Saul's new drawings, a bare-breasted woman pops out of a guy's head announcing, in a talk balloon, "Your sexist joke makes me puke," and pukes on him. The guy holds a sign announcing "I'm sorry," and we imagine Saul standing before his drawing board, fingers to his lips, with a talk balloon of his own: "Oh dear! It just slipped out!" The adolescent id is always slipping out in Saul's work, but it slips out pure, healthy as a twelve-year-old, and blissfully unaccompanied by adult brutality and malice.

7 The Art Guys with Todd Oldham: "Suits: The Clothes That Make The Man" Wherever cognoscenti choose to gather this year, from Times Square to Cannes, the Art Guys will be in attendance, in Todd Oldham suits emblazoned with the logos of their corporate sponsors—thus does performance art meet designer couture meet NASCAR meet upscale marketing. In an art culture obsessed with petit-bourgeois proprieties, the Art Guys flaunt their integrity on the battleground of conflicting interests. Right on, art dudes.

8 Peter Carey, *Jack Maggs* (*Alfred A. Knopf*) If you despair of ever coming upon another solidly realized, swiftly paced novel with a great idea, go out and buy *Jack Maggs*. Peter Carey imagines the Victorian social circumstances out of which Dickens's *Great Expectations* might have arisen and tells this story from an Australian perspective. In Carey's book, the convict Magwitch (Jack Maggs) is the hero, Charles Dickens is an opportunistic hustler, and our little hero, Pip, is an insufferable twit. We read fast to find out what happens.

9 Helen Vendler, *The Art of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (*Belknap/Harvard University Press*) If you are a writer who still uses English words (rather than chockablock bricks of jargon), this is the book for you. Professor Vendler takes Shakespeare's sonnets one by one and word by word. She talks about what the poems do and how they do it—their architecture, narrative, music, and language—so, along with the aperçus and sharp insights, there are nifty charts and graphs. There is also a CD of Vendler reading the sonnets aloud, lest we forget that words are noise as well as ink.

10 This Critic's Year I write about artists every day. Once a month, I go out and lecture about them. Three or four times a year, I curate exhibitions of their work, so I must reserve this space for all those artists who have occupied my consciousness during the last year, for all the kids in "Ultralounge," and for Peter Alexander, Mark Burns, Sarah Charlesworth, Sharon Ellis, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Norm Laich, Hung Liu, Josiah McElheny, Elizabeth Peyton, Ellen Phelan, David Reed, Gerhard Richter, Norman Rockwell, Edward Ruscha, Andy Warhol, Christopher Wool, and Robert Zakanitch. Thank you very much. □

Lisa Liebmman

Lisa Liebmman is a writer based in New York and a frequent contributor to *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Jorge Pardo, *Lighthouse*, 1997**, Installation view, Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen. Photo: Ann Goldstein. **1. Alex Katz, *May*, 1996**, oil on canvas, 10 x 20". **5. Top to bottom: Maxwell Hendler, *Minerva*, 1997**, resin on panel, 16 x 19"; **Maxwell Hendler, *Fleur*, 1996**, resin on wood, 13 x 16". **7. Tracey Moffatt, *Heaven*, 1998**, still from a color video, 28 minutes. **3. *Nest* magazine. 4. Ana Kokkinos, *Head On*, 1998**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 104 minutes. Left to right: Robert Burke, Alex Dimitriades. **6. Laura Owens, *Untitled*, 1998**, oil and acrylic on canvas, 84 x 96". **8. Patricia Cronin, *Tack Room*, 1998**. Installation view, White Columns, New York, 1998.

1 Alex Katz (*P.S. 1, New York; Saatchi Gallery, London*) It's been a big, big year for the hep-Katz. A formidable retrospective of his landscapes at P.S. 1 this spring lent support to the notion that there are more than four seasons; and a display last winter at the Saatchi Gallery—twenty-six big-to-huge canvases in all genres from 1972 to 1996—was one of the most spectacularly scenic painting installations this viewer has seen.

2 Jorge Pardo (*Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles*) His covered lakeside pier was a lovely place in which to while away a rainstorm two summers ago in Münster, but the 3,000-square-foot redwood-clad house he's built on a tight hillside lot in the Mount Washington area of Los Angeles would be the place to hang your hat if Pardo weren't planning to live there himself. Realized in a cannily fresh-looking *ur*-idiom of late modernist styles, in particular those associated with LA Case Study houses of the '50s and '60s, the house—aka "the exhibition"—was outfitted with some custom-built furniture, an edition of about a hundred Venini-esque hanging lamps made by the artist (and on loan from the Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen in Rotterdam), and a few provisional pieces from IKEA. "The exhibition," accompanied by an assemble-it-yourself catalogue, was seraphically poised on the convergence point of art, concept, design, architecture, romance, and real estate—*Viva Los Angeles!*—but I still want to know who exactly paid for what.

3 Nest A diffuse homogenizing light has been casting its virtual glow on just about everything in sight lately. So three cheers for Joseph Holtzman! The recently published second issue of *Nest*, Holtzman's now-quarterly magazine of actually interesting interiors, is the triumph of an albatross over lemmings. Even more wide-ranging than the first number, which came out a year ago and featured articles on an IKEA display-designer's New Jersey attic shrine to Farrah

Fawcett and a fifteen-year-old decorating "client" at home in his Baltimore rooms, the new *Nest* spans the economic distance between a Garouste and Bonetti "carte blanche" job for a Hong Kong Maecenas and the personalized cells of four inmates in a New Mexico women's prison. Production values are lush (yet the cover price is reasonable); care is given to text; coyness and correctitude are nowhere to be found. It's got guts, an eye, and a pulse.

4 Head On (*dir. Ana Kokkinos*) Nicknamed "hard on" for good reason, this first feature-length film by Ana Kokkinos (adapted from Christos Tsiolkas's novel *Loaded*) concerns a very busy day and night in the life of Ari, a nineteen-year-old Greek lad from Melbourne. So it's about being Australian and Greek, young and Greek, gay and Greek, a brother and Greek, a son and Greek, a friend and Greek, angry and Greek, druggy and Greek, arrested and Greek, frisked and Greek, etc. All the Greek-Australian characters are played by Greek-Australian actors, led by—ouch!—Alex Dimitriades, and they (along with a smattering of non-Greeks) are all wonderful. Perhaps because the director is a woman (and Greek and Australian), this movie steers clear of campish-clonish clichés. The cinematographer, Jaems Grant, is a comer.

5 Maxwell Hendler (*Patricia Faure Gallery, Los Angeles*) Now in his sixties and underknown, this Houston-born Los Angeles painter was apparently the first contemporary artist to hang in New York at the Met—in 1975, under Henry Geldzahler's aegis. At the time he was an exquisite and anxious realist, along the lines of Vija Celmins or Rackstraw Downes, but since around 1980 he's been making sublimely spare, color-cued, constructed paintings that might look like Minimalist abstractions were it not for the fact that those colors are so damn *specific*: Is it Formica, or pink resin stain, is it the real ketchup soup or merely the mock. . . . Anyway, he's an avatar for a lot of recent Memorex painting (see below) and should be feted.

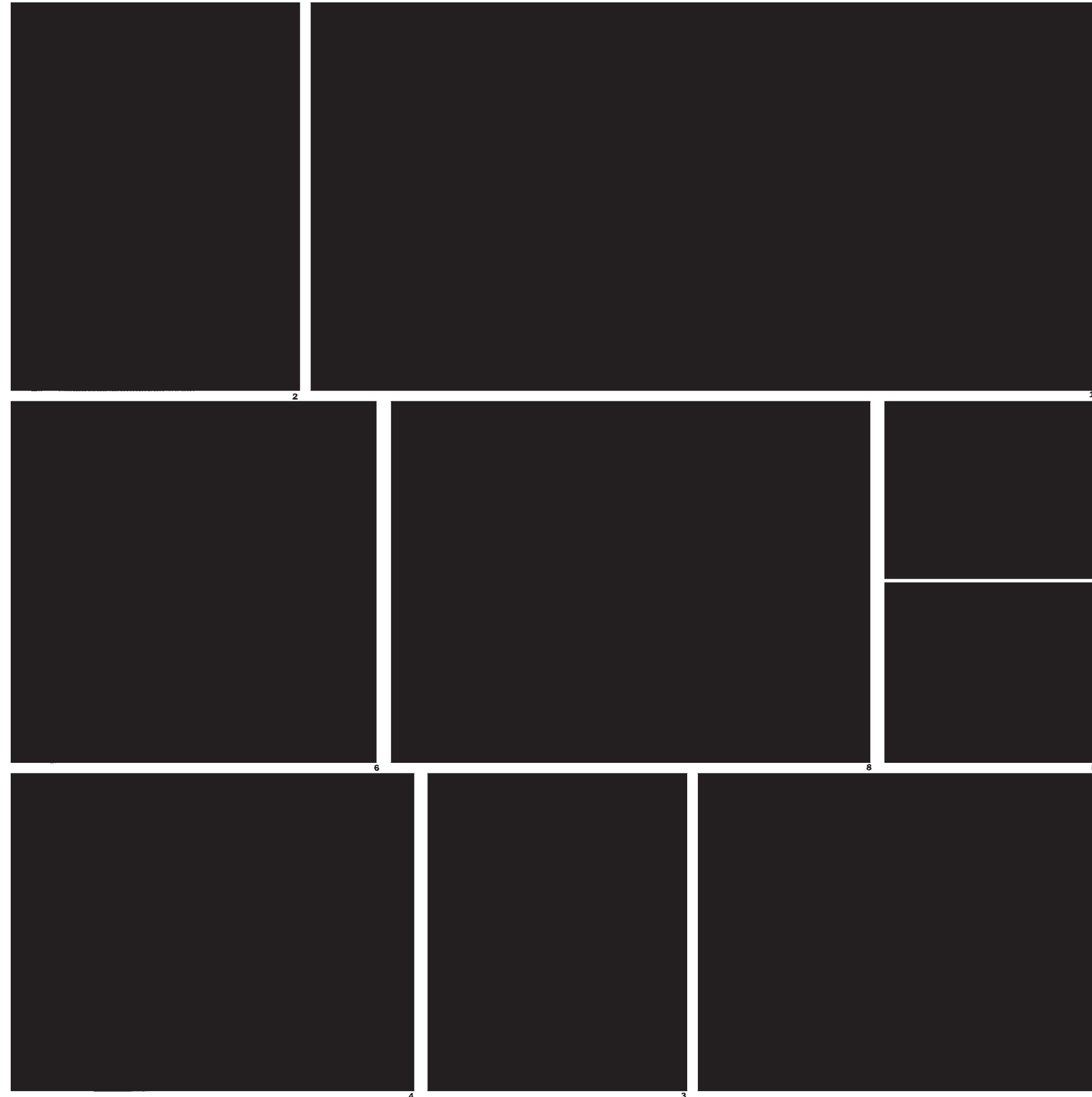
6 Laura Owens (*Gavin Brown Enterprise, New York; Loyola University, Chicago; ACME, Los Angeles*) A twenty-eight-year-old case in point, and, quite understandably, this year's It Girl for collectors—viz. three nearly simultaneous solo shows, in three cities. I particularly liked the four not-quite-identical bumblebee paintings she made to accessorize the four not-quite-identical bedroom sets by her boyfriend, Jorge Pardo, at Patrick Painter. Will she, too, be sleeping in "the exhibition"?

7 Tracey Moffatt (*Dia Center for the Arts, New York*) Another It Girl, with a dybbuk from Down Under. At age thirteen, in the suburbs of stodgy Brisbane, she made her friends get into costumes and pose for her camera. The three prints she recently produced of these had seed-Julia-Margaret-Cameron tableaux are pretty possessed—especially her ill-tempered Nativity. And her video of surfers changing next to their cars in a Bondi Beach parking lot was most aptly named: They're all gorgeous in *Heaven*, and they all see her peeping.

8 Patricia Cronin (*White Columns, New York*) An It Girl from Manhattan (via Boston who paints horses. And her multifarious *Tack Room* installation, which will travel to Hartford next year in a show called "Horseplay," does for this most wholesome of female perversions what Mike Bidlo's drawings do for Duchamp's urinal

9 Mike Bidlo (*Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York*) See above.

10 Richard Serra, *Torqued Ellipses* (*The Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles*) No choice, really, but to put him last: He seems to feel he's in head-on competition not with artists but with Nature. See these, not the Grand Canyon, first. □



Peter Plagens

Peter Plagens is a contributing editor of *Artforum* and the art critic for *Newsweek*.

Opposite page, clockwise from top left: **3. Richard Serra, *Double Torqued Ellipse II (detail)*, 1998**, weatherproof steel, outer ellipse: 11' 9" x 27' 6" x 36"; inner ellipse: 11' 9" x 28' 6" x 19' 6"; plate thickness 2", approx. overall weight 191,000 lbs. Photo: Dirk Reinartz. **1. Jan van Eyck, *Saint Francis of Assisi Receiving the Stigmata*, ca. 1438–40**, oil on vellum on panel, 5 x 5 1/2". **2. William Kentridge, *Untitled*, 1998**, charcoal and pastel on paper, ca. 24 1/4" x 36 1/2". From the "*Il Ritorno d'Ulisse (Ulysses' return)*" series. **4. Arthur Dove, *Flight*, 1943**, wax emulsion on canvas, 12 x 20". **6. John Wesley, *Fruit Tree*, 1996**, acrylic on canvas, 44 x 59". **8. Apex Art C.P., New York**. Installation view, "Scattered Affinities," curated by Nuria Enguita Mayo, 1998. Foreground: Jan-Peter E.R. Sonntag, *modern minimal disco 4*, 1996, sound sculpture. Background: Heath Bunting, *Fixed Viewpoint—Counter Surveillance*, 1998, documentation of a street intervention.

1 "Recognizing Van Eyck"

(*Philadelphia Museum of Art*) A painter friend of mine in Chicago who deejays on the side once explained to me the reason he had so many more old rock 'n' roll records than new ones. "I like the best of the new," he said, "and the best of the old, and it just so happens that there's a lot more old." In art, old really has the edge, but—given the way artists crank out stuff nowadays—it sometimes seems like there are fewer old works than new. So here I'm gonna go with old. Back when men were men and pictures were little and took a long time to make, Jan van Eyck painted a pair of almost identical Saint Francis in the Wilderness (one about 5 by 6 inches, the other about a foot on a side), which are two of the best paintings ever done in the history of the entire world. Really.

2 William Kentridge

(*Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego*) If you care about positioning your opinions according to some scale of cool, Kentridge—whose hype peaked about a year ago—probably isn't a great bet these days. In case you were napping and somehow managed to miss this artist's ascent: Imagine a three-hankie Stanley Kramer movie with genuine avant-garde ambition. Tough to picture? Maybe, but Kentridge's drawings and videos really do choke me up and I don't care who knows it.

3 Richard Serra

(*The Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles*) After a summer of lite microbrews, a jigger of sour mash. After a Weezer CD, Robert Johnson live in my living room. After two Anna Quindlen novels in a row, refuge in *Northanger Abbey*. After 4,037 exhibitions of intratextual multimedia pieces addressing the issue of cultural nomadism (while exploring memory, loss, and the violated transgendered body), some real big, real abstract, real art. At last.

4 Arthur Dove

(*Whitney Museum of American Art, New York*) It's conceited to quote yourself, right? OK then, I'll try and paraphrase: abstract, but not too abstract; American, but not too American; small, but not too small; poetic, but not too poetic—the kind of show I hope we'll see more of at the newly back-to-basics Whitney.

5 Eija-Liisa Ahtila

(*Klemens Gasser & Tanja Grunert, New York; originated at Kiasma, The Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki*) To hear her talk, Ahtila is a cinematic formalist—she says she uses space and time as physical entities, in the same way as, say, a sculptor uses mass and volume. She also builds stories from the ground up, so to speak, about intimately connected but poignantly uncommunicative residents of Helsinki and environs. And those stories are beautiful. Footnote: So how come the genetically reticent Finns manufacture Nokia cell phones and are now the most telephonically interconnected country, per capita, in the world? (Even street sweepers stop and gab on their Nokias.) I asked my friendly native guide, who told me that Finns have all this pent-up stuff to say to each other, so long as they don't have to do it face-to-face—which just may account for the quiet intensity she gets onto film.

6 John Wesley

(*Jessica Fredericks Gallery, New York*) There's something really sneaky, nasty, dirty, perverted, and, all right, "transgressive" about Wesley's paintings. And they look like Necco wafers. How does he do that?

7 Claude Wampler

(*Postmasters Gallery, New York*) First you gotta get their attention. Flitting about naked onstage is one way to do it. I'd already seen a tape of Wampler's latest performance piece, but I went to the gallery show hoping to catch this compelling performer in the flesh. What I got (and I guess deserved) was a big-screen dressing down. Wampler, as a domineering mom in a steam bath with "jumbo shrimp" Magic Markered on her forehead and some kind of jellied blood oozing from her nostrils, hurled Naumanesque abuse. Peering at me through a fish-eye lens, she left me no choice but

to listen. And, you know, I have to agree with her: Whatever *did* make me think I could get into an Ivy League school?

8 Apex Art C.P., New York

This gallery's address is 291 Church Street, which has got to be a coincidence, or else there's a god of modern art out there. Anyway, this place puts on intelligent ("smart" is probably the word I want) little shows of mostly pocket-size or stripped-down works—the kind of stuff I come across in my professional travels and fear won't make it to New York. Apex is a nonprofit with some noble and complicatedly fair system for curating its shows, but that's not what gets me there. I just like to wander in for a recharge whenever the battery warning light in my brain starts flashing.

9 Steve Hayes and Tom Cayler

(*Eighty Eights, New York*) I'd put these guys higher up on my list if this entry weren't so self-congratulatory. My wife and I saw Hayes and Cayler do a themed stand-up piece called "The Exhibition" at Eighty Eights in the Village, and we laughed our heads off. So we commissioned a performance, in her studio, for some friends. "The Exhibition" is the product of a NYSCA grant a while back, but it's still funny.

10 George Bellows

(*New Britain [Connecticut] Museum of Art; Williams College Museum of Art*) No, not whole shows of Bellows, but there sure as hell ought to be. I saw two little paintings by him—*Red Dinghy* (in New Britain) and *Portrait of a Young Man* (Williams)—and was hit by Paulist lightning: this guy is right up there with Hals, Manet, and Sargent as one of the fastest, bestest brushes in the West. Plus, he's got soul. There's also a roomful of Bellows in the National Gallery that will (with maybe two exceptions) absolutely floor you. Time for a huge retro. We want Bellows! We want Bellows We want . . . □

Wayne Koestenbaum



Wayne Koestenbaum is the author of *The Queen's Throat: Opera, Homosexuality, and the Mystery of Desire* (1993), and *Jackie Under My Skin: Interpreting an Icon* (1995). His third volume of poetry is forthcoming in 1999.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **7. Claude Wampler, *Jumbo Shrimp*, 1998**, mixed-media video installation, dimensions variable. Photo: Karl Peterson. **10. "Joan Mitchell & John Chamberlain: A Juxtaposition."** Installation view, Cheim & Read, New York. Foreground: John Chamberlain, *Divine Ricochet*, 1991, painted and chromium-plated stainless steel, 87 3/4 x 75 x 75 1/2". Background: Joan Mitchell, *Sunflowers*, 1990–91, oil on canvas, 102 1/2" x 13' 1 1/2". **1. Yayoi Kusama, *Self-Obliteration*, 1967**, still from 16mm color film, 23 minutes. **6. Charles Ray, *Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . .*, 1992**, mixed media, 72" x 10' 60" x 10' 60". **3. Glenn Ligon, *Untitled*, 1976–77**, silver-gelatin prints in a photo album, 12 x 18". **8. Amy Sillman, *Cry, Fatty*, 1997**, oil on wood, 60 x 50". **4. Francis Ponge, *Soap***, trans. Lane Dunlop, Stanford University Press, 1998. **5. Mary Heilmann, *Jellyfish*, ca. 1997**, oil on canvas, 50 x 40". **9. Mike Bidlo, *The Fountain Drawings*, 1993–98**, mixed media on paper, 26 1/4 x 9 1/4".

1 Yayoi Kusama (*Museum of Modern Art, Robert Miller Gallery, Peter Blum Gallery, New York*) Nude bodies deserve to be seen and then covered with polka dots. One point of painting, after all, is to touch the body, repeatedly, obsessively. I love Kusama's return from obscurity; her self-dramatization; her indefatigability; her one-after-another seriality; her willingness to baffle and bore and outlast her critics. Three cheers.

2 The Gaiety This noble relic—strip bar, dance hall, tryst station, priapic parlor, variety show—still features consistently better performances than anywhere on or off or off-off Broadway. A standing rebuke to Giuliani's morals squad, who are busy ruining visual culture where it is liveliest—in Times Square, *in situ*, in pornography.

3 Glenn Ligon (*Max Protetch Gallery, New York; Philadelphia Institute of Contemporary Art*) This painter, sculptor, and installation artist, also photographer, who was given a major retrospective this year at the ICA, continues to break new, difficult ground. In his most recent gallery show, at Max Protetch, I was most moved by a scrapbook of photos the artist took, as a boy, of his fornicating neighbors, a not conventionally photogenic couple of great sexual inventiveness and zeal. These deadpan, diurnal, decidedly nonglamorous snapshots, cheerful and calm and unperturbed, teach the interpenetration of *homemaking* and *pornography*: porn's subject is the home body, the arts of the home. Also in the show were walls of *cartes de visite*—calling cards, with the artist's name below gay porn shots from the recent past. Ligon's willingness to identify the unspeakable, and to identify with it, is an inspiration.

4 Francis Ponge, *Soap*, translated by Lane Dunlop (*Stanford University Press*) First American publication of one of the twentieth century's most important poetic/philosophic texts, a meditation demonstrating that thinking about next to nothing (a bar of soap) can be as difficult and beautiful as thinking about the enormous, the permanent, and the sanctified: "And this is why, doubtless, at this time, I have chosen this subject. Because it was necessary to find that one—and perhaps the only one—which reassures me, which justifies speech—and even stammering, gibberish. . . . Now, there is evidently much to be said about soap." (Dunlop's translation was first published in Great Britain, in 1969. The original French text, *Le Savon*, debuted in 1967.)

5 Mary Heilmann (*Pat Hearn Gallery, New York*) It has been a good year for painting, and Heilmann's are among my favorite examples: bright, spot-on, buoyant perfection, an antidote to winter. Sometimes I have heard pretty art tautologically damned as "too aesthetic." Heilmann, to her everlasting credit, is not afraid of being aesthetic. I am especially fond of those paintings (*Mint, Slice, AEI, Jellyfish*) in which she indulges the eye with green, summoning thoughts of Aquafresh, ice cream, and Miami. Her palette demands bonhomie, as if archly legislating it.

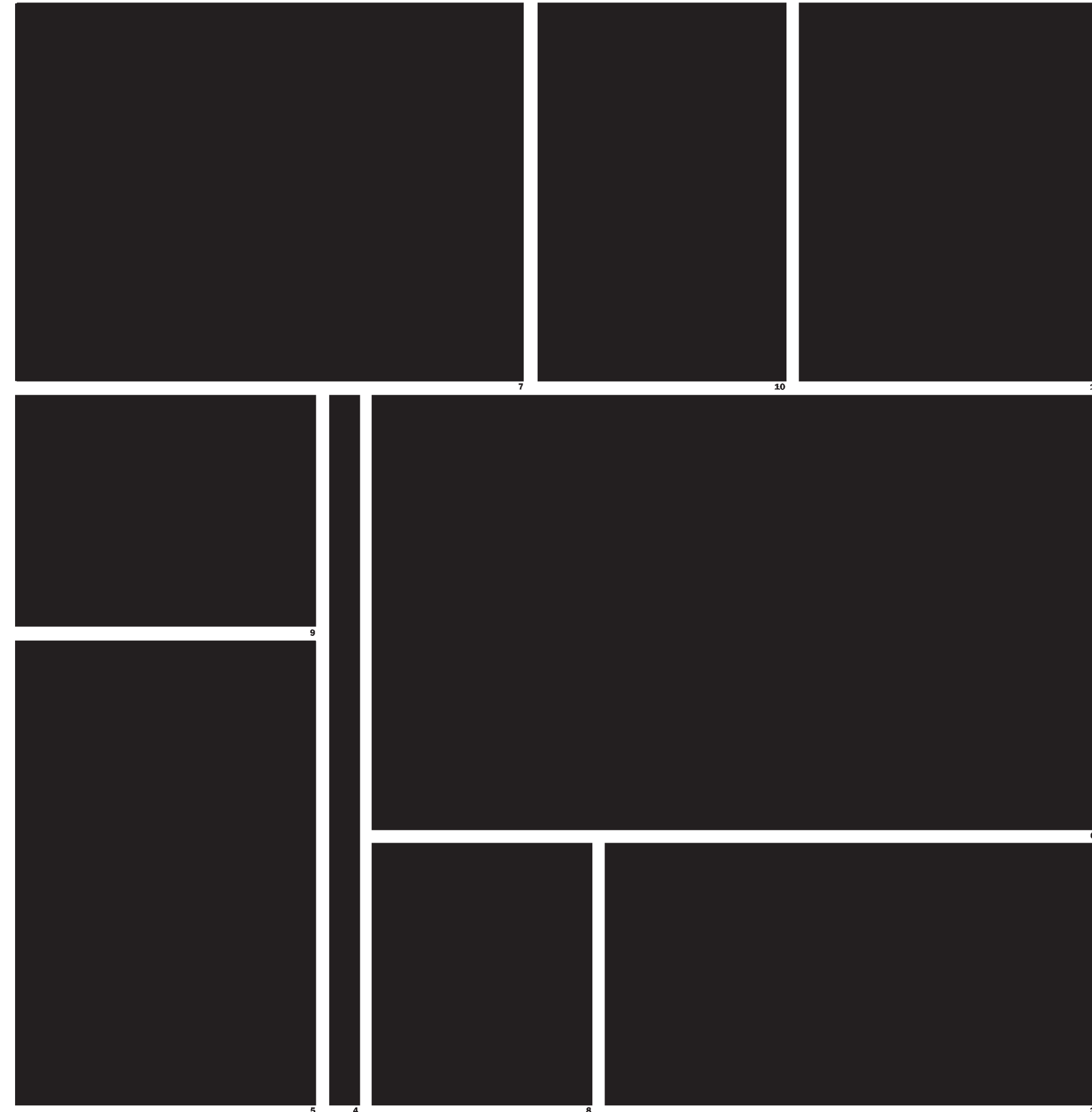
6 Charles Ray (*Whitney Museum of American Art; organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles*) There is pleasure to be found in looking at deadened inanimate individuals who possess a secret liveliness. I was especially grateful for the self-replicating orgy (*Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . .*), for the video fashion show (a sequence of ingeniously dreary outfits), and for the sculpture of the surreally tall woman. Estranging, to watch museumgoers watching mannequins.

7 Claude Wampler (*Postmasters Gallery, New York*) Wampler's exemplary, pincer-fine abjections bring pain, laughter, and shock—especially her *Jumbo Shrimp* video installation, in which the performance artist delivers a monologue in the persona of "Mother," wearing a neck cast. She is ranting, she is monotonous, and she is familiar.

8 Amy Sillman (*Casey Kaplan, New York*) Of her paintings, which are winsome and elegant partly because they don't seem to value elegance (while entirely prizing color and digression), The artist writes: "I have an eye for the beauty of ugliness, awkwardness, isolation. Like a fatso, my paintings are built for comfort, not for speed." In *Miniature Illinois*, a square patch of orange on the horizon, like a medicinal poultice gives the viewer a happy sense that a clean, nifty mistake has been made, and followed through not rejected or corrected. In *Blizzard 2-14*, a black oval over a confused person's buttocks is neither spanking nor seat, but simply a decorous subpoena, a pleasant diversion from the horizontal, the vertical, and the rectangular.

9 Mike Bidlo (*Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York*) The diary of a perverse quest: hundreds of drawings of urinals, ostensibly Duchamp's fountain, on telephone book pages and other scraps. A visual essay on the different weights and textures and affordances of paper, Bidlo's installation is oddly Kusama-like in its serial tirelessness, its hunger for increment: a slow, extended, ecstatic homage to nearly nothing. Why move on from illuminations that haven't yet been understood? Like a litany of polka dots, the instances of fountain repeat their muted message.

10 Joan Mitchell/John Chamberlain (*Cheim & Read, New York*) This revelatory juxtaposition of lyrical paintings and smashed-car sculptures reminds me that the poetics of accident are not yet exhausted, and that artists and critics should never hesitate to place, next to each other, concepts or images that don't quite seem to match. The most farfetched comparisons are often the most illuminating. □



Robert Rosenblum

Robert Rosenblum, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is professor of fine arts at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **3. Mark Rothko, *Untitled*, 1969**, acrylic on paper mounted on canvas, 54 x 42½". **5. Mariko Mori, *Burning Desire*, 1998**, glass with photo interlayer, 5 panels, 120 x 240 x ¾" (total). Edition of three. **9. Charles Ray, *Unpainted Sculpture*, 1997**, fiberglass and paint, 60" x 78" x 14' 3". Installation view. Edition of two. **7. Mike Bidlo, *Fountain Drawings*, 1997**, mixed media on varying supports, dimensions variable. Installation view. **4. Edward Burne-Jones, *The Trees of Forgiveness*, 1881–82**, oil on canvas, 75 x 42". **2. Chaim Soutine, *Hen and Tomatoes*, ca. 1924**, oil on canvas, 36¼ x 17¼". **1. Pierre Bonnard, *The Boxer (Self-Portrait)*, 1931**, oil on canvas, 21¼ x 29¼". **8. Vanessa Beecroft, *Show*, 1998**, twenty models costumed by Tom Ford for Gucci. Performance view. Photo: Annika Larssen.

1 Pierre Bonnard (*Museum of Modern Art, New York; co-organized by the Tate Gallery, London*) The delicious paradox in the title of Richard Howard’s poem “Bonnard: A Novel” has finally come into focus. I had always thought this out-of-sync master made French confections too pretty and boneless for the tough narrative of twentieth-century art. How his plot has suddenly thickened! The cloistered, fragrant mysteries of the artist’s private world, with its hide-and-peek muses, now evoke the eeriness of Hitchcock. And these autobiographical ghosts finally stare at us head-on in a heartbreaking group of late self-portraits that rival even Munch’s and Picasso’s ultimate mirror revelations.

2 Chaim Soutine (*Jewish Museum, New York*) Thanks to the rejuvenating curatorial views of Norman Kleeblatt and Kenneth Silver, who presented both Soutine, upholder of the Louvre’s traditions, and Soutine, Saint John in the AbEx wilderness, I was unexpectedly awakened by this major-minor artist who looked in so many directions and who seems at once so crazy and so sane. At the core of this fresh attraction to what Simon Schama unforgettably dubbed “gastric expressionism” may be Soutine’s volcano of gutsy pigment, which can instantly satisfy any current nostalgia for the flesh and juice of oil paint. This old-master turbulence has returned at just the right moment.

3 Mark Rothko (*National Gallery, Washington, DC*) Having lived for decades with my own ruminations about this myth-prone genius, I was afraid that it might be time to wake up and just see pretty pictures instead of mystical omens. But, to my astonishment, this retrospective rekindled ancient faith. The best of these gorgeous canvases can still make you stand at the brink of who knows what and force you to reach for such embarrassing words as “beauty” and “nothingness.”

4 Edward Burne-Jones (*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*) Preferring the insanely sharp-focus vision of the first generation of Pre-Raphaelites, I tended to ignore the later,

more wishy-washy mutations of this breed. But “Burne-Jones: Victorian Artist-Dreamer” turned out to be bigger than life, a veritable theme park of Arthurian magic and languid sexuality, a floor-to-ceiling environment that immerses you in everything from stained glass to a hand-painted grand piano. The late canvases are marvels of Symbolist somnolence that can take you to murky places you’ve never been before.

5 Mariko Mori (*Serpentine Gallery, London*) Speaking of theme parks, Mariko Mori’s might have floated down into Hyde Park from some alien planet that fused the populist high-tech seduction of Disney with the most exquisite refinements of Japan. A self-created goddess in ever-changing guises—holograms, 3-D movies, *son et lumière*—she has materialized an immaterial universe, whose twinkling enchantment wafts us to both a fairy-tale past and a sci-fi future.

6 Gilbert & George (*Musée d’Art Moderne, Paris*) Gilbert & George’s utopian ambition of bringing art to the people may have been nearly as successful as Van Gogh’s. In Paris, huge crowds, especially the younger generations, swarmed around three decades of the duo’s ever-expanding universe. From small black-and-white photos of dreary, walled-up East End private life to Full Monty performances of billboard dimensions, this London-based Virgil and Dante go on inventing new heavens and hells that rush us from here to eternity. I never stop marveling at the private rigor and public accessibility of their twinned dreams and nightmares.

7 Mike Bidlo (*Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York*) Obsession to the nth degree is what we’ve come to expect from Bidlo’s worshipfully exact replications of everything from *Guernica* to Warhol’s Bonwit Teller windows, but this show ups the ante. As a Sorcerer’s Apprentice to Duchamp, Bidlo has made a seemingly infinite number, not of porcelain urinals, but of freehand variations on that sacred icon of modern art, each one miraculously different from its neighbor and from its mythmaking source. Can there be this many votive candles?

8 Vanessa Beecroft: *Show* (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York*) “Post-human,” the ever-more topical category Jeffrey Deitch defined in his 1992 exhibition, had a spectacular new entry in this one-night performance that now seems more dream than reality. A weird marriage of the naked and the clothed, the body and its double, these twenty immaculate clones of the ideal female created a mirage that hovered somewhere between the Rockettes and a fashion-world *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. I will never forget how ravishing and creepy it all was, and how emphatically it did and didn’t answer the nagging question of what both real women and department-store dummies might look like stripped of their Gucci wardrobes.

9 Charles Ray (*Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles*) As for Ray, long a member of the post-human gang this retrospective gave me a fuller sense of his embalmed universe, where we can no longer distinguish between glass eyes and real pubic hair, giants and midgets, life and death. That towering, dressed-for-success businesswoman still hovers over me, and that once-real automobile crash is still a gray ghost in a much spookier car cemetery than those of Arman and Chamberlain.

10 “Picasso and Photography: The Dark Mirror” (*Museum of Fine Arts, Houston*) Almost every year, Picasso has to be reconstructed as an even more complex artist than the one we thought we knew. Synthesizing a series of exhibitions at the Musée Picasso, Paris, Anne Baldassari has shuffled a whole new deck of Picasso cards, this time photographs. They include the master’s own magpie collection, ranging from ethnography to kitsch; snapshots-landscapes, portraits, still lifes—that he took himself; and both mysterious and jokey hand-made emendations to everything from news photos to *Vogue* fashion plates. After rummaging through this attic, we end up with countless fresh images that can even cast new light on the *Demoiselles d’Avignon* and *Girl Before a Mirror*. Like Satan, Picasso never sleeps. □

A.M. Homes

A.M. Homes is a New York-based novelist and contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*, covering the arts. Her new novel, *Music for Torching*, is forthcoming from Rob Weisbach Books this May.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **3. Wooster Group production of Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, directed by Elizabeth LeCompte, 1998.**

Performance view. Brutus Jones (Kate Valk). Photo: Mary Gearhart. **1. Carroll Dunham, *Wanderer*, 1997,** mixed media on linen, 62 x 49". **5. Vanessa Beecroft, *Show*, 1998,** twenty models costumed by Tom Ford for Gucci. Performance view. Photo: Vanessa Beecroft.

10. Monica Lewinsky. Photo: Herb Ritts, for *Vanity Fair*. **2. Rachel Whiteread, *Water Tower*, 1998,** resin cast of the interior of a wooden water tank, height 11' 2" diameter 8'.

Installation view, West Broadway at Grand Street, Manhattan. Photo: Marian Harders/ Public Art Fund. **9. William Kentridge, *Untitled*, 1996,** charcoal and pastel on paper, ca. 27 $\frac{1}{16}$ x 47 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". From the "History of the Main Complaint" series.

7. Peter Garfield, *Mobile Home (Trespass)*, 1997, color photograph, 40 x 30". Edition of eight. **6. The impotence pill *Vlagra* by Pfizer.** Photo: Ira Wyman/ Sygma. **8. Alexander Calder, *Little Spider*, ca. 1940,** sheet metal, wire, and paint, 55 x 50".

1 Carroll Dunham (*Metro Pictures*)

Painting's Best Boy celebrates confusion and conflict, psychosocial eruption, and the joys of aggression. Urgent and thoroughly rehearsed, this nine-canvas solo (which opened just after last year's Top 100 went to press) was the breakthrough moment this artist's rooting section had been waiting for. Dunham's monstrous masculine creatures—exuding protrusions, poking and squirting at each other in slapstick combat—become hieroglyphic symbols in this cartoon-colored psychic romp. Playful, unfettered, and damn well painted too.

2 Rachel Whiteread, *Water Tower*

(*New York*) A ghost on the horizon: At twilight the tower is purple, the translucent cast resin pulling in light, holding the remnants of the day; when the sun is high it vanishes, evaporating into the skyline. An echo, a memory—here and gone. The house knocked down . . . the Holocaust memorial not built . . .

3 The Wooster Group's Kate Valk

(in *House/Lights* and *The Emperor Jones*) A fearless actress. Her command of the dramatic gesture, her control of vocal intonation combined with surprising outbursts of sound and motion, and the speed with which she shifts mood and character astound. In each production Valk mutates, shifting, remaking herself. You have no idea who she really is, except that each time you see her it's like a minor miracle. How does she do that?

4 Richard Yates

He's hard to find these days. Try used-book stores, rare book rooms, the local library. A cult figure once again on the rise, Yates (who died in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1992) is as current—or more so—than today's paper. *Revolutionary Road*, his infamous tome (originally published in 1961 and reissued by Vintage in 1989) defines the suburban novel: marriage, family, frustration, failure. Other titles: *The Easter Parade* (1976) and *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (1962). Yates's prose is cuttngly clear, heartbreakingly accurate. My favorite,

Disturbing the Peace (1975), is an almost unbearably intense account of a man unraveling.

Listen in on John Wilder, American Dream on a bender, calling his wife from a phone booth, telling her that he can't come home:

"Why?" she said.

"Jesus. Hundreds of reasons. More reasons than I could possibly begin to—possibly begin to enumerate. One thing, I forgot to get a present for Tommy."

"Oh John, that's absurd. He's ten now; he doesn't expect a present every time you—"

"Okay, here's another thing. There was a girl in Chicago, little PR girl for one of those distilleries. I screwed her five times in the Palmer House. Whaddya think of that?"

It goes on . . .

"John, I'm not listening to any more of this. Tell me why you can't come home."

"You really want to know, sweetheart? Because I'm afraid that I might kill you, that's why. Both of you."

5 Vanessa Beecroft, *Show* (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum*)

The Stepford Wives stripped bare for one night only. Beige body makeup blanched the seminude models' skin an even tone. "One of the best haircutters in the city was called in to do the pubic hair," someone leaned over and whispered in my ear. A chill traveled down my spine. Was it the hot breath in my ear or the shimmer of Gucci glitter?

6 Viagra

Hard candy.

7 Peter Garfield, *Harsh Realty*

(*self-published*) Auntie Em, Uncle Henry, "How do you make those houses fly?" Domestic domiciles sail through the air, a mobile home crashes to earth, falling past power lines, splitting open like an English muffin. In "Split Level, Babylon, New York," the house goes to pieces in midflight. The catalogue features photographs—proof in pictures—of, for example, a helicopter lifting the house off the ground, while the artist and his team in hard hats stand by, conferring. The best part is that none of it is real—it's all a fake: There is no house, there is no home.

8 "Alexander Calder, 1898–1976"

(*National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC*) This show brought me back to the museum of my childhood. Calder's kinetic compositions move like a well-choreographed dance, with the precision and delicacy of musical notes. The works are amalgams of high-modern intelligence and Yankee ingenuity—the man *invented* the mobile for God's sake!

9 William Kentridge

His "drawings for projection" have been sprinkled across the globe this year like little video bread crumbs. Follow the trail to . . . Barbara Gladstone, the Drawing Center—San Diego, Brussels, Munich, São Paulo, Tokyo. Kentridge was everywhere, his videos glowing bluish-black-and-white, lingering in the odd corners of galleries, between hushed white walls. Animated on video, his drawing appears and disappears, creating wry and disturbing narratives—anxious, fragmented, hallucinatory. One almost hears the scrape of the charcoal across the paper, the eraser pulling at the page, the struggle, internal wrestling. For Kentridge, the personal is political. These are the only art videos I can sit through from beginning to end and then watch again. Top pick: *History of the Main Complaint*.

10 Monica Lewinsky

Like it or not, 1998 was Monica's year. As our unofficial Miss America, she gave a demented face to our United State of embarrassment. My gut votes: Try her as a public nuisance and sentence her to two years of community service—giving blow jobs at Sing Sing. My conscience chimes in: You're demonizing the symptom instead of the scourge. So on second thought, let's send Starr and the rest of the perverted lot up the river instead. □

Mayer Rus

Mayer Rus is the editor in chief of *Interior Design* magazine.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Interior of the Betty Parsons studio designed by Tony Smith, Southold, New York, completed 1960.** Photo: Jon Naar. **5. Paul Verhoeven, *Starship Troopers*, 1997,** still from a color film in 35 mm, 129 minutes. Johnny Rico (Casper Van Dien). Photo: Photofest. **6. Madonna, still from *Ray of Light*, 1998,** a color video by Jonas Akerlund, 5 minutes 4 seconds. Photo: Frank Micoletta. **9. Paul Rudolph's apartment,** Beekman Place, New York. Photo: Peter Aaron/Esto. **7. Hermann Nitsch, *4th Action*, 1963,** photodocumentation of a performance. Photo: Ludwig Hoffenreich. **10. Jil Sander headquarters, Hamburg.** Photo: Paul Warchol. **1. *Oz*, 1998,** stills from a TV show on HBO. Left to right: Vern Schillinger (J.K. Simmons) and Peter Schibetta (Eddie Malavarca). Photo: Eric Liebowitz/HBO. **8. Jane Kaplowitz, *Taxi Driver #1*, 1998,** oil stick and pencil on acrylic on paper, 50 x 38". **3. Memorial to the late Princess Diana and Dodi al Fayed (detail),** displayed in the Egyptian Hall of London's Harrods department store. Photo: Adam Butler/AP.

1 *Oz* (HBO) Home Box Office's determinedly transgressive series about prison life revels in the naughty bits they can't show on network television: graphic violence, rampant drug abuse, and male frontal nudity. With homoerotic tension to burn, *Oz* serves up a weekly prison-porn fantasia curiously packaged in an otherwise conventional hour-long-television-drama format. Sort of like *Eight Is Enough* with anal penetration. As the crusty but benign social worker Sister Peter Marie, Rita Moreno makes the whole thing fly.

2 **Tony Smith** (*Museum of Modern Art, New York*) There was much to love in the Tony Smith show at MOMA, the artist's first comprehensive retrospective at a major US institution—especially the massive, geometric sculptures with hippy-dippy names like *Moondog* and *Free Ride*. But the real revelation of the show was its architectural component, curated by John Keenen. Like his artwork, Smith's architectural projects—whether built or unrealized—resist categorization. They seem to synthesize the organic forms of Frank Lloyd Wright (for whom Smith worked in the late '30s) and the rigorous, abstract principles of European modernism. Smith's work as an architect, which spanned twenty-three years, has rarely been accorded the serious consideration it received at MOMA.

3 **The Dodi and Diana Memorial at Harrods** A spectacularly vulgar, baroque confection installed in the London department store owned by Dodi al Fayed's father. I searched desperately, but without success, for a crash-themed souvenir boutique or photo booth.

4 **Pharmaceutical Advertising on Television** For reasons unknown to me, ads for prescription medications didn't appear on television until recently. Now, TV is awash in pitches for drugs that treat every conceivable human ailment, including a host of tawdry "social diseases." Because corporate drug pushers are legally required to disclose their products' potential side effects, the ads' aggressively upbeat images of people living without fear of allergy attacks or inopportune herpes outbreaks are accompanied by voice-overs that cheerfully

acknowledge the headaches, nausea, paralysis, and seizures that users of a given medication may suffer. An advertisement for a new antibalding pill warns pregnant women not to handle broken tablets due to "risk of a certain birth defect." That certainly aroused my curiosity.

5 ***Starship Troopers*** (*dir. Paul Verhoeven*) This lurid, mesmerizing sci-fi spectacle envisions a future in which nubile warriors with abs of steel must save the world from malevolent superbugs that colonize the galaxy by hurling their spores into space. When our heroes (all of whom seem to be alumni of the Darren Star Academy) attempt to invade the insects' home planet of Klendathu, the nasty critters respond by farting deadly streams of plasma at the approaching warships. The breathtaking battle scenes are worthy of Cecil B. DeMille, or perhaps Russ Meyer. Best Supporting Actress honors go to Rue McClanahan for her work as a renowned entomologist tarted up as if she were a refugee from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

6 **Madonna, *Ray of Light*** (*Maverick*) The Immaterial Girl's got a brand new bag: She's cuckoo for cabala! Mad for mendhi! Nuts for New Age! Whatever. She still produced one of the best albums of the year. The *Koyaanisqatsi*-style video for the album's title track was a triumph—sexy, arty, hypnotizing. Madonna may have turned forty this year, but she can still kick the collective ass of all those anemic complaint-rock songbirds on MTV.

7 **"Out of Actions: Between Performance and the Object, 1949–1979"** (*The Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles*) This ambitious, provocative survey of performance art and related forms shed much-needed light on its relatively obscure subject, overcoming the formidable challenges posed by the work's ephemeral nature. I was riveted by the sheer insanity and desperate avant-gardism of many of the projects. Consider the gory antics of the Vienna Aktionismus. I love the story of Rudolf Schwarzkogler dying as a result of cutting off his own *membrum virile* in a performance—even if it is a myth. And I was particu-

larly fascinated by the work of radical Japanese artists who, with the exception of Yayoi Kusama, were entirely unknown to me.

8 **Jane Kaplowitz** (*Curt Marcus Gallery, New York*) Insanity and violence: two great tastes that taste great together. In her show of enormous murals and drawings based on film stills from *Taxi Driver*, Jane Kaplowitz restored a visceral sense of creepiness to iconic images emasculated by overexposure. Kaplowitz laid claim to those familiar stills, transforming them fundamentally as personal studies in watercolor, acrylic, pencil, and oil stick. The psychological complexities of her subject were amplified into a dizzying (and seductive) kaleidoscope of madness, obsession, and rage.

9 **Paul Rudolph's Manhattan Penthouse** Following Rudolph's death last year, a campaign was launched to preserve his three-story apartment on Beekman Place, a marvel of architectural bravado and dazzling eccentricity. The penthouse's vertiginous composition recalls the Art and Architecture building at Yale—his best-known work—but here the material of choice is not brutal concrete but thick slabs of clear acrylic. Rudolph, a former marine who sported a military-style brush cut, clearly had a taste for the louche. Among the penthouse's more idiosyncratic features are its infamous peep-show shower stalls and a transparent acrylic hot tub that provides a vista of bathing booties to people standing on the level below.

10 **Jil Sander's Final Solution** The celebrated fashion designer has established company offices in a nineteenth-century German Neoclassical villa in Hamburg brilliantly renovated by architect Michael Gabellini. It's truly stunning. Emptiness has never been so gorgeous. One problem: The building's incarnation as a temple of discipline and rigor has a spooky, Master Race vibe. Jil, if you need the number of a good *feng shui* master, give me a call. □



Ronald Jones

Ronald Jones is an artist represented in New York by Metro Pictures and Sonnabend Gallery. He is chair of the Division of Visual Arts and director of the Digital Media Center in the School of the Arts, Columbia University.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **7. Filippino Lippi, *Man Turned to the Right and Holding a Staff***, metalpoint, heightened with white gouache on pale pink paper, 7 1/2 x 4 1/2". **3. Victor Hugo, *Octopus with the Initials VH***, ca. 1866, pen, brush, ink, and wash on paper, 14 x 10 1/2". **2. Philip Glass and Robert Wilson, *Monsters of Grace***, 1998, still from a color film in 70 mm, 68 minutes.

Visual realization and computer animation by Kleiser-Walczak Construction Co.

10. Lisa Yuskavage, *Foodeating Hardplace*, 1996, oil on linen, 42 x 36".

5. Nell LaBute, *Your Friends & Neighbors*, 1998, still from a color film in 35 mm, 100 minutes. Left to right:

Mary (Amy Brenneman), Cheri (Nastassja Kinski), and Terri (Catherine Keener).

1. Robert Gober, *Untitled (detail)*, 1995–97, mixed media, dimensions variable. Photo: Russell Kaye.

8. Jason Dodge, *Storage*, 1997–98, mixed media, 33 x 43 1/2 x 22". **9. Egon Schiele, *Black-Haired Girl with Raised Skirt***, 1911,

gouache, watercolor, and pencil on paper, 22 x 14 1/4".

6. Instant City in a Field, model based on a 1968 drawing by Peter Cook, Archigram, 1993.

1 Robert Gober (*Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles*) With this exhibition, which ended just as the year was beginning, Gober's visual poetry achieved a depth rare for any artist. He has joined the company of Philip Guston, Louise Bourgeois, Samuel Beckett, Jasper Johns, and very few others who successfully navigated the passage to consummate creative maturity. Gober's new work should be savored and doted on. In this Marian-heresy-as-installation, he refigures the iconography of father and son and the womb of the Blessed Virgin in a way that deftly eviscerates "faith" and "innocence."

2 Monsters of Grace, Philip Glass and Robert Wilson (*Brooklyn Academy of Music*) As BAM's producing director, Joseph Melillo, formulates the creative direction that will carry this indispensable institution into the next century, *Monsters of Grace* provides a moment to remember how and where that future began. Since *Einstein on the Beach* (two decades ago), Glass and Wilson have been out in front of the fusion of the visual and performing arts. And while *Monsters* cannot become the watershed that *Einstein* was—history won't allow it—Glass and Wilson continue to weave the diverse threads of visual and performance culture into a seamless fabric.

3 "The Drawings of Victor Hugo" (*The Drawing Center, New York*) Hugo kept these drawings to himself, never exhibiting them in his lifetime. And that is fitting, insofar as the cultural register that produced *Les Misérables* could not have made much of this body of work. One hundred and forty years later we can sift out of this material Hugo's various prefigurations of Symbolism, Expressionism, and Surrealism.

4 Daniel Libeskind, The Jewish Museum, Berlin Though the museum won't be open to the public until fall 1999, I can't help singling out this yet-to-be-completed building as a high point of my year. Libeskind's gift is alchemy: Implausibly blurring monument, sculpture, and architecture, he has literally woven the museum into Berlin's ominous urban history. Incised walls frame a view of the Goethe monument in the

Tiergarten or point toward the Wannsee villa where the Final Solution was formulated in 1942. The museum is faithfully fixed on the history of the Holocaust, yet in the end the "irrepresentability" of this subject overtakes the "site-specific" and renders an overall effect.

5 Your Friends & Neighbors (*dir. Neil LaBute*) LaBute's serving of raw social behavior on the half shell is an unblinking, nearly anthropological inspection of modern intimacy. Social politics as a contact sport—it's why I live in New York.

6 "Archigram: Experimental Architecture, 1961–1974" (*Thread Waxing Space*) If you subscribe to *Wallpaper**, as I do, then you have finally caught up with Archigram's irresistible embrace of consumer culture. Once thought of as droll architects, they nursed a suave intuition that desire, technology, media, infrastructure, and mass culture would eventually meld. And they did. The Archigram cadre have come back into focus as futuristic visionaries predicting a strain of the "archidigital fusion" now practiced by Rem Koolhaas and a minority of his equals.

7 "The Drawings of Filippino Lippi and His Circle" (*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*) These sanguine and graceful drawings from the hand of the painter well known for his fluent treatment of bizarre, frightening, and sensational episodes from the lives of saints are extraordinary in their number and exquisite draftsmanship. Here, context made the show. Lippi's drawings were surrounded by related works from peers and precursors, including Filippino's father, Fra Filippo Lippi, and Sandro Botticelli, whose influence on Filippino, was perhaps even greater.

8 Jason Dodge, "Helsinki" (*Casey Kaplan, New York*) Jason Dodge possesses an extremely light touch considering the stately and sterile effects of his raw, exaggerated iconography. In *Storage*, 1997–98, for example, pure, uncut style becomes content. Lufthansa orange, Alvar Aalto's bent-birch style, and reference to the new Finnish design collective Snowcrash are all brought into the mix, producing something that lends new meaning to "saturation overdose." Art history and the history of design will of course be helpful as one wades into Dodge's work, but don't miss his nods to Kubrick, Nabokov, and Vonnegut.

9 "Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna" (*Museum of Modern Art, New York*) As we know, Schiele's jubilation in subjects pubescent and female was total. And while unblinking vulvas promised to be the centerpiece of the show, they were eclipsed by racism, politics, and restitution. (Apparently some of these works found their way into the Leopold Collection along paths ugly and irredeemable.) In and of itself the exhibition was exceptional, beyond plush, forceful, and often lyrical, but this I willingly sacrifice to a lesson yet to be learned in many quarters of the art world: As Edward Teller, the architect of the H-bomb, put it, "There is no case where ignorance should be preferred to knowledge, especially if the knowledge is terrible."

10 "Pop Surrealism" (*Aldrich Museum of Contemporary Art, Ridgefield, Connecticut*) This survey came not a minute too soon; the younger artists included have reached critical mass. And while the title "Pop Surrealism" may provide too tight a grip, the exhibition does map out much of the art world's current terrain. The artistic alloy of dreams, advertising, underground comics, film, TV, and the grotesque takes this exhibition beyond a sophomoric recitation of high and low influences. A full-fledged hybrid, a third, self-ruling enterprise comes into light when you see works by Richard Artschwager, Peter Saul, Lari Pittman, and Cindy Sherman next to pieces by Tony Matelli, Lisa Yuskavage, Bonnie Collura, and Anna Gaskell. □

Thomas Frank

Thomas Frank is editor of *The Baffler* and a frequent contributor to *Artforum*. His most recent book is *The Conquest of Cool* (University of Chicago Press, 1997).

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **7. Giralda Tower, Country Club Plaza, Kansas City, Missouri.** Photo: Joe Martin. **5. Still from a First Union Bank commercial.** **8. Top: Absinthe Suisse label.** Bottom: **Edgar Degas, L'Absinthe, 1876**, oil on canvas, 36 1/4 x 26 3/4". **3. Patricio Guzmán, The Battle of Chile, Part 2: The Coup d'État, 1976**, stills from a black-and-white documentary film in 35 mm, 91 minutes. Top: Salvador Allende. **4. Jenne Magafan, Cowboy Dance, 1941**, study for a mural: oil on fiberboard, 23 3/4 x 30 3/4". **2. Kick the Cat logo.** **1. Kawasaki Ninja ZX-7R.**

1 Kawasaki Ninja (*Le Marais, Paris*) I am pleased to announce that the lime green Ninja has now become a vehicle of archness, the transportation of hilarious choice for navigating the streets of this ground zero of hip.

2 Kick the Cat One of the less noticed aspects of the much rumored labor comeback was the inspiring endgame in the long struggle between Caterpillar and the United Auto Workers. Led by the fire-breathing writers for this Decatur, Illinois, 'zine, the rank-and-file actually rejected a contract that their union had negotiated and chose more time on the picket line over abandoning fired colleagues. What's more, their defiance worked: A month later Caterpillar agreed to a better contract. In a year that has seen so many complaints about public "cynicism," *Kick the Cat* represents the kind of cynicism we hope to see much more of.

3 The Battle of Chile (*dir. Patricio Guzmán*) It's become a commonplace in our pseudo-populist culture to celebrate "town hall meetings," "interactivity," and "participation" as the ne plus ultra of democratic enlightenment. Most such talk is, of course, empty rhetoric, which is perhaps why this film, which was screened at revival and "art" houses in September, comes as such a revelation: The passion and intensity with which ordinary people are shown discussing questions of national consequence are political sensations almost unknown in the US. In fact, the movie would be the perfect subject matter for some "public journalist" looking for archetypal scenes of popular democracy to praise were it not for the fact that the Chilean democracy was overthrown by a military junta that, with the not-so-tacit support of many of the newspaper columnists who now pine plaintively for "popular democracy," quickly embarked on a course of massacre and assassination. That twenty-fifth-anniversary payback sure would have been nice . . .

4 "Our Town: Post Office Murals of the New Deal Era" (*Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC*) One of these days we'll at last grow tired of convicting the avant-gardes of the '30s on trumped-up aesthetic charges invented in the red-hysterical '50s. When we do, exhibitions like this one, of the murals that still dot post offices throughout the small-town Midwest, might be better appreciated.

5 First Union Television Commercial First Union is only the most prominent of the financial institutions that have rushed to the airwaves in response to recent, um, unease. This commercial, reminiscent of Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*, all but admits that the financial world is a nightmarish carnival of thievery, and invents an evocative set of images to boot: A man's porcelain head breaks on the ground; giant coins and '59 Cadillacs roll by; men in frock coats ride merry-go-rounds or walk around with "Acquire me" signs on their backs. "Banks and investment firms of mountainous size have ruled the land," goes the voice-over. True enough, but consumers are bound to wonder why, given such a convincing rendering of late capitalism, they would ever consider turning to *another* bank of mountainous size? Fuck First Union! Give me Eugene Debs!

6 Meredith Bagby, Rational Exuberance (*Dutton, 1998*) For encapsulating everything that's wrong about the "Gen X" idea, this one deserves a Top 10 all its own. It's hard to say what should be no. 1: Bagby's monumentally ill-informed '60s baiting? Her proud equation of media appearances by a given young person with success? Her almost complete ignorance, in a chapter about the workplace, of those who don't have white-collar jobs? Or her absolutely bizarre tendency, amid photos of nicely posed, clean-looking young millionaires, to frame all this entrepreneur worship in a language of the clear-eyed, futurific nobleness of youth that she lifts almost whole from books like *The Greening of America* and *The Making of a Counter Culture*?

7 The Avenida Kansas City (*Seville, Spain*) Natives of Kansas City will perhaps not be too surprised to discover how much of the

statuary and fountains and landmarks and bits of ornament of their City Beautiful hometown are taken from originals in Seville. They will be astonished, however, to find that Seville's tribute to its "sister city" is a street lined with bleak-looking housing projects of a kind little known back home in Missouri.

8 9 10 Lasala Brand Absinthe; Bar Glaciar; Plaça Reial (*Barcelona, Spain*) A beverage of almost fetishistic significance for the would-be flaneurs of the post-collegiate set, absinthe was this year's imaginary lifestyle accessory de rigueur: as seen in *Utne Reader, Salon, Wired*, and *P.O.V.*, and on any number of websites, all of them longing rather pathetically for the days when the old avant-garde, wild-eyed, floridly dressed, openly sexed, and endlessly thirsty for the greenish *boisson*, seemed capable of administering genuine shocks to a sober, sexless, and downright stupid bourgeoisie. The drink's scarcity/illegality transforms it into a bona fide article of cultural contestation, an early casualty of the war between we artists and those blundering boobs of the hinterland. Fittingly, absinthe is now legal in Prague, where young affluents are said to consume a laughably obvious fake, redolent of turpentine and vividly dyed. In Spain one can purchase the *vrai* stuff, but the casualness of the absinthe experience denies any of its illicit thrill. I partook in the above-mentioned café, which spills out into the above-mentioned square in Barcelona, a place of execution during the Inquisition that has now become a seedy center for lowest-grade international youth culture. I tried to summon appropriate images of my favorite Symbolists (perhaps Lasala was Rimbaud's brand?), but wound up watching a squad of German youths, drunk to pukedness, make a great display of feint-kicking each others' crotches. Unfortunately, people live in the apartments facing the Plaça Reial, and the constant circus of absinthe tipplers has of late driven them to hanging homemade exhortations to civility from their windows. One of them read: "Don't Piss, Please." Redeeming feature: Neither this nor any nearby establishments boasted pictures of Ernest Hemingway. □



Louisa Buck

Louisa Buck is a writer and broadcaster on contemporary art and a monthly columnist for *UK Esquire*. She is the author of *Moving Targets: A User's Guide to British Art Now* (Tate Gallery, 1997).

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **5. Pablo Picasso, *La Flûte de Pan* (The Pipes of Pan), 1923**, oil on canvas, ca. 80 3/8 x 68 1/2". **1. Jannis Kounellis, *Untitled*, 1991**, iron, ca. 96' 6" x 82 1/2" x 8". Installation view showing opening in floor to underground river, in "artanspennine 98," Henry Moore Studio, Dean Clough, Halifax, England. Photo: Emily Barney. **6. Bruce Nauman, *One Hundred Live and Die*, 1984**, neons, ca. 118" x 11' 1/2" x 21". **8. Esko Männikkö, *Savukoski*, 1994**, color photograph, 22 1/2 x 28". Edition of twenty. **4. Richard Billingham, *Fishtank*, 1998**, still from a color video, 45 minutes. **7. Michael Raedecker, *the approach*, 1998**, acrylic and thread on linen, 78 x 66". **10. Cathy de Monchaux, *Making a Day for the Dead Ones*, 1997**, brass, copper, leather, fossil cast, and chalk, 24 x 44 x 2". From "Wounds," Moderna Museet, Stockholm. Photo: Paulina Härleman. **2. Gavin Turk, *The Death of Marat*, 1998**, mixed media and vitrine, vitrine 78 3/4 x 98 3/4 x 67". Photo: Stephen White. **9. Chris Ofili, *Blossom*, 1997**, acrylic, oil, resin, glitter, and map pins, ca. 96 x 72".

1 Jannis Kounellis (*Henry Moore Studio, Halifax, England*) There may have been few inspired moments in "artanspennine 98"—a show of commissioned work with the grandiose goal of carving out a new cultural region stretching across the entire north of England—but Kounellis's massive iron disks, hugging the columns of a huge nineteenth-century mill complex, offered a genuinely Promethean spin on Britain's epic industrial past. The fatigue factor of the heavy-metal heritage was countered by the artist's mere gesture of exposing an element that was already present. Simply by opening up a small drain in the floor and shining a light down on the forgotten stream that had originally powered this particular Dark Satanic Mill, Kounellis destabilized and complicated the site, making the whole piece literally sing.

2 Gavin Turk (*South London Gallery*) It was a typical Turk stunt to open his much-anticipated show with everything tantalizingly hidden under Christo-esque wraps. Beneath the veil, though, the many modes of Turk confirmed that his ongoing investigation into how we want our art (and artists) to behave has lost none of its deftness and rigor—nor its ability to piss people off. The life-size wax pieces (Turk-as-Marat, Turk-as-derelect) attracted the most attention, but I lost my heart to his pair of giant white balls of chewing gum, framed by the Neoclassical roundels in the gallery wall.

3 "The Quick and the Dead: Artists and Anatomy" (*Leeds City Art Gallery, organized by the Hayward Gallery, London*) Fact and fiction, art and medicine, the exquisite and the grotesque met, mingled, and merged in this glorious bodyfest running from Leonardo, Dürer & Co. up to the most recent probings and manipulations of the human form. Cindy Sherman's prosthetic composites and Marc Quinn's molten self-portraits seemed right at home alongside earlier anatomical fantasies such as Juan de Valverde de Hamusco's sixteenth-century Roman-style tunics with their intestinal inserts, and an eighteenth-century painting of Virgin and Child, in which an open-wombed mother offers her breast to a dissected fetus.

4 Richard Billingham: *Fishtank* (*BBC 2*) Billingham's TV debut pushes you so close to his fighting, drinking, low-income family that it hurts. His photographs have always wrong-footed any neat interpretation, and now *Fishtank* uses a camcorder to up the emotional ante with an often excruciating, sometimes exquisite fusion of intimacy and objectivity. It's a strange sensation to scrutinize mother Liz as she puts on her makeup, or to be made to linger on the ravaged face and sagging throat of father Ray. But Billingham doesn't ask for your sympathy or empathy—his work is neither soap opera nor social documentary. In this film, flies on the wall tend to get swatted.

5 "Picasso: 1917–24" (*Palazzo Grassi, Venice*) So what if Picasso never made it to Venice? If the theme of the show was the impact the artist's two trips to Italy had on his work, the focus was the theater. The stagey, swanky Palazzo Grassi was the perfect venue for this frisky show heaving with commedia dell'arte. It also covered my favorite slice of his career, when the stunning line drawings and weighty Neoclassical figurative canvases were being made in tandem with audaciously playful Synthetic Cubist pieces.

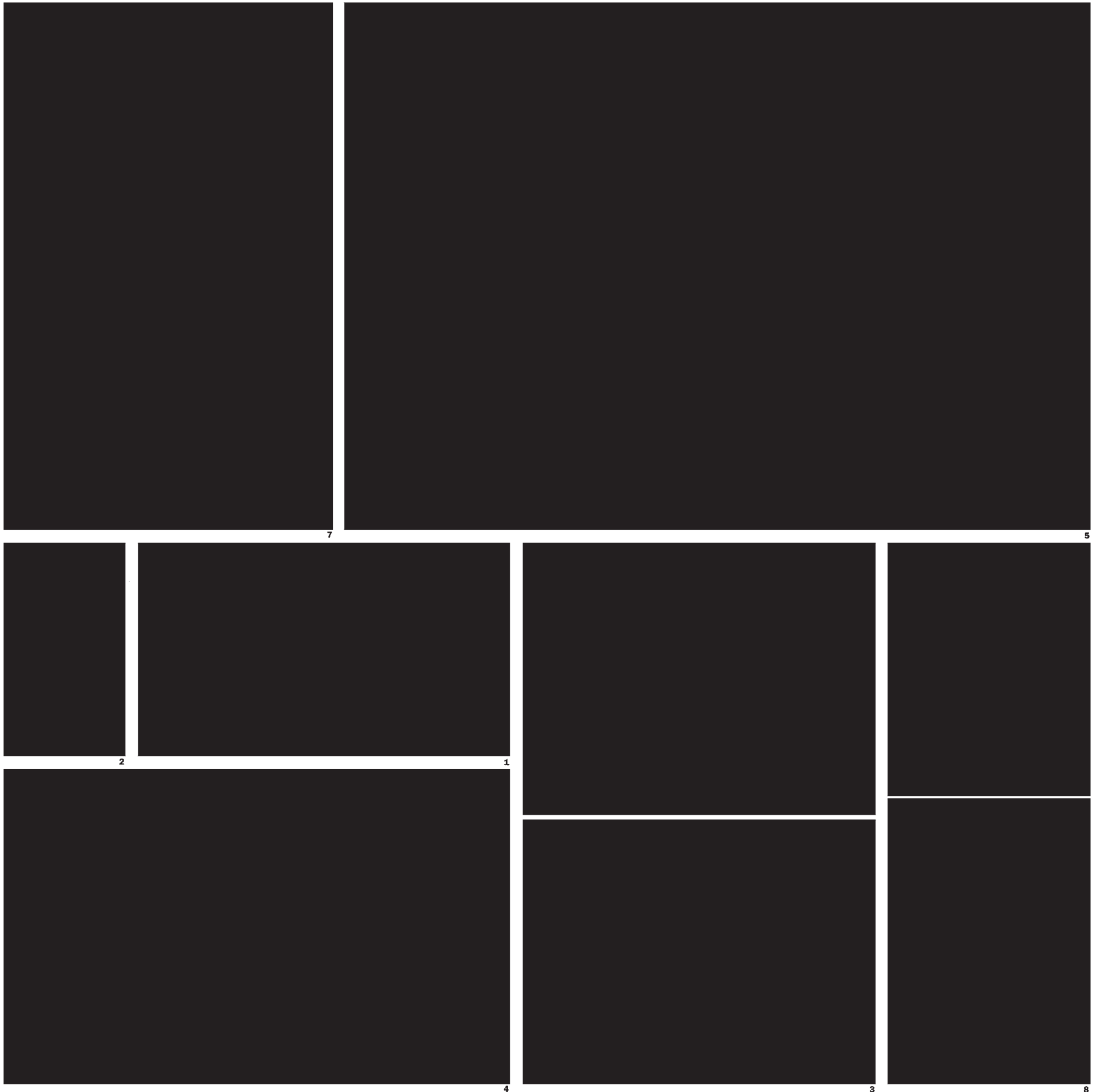
6 Bruce Nauman (*Hayward Gallery, London; organized by Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris*) The brutalist concrete interior of the Hayward provided the perfect vessel for the Maestro's mutterings, flashings, spinings, and pratfalls. Claustrophobia, paranoia, hilarity, and profundity all came together in a Dantesque experience of overwhelming intensity. Pieces more than a quarter century old in this important focus on his text and video work from the '60s to the '90s looked fresh and up-to-the-minute, and I was awestruck by the sheer scope of the man whose work has launched a thousand careers. We're reminded once again what a debt is owed Nauman by the current generation of young British artists!

7 Michael Raedecker (*The Approach, London*) Paint and thread meet to form a weird and inexplicably unpleasant chemistry in these scuzzy and unsettling canvases depicting shabby modernish houses and empty interiors. Forget craft or social commentary—these works reek of menace and the eerie sense of normality just before something really unpleasant happens. Deceptively low-key and nonchalant, they've lodged in my psyche like bad dreams that won't go away.

8 Esko Männikkö (*White Cube, London, co-organized by Serpentine Gallery, London*) Männikkö's extraordinary eye for composition makes his photographs of the men and women of northern Finland in their bleak domiciles seem like votive icons, Vermeer interiors, or still-lives by Chardin. I loved their ability to be tender and melancholy but never sentimental or contrived. Like all great art, they are both part of and beyond their time and place.

9 Chris Ofili (*Southampton City Art Gallery*) Ofili's first major solo show surpassed all expectations with a carnivalesque, eyeball-popping procession of vivid, vibrant canvases that fizzed with energy and even glowed when the lights were switched off. A quieter counterpoint to the complicated patterns, posturing superheroes, and posing pinups of his big paintings was a series of tiny, tender oils of women's heads, called "The Chosen Ones," sometimes painted on canvases no bigger than a cassette tape.

10 "Wounds" (*Moderna Museet, Stockholm*) If there was no real coherent theme, "Wounds" was largely redeemed by its outstanding parts. Cathy de Monchaux's somber slabs of floor-bound lead and spiky metal-and-leather spines animated their space with all the intensity of a force field. Juan Muñoz's figures hovered between the painful and the sublime, and Willie Doherty's glowering Northern Ireland landscape photographs were especially effect in their oscillation between a sense of surveying and being surveyed when installed inside the small cells of the naval prison building adjacent to the Moderna. □



Diedrich Diederichsen

Diedrich Diederichsen is publisher of *Spex* magazine in Cologne. He is the editor, most recently, of *Loving the Alien: Science Fiction, Diaspora, Multikultur* (Berlin: ID Verlag, 1998) and the author of the forthcoming *Der lange Weg nach Mitte: Der Sound und die Stadt* (Cologne: Kiepenheuer & Witsch), due out in February.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Brian De Palma, *Snake Eyes*, 1998**, production still from a color film in 35 mm, 99 minutes. Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage). Photo: Attila Dory. **9. "Baustop.randstadt," 1998**. Installation view, NGBK, Berlin. Photo: Katja Eydel. **10. CD cover of *Nothing Ever Was, Anyway: Music of Annette Peacock*, 1998**. **8. Jörg Schlick. 5. "Isa Genzken: New Works," 1998**. Installation view, Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Cologne. Photo: Lothar Schnepf. **6. Tony Oxley**. Photo: Franz-Heinrich Busch. **4. King Britt**. Photo: Katrin Thomas.

1 Doctor L, *Exploring the Inside World* (*Barclay/Polygram*) Every important development in pop music over the last two years has come out of France. Daft Punk took funk's thirty-year-old tradition of the endless groove and branded it with microchip-size beats sequenced in a new house style. Air proved that the industrial production of atmosphere can be doubly negated—the pastoral becoming pastoral again. Now there's Doctor L: above all, trip soul in a generous, modernized, psychedelic Norman Whitfield tradition. Everything but the vocals is sampled, yet the musical codes from three decades of club and street music aren't so much cited as laid down like ciphers for states of mind. Doctor L's unconscious is structured less like a language than like a block party turned nasty.

2 Snake Eyes (*dir. Brian De Palma*) A flop in the States—because folks didn't like the story! Have Americans not yet learned what the director's films are all about? *Snake Eyes* is signature De Palma: the most interesting cinematic treatment of architectural space in the business, something Frederic Jameson and Mark Wigley might have come up with over the phone; a vision of psychic extremes that makes Alfred Hitchcock look like a cool clinician; what seems to be the longest shot in film history. And at last Nicolas Cage looks like himself again. Up there with the director's other masterworks: *The Fury*, *Body Double*, *Carlito's Way*, and *Raising Cain*.

3 "Junge Szene 1998" (*Wiener Secession, Vienna*) While Europe is subjected to endless rounds of club-scene and ambient art, and gruesome group shows like the Berlin Biennale force us to choke down more pop cuteness for the sake of cuteness, curator Kathrin Rhomberg succeeded with many of the same artists—like John Bock and his obsessive cages and treehouses-*cum*-architectural-critique. In this veritable Kinderdocumenta (installed in a relatively small space), the various positions remain distinct and discernible and get a chance to speak in ways that have resonance.

4 King Britt Presents Sylk 130, *Where the Funk Hits the Fan* (*Columbia/Sony*) If you can't live without the voice of poet Ursula Rucker, you're better served by King Britt's release than by the slightly disappointing 4 Hero double CD (even if we can be thankful for the Alice Coltrane revival it unleashed!). In addition to her "womanist" poetry, King Britt's radio-play staging of a black adolescence in the '70s offers much more: a winged passage through utterly heterogeneous social spaces (the streets, clubs, political organizations, concerts, kitchens, kids' rooms), the music of which is not only fabulously reconstructed but invented anew for the most accurate account of an *education sentimental* on record since A Tribe Called Quest and Van Dyke Parks's version of Randy Newman's "Vine Street."

5 Isa Genzken (*Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Cologne*) When all the Cologne galleries hold their openings on the same evening and we inhabitants have the joy of escorting out-of-town guests through the city so that they can take in nine or ten in two hours, I always make the *Simpsons* wager: Will a single exhibition manage to challenge, in artistic terms, the episode of said show broadcast on the same evening? Homer usually wins. But this time Isa Genzken made a loser out of me.

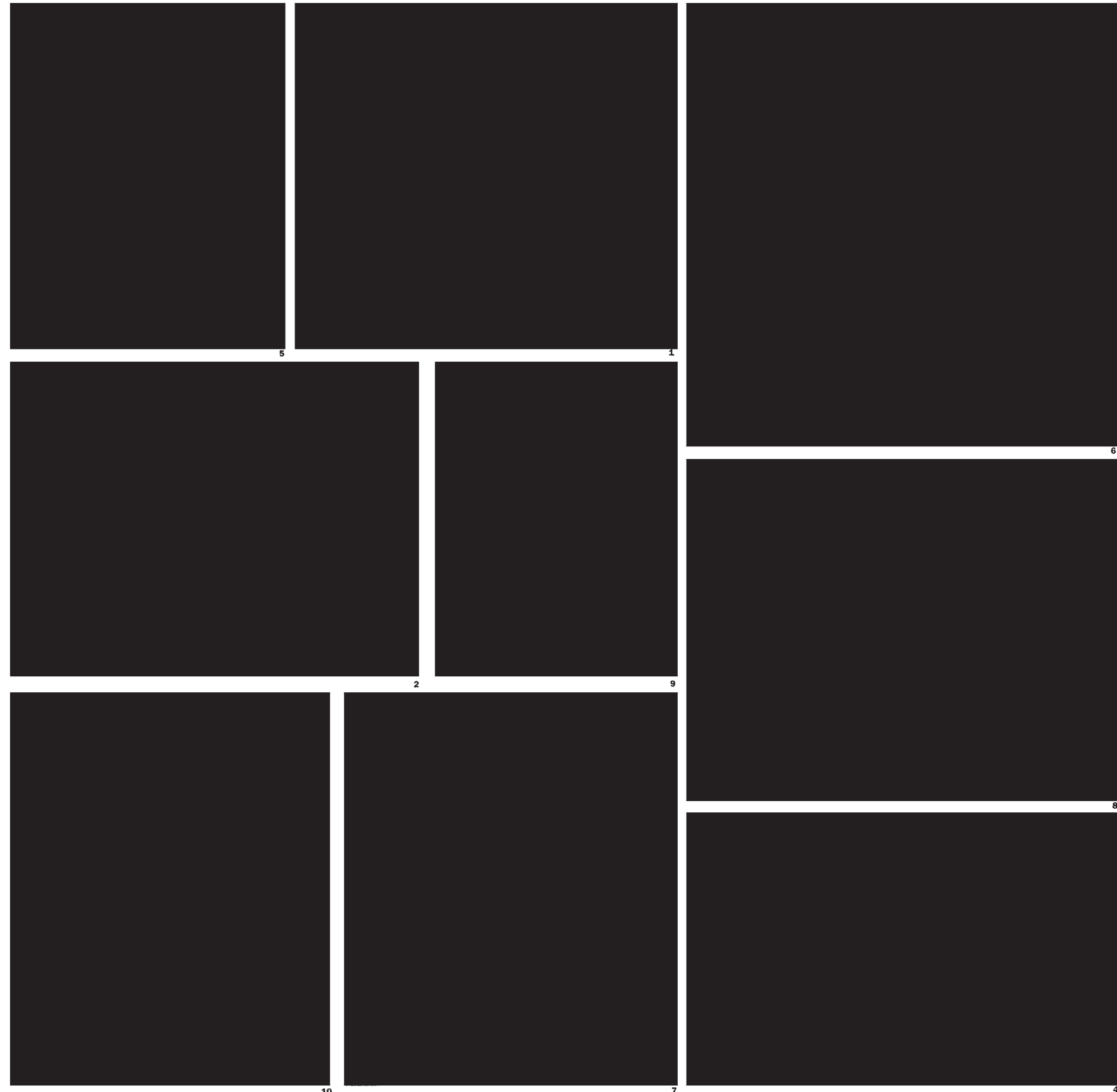
6 Tony Oxley's Birthday Party By its own legend, what's called "improvised music" in Europe—somewhere between "new music" and "free jazz"—was founded in the early '60s in London by the group Joseph Holbrooke. Unfortunately its members—composer Gavin Bryars, guitarist and improv-philosopher Derek Bailey, and percussionist Tony Oxley, who was later involved in such diverse pursuits as John McLaughlin's first solo album, innumerable collective improvisation projects, and running an independent label (INCUS)—never recorded an album together. Their reunion on Oxley's sixtieth birthday in the Stadtgarten in Cologne seduced old comrades and caught youngsters off guard with one of the sweetest glowing weaves the acoustic permits.

7 Rainald Goetz (www.rainaldgoetz.de) It's an unfulfilled modernist dream: The writer publishes, in real time, everything that happens as it happens. With this daily diary, Rainald Goetz comes wonderfully close to the ideal, exploiting the self-surveillance capabilities of new technology. Torn between the shame of violating another's intimacy and the titillation of reading a serialized novel, even those who had no previous interest in Goetz ask what time today he's going to open the diary. The author once noted he'd sent me a letter. That evening, before I had received it, a friend asked me: "Did you get Rainald's letter yet?"

8 Jörg Schlick/Sabine Achleitner, *Bonjour Madame* For the last twenty year this pair has been responsible for some serious art partying in Graz with institutions like "Forumstadtpark" and "steirischer herbst." Schlick who is also an outstanding artist, makes electronic and other kinds of music under the name JB Slik. The latest release: *Bonjour Madame*, with Ultra Violet (yes, *that* Ultra Violet!)

9 "Baustop.randstadt" (*NGBK, Berlin*) As the Berlin show buildings are reaching completion, the new express trains are up and running, and the move to the new capital is underway, there are still a few who believe it makes sense to criticize the irreversible process of building a vulgar, spectacular capital and enlisting the arts in the effort. The exhibition "Baustop.randstadt" exposed the clandestine, disastrous side of the new metropolis and the attempt yet again to cut short political and cultural debate.

10 *Nothing Ever Was, Anyway: Music of Annette Peacock* (*ECM*) The oceanic music of Annette Peacock—the synthesizer artist, singer, and composer of soft and melancholic *balladesque* pieces that seem at once in love with and bored by the world—always appears on the verge of oblivion. We're fighting it. This double CD features Paul Motian and Gary Peacock accompanying pianist Marilyn Crispell—a congenial interpretation to Peacock's unforced, circular, at times disengaged music. My most listened to record for the year 1998. □



David Rimanelli



David Rimanelli is a contributing editor of *Artforum*. He lives in New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **8.** “**The Green Mountain Boys**,” 1998. Installation view, André Emmerich Gallery, New York. Foreground: Paul Feeley, *Enif*, 1965, painted wood, 36 x 36 x 36”. Background, left to right: Paul Feeley, *Caesaréa*, 1962, acrylic on canvas, 60 x 48”. Paul Feeley, *Alioth*, 1964, acrylic on canvas, 66 x 51”. Paul Feeley, *Alkes*, 1964, acrylic on canvas, 66 x 51”. **5.** **Jeff Wall**, *Rear, 304 East 25th Ave., Vancouver, 9 May 1997, 1.14 & 1.17 p.m., 1997*, black-and-white gelatin-silver print on fiber base paper, 97” x 11’ 11” x 2¼”. Edition of two. **1.** **Pierre Bonnard**, *Young Women in the Garden (Renée Monchaty and Marthe Bonnard)*, 1923/1945–46, oil on canvas, 23¾ x 30¾”. **7.** **Vilhelm Hammershøi**, *Interior*, also called *The Four Rooms*, 1914, oil on canvas, ca. 33¾ x 27¾”. **6.** **Andreas Gursky**, *Untitled V*, 1997, color photograph, 73” x 14’ 6¾”. **2.** **Jocelyn Wildenstein**. Photo: Jonathan Becker. **4.** **Marilyn Manson**. Photo: Marina Chavez.

1 **Pierre Bonnard** (*Museum of Modern Art, New York; co-organized by the Tate Gallery, London*) I once thought of Bonnard as that other pretty-pretty French painter who wasn’t Matisse. Soaked in a Symbolist ethos, he is anything but a Montparnassien joie-de-vivre vendor à la Utrillo or Dufy. A collision of sensory overload and domestic creepiness, misery and decor, distinguishes Bonnard’s work. Why did his mistress, Renée Monchaty, kill herself? Because he finally left her, returning fully to Marthe, she of the invalidism, the little dogs, the putrescent baths? Looking at the single painting of Renée on view—in which the bare outline of Marthe’s profile can be discerned—one exclaims, “Radiant!” but doesn’t she look a bit bizarre as well in this stridently sunny picture, a rosy Ensor mask for a face topped by a weird blond *perruque*?

2 **Jocelyn Wildenstein** Mme Wildenstein underwent massive plastic surgery so that she might better resemble a jungle cat. An inspired convergence of feline fancy and vanguard hubris, her elegant transversal of the art/life divide puts even Orlan to shame. Check out the too happy congruence of my 1998 pinnacles in the *Vanity Fair* photo of the bride of Wildenstein posed in the “Bonnard room” in the family’s Manhattan townhouse.

3 **Slavoj Žižek**, “**The Lesbian Session**” (*lacanian ink 12*) For Žižek, no less than Mesdames Bonnard and Wildenstein, hysteria remains the order of the day. I reveled in his quotation from Ayn Rand’s otherwise unreadable *The Fountainhead*: “I’m going to fight you—and I’m going to destroy you. . . . I will fight to block every step you take. I will fight to tear away every chance you want away from you. I will hurt you through the only thing that can hurt you—through your work. . . . I have done it to you today—and that is why I shall sleep with you tonight. . . . I’ll come to you whenever I have beaten you—whenever I know that I have hurt you—and I’ll let you own me. I want to be owned, not by a lover, but by an adversary who will destroy my victory over him, not with honorable blows, but with the tough of his body on mine.”

4 **Marilyn Manson** If you watch much of daytime TV, there’s no missing the sheer volume of talk shows devoted to parents outraged by their Goth kids’ adulation of Manson. Their hatred is reason enough to love him. Manson’s new glam-rock look *totally works*, and I sing along to “The Dope Show” every day: “The drugs they say/Are made in California/We love your face/We’d really like to sell you/The cops and queers/Make good-looking models/I hate today/Who will I wake up with tomorrow?”

5 **Jeff Wall** (*Marian Goodman Gallery, New York*) Austere black-and-white photographs that were poorly received when shown at Documenta X. In one, a bedraggled woman waits outside a crummy-looking Vancouver apartment. In a pointed gesture, Wall inserts a rectangle as a collage element indicating the grimy aperture through which her drug deal is transacted.

6 **Andreas Gursky** (*Matthew Marks Gallery, New York*) In New York at least, the insider track has tended to privilege the other Becher progeny—the Thomases Struth and Ruff—over Gursky. The former’s photography is touted as truly beautiful; the latter’s, merely so, albeit extremely beautiful. Today, some thirty-five years since the Bechers first exhibited, Gursky’s show proves the distinction tenuous, boring, specious.

7 **Vilhelm Hammershøi** (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York*) Great rediscovery, especially for those of us who always thought Scando alienation was the coolest way to be depressed. Extra credit: Carl Theodor Dreyer cites Hammershøi as an important influence on his sublimely bleak films—another link between the painter and early-twentieth-century avant-garde culture.

8 **Opticality redevivus** Imagine my bemusement upon opening the September issue of *Artforum* to Lane Relyea’s cover story on the new Color Field, only to discover my own enthusiasm for the old Color Field ridiculed in the second sentence: “‘Formalism is back and better than ever,’ gushed David Rimanelli in

these pages a few months ago.” Relyea refers to the opening of my review of the André Emmerich show “The Green Mountain Boys” but evidently misjudges its ironic tone. The New Sincerity’s OK, I guess, but actually living a life without irony would be tough. This attitude is apparently at odds with that of the beauty-is-back-and-better-than-ever crowd who hold such sway in LA nowadays.

9 **Starship Troopers** (*dir. Paul Verhoeven*) Verhoeven, director of *RoboCop*, *Total Recall*, *Basic Instinct*, and *Showgirls*, confirms his genius with a film extending the frontiers of cinema in a way that James Cameron’s contemporaneous *Titanic* does not. Both are cartoon movies using real actors, but whereas *Titanic* wallows in bathetic goop, *Starship Troopers* advances a cogent travesty of humanistic hokum. In a fantastic global Earth community, nubile and plasticine youths—e.g., the eerily perky and self-aggrandizing young pilot, Carmen, played by my favorite new actress, Denise Richards—volunteer for military service in the war against a civilization of huge predatory insects. Mayhem both horrific and hilarious ensues during the Troopers’ ill-fated invasion of the arachnid home planet, Klendathu. One moral of the story: While the film closes with an apparent provisional victory for man, the bugs may be superior after all. Unlike their foes, at least their fascist order is biologically determined, not merely human. Rah-rah agitprop festivals and faux commercials aside—the movie is frequently punctuated by sham online advertisements hawking the glories of “service”—the real message here is: You lose.

10 **Wild Things** (*dir. John McNaughton*) Camp is good for you, especially when it achieves this movie’s auto-parodic density, subsuming multifarious TV-show clichés in a bouillabaisse of perversion. *Wild Things* confirms the ascendance of Denise Richards’s crazy star. Best moment: Richards, the human Barbie doll with a heart of titanium, assaults Neve Campbell in the courtroom-drama sequence, slapping her while shrieking “You fucking cunt!” □



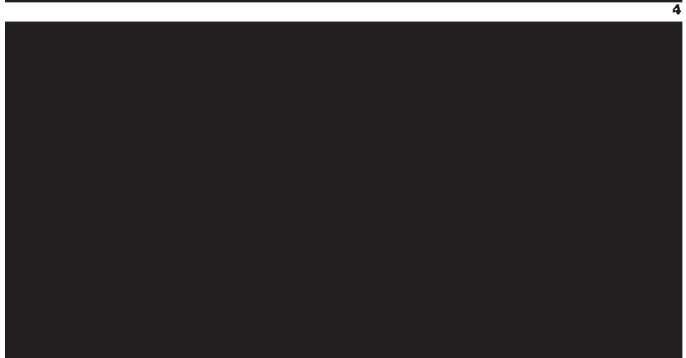
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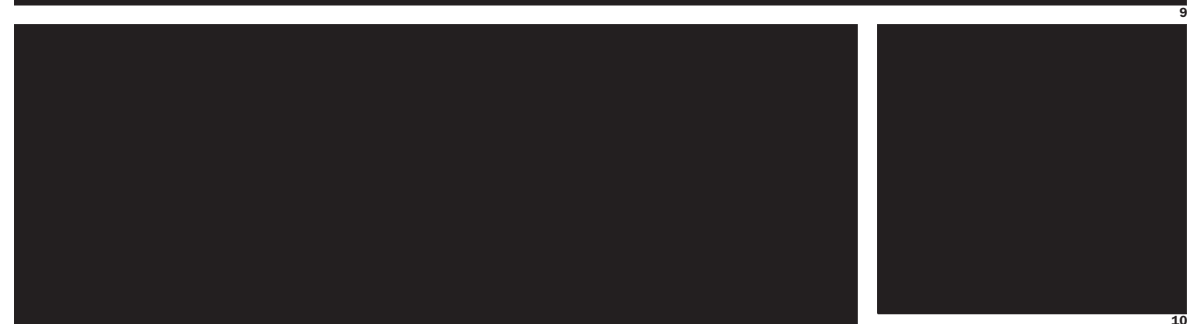
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TOPTEN 1999

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Jeffrey Vallance is an artist who divides his time between Las Vegas and Lapland. Represented by Rosamund Felsen Gallery in Santa Monica, California, he has most recently shown in solo exhibitions at Lehmann Maupin in New York and Galerie Praz-Delavallade in Paris. A book of his collected writings, *The World of Jeffrey Vallance*, was published by Art Issues Press, Los Angeles, in 1994. Mr. Vallance is currently Professor of International Contemporary Art at Umeå University, Sweden. Photo: David Skoog.

JEFFREY VALLANCE'S TOP TEN

1 THE BELLAGIO GALLERY OF FINE ART

I recently attended the opening of the gallery at the fabulous Bellagio casino, another sparkling jewel in the Vegas crown. Right on the Strip you can see Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, Manet, Monet, van Gogh, Picasso, Pollock, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg, and Warhol. (The only thing missing is a Koons.) I wholeheartedly believe in casino mogul Steve Wynn's philosophy of bringing art to the people—and lately, more and more people are going to Vegas.

2 PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARIES

I worship the Richard Nixon Library and Birthplace Foundation in Yorba Linda, California. But every time I try to donate a Nixon artifact to their collection, it is returned unopened without so much as a letter. I'm luckier at the Lyndon B. Johnson Library and Museum in Austin, Texas. Recently the library has accepted into its presidential memorabilia collection my donations of an LBJ artificial fingernail and a Lyndon Johnson wood-burning kit.

3 LAS VEGAS MUSEUMS

The Liberace Museum is my all-time favorite museum in the world. Recently, in a documentary for the European television channel Arte, I had the insane privilege to play Liberace's revolving rhinestone-encrusted grand piano. Over at Ron Lee's World of Clowns, proprietor Ron Lee has started making amazing clown paintings. The best ones are naive, preposterously detailed, and colorful. I have an awful urge to buy one. Cranberry World West, the museum at Ocean Spray's Visitor Center, remains unparalleled. The museum's display of antique cranberry-plucking devices and the audioanimatronic

farmers harvesting cranberries must be seen to be believed. I may have ended my academic career in the state of Nevada by having their mascot, Carina, the giant cranberry showgirl, pose in my drawing class instead of the usual nude models.

4 HOT VEGAS ARTISTS

Several artists from Vegas have been making the rounds. The Reverend Ethan Acres turned up in a group show at Bronwyn Keenan. Jack Hallberg and Yek recently showed up at Deitch Projects. Troy Swain, Dan LaBree, James Gobel, and Victoria Reynolds were at FM, a new alternative space in midtown Manhattan. Aaron Baker showed at Angstrom Gallery in Dallas. Phil Argent will be showing at Galleria In Arco in Turin. One-person shows are planned for Jane Callister at Sherry Frumkin in Santa Monica and Christine Siemens at Apex in Chelsea.

5 FANZINES

My two favorite fanzines are *NIXCO* and *Tiki News*. *NIXCO* is the newsletter for the Nixon Collectors' Organization, featuring the latest Nixon news and reports on recent discoveries of rare Nixon artifacts. Through the classifieds, I keep in touch with other like-minded Nixon fanatics. *Tiki News* is dedicated to the perpetuation of tiki culture. The *Tiki* manifesto states, "It is our mission to preserve any and all remaining elements from the Polynesian Pop era of the mid-1950s to mid-1970s."

6 CHRISTIAN CITY

Down in Orange County, California, lies Trinity Broadcasting Network's Trinity Christian City International. Located not far from Disneyland, it is like an amusement park for the faithful. The "City" features an unbelievable state-of-the-art virtual-reality theater as well as a gigantic sculpture of the archangel Michael crushing the head of Satan, a Gothic chapel/TV studio and art gallery, a historical re-creation of Pontius Pilate's judgment hall, plus a walking tour along a re-creation of the Via Dolorosa, where you follow in the footsteps of Christ as he carried the cross to Golgotha. The elaborate ceiling frescoes in Christian City rival those of the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican—maybe even those of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.

7 THE MUSEUM OF JURASSIC TECHNOLOGY, LOS ANGELES

David Wilson's museum defies all description. His project began as a critique, but it somehow mutated and crossed the line, becoming a full-fledged museum. The exhibits perfectly mimic high-institutional-display technology, but I'm never really sure what the hell it's all about.

8 JÄGERMEISTER

A few years ago I was well on my way to becoming an alcoholic. Now all I drink is an occasional icy shot of Jägermeister liqueur. With its secret blend of fifty-six herbs and spices, it tastes like a

cross between Nyquil and Vicks Formula 44. The Jägermeister logo, a stag with a cross between its horns, is the symbol of St. Hubert, the patron saint of dogs and hunters. According to legend, while hunting in the forest Hubert encountered a stag with a glowing crucifix hovering between its antlers. He converted on the spot and went on to breed special hunting dogs, forerunners of the modern dachshund.

9 MILLENNIUM

I used to like *The X-Files*, but lately it's not weird enough. The only TV program I follow now is *Millennium*. I especially enjoy the episodes with Catholic themes, like the time the Millennium Group tried to capture the True Cross of Christ. Frank Black is a handsome man.

10 LAPLAND'S VÄSTERBOTTENS MUSEUM

Recently I accepted a professorship at the College of Fine Arts at Umeå University in northern Sweden (just south of the Arctic Circle, in Lapland). Nearby is the Västerbottens Museum, with fascinating displays on reindeer breeding, seal hunting, Laplandic (Saami) traditional handicrafts, the world's oldest ski (5,200 years old), a Nordic wedding chapel, and a diorama of a beaver eating a tree. I particularly enjoy the absurdity of the specially constructed hall built around a massive tugboat christened *Egil*. □

Carina the Cran-Cran Girl at Cranberry World West, Las Vegas.

DARIUS JAMES'S TOP TEN

Darius James, the author of *Negrophobia* (St. Martin's, 1992) and *That's Blaxploitation!: Roots of the Baaadasssss 'Tude* (St. Martin's, 1995), currently resides in Berlin, where he is a foreign correspondent for *Code: The Style Magazine for Men of Color*. At work on his second novel, *The Last American Nigger*. Mr. James is also preparing a project on disinformation technology for Expo 2000, which will be held in Hannover, Germany, next year.

1 I first encountered **HEINRICH DÜBEL'S SCIENCE OF THE ERRATIC** at East Berlin's nightclub *cum* gallery space Berlin/Tokyo. Dübels impressively aberrant exhibition of swastika and pornographic graffiti from around the globe—which included a photograph of a taco stand in Mexico with two swastikas neatly painted beside the Coca-Cola logos—was the fruit of his latest research on popular myth, tabloid news, occultism, UFO sightings, and conspiracy theory. Examining the “erratic” in everyday life, Dübels wrestles disturbing truths out of “odd, psycho-geographic eruptions.”

2 **LUTHER BLISSET** is the Art Phantom of the '90s spoken-word scene, but I've seen him—well, almost (he was wearing a burlap bag over his head and a noose around his neck). He appeared recently at Maria am Ostbahnhof, a popular Berlin nightspot that used to be a post office. Against a soundscape of glam, house, and punk samples, Blisset thrashed wildly though the crowd, shouting poems and revolutionary slogans of the Russian Futurist Vladimir Mayakovski, enthralling and scaring the shit out of everyone—and breaking his arm in the process.

3 **EVERYONE AND NO ONE, BY MARK JACOBSON (VILLARD, 1997)** When this book first appeared, it was largely ignored, but it is nevertheless the only novel of genuine comic genius I've come across in years. It's a story about a face—not any face but *the* face. Hollywood mega-star Taylor Powell lives through a plane crash and realizes that, as the sole survivor, he has the chance to reinvent himself—so he goes in search of a mysterious plastic surgeon, who gives him a new visage: the face of “everyone and no one.”

4 **DEAD ALIVE (AKA BRAIN DEAD)** (dir. Peter Jackson, 1994) is a hilarious, entrails-spewing assault on modern Western civilization. Book-ended by allusions to the original *King Kong* and (Hitchcock's) *Psycho*, *Dead Alive* references the gamut of schlock horror films, from Tobe Hooper's *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974) to Joe Dante's more mainstream *Gremlins* (1984). And under all of its comic, fish-in-a-blender gore is the tale of a dysfunctional white-trash family, capped off with some old-fashioned Marxist class struggle. At the end of his film, in a stroke of pure genius, Jackson turns into a coke-snorting Sigmund Freud and reinterprets *King Kong* as a twisted Oedipal fantasy.

5 **SUN RA: THE SINGLES (EVIDENCE, 1996)** Nasty, hip-grinding, chitlins-circuit singles direct from the cosmos. The funk

is so deep, you can smell it. This collection of jukebox 45s should've landed Sun Ra's fat Saturnian ass on *American Bandstand*!

6 Most of the art showing these days is as uninspired as the drab business wear of the interior decorators who “curate” these exhibitions. But two exceptions spring vividly to mind: **ROBERT WILLIAMS'S** metaphysical biker art at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery (Dec. 1997–Jan. 1998) and **MIKE COCKRILL'S** brilliantly sardonic “The Baby Doll Clown Killers” series at Kim Foster Gallery (Mar. 1997). What parent wouldn't be proud to hang one of Cockrill's canvases in the playroom?

7 **SAVAS** Many young Turks in Germany look to the experience of black Americans for insight. They've studied Malcolm X and the Black Panthers and invented their own slang—all of which leads, naturally, to German Turkish hip-hop, a spoken music as raw, vital, and politically conscious as anything by Public Enemy. Currently, Turco-Teutonic hip-hop is in its gangsta phase, and Berlin's acknowledged champ is Savas, a skillful rapper who can throw down in a number of languages, including English. Savas takes the German perception of young Turks as demons and blows it up to grotesquely comic proportions.

8 Here's a clever fashion idea: Berlin-based artist Mark Brandenburg's **CAMOUFLAGE FOR TOURISTS**, two-piece

jumpers with pullover face mask, worn for the purpose of blending in with the native population (comes in white, black, red, yellow, and brown).

9 **ANSWER ME!** Fed up with the hypocrisy and self-censorship in mainstream commercial journalism, Jim Goad and his wife, Debbie, published the first issue of *Answer Me!* in 1991. It was stark, irreverent, and abrasive, achieving a level of satiric savagery unseen in this country since the Nixon era. After four issues, due to legal turmoil, financial crisis, and illness, *Answer Me!* folded. But it's *still* my favorite 'zine.

10 **UNCLE THOM CORN'S INNERCITY COTTON PATCH!!!** wasn't included in the Whitney's 1994 “Black Male” show, nor can it be seen in SoHo or Chelsea. Viewable by appointment only (212-529-4667), the cotton patch grows in a flower box resting on the window ledge outside Corn's Lower East Side apartment, only a few floors above the gunfire and drug dealing on the street. Here the artist tends to his cotton with loving attention, ridding it of boll weevils and other fabled critters of southern slave lore. “What do you plan to do with your cotton when it has reached maturity?” a visitor once asked. “Pick it!” Thom snapped. “What else is a black man in America supposed to do with cotton? *Knit sweaters?*” ☐

Elizabeth Peyton is a painter who lives in New York, where she shows at Gavin Brown's Enterprise. Her work was the subject of a survey exhibition last year at the Museum für Gegenwartskunst in Basel. Photo: K. Craig Wadlin

ELIZABETH PEYTON'S TOP TEN

1 **ELLIOTT SMITH** I had never heard of Elliott Smith until last year's Oscars. He was nominated for a song on the sound track of *Good Will Hunting* (stupid movie). And there in the midst of all the usual Oscar goofiness and shiny Hollywood splendor was Elliott, who looked alarmingly like a real person in this setting. He dressed up in a white suit and he wasn't pretty in an obvious way but then his eyes were too blue and he began to sing. His voice was quiet and tender and beautiful and true and so vulnerable. And somehow it felt like a big “fuck you” to all of the insincerity and tastelessness of the culture that was being celebrated that evening. And then I got some albums and thought “gee, Elliott's really sad” and put them away for a while. And then I started listening to the albums again on the Walkman. Even Elliott Smith's breath is beautiful! On the record-

ings his voice is cracking and breaking, the guitar is kind of squeaking, and his voice lifts and lifts and intertwines with the melody and it's pop heaven. I like that his music is so simple, just him and his voice and his guitar trying to deal with his hangover and the idea that the Beatles existed and wanting to turn it all into these beautiful songs.

2 **VERSAILLES/LOUIS XIV** “Louis was often neglected; at times in those unroyal days [during the Fronde], he knew poverty in shabby dress and stinted food. No one even seemed to bother about his education.”—Will and Ariel Durant. Seeing Louis at the age of twenty-two, Jean de La Fontaine exclaimed, “Do you think that the world has many kings of figure so beautiful, of appearance so fine? . . . And when I see him I imagine I see Grandeur herself in person.” From a very young

age (he was king from the age of five), Louis sought to be the most glorious king who ever lived and set out to remake the world in his image. No man so clearly understood the political power of appearances. From the hundreds of bows and buckles he adorned himself with to the enormity of his home, he made it clear he was the most powerful man in the most powerful place on the planet. The Durants: “To be invited to court became a passion only third to hunger and sex, even to be there for a day.” Even to be there for a day, Versailles never lets you down. Walking back toward the palace in the evening, looking up to see the king's apartments ablaze, you can still feel his presence and all the beauty he created. Not new but still astounding.

3 **PASSER-BY** “Passer-by, stop . . . This edifice has been consecrated to the Muses

and to joy under the auspices of the fat black pussy. Passer-by, be modern!”

4 **EDDIE IZZARD, DRESSED TO KILL** The latest video release by English comedian Eddie Izzard. It is from a live show in San Francisco, so there are lots of stupid Americans who don't know history jokes. More jokes about the Bible (“men with big fuck-off beards”), the royal family, being a transvestite. By the end I was feeling like a really smart American because he did the encore almost entirely in French and I was laughing at the whole thing.

5 **DAVID HOCKNEY, RETROSPEKTIVE PHOTOWORKS** This catalogue is from a show that originated at the Ludwig Museum in Cologne in 1997. Unfortunately it's in German, but the interview in the front looks like it's good. The best part, though, are the photos dating from the '60s to now—travel pictures, studies for paintings, and photo-artworks. They are all beautiful pictures and so Hockney-like, and the still lifes remind me a lot of Wolfgang Tillmans's. The very, very best pictures are *Self Portrait, Karlsbad, 1970* and *Gregory and Mark, Paris 1975*—in the pictures of Gregory and Mark, mostly undressed in a bathroom, the real plus is that Hockney is there too in the same state!

6 **LEONARDO DICAPRIO IN WOODY ALLEN'S CELEBRITY** Ten electrifying minutes of seeing Leonardo be what

he really is. Usually we have to see him being nice and innocent. Here he is a huuuuge star: powerful, arrogant, and beautiful.

7 **BRET EASTON ELLIS, GLAMORAMA** So what is so vapid about pointing out that leading a vacant, hedonistic, celebrity-obsessed life is equal to violent murder and terrorism? *Glamorama's* kind of like reading a hundred issues of *People* magazine and watching snuff movies at the same time, but it's incredibly readable and not without moral value, even if in an obvious way.

8 **GUCCI SPRING COLLECTION/LUCY BARNES** I've only seen photos of the Gucci spring clothes but they look really great: pink silk hip huggers with painted flowers and appliqués! And Lucy Barnes has a new shop, “FIFTY,” at 50 Spring Street, that also offers a welcome relief of colorful, glamorous, really well-made clothes. Maybe the millennium won't be minimal . . .

9 **HELLO! MAGAZINE** Big British weekly glossy with obscure royal tell-alls and not-so-obscure present-day royal goings-on. Also great for following Posh and David and Patsy and Liam.

10 **PULP, THE PARK IS MINE** Recorded live, Finsbury Park, in July 1998. The best “live” video of the best band to see live. ☐

Woody Allen, *Celebrity*, 1998, production still from a color film in 35 mm, 113 minutes. Left to right: Darrow Entourage (Sam Rockwell), Brandon Darrow (Leonardo DiCaprio), and Lee Simon (Kenneth Branagh).

JIM ISERMANN'S TOP TEN

Jim Isermann (seated above in a Panton chair) is an artist based in Southern California. He is represented by Richard Telles Fine Art in Los Angeles and feature in New York. "Fifteen," a major survey of his work, opens at the Santa Monica Museum of Art on April 1. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen

1 VERNER PANTON, TRAPHOLT MUSEUM, DENMARK (AUG. 1998–JAN. 1999) He's the Danish architect who designed the first one-piece stacking molded plastic chair in 1960. After a brief association with Arne Jacobsen in the early '50s, Panton reached beyond traditional Danish Modern to pursue his utopian faith in revolutionary vinyl, plastic, and, most important, supersaturated primary colors. He died last fall while overseeing this show's installation, which he designed to coordinate his furniture, lighting, and textile designs to his signature color spectrum. Panton, the missing link between the austere rationality of modern design and PoMo super-ficiality, once remarked that "One sits more comfortably on a color that one likes." My hero.

2 ALBERT FREY/ HOUSES 1+2, EDITED BY JENNIFER GOLUB (PRINCETON ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 1998) The Swiss-born architect Albert Frey first arrived in Palm Springs, California, in 1934, and his strikingly simple concrete-block, corrugated-metal, glass-and-steel structures—from a gas station to private homes—form the nucleus of this town, which boasts one of the greatest concentrations of modern architecture in the US. Golub's book lovingly documents the breathtakingly economical spaces of Frey's own two residences, of 1941–53 and 1964–71. The first edition is already out of print, but the paperback's in stores now.

3 AOL's appropriation of the Jetson's theme song brought a glut of new subscribers drawn to the future. Now, finally, at least a few products are available in the promised colors of the space age. The translucent Lifesavers-hued rainbow of the IMAC and the interchangeable metallic-colored plastic covers of NOKIA 5190 cellular phones are only the best-looking examples. I guess the new VW BUG (with its accompanying ad campaign) is the fulfillment of past, future, and present all at once.

4 THE BIC CLIC Remember the first disposable retractable ballpoint pen? Half see-through plastic, the Bic M10 Clic hasn't been available in the US for decades, but it's still made in Europe—and would seem to be the official pen of Scandinavia. I just hope my stockpiles last.

5 I kicked my swap-meet habit last year, but only after finding two virtual substitutes. The first, ANTIQUES ROADSHOW, has just begun its third season on PBS. Each week host Chris Jussel and a bevy of experts set up shop in a different city and invite the locals to offer up their heirlooms and bric-a-brac for appraisal. Having watched all last season, I never need to see another Civil War sword, but each new episode does sate my craving to look at junk. If the show's pleasure used to lie in watching the faces of the witless participants as an expert revealed their treasures to be worthless fakes, this year the appraisals seem far more generous—and what's more fun than looking on as costume jewelry is baldly declared a diamond-and-ruby encrusted fortune, or the tin helmet some woman found in her attic is identified as ancient Roman armor and valued at a quarter of a million dollars?

6 WWW.EBAY.COM This online auction house (my second ersatz swap meet) is a virtual thrift store open twenty-four

hours a day, seven days a week. Well over a million objects are on the block at any given time, and new items are added every minute. You can search by designer, manufacturer, or genres, and (a tip I should probably keep to myself) by misspellings: You'll be surprised at what you find. The bidding process can be a little daunting at first, especially if you have a hard time setting limits. The entire operation, which is based on the honor system, really works. (So far I've purchased only one thing that turned out to be other than described, and that problem transaction was resolved to my satisfaction.) Great deals are getting harder to find, but the endless search through endless categories is no less addictive.

7 Traveling to Dallas with my survey show this year, I encountered the NorthPark Center, a remarkably sophisticated white-brick-and-steel '60s-modern mall. There, in Neiman Marcus's first branch department store, practically untouched by progress, is THE MERMAID BAR, a quiet place to enjoy coffee and cake or a light lunch while taking a respite from a hard day of shopping. The bar/cafe is covered in handcrafted blue and white tile, and its mosaic landscape (by Bjorn Wiinblad) includes life-size ceramic reliefs of mermaids and a freestanding ceramic mermaid sculpture, all in keeping with an aquatic theme that involves fish, bubbles, and, of course, mermaids.

8 FORT WORTH WATER GARDEN (1975) Philip Johnson's city block-size liability-insurance nightmare is something else you can't imagine being built today. The park's high lights include a long, serene reflecting pool surrounded by gentle, water-covered walls; a spectacular pit one can descend into via a concrete block walkway just above the furiously rushing water; and terraced, concrete mountains. One set of steep steps leads up to . . . a twenty-foot drop. Nothing I'd ever read about the park prepared me for the experience. Who but Philip Johnson would employ monumental artifice in building a monument to nature?

9 LAURA OWENS AT ACME (OCT.–NOV. 1998) The next best thing to supergraphics, Owens's compositions range from the relatively straightforward to the dramatically asymmetrical. Though hand-painted, the surface is so assured and direct, the paint feels as if it had been mechanically applied. Her serial beehive paintings stand in for wall paper—which, as with all her best work, is an inversion of stretched Marimekko textiles and fabric photomurals hung as art.

10 No amount of "Wishin' and Hopin'" will bring DUSTY SPRINGFIELD back, though the four-CD box set being compiled at the time of her death will soon be released. But for me Dusty will always be in Memphis.

Georgina Starr shows regularly at Anthony Reynolds Gallery in London, where she lives, and at Barbara Gladstone Gallery in New York. Her most recent exhibition, "Tuberama," was presented at Ikona Gallery, Birmingham, England.

GEORGINA STARR'S TOP TEN

1 "Ooo, don't come near me!" my grandmother said as I went to kiss her good-bye. "Why, Gran, have you got that flu?" I innocently asked. "No," she said, wafting the air around her, "I just fluffed." Since bowel movement has always been a subject of great discussion in my family, I had been dying to read famed French songwriter **SERGE GAINSBOURG'S 1980 NOVEL EUGUÉNIE SOKOLOV (TAMTAM BOOKS, 1998)**, about an artist who uses the vibrations of breaking wind to make his work. It's a funny yet tragic story, and Sokolov's technique and the art "movement" (Hyper-Abstractionism) his gasograms inspire are described so vividly you can almost smell the —.

2 British sitcoms are mostly a pile of crap, but now and again something like **FATHER TED** is rerun and reminds me I can still laugh at TV. The "Song for Europe" episode, in which the chain-smoking Father Ted and simple Father Dougal decide to steal the B side of the 1976 Norwegian hit "My Lovely Horse" and enter the 1996 Eurosong contest, is the best ever.

3 When my ex-boyfriend sent me a tape of the Ween song that goes, "You fucked up, you bitch, you really fucked up, you fucked up, you fucking Nazi whore, you dicked me over but now you'll pay, you fucked up . . . ahhhhh . . .," it became pretty clear we were over. But Ween's mixture of deranged lyrics and

the morphing style of their music is enough to make you forget the blues. Their **12 GOLDEN COUNTRY GREATS ALBUM (ELECTRA, 1996)**, recorded with musicians in Nashville, makes you laugh ("Now you're up shit's creek with a turd for a paddle"), puke ("Pack your bag, I don't need the ag, on your knees you big booty bitch start suckin'"), and cringe ("If you really love me baby, help me scrape the mucus off my brain").

4 "CAR-BOY'S GARDEN" IN MAX ANDERSSON'S DEATH AND CANDY COMIC BOOK (FANTAGRAPHIC, 1999) tells a dark, haunting story: Car-Boy finds a piece of meat in the refrigerator and throws it on the compost, where it grows into two flesh-eating surrogate parents, whom Car-Boy has to take care of. The story gets more and more twisted until a little parasite (Meat Child) grows on the branches of one of the "parents" and eventually saves the day.

5 When I was a kid I always hated that my mum shopped by catalogue. The choosing was all very exciting, especially leafing through the underwear section, but my fashion items always seemed to arrive two weeks after Village Hall disco night. **THE ARGOS SUPERSTORE** is the answer to my problems. There I can buy anything I'd ever want (a metal detector or a My Little Pony duvet cover), without having to wait three weeks to get my gear.

6 After discovering that I flick through my **HORSES BY ROBERT VAVRA DATE BOOK (TASCHEN, 1998)** at least twice a day, I realized that I'm addicted to a type of pony porn. Between the innocent calendar dates, there are ponies waiting to seduce you, ponies fucking, ponies frolicking in poppy fields, and a disheveled pony rolling bareback in tall grass and staring longingly into the lens with come-to-stable eyes. I just wonder what Vavra had to say—or do—to get them to perform.

7 MOMUS (AKA NICK CURRIE) is the underrated and much impersonated Scottish singer/songwriter who's been making clever, kitschy albums almost yearly since 1986. His songs, autobiographical sketches of voyeurism, role reversal, and sexual perversion, are bound together with musical styles from electro pop to vaudevillian cabaret. In "My Pervert Doppelgänger," an eerie Theromin lures you in while a darker voice echoes Momus's own, creating the schizophrenic signature of this Jekyll and Hyde of pop.

8 MY CHUPA CHUP LOLLIPOP HOLDER is a grotesque fat finger with worms growing out of its brown flesh, and there's a hole for the Chupa Chup stick at the top of a chipped, long gray fingernail. After wearing it I dreamt that I had a motorized version on each finger which hypnotized children in the street. Groups of zombie kids started to take over the world and

everyone was blaming me. The next day I looked up the Chupa Chup website and learned that Salvador Dalí designed the label in the '60s and that *chupar* means "to suck" in Spanish.

9 Waking from my Chupa Chup nightmare convinced that a great fat slug had left its silvery trail all over my pillow, I realized that it was time to do some research into "night dribbling." I was finally led to the **CARE4U WEBSITE**, where accessories are on offer for virtually every bodily problem. Alongside the Bed Rope Ladder (for people with back paralysis) and Bedspecs (glasses made with prism lenses for watching the telly while laid flat out), I found the Viken Vinyl Pillow Case (\$6.99), a gadget specially made for "people who have difficulties controlling saliva while sleeping."

10 RANGA BHOW is a musical film from Bangladesh with a great fight scene set to music. Starting with an instrumental version of "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," the music gets faster, and the villain—almost in time to a break-dancing rhythm—single-handedly beats the shit out of everyone. At the climax, accompanied by a drum-and-bass crescendo, the entire gang is thrown one by one out the same window, which miraculously breaks anew every time, and each body in turn manages to land on a passing vehicle. □

Cover of Serge Gainsbourg's *Evguénie Sokolov* (Los Angeles: TamTam Books, 1998), designed by Tom Recchion.

BRUCE WAGNER'S TOP TEN

Bruce Wagner is a novelist living in Los Angeles. The film version of his book I'm Losing You, which he directed, will be released this fall.

1 **THE BLACK BOX: ALL-NEW COCKPIT VOICE RECORDER ACCOUNTS OF IN-FLIGHT ACCIDENTS, EDITED BY MALCOLM MACPHERSON (QUILL-WILLIAM MORROW)**

Freshly vetted transcripts—one of which runs nearly twenty pages, recording the doomed efforts of pilots whose 757 had been inadvertently, fatally sabotaged by a ground crew charged with washing the aircraft before take-off. The ghostly haiku is meant to be read in bed on a windy night, preferably under the influence of Vicodin ES. Some favorites, in a fell swoop:

CAPTAIN TO COPILOT: Help me. Help me hold it. Help me hold it. Help me hold it. COCKPIT: [Vibrating sound as the stick shaker starts warning of stall]
COPILOT: Amy, I love you.
COCKPIT: [Sound of grunting]
COCKPIT: [Sound of impact] (19 survivors/8 souls lost.)

Flight 427 is now turning over on its back at 6,000 feet and

heading for the ground at 300 miles an hour. It would take another 16 seconds before the aircraft hit the ground.
COPILOT: [Sound of scream]
CAPTAIN: Pull . . .
COPILOT: Oh . . .
CAPTAIN: Pull . . . Pull . . .
COPILOT: God . . .
CAPTAIN [Sound of screaming]
COPILOT: No . . .
(All souls aboard died instantly)

2 **SURREAL AND SEXY CEO COMPENSATION**

Money magazines have become the new jack-rags; *Forbes's* and *Fortune's* "Richest People" / "Richest Entertainers" regularly jockey up against smalltown Sunday paper "What People Earn" staples—smiley snapshots of Sanford Weill, 65 (CEO, Travelers Group, \$675 million) abut, say, Josephine Palmorez, 25 (data clerk, \$18,500) and Dooley Vogel, 39 (faux finisher, \$40,000). Horny pull quotes from a *Forbes* feature proved masturbation-friendly—"His \$15 million now \$4.5 billion"; "Brought idea to office, brought home \$1 billion"; "Lent credibility, got \$180 million." The same article featured a "dollars per day/years to first billion" spread. CEO stroke books often offer obscure, bizarre pop-up factoids, such as this "MPH (millions per hour)" nugget: Michael Dell traveled at "0.8 mph," against Bill Gates's "5.4 mph."

3 **MANFRED MÜLLER**

The mystical German sculptor's winking, end-of-the-world insouciance is oddly contagious. Müller works in paper, wood, and metal (he hung vertical rowboats under Santa Monica's pier in 1998's "Twilight and Yearning" installation); yet nothing he's done prepares you for the towering, heartrending, black-draped entity—the *Memory Palace*—currently hanging in the cathedral vault of the Museo Universitario del Chopo in Mexico City.

4 **NORMA'S JEANS CELEBRITY MEMORABILIA**

Samples from this summer's catalogue: "96. Kathy Ireland items from 'National Lamppoon's Loaded Weapon 1' (1994)—Purse, taupe \$70"; "707. Savannah (deceased porn star) personal and appearance wardrobe items obtained from her family. Various western wear, \$350"; "509. William Hurt archival collection from late '60s through early '70s. Obtained through family (he is stepson of Henry Luce III). Class notes, exams, report cards from his tours at Middlesex School and Tufts University. Hours of fascinating reading and exploring in a huge blue box. Proceeds donated to Make-A-Wish Foundation. \$250."

5 **IN-HOUSE MALLS**

The latest MogulTrend: erecting Jon Jerde-like City Walk environments on the grounds of one's estate, with attendant Starbucks and Borders facades. Kids love it and the grown-ups think it's a goof—soon,

no doubt, a service will be born to populate Home City Walk with minimum-wage-paid pedestrians.

6 **WILLIAM EGGLESTON**

In March, the sardonic, elegant Mr. Eggleston was presented the Erma and Victor Hasselblad Foundation International Photography Prize in Göteborg, Sweden. A trademark look of quizzical serenity accompanied the Memphisean sage, along with his children and dear friend Walter Hopps. In October, the Getty in Los Angeles puts on "William Eggleston and the Color Tradition." Limpid and prayerfully bright, Mr. Eggleston's images will occupy the space recently vacated by the photographs of Degas and Brassai.

7 **DETAILED REAL ESTATE SECTIONS**

Because of *Architectural Digest*, I know that James Field used to be CEO of EMI Music. I know that he lived in Colorado as a boy and wanted to move back. I know that to make the move more convenient, he became CEO of The North Face, then relocated The North Face headquarters so his office would be within a half-hour motorcycle ride of his new Xanadu-like mountainside home. I know what much of the house's interior looks like, including the pyramid-shaped greenhouse and studio where his wife paints. Because of the *New York Observer*, I know that Mr. Field is referred to in the British press as Lucky Jim and that he is buying a penthouse at the Ice House,

27 N. Moore Street, for just over \$4 million. I am keeping tabs on him and wish soon to copulate with his scions.

8 **PHILIP JOHNSON**

I shit on anyone who says anything against him. He just built a doghouse for his keeshond pups in New Canaan that looks like a pleated redwood Catholic schoolgirl's skirt but is actually a half-inch scale model for a gravemarker.

9 **ANIPRYL®**

He's old and stares dolefully from the ad in *People*, long-nosed and slightly out of focus. A caption reads, "It's hard to say 'Welcome home' when I can't remember your face." Diagnosis: Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome. Like mother, when Princess gives you a blank look while having a messy fart on your lap (or laptop), odds are it's Alzheimer's—for pets. Call 1-800-ANIPRYL.

10 **PERCY GRAINGER'S "SHALLOW BROWN"**

A six-minute sea shanty, the apotheosis of what this eccentric American composer called a "pilgrimage to sorrows." Written in 1910, it can make a dumb animal see stars; played loudly, the rapturous dirge is dangerously melancholic—what Carlos Castaneda referred to as "ontological sadness"—death, longing, and the ecstasy of psilocybin intertwined. Flying Dutchman foghorns and a redundant briney chorale unsettles, unbinds, and dis joints, breaking the waves and the heart. □

ART CLUB 2000'S TOP TEN

1 **FUCK THE POLICE**

A limited number of photocopied flyers bearing this title for the first performance in this summer's outdoor DJ series at P.S. 1 showed up around the neighborhood and were attributed to Tara De Long (aka TJ Free). Tara, who had also performed twice in last year's series, was puzzled when P.S. 1, which has recently announced a merger with MOMA, immediately canceled the event scheduled for their new \$300,000, Philip Johnson-designed stage. In a *New York Times* article covering the ensuing controversy, she said, "I was trying to keep it edgy and not a complete sellout to mainstream values. But that's what P.S. 1 seems to be turning into." She added, "And though I'm

Art Club 2000 is a six-member collaborative, formed in 1992 in cooperation with gallery owner Colin de Land. Their seventh annual exhibition at American Fine Arts Co., entitled "1999," was held this May. Billed as a "retrodisrespective," "1999" featured selected works from the group's previous shows: "Night of the Living Dead Author," "1970," "SoHo So Long," "Night in the City," "Clear," and "Commingle." Photo: Patterson Beckwith and Alex Bag.

personally against the police, I wasn't inciting a riot." Also quoted was P.S. 1's PR spokesperson, William Murray, who responded to the charge of censorship by suggesting that Tara was hired to produce the event, not to perform. "When you hire people, the issue of censorship becomes complex." When we talked to Tara, she said, "I guess the outside PR consultant missed the eight other times I performed at P.S. 1. I cannot stress enough how it pisses me off that P.S. 1 said that. I was never hired by those cheap bastard MOMA-muffing pussy artworld cops, fist-fucking free speech up to the elbow with the long arm of the law. They couldn't stand up for their performing artists."

2 **BURN, WOODSTOCK, BURN**

The festival was so integrated within the machinery of The Spectacle and saturated with media surveillance, what else could the white-bread, Korn-fed audience do but riot? It's tempting to blame the promoters for holding the event on an army base, or to chalk it up to too much beer and not enough LSD; at any rate, now that AP wirephotos have found their way onto a New York State Police website soliciting informants to identify vandals, we're pitching our tent for Altamont 2000.

3 **ACTRESS**

Not necessarily being musicians hasn't stopped Actress, a high-concept Lower East Side

version of Menudo, from caterwauling like Yoko Ono while rocking like Dan Graham, religiously. They've opened for Will Oldham at the Bowery Ballroom and have also played art-world venues such as Exit Art and Greene Naftali Gallery. With incendiary wit and inexhaustible versatility they manage to jar their jaded audiences into a frenzy by being *actually* experimental with songs like "No Wave Hooker" and "The Moon, The Sea, and Me." *Music* magazine recently dubbed their scene "Null New York," but as long as Lizzie, Amy, Jesi, Hillary, and Spencer keep Actress front and center-stage, Null will never ever be dull.

4 **R2-D2**

Long live R2-D2! One of the sweetest elements of the *Star Wars* movies is how luck shapes itself into personal destiny. The primary vehicle for delivering fate was always this spunky blue-and-white robot. It's nice to think that the people you randomly align yourself with are the people with whom you share your future.

5 **MADE IN USA FASHION MAGAZINE**

The Bernadette Corporation says they were provoked into publishing a fashion magazine by the tragic Condé Nast building crash last summer. It should be the smartest, sexiest, most-loved magazine New York has seen in decades; instead, it will no doubt be misunderstood, hated, and read by everyone.

6 **REVEREND JEN TRADING CARDS**

As the self-proclaimed "Patron Saint of the Uncool," this elf-obsessed and actually ordained reverend, famous for her Vulcan ears, can be seen Wednesday nights at Ludlow Street's Collective Unconscious, where she hosts the open-mike "Anti-Slam." In a more "aboveground" venture with Tony & Tina cosmetics, her trading cards come as an insert with special-issue nail polishes and include pictures of the Reverend in her various hilarious guises, from "Peeps Eater" and "Troll Collector" to "Art Star" and "Activist." The backs of the cards feature excerpts from her outrageous self-published book, *Sex Symbol for the Insane*, each staple-bound copy of which is uniquely covered in fun (not real) fur.

7 **MULTIPLA**

This new Fiat was featured in the MOMA summer car expo, curated by Christopher Mount, in the Sculpture Garden. Made for the European market, it's a big people mover small enough for maneuvering streets built in the Dark Ages, with three bucket seats in the front and three in the back. To accommodate the middle front passenger, they've put the manual stick in the dash, like an old Renault 4. The roof is wider than the base, and in addition to bug-eyed headlights in the front, there is a band of lights that wraps around the bottom of the windshield. This mass-produced item is almost

interesting in that it actually looks unusual.

8 **KITANO "BEAT" TAKESHI**

Arguably Japan's most popular entertainer, Takeshi, known for his facial twitch, stars in so many TV shows he can often be seen on several channels at once. As a filmmaker, his highly stylized, haunting, and idiosyncratic films use psychedelic, sensorial juxtapositions: A head smashing into a car windshield is followed by a shot of a wet sponge.

9 **PAX TV**

Grown tired of watching *Cops*? Just can't stay tuned to Howard Stern, not to mention the senseless violence and moral depravity on the evening news? Take the moral high road up your dial to UHF channel PAX TV, where the programs of righteousness have inherited the air-waves, and even the majority of the commercials are virtually noble. If you're suffering from millennial malaise, see *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman* for treatment. Or take a road trip with Michael Landon on *Highway to Heaven*. If that's not purgative enough to exorcise the demonic influence of all those *Married . . . With Children* episodes, take the time to touch yourself with *Touched by an Angel*.

10 **BOB DOLE FOR VIAGRA**

"It may take a little courage, but I've always found that everything worthwhile does." □

Philip Johnson and Alice with doghouse, New Canaan, Connecticut, 1999. Photo: Todd Eberle.

Actress. Left to right: Lizzie, Jesi, Amy, Hillary, and Spencer. Photo: Patterson Beckwith and Alex Bag.

FRANCES STARK'S TOP TEN

Frances Stark is an artist and writer who live in Los Angeles. Her work is on view in LA at Marc Fox (through November 13) and China Art Objects (Nov. 11–Nov. 26). She is the author, most recently, of *The Architect & the Housewife* (Bookworks, London).

1 “Without taking sides with either the Now or the Then in matters of taste, as one usually does when faced with such a juxtaposition, he felt his mind abandoned by both sides without an instant’s hesitation, and saw in it only the great demonstration of a problem that is at bottom a moral problem. He could not doubt that the transience of what is regarded as style, culture, the will of the time, or the spirit of an era, for which it is admired, was a moral weakness.” **ROBERT MUSIL, THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES** (Vintage International, 1996).

2 My mother seriously engaged with the Norton family’s 1996 Christmas gift. Each year the collectors send out a multiple edition to members of their (apparently) large holiday mailing list. “**OBLIQUE STRATEGIES**” is a deck of cards adapted from Brian Eno and Peter Schmidt’s “One Hundred Worthwhile Dilemmas,” revised by Peter Norton and designed by Pae White. During a recent visit, my mom discovered the cards and, unprompted, began sorting them into six small piles on my couch. Weird. She informed me that each pile corresponded to one of the

“Six Basic Essence Laws: expansion, concentration, freedom, order, identity, and interaction.” It turns out my mother’s been reading the same books as Eno.

3 This year the **BASEL ART FAIR** fell between a dental convention and a trade show for chemists. I only know this because I happened to be staying in a Swiss hotel located between the site of Thomas Mann’s *Magic Mountain* and the place where Nietzsche wrote *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. It’s always nice to consider what things fall between.

4 [HTTP://WWW.WM3.ORG](http://www.wm3.org) You may have heard of the WM3 “witch trial” from the 1996 HBO documentary “Paradise Lost: The Child Murders at Robin Hood Hills.” This website is dedicated to freeing the WM3, three West Memphis, Arkansas teens (now adults) convicted of killing three eight-year-olds despite the lack of physical evidence linking them to the supposedly satanic and ritualistic crime. Damien Echols, a nascently charismatic iconoclast, was deemed the mastermind, probably thanks to his heavy-metal bookishness. When I saw the documentary three years ago, I became enamored of Echols as he defended a series of red underlines in a book on witchcraft he bought for five cents at a library sale, as well a journal entry copying a damning quote from Shakespeare. Now he’s a seasoned death-row inmate, sentenced to die by lethal injection. Unbelievable.

5 **PASSWORD** “The classic word association game” lures you and your friends into the negative space of your vocabulary. The object, of course, is to prompt your partner to say the password by providing a single word clue. You don’t need to buy the game to play, but the vinyl password-decoding envelopes are attractive and portable. I keep the game handy and wind up playing more often than I care to admit.

6 **WILLIAM GASS, “THE HIGH BRUTALITY OF GOOD INTENTIONS” (1958)** I’d been hired to teach a class called “Theory as Practice,” and I began discussing my problems with another writer. She suggested that I take a look at a 1958 essay by William Gass that compares William “Varieties of Religious Experience” James to his novelist brother, Henry. Gass pits theory against practice and suggests that “though William [theory] was the superior thinker, Henry [practice] had the superior thought.” While the essay itself is a bit lopsided, the mere juxtaposition of moral philosophizing with fiction writing is provocative. “The more [the moral philosopher] struggles to understand, appreciate, and rise, the more instead he misses, debases, and destroys.” A fitting caution for a teacher.

7 As part of an exhibition at the LA County Museum, artist **STEPHEN PRINA** delivered a semi-lengthy yet somehow succinct preface to a certain song explaining how, early on in his musical career, his band performed at a place some of the local professors would frequent. After one of these performances, the band told him excitedly that John Cage had been in the audience. Then he announced to us, “This is the song” he performed that night and segued into Carole King’s “It’s Too Late.” Tears were actually shed, and not just by me.

8 **JON PYLYPCHUK’S FREE AND/OR AFFORDABLE ART** I first met this Ukrainian transplant from Winnipeg when he invited the entire class of graduate students into his studio for some free art. I’d never before witnessed such frenzied looking and rampant admiration in a school setting. I went home with a stack of free collages—debris glued into weird figures rife with sentiment. My latest acquisition cost \$40 and features one anthropomorphic concoction saying “I love you” to another, whose reply reads “That’s where the similarities between us end.”

9 **ALAN WATTS REBROADCASTS ON PACIFICA RADIO** For an hour a week, one can relish the eloquent disembodied voice of the philosopher who popularized Zen Buddhism. He’s fond of mentioning Wittgenstein, and he lets out these weirdly naughty laughs that one rarely comes across in print.

10 **OUR DUMB CENTURY** (Three Rivers Press, 1997). *The Onion’s* collection of faux newspaper items has been on the “*New York Times* Bestseller List” for I don’t know how long. Even so, it’s a superhysterically funny parody of front-page stories—a satisfying blend of criticism and cuss words that comes very close to saying: Fuck the system. □

Alan Watts, ca. 1960.

Best of the '90s

A SPECIAL ISSUE

Over the next 26 pages,
thirty *Artforum* contributors
remember the high points
of the past decade.

Jeff Wall, *The Vampires'
Picnic, 1991*, Cibachrome
transparency, aluminum
display case, and fluores-
cent light, 90½ x 132".

- 112 Dave Hickey
- 114 Daniel Birnbaum
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- 134 Boris Groys

Best of the '90s

- 116 Film
- 126 Music
- 136 Books

Dave Hickey

Dave Hickey is an art writer who lives in Las Vegas. His essays have most recently been collected in *Air Guitar: Essays on Art and Democracy* (Art Issues, 1997).

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **1. Robert Gober, *Untitled*, 1995–97**, mixed media, dimensions variable. Photo: Joshua White. **9.** Clockwise from top left: **Philip Argent, *Bug*, 1997**, oil and acrylic on canvas, 62 x 50". **Ingrid Calame, *fsstCK*, 1998**, enamel on aluminum, 48 x 48". **Jennifer Steinkamp, collaboration with Jimmy Johnson, *Phase=Time*, 1999**, screen 32 x 11'; room 39 x 38 x 24'. Installation view. **Monique Prieto, *Lovethink*, 1999**, acrylic on canvas, 60 x 72". **5. Vija Celmins, *Suspended Plane*, 1966**, oil on canvas, 16 x 27". **2. Cindy Sherman, *Untitled Film Still #13*, 1978**, gelatin-silver print, 9½ x 7½". **7. Howard Arkley, *Illuminated Space*, 1999**, acrylic on canvas, 70 x 54". **3. Richard Serra, *Torqued Ellipse IV*, 1998**, weatherproof steel, 12' 3" x 26' 6" x 32' 6"; plate thickness 2". Approx. overall weight 40 tons. **4. David Reed, #212 (Vice), 1984–85**, oil and alkyd on linen, 24 x 96". Installation view, Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego. **6. "Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective," 1996–97**. Installation view, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. **8. Giambattista Tiepolo, *The Coronation of the Virgin*, 1754**, oil on canvas, 40¾ x 30¾". Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth.

1 “Robert Gober” (*Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 1997*) Gober’s installation, with its penetrated Virgin, subterranean tide pools, and waterfall stairwell, is my icon of the decade. In its intellectual rigor and plangent availability, it’s as close as we’re likely to get to the refinement and generosity of a seventeenth-century sculptural occasion. We may speculate on its wry deconstruction of Duchampian aesthetics, or we may, as one of the museum guards did, make a gesture indicating the flow of experience through the pipe and through the Virgin, and simply say, “*Clemencia, Señor.*”

2 “Cindy Sherman: Retrospective” (*Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, and Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, 1997–98*) Asked about the proliferation of artists who mimicked his style, Willem de Kooning said, “Hey! They can only make the good ones.” (Meaning: Great artists have the privilege of failing.) Cindy Sherman, the most plagiarized artist of the last twenty years, should understand this. She can make triumphant work (and not many can), and she can crash and burn. Sherman’s ratio of triumph to disaster is about ten to one, and since one triumph is worth a hundred disasters, she is, by my calculation, the artist of the fin de siècle.

3 Richard Serra’s *Torqued Ellipses* (*Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 1998–99*) Serra’s *Torqued Ellipses* belong on a Top Ten of the last half-century as the apotheosis of aesthetics as kinesthetics—the ne plus ultra of “you had to be there” art. As much sculpture for the inner ear and the pit of the stomach as for the eye, the ellipses invest the viewer in their presence with a level of acute physical self-consciousness that, at this moment, is all the more glamorous and exotic for being totally unavailable on the Web.

4 “David Reed Paintings: Moving Pictures” (*Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego, 1998–99*) Gertrude Stein said, “Anybody is as their land and air is.” The sheer, dazzling *appropriateness* of David Reed’s painting retrospective installed in his hometown of San Diego makes her point. Just as Stein moved to Paris to be an American, David Reed, clearly, moved to New York to be a Californian. Everything impudent about Reed’s paintings in Manhattan—from the fluid, stress-free gestures to the crisp fingers of hot color—takes on iconic intensity in Reed’s native land and air.

5 “Vija Celmins” (*Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, 1992–93*) Oscar Wilde complained about the difficulty of living up to his blue china. I saw “Vija Celmins” at three of its venues; in each case, both the crowd and the institution were hard put to live up to the devotional eloquence of Celmins’s work. It daunted people into silence and made the spaces seem tatty, smudged, and insubstantial. For all the work out there designed to make us feel less than moral, there’s too little art like Celmins’s, which shows us a way of being human that is stronger, quieter, braver, and less needy than we know ourselves to be.

6 “Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective” (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1996–97*) It could have been a fucking disaster: Ellsworth Kelly vs. Frank Lloyd Wright in a battle of eccentric autocrats. Kelly gracefully forestalled this eventuality by mounting his retrospective at the Guggenheim as a subversive homage to its architect, matching every nuanced curve and angle in Wright’s building with a nuanced curve and angle of his own. In doing so, he established himself as the pivotal figure in mid-century American art—the master of an expressive, intellectual practice that never dissolves into concept or devolves into angst-ridden nostalgia.

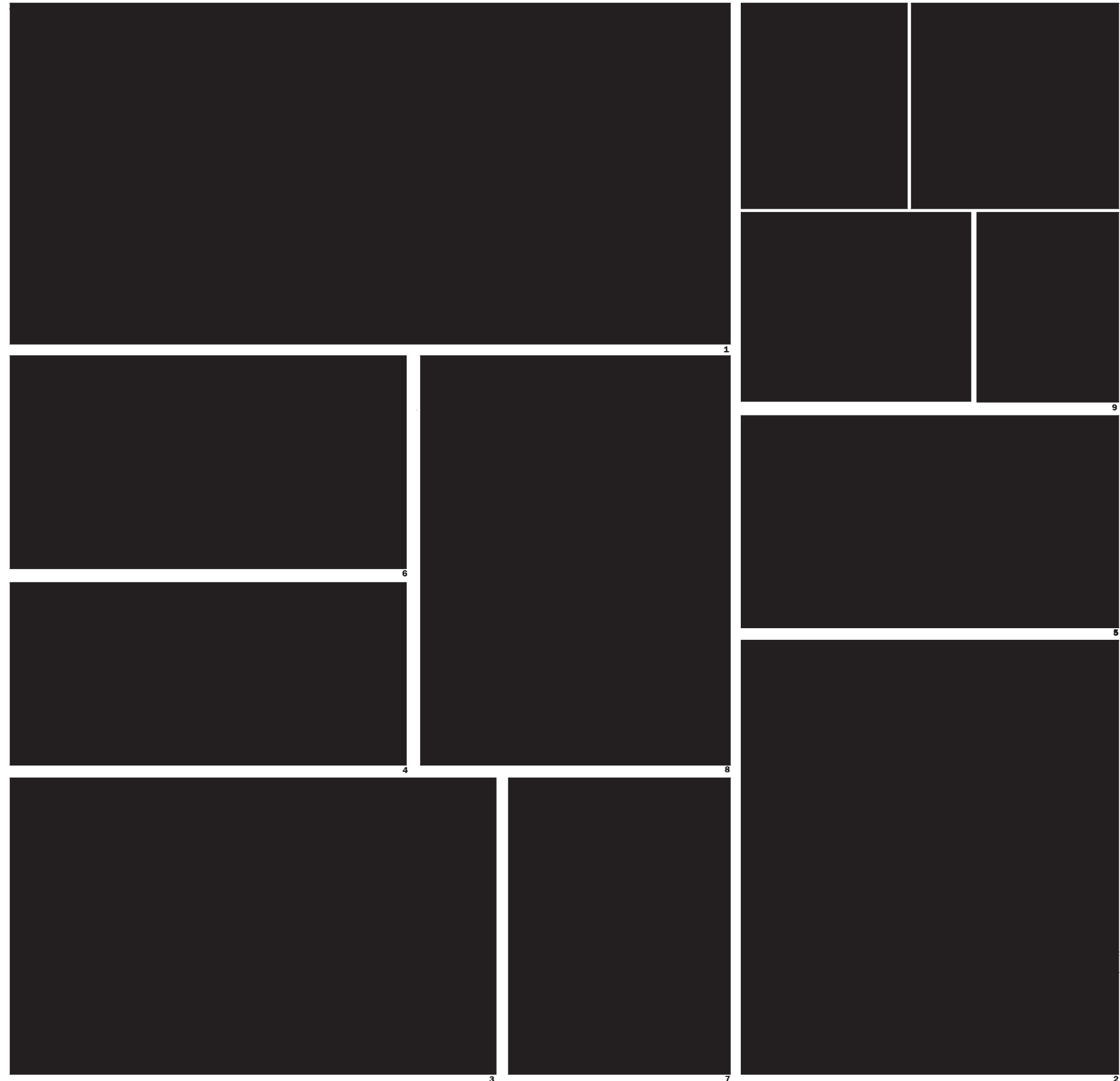
7 Howard Arkley (*Karen Lovegrove Gallery, Los Angeles, 1999*) Arkley’s goofy-smart paintings of petty-boo suburban paradise have ranked high on my list of secret pleasures in recent years, and I was looking forward to more.

Unfortunately, two weeks after the opening of his first show in LA, Arkley died of an overdose in Australia. The show at Karen Lovegrove, happily, sadly, was just splendid, at once fresh and austere. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, dammit.

8 “Giambattista Tiepolo: Master of the Oil Sketch” (*Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, 1993*) Tiepolo is the artistic patron saint of deadline *litterateurs* like myself. With knowledge in his body and magic in his hand, Tiepolo did it fast, did it great, and never looked back. As a consequence, the exhibition of his oil sketches at the Kimbell was as wonderful a lesson in trusting your own talent as a book of Wilde’s essays.

9 LA Spring (as in Prague Spring): Part I In recent years, the art world has been admitting young artists one at a time, cutting them out from the herd and quickly transforming them into high-dollar Vanity Fare. The dam broke this spring in Los Angeles. Dozens of bright young things mounted so many bright young shows that one actually moved from gallery to gallery, from month to month, with heady anticipation. Among the standouts: Kevin Appel, Philip Argent, Linda Besemer, Ingrid Calame, Jane Callister, Fandra Chang, Steven Crique, Sharon Ellis, Jeff Elrod, Jason Eoff, Jack Hallberg, Jim Isermann, Kurt Kauper, Penelope Krebs, Laura Owens, Aaron Parazette, Monique Prieto, Michael Reafsnyder, Adam Ross, Brad Spence, Jennifer Steinkamp, and Yek.

10 LA Spring: Part II Even more amazingly, the LA scene suddenly has depth as well as breadth. The surf is up for frosties, too. During the past year there has been a steady stream of solid to splendid shows by my insouciant contemporaries. Among them, Peter Alexander, John Baldessari, Larry Bell, Tony Berlant, Mary Corse, Joe Goode, Craig Kauffman, John McCracken, Ken Price, Edward Ruscha, and Alexis Smith. It’s almost like being in love. □



Daniel Birnbaum

Daniel Birnbaum is a Stockholm-based art critic, the director of IASPIS (International Artists' Studio Program in Sweden), and a contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **10. Bruce Nauman, *Anthro/Socio (Rinde Facing Camera)*, 1991**, six videodisc players, six color monitors, three video projectors, and six video discs, dimensions variable. Installation view. **7. Gabriel Orozco, *Island within an Island*, 1993**, color photograph, 12 5/8 x 18 3/4". **5. Eija-Liisa Ahtila, *Gray*, 1993**, still from a color video, 90 seconds. **1. Sigmar Polke, *Gärtner (Gardener)*, 1992**, acrylic on synthetic fabric, 114 3/4 x 114 3/4". **9. "Verner Panton: Light and Colour," 1999**. Installation view, Design Museum, London, 1999. **6. Dieter Roth, *Solo Szenen (Solo scenes)*, 1997–98**, 128 video monitors and videotapes. Installation view. Edition of three. **3. Felix Gonzalez-Torres, *Untitled (For Jeff)*, 1992**, billboard, dimensions variable. Installation views. Photo: Neil Goldstein. **2. Below: *Cady Noland, Towards a Metalanguage of Evil*, 1992**, mixed media, dimensions variable. Installation view, Documenta IX, 1992. Above: **Matthew Barney, *OTTOshaft: The Al Davis Suite*, 1992**, mixed media, dimensions variable. Installation view, Documenta IX, 1992. **4. Stan Douglas, *I'm Not Gary*, 1991**, still from a color video, 30 seconds. From the "Monodramas" series, 1991. Friend of Gary (Billy Mitchell).

1 “**Sigmar Polke: The Three Lies of Painting**” (*Kunst- und Ausstellungshalle der BRD, Bonn, 1997*) Large retrospectives are risky in that they always seem to push the artist’s achievement—even a living one’s—into the past tense. But Sigmar Polke’s hallucinatory, open-ended painterly project has proven impossible to bring to any conclusion. The magnificent retrospective in Bonn was the painting show of the decade. Among all the superheroes of German painting, only Polke still flies high.

2 **Matthew Barney and Cady Noland** (*Documenta IX, Kassel, 1992*) Matthew Barney’s and Cady Noland’s displays on two subterranean floors of a public garage in Kassel were the strangest, most extraordinary contributions to Jan Hoet’s show. Noland’s *Towards a Metalanguage of Evil*—a meditation on car crashes, death, and American media corruption—nonchalantly spread out among the parked cars, a few Coke cans marking the blurred borderline between public art and public life. Or were the stray cans plain old litter? Barney’s first international appearance took the form of *OTTOshaft*, which, with its odd materials, hermetic symbolism, and bizarre sexual charge, suggested a seemingly fully formed vision of the world (or some world) that continues to unfold with each new episode of his increasingly baroque five-part film cycle.

3 **Felix Gonzalez-Torres** My first real encounter with Felix Gonzalez-Torres was *Untitled (For Jeff)*, 1992, a billboard in an empty lot in downtown Stockholm. The show at Magasin 3 was splendid, but the vulnerable hand pictured on the billboard is what I remember most vividly. “I wanted to make an artwork that could disappear, that never existed,” Gonzalez-Torres remarked later. The billboard piece comes close to realizing that disappearing act. Now that the work—and the lot—are gone, even the absence is absent.

4 **Stan Douglas** Instead of conforming to expectations, Stan Douglas’s 1991 “Monodramas,” a series of short works for television, makes you feel you’ve missed the point or were cheated out of the plot just when it seemed to get going. In *I’m Not Gary*, my favorite, basic communication breaks down: You’ll never be completely comfortable watching TV (or talking with your friends for that matter) again.

5 **Eija-Liisa Ahtila** The three ninety-second spots Eija-Liisa Ahtila produced for Finnish television, *Me/We, Okay, and Gray*, all 1993, are among the most effective works I know exploiting that newly antiquated medium. TV lacks the visionary ambience of more up-to-date technologies—and maybe that’s why it’s possible to create such melancholy works in the medium these days. In *Gray*, three women travel in an industrial elevator and deliver a deeply worrying report on an imminent nuclear catastrophe. Speaking with incredible speed about chemicals and radiation, the women create a weird kind of high-tech poetry—in Finnish.

6 **Dieter Roth** The importance of this artist, who long toiled in the fecund semi-obscurity that close association with putrescent foodstuffs affords, became increasingly clear in the ’90s, and his last show, at Hauser & Wirth, was a real hit. In *Solo Szenen* (Solo scenes), 1997–98, the old man performs his daily routines (displayed on more than 100 monitors stacked on top of each other), leading up to a low-key but strangely dramatic endgame featuring a bizarre philosopher-bum’s high-strung metaphysical ruminations, reminiscent of Beckett or Bernhard. It seems that Roth has inadvertently begotten a whole platoon of boys who like to pack rooms full of junk. They’ve been making a mess all over Berlin and LA lately, which is fine, but one might have hoped that other aspects of Roth’s work—his guileless exposure of human vulnerability, for example—would give birth to another lineage. Maybe it’s still to come.

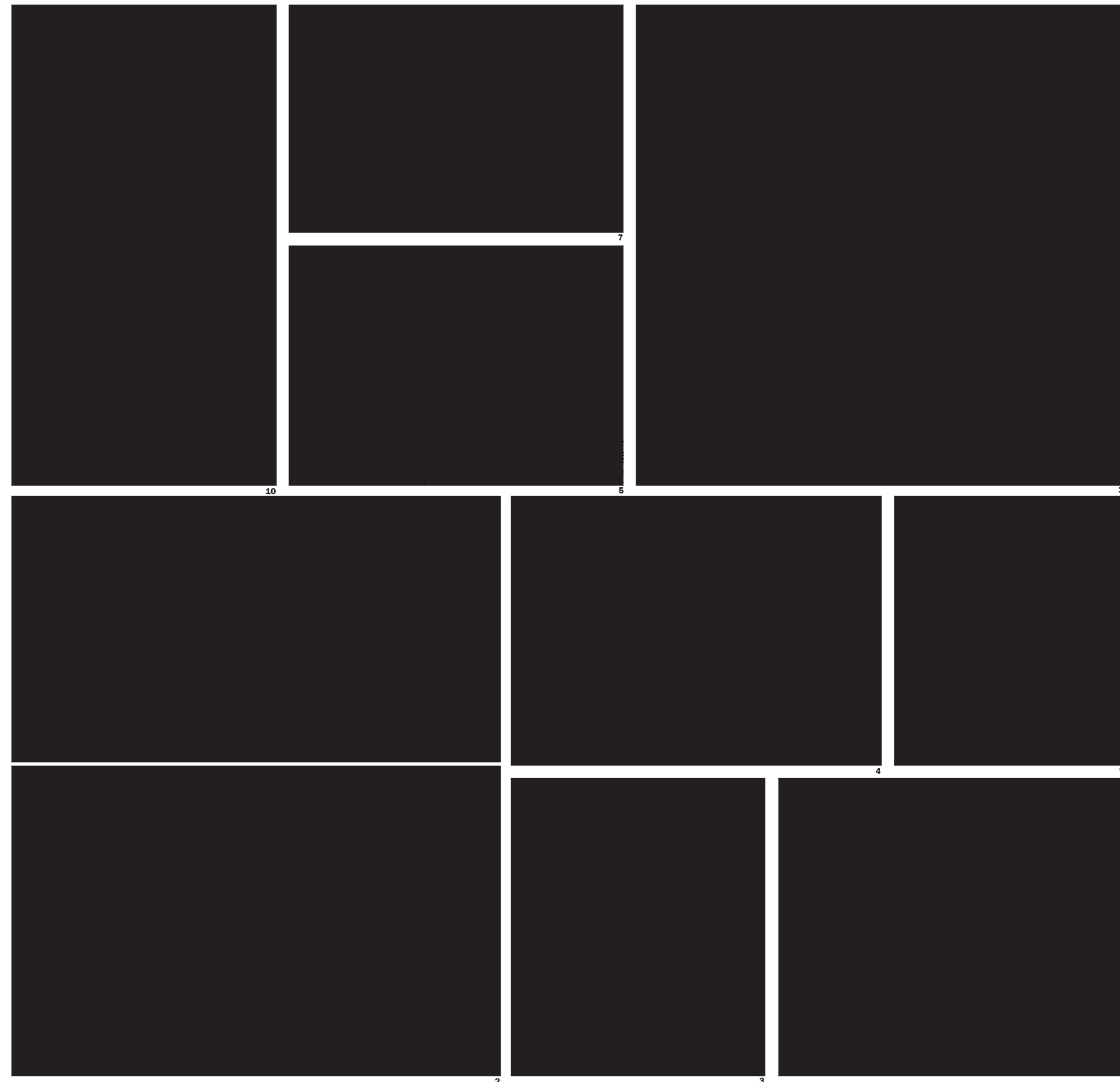
7 **Gabriel Orozco** I don’t know why I like Gabriel Orozco’s *Island within an Island*, 1993, so much. Despite the childishness inherent in

building a miniature New York skyline out of small pieces of wood found in the street, Orozco gets something interesting going between mini and macro, and that tension seems essential to what makes Orozco’s good pieces good.

8 **Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris** There are plenty of reasons to go to Paris, but I’m grateful that throughout the ’90s the Musée de la Ville de Paris put on provocative exhibitions of contemporary art. A dialectical tension between historical and contemporary shows may sound like empty rhetoric, but here it really works—Edvard Munch paired with Eija-Liisa Ahtila, for instance, or August Strindberg with Olafur Eliasson. And I’ll never forget when Louise Bourgeois’s giant spiders invaded.

9 “**Verner Panton: Light and Colour**” (*Design Museum, London, 1999*) Having lived most of my life in Scandinavia, it should have come as no surprise that the Panton show in London this summer would be a kick. Panton, the Danish visionary, offers a psychedelic alternative to the typically boring neutrality of Nordic style. This is as far as you can get from the blond and cool design that completely dominates Scandinavian hotel lobbies—and the pages of *Wallpaper*.

10 **Bruce Nauman** It’s almost superfluous to say it, but Bruce Nauman was the artist of the ’90s. Everyone seems to like him, which is strange considering how little pleasure and how much suffering his art conveys. Why it is that we want death, pain, and claustrophobia in art I can’t say, but in retrospect the screaming heads in Nauman’s *Anthro/Socio (Rinde Facing Camera)*, 1991, set the tone for the decade. And to top it all off, MOMA’s impressive 1995 retrospective (co-organized by the Walker Art Center and the Hirshhorn Museum) made it clear that Nauman has been one step ahead of everyone all along. []



Robert Rosenblum

Robert Rosenblum, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is professor of fine art at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from center: **2. Picasso on his way to a bullfight, Arles, 1957.** Left to right, Paulo, Pablo, Jacqueline, and Christine Picasso, John Richardson, Jean Cocteau, and Douglas Cooper. Photo: David Douglas Duncan.

1. Yasumasa Morimura, To My Little Sister/For Cindy Sherman, 1998, color photograph mounted on aluminum, 31 x 55". **7. Top: Phillip Taaffe, Constellation Elephanta, 1994,** mixed media on canvas, 11' 7 1/2" x 100". Bottom: **Peter Halley, Shonen Knife, 1991,** acrylic, Day-Glo, and Roll-a-Tex on canvas, 86 1/2 x 85 1/2".

10. Chuck Close and Norman Siegel, director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, at a rally in support of the Brooklyn Museum, October 1999. Photo: AP/Diane Bondareff. **6. Matthew Barney, Cremaster 4, 1994,** production still from a color video transferred to 35 mm, 42 minutes 40 seconds. Photo: Peter Strietmann.

4. Andy Warhol, Last Supper, 1986, silk-screen ink on synthetic polymer paint on canvas, ca. 39 1/2 x 39 1/2". **9. Norman Rockwell, The Problem We All Live With, 1964,** oil on canvas, 36 x 58". **5. Charles Ray, Puzzle Bottle, 1995,** painted wood in glass bottle, 1.3 x 4" diameter. **8. Top: James Mason, topiary garden after Georges Seurat's A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of the Grande Jatte, Columbus, Ohio, dedicated 1992.** Bottom: **Jeff Koons, Puppy, 1992,** live flowers, earth, wood, and steel, 39 x 16 x 21'. Installation view, Arolsen, Germany.

1 The Revival of Portraiture Once occupying the lowest rung of the modernist ladder, portraiture is again alive and well. Central to the '90s (Close, Sherman, Ruff, Morimura), it has also reoriented our view with respect to the old masters. Within recent memory, shows of Degas, Renoir, Picasso, and Ingres have all focused on their sitters; and then there's the rediscovery of high-society portraiture, ca. 1900, as witnessed by the success of the Sargent show, a virtual-reality trip out of Merchant Ivory.

2 Could Artists Be Human? Not only their sitters, but artists themselves are being freshly scrutinized as flesh-and-blood creatures who no longer reside on Olympus. Magisterial new biographies of Picasso (John Richardson) and Matisse (one by Hilary Spurling, another by John Russell) have tethered the deities to Planet Earth. With a wealth of new data, these page-turners send us back to the drawing board when we look at even the masters' most familiar work. And think how the revelations about Bonnard's personal life have added eerie dimensions worthy of Hitchcock to his seemingly pleasure-drenched nudes and interiors. Art may waft us away to higher realms, but it is no less thrilling to remember that it has roots in real people, places, and things.

3 South Park For me, *South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut* (1999) was the most entertaining of revolutions. With words and lyrics foul enough to make the proverbial truck driver blush, with sidesplitting and "postmodern" quotational spoof of everything decent and beloved by, say, Rodgers and Hart or Andrew Lloyd Webber, with song-and-dance extravaganzas worthy of Busby Berkeley, with abstract colors and geometries as startling as Peter Halley's, with a hilarious but knife-edged parody of American hypocrisy . . . well, what more could you ask for?

4 Late Warhol We used to think his art moved off center-screen after 1968, when Valerie Solanas nearly killed him. But the '90s have seen one spectacular resurrection after another from his own last decade, an inventory of abundance and diversity rivaling Picasso's estate. There are appropriations in which artists from Uccello to Munch get the Warhol treatment; there are the amazingly fresh abstract paintings that rejuvenate the classic vocabularies of the old modern masters (Miró, de Kooning, Pollock, Kelly, et al.); there are his repetitive offerings at the altar of Leonardo's *Last Supper*, yet another part of the sustained themes of religion and death that, as illuminated by Jane Dillenberger's 1998 study, permeate his entire life and work. Who knows what the twenty-first century will find?

5 Invasion of the Body Snatchers With Duane Hanson as an unlikely father figure, we have seen a creepy proliferation of mutant, 3-D humanoids who provide a new kind of science fiction for gallerygoers. I happen to love most of these grotesque breeds, including Vanessa Beecroft's Galatea-like fashion models, Charles Ray's American version of *Gulliver's Travels*, the Chapman brothers' Freudian *Island of Doctor Moreau*, and Mariko Mori's high-tech Japanese fairies.

6 Matthew Barney My abiding awe and gratitude go to this Wagnerian visionary. While thrilling us with narratives of ancient magic, color chords invented on another planet, and fantastic mutations of vintage musical-comedy spectacles, Barney creates a private mythology that, eluding reason and words, cuts deep into the psyche and the viscera.

7 Abstract Beauty Painting, of course, isn't dead. Neither, it seems, is beauty, at least if one is to judge by Peter Halley and Philip Taaffe, who, for all their cerebral explanations and art-historical references, deliver gorgeous visual goods that look like nothing ever seen before.

8 A Topiary Renaissance? An endangered species since the seventeenth century, topiary is being seen again, and not only on the pruned lawns of Disney World. Symptoms include the astonishing, walk-through re-creation of Seurat's *Grande Jatte*, a park in three green dimensions designed by James Mason in Columbus, Ohio, and dedicated in 1992; and, of course, Jeff Koons's huge puppy, first seen at Schloss Arolsen that same year, and then cloned in Sydney and Bilbao. Rumor has it that this irresistibly lovable, flower-studded challenge to the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World will soon be given equal time with the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center.

9 Low to High Now that the twentieth century is due to be buried, it's safe to reconsider the stuff modernist hierarchies sneered at, particularly art that was once immensely popular among the unwashed masses. Artists who mirrored American dreams, like Maxfield Parrish and Norman Rockwell, as well as those who dreamed up what now seem quaint sex fantasies, like George Petty, Alberto Vargas, and Tom of Finland, have become as distant as Victorian narrative painting and Gibson girls, which means we can start to look at them for both pure pleasure and more high-minded studies of art and culture.

10 X-rated Museums Nobody wanted to close the Brooklyn Museum in 1988, when, in the midst of the Courbet retrospective, you stumbled upon the master's notorious and previously invisible *Origin of the World*, a gynecologist's view of the nude. And in the same year, the Whitney's Mapplethorpe show passed through New York with scarcely a hackle raised until it reached Cincinnati. Even the most sexually in-your-face Picassos, early and late, which as recently as the '70s no respectable museum would have dared to show, became so familiar by the '90s that they could produce little more than a shrugged shoulder or a nervous smile. This was a quiet revolution worth defending against those who think that Satan never sleeps. □

Jan Avgikos

Jan Avgikos is a New York-based contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **1. Cady Noland, *Celebrity Trash Spill*, 1989**, mixed media, dimensions variable. **5. Felix Gonzalez-Torres, *Untitled (Lover Boy)*, 1990**, unlimited supply of paper, 7½ x 29 x 23". **6. Roni Horn, *Untitled (Flannery)*, 1997**, solid glass, two parts, 11 x 33 x 33" each. **2. Hannah Wilke, *June 10, 1992/May 5, 1992 (detail)*, 1992**, color photographs, diptych, 71½ x 47½" each. From the "Intra Venus" series, 1991–92. **8. Mariko Mori, *Entropy of Love*, 1996**, color photograph mounted on aluminum, 10 x 20". **4. "Pruitt • Early," 1992**. Installation view, Leo Castelli Gallery, New York. **9. Martin Kippenberger, *Transportable Subway Entrance (Crushed)*, 1997**, aluminum and stainless steel, 116" x 86" x 28". **3. Kara Walker, *Danse de la Nubienne Nouveaux*, 1998**, cut paper and adhesive on wall, 10 x 20' over-all. **10. Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Untitled (Free)*, 1992**. Installation view, 303 Gallery, New York.

1 Cady Noland The Queen of Goth. Elegant, but with edge to spare. No one taps into the perversity of late-twentieth-century culture with such relish for the seamier side of "everyday life." In Noland's postapocalyptic cosmology, abjection registers on a sociological scale: The individual is but a symptom, a mass-market mirage. Referencing everything from white trash to the White House, her installations gather the wreckage of an American odyssey gone wrong, a macabre road trip motored by the death drive—in overdrive.

2 Hannah Wilke Another kind of spectacle, another kind of death. As a '70s "babe" serving up alternative cheesecake, Wilke made critique while she made love to the camera, performing her complicity, her conflict, as an "object of desire"—that always was the issue. In the mid-'90s, she inaugurated a new body of work; it would be her last. A Medusa who knew that the sight of her body ravaged by cancer and chemo would have the power to arrest, Wilke exposed herself a final time as she performed her own death. Upping the ante in the current vogue for "body gore," with these powerful (and poignant) photographs, Wilke had the last laugh.

3 Kara Walker Enough true stories, enough steppin' up to battle the big white institution of art, ready to forgive its sins. Challenging the accepted iconography for representing "black experience," Walker stirs up identity politics by inhabiting racist stereotypes with utter insouciance, rendering silhouettes of black folk in the Old South with rocco lightness and fancy, as though there were only carefree play in the lives of the li'l pickaninnies. A flash point, a modicum of risk, Walker tests art's capacity to get under our skins.

4 Pruitt • Early It's one thing if you're black to act flip with black cultural property. It's another thing when a couple of white guys think they've got equal rights to play fast and loose with "black" representations. Guess what?

Wrong! Pruitt and Early were riding high when they staged their big "black experience" event at Leo Castelli in 1992, with authentic Black Power posters, dashiki cloth, and tapes of soul music they picked up in Harlem. Well, they got kicked straight out of the art world for their "problematic" license. In retrospect, their double blaxploitation show, which deftly exposed the limitations of "acceptable" critique, was way ahead of the PC times.

5 Felix Gonzalez-Torres Conceptual art in drag, that's what he called his work. "Contaminating" austere Minimalist form with over-the-top romantic content—the paper stacks, the candy spills, the illuminated strings of light all appropriated postwar vanguard forms—Gonzalez-Torres transformed "empty" art-historical signifiers, filling them up with personal meanings that exposed them as the "ideological vehicles" they always were. In parenthetical titles, in blue monochromes that "imaged invisibility," in art that was "free" (and tested the limits of freedom), he created a subtly poetic, resolutely visual language with which he addressed and celebrated gay life and love. What you see is what you see—and so much more.

6 Roni Horn She's never been one to show her hand. Maybe that's why I've never wanted to know what her art is "about." A slab of slightly frosty, deep blue glass of a particular shape and size; large grainy photographs of sand and sea: There's little subtext here. And yet, there is suppleness and subtlety, a palpable sense of attraction, a suggestion of ecstasy. Call it visual pleasure, an "erotics of art," as Susan Sontag once defined (and defended) the antithesis of interpretation. Not to think about what a thing means, but, instead, to feel and see and sense our way to another kind of intelligence.

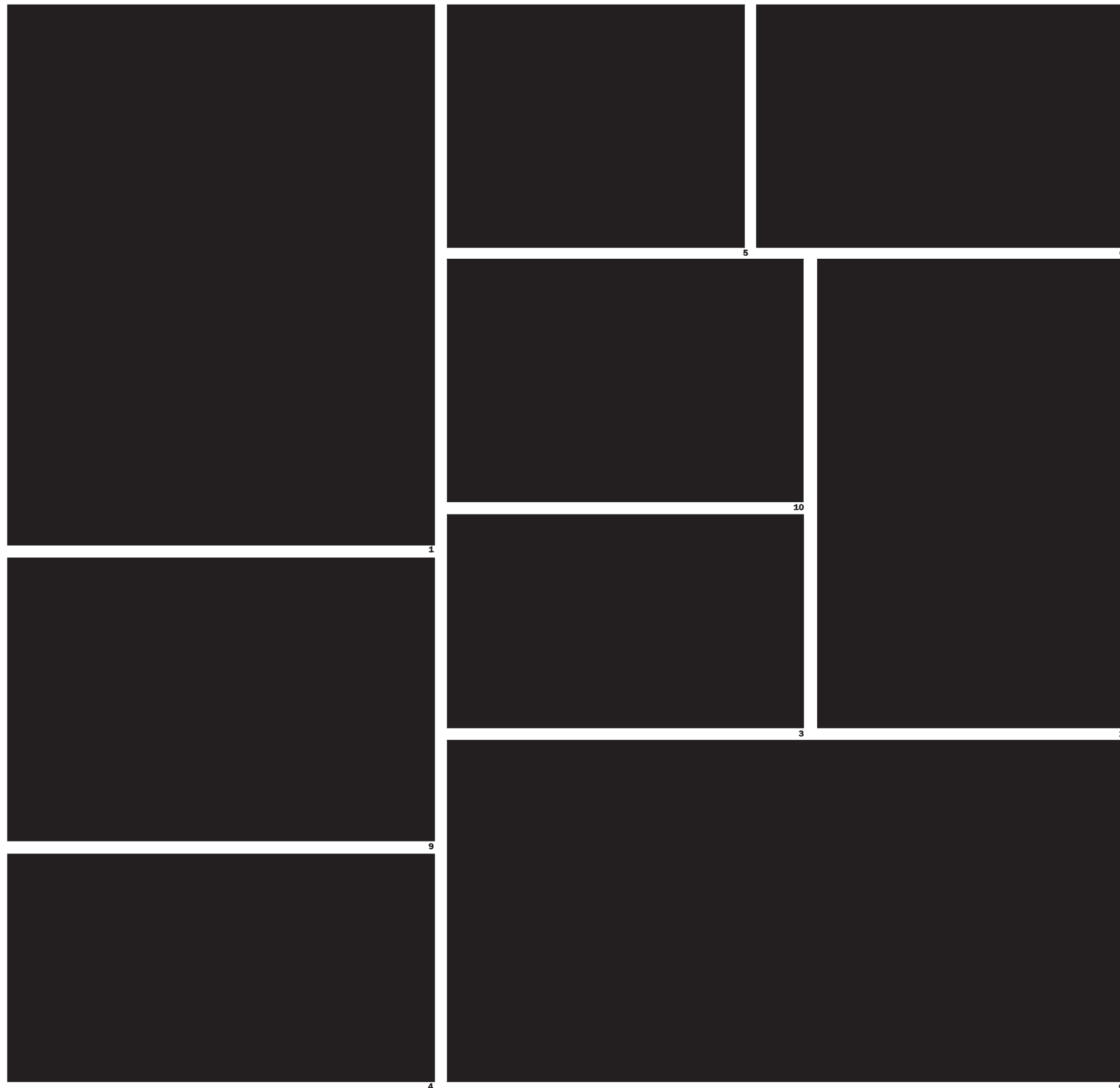
7 Andreas Gursky Commodity culture and the global continuum—it's never been as visible nor looked so good as through Gursky's lens. He photographs a Pollock "hanging in state," or a product-display wall at Niketown, and shows us a radiant world in which seminal

drips and corporate swoosh are interchangeable as emblems of dominant culture—and equally sublime. We still believe in the evidentiary power of photographs, that they are true representations of the real world; but we also believe in the virtual world—the one that's better-looking than life could ever be. Gursky does the cross-referencing and plays them back as one.

8 Mariko Mori What's more seductive? The state-of-the-art technology Mariko Mori deploys, or the cyber-glam babeland she conjures forth? The look is postpolitical "pure entertainment," the special effects as good as any. Her visual languages, borrowed from "screen culture," are readymades for the digital generation. So is her persona, a supernatural, multidimensional, mantra-chanting superheroine.

9 Martin Kippenberger Kippenberger's "Metro Net" show at Metro Pictures felt unexpectedly personal; that it was posthumous supplied the edge he always cultivated. The outsized aluminum *Transportable Subway Entrance (Crushed)*, 1997, so comically estranged from function, had to be compacted a bit to fit inside the gallery. Some guy in Brooklyn with a backhoe did the job—so well that it was barely recognizable as a subway entrance. That's what Kippenberger loved, all the incidental stuff that goes on in and around the art.

10 Rirkrit Tiravanija We will remember the art of the '90s for, among other things, its myriad acts of staged disappearance into the larger cultural landscape. Tiravanija de-emphasizes the art object in favor of events for which "art" becomes a host site. A drum kit and guitars (play if you will); a dinner party featuring his native cuisine; an "apartment" built, lived in, and "viewed" at Gavin Brown's during the summer of '99: Tiravanija's performative social spaces may come to be seen as prototypes of interactivity for the decade ahead. □



David Rimanelli



David Rimanelli is a contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Nobuyoshi Araki, *Untitled*, 1991**, color photograph, 24 x 20". **3. Alex Bag, *Untitled (Fall '95)*, 1995**, still from a color video, 57 minutes. **1. Mike Kelley, *Dialogue #2 (Transparent White Glass/Transparent Black Glass)*, 1991**, blanket, stuffed animals, and cassette player, 74 x 49 x 11". Installation view. Photo: Ellen Page Wilson. **8.** Clockwise from upper left: **Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, *Madame Aymon, known as La Belle Zélie*, 1860**, oil on canvas, 23¼ x 19¼". **Karen Kilimnik, *Me in Russia*, 1916, *Outside the Village*, 1999**, water-soluble oil on canvas, 20 x 16". **Jack Pierson, *Me at the Château*, 1995**, color photograph, 38 x 30". **Billy Sullivan, *Gary*, 1997**, pastel on paper, 30 x 42". **Jane Kaplowitz, *The Florine Stettheimer Collapsed Time Salon (detail)*, 1995**, photo installation. **Elizabeth Peyton, *Piotr*, 1996**, oil on Masonite, 9 x 5". **9. Larry Johnson, *Untitled (Perino's Front, Perino's Rear)*, 1998**, two color photographs, 40½ x 96½" each. Top: front panel. Bottom: rear panel. **4. Matthew Barney, *Cremaster 2*, 1998**, high-definition television in color, transferred to 35 mm, 77 minutes. Production still by Michael James O'Brien. Gary Gilmore (Matthew Barney). **7. Damien Hirst, *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living (detail)*, 1991**, tiger shark, glass, steel, and formaldehyde solution, 84" x 21" x 84". **6. Andreas Gursky, *Chicago Mercantile Exchange*, 1997**, color photograph, 70½ x 94½". **5. Vanessa Beecroft, *US Navy SEALs*, 1999**. Performance view, Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego. Photo: Todd Eberle.

1. Abject Art If abject art wasn't exactly the miserable stepchild of a market fallen on hard times, its various forms nevertheless found a perversely suitable terrain on which to thrive as we witnessed the overnight disappearance of an art scene that had hitherto nurtured scores of art students on dreams of '80s largesse. In contrast to the pristine fetish objects of Neo-Geo and the bombast of neo-Expressionism, the art of abjection found its proper forms in a Pop-inflected version of scatter, *viz.* installations by Mike Kelley, Cady Noland, and Karen Kilimnik. Other artists, e.g., Sean Landers, skidded around abjection's mutable playing field, theatricalizing the gulf between real and ideal. Abject art also freely colludes with another of the decade's reigning trends, the ascendance of fashion, as in Kilimnik's drawings and paintings of various glamour images—works that tear apart the ideal even as they pay homage to it.

2. Nobuyoshi Araki Having attained fame in Japan in the '60s, Araki can hardly be called an artist of the '90s, but his visibility in the West is fairly recent (I for one was unaware of him until I saw his interview with Nan Goldin in a 1995 issue of this magazine). When I began collecting volumes of his photographs, the first I acquired—*Bondage*—supports the not-universally-admired idea of Araki as an extravagantly aestheticizing master of kink. More recently, I've purchased collections in which perversity is recast in a more deliciously underhanded way: volume 10, *Chiro, Araki, and 2 Lovers*, and volume 17, *Sensual Flowers*. The former is a compendium of pictures detailing the thoughts and moods of his kitty, Chiro; the latter features images of wilting flowers, many of them providing bowers for desiccated chameleons. New Frontiers in pet photography and Ikebana.

3. Alex Bag Every time I visit an art school, I show *Fall '95*, Alex's diary-*cum*-evisceration of life as a student at New York's School of Visual Arts, and every time it's a hit. In a decade during which New York has been routinely shunned as a merely commercial art center, Alex's work distills a particular kind of irritated and bemused New York sensibility, one bristling among the young, even as it is memorialized by the erstwhile denizens of the Mudd Club.

4. Matthew Barney The most important new artist of the decade. If you don't believe me, ask Michael Kimmelman.

5. Vanessa Beecroft I still don't know what to say about Beecroft's performances and their attendant documentation. I guess I like it, but . . . Certainly her Gucci *thing* in the Guggenheim's rotunda gave people something to talk about. But her "collaboration" in San Diego with the US Navy SEALs won me over completely: In the Photoshop of my mind, I continually paste the heads of Demi Moore and Viggo Mortensen (as they appear in *G.I. Jane*) over the more ordinary superguys, while relegating the *really hot ones* to future porn.

6. Andreas Gursky Gursky's renovation of both the landscape and cityscape genres is well known, but if I had to select a single strand from throughout this glittering corpus, it would be the photographs of stock exchanges around the world. Nearly identically attired masses of figures contemplate computer screens; some run about nervously, doing Capital's errands. Plenty of photographers have captured town and country, but who of late has so brilliantly done the portrait of money?

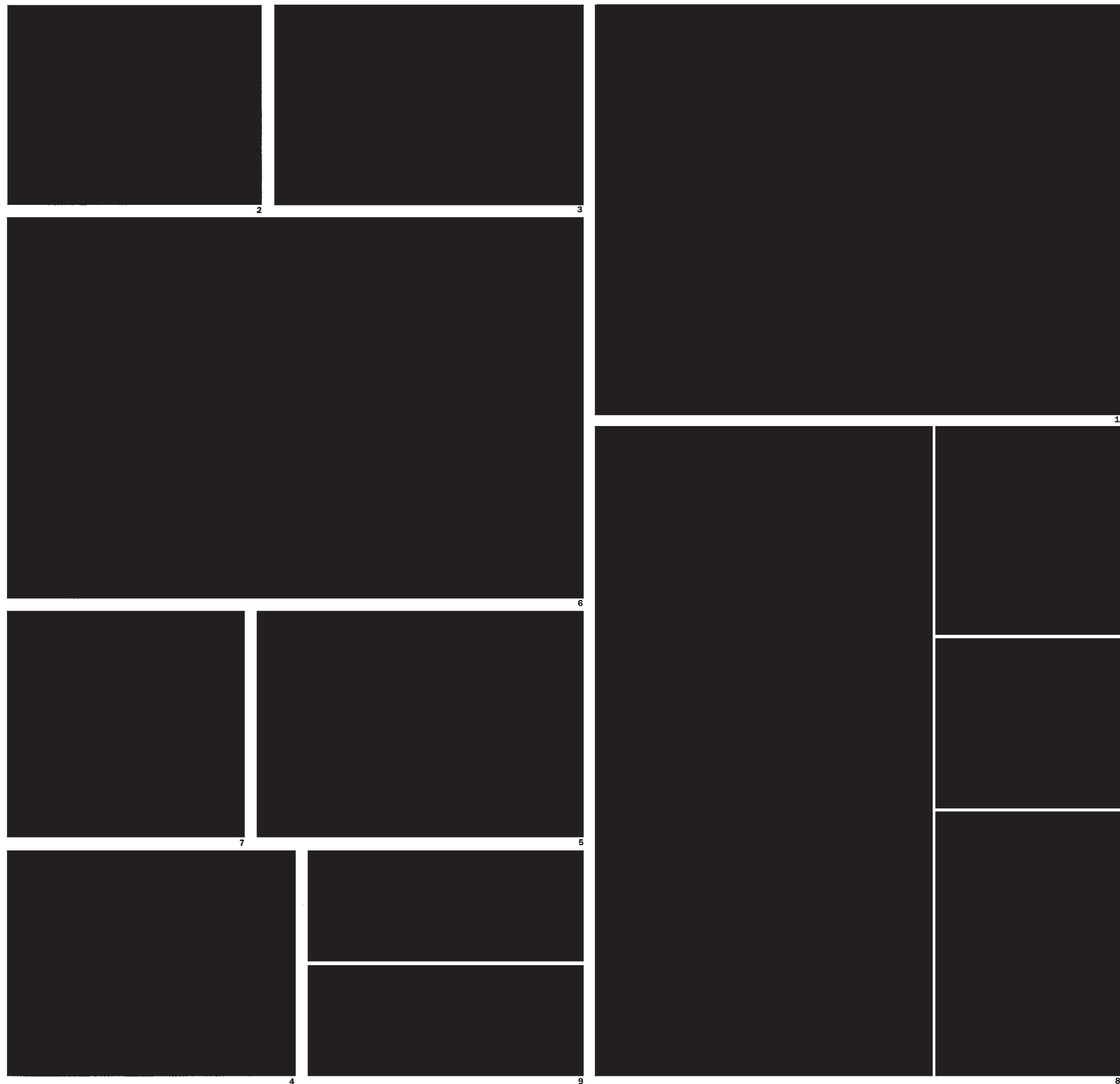
7. Damien Hirst "Freeze," the exhibition Hirst curated in a forlorn London docklands site in 1988, sent his career and those of his friends into international orbit and created the mythsos of Young British Art, which has sustained many often slender talents right up through the latest "scandal" at the Brooklyn Museum. Only the willfully ignorant would deny the significance.

8. Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres Is it merely willful perversity to select an artist born in 1780 as one of the most important figures of the '90s? Sort of, but not utterly. "Portraits by Ingres," currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, not only allows me to dwell on one of my very favorite painters but also permits an excursus on the renaissance of the portrait genre in painting (in photography, it never really left us). From the Napoleonic era through the Restoration, July Monarchy, and Second Empire,

Ingres left a nonpareil record of the rich and powerful; the wives and girlfriends of the rich and powerful; those he worshipped and those who paid him. Today, in the work of artists as diverse as Karen Kilimnik, Elizabeth Peyton, Billy Sullivan, Jack Pierson, and Jane Kaplowitz, we see the distant reflection of Ingres's enterprise, one that admits both frank idealization and more psychologically ambiguous homage.

9. Larry Johnson In many respects, Johnson might seem like a more typically '80s artist, one initially steeped in "Pictures" and CalArts's famous program of "skeptical beliefs." His '90s work moves beyond appropriation without disavowing it, and melds the seemingly antithetical media of photography and drawing in an utterly singular way. *Untitled (Perino's Front, Perino's Rear)*, a 1998 diptych all about the front and back doors, leisure and consumption, and nostalgia and disillusionment, attests to Johnson's pictorial intelligence and beauty.

10. Teen Movies In the early '60s, Susan Sontag prophesied (in "Notes on Camp") that a day might come when the muscular authenticity of Method Acting would seem as bizarrely stilted as the style of Sarah (not Sandra) Bernhardt. Today's young stars are no more plucked from Strasberg than they are from the Comédie Française. Hailing from TV melodramas like *Party of Five*, *Dawson's Creek*, and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, these comets are innocent of the introspective tick; instead, they transmit high feeling with the same sort of otiose languor as the girls in Lichtenstein paintings ("Oh Brad, it's a masterpiece"). A revolution in form of course necessitates a revolution in content: Movies like *Cruel Intentions* and *The Faculty* are refreshingly unburdened of overly italicized moralizing and blunderbuss. In the latter film, an alien force overtakes a small-town high school (big surprise), converting the faculty before moving on to the young. The boy-genius bad boy, so cute he can withstand a dazzlingly ugly haircut, is of course the redeemer: The "tweak" (speed) he manufactures in his home lab turns out to be the only way to reveal and destroy the aliens. Distribution of illicit drugs saves mankind. □



Peter Plagens



Peter Plagens, who lives in New York, is a painter, the art critic for *Newsweek*, and a contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **5. Ron Mueck, *Ghost*, 1998**, mixed media, 79½ x 25½ x 39".

7. Left: Paul Cézanne, *Mont Sainte-Victoire Seen from Les Lauves*, 1902–04, oil on canvas, ca. 27½ x 35¾".

Right: **Constantin Brancusi, *The Kiss*, 1916**, limestone, 23 x 13 x 10". **Footnote:**

Christo and Jeanne-Claude, *Wrapped Reichstag*, Berlin, 1971–95, 1,076,000

square feet of polypropylene fabric with aluminum surface, in 70 panels, and

51,181 feet of blue polypropylene rope, 1½" in diameter. Photo: Wolfgang

Volz. © Christo. **1. Johannes Vermeer, *The Lacemaker*, ca. 1669–70**, oil on canvas on wood, ca. 9¾ x 8¾".

6. Magdalena Abakanowicz, *War Games: Marrow Bone*, 1987, wood and iron, dimensions variable. Installation

view. **3. Stanley Spencer, *The Crucifixion*, 1958**, oil on canvas, ca. 85 x 85".

4. "The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915–1932," 1992. Installation view, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New

York. **9. Eva Hesse, *Right After*, 1969**, casting resin over fiberglass cord and wire hooks, dimensions variable.

10. Sidney Nolan, *Ned Kelly*, 1946, enamel on composition board, ca. 35½ x 47¾".

The big bosses at *Artforum* asked for an annotated list of the ten best art thingies of the '90s, and that's exactly what they're gonna get. No Greil Marcus/Ron Rosenbaum-style envelope-pushing to slip in a remaindered CD by Animal Logic or the best chopped liver on the Upper West Side. Oh all right, a little fudging here and there to wedge in a few extra items, but otherwise, straight down the pike.

1 **"Johannes Vermeer"** (*National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC; Royal Cabinet of Paintings Maritshuis, The Hague, 1995–96*) The sweetest words my editors at *Newsweek* ever said to me were, "You know, after all that pandemonium over the Vermeer show in Washington, it'd be good to have a story on how the Dutch feel about it when it comes back to Holland." So I got to see the show a second time, in The Hague. Yes, as I wrote at the time, there *were* a couple of (comparative) dogs in the show; but just seeing *The Lacemaker*, ca. 1669–70, and *View of Delft*, ca. 1660–61, in the same exhibition was a millennial experience.

2 **Eddie Izzard** Yep, I'm violating my most deeply held principle: Up with art-object art, and . . . fuck showbiz! But the thirty-seven-year-old English comic is a genius, if not an outright god. I've seen the video of his "Dressed to Kill" concert eight times, and my rapture at his gag lines ("Cake or death? Cake, please," or "Scale it back a bit, you're British") has actually been superseded by enchantment with his mere filler ("Um . . . and yes, *that's* all true"). Only a Frans Hals lace collar makes me as dizzy with delight. Izzard's comedy is so intelligent, gracefully structured, and kindhearted that his trademark gender bending ("*executive* transvestite") is just a cherry on the cake.

3 **"Stanley Spencer"** (*Hirshhorn Museum, Washington, DC, 1997–98*) Here, I cop to an epiphany born of inexcusable ignorance. I'd never even heard of Sir Stanley until I was a grizzled thirty-five. Then, in 1976, on a visit to Brighton, England, while killing time and trying to avoid traipsing through the Royal Pavilion with the rest of the tourists, I happened on a

little art museum featuring a Spencer show. My jaw dropped, my received history of modernism reeled. Twenty years later, another sip from the well. I don't care what other critics say about Spencer—that he was a ditsy megalomaniac, that he couldn't settle on a style, that he held idiotic religious convictions, that he's just an English taste and the subject of a corny play (*Stanley*, by Pam Gems). Spencer's one of the great doers of modern art, whose talent could do justice to everything from the faintest blue vein on a female breast to a panorama of wartime shipbuilders.

4 **"The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915–1932"** (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1992*) Although the sumptuous Matisse retrospective was simultaneously packing them in at MOMA, this visually thrilling blockbuster was the most important show in New York that year. However gourmand its appetite for revolutionary artifacts, "Utopia" did bring Tatlin's glider thrusting into Wright's breathtaking space—and the sight of that alone was worth the ticket price.

5 **Ron Mueck** Yeah, everybody and his brother went gaga over *Dead Dad*, 1996–97, in the "Sensation" show's original London run. And they should have. Mueck's little tour de force du trompe l'oeil was far more moving than anything Duane Hanson or John D'Andrea ever dreamed up, plus it wasn't, like, just cast from some real person, actual size. It's only about three feet long. But Mueck—a veteran of Jim Henson's shop—outdid himself in his 1998 solo at Anthony d'Offay in London, where he debuted *Mask*, 1997, the larger-than-life self-portrait face that was added to the Brooklyn version of "Sensation." But my favorite is *Ghost*, 1998, a pubescent girl in a tank suit, so uncomfortable with her own adolescently morphing body, she feels as conspicuous as if she were seven feet tall. Which she is. Mueck is wittier—and deeper—than the rest of the YBAs combined.

6 **"Magdalena Abakanowicz"** (*P.S. 1, New York, 1993*) Raw, powerful, elegant—all those blurb adjectives. The best sculpture show of the decade and (because hardly any sculptors make sculpture anymore) one of the only real ones.

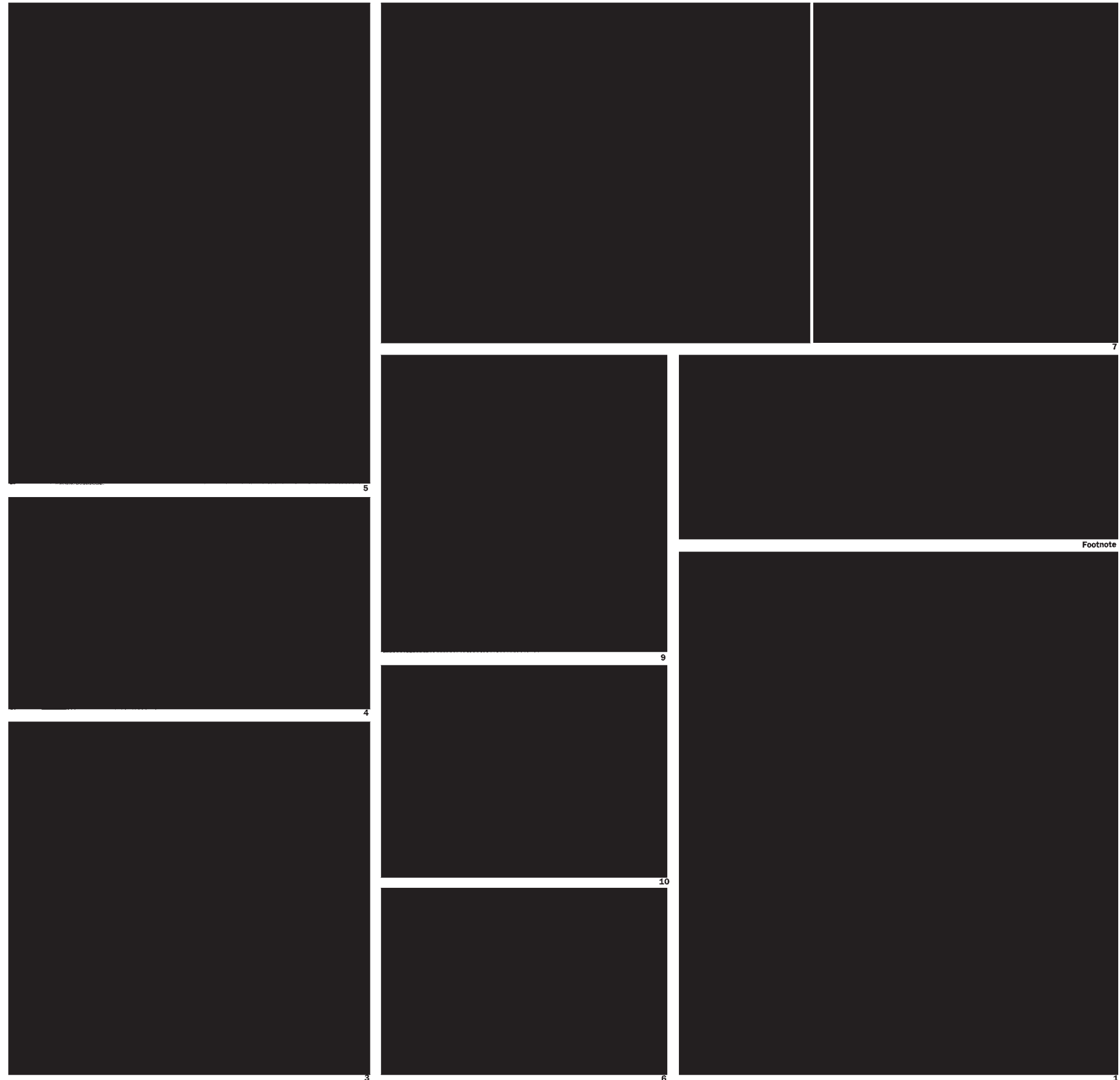
7 **The Philadelphia Museum of Art** The 1995 Brancusi followed by the 1996 Cézanne retrospective (co-organized by the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Musée d'Orsay and Tate Gallery, respectively) was the best one-two punch in '90s museumdom. And two more chances for a pilgrimage to Duchamp's last work (that peephole thing), the van der Weyden deposition diptych, and the tiny van Eyck St. Francis. If only I could stomach cheese steaks and the Phillies.

8 **"Fever"** (*Exit Art, New York, 1993*) The first big crazy-kids-from-Williamsburg show in which good-natured bumptiousness overcame finger-pointing about the evils of socially constructed whatever.

9 **"Eva Hesse: A Retrospective"** (*Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, 1992*) A wonderful young artist whose life was cut short. This show reminded you that, while Hesse lived, she was amazing, but it also made you melancholy for all the work she'd never make.

10 **"Sidney Nolan: The Ned Kelly Paintings"** (*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 1994*) The Australian is one of the most underrated painters of the century; nobody else that quirky is that lyrical, and nobody that lyrical ever had the nerve to be that quirky.

Footnote: **Christo and Jeanne-Claude, *Wrapped Reichstag* (Berlin, 1971–1995)** I was wrong about it. I thought it was a tired, overblown shtick rehearsed one too many times, and insensitive to the cultural and political circumstances of the environment. The Germans, however, were profoundly moved by the way it looked and what it meant, and I should have been, too. □



Carol Squiers



Carol Squiers is senior editor of *American Photo* and a frequent contributor to *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **1. Robert Mapplethorpe, *Self-Portrait*, 1978**, black-and-white photograph. The Estate of Robert Mapplethorpe, New York. **9. Margaret Bourke-White, *Wind Tunnel Construction, Fort Peck Dam, Montana*, 1936**, gelatin-silver print. **5. Artist unknown, title unknown, early to mid-1850s**, quarter-plate daguerreotype, 4 x 4¼". **10. Allison Jackson, *Diana Family Portrait*, 1998**, black-and-white photograph, 48 x 48". From the series "Mental Images." **3. Barbara Kruger, *Untitled*, 1991**, photographic silk screen on paper and painted floor text. Installation view. **2. Hiroshi Sugimoto, *Boden Sea, Uttwil*, 1993**, black-and-white photograph, 20 x 24". **6. Cindy Sherman, *Untitled*, 1992**, color photograph, 68 x 45". **7. Peter Fischli & David Weiss, *Projection 4 (P)*, 1997**, 160 slides, two slide projectors, and one dissolve unit, dimensions variable. **8. Frederick Sommer, *Untitled (Chicken Embryo)*, 1939**, gelatin-silver print.

1 The Religious Right's Promotion of Photography

The '90s brought the medium massive public attention when various "transgressive" imagemakers were caught dead-center in the culture wars. Some photographers were damaged in the skirmish; others became celebrities. But all the bad publicity made the medium itself a succès de scandale. Alas, the art world, called on to defend the work of photographers like Robert Mapplethorpe, failed to rise to the occasion. That lapse spelled the doom of NEA grants to individual artists, but the controversy also provoked a salutary, if tardy, scramble within the art world to confront photography as an artmaking medium.

2 Hiroshi Sugimoto

(*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 1995–96*) The decade's most sublime exhibition of photography showcased Sugimoto's rigorous application of concept in the service of visual pleasure. Especially marvelous are his "Night Seascapes," which offer the bottomless depth of a Rothko black painting while clearly maintaining their status as photographs. In them, Sugimoto achieves an almost otherworldly balance between abstraction and figuration.

3 Barbara Kruger

(*The Geffen Contemporary, Los Angeles, 1999*) Barbara Kruger made the Geffen sizzle. For this powerhouse of a retrospective, she carved the immense space into three broad swaths of image and words, creating an enormous installation that served as frame and format for a dizzying production spanning three decades. In the face of her take-charge Geffen performance, one saw it in an instant: For Kruger, standard venues are too damn small.

4 "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"

(*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 1996*) A groundbreaking show for the all-American audience accustomed to seeing Africans through the eyes of travel photographers and photojournalists. This exhibition offered up images of, but also *by*, postcolonial Africans. If these pictures are subtler, more beautiful, and more thoughtful than the typical fare, they can be equally unsparing. Among

many revelations were the stately portraits by Seydou Keita of Mali and the oddly contemporary-seeming self-portraits (think Cindy Sherman) shot in the '70s by Samuel Fosso of the Central African Republic.

5 Ydessa Hendeles Art Foundation, Toronto

Hendeles is a one-woman cultural phenomenon: a collector and curator who puts herself on the line. An unparalleled visual sensitivity, a passion for ideas, and an intensely personal connection to the art she buys and exhibits have yielded a decade of complex group shows in her private art museum (founded in 1988). Bringing together a range of historical and contemporary art, much of it photographic—Barbara Kruger and Walker Evans with an anonymous daguerreotype; Louise Bourgeois and Katharina Fritsch with Eugène Atget—Hendeles explores aesthetic, social, and psychological connections with a vitality that points up the cool inconsequentiality of so many curatorial efforts.

6 Cindy Sherman

(*Metro Pictures, New York, 1992*) Sherman's horrifying (and laughable) images of plastic medical-supply mannequins, dismembered and reconstituted as a troop of mutilated Venuses and fragmentary Adonises, were among the most startling and memorable of the decade. Who could forget—or look very closely at—the image of a bondage-masked "female" in a Miss America wig displaying her rosy, sausage-shaped cunt? "Sex sells," the most overused strategy of the '80s and '90s—think Jeff Koons no less than Calvin Klein—went hand-in-glove with the anti-feminist backlash. Sherman took that logic to its illogical extreme, paring the body down to the "dirty," and decidedly unsexy, bits.

7 Peter Fischli & David Weiss

This duo blitzed New York, Paris, Zurich, London, and Cologne with eye-blistering slide-show installations. Double-exposed nature shots dissolved from one fantastical frame into another and put forth a series of mutually exclusive propositions, including the utter banality yet profound glory of nature (and its photography) and the hypertrophied lushness but brain-squashing nullity

of photographic effects. I saw the show at London's White Cube gallery, and after twenty minutes of photo-confrontation I felt like I was dangling at the edge of the representational abyss.

8 "Photographs, Drawings, and Collages by Frederick Sommer"

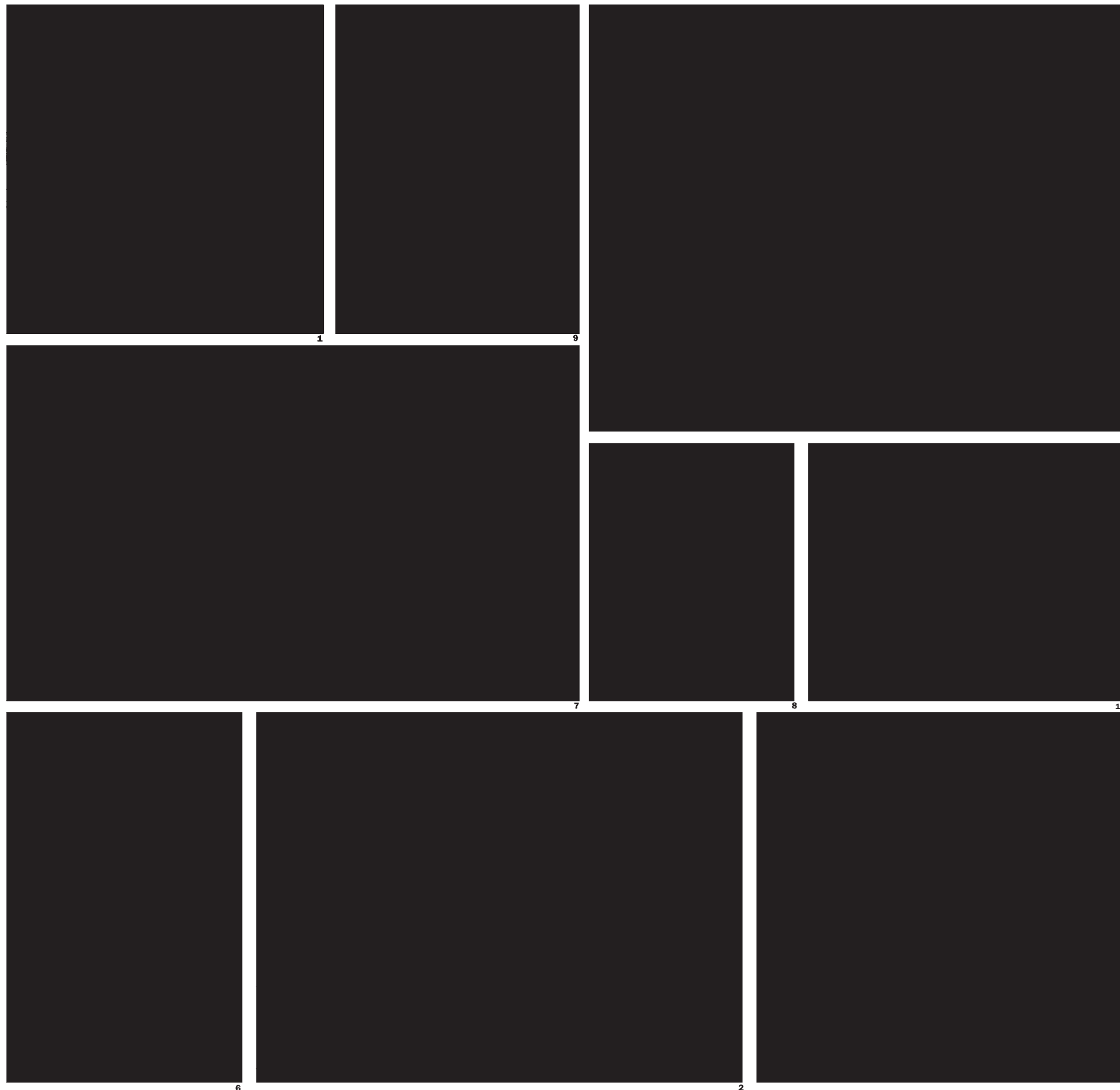
(*Baltimore Museum of Art, 1999*) Sommer's underappreciated production prefigures much that is now considered central within the visual arts, especially in his uses of discontinuity, abjection, and undecidability in both subject matter and style. His horizonless desert landscapes, dead-animal compositions, and broken-toy assemblages look as wonderful in this viewing as ever—and as strange.

9 "A History of Women Photographers"

(*New York Public Library, New York; Akron Art Museum, Akron, Ohio, 1996–97*) The significance of this flawed but important exhibition (based on Naomi Rosenblum's book of the same name) lies less in how it looked than in what it did—restore the place of many largely forgotten women in a history that has, until recently, concerned itself almost exclusively with men. The sheer number of photographers included meant that each was represented by a single image, a fact that made the exhibition both conceptually and aesthetically diffuse. That's unfortunate—but inevitable when you're confronting 160 years of erasure.

10 Alison Jackson

Photography as fiction—That's an idea that's been around at least since Hippolyte Bayard propped himself up and played dead for the camera in 1840. More recently, of course, the turning of photographic truth claims on themselves has opened whole new areas of exploration. Last July, Alison Jackson created a sensation in London's Blue Gallery when she exhibited uncanny "portraits" of Diana, Dodi, and their hypothetical mixed-race baby (all played by look-alikes). Nightmare or dream come true? Depends on your politics. The British tabloids brayed like jackals at Jackson's vision of the couple and its spawn—as real (almost) as the real thing. □



Bruce Hainley



Bruce Hainley is a Los Angeles-based contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **6a. Larry Clark, *Untitled*, 1989**, photo collage, 36 x 57 1/2". **1. *The Simpsons*, 1989**—detail of a still from a TV show on Fox. Left to right: Homer Simpson and Astrid. **2. Top: Robert Ryman, *A painting of twelve strokes measuring 11 1/4 x 11 3/4"* signed at the bottom right-hand corner, 1961**, oil and gesso on linen, 11 1/4 x 11 3/4". Bottom: **Vincent Fecteau, *Untitled*, 1999**, mixed media, 6 1/2 x 12 1/2 x 10 1/2". **7. Jim Shaw, *Hudson Bubble Gum*, 1993**, bubble gum, 17 x 14". **8. Fairfield Porter, *Portrait of John Ashbery (Blue Shirt)*, 1957**, oil on canvas, 38 x 32". **6b. Calvin Klein ad, 1995**. Photo: Steven Meisel. **5. Claude Wampler, *Bucket*, 1999**. Performance view, P.S. 122, New York, 1999. **3. *Tableau vivant* by Jack Smith, 1974–75**. Jack Smith and "Inez the Penguin" or "Yolanda La Penguina." Photo: Ivan Galietti.

1 **The Simpsons** A comic Möbius strip of form/content—or is it thinking/feeling? The episode with Homer as an outsider artist taking pointers from Jasper Johns typifies what's at stake: the most acute and omnivorous analysis of contemporary American culture extant.

2 **Robert Ryman** The intimate, Steinian, self-selected survey of his work for a single room at SF MOMA was, well, perfect. One summer day I walked across the street from the Ryman room to a selection of Vincent Fecteau's sculptures in an otherwise dismal show at the Yerba Buena Center. The artists' very different but quietly connected works became a primer in how to understand the other, and how to pay attention. The experience set a standard for whatever "looking at art" is: a private search for something weird, luminous, and counterfactual.

3 **Jack Smith** I was going to choose Mike Kelley's 1994 Whitney survey—which demonstrated the fun braininess roiling in LA's too often derided culture and focused attention brightly on the city's art—but his amazing stuffed animals kept reminding me of Jack Smith's penguin, Yolanda, and how much his P.S. 1 retrospective mattered. That moldy wonder necessitates believing in trash, enjoyment, and the pornography of thinking what you actually think.

4 **Porn** Given: Desire and bodies desiring are more complicated than generally thought. Which is why what gets deemed pornography is fascinating and why it has punctuated the decade's art—from the sweet cherries of Richard Kern and Nobuyoshi Araki to Jeff Burton. Returning the favor, the stroke magazine *Honcho* provided an opportunity for various artists to expand their conceptual investigations. In its pages, Collier Schorr tenders cock, balls, anus—but as sites of vulnerability weirdly militating against "real" masculinity; in Tillmans's spread, the mohawked guy asks, "Do you want to party in my hole?" bearing a new, more verisimilar hardcore. Porn is stimulating whether or not it comes with the cachet of "art." When documentary pornographer Dirk Yates, in his "Private Collection" video series, tracks the gradual

negotiations between actual "straight men" (Marines, cowboys, jocks, the proverbial guy-next-door) rather than between shaved actors playing men, the results provoke more thought than do so many "art videos."

5 **Claude Wampler** Anyone who thinks Vanessa Beecroft is showing them anything new about fashion, sex, performance, or art cannot have considered Wampler for more than two minutes. If you want the real deal on objects becoming active, an interrogation of the body as performance, as object—her opera *Bucket* provided complex drama about the upheaval of the personal via Pat Benatar; her installation *Kinderkill* slurpily invited kids to stick their tongues in an electric socket—attend to everything Wampler does.

6 **Larry Clark** His landmark shows at Luhring Augustine; his most daring and creepily beautiful book, *1992*; his careful, contemplative appropriation of teen detritus (as in a strange, sexy loop of a young state champion being interviewed by Bryant Gumbel, repeating how much he wants to wrestle)—in all his work, Clark creates a Venn diagram of what is most overwhelming about a decade marked by the complicated im- and explosive emotions of men in a culture enthralled by, yet ignorant of, masculine interiority. Even if Clark were only responsible for launching Harmony Korine (*Gummo*; *The Bad Son*) and inspiring Steven Meisel (Calvin Klein basement porn shoot), Corinne Day (photos of George Clements and Kate Moss), and Richard Hawkins (his Ivan Depinida suite of collages) to do some of their most inventive and personal work, he would still be definitive.

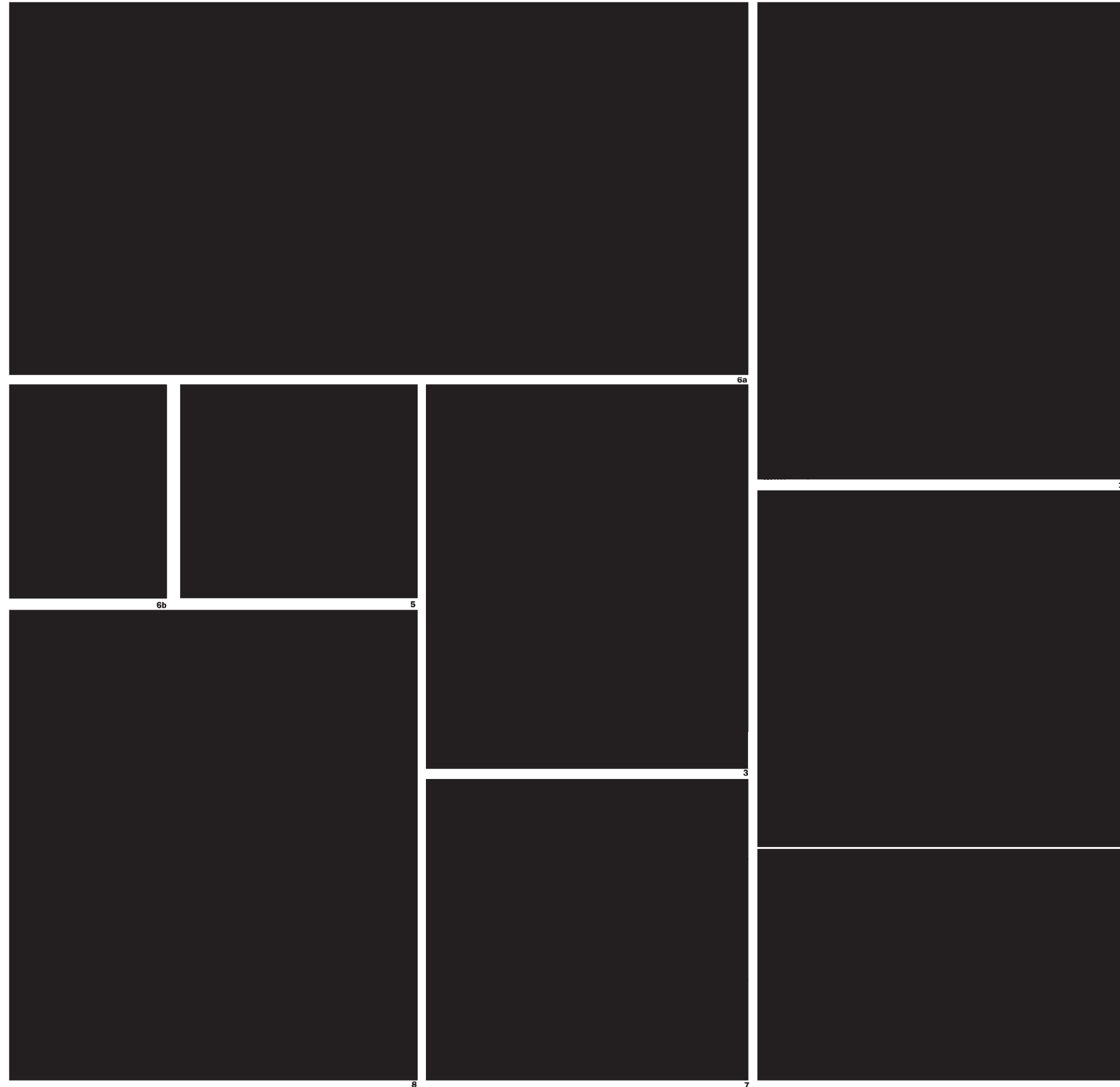
7 **Hudson** I never leave Feature, Inc., without feeling happier, uplifted, and inspired to work harder, even when I find disagreeable what is shown (which is rare): so many revelations, mostly unassuming—and antithetical to most of the crap that rallies critical goo-gooing. Many days of the week, many weeks of the year, Hudson (and the artists he shows—B. Wurtz rules!) is one of the few reasons the art world

seems worthwhile. Salute his sublime sensibility, his belief in pale, intractable things.

8 **John Ashbery** I bow deeply before him, the greatest living writer. Ashbery has bestowed in the last decade alone four books I would argue are his best: Endlessly alive and tender, *Flow Chart*; *Hotel Lautréamont*; *Can You Hear, Bird*; and, most recently, *Girls on the Run*, provide abundant examples of the strange wonder of the world in words.

9 **Visionaire** This decade's most important consideration of fashion and glamour was delivered during Hilton Als's editorial tenure at *Vibe*—but sadly that lasted barely a year. To track what was and wasn't going on in fashion and design, the best place to turn was *Visionaire*. Not that every issue succeeds, but when the editors allowed Bill Cunningham to put his lens to what he loves, or devoted themselves to Rei Kawakubo's lumps and bumps, or sent the issue out in a Louis Vuitton leather attaché envelope, they delivered hot the luxury, chic, and fun that makes fashion fashion. For all that, it's maybe the gaga sexiness provided by the editors themselves—Stephen Gan, Cecilia Dean, and James Kaliardos—that makes me sigh.

10 **The Sirk Effect** Newly struck prints of four of his films received recent screenings, and their Technicolor beauty (even when shot in black-and-white) still overwhelms. But there has been little acknowledgment of the Sirk Effect in the '90s. Good or bad, the look of contemporary photography (school of Crewdson, etc.) is Sirkean: staged and exposing the setup of the staging, in vivid color, with "unnatural" lighting even when mimicking "natural" light. In film, Todd Haynes's exemplary *Safe*, and the best parts of *Velvet Goldmine*, paid homage to Sirkean qualities of alienation and imitation but, like Sirk, never at the expense of life and heart. Sirk said that lighting and camera angles constitute the philosophy of the director, and his was a philosophy that fits the decade—strange and amazing from any angle, and inconsolable. □



Dan Cameron



Dan Cameron is a senior curator at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **2. Paul McCarthy, *The Garden*, 1991**, mixed media, ca. 20 x 25". Photo: Paula Goldman. **6. Pipilotti Rist, *Let me sip your ocean*, 1995–96**, video installation. **10. Hélio Oiticica, *Parangolé. Nildo of Mangierira With P-15 Cape 11, I Embody Revolt*, 1967**, photo documentation. **9. Ernesto Neto, *Nave Dousa (Goddess ship)*, 1998**, Lycra tulle, sand, clove and cumin, and polyethylene, ca. 16' 4 3/4" x 22' 6" x 31". Interior view. **4. Keith Piper, *Exotic Signs (detail)*, 1993**, multimedia installation. Photo: Valerie Smith. **7. Top: Jake and Dinos Chapman, *Great Deeds Against the Dead*, 1994**, mixed media with plinth, 109 x 96 x 59 3/4". Installation view. Bottom: **Chris Ofili, *Afrodizzia*, 1996**, paper collage, oil paint, glitter, polyester resin, map pins, and elephant dung on linen, ca. 96 x 71 1/2". Installation view. **8. Pepon Osorio, *Badge of Honor*, 1995**, mixed media. Installation view. Photo: Werner Maschmann. **5. Daniel Martinez, *Museum Tags: Second Movement (Overture) or Overture con Claque—Overture with Hired Audience Members*, 1993**, metal visitor tags, 1 1/4 x 1" each. **3. Roberto Evangelista, *Resgate*, 1990–92**, water, gourds, candles, and drawings, ca. 118" x 33" x 79".

1 “Places with a Past” (*Spoletto Festival USA, Charleston, SC, 1991*) The premise behind curator Mary Jane Jacob’s project—without question the most well-executed site-specific exhibition ever organized on American soil—was that the ghosts of southern history would emerge through the eighteen contributions by twenty-three artists. Much of the work included, such as David Hammons’s *House of the Future* and Kate Ericson and Mel Ziegler’s *Camouflaged History*, took on the authority of public commissions. Other memorable projects included Ann Hamilton’s investigation of the power of indigo, Christian Boltanski’s bleak inventory of the personal effects of an anonymous Charleston woman, and James Coleman’s eerie homage to southern Civil War “re-enactors.” Worth noting is the closed-minded fury with which composer Gian Carlo Menotti, artistic director of Spoleto, denounced Jacob’s exhibition after it opened, ensuring that, at least in this case, history would not repeat itself.

2 “Helter Skelter” (*Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 1992*) The event that definitively tilted the map westward. Assembled by Paul Schimmel as a view into the seamy underside of Southern California iconography, “Helter Skelter” brought audiences face-to-face with the often-elusive side of the West Coast avant-garde and the achievement of artists like Mike Kelley, Paul McCarthy, and Jim Shaw, within a context that was regionally cohesive but internationally compelling.

3 “America, Bride of the Sun” (*Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Antwerp, 1992*) Of the many projects marking the 500th anniversary of Columbus’s voyage, this sprawling exhibition, whose modern section was developed by Catherine de Zegher, is one worth remembering. Perhaps most striking was the contemporary South American work, with the numerous artists not yet familiar to international audiences—Eugenio Dittborn, Cildo Meireles, Ana Mendieta, Gabriel Orozco, Juan Davila, Lygia Clark—placed in a rigorous historical context.

4 “Sonsbeek ’93” (*Ambem, Holland*) To US curator Valerie Smith, freedom of choice for the invited artists was the virtual *modus operandi*, which meant that Mike Kelley got to curate a full-scale museum exhibition; Irene and Christine Hohenbüchler collaborated with local prisoners; Juan Muñoz broadcast a radio play from the Sonsbeek Park; Keith Piper set up his video installation in a former church in the red-light district; and Yuri Leiderman bicycled around the region, faxing regular reports back to the museum. A pilgrim’s project, demanding a minimum of two days’ effort to see in toto, Sonsbeek more than rewarded the effort.

5 1993 Whitney Biennial Co-curators Thelma Golden, Lisa Phillips, and Elisabeth Sussman took it on the chin for the confrontational mood of their exhibition, but in retrospect, those diehards who said we’d look back on this exhibition with deep fondness were right. Never has a Whitney Biennial summed up its moment so well, bringing together Kiki Smith’s abject sculptures, Sue Williams’s scabrous paintings, Daniel Martinez’s scandalizing buttons for visitors (“I Can’t Imagine Ever Wanting to Be White”), Matthew Barney’s hair-raising video installation, and Glenn Ligon’s succinct reframings of Robert Mapplethorpe.

6 “NowHere” (*Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Copenhagen, 1996*) Louisiana director-to-be Lars Nittve invited six curators to create a sensorially loaded labyrinth of installations and videos. The results ranged from Laura Cottingham’s feminist revivalism to Ute Meta Bauer’s dissection of the museum from the inside. Anneli Fuchs and Lars Grambye’s “Get Lost” brought together artists including Ann Lislegaard, Stan Douglas, Jane & Louise Wilson, Willie Doherty, Peter Land, and Pipilotti Rist, while Iwona Blazwick’s thrilling “Work in Progress” cast a wide net, from historical work by Eva Hesse, Mary Kelly, and Susan Hiller to projects produced for the occasion by Chris Ofili, Maria Eichhorn, and Joseph Grigely.

7 “Sensation” (*Royal Academy of Art, London, 1997*) This scandal-heavy grab bag of

British art may have lacked vision and clarity, but as a bridge between the often-hermetic, waning avant-garde of the twentieth century and the new populism of the next, “Sensation” perfectly demonstrated one way that new art can meet its public. Special mention must also be made of its 1999 visit to the Brooklyn Museum of Art, where it succeeded in unmasking Mayor Giuliani’s authoritarian soul for all to see.

8 “Trade Routes” (*2nd Johannesburg Biennale, 1998*) Okwui Enwezor and Octavio Zaya’s ambitious undertaking tied together six major sites in two cities, and combined the curatorial talents of Gerardo Mosquera, Yu Yeon Kim, Colin Richards, Mahen Bonetti, Kellie Jones, and Hou Hanru, to create a nearly overwhelming experience that made the previously abstract model of the “global” exhibition a reality. In a cultural context that was anything but neutral, more than eighty artists—including Ghada Amer, Tania Bruguera, Pepon Osorio, and Yinka Shonibare—set the groundwork for the transformations of the past two years, as well as much of what lies ahead.

9 “Núcleo Histórico: Anthroptofagia e Histórias de Canabilismos” (*24th Bienal de São Paulo, 1998*) What held together magnificently in artistic director Paulo Herkenhoff’s sprawl was the historical section, which led from the postconquest era through the ’60s, and a section devoted to current Brazilian art. The latter, with ravishing works by Ernesto Neto, Rivane Neuenschwander, Vik Muniz, Adriana Varejão, and Rosângela Rennó at the spacious Bienal pavilion’s auspicious center, signaled a new Brazilian renaissance.

10 “Global Conceptualism” (*Queens Museum of Art, 1999*) A challenging way to close out the century, this revisionist undertaking had the surprising effect of being both provocative and uplifting. Spearheaded by Luis Camnitzer, Jane Farver, and Rachel Weiss, the exhibition not only put Yoko Ono at the originary center of the movement, but also demonstrated what we’ve long feared: that the American variation was less engaged than the newly uncovered contributions from Asia, Africa, and South America. □



Boris Groys

Boris Groys is professor of aesthetics and media theory at the Center for Arts and Media Technology, Karlsruhe.

Opposite page, clockwise from upper left: **8. Jeff Wall, *A Sudden Gust of Wind (After Hokusai)*, 1993**, Cibachrome transparency, aluminum display case, and fluorescent light, 90¼" x 12' 4½". **4. Ilya Kabakov, *We are living here*, 1995**, mixed-media installation. Installation view (interior), Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris. **9. Andy and Larry Wachowski, *The Matrix*, 1999**, production still from a color film in 35 mm, 76 minutes. Left to right: Thomas A. Anderson/Neo (Keanu Reeves) and Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss). **7. Peter Fischli & David Weiss, untitled, 1994–95**, 96 hours of video on twelve monitors. Installation view, Venice Biennale, 1995. **5. Left: Franz West, *Dokustuhl (Dokuchair)*, 1997**, chairs covered with fabric; **Helmo Zobernig, *Untitled (Display for "100 Days—100 Guests")*, 1997**, monitors. Top right: **Ed van der Elsken, *Discrimination, Luncheonette*, 1960**, two gelatin-silver prints. Photo: Roman Mensing. Bottom right: **Helen Levitt, *New York, ca. 1942***, gelatin-silver print, 14 x 11". **1. "The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915–1932," 1992**. Installation view, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. **2. Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, *Self-Portrait as Soldier*, 1915**, oil on canvas, 27¼ x 24". **3. Eisenman Architects, *Memorial for the Murdered Jews of Europe*, 1997**, model for approx. 2,700 pillars of various heights ranging to approx. 98", approx. 36" apart.

1 “The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915–1932”

(*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1992*) Even before the Revolution, the artists of the Russian avant-garde dreamed of giving the new century an at once entirely new and unified aesthetic form, analogous to the styles that marked the Gothic, Renaissance, or Baroque periods. In this case, however, the new style had to be a matter not just of historical development but of conscious, systematic planning. After the Revolution the dream seemed to be within reach, at least in Russia, but ultimately neither the political powers nor the democratic consumer wanted to give the artists the freedom to design the world around them according to their own taste. Now, at the end of the century, a relatively uniform aesthetic style has established itself, but its origin is anonymous—and one doesn't even know whether this style is pleasing to the masses, in whose name it was established. And how does the beginning of the century compare to the end? Well . . . it's difficult to say. Malevich's late-'20s *Black Square* is certainly as impressive as ever, but the McDonald's sign doesn't look so bad either.

2 “‘Degenerate Art’: The Fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany”

(*Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1991*) In the last decade of the century, modern art bears witness not only to its earlier hopes but also to its historical traumas: for example, the antimodernist exhibition under the title “*Entartete Kunst*” (“Degenerate Art”) organized by the Nazis in 1937. Of course, the art the Nazis attacked received later recognition from art institutions, though maybe not so much from the general public. But if its contemporary relevance seems based more on moral than aesthetic grounds, that shouldn't be taken as a deficiency: It demonstrates that moral contributions remain admired, even if aesthetic preferences change.

3 Holocaust Memorial, Berlin

Probably no artwork in this century has been so extensively discussed by so large a public—even before its construction. Above all, one asks the question, To what extent can a modern, non-figurative work, as it was proposed by Peter

Eisenman, represent a historical event of such magnitude? To its advantage, an abstract form holds open all possible interpretations and, therefore, isn't unnecessarily divisive. Still, one decided to resolve the lack of clarity by building a documentation center next to the memorial. Will this whole discussion flare again after the monument is constructed? Presumably not.

4 **Ilya Kabakov** If the last decade was for many a time of weighing the various experiences of the twentieth century, Ilya Kabakov's work in the '90s has carried out the task of remembrance most impressively and without compromise. Not just a reflection on the Communist experiment in Russia, his installations meditate to a much greater degree on the history of modern art, here told as a story of personal trauma, insecurity, and lonely dreams. One is reminded that this century is replete with intelligent modern artists who were unsuccessful and went unrecognized.

5 **Documenta X** (*Kassel, 1997*) Over the course of the postwar period, Documenta was always conventionally conceived of as a hit parade of the newest trends. The most recent installment, however, under the direction of Catherine David, was more a space of remembrance—a reminder of ascetic, Conceptualist art positions (like those of Broodthaers or Art & Language), whose contemporary representatives seem mostly pale and ghostly. But we certainly shouldn't hold this fact against them—especially if one takes seriously Derrida's latest writing about ghosts.

6 “Illusion-Emotion-Reality: 100 Years of Cinema”

(*Kunsthalle, Vienna, 1996*) Harald Szeemann's grandiose history of cinema, which originated at the Kunsthaus Zurich, was thoroughly symptomatic of a new way of dealing with the medium. Namely, thanks to increasingly user-friendly digital video cameras, computer processing, etc., film is reduced to a medium available to anyone, not just to large studios. In fragmenting movie classics and reordering them in sequences so that thematically related segments from different films are compared with one another and lead to the formation of particular paradigms, Szeemann

demonstrates a thoroughly contemporary manner of dealing with film.

7 Peter Fischli & David Weiss

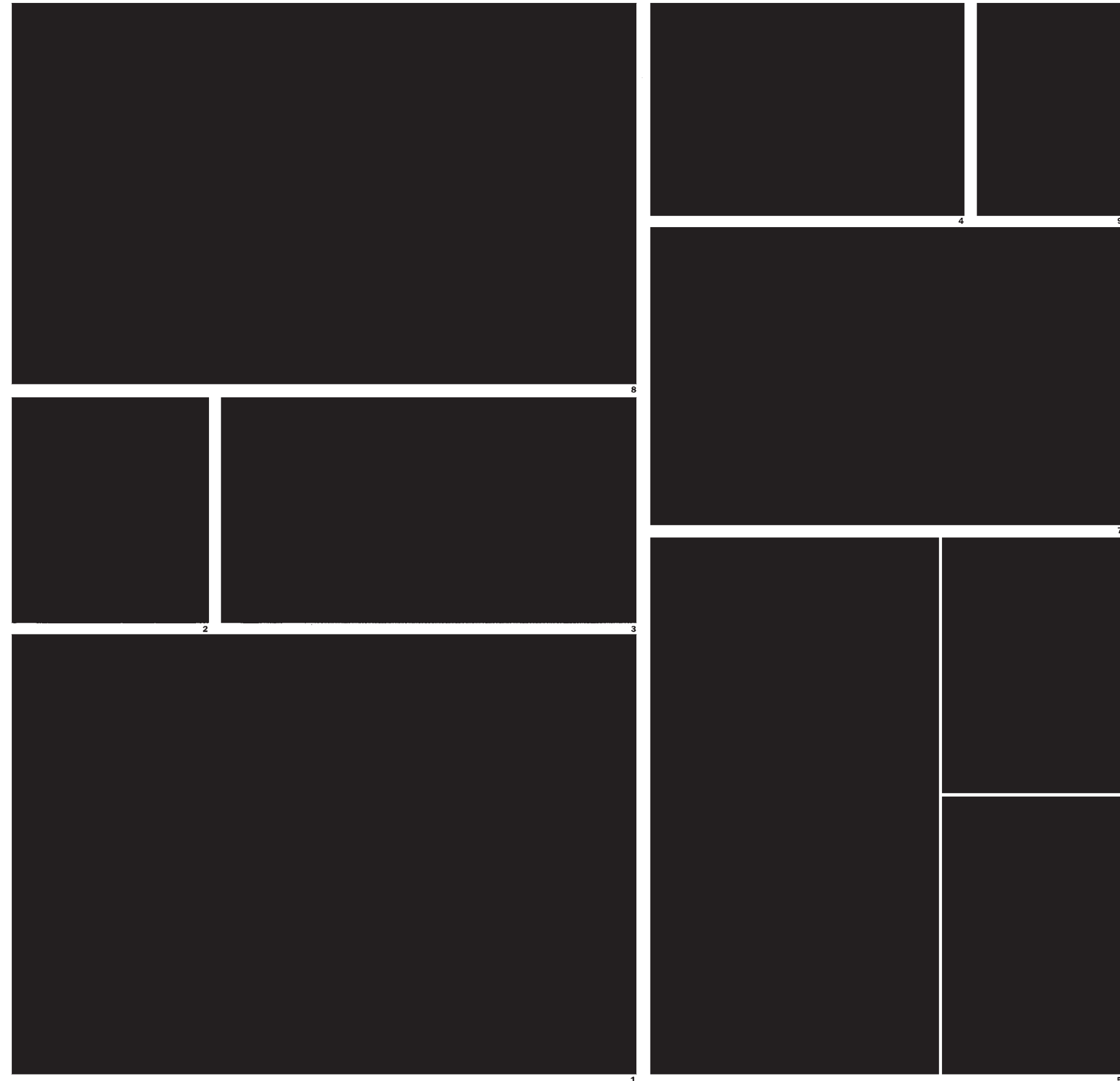
(*untitled, 1994–95, Swiss Pavilion, Venice Biennale, 1995*) It is certainly an agreeable effect to observe a video work without having to stand or sit in the dark, and Fischli & Weiss's installation is reminiscent of the atmosphere of a train station's waiting room or an airport departure lounge. Watching the artists on their trip, the viewer even feels that he himself is on a trip.

8 **Jeff Wall** (*Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, 1996, co-organized with MCA, Chicago, and Jeu de Paume, Paris*) Jeff Wall's photographs strike a subtle and stylistically precise balance between the painterly image and the photographic or film image—a balance that seems unlikely to occur again, since one doubts that the next generation will be as willing to approach the tradition of painting with such care and empathy.

9 **The Matrix** (*Andy and Larry Wachowski, 1999*) The heroes are a Buddhism-inspired group of new-age freaks who want to expand their consciousness through the virtual reality of simulation and interaction but are constantly endangered by their immobile bodies' exposure to “real reality.” Perfect commentary on the situation of today's media spectators.

10 **Net Art** The platitude is that the Internet will change all our visual habits and handed-down attitudes toward art. That seems plausible in the face of the abundant offerings of Net artwork in galleries, exhibitions, and art fairs. But it is when the visitor has no time, energy, or interest in becoming acquainted with what's on offer—programs are difficult to use, often incomprehensible, and always crashing—that he encounters an interesting aesthetic experience: the bodies of other visitors, sitting and standing in melancholic, somnambulist poses before the monitors, strongly reminiscent of the good old days of European romanticism. □

Translated from German by Elizabeth Felicella.



TOPTEN 2000

101	Rob Pruitt	02/00	12/00
102	David Robbins	03/00	108 BEST OF 2000 FILM John Waters Susan Sontag Ian Birnie Kent Jones
103	Dave Eggers	04/00	
104	Anna Gaskell	06/00	
105	Nayland Blake	09/00	
106	John Tremblay	10/00	110 BEST OF 2000
107	Richard Hawkins	11/00	112 Arthur C. Danto 114 James Meyer 116 Katie Siegel 118 Glenn O'Brien 120 David Rimanelli 122 Ralph Rugoff 124 Robert Rosenblum 126 Daniel Birnbaum 128 Wayne Koestenbaum 130 Vince Aletti 132 Bruce Hainley 134 Lisa Liebmann 136 Dennis Cooper

TOP TEN

ROB PRUITT

1 POLAND SPRING WATER (20 OZ. BOTTLE, \$1) The consumer culture that polluted the planet has created an antidote by branding nature. As Coke/Pepsi was to the Pop '60s generation, bottled water is the lifestyle beverage of the present. A fashion accessory, the simplest elixir, and a symbol of purity, each bottle of water purchased elicits reflection on nature and its fragility.

2 CELEBRITY CAUSES / CAUSES CÉLÈBRES, NOW AND FOREVER Linda McCartney vegetarian frozen dinners, Paul Newman chocolate bars (all proceeds to charity), Ben & Jerry, *The Mike Douglas Show with John Lennon and Yoko Ono* (on Rhino Home Video: "Five days that changed the course of television," featuring on-air phone calls to strangers to say "I love you,

pass it on" and macrobiotic cooking with Black Panther chairman Bobby Seale), Ellen DeGeneres, Lisa Simpson, farmer Jose Bove bulldozing a new McDonald's outside of Paris before billions could be served, Sinéad O'Connor tearing up a picture of the pope on *Saturday Night Live*, Pamela Anderson Lee's implant redux.

3 "UNMISTAKABLY MACKIE," FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, NEW YORK Seeing in person all the gowns hazily recalled from a childhood spent in front of the TV was for me like a religious experience. Highlights included Carol Burnett's Eunice dress and a pyramid of Cher gowns (I got thrown out of the exhibition when a guard caught me trying on the "nude dress" that she wore on the cover of *Time*).

4 "EPIDEMIC! THE WORLD OF INFECTIOUS DISEASE," MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK A fascinating journey through the myriad germ worlds of microscopic psychedelia—a cold sore doesn't look so bad when you examine it very, very closely. Immediately after the exhibition, I went to the nearest drug store and bought a bottle of

5 LYSOL ANTI-BACTERIAL HAND GEL, which, without water, "kills 99.99% of germs that may cause illness in under 15 seconds."

6 ANNIKA STRÖM'S "WINDOW PILLOWS" Elbow rests that soften the sill to provide a more comfortable perch for voyeurs. A tradition in her native Sweden, these crafty cushions frame the outside world as an ever-changing work of art.

7 JONATHAN HOROWITZ'S UNIVERSAL CALENDAR A new and improved version of the Gregorian calendar, the Universal calendar excises religious and political ideology. The birth of Christ is replaced by the birth of earth, and months are renamed for real things like air, sport, sex, and money. According to Jonathan's system, this issue of *Artforum* was published in the month of "animal" in the year 4700006235.

8 DRAGON NATURALLYSPEAKING VOICE-TO-TEXT SOFTWARE (DRAGON SYSTEMS) turns your computer into a stenographer for around \$200 and i'm using it right now hey rob what are you doing oh hi jonathan i'm just finishing my list for that dumb magazine oh perfect timing am i on it you sure are i'm no welsher and i already spent the money you gave me rob remember you told danny mcdonald you'd put his mended veil jewelry line on the

list yeah i know but there are so many things I love and admire plus so many drunken promises that i made at parties that i don't know how i'm going to fit everything on like for instance alex bag's drug gift basket and amy gartrell's edible alien autopsy and hiroshi sunairi elizabeth peyton and everything she does rob don't forget rachel harrison's collection of remote controls and lucky debellvue's pipe cleaner sculptures and ricci albenda's portals and lily van der stokker's old people making spectacularly experimental art i know i know i love those things and Lucy Barnes's new store too and gavin's bar and my sister's new baby duncan oh well what can you do.

9 BRUNO MUNARI, MY FAVORITE ARTIST This little-known artist was a pioneer of aesthetic diversity and humanist conceptualism. Starting as a Futurist in the '30s, he went on to originate entirely new concepts of artmaking, including the series "Unreadable books" in the '40s, public fountains and *Fossils of the year 2000* (useless machines) in the '50s, Xerox art in the '60s, and leading children's workshops in museum in the '70s. Every time I'm at a loss for artmaking ideas, I take his catalogue raisonné off the shelf.

10 HSING-HSING, R.I.P. Black-and-white and subsisting only on green (bamboo), Hsing-Hsing was a majestic emblem of natural and political harmony. Along with his mate Ling-Ling, he led the martyred public life of a celebrity on view, sacrificing his private natural habitat to become a symbol of international diplomacy, wildlife preservation, and cuddliness. □

Rob Pruitt's "Psychic Predictions for the New Millennium and Things to Do with Lemons" is currently on view at the Cabinet Gallery in London. His most recent show in New York, "101 Art Ideas You Can Do Yourself," was up last year at Gavin Brown's Enterprise.

Top: Elizabeth Peyton, *Rob In Trafalgar Square (detail)*, 1999, oil on board, 60 x 40". Bottom: Cher in Bob Mackie's "Butterfly dress," 1981. Photo: Harry Langdon.

DAVID ROBBINS

1 AMERICAN MOVIE What a shame that Chris Smith's funny, big-hearted documentary about indie-film desperado Mark Borchardt didn't get nominated for an Oscar. Borchardt on stage, facing the academy, would have been a mind-blowing moment in pop history (has anyone ever imploded on live TV?) and a tribute to the life-transforming magic of media-caprice—somewhere between the Schwab's-drugstore-discovery legend and the career of Mark Wahlberg.

2 DESTINATION STARDOM (Pax Network) Weary of the entertainment monosystem? Tired of seeing the same names flog product on the airwaves and in the glossies? You're now ready for this refreshing amateur hour, beamed from Hawaii and hosted by a willowy black lady and a native muscle man. Rediscover clean living as you root for hungry entertainers whose fame so far extends only to the local papers. Be genuinely amazed by suave nine-year-old magicians. Thrill

to the unbridled voices of twelve-year-old divas. Aren't humans something? Do yourself a favor: Promise you won't watch ironically.

3 THE SUBURBAN Myths die hard, so most cool galleries still get situated in urban art ghettos. (Santa Monica, a suburb? Please. Winnetka—now *that's* a suburb. Are there cool avant-garde galleries in Winnetka? Nope. Nor are there in other American suburbs—with the exception of Birmingham, Michigan, which boasts two!) The Suburban, a new exhibition room run by artists Brad Killam and Michelle Grabner in Oak Park, Illinois, is thus a welcome addition. At seven by ten feet, the white cinder-block jewel of a space attached to their garage may be tiny, but how big does a next step need to be?

4 ELECTRICITY That we don't annually celebrate Electricity Day is unfathomable.

5 THE CLAIRE MITHELMAN PEN Mr. Claire Mithelman of Grinnell, Iowa, earned his livelihood selling corporate incentives—the inscribed keychains, pens, and such that companies distribute to promote themselves to clients. Humor must have been a strong sideline, though. When he died two years ago, each of the friends and relatives attending his funeral received a ballpoint pen inscribed with a message: "Your last pen from me. Claire Mithelman September 24, 1921–December 18, 1998." Imagine the presence of mind! Heartbreaking wit, small-town division.

6 HERMETIC GALLERY Minor key cities have been major beneficiaries of our entrepreneurial age's do-it-yourself ethos. They're flowering. Take Milwaukee's Hermetic Gallery. Run by affable autodidact Nicholas Frank, it's as good as any artist-run storefront space in NY or LA. That's partly attributable to improved information flow, no doubt, but it's also a matter of attitude. The Hermetic consistently looks to feed the local community's sense of itself as a real community making real culture. A town needs only one or two venues such as this to start feeling like a very different town.

7 THE ONION Recently hailed by something called the *New Yorker* as the funniest periodical in America, the Madison, Wisconsin-based *Onion* offers masterly deadpan satire. Weekly. For free.

8 LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE (Delacorte, 1999) Bill Zehme's bio of Andy Kaufman gets a firm grasp on the slippery master. An artist of destabilization whose medium was our confused, media-warped idea of integrity, Kaufman applied an attitude of ambiguity to ambiguous subject matter and wound up generating authentic,

genuinely contemporary experiences for performer and audience alike. A seminal artist of the Show Biz Age. Zehme's book hasn't a dull page.

9 A SOCIAL EVENT ARCHIVE In 1997, Milwaukee artist Paul Druecke began going door-to-door collecting snapshots of social gatherings, the kind we all stash somewhere in album or shoebox and forget. His collection now numbers nearly 600, many anonymously contributed via the post. (Anybody can contribute one, but only one; check out www.asocialevent.com for guidelines.) Individually, each photo provides a glimpse of private pleasures preserved; together they attain a critical mass of tragihilarity. Celebration of the wondrous inventions devised by *Homo sapiens* to establish and maintain contact? Game preserve affording cold-hearted study of the species' ludicrous notions of community? A treasure either way. (You clever New York publishing types listening?)

10 INOVA Three years ago, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee decided to do something about its tired on-campus gallery. Fortunately they hired Peter Doroshenko, who renamed the place the Institute of Visual Arts, hired curator Marilu Knode, and took the place from zero to seventy in nothing flat. Basically a kunsthalle (translation: no collection) working primarily with the stars of the installation/new media/portable avant-garde—Uri Tzaig, Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Jennifer Steinkamp—INOVA has established itself as one of the most adventurous venues in the States. □

David Robbins is an artist and writer living in Evanston, Illinois. His fourth book, a fiction entitled *The Ice Cream Social* (Purple Books/Feature Inc.), was published in 1998. He teaches comedy, writing, and other interests at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He is represented by Feature, Inc. in New York.

Left: **The Suburban**, Oak Park, Illinois. Right: **Cindy Bernard and Joseph Hammer, Untitled (for Sonop-ticon), 1999**, projected color gels on frosted Plexiglas and speakers. Installation view, The Suburban, Oak Park, Illinois. Photo: Tom Van Eynde.

DAVE EGGERS

1 AL GREEN AT THE NBA ALL-STAR GAME It was not a well-known thing, that the Reverend Al Green would be singing the national anthem in the Oakland Arena before this particular All-Star Game. His presence was not indicated on the ticket, nor advertised in any noticeable way. Preceding him, singing the Canadian anthem, were the Moffatts, a quartet of teenage boys who were for some reason wearing hockey jerseys. They left the stage, and it was announced that singing the national anthem would be. The Reverend. Al. Green. There were gasps, then cheers, particularly from the five large-bellied men in front of us, all from San Antonio, who whooped and strained to high-five each other. In the middle of the court, Green began. He sang in his most whispery falsetto. His voice faded, losing air at the end of each phrase—he was barely audible at times. But then, near the end, there suddenly was more. His full voice started emerging at "home," and then, at "of the," you could tell he was about to let go, and the split second of anti-

pation sent a charge through the crowd, and then he did let go, at "brave," with his whole throat—he sang that word without doubt, loudly, loudly, in a ferocious baritone, carrying the note for ten, fifteen seconds, as the flag waved around on the chintzy digital screen, as everyone's bones melted and brains liquefied. No one expected Al Green, and no one expected Al Green to let his voice boom, but he did. The game, though, was terrible.

2 KAYO BOOKS (San Francisco) At the corner of Leavenworth and Post is a roomy and well-organized bookstore specializing in old genre paperbacks. Lots of detective stuff, army magazines, etc., but the place isn't cluttered—it's airy and light, which probably shouldn't make a difference but somehow very much does. My purchases: *The Observer's Book of Heraldry*, by Charles MacKinnon (Frederick Warne & Co., 1966); *Corson of the JC: A Western Novel*, by Clarence E. Mulford (Armed Services Edition, 1926); *Rowdy Rhymes* (Peter

Pauper Press, 1952); and *Facts You Should Know about Masturbation*, by Leo Markun (Little Blue Book, 1931). All for under \$40, and the parking nearby is not bad at all.

3 NORELCO 3405LC ELECTRIC RAZOR WITH DOUBLE ACTION SHAVING SYSTEM If you have a Braun electric shaver, please stomp your feet on it until it is broken into pieces. Braun makes a feeble razor that requires ten minutes or more to shave one's face, and the resulting shave is mediocre. The Norelco requires less than two minutes, start to finish, and the result? Such a clean, soft shave. If you have a Braun please drop something heavy on it.

4 FIONA APPLE ON SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE Though her new album is nearly perfect and anyone who disagrees should be punched, her dance was annoying me. It was a broken, arm-flailing sort of dance, and her head was thrown down and her eyes closed, and it all seemed silly and made me uncomfortable. Then, then I thought of the alternative: that this singer of songs would simply stand there, waiting to sing again, without moving at all, or worse, trying to move in a way that seemed disinterested, cool, in some manner *dignified*. Then I thought of dignity, and whether or not she or anyone should ever try to act with dignity, and decided then and there that I did not like dignity much at all. Dignity is a cop-out. Dignity is for pussies.

5 DENTAL LAB PRODUCTS As far as dental lab product periodicals go, this is the blue-ribbon champ. I read it mostly for the ads, which are extremely colorful and feature fantastic pictures of teeth and fillings. The last issue I have also has a great article on gold C&B Substructure Technique, and a pretty inflammatory piece about how confusing OSHA's ergonomic compliance recommendations are, especially vis-à-vis the cause-

and-effect relationship of workplace musculoskeletal disorders.

6 MUSEO DEL HUMOR (San Antonio de los Banos, Cuba) In this smallish town, about an hour from Havana, on an unassuming street, is this small but perfect museum. It houses a wide-ranging array of mostly political cartoons from around the world. Will you find any caricatures of Fidel here? No. No, but a surprising amount of quality work from Slovenia and Albania.

7 "SEEING IS BELIEVING: 700 YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC AND MEDICAL ILLUSTRATION" (New York Public Library) The show's only weakness was its brevity.

8 SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS MFA OPEN STUDIOS These shows can be so painful, but this one was so encouraging. Bradd Skubinna cuts tiny trees out of Burger King bags, uses subtle lighting to cast gentle shadows, and the results—remember, Burger King bags—are spectacular. Ruby Palmer, whose studio walls bore a series of nouveau-cubist miniatures, had recently completed a huge, three-dimensional extrapolation of herself smaller, and it was really something. You could walk into it. There were a number of other students doing great stuff—I'd venture to say it was a 3:1 ratio, very good work to still needing-work work—but I lost most of my notes, so can't name names. The point is that the school is producing some very smart artists, so please go buy their art and make them all rich.

9 GEORGE SAUNDERS, PASTORALIA (Riverhead Books, May) Hysterical and shattering.

10 CUMULONIMBUS CLOUDS Cirrus? What were we thinking? □

Dave Eggers is a writer and the author of the recently published *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* (Simon & Schuster).

Top: **Dave Eggers, 1999**. Photo: Jason Schmidt. Courtesy *Vanity Fair*. Far left: **Arnaud Eloi, Gaultier-d'Agoty, Complete Anatomy Course, Painted and Engraved in Natural Colors, 1773**, mezzotint engraving, 25¼ x 20¼". Left: **William Konrad, Röntgen, 1896**, wood engraving of an X-ray image from *Illustrierte Zeitung*, 14 x 6".

ANNA GASKELL

1 FITS, TRANCES, & VISIONS, by Ann Taves (Princeton University Press, 1999) I've been reading up on the subject recently. Searching somewhere between a religious experience and a psychological disorder for the explanation, this book explores out-of-body experiences and possession in early American culture. Subtitled "Experiencing Religion and Explaining Experience from Wesley to James," Taves's book attempts to explain the need for transcendence, and I have a hard time even putting together two sentences about the subject.

2 LÉOLO (dir. Jean-Claude Lauzon) Just rented this beautifully disturbing film by Lauzon, which was out for about ten minutes in 1993. It's the story of a twelve-year-old French-Canadian boy who creates a dream world and a new identity to escape the ugliness of his day-to-day existence and lunatic family. Little Léolo tries to keep from losing his mind by reminding himself, "I dream, therefore I am not."

3 KAREN YASINSKY'S "TERROR DRAWINGS" These simple line drawings of people bracing themselves for a plane crash, coupled with the bright, patterned upholstery of the interior of an airplane, make for

the perfect picture of complete chaos. With their dangling oxygen masks and oddly passive passengers, these renderings of impending doom made me burst out laughing—and immediately regret it afterward.

4 THE GENERALS OF GOD'S ARMY Simultaneously fascinating and disconcerting, the Associated Press photos of the twin Burmese twelve-year-old boys Johnny and Luther Htoo, leaders of God's Army, the tribal guerrilla force that recently struck at a hospital across the border in neighboring Thailand, continue to mesmerize me. I'm not quite sure which photo of the chain-smoking rebel leaders with mystical powers I find more unsettling: the picture with Johnny looking forlorn and Luther chomping on a cigar, or the one with both of them sticking their tongues out at the camera.

5 AD MAGIC This peripatetic character who appears in a few of Thom Jones's short stories seems like the perfect traveling companion. In "A White Horse" (from Jones's first collection of short stories, *The Pugilist at Rest*), the author introduces Ad Magic's hunger for mad adventure. After "abandoning his seizure meds" in Los Angeles, he sud-

denly finds himself lost in Bombay on a bus loaded with tourists. This spontaneous, out-of-control odyssey leads Ad to a filthy beach where he comes to the aid of a diseased and dying horse. A good man with a kind heart—not to mention the best name I've ever heard for someone who works in advertising.

6 LOVER'S EYE Visiting the Winter Antique Show at the Seventh Regiment Armory on Sixty-seventh and Park, I found what was billed as one of the "rarest forms of miniature portraiture": a small vitrine filled with dozens of eyes—lover's eyes, as it turns out—carefully painted on ivory brooches during the late Georgian period. A portrait of a single eye painted made it impossible for others to discover the identity of a lover. Usually worn as a pendant, this creepy treasure was used as a reminder that a secret lover is always watching.

7 A MOMENT OF INNOCENCE (dir. Mohsen Makhmalbaf) A 1996 Iranian movie that played a few months ago at the Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center, *A Moment of Innocence* confuses documentary and fiction, using actors and non-actors to question memory and create multiple realities. The story doesn't lend itself to summary, but here goes: Twenty-six years ago, the director, Mohsen Makhmalbaf, then a political rebel, stabbed a young police officer at an anti-Shah rally. Fast-forward to the present, where, after serving his time and going on to become a respected filmmaker, Makhmalbaf decides to make a movie about the incident, using the real police officer (who survived the attack and in fact went on to become an actor) in the film. Both men play themselves, each setting out to cast and coach a young actor to play their younger selves in a movie about the incident (told you this wasn't easy). In reconstructing the story, Makhmalbaf also casts the real daughter of the woman who helped



him set up the police officer for assault. With the characters acting in their own story, each with their own memory and point of view, the film not only blurs the line between fiction and nonfiction but also provides a fascinating and complex exploration of the many ways to tell a story.

8 HOSTILE DAY BED From Corey McCorkle's "Urban Archives" series, the piece *Hostile Day Bed* (157 Crosby, Service Entrance), 1997–2000, appeared in the recently concluded group exhibition "arch," at the Work Space in SoHo. A steel-blue paper sculpture protruding from the wall, the piece is a scaled-down version of a device designed to discourage a homeless person from sleeping in a doorway. The standout of the show, McCorkle's work is poised somewhere between an Ellsworth Kelly and a mad Post-It.

9 DOUGLAS GORDON'S SCHNAPPS GLASSES I nabbed a couple of these glasses (produced as a multiple for Douglas Gordon's Kölnischer Kunstverein survey by the artist and the institution's director, Udo Kittelmann) from a late-night celebration at the Austrian schnapps bar and restaurant Zeiritz in Cologne. Best souvenir I own.

10 CLEAN SHEETS Enough said. □

Anna Gaskell is an artist who divides her time between New York and Des Moines. Her most recent show, "By Proxy," was on view at Casey Kaplan in New York.

Top right: Douglas Gordon, *Kittelmann & Gordon*, 1999, schnapps glasses, ca. 3 7/8 x 1 1/8". Left: Karen Yasinsky, *Who Needs Oxygen?*, 1999, carbon and gouache on paper, 15 x 21 1/2".

NAYLAND BLAKE

1 KAZ, UNDERWORLD Kaz is the only cartoonist left who can actually write a four-panel strip that's funny—milk-through-your-nose funny—instead of rotten with whimsy and chuckles. *Underworld* is populated by perverts, drug users, and chumps of every stripe, just as every great metropolis should be—except sometimes the comic's set in an enchanted forest or in hillbilly country. You can tell from the drawing that Kaz has studied everyone from Jaime Hernandez to E.C. Segar to Philip Guston, blending their influences into a vision of broken boards and barf depicted with elegant clarity.

2 RICK STEINER AND TANK ABBOTT TEAM UP (World Championship Wrestling) This tag team was too good to last, but while it was going strong, it was the best reason to watch WCW. Abbott is a lug, an escapee from ultimate fighting, who can't wrestle and can't talk.

His big move is to stand in one spot and whack the opponent with his deadly right hand. He's the most appealing piece of manflesh on television, with squinty blue eyes, a dusting of bristly hair, and a ZZ Top goatee. Steiner, the Dog-faced Gremlin, a veteran who's still nursing a grudge against his brother Scott (aka Big Poppa Pump), has a body that's gone to seed in a way that makes my mouth water. Together they were a devastating pair.

3 CREATION, "HOW DOES IT FEEL?" (1968) It all starts with a thudding, plodding kickdrum. Then the guitars come in—the sort of shrieking slides you play when you don't really know what you're doing but know you have to make a lot of noise. The rest is a lurching, thrilling, onslaught that leaves the singer moaning "How does it feeeeeeeel to feeeeeeeel? How does it feeeeeeeel to feeeeeeeel?" How indeed?

4 LEPRECHAUN 5: IN THE 'HOOD (dir. Rob Spera, 2000) Needless to say, all the *Leprechaun* movies are worth watching, but this one contains a line of dialogue I would give a limb to have written: "From the depths of Hell I summon thee, ME ZOMBIE FLYGIRLS!" Ice-T must need a paycheck pretty bad these days, since he consented to star. Contains the most frightening thing ever committed to film: Leprechaun rap.

5 SOCK MONKEY (Dark Horse Comics, 1999–) Tony Millionaire is another brilliant cartoonist, and *Sock Monkey* is his comic book, which depicts a universe tangential to the one explored in *Maakies*, his syndicated strip. The hero here is a stuffed sock, a creature of elegant locution and feckless optimism. Set vaguely at the turn of the century, *Sock Monkey* weaves courtliness and sudden savagery seamlessly together in a manner at times evocative of Poe.

6 SLUDGEMASTER Ostensibly porn for those who like it sloppy, these tapes (available via Sludgemaster.com) should be viewed by every graduate art student in America. Here men explore their relationship to mud, sewage, canned pudding, space-born toxic waste, worms, puke—you get the idea—all under the camera's devoted gaze. This is what pornography used to be: an aesthetic form that allowed for any contingency, so long as it's in the service of pleasure. The result? Thrilling narrative unpredictability. In many a Sludgemaster scene you couldn't begin to guess what might happen next—and you're left bewildered by your capacity to get off on it. Pure *jouissance*. This is why Jesse Helms hates homosexuality. (And that's why we hate him.)

7 HIM OF THE POWERPUFF GIRLS With his Santa Claus jacket and fishnet hose, his finicky facial hair and lobster-claw hands, and a voice that ranges from

unctuous ululation to stentorian bellow, Him makes me think that one of the *Powerpuff* animators took a long, loving look at the work of Jack Smith. The symbol of ultimate evil, He doesn't indulge in the usual rock 'em sock 'em capers typical of the other villains on the show. No, His crimes are all psychological (making the citizens of Townsville hate the show's heroines, for example), which makes Him the only genuinely creepy villain on kids' TV.

8 BILL TRAYLOR (1854–1949) Some of the finest drawings made in America in the twentieth century, by a man who was treated with a reverence that could never fully mask the condescension behind it. Traylor's pared shapes and aching symmetries drain the fake jollity out of "folk art" and replace it with ecstasy.

9 PHASE FOUR (Cambridge, MA) Every good record I bought this year came from this shop. A labor of love, this is the kind of place you walk into and get an education. They don't have much floor space, so the stock of used CDs, vinyl, and Atari video games has been carefully culled. Nine times out of ten I buy whatever happens to be playing when I stop in—and I end up listening to it for months after.

10 TERRY ANDREWS, THE STORY OF HAROLD (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1974) A friend lent me this book, and it's a revelation: a novel that recasts Scheherazade as an envenomed children's author who flings himself from fuck to fuck all the while beguiling us with anecdotes on the way to his impending suicide. First published in 1974, it's the missing link between Gore Vidal's *Myron* and Kathy Acker's *The Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula by the Black Tarantula*. Is this the first American novel to use fisting as a motif? □

Nayland Blake is an artist who lives in New York.

Top: Nayland Blake. Photo: Nan Goldin. Bottom: Rick Steiner performing a standing suplex on his brother, Big Poppa Pump, at the Boise Center, Boise, Idaho, 2000. Photo: David Durox for WCW Inc.

JOHN TREMBLAY

1 “BIG BROTHER” Not the TV show and not the camera that takes a picture of your car whenever you go through a red light. (When a friend got a photo of his license plate in the mail along with a fine for a hundred bucks, he sent back a photograph of a hundred-dollar bill. They got the joke and sent him a photograph of a pair of handcuffs.) This Big Brother is a program by computer whiz John Briggs, a kid who’s most likely someone’s little brother. Milto Manetas told me about Briggs’s project, saying, “This is a great artwork, the guy is a genius.” To download “Big Brother,” go to www.manetas.com and look under “The Best Software in the World.”

2 LIAM GILICK, *INSIDE NOW. WE WALKED INTO A ROOM WITH COCA COLA COLOURED WALLS*. 1998 Now in a private collection in Geneva, this piece comes in the form of a certificate, which amounts to a set of instructions directing the certificate holder to paint color swatches on the wall in an attempt to match the exact hue of Coca-Cola. The result: an area covered with various browns and redish brown swatches. It could be perfect for your next group show. Since only the collectors are per-

mitted to enact the work, contact them directly at jrp-editions.com.

3 THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., *READY TO DIE* (1994) When Biggie Smalls released *Ready to Die*, it stunned us like a Jordan jump shot. I’m told that every single line of his magnificent wordplay was committed to memory, each song stored in his head like a tiny movie so we could watch his world with our ears. A lot of it’s funny as hell. But in the end, the hero had to die. Long live the “Triple Beam Dream.”

4 THE APPLE (dir. Samira Makhmalbaf, 1998) Something other than a documentary, this film tells the true story of two young Iranian sisters who were imprisoned in their house by their parents. The movie also says something about the world beyond the garden wall. The girls’ ultraconservative father and blind mother admit to being “overprotective,” while the social workers who try and help the siblings reenter society call the confinement criminal. Samira Makhmalbaf, who was eighteen when she directed *The Apple* (her father is the well-known Iranian filmmaker Mohsen Makhmalbaf), found the ideal “actors” for the parts: the girls in the film are the real-life

sisters and their father “plays” the father. A kind of punishment for the parents, the movie becomes a cathartic passage for the sisters, reenacting their incarceration while setting them free.

5 F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, “THE CRACK-UP” (1936) Under twenty-seven years old: a short story that could change your life. Over twenty-seven: Write your own version.

6 MISS KITTIN AND THE HACKER, “FRANK SINATRA” (1998) Miss Kittin, a Geneva-based DJ, is very famous. She once said to me: “Here, carry my records,” and they were very heavy. Being famous must be nice. Her single “Frank Sinatra” was a big hit in Germany. Germany has the third-largest music industry in the world. Miss Kittin=Famous.

7 FRENCH COMMUNIST PARTY HEADQUARTERS. PARIS Viewing Oscar Niemeyer’s building will help you take out the trash when it comes to preconceptions about Communist architecture—or architecture *period*. This is what happens when science fiction collides with an office building. Where does the outside stop and the inside begin? Why aren’t the walls at right angles to the floor? Perhaps the solution for leveling a stratified class society is to make the floors uneven. Niemeyer, true to Communist scripture, accepted no payment for his work on this building. Apparently, the trippy side of radical humanist architecture is free. Go to the place du Colonel Fabien and see for yourself: Though designed in the mid-’60s, Niemeyer’s building still looks toward that greater future, waiting for the rest of the world to catch up.

8 SERGE GAINSBURG, “HIS-TOIRE DE MELODY NELSON” (1971) The most gorgeous and heartbreaking twenty-eight-minute love story ever told, even if you don’t understand a word of French.

9 AIRTRAIN New York’s new “quickest way to the airport.” JFK has never had decent mass-transit access, but soon it will join its cousins around the world who have had stellar city-to-plane connections since around the time Emilio Pucci designed the outfits for Braniff Airways’ “hostesses” in the mid-’60s. When the project is completed in 2003, the line will not only connect all the far-flung terminals and airport parking lots, but link up with various subway lines and the Long Island Railroad as well. It just goes to show that a little urban unplanning and billions of dollars can erase miles of bad road, and, like Pepsi, AirTrain will belong to everyone.

10 BEWARE THE HOLY WHORE (dir. Rainer Werner Fassbinder, 1970) One of the truly great movies about making movies. The location: off-season at a Spanish seaside hotel. The actors and crew sit around waiting for the story to begin. The fashion is wonderful, even if most of it was probably the actors’ own. You could watch the film only for the clothes. The drink of choice? Cuba Libres. In fact, “Cuba Libre, por favor” is repeated so many times that it becomes a political statement. When the bored cast isn’t fucking or fighting, they’re tossing coins in the jukebox—Leonard Cohen, Ray Charles, Elvis singing in Spanish, and Spooky Tooth’s “I’ve Got Enough Heartaches.” We watch this movie whenever we feel like a vacation. □ John Tremblay is an artist who lives in New York.

Top left: John Tremblay. Photo: Laura Mitterrand. Top right: Oscar Niemeyer, Communist Party Headquarters, Paris, 1966. Bottom left: John Briggs, “Big Brother” screen capture from manetas.com.

RICHARD HAWKINS

1 MORGAN FISHER, “PAINTING FOR BEGINNERS” The ex-filmmaker and chronic dabbler’s treatise on smart painting, copy photography, and orthographic drawing (recently delivered at a variety of institutions in Los Angeles) is a reconnaissance mission for painting. Despite the cruel reductivism of the text, Fisher’s delivery is littered with the symptoms of ambivalence and masochistic hope in the face of a practice that’s always gonna be rife with problems. Fisher says, “I welcome you to challenge my assumptions”; as Beckett would say, “You must go on, I can’t go on, I’ll go on.”

2 GOOD STUFF ON TV THIS SUMMER (1) Richard Hatch became the least user-friendly (that’s a good thing) gay man on TV since Andrew Cunanan; and (2) on “The Replacement,” episode 19 of *Making (the Boys-in) the Band*, Erik is subjected to a “throatoscopy,” revealing more about the lush pinkness and moist resilience of his alimentary canal than I (or starmaker Lou Pearlman, for that matter) could ever have dreamed up.

3 PRINCE NASEEM HAMED VS. AUGIE SANCHEZ This summer’s fight on HBO had sexy-yet-

nobody Sanchez—replete with Vegas showgirlfriend—holding his own in the first round and almost scoring a knockdown in the second. By the third round, though, Hamed’s succinct assaults had Sanchez bleary, bewildered, and as bedazzled as his gold-glitter trunks. He was carried out in a stretcher two and a half minutes into the fourth. I’m sure I’ll get tired of the predictableness of Hamed’s nontitle wins over journeymen, but his unadulterated gore fests are a pleasant relief from the fights of academic tapscorers like De La Hoya.

4 TIME CAPSULES AT THE WARHOL MUSEUM (www.warhol.org) Basically, the crap from Warhol’s desk: fan letters, collectible spoons, stencils for the soup cans, porn, magazines that were probably props in *Taylor Mead’s Ass* (1965), odd missives from Factory workers Brigid Polk and Billy Name, not very charming directives from Gerard Malanga, unopened junk mail to Warhol’s mom from the Catholic Archdiocese, etc., etc. On my recent visit I found the time capsules could be alternately illuminating, overwhelming, or just dreadfully boring. But as the museum continues to catalogue the 600-odd capsules and advances toward archiving them in an

online database, the monstrosity of Warhol’s crap could become hyper-text guru Ted Nelson’s Xanadu dream, a machine that forgets by remembering everything.

5 TIME REGAINED (dir. Raúl Ruiz, 1999) We Proustaphiliacs crave all things Proustian, so another film version of yet another book of *Remembrance* is guaranteed to get uncritically slobbered over, relished, and added to our wretched pile of biographies and other Proustiana. But John Malkovich did have a certain deliciously oblivious Charlusian twinkle about him, and the stage devices (cumbersomely moving sets, protocinematic dissolves, rotating furniture) were odd and engrossing. Each new attempt to film Proust, though, reminds me that Visconti was to have made *Sodom and Gomorrah* in the early ’70s with Helmut Berger and Brigitte Bardot. Marlon Brando was to play Charlus. Oh, to have seen a cosmeticized Brando lumbering past the dressmaker’s shop, half tanked, attempting to hum like a bumblebee!

6 3 WOMEN (dir. Robert Altman, 1977) I’m not much of an Altman fan; I do rent *Popeye* once a year just to see Shelley Duvall—winsome fists clinched to cartoon cheek, oversize heel lifted—singing “Heeeee’s Larrrrrge.” But I’m sheepishly embarrassed to admit that, until this summer, I’d never seen *3 Women* (on TV; it’s still not available on video), which also features Duvall, as Millie. My next paintings are going to be for Millie’s apartment: all banana, lemon, and French mustard—not English mustard—with white-enameled bamboo and wicker frames.

7 IM REICH DER PHANTOME: FOTOGRAFIE DES UNSICHTBAREN (Cantz Verlag, 1997) (Okay,

it’s not new either, but I just came across it two months ago.) Though the text is in German and half the images are less interesting, occult-informed modern works, *In the Realm of the Phantom* is a great resource for investigating early photography’s look into the spirit world. Beyond the staple Frances and Elsie Wright fairy photographs, it contains much cottony ectoplasm, table-turnings gone wrong, collaged negatives, goofy double-exposures, and, especially, numerous cardboard “apparitions” that seem to have appeared after being crumpled up and stashed behind the medium’s ear.

8 “THE PRINZHORN COLLECTION: TRACES UPON THE WUNDERBLOCK” (Hammer Museum, UCLA [see review, p. 151]). Since God—or the superego, as the case may be—sees every sparrow that falls, he also sees every pencil stroke made. Consequently, for every quarter-inch dash made in these psychosis-informed drawings, the pencil has to return to the sharpener for another half hour of obsessive cranking. I sent my students to this show just to be able to discuss “investment in materials.”

9 MARK ROEDER (www.otisphoto.net/roeder) Photographs of Ray Conniff albums on blue plastic chairs, apartment furniture rearranged into photographability, Smithsonian’s *Enantiomorphosis* under-analyzed. Somehow Dan Graham bending over to sniff a flower fits in, and his *For Publication* publication gets republished. Sometimes a sculpture is telling someone you fell down the stairs, Buster Keaton-like. Pretty conceptual, goofily beautiful.

10 ANY PAINTING MADE WITHOUT USING MASKING TAPE If the masking-tape factory burned down, there’d be no painting in LA for at least a season. □ Richard Hawkins is an artist living in Los Angeles.

Left to right: Andy Warhol, *Time Capsule #47*, contents date: 1957-70. Andy Warhol, *Time Capsule #90*, 1973, black-and-white photograph sent to Warhol in 1973 from Klaus Aller, Vienna.

Best of 2000: Film

John Waters

1. *Dancer in the Dark* (Lars von Trier) The most hilariously moving, “feel-insane” movie of the year.

2. *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* (Joel Coen) The jaw-dropping all-singing, all-dancing Ku Klux Klan–Busby Berkeley number is a real beaut.

3. *L’Humanité* (Bruno Dumont) The endless saga of a simpleton cop so desperate to feel emotion that he spies on the sex life of his lusty neighbors and smells and kisses his crime suspects during interrogations.

4. *American Psycho* (Mary Harron) A chain-saw movie for the elite; the funniest American comedy of the year.

5. *The Idiots* (Lars von Trier) A Dogma 95 comedy about a bunch of Danish yuppies who join a Manson-like cult of assholes and liberate themselves by acting like retards in public (“spazzing”).

6. *Water Drops on Burning Rocks* (François Ozon) A fake Fassbinder movie directed by my new favorite French auteur. Screenplay necrophilia never seemed so cinematically correct.

7. *The Virgin Suicides* (Sofia Coppola) Who would have predicted Sofia Coppola could bring to mind Cocteau’s *Les Parents terribles*?

8. *Criminal Movers* (François Ozon) Ozon again. A Leopold-and-Loeb-meet-Hansel-and-Gretel fairy tale about a bitchy teen ingenue and her naive boyfriend who are imprisoned by a horny, gay, cannibalistic ogre.

9. *Pink Narcissus* (James Bidgood, 1971/99) Actor-model Bobby Kendall’s ass; as beautiful and timeless as *The Wizard of Oz*.

10. *Eva* (Joseph Losey, 1962) The best rereleased failed art film of the decade. Jeanne Moreau chain-smokes and listens to Billie Holiday records while humiliating her lover in glorious black and white.

Susan Sontag

1. *Yi Yi (A One and a Two)* (Edward Yang) Is Yang as great as Hou Hsiao-hsien? Well, he’s different. See this.

2. *Faithless* (Liv Ullmann) Ullmann’s best work by far, with one of the greatest film performances ever, by Lena Endre.

3. *L’Humanité* (Bruno Dumont) A very ambitious film about looking and about guilt.

4. *Beau Travail* (Claire Denis) A dazzling riff on Melville’s *Billy Budd*. You’ll never forget the final scene, when the amazing Denis Lavant starts to dance.

5. *The Wind Will Carry Us* (Abbas Kiarostami) The best-known Iranian director has made another incomparable film.

6. *Hamlet* (Michael Almereyda) Hamlet lost in Manhattan. Witty, intelligent, and most convincing when it’s altogether over the top.

7. *The Circle* (Jafar Panahi) Another marvel from Iran. A relentless, anguishing film by a director hitherto unknown to me, about the persecution of women.

8. *La Captive* (Chantal Akerman) Supposedly inspired by Proust. Atypically movieish (i.e., Hitchcockian) for Ackerman but still adamant, unpredictable.

9. *Travelers* (Bahram Beizai, 1992) OK, it came out eight years ago, but I just saw it (and I didn’t see ten films *made* this year that I really admired). Trust me, *this* masterpiece from Iran is unlike anything you’ve seen yet.

10. *Smoking/No Smoking* (Alain Resnais, 1993) I saw Resnais’s brilliant, ingenious, hilarious film for the first time this summer—it never got a theatrical release in this country. How come?

Clockwise from top left, stills from: **Bruno Dumont**, *L’Humanité*; **Tarsem Singh**, *The Cell*; **Ang Lee**, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*; **Wong Kar-wai**, *In the Mood for Love*; **Spike Lee**, *Bamboozled*; **François Ozon**, *Water Drops on Burning Rocks*; **Joseph Losey**, *Eva* (1962); **Michael Almereyda**, *Hamlet*.

Ian Birnie

1. *You Can Count on Me* (Kenneth Lonergan) The most accomplished of this year’s American indie debuts.

2. *Chunhyang* (Im Kwon-taek) From Korea, a completely original, magisterial work that combines sung narration with ravishing images.

3. *Chicken Run* (Peter Lord and Nick Park) The Ealing comedy is alive and well and living in claymation.

4. *In the Mood for Love* (Wong Kar-wai) A concerto for two ill-starred couples and pure pleasure for the senses. Elegant, restrained, stylized, brilliantly sure of itself from its first frame to its astonishing epiphany at Angkor Wat.

5. *Long Night’s Journey Into Day* (Deborah Hoffmann and Frances Reid) The documentary of the year explores the pain and trauma of South Africa’s villains and victims by examining four cases before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

6. *The Circle* (Jafar Panahi) A compelling and compassionate look at women’s lives in Iran. Perhaps the year’s most courageous political film.

7. *Djomeh* (Hassan Yektafanah) A perfect balance of the verbal and the visual: Think blue rectangle against brown field. A jewel in the crown of new Iranian cinema.

8. *Dancer in the Dark* (Lars von Trier) A mass of indulgent contradictions, it is nonetheless the most exciting and challenging film of the year.

9. *Before Night Falls* (Julian Schnabel) Adapted from the memoirs of Cuban poet Reinaldo Arenas, Schnabel’s second biopic passionately affirms the artist as heroic individualist.

10. *Yi Yi (A One and a Two)* (Edward Yang) A superior soap opera with important things to say about human frailty and everyday life.

Kent Jones

1. *The House of Mirth* (Terence Davies) Davies’s mesmerizing Wharton adaptation is as physically and emotionally precise a film as I’ve seen in years.

2. *Werckmeister Harmonies* (Béla Tarr) Passionate, mournful, gorgeous, and genuinely visionary.

3. *Les Destinées sentimentales* (Olivier Assayas) Another literary adaptation (from Jacques Chardonne), and one of the director’s most personal films: a devastating meditation on time and identity, made with the lightest touch.

4. *L’origine du XXIème siècle* (Jean-Luc Godard) Godard’s first completed work of the new century wonders where the old one could have gone. A heartbreaker.

5. *Arbor Vitae* (Nathaniel Dorsky) and ***Time and Tide*** (Peter Hutton) New films from “two of the greatest silent filmmakers of the sound era,” as independent curator Mark McElhatton put it.

6. *In the Mood for Love* (Wong Kar-wai) A work of consummate artistry.

7. *Fah Talai Jone* (Wisit Sasanatieng) A thrillingly unclassifiable, highly entertaining re-creation of various lost Thai genres—more fun than Guy Maddin.

8. *Not Forgotten* (Makoto Shinozaki) Beautifully written, structured, and acted, a sharp, moving portrait of contemporary Japan through the eyes of its lost youth and forgotten elders.

9. *Taboo* (Nagisa Oshima) Wry but electrifying, a movie only an old master could make.

10. *Almost Famous* (Cameron Crowe) Why all the complaints? Movies this fun don’t grow on trees.

Runners-up: *Yi Yi* (Edward Yang), *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (Ang Lee), and *Space Cowboys* (Clint Eastwood).

DAVID BORDWELL, film historian: *The Mission* marks a new high for the enterprising Hong Kong director Johnnie To, who once again pumps fresh life into the noir thriller. Running Kitano and Melville through a Hong Kong blender, *The Mission* is a triumph of abstract style, dark humor, and daringly fractured plotting.

J. HOBERMAN, critic: The year’s best unreleased film (and the strongest Chinese movie in a decade), Jia Zhang Je’s concrete but elliptical, superbly detached three-hour epic mediates on the mutation of the propaganda-performing Fenyang Peasant Culture Group into the equally cheesy All Star Rock and Breakdance Electronic Band: *Platform* is Pop art as history.

BARBARA KRUGER, artist: *Bamboozled* is Spike Lee’s latest reckoning with the impossibilities of race in America. Despite an ungood performance by Damon Wayans, this powerful satire is loaded with the gorgeously potent musical numbers. Lee again proves himself a compelling artist, bravely grappling with the stuff that counts. Let’s hope his dedication to Budd Schulberg is kind of ironic.

RICHARD FLOOD, curator: *Pola X* by Leos Carax. Beautiful blond boy with beautiful blond mother and beautiful blond fiancée meets beautiful brunette who turns out to be a metaphor for Eastern Europe and, just maybe, his sister. A totally insane, brilliant, stupid film by an unquestionable auteur.

SHARON LOCKHARD, artist: What could be better than watching members of the French Foreign Legion hang laundry, iron uniforms, and do calisthenics in unison? Agnes Godard’s lush cinematography and the mixture of music, silence, and abstract narrative make Claire Denis’s *Beau Travail* a film you could watch over and over.

PAUL PFEIFFER, artist: Tarsem Singh’s *The Cell*. Cinematically unremarkable, visually mind-blowing—an indication that film aesthetics and storytelling have finally given way to pure visual intensity. It’s not the movies anymore, but a cross between MTV, a thrill ride, and computer-simulated warfare.

HOWARD HAMPTON, critic: The pleasures of *Almost Famous* aren’t narrative but lie in Cameron Crowe’s devotion to the look and feel of the past, how people moved and performed self-creation, with “Every Picture Tells a Story” as the era’s Rosetta Stone.

PIPILOTTI RIST, artist: My favorite American film so far this year is Sofia Coppola’s *The Virgin Suicides*. A glorious, illogical, and emotional fairy tale with good cinematography and wonderful music by Air.

JEM COHEN, filmmaker: Three superb short documentaries: *Best in Beef* (Rob Smits and Britta Hosman), about a modern slaughterhouse; my brother’s *Fire of Time* (Adam Cohen), on the demise of a Barcelona neighborhood; and *The March* (Abraham Ravett), about his mother’s experience leaving Auschwitz.

PETER BOWEN, critic: In this election year, David Gordon Green’s *George Washington*, a quirky drama of growing up in North Carolina, gives me hope for this country—or, at least, for American independent film. — Compiled by Elizabeth Horwitz

Best of 2000

A SPECIAL ISSUE

Over the next twenty-six pages, ten critics and historians count down their Top Ten highlights of 2000 in museums and galleries throughout the world, while three contributors remember the year as it looked outside the white cube.

Louise Lawler,
Pleasure/More,
1998-99, color
photograph,
30 x 36½".

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Arthur C. Danto

Arthur C. Danto, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is Johnsonian Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Columbia University and art critic for *The Nation*.

Clockwise from top left: **1. Salvador Dalí, *Retro-spective Bust of Woman*, 1933**, mixed media, 29 x 27 1/4 x 12 3/4", some elements reconstructed 1970. **5. Mark Tansey, *Fixing*, 2000**, graphite and oil on gessoed paper, 9 1/2 x 14 1/4". **4. Top: Do-Ho Suh, *Seoul Home/LA Home/NY Home*, 1999**, silk and metal armatures. Installation view, 2000. Bottom: **Michelle Lopez, *Boy*, 1999**, steel leather, contact cement, and pigment. Installation view, 2000. **8. Jacob El Hanani, *Jacob El Hanani (detail)*, 1997**, ink on paper, 9 1/2 x 9 1/2". **2. Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, *The Ray*, 1725–26**, oil on canvas, 45 1/2 x 57 1/2". **3. Josiah McElheny, *An Historical Anecdote About Fashion (detail)*, 1999**, mixed media. Installation view, 2000. **10. Richard Foreman, *Bad Boy Nietzsche*, 2000**. Performance view at Ontological-Hysterical Theater, New York. Photo: Paula Court. **7. Sylvia Sleigh, *Invitation to a Voyage: The Hudson River at Fishkill*, 1979–99**, oil on canvas, panel 4 of 14, each 8 x 5". **6. Thomas Nozkowski, *Untitled (7-128)*, 1999**, oil on linen on panel, 16 x 20".

1 “Making Choices” (*Museum of Modern Art, New York*) A show of shows in two senses: It consisted of twenty-five separate exhibitions, some of which belonged in an inventory of the high points of 2000 in their own right; and it was an epochal show, putting in question the entire concept of modern art. Strikingly, none of the exhibitions was devoted to modernism as such, save perhaps Robert Storr’s “Modern Art despite Modernism.” But even there it merely skulked as the ghost of what we must call the Greenbergian paradigm, as Storr included modern works to which Greenberg would not have given the time of day—pieces by Dalí, for example, and Andrew Wyeth. The aggregate effect was to draw boundaries around modernism as a period style within the modern era and to show how much there is to modern art that falls outside those boundaries. It was a marvelous demonstration of curatorial virtuosity, making plain that there is a virtually unlimited number of exhibitions constructable out of the contents of a single museum. “Making Choices” was evidence that MOMA is about to reconfigure its own identity—and as a result to reconfigure the shape of art history over the past century and a half, as well.

2 “Chardin” (*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*) There were no such deconstructive/reconstructive ambitions at work in “Chardin”: The exhibition spoke to the sense we all have of what art at its greatest can mean. It is perhaps too much to expect that “Chardin” will re-enfranchise painting, but so many artists have told me how moved they were by the old magician’s subdued brilliance that I would be amazed if the small luminous still life did not reemerge under the permissive auspices of pluralism.

3 “2000 Biennial Exhibition” (*Whitney Museum of American Art, New York*) This Biennial made a scarcely noticed decision to override traditional exclusions. It included two pieces by Thornton Dial, for example: An artist heretofore segregated to shows of outsider work, here he looked as cutting edge as someone fresh out of Yale or Cal Arts. And the exhibition disregarded the art-craft duality

to include Josiah McElheny’s virtuoso installation of conceptual glasswork. By internalizing these boundaries, the Biennial effectively erased them. All artistic dualisms today are untenable, and it was exhilarating to see this recognition institutionalized in a show that celebrated visual thinking of a very high order.

4 “Greater New York” (*P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York*) A kind of Who’s Who of Unknowns, the show made it boisterously clear that panelists will have an easy answer to the question, “What’s Happening in New York?”—namely, “Everything.”

5 Mark Tansey (*Curt Marcus Gallery, New York*) His heroic show had a studio format, with small provisional black-and-gray drawings pinned almost edge to edge up and down every wall. Only here and there did one find a typical Tansey image. The work appeared mainly to be about the processes of searching, and it implied that each of this artist’s images is itself the culmination of a search. The exhibition seemed inspired by a determination to make his private artistic decisions visible both to critics who think of his work as easily achieved and easily understood and to enthusiasts who have wondered how he did it at all.

6 Thomas Nozkowski (*Max Protetch Gallery, New York*) Nozkowski’s wonderful paintings were abstract and comical, featuring carnival-colored balloons emptied of speech and uncertain shapes that looked as if they were based on pink underpants, waving like impudent banners.

7 Sylvia Sleigh (*Deven Golden Fine Art, New York*) I responded to the fourteen-panel *Invitation to a Voyage: The Hudson River at Fishkill* as to a masterpiece. It shows the artist with some friends, including her late husband, Lawrence Alloway, and a cat, picnicking on an idyllic riverbank. *Invitation* struck me as being near in spirit to one of my favorite paintings—Watteau’s *L’embarquement à Cythère*. Arrayed on facing walls, it radiated happiness—a feeling about as improbable as beauty in the present world.

8 Jacob El Hanani (*Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery, New York*) From a distance El Hanani’s labor-intensive drawings looked like silver gray monochromes, but up close one saw that they were built out of letters, symbols, figures, and images so tiny that they put one in mind of a person dedicated to inscribing the Koran on a grain of rice. The drawings evoked peace and patience, as if time had no bearing on their world.

9 Alastair Noble (*Robert Pardo Gallery, New York*) The sculptor leaned six large, thick panels of glass against the wall, perching them on shelves. Deep troughs were sandblasted into the panels, corresponding to the way the lines and fragments of lines are arrayed in Mallarmé’s *Un Coup de Dés*. The opaque troughs, from which Noble had entirely etched away any trace of language, were reflected as shadows on the wall. This almost metaphysical use of glass, with its vocabulary of transparency and translucency and its contrast between deep green edges and clear central area, manages to escape the decorativeness that dogs the medium.

10 Richard Foreman, *Bad Boy Nietzsche* (*Ontological-Hysterical Theater, New York*) Since the advent of performance art, Richard Foreman’s troupe has been regularly considered as much a part of the visual arts as of the avant-garde theater. His plays have the shape of Aeschylus’s *Eumenides*, consisting of a single hero and a chorus of Furies that plagues him without respite. In the recent offering, Nietzsche was the hero, set upon by what may be figments of his own fantasy. “Bad Boy” is probably a good antonym for “Super Man” and poor Nietzsche is a *mitteleuropäan shmendrek* who shares a small universe with the erotically unattainable Beautiful Woman, the disrespectful Child, and the Cruel Man—perhaps the Superman—who wears a little girl’s pinafore and beats the horse Nietzsche went mad trying to protect. There was the charivari—typical of Foreman’s dramaturgy—a lot of whirring, flashing, banging. Great stuff. □

James Meyer

James Meyer, assistant professor of art history at Emory University, is the editor of *Minimalism* (London: Phaidon, 2000). His book *Minimalism: Art and Polemics in the Sixties* is forthcoming next spring from Yale University Press.

Clockwise from top left:

9. David Batchelor, *Chromophobia*, 2000, Reaktion Books, London. **6. Dan Flavin, *Untitled (Marfa project)* (detail), 1996**, colored fluorescent lights. Installation view. **2. Left to right: Rineke Dijkstra, *Odessa, Ukraine, 4 August, 1993, 1993***, color photograph, 46% x 37". **Paul Cezanne, *The Bather*, c. 1885**, oil on canvas, 50 x 38 3/4". From "Modern Starts." **10. Charles LaBelle, *Disappearer—Shirt That Passed Through My Body* (detail), 2000**, shirt and mending tape, shirt 39 x 24". **1. Tate Modern**. Photo: Marcus Leith. **5. Martha Rosler, *Transparent Box (Vanity Fair)*, c. 1972**, Plexiglas over *Vanity Fair* magazine, ca. 11 1/2 x 7 3/4". From the series "Body Beautiful" or "Beauty Knows No Pain," 1965–74. **3. Damian Loeb, photograph in *Vanity Fair*, February 2000**. Photo: Todd Eberle. Inset: **Jillian Schnabel, from *Untitled '84, 1984***, Pelham Press. **4. Ugo Rondinone, *No. 207, Dreissigsterjunizweitausend-undnull*, 2000**, acrylic on canvas, 78 1/2" diameter. **8. Mel Bochner, *If the Color Changes (#1)*, 1996–97**, oil and alkyd on canvas, 36 x 48".

1 Tate Modern The plant is grand, the site unique. Yes, the rearrangement of the collection led to forced pairings and hackneyed themes (when I see "The Body" I want to . . .), and the Louise Bourgeois towers, not to mention the single-artist installations, affirmed the fashionable status quo. Still, the new Tate's energy and ambition are formidable. One only hopes that future curatorial efforts will live up to the building.

2 The Theme Survey The reinstallation of the Tate's collection is the apotheosis of a museological trend. I had the pleasure of witnessing its birth back in 1996 at Atlanta's High Museum of Art, where the Olympics "Rings" show packaged the Masterworks of World Art as manifestations of the five emotions we human beings purportedly share. After the weight lifters and pole-vaulters went home, I assumed the High would return to tried-and-true chronology. Wrong. The "it's a small world after all" approach gave way to a smorgasbord of themes—"Identity," "Nature" . . . Forget about deep social and cultural context; in "Nature" one discovered a Martin Johnson Heade orchid next to a Victorian settee (it's the carved flowers, you see). Works of art, it would seem, exist not so much to be seen, let alone understood, as to serve up illustrations of trite, iconographical conceits. Keen to overcome Grandpa Barr's teleological modernist enfilade, MOMA jumped on board with its multithemed millennial triptych "Modern Starts," legitimating the misguided mania that tarnished the new Tate triumph. Like CNN, it all started in Atlanta.

3 The "New" Mary The *New York Times* breathlessly declared that Mary Boone had established a new identity around an up-and-coming group of young artists. In a bid to recover the glory days of the Julian/Eric '80s, the latest stable was assembled like one of those bands of youthful crooners—a Fifty-seventh Street 'N Sync with the photogenic Damian Loeb as heartthrob Justin Timberlake and Tom Sachs as Wild Boy Chris Kirkpatrick. The success of the media construction, which crescendoed as the great lady was hauled off to jail pleading free speech (the authorities took a dimmer view of live ammo at the front desk), more than made up for the emptiness of the art.

4 Ugo Rondinone (*Matthew Marks Gallery, New York*) A large, open room with video projections on all four walls. Slow, pulsing music. Gorgeous, tortured kids loll on the floor staring at gorgeous, tortured actors on the screen. In the back room, three Nolandesque tondos with Day-Glo rings—far out! Vapid, perhaps, but emblematic. Crouching on the floor vainly attempting to pass for a twenty-five-year-old, I felt the seduction of today's blurring of art video and MTV, of "bohemian" nostalgia and fashion commerce. And realized that the video projection is the salon art of our moment.

5 Martha Rosler, "Positions in the Life World" (*New Museum for Contemporary Art; International Center for Photography, New York*) The term "artist's artist" has long been applied to Rosler. More recently, a critic's description of her as "pure"—a sort of Virgin Mary of contemporary art—seemed to imply that only the most somber minded get her work. It's not true. Rosler's art is accessible, sharp, and extremely funny. In contrast to the one-note, hortatory approach of some of her postmodern peers, her critical work has come to seem more ambiguous and multilayered. Varied in content, it induces a range of response: You find yourself laughing and thinking and feeling disgusted all at once.

6 Dan Flavin, *Untitled (Marfa project)* (*Chinati Foundation, Marfa, TX*) Those thorny guys finally got it together. Once the closest of friends, Flavin and Judd ended up not speaking for years. After their deaths, the status of Flavin's proposal for a light installation at the former Fort D.A. Russell, one of the original projects planned for the Chinati Foundation, was uncertain. It is to Chinati's great credit that Flavin's project was finally realized. A sequence of light barriers and corridors in pink, green, blue, and yellow arranged in a compelling visual narrative, this posthumous installation is among Flavin's most memorable.

7 Stephen Prina, *Vinyl II* (*J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles*) A curious combination of music, performance, film, and institutional critique suffused with allusions from old-master painting to Warhol to Straub-Huillet, it's one of the few works from this year I'm still pondering.

8 Mel Bochner, "If the Color Changes" (*Sonnabend, New York*) A quotation from Wittgenstein's *Remarks on Color* is the basis of this examination of the faculties of seeing, reading, and cognition. When Bochner took up painting in the early '80s, critics complained that he'd betrayed his conceptualist roots. In these works, such doubts are laid to rest. Strategies of simultaneity, complementarity, duration, and repetition—hallmarks of the artist's early work—return in a credible new form. Some of the best paintings currently being made.

9 David Batchelor, *Chromophobia* (*Reaktion Books, London*) Speaking of color, this erudite survey of chromophobic attitudes from antiquity to the present skillfully negotiates philosophical, art-historical, and mass-cultural allusions. A provocative contribution to the discourse of color theory.

10 Charles LaBelle (*Roberts & Tilton, Los Angeles*) Manzoni aside, the potty in art leaves me cold. Abjection just isn't my *gouût*. Now the scatological has found no more fertile ground than Los Angeles, and it was with a definite boredom that I ventured into the exhibit of this young artist, who had the temerity to stuff himself with little bits of his own shirt. Coming out as doody, then daintily washed and iron-taped together, the stained cotton was repulsive: There really is nothing like the real thing. Yet here it was displayed in a vitrine like a Beuys. There's a lot of stuff out there that tries to gross us out. Most of it is bad. But I can't get this "shirt" out of my head. □

Katy Siegel

Katy Siegel is assistant professor of contemporary art history and criticism at Hunter College, CUNY, and a frequent contributor to *Artforum*.

Clockwise from top left:

1. Top: **Chuck Close, *Lyle*, 1999**, oil on canvas, 102 x 84". Bottom: **Paul Etienne Lincoln, *Ignisfatuus*, 2000**, mixed media. **2.** Top to bottom: **Sarah Sze, *Strange Attractor*, 2000**, mixed media. **Richard Tuttle, *Two With Any To*, #1, 1999**, 11 x 11 x 1 1/2". **Tim Noble and Sue Webster, *Wasted Youth*, 2000**, trash and light projector. **7. Lucian Freud, *Naked Portrait with Red Chair*, 1999**, oil on canvas, 58 x 88". **3.** Clockwise from top left: **Walker Evans, *Untitled*, c. 1973**, Polaroid photograph, 4 1/2 x 3 1/2". **Walker Evans, *Untitled*, c. 1973**, Polaroid photograph, 4 1/2 x 3 1/2". **Andreas Gursky, *Bundestag*, 1998**, color photograph, 112 x 81 1/2". **10.** Clockwise from top left: **Jeff Wall, *Morning Cleaning*, *Mies van der Rohe Foundation, Barcelona*, 1999**, transparency in light box, 6' x 9' 3/4" x 12' 1 1/2". **Iniigo Manglano-Ovalle, *Le Baiser (The Kiss)*, 1999**, suspended aluminum structure with interior projection. **Jennifer Bolande, *Appliance House (detail)*, 1998–99**, two Duratrans photographs in light boxes with steel frame and columns, 91 x 59 x 5". **4.** Left to right: **Jorge Pardo, *Project (detail)*, 2000**, colored tile. Dia Center for the Arts, New York. **Donald Judd, *Untitled (detail)*, 1993**, plywood and colored Plexiglas, six units, each 19 1/2 x 39 1/2 x 19 1/2"; installed height 19' 8 1/2". **5. Andrea Zittel, *A-Z Prototype for Pocket Property*, 1999**, mixed media. **8. Leo Steinberg, *Encounters with Rauschenberg*, 2000**, University of Chicago Press and The Menil Collection, Chicago and Houston. **9. Adolph Reed, Jr., *Class Notes*, 2000**, New Press, New York.

2. Make-Do Art Cousin to the can-do. Richard Tuttle, Sarah Sze, Tim Noble and Sue Webster, Tom Friedman, and Vik Muniz take the leftovers of our throwaway culture and make our nothings into something else. Their skillful use of sugar cubes, plywood, beer cans, and clip lamps provide an antidote to extravagant production values and installation as shopping spree. Both the strong and the weak versions of the latter—from Jeff Koons to Barbara Bloom—made you think you could be an artist if only you had enough money; these guys make you think you could be an artist if only you had enough ideas and time. (You have a trash can, don't you?) A big improvement, in my book.

3. Walker Evans/Andreas Gursky

The greatest artist of the twentieth century more than earned both his excellent retrospective at the Met and a very nice MOMA exhibit that could only hint at the breadth of Evans's influence. The surprise was his beautiful show at Andrea Rosen, which revealed the Polaroid's status as heir to the daguerreotype. Whereas Evans gave a face to poverty and a specificity to vernacular culture, Gursky does the inverse, pulling back to picture phenomena so big (e.g., the stock exchanges and public architecture of global capitalism) we usually can't see them. Both photographers made the right images—in form and content—at the right time.

4. Stuff In the '80s, we were told we lived in an "image world," a culture dominated by

pictures—and needed more images to critique it. But we still live in a world full of stuff (you know, that famous "commodity culture"), and art often examines and tests its nature. The master is Donald Judd, whose late work shown at Pace earns the get-it-right prize; these pieces aren't furniture, but even more than his early reliefs, they reveal sculpture's closeness to the everyday experience of objects in space. His Plexi proportions read like a commentary on our sloppy world (move that ashtray two inches to the right, please). More obviously connecting the stern phenomenology of the '60s to design, Jorge Pardo decorated Dia, and Josiah McElheny presented an opaque, sculptural grid of vases at Brent Sikkema. They indulge in whimsy more than Judd—then again, who doesn't?

5. Island Life

No, not *that* one, although Andrea Zittel's *A-Z Prototype for Pocket Property* touches many of the same nerves. Zittel built a forty-ton concrete island between Denmark and Sweden, and this summer she inhabited the hollow structure with a group of friends. Zittel's mobile landmass is the most extreme of the artist's experimental living situations; it combines the desire never to leave the house with the fantasy of getting away from it all.

6. Millennium Madness

As an event, the millennium was a bust, but at least it put museums in a reflective mood. For most, straight-up chronology wasn't good enough to mark this once-in-a-lifetime calendrical moment. Theme-happy shows included MOMA's "ModernStarts," the opening installation at Tate Modern, and the Whitney's "American Century." The best of the bunch was Robert Rosenblum's "1900" at the Guggenheim, a synchronic slice reminding us that the art world was—and is—a place where disparate generations and conflicting interests contest differences in taste, style, and worldview.

7. Lucian Freud

Freud's show was great, totally overshadowing the terrible Picabia offering down the street, which many perfectly intelligent people urged us to rush out and see. Freud's paintings were gorgeous and purposeful, much better than his last

few exhibitions. In today's kid-dominated culture, any artist who just gets better and better (see also fellow Brit Bridget Riley) deserves to ride around town on a purple pillow.

8. Leo Steinberg Our best art historian celebrated his eightieth year by publishing a bravura lecture on Rauschenberg, an object lesson in both writing text and reading art. He also finished a book (forthcoming this spring) on Leonardo's *Last Supper*, the greatest painting that you've never really seen, revealing its extraordinary complexity and shaming the either-or polemics too common in the discipline. Steinberg is proof positive that smart people used to study the humanities.

9. Adolph Reed, Jr., *Class Notes*

(*New Press, New York*) Incisive and original, Reed's radical discussion of politics, race, and class is so well written that even we visual types will understand it. His essay on the black public intellectual, "What Are the Drums Saying, Booker?" is worth the price of admission alone. Reed takes on academic politics as well, both the celebration of unconscious modes of cultural "transgression" like channel surfing, and the fatalist shrug in the face of global capital, arguing that these positions negate acts of real-world resistance. Guaranteed to make you rethink assumptions near and dear to your flabby liberal heart.

10. Time Flies

The era of the glass box has passed, but the buildings are still around, and Jeff Wall, Iniigo Manglano-Ovalle, and Jennifer Bolande seem to have noticed something about modernism and its monuments. All three linked cleaning to classic modernist architecture: Wall, at the Carnegie International, and Manglano-Ovalle, at the Whitney Biennial, both showed maintenance staff at work on buildings by Mies; at Alexander and Bonin, Bolande filled the windows of the Lever House with old washing machines. The point of all three may be a bit obvious, but it is a worthwhile reminder that modernism wasn't timeless or autonomous. Nor has it disappeared; like everything else, it just grows older. □

Glenn O'Brien

Glenn O'Brien wrote and produced the film *Downtown 81*, starring Jean-Michel Basquiat, which opens next spring. A book of his poems, *Human Nature (dub version)*, with drawings by Richard Prince, will be published by Greybull Press in April.

Clockwise from top left:

1. Top: **Vincent Gallo, *Gallo Penis Across America Tour, 1994***, color photograph. Bottom: **Vincent Gallo, *Self-Portrait with Broken Nose, 1996***. **6.** **Jean-Baptiste Mondino, from *Déjà vu, 1999***, color photograph. **8.** **Tom Sachs, *Lav A2, 1999***, thermal adhesive, foam core, and electrical and plumbing equipment, 91 x 41 x 41". **4.** **Marvin Pontiac, ca. 1977**. Photo: Nephphets Notrot. **7.** **Jeff Mermelstein, from *Sidewalk, 1999***, color photograph. **2.** **David Johansen**. Photo: Brian Koonin. **5.** **Sound track of *The Million Dollar Hotel, 2000***, Interscope Records. **9.** **Richard Meltzer, *A Whore Just Like the Rest, 2000***, DaCapo Press. **3.** **Jean-Michel Basquiat, Julian Schnabel plate (detail), 1983-84**, diameter 9 3/4". **10.** ***Anopheles punctipennis* (screen capture from www.ent.iastate.edu)**.

1 **Vincent Gallo 1962–1999** (*Petit Grand Publishing, Tokyo*) Last June in Paris, I picked up *Vincent Gallo 1962–1999*, which set me hooting for hours in the beautiful city where nobody ever hoots (a shame, since the French are such a hoot). The photo album is devoted to Vincent Gallo's favorite subject: Vincent Gallo. I must say, Vincent is one of my few living heroes, because he is no pussyfooter. He speaks his mind and reminds you that ego is what keeps you breathing. This book is full of great photos, like the *Gallo Penis Across America Tour*, and even better captions, like "Self-portrait with broken nose, 1996. That's what happens when you do movies with crack addicts like Abel Ferrara." There is also a luminously crotchety essay filled with insights ("Everyone should have an Ed McMahon"; "I put all my garbage in alphabetical order"). Vincent Gallo is as fucking great as he thinks he is.

2 **David Johansen and the Harry Smiths** (*Chesky Records*) It's been a big year for Johansen: a one-man show of his wry little paintings at Fletcher Gallery, a guest shot on the HBO series *Oz*, a nomination to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as part of the New York Dolls. And he put out one of the finest records of the year. The band is named for Harry Smith, the legendary filmmaker, painter, magician, and folklorist who assembled the recently rereleased six-album *Anthology of American Folk Music* in 1952. The combo includes some of the finest musicians around: bassist Kermit Driscoll and drummer Joey Baron; Larry Saltzman on guitar and banjo; and Brian Koonin, the versatile musical director of Johansen's pop-art showbiz band Buster Poindexter. Johansen sings in one of the great blues voices and plays guitar and a mean harmonica. This combo rocks out across America and its last century—exquisite songs performed with impeccable chops and true soulfulness.

3 **Julian Schnabel T-shirt by Jean-Michel Basquiat** Way back when, Jean-Michel did a series of portraits on plates. One of them showed Julian Schnabel as a pig wearing a crown. When Schnabel made his preemptive strike on art history, *Basquiat* (1996), a sort of

Amos 'n' Andy *Lust for Life*, or Stepin Fetchit's *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Gerard Basquiat, Jean-Michel's pop, had the plate made into a cool T-shirt. I am wearing it right now. No, you can't buy one.

4 **The Legendary Marvin Pontiac** (*Strange and Beautiful Music*) According to legend, Marvin Pontiac (1932–77) was the son of an African man (from Mali) and a Jewish woman (from New Rochelle). Details of his life are scant, but in 1952 he had a minor hit with the then controversial blues song "I'm a Doggy," and he is said to have reached the charts in Nigeria the same year with "Pancakes." (Both are included in this collection.) After Pontiac fell out with his label, he refused to sign with another record company unless its president would visit his house in Slidell, Louisiana, and mow his lawn. End of recording career. According to Pontiac's biographer, he was the only music Jackson Pollock listened to while painting. It's easy to understand why: This beautiful, eccentric music is an exotic and original hybrid of blues, R&B, and African traditions. David Bowie has said, "Pontiac was so unconsciously prescient that one might think that these tracks had been assembled today." *The Legendary Marvin Pontiac* was released on a label owned by musician John Lurie, who possesses a physical stature and profile remarkably similar to Pontiac as the legend is seen in the only existing photographs of him.

5 **Sound track of *The Million Dollar Hotel*** (*Interscope*) I've heard mixed reports about Wim Wenders's yet-to-open film, but the sound track is fantastic. Much of the music here is hauntingly beautiful, as you might expect given the musicians involved (Bono, who also cowrote the screenplay, on vocals, guitar, and piano; Daniel Lanois, guitars, vocals, pedal steel; Jon Hassell, trumpet; Brian Eno, synthesizers; Greg Cohen, bass; Adam Dorn, synthesizer; Bill Frisell, guitar; Hal Willner, producer). There are eccentricities, like the delightful Milla Jovovich doing a primal Yoko imitation, and a kick-arse Spanish version of "Anarchy in the UK" featuring Chris Spedding on guitar. But in general it's just

a jewel of gorgeous music proving that beauty, sensitivity, and ardor can still coexist with intelligence and sophistication.

6 **Jean-Baptiste Mondino, *Déjà vu*** (*te Neues Publishing, New York*) Three hundred sixty-eight pages of color photographs demonstrating what terrific work you can make while denying that you are an artist.

7 **Jeff Mermelstein, *Sidewalk*** (*Dewi Lewis Publishing, Stockport, UK*) One of the great snapshot artists of all time, right up there with Garry Winogrand, Elliott Erwitt, Burk Uzzle, and Lee Friedlander. This is saying something, since most of the great snapshot artists came up when *Life* was alive. The market for reportage photography isn't what it used to be. Now it's all about celebrities in borrowed clothes sitting for the computer. Mermelstein also works in color and is thus in a category all by himself. *Sidewalk* is hilarious, disturbing, mystical, subtle, and astounding.

8 **Tom Sachs/Mary Boone** Nothing in Sachs's show at Mary Boone was more spectacular than his Chanel guillotine, but the airplane bathroom came close. Sachs is one of the few artists working today who would make Andy Warhol jealous. Boone is to be commended for turning her gallery into Sachs Fifth Avenue; being arrested for giving away bullets as show souvenirs is the highlight of a hall-of-fame career.

9 **Richard Meltzer, *A Whore Just Like the Rest*** (*Da Capo Press, Cambridge, MA*) This collection of literature, rescued from pop sludge magazines, documents one of the greatest collisions of art and journalistic drudgery. Great writing always finds a venue. Meltzer transcended: Imagine Ezra Pound writing for *Teen People*.

10 **West Nile Virus** I wish people would stay indoors all winter, too. □

David Rimanelli

David Rimanelli is a contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Clockwise from top left:

1. Delia Brown, *Suite Life (Performance Still) No. 4, 2000*, watercolor on paper, 14 x 10". **3. Andy Warhol, *Diamond Dust Shadows*, c. 1979**, polymer on canvas with diamond dust, 78 x 50". **2. Steven Meisel, Versace advertising campaign, Fall 2000**. 7. Left: **Gary Boas, *Boas and Ingrid Bergman, 1972***, color photograph. Right: **Gary Boas, *Jacqueline Bisset, 1970***, color photograph. **6. Mary Harron, *American Psycho***, still from a color film in 35 mm, 98 minutes. Patrick Bateman (Christian Bale). **4. Stephen Prina, *Vinyl II, 2000***, still from a color film in 16 mm. **8. Richard Prince, *Untitled (Publicity), 1999***, publicity photograph, 29½ x 23¾". **5. James Coleman, *Photograph, 1998–99***, projected images with synchronized audio narration. **10. William-Adolphe Bouguereau, *Regina Angelorum, 1900***, oil on canvas, 112½ x 72½".

1 LA Girls Desire Romance I spent the greater part of the last year living in LA, where a double teaching gig provided a lifeline to the young and aesthetic. In fact, I'll admit to doing a bit of the much-maligned cradle robbing for two shows I curated in New York. I seemed to be especially taken with the ladies: Sonia Wang, Milena Muzquiz, Deb Lacusta, Daria Martin, Hannah Greely, and above all Delia Brown. Brown's pictures of sybaritic, sensually provocative vulgarity Southern California style are based on performances she casts and videotapes, e.g., an interracial coke and champagne party at the Chateau Marmont or the recent fashion spreads she executed for the *New York Times Magazine*.

2 The Women of Rome Something of the spoiled languor in Brown's pictures dovetails with the aesthetic of Steven Meisel's new ad campaign for Versace, although the latter seems to trade more on Old World hauteur and corruption, evoking the styles and subjects of Moravia, Pasolini, Antonioni, and Fellini by way of Beverly Hills. It's as if the weary aristos of Patrick Faigenbaum's photographs had crossbred with vulgar yet hearty Sicilian gangsters. Big rocks, lots of gold.

3 Andy Warhol, *Diamond Dust Shadows* (*Gagosian Gallery, New York*)

More rocks, this time pulverized. Andy anticipates the new Gucci, with sparkly shadows in black and cream. If only he had done a series stenciled on suede.

4 Stephen Prina, *Vinyl II* (*J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles*) It seemed as if every major thoroughfare in LA bore signs advertising the Getty's "Departures" exhibition, in which various local artists were invited to "respond" to works in the museum's collections. Prina's super-16 film stole the show, though I can't pretend to get it all. Maybe what's most significant is the move of this latter-day Conceptualist—whose work has always been rather astringent—into new terrain of visual aplomb.

5 James Coleman Taking their tips from Rosalind Krauss's 1997 *October* essay "... And Then Turn Away?" some of my most intellectually ambitious charges wanted to do just that, and like Krauss they took Coleman as a paragon. Based on what I saw and heard in their studios, I would surmise that the Irish Conceptualist is in fact one of the more influential artists of the moment—even if few of these students have actually seen a Coleman slide show. What's important seems to be the look of the still image, which shares some qualities with the work of more obviously trendy artists like Jeff Wall and Philip-Lorca diCorcia: a look of fractured, indistinct narrative, or, following Krauss, of "narrativity"; a look of stagy restlessness and boredom that somehow translates into critique.

6 Mary Harron, *American Psycho* Good points: Christian Bale's hypertrophically splendid physique; the moment in which his psycho character threatens to nail Chloë Sevigny (literally), then relents; and some nice art-directorial touches, notably the inclusion of John Elderfield's gargantuan Helen Frankenthaler monograph on the psycho's bookshelf. Stain paintings, get it? Although the film depicts the New York of the '80s, this detail humorously comports itself with the aesthetic inclinations of pretty-pretty nouveau Color Field painting in LA today.

7 Gary Boas, *Starstuck: Photographs from a Fan* (*Dilettante Press, Los Angeles; Deitch Projects, New York*)

This year's dose of Pop comes in the form of fan photography, with Boas's often very weird pictures of stars from various realms of cinema, TV, music, sports, and politics. In some of the pictures the scrawny, geeky Boas poses with his idols. Many of the subjects have the demonic red eyes associated with amateur flash photography.

8 Richard Prince (*Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York; MAK Center for Art and Architecture, Schindler House, Los Angeles*) At Barbara Gladstone, autographed celebrity photos in hulking Cor-Ten steel frames, suggesting the presentational strategies of the '80s, now apparently renescent; in Los Angeles, images of upstate New York white trash and their environs, elegantly installed in this temple of slightly ragged yet unimpeachably high modernist design.

9 The Death of Photography What, the reader may protest, are you talking about? Your entire list is an homage to photography! Well, on touring the New York galleries, I was impressed by an inexplicably narrowing of that time-honored (if rarely acknowledged) distinction between those spaces devoted to contemporary art (including that which is photographically based) and venues catering to photography. Pace/MacGill, not Pace. (Philip-Lorca diCorcia actually migrated from the former to the latter when his career took off.) Conventionally reportorial photography like that of Stephen Shore enjoys a second life, while conceptually tinged—but sometimes no less clichéd—figures like Jenny Gage and Sharon Lockhart are promoting a veritable house style. It's the millennial salon, and photography, given its absolute and tiresome omnipresence, looks like the academic painting of our time.

10 "1900: Art at the Crossroads" (*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York*)

And now for some real salon painting: Robert Rosenblum's survey of artists avant-garde and otherwise who were included in the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1900 was my favorite museum show of the year—maybe one of my very favorite shows ever. Rosenblum continues to prove with his art-historically informed eclecticism that there really is such a thing as a connoisseurship of bad taste, an epicureanism of vulgarity. □

Ralph Rugoff

Ralph Rugoff is director of the CCAC Institute in San Francisco and Oakland.

Clockwise from top left:

10. Martin Creed, *Work No. 232, 2000*, white neon, ca. 19½" x 50' 10½".

5. Jean-Luc Mylayne, *No. 33, July-August 1982, 1982*, color photograph, ca. 72½" x 72½".

3. Louise Bourgeois, *I Do; I Undo; I Redo, 1999–2000*.

Installation view. **2. Tom Friedman, *Untitled, 2000***, construction paper, 12 x 114 x 120".

7. Michel Blazy, *Untitled, 1994*, toilet paper. Installation view.

8. Anthony Hernandez, *Rome No. 29, 1999*, color photograph, 40 x 40".

4. Paul McCarthy, *Chocolate Blockhead Nosebar Outlet, 2000*, mixed media.

6. Gregor Schneider, *Dump, 1995*. Installation view, Rheydt, Germany.

1 “100 Days No Exhibition”

(*Salzburger Kunstverein*) While the overriding tendency among museums was to kick off the millennium with a publicity-grabbing bang, Kunstverein director Hildegund Amanshauser decided to darken her gallery spaces and host a hundred-day series of symposia questioning the basic assumptions underlying current curatorial practices. At a moment when the international circuit is glutted with cloned exhibitions and pseudosensational shows, “100 Days” was exemplary—offering hope for a future beyond the knee-jerk reflexes of standard institutional fare.

2 Tom Friedman (*Feature Inc., New York*)

Friedman’s splatter-film self-portrait as eviscerated corpse was one of the year’s indelible images. Meticulously fabricated from colored construction paper, the sculpture read like a metaphor for the violence of aesthetic experience. Looking at how works of art can tear preconceptions to shreds has been Friedman’s stock-in-trade for years, though the deceptive impact of his pieces is typically engineered with plenty of humorous ingenuity and a playfulness almost scientific in its precision.

3 Louise Bourgeois (*Tate Modern, London*)

When Tate Modern opened last spring, the big attraction wasn’t the collection but the former power plant’s spectacular Turbine Hall, undoubtedly the most capacious museum lobby in the world. As a space for showing art, it is practically useless, however—unless an artist happens to possess the imaginative bravado of Bourgeois. Her triad of towers—*I Do, I Undo*, and *I Redo*—didn’t impress at first sight, but their vertigo-inducing stairways and distorting mirrors offered a nervy response to the hysteria generated by Tate Modern’s space. And by accommodating just one person at a time, Bourgeois’s structures insisted that art is also a private event, and a rewarding one for those willing to reciprocate the artist’s risks—not to mention wait in line.

4 Paul McCarthy (*Hannover Expo 2000*)

McCarthy’s contribution to Expo 2000 has to be the most fantastically weird and utterly

disconcerting public sculpture ever to grace a world’s fair. Boasting a vaginal mouth in addition to a jiggling phallic proboscis, the gigantic inflatable *Chocolate Blockhead Nosebar Outlet* towered above the surrounding attractions and national pavilions, suggesting a mutant version of Walt Disney’s Pinocchio. The candy-bar vending machines placed under its hindquarters sweetened its monstrous sex appeal.

5 Jean-Luc Mylayne (*The Photographers’ Gallery, London*)

Most animal photography is thinly disguised eco-porn, but Mylayne is an extraordinary exception. This miniretrospective featured color prints from the past twenty years (stateside, a similar range of his work was seen at Barbara Gladstone), almost every one offering a surprising twist to his ongoing meditation on the relationships among time, seeing, and photography. Whether blurring the outlines of his bird subjects so that they assume a shimmering transparency or presenting starlings and robins as camouflaged details in the larger landscape, Mylayne conveys a poignant sense of the precariousness of avian existence while also reflecting on the contingency of our own visual experience.

6 Gregor Schneider (*Wiener Secession, Vienna*)

In his home outside Cologne, Schneider constructed a cunning domestic doppelgänger, building duplicate rooms within existing ones and leaving crawl spaces behind the false walls. For the Vienna show, he exported his rebuilt basement, a fire inspector’s nightmare replete with shoddy wiring, dripping plaster, and dirt-smearing lamps. Entering the tiny doorway was like stepping through a *Being John Malkovich*-esque portal into the ultimate antimuseum space. Nothing else out there matches the obsessive-ness and psychological claustrophobia of Schneider’s eerie aesthetic.

7 Michel Blazy (*Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris*)

Visitors to the reopened Pompidou last January may have been perplexed by a gallery where paint peeled off the wall in blistering bubbles and collected like ashes on the floor. Blazy’s modest yet profoundly resonant intervention

could pass for a turbulent abstract wall painting even as it served up an ironic commentary on the museum’s slick refurbishing. And like other ephemeral works in his show, its materials simultaneously surrendered and retained their familiar identity. The results humbly derailed all ready-made responses, persuasively inspiring viewers to leave behind the limits of either-or logic and embrace humble wonders.

8 Anthony Hernandez (*Grant Selwyn Fine Art, New York and Los Angeles*)

Elegantly disturbing and rigorously fierce, Hernandez’s “Pictures for Rome” series was a perfect antidote to the ongoing love affair with the computer-driven architecture of hypercapitalism. Portraying the decaying viscera of aborted and abandoned buildings, these alluring, appalling images carefully observe the formal possibilities of economic collapse, disaster, and neglect. Recalling Smithson’s *Hotel Palenque* slide show, they uncover a quirky and at times sublime beauty in the distressed urban underworld they catalogue, prompting us to confront our sometimes embarrassing capacity for finding delight in the fruits of loss and ruin.

9 “Democracy!” (*Royal College of Art, London*)

If democracy isn’t exactly the boilerplate issue of the day, this sprawling, anarchic survey of collective work made for a boisterous breath of fresh air. In one of the show’s few ironic gestures, the artists’ group De Geuzen, from Holland, contributed *Democracy*, a doormat to welcome visitors, but for the most part this decidedly earnest exhibition charted out a hybrid resurgence of ’70s-style activist art. The results weren’t always pretty to look at, but they made for an enlivening and provocative forum on how the fashion-conscious art world might expand its cramped horizons.

10 Martin Creed (*Tate Britain, London*)

Placed above the grand entrance to the rechristened Tate Britain, Creed’s *Work No. 232* delivered in muted neon a one-sentence sermon: “the whole world + the work = the whole world.” A stroke of curatorial genius. Has anyone said it better? □

Robert Rosenblum

Robert Rosenblum, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is professor of fine art at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

Clockwise from top left: **4. Jules Olitski, *Celebrations: Orange*, 2000**, acrylic on canvas, 60 x 72". **1. Jeff Koons, *Puppy*, 1992**, live flowering plants, earth, steel, Geotextile, and internal irrigation system. Installation view, Rockefeller Center, New York, 2000. **5. Bridget Riley, *Poppy*, 1982**, oil on linen, 67 1/2 x 58 1/2". **8. André Raffray, *L'Église Saint-Séverin de Delaunay* (The church of Saint-Séverin de Delaunay), 1984–85**, pencil on paper, 6 1/2 x 12 1/2". **2. Frelinghuysen Morris House, George L.K. Morris's Studio, built 1930**. Photo: Peter Vanderwarker. **6. Philip Taaffe, *Scarabesque*, 1994**, mixed media on canvas, ca. 76 1/2 x 104 1/2". **3. Jay DeFeo, *The Rose*, 1958–66**, oil with wood and mica on canvas, 128 1/2 x 92 1/2 x 11". **10. Julian Schnabel, *Before Night Falls*, 2000**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 125 minutes. Reinaldo Arenas (Javier Bardem) and Lieutenant Victor (Johnny Depp). **7. Vanessa Beecroft, *VB42.097.all The Silent Service, Intrepid, NY NY*, 2000**, digital C-print, 40 x 86 1/2". **9. Walter Roblison, *The Spell of the Night*, 1986**, 36 x 36".

1 **Jeff Koons, *Puppy*** One of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World blossomed this summer in New York, usurping for the time being the sacred site of Rockefeller Center's Christmas tree. A joy for all, save those who prohibit smiling in the presence of art, it united the Great Sphinx at Giza with Disney-style topiary, while adding the chromatic and textural delights of burgeoning marigolds and petunias to the monumentality of an archaic idol. With one giant step, Koons defined a new public sculpture that brings pleasure to city dwellers.

2 **Frelinghuysen Morris House & Studio (Lenox, MA)** Opened to the public in 1998, this private Wonder of the Modern World today looks like a time capsule left by the buried civilization of modernism. Wafting us to a '30s Shangri-la, the hideaway was the dream child of the aristocratic couple Suzy Frelinghuysen and George L.K. Morris. While their own paintings kneel at the Cubist shrines of Picasso and Gris, at times enlarged to mural size, the house and studio, marvels of International Style purism transported to the Berkshires, bow to Le Corbusier. The period nostalgia is overwhelming. Fred and Ginger might still be dancing here.

3 **"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000"** (*Whitney Museum of American Art, New York*) There was plenty of nostalgia, too, in the two-part BC/AD epic curated by Barbara Haskell (1900–50) and Lisa Phillips (1950–2000). It's easy to complain about any effort to present cultural history as popular spectacle, but this one blinded many ungenerous viewers to the fascinating variety of trees in the museum's *son et lumière* forest, where even such wonders as movies by Thomas Edison and Carolee Schneemann could be found. I relished not only seeing the usual suspects, from Sargent to Sherman, but discovering in this huge mix of high and low, mountains and foothills, endless surprises by the lesser likes of Gertrude Käsebier, Winold Reiss, and Jay DeFeo. Sometimes more is more.

4 **Jules Olitski** (*Ameringer/Howard Fine Art, New York*) Back in the '60s, Greenberg anointed Olitski the spearhead of truth and beauty, and only ten years ago declared him to be the greatest living painter. By now, such blessings sound like curses, but the show of the artist's latest work gives one pause. If hardly the savior of Western civilization, Olitski is now eccentric and remote enough to leave a pleasant, lingering aftertaste. The once thin stains of Color Field's early heyday have evolved into a memorably fruity chaos of pigment, like a mixture of salt-water taffy and the Book of Genesis. Whatever they are, I find these paintings, at once high serious and kitschy, hard to forget.

5 **Bridget Riley** (*Dia Center for the Arts, Pace Wildenstein, New York*) Riley, another '60s taste swept under the carpet of relevance, suddenly seems fresher than ever. Now the latest and the earliest of her canvases look like scintillating classics, redefining visual pleasure as something as sharp-edged as steel blades and as sensuous as undulant candy stripes. She offers the shock of the old and the new. Can Yaacov Agam and Victor Vasarely be far behind?

6 **Philip Taaffe** (*Instituto Valenciano de Arte Moderno, Valencia*) Actually, it was Taaffe who, by culling and recycling Riley's oscillations on equal terms with Newman's and Still's no less remote abstract epics, first made me suspect that her work might again be alive and well. The Valencia retrospective, perfectly installed in the noble spaces of IVAM's Centre del Carme, was also testimony to painting as high-class pleasure and, unexpectedly for such extremes of refinement, a politically correct tribute to multiculturalism. Within these gorgeous patterns, Taaffe has woven everything from Japanese sword guards and Ethiopian churches to Moroccan embroidery and Danish grillwork.

7 **Vanessa Beecroft** (*Deitch Projects, New York*) Beecroft's latest pageant combined memories of Busby Berkeley, Duane Hanson, and the real and virtually real navy on the U.S.S. *Intrepid*, whose officers and enlisted men and women, docking on the Hudson, mingled

and dined with guests. *Coagula*'s house ethicist, Charlie Finch, asked in a howling poetic protest à la Allen Ginsberg whether we're not monsters to be aestheticizing a branch of the military so tainted by the legacy of Vietnam. Still, to borrow from Harold Arlen, "I love a postmodern parade."

8 **André Raffray** (*Achim Moeller Fine Art, New York*) I can hardly believe it was only this year that I learned about Raffray's mind- and eye-boggling contributions to "art about art," especially since he's been at it since the '70s. For me, he now looms large as a venerable French magician who has added dazzling tricks to the metaphysical sleights of hand of such artist-counterfeiters as de Chirico and Bidlo. For example, he photographs sites painted by Seurat, Cézanne, and Picasso as they exist today, then ups the ante by re-creating these camera facts with hand-painted oil on canvas. Even Pirandello might be nonplussed by the results.

9 **Walter Roblison's Yard Sale** Facing eviction and a move to much smaller quarters, painter and writer Roblison notified art-world friends that his abundant estate was up for modest bids. Amid the domestic confusion was strewn a Roblison retrospective that, from the vantage point of 2000, kept jaws dropping. There, years ahead of today's young and famous, was a prodigious profusion of overlooked canvases—spin paintings, *True Romance* illustrations, pharmaceuticals, kiddie toys, you name it. An unsung prophet.

10 **Julian Schnabel, *Before Night Falls*** At last, the screen brings to life the raw, documentary facts of Castro's Cuba, transforming what for most of us is a political abstraction into flesh and tears, dance halls and prisons. With a human sweep that parallels Bruno Dumont's equally awesome *L'Humanité* (1999), Schnabel's grand epic tells the true story of Reinaldo Arenas, a gay, counter-revolutionary poet who escaped to New York and then, smitten with AIDS, committed suicide. As enacted by Javier Bardem, this desperate tale of life and love in the shadow of dictatorship and death is the stuff not only of contemporary news but of universal myth. □

Daniel Birnbaum

Daniel Birnbaum is a contributing editor of *Artforum* and, beginning in 2001, director of Portikus in Frankfurt.

Clockwise from top left: **7. Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, *Séance de Shadow III (Orange, Bleu)* (Seance of Shadows III [Orange, Blue]), 1999**, acrylic on walls and two halogen lamps with motion detectors. Installation view. **8. Bruce Nauman, *Dream Passage II*, 1983**, steel tables and chairs and neon tubes. Installation view. **1. Doug Aitken, *I Am in You*, 2000**, projection with five screens and three laser discs. Installation view. **3. Koo Jeong-a, *Today*, 2000**, phosphorescent paint on wall. Installation view. **9. Öyvind Fahlström, *World Map (detail)*, 1972**, acrylic and india ink on vinyl mounted on wood, 20³/₁₆ x 14¹/₂". **2. Matthew Barney, *Proscenium, safety curtain for Vienna State Opera House*, 2000**. **5. Pierre Huyghe, *The Third Memory*, 2000**, installation with two color videos, 10 minutes. **4. Ceal Floyer, *Untitled*, 1993**, black tape and slide viewer on plinth. Installation view. **6. Michael Elmgreen & Ingar Dragset, *Figure 45/Dug Down Gallery*, 1998**, mixed media. Installation view, Reykjavík Art Museum, Reykjavík, Iceland. From the series "Powerless Structures."

1 **Doug Aitken** (*Galerie Hauser & Wirth & Presenhuber, Zurich*) With the five-screen installation *I Am in You*, the final bodily paroxysms of *Electric Earth*, 1999—arguably the most memorable work in this year's Whitney Biennial—have disappeared. In its place we enter a harmonious world of divine geometry, children's plays, and piano music. A young girl whispers: "You can't stop. You can't stop." Bodies fall though space, airliners are sucked into some vortexlike vanishing point at incredible speeds. Everything seems to float freely in circles, like some hallucinated eternal recurrence. Whatever tries to escape this finite cosmos is pulled back by a ruthless gravity—even time itself. Who drives this universe, who turns things over? Who am I and who are You in *I Am in You*?

2 **Matthew Barney, safety curtain for Vienna State Opera House** Two seasons after Kara Walker's politically charged meditation on *Entartete Musik*, Barney's work implicitly celebrated freedom of the imagination. Closely related to the artist's five-part "Cremaster" series, the curtain features two satyrs—one facing the audience, the other turned toward the stage—chasing each other, it seems, in a circular dance. Barney has said that "the architecture of the opera house is anatomical," drawing an analogy with his works "where the frame or housing for the narrative is a kind of a body." Through its collaboration with Vienna's Museum in Progress, the State Opera emerges as one of Austria's most progressive institutions—which is not exactly what I, or anyone else, would have expected.

3 **Koo Jeong-a** The Paris-based, Korean-born Koo might be the most actively absent artist in Europe: She's everywhere yet nowhere to be seen. Her fragile installations—most recently on view in Rome, Ljubljana, and Paris—display total vulnerability and verge on the invisible. Perhaps Deleuze was on to something when he wrote of the (ontologically dubious) "Asian absence of subjectivity" as an attempt to inhale emptiness. Minute landscapes, architectural models, miniature cities appear before your eyes. Exhale and they're gone.

4 **Ceal Floyer** Okwui Enwezor's large group show "Mirror's Edge" at the BildMuseum in Umeå reminded me how intelligent and funny Floyer's experimentation with projected light can be. She opens up imaginary rooms, populates them with imaginary people. It's all an illusion, and one produced through the simplest of means—just a projection recalling the light that comes through a crack beneath a door and the shadows cast when one comes too close.

5 **Pierre Huyghe** There are plenty of artists out there cannibalizing cinema, but Huyghe's the gourmet. In *The Third Memory*, 2000, he restages the bank heist depicted in Sidney Lumet's 1975 *Dog Day Afternoon*, which starred Al Pacino as John Wojtowicz—the good-looking young robber who risked his life to pay for his lover's sex-change operation. In Huyghe's video installation, we see Wojtowicz, now a heavy man in his late fifties, playing both himself and Pacino in a tantalizing mix that's all but impossible to untangle.

6 **Michael Elmgreen & Ingar Dragset** The pair's ongoing "Powerless Structures" series is, among other things, an amusing and profound meditation on the color white. I guess the myth of the neutral white cube no longer needs debunking these days, but after one experiences a few of Elmgreen & Dragset's painterly interventions (recently they've been seen in Leipzig, Berlin, and Ljubljana), a whole labyrinth of associations with whiteness springs up—from art to sex to politics.

7 **Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster** (*Schipper & Krome, Berlin*) Walking amid the flashing lights of Gonzalez-Foerster's strangely empty Berlin installation made me feel as if I were part of a performance, alone on a stage. The artist's sense of ambient vacancy is unique: *Brasília Hall*, her installation at the Moderna Museet's "What If" exhibition in Stockholm, was an atmospheric plaza—vast and, again, completely empty—conveying, in part through a video documenting Brazilian architecture, the weird kick of tropical moderne.

8 **"Samuel Beckett / Bruce Nauman"** (*Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna*) Organized by Christine Hoffmann and Michael Glasmeier, the riveting exhibition was more archive than display—a trove of manuscripts, drawings, notebooks, and sketches. Beckett's works for television (*Ghost Trio*, 1976; . . . *but the clouds . . .*, 1976; *Quad I & II*, 1981) seemed more radical and contemporary than the output of most postmodern artists of the period. The rare show that makes you want to be an art historian, wading through the archives.

9 **Öyvind Fahlström** (*Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona*) A few years back, Mike Kelley wrote, "The issues raised by [Fahlström's] work are more timely than ever, and [he] is now happily starting to be recognized for what he was: one of the most important and complex artists of the Sixties." Kelley, as usual, was right. The creator of such installations and "variable paintings" as *Dr Schweitzer's Last Mission*, 1964–66, and *Kidnapping Kissinger*, 1972, is enjoying an overdue revival with the large and beautiful exhibition at Barcelona's MACBA. Fahlström's moment has clearly come. And this time he's here to stay.

10 **Biennials, Biennials, Biennials** Sydney, Lyon, Seoul, Shanghai, Taipei, Limerick, Berlin, São Paulo, Venice, Turin, Johannesburg, Luxembourg, Mexico City, Ljubljana, Liverpool, London, Santa Fe, Pittsburgh, Istanbul, Moss, Melbourne, Dakar, New Delhi, Montreal . . . Such is the current ubiquity of the international art extravaganza that the term "biennial" appended to a roster of artists' names has about as much cachet as the old-faithful "group show." Let's forget the pomp and concentrate on the art. □

Wayne Koestenbaum

Wayne Koestenbaum is a New York–based poet and writer. A collection of his essays, *Cleavage*, was recently published by Ballantine Books (New York).

Clockwise from top left: **3.** Left: **Lars von Trier, *Dancer in the Dark*, 2000**, still from a color video, 140 minutes. Kathy (Catherine Deneuve). Right: **Alice Neel, *Andy Warhol*, 1970**, oil on canvas, 60 x 40". **2.** Top: **Richard Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde*, 1865**, performance view at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, 2000. Isolde (Jane Eaglen) and Tristan (Ben Heppner). Bottom: **Miguel Arteta, *Chuck & Buck*, 2000**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 96 minutes. Chuck (Mike White) and Buck (Chris Weitz). **9.** Clockwise from top left: **Tom Friedman, *Untitled*, 1999**, paper, 63 x 15 x 30". **Pipilotti Rist, *Closed Circuit*, 2000**, toilet, infrared camera, LCD monitor, and cables. Installation view. **Ricky Swallow, *Turntable Models*, 2000**, turntables, resin, epoxy, PVC suffeting, and spray paint. Installation view. **5.** **Hermès advertising campaign, Fall 2000**. **10.** **Margaret Cho and Hillary Clinton (screen capture from www.margarecho.net).** **4.** **Otto Zitko, *Untitled*, 1999**, oil on aluminum, ca. 59 x 86 1/2". **7.** **Jay Rosenblatt, *RESTRICTED*, 1999**, still from a film in 16 mm, 1 minute. **6.** **Apartment21.com (screen capture).** **8.** Clockwise from top left: **David Sims, *Björk*, 2000**, color photograph, 14 x 11". From "The Nocturnal Dream Show." **Chris Verene, *Untitled (Grandpa Bill)***, color photograph, 20 x 24". **Claude Wampler, *Painting, the Movie*, 2000**, performance view. **John Wesley, *Jack Frost*, 1990**, acrylic on canvas, 31 x 54". **1.** **Wayne Koestenbaum's Prada driving slippers, 2000.** Photo: Kevin Nobel.

1 **Men's Shoes** Liberated from their long sleep of black and brown, men's shoes have discovered blue, pink, red, and other bright, inappropriate colors: a major revisionary moment in the history of Western sartorial masculinity. I will wear my vintage 2000 yellow Prada driving slippers into the ground.

2 **Tristan und Isolde/Chuck & Buck** Couples in heat: The Metropolitan Opera's new production, magnanimously sung by Ben Heppner and Jane Eaglen, taught me about torment and postponement (and caused me to murmur, "Now at last I understand the nineteenth century"), while Miguel Arteta's movie, written by Mike White, who also stars, instructed me about modern love as it borders, *Gummo*-like, on retardation.

3 **Two Legends: Catherine Deneuve and Alice Neel** (*Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Robert Miller Gallery, New York*) Deneuve is one of the only great film star-beauties of the '60s still working at full steam. Her ubiquity on the screen this year (*Place Vendôme, Dancer in the Dark, Pola X, Time Regained*) gives everyone a lift: Once again we can take her for granted as a largeness on the landscape. Neel, though dead, reminds us that the figure is alive. This year she sent us her portraits of Warhol, Geldzahler, Nochlin, et al. as valentines from the beyond. No one looks pretty in a Neel painting.

4 **The Return of the Hand** The hand was never truly exiled, but, of late, it has tended to hide. "oo," the summer show at Barbara Gladstone of one hundred drawings, all executed in the last year, offered the consolations of human scale and of intimate labor. I like artists to work. I miss facture. Speaking of the hand, I also loved the paintings of Otto Zitko, joyful scrawls, commemorating anarchic penmanship, at Cheim & Read.

5 **The Mainstreaming of Orange** Or rather, "The Persistence of Orange." Long a no-no, orange has now become a primary color. The sole, if considerable, charm of the Darren Almond sculpture *Mean Time*, an enormous steel shipping container on view at Matthew Marks this fall, was its color: orange. Hermès has never been ashamed of orange. Nor have I. Please remember Comme des Garçon's orange shoes, for men.

6 **Apartment21.com** I spent much of January 2000 visiting Apartment 21: a three-bedroom spread in Chelsea, where three young men live rent-free (at least at the time of the website's origin) in exchange for twenty-four-hour video surveillance, available to members via the Internet. Sometimes I'd catch the boys having sex, or showering, or opening the refrigerator. Mostly they were wasting time at their computers. Alas, the website may now be defunct.

7 **The Films of Jay Rosenblatt** (*Film Forum, New York*). Delicate, austere, noncommercial, auteurish, seemingly handmade films by a sensitive San Francisco guy, on the subjects of failed masculinity, historical trauma, pedagogic punishment, and suicidal melancholia, assembled from found footage.

8 **Figures and Faces** Vampire, I go to galleries to find bodies and faces (usually, on the walls). Here are some of the arresting visages and embodiments I've craved and been reciprocally bitten by: Claude Wampler, live, behind glass for a month at Postmasters, in *Painting, the Movie*; the minimalist art-world mugs of Timothy Greenfield-Sanders at Mary Boone; the faux-signed celebrity photos of Richard Prince (Barbara Gladstone); the cartoony bodies in John Wesley's ludic pink-blue paintings (P.S. 1); languid partying sylphs in Daniel Reich's "The Nocturnal Dream Show," an homage to radical faeries and their drug-dazed, performing brethren, at Pat Hearn; weird slattern homebodies, including a befuddled Gramps, in Chris Verene's photos at Paul Morris and American Fine Arts; Cindy Sherman's portraits of rapacious or spaced-out women who fall short of the

mark (Metro Pictures, Gagosian); Peter Hujar's photos of mental patients, Mrs. Vreeland, David Wojnarowicz, and John Heys, along with wrecked furniture (Matthew Marks); Carolee Schneemann French-kissing her cat (*Vespers Pool*, at Emily Harvey); and plump Leigh Bowery with severe piercings in a Charles Atlas video at XL Xavier LaBoulbenne.

9 **Commodity Fetishism in Sculpture** I also go to galleries to find objects and fixtures whose likenesses or prototypes I've owned or dreamed of owning. Here is a sampling of *choses* that helped me interrogate my retrograde thirst for possession: Ricky Swallow's twirling spray-painted turntable at Andrea Rosen; Tom Friedman's construction-paper movie projector, at Feature; E.V. Day's installation of a Stephen Sprouse evening gown (*Transporter*) suspended glittering from the ceiling (as if around a maypole) at Henry Urbach Architecture; and Pipilotti Rist's febrile, messy rooms at Lühring Augustine, complete with liquor bottles on which films were projected and, in the bathroom, a closed-circuit video camera staring up from the toilet bowl.

10 **Two Troupers: Margaret Cho and Hillary Clinton** Cho's one-woman-show movie, *I'm the One That I Want*, soars. Her "ass-master" routine stays with me, as does her endurance, her persistence against mainstream TV's censoring indifference to her off-beatness. As for Clinton, I had no choice but to read about her all year, and I ended up finding her perpetual appearance in the newspaper to be a stabilizing, sweetening, maddening weather, like constant sunshine. She always seemed "up." Running for the Senate must be exhausting. Why do some people choose such tiring lives? Usually their alibi is devotion to public service. But what does "public service" mean? I'm glad that, some of the time, art refuses to be a public service announcement. □

Vince Aletti

Vince Aletti is art editor and photography critic of the *Village Voice* and a frequent contributor to *Artforum*.

Clockwise from top left: **1. Saul Fletcher, *Untitled #118 (Woodenleg, s/p)*, 2000**, C-print, 5½ x 7". **2. Peter Hujar, *Ruined Chair-Pier*, 1983**, black-and-white photograph, 14½ x 14¾". **6. Steven Meisel, photograph from *Vogue Italia*, March 2000**. **7. Cindy Sherman, *Untitled*, 2000**, color photograph, 36 x 24". **4. Stephen Shore, *Untitled 15B*, 1972**, color photograph, 4 x 6". **9. Vik Muniz, *Disaster*, 1999**, color photograph, 60 x 72". **10. Sean Ellis, photograph from *The Face*, October 2000**. **3. Walker Evans, *Penny Picture Display, Savannah*, 1936**, black-and-white photograph, 8½ x 6½". **5. Left: Thomas Ruff, *Pus10*, 2000**, laser-chrome diasec, 53¾ x 47¾". **Right: Thomas Ruff, *Ree07*, 2000**, laserchrome diasec, 43¾ x 53¾". **8. Tim Gardner, *Untitled (Pissing Off Balcony, Vancouver)* (detail), 1999**, watercolor on paper, 6½ x 8¾".

1 Saul Fletcher (*Anton Kern Gallery, New York*) Fletcher's third show of unfashionably small color photos was his knottiest, most personal, and most resolved yet. Working within the very real confines of a parlor room in his London house, the artist imagines another, stranger world and peoples it with members of his family, theatrically transformed into black-comic figures. Fletcher himself appears as a hunchbacked ogre whose left leg ends in a long piece of shattered wood—a character in a fairy tale too frightening to tell. No less ominous were the still lifes, arranged against a ruined plaster wall in a light just this side of sepulchral: an immense tangle of withered flowers, a row of tiny nooses, an obsessive cross-hatching of thread, dead birds in flight. In each of these oddly moving images, Fletcher stops time, then bends it like a magician.

2 Peter Hujar (*Matthew Marks Gallery, New York*) The nearly one hundred photographs on display were all from Hujar's last years, and they read as a summing up, the cap to a body of work as dark as it was luminous. Hujar approached the world like a wary lover, eager to connect but primed for pain, so his pictures tend to spill all kinds of emotion without ever breaking a formal sweat. Hujar's elegance is bare-boned but ravishing, maybe because it's not a look, it's a feel—not a way of framing his subjects, but a way of touching them and bringing them fully to life.

3 "Walker Evans & Company" (*Museum of Modern Art, New York*) The Metropolitan Museum's Evans retrospective was terrific, but Peter Galassi had something more radical in mind at MOMA. Without being in the least didactic, his show placed Evans at the center of a vast network of stylistic allusions ranging backward and forward in time from Atget to Ruscha, Sander to Struth. Leaping decades and eluding pigeonholes, the installation's juxtapositions were not only apt but exciting. It's a long way from Berenice Abbott to Andy Warhol—and even further to Robert Gober—but this show closed the gap.

4 Stephen Shore & Company Some of the year's best photography—by Danny Lyon, William Gedney, Walter Chappell, Bruce Conner, Robert Adams, Pierre Molinier, and Joel Meyerowitz—turned up in shows pitched as timely rediscoveries or revivals of work that had been neglected or unseen for years. None was timelier, though, than Shore's show of '70s landscapes at 303 Gallery, and not just because they provided a historic context for the Gurskys across the street at Matthew Marks a month earlier. Even kicked up a notch in size, his prints have a modesty that's all out of proportion to their beauty, wit, and impact. Sometimes smaller is better.

5 Thomas Ruff (*David Zwirner, New York*) Big works just as well. Gursky's LA supermarket, Hiroshi Sugimoto's Fidel Castro, and Catherine Opie's larger-than-life-size Ron Athey at St. Sebastian all earned their magnificent scale, but Ruff really got under our skin. His enormous blowups of porn images, downloaded from websites and computer-manipulated into near oblivion, were nasty and almost nightmarish. At once chilly and overheated, an illusion within an illusion, they're cybersex on the rocks. Cheers!

6 Steven Meisel Even more insidious than Ruff's "Nudes," Meisel's fall ad campaign for Versace was the only one that mattered. Featuring nearly identical helmet-haired blond matrons posed primly in their exquisitely hideous homes, it's the ill spin-off of a California series he's been doing for Italian *Vogue* since March. The July issue's bored young housewife story was Joan Didion by way of Lee Friedlander and Philip-Lorca diCorcia, yet somehow pure Meisel: brilliant and a little scary.

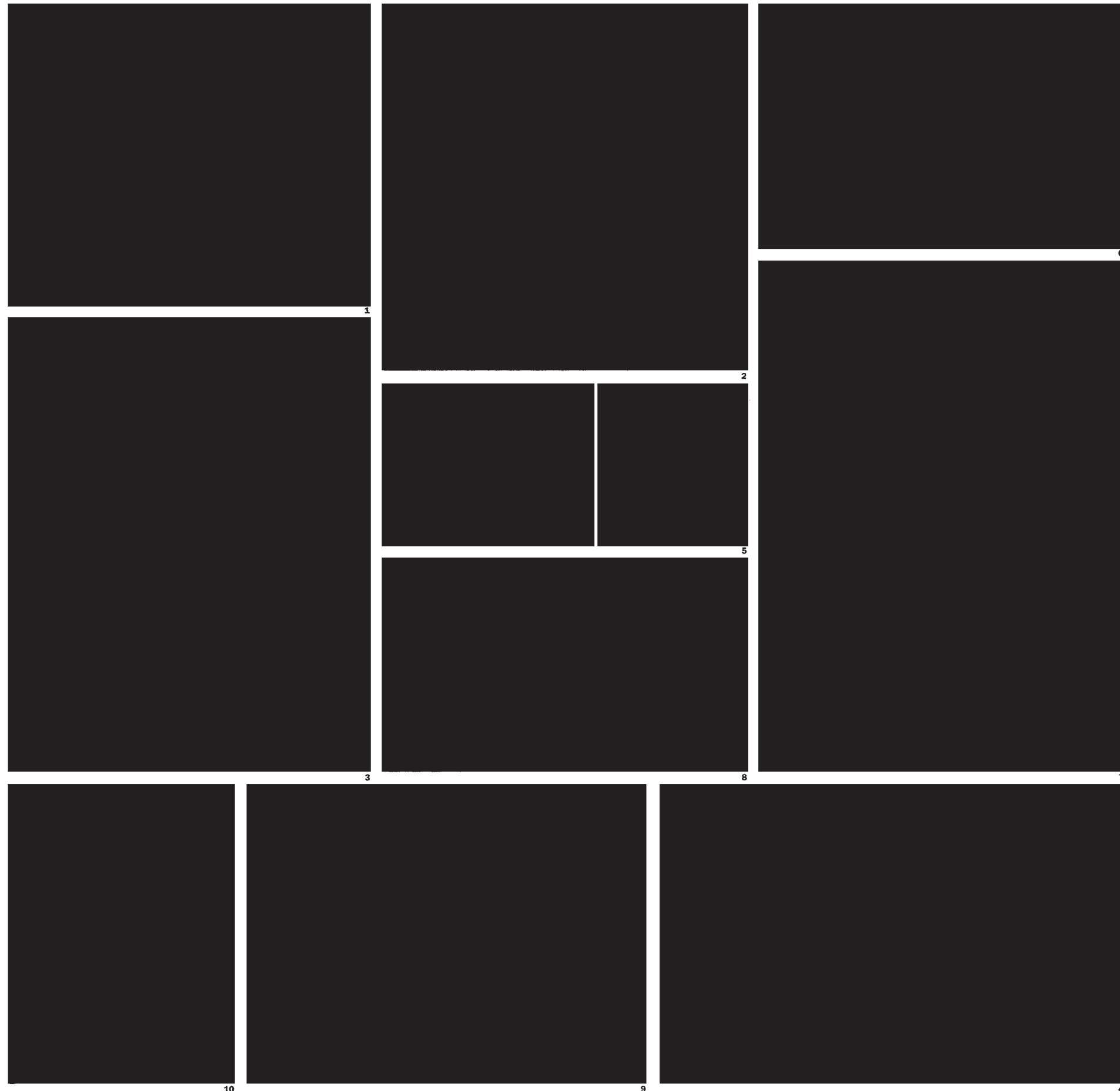
7 Cindy Sherman (*Gagosian Gallery, Los Angeles; Metro Pictures, New York*) Not as scary, however, as the weird, witchy synergy between Meisel and Sherman this year. Her California girls look as if they might have appeared in one of his *Vogue* tableaux just before they finally fell apart. Impersonated with more affection than malice, they were fabulous grotesques—and a welcome return to metaportraiture after years of increasingly savage sex-toy torture.

How could you not fall for these deluded babes with their painted faces and ratty wigs? Didn't you almost run one over on Sunset Boulevard last summer?

8 Tim Gardner (*303 Gallery, New York*) Gardner's little watercolors, all based on snapshots, have the same sort of longing, cunning, and offhand gorgeousness I like in pop songs. The pictures are about boys and the exuberance of boy things past—parties, pranks, pissing on the lawn—but these dumb anecdotes are so lovingly rendered that they look misty, almost mythic. Gardner, whose subjects are mostly friends and family, seems to be both of and outside this guy world, basking in its remembered glow but wary of its carelessness and dead-end glamour.

9 Vik Muniz (*Brent Sikkema Gallery, New York*) Muniz's sophisticated but head-over-heels romance with media (sugar, string, dirt, wire, Bosco syrup) and mass media reached fever pitch with "Pictures of Ink." The show's centerpiece was what appeared to be a huge, magnified news photo of the Hindenburg explosion, though its pointillist web was rendered dot by dot in a mixture of ink and glycerine and quickly photographed before it dried. The slickest, shrewdest image in the series was a version of Sherman's hitchhiker film still, so atomized it looked like it might evaporate. Icon to icon, dust to dust.

10 The Face The cover of the year may have been the Alexei Hay photo of Eminem sucking on a bong on the June issue of *Dazed & Confused*, but the magazine of the year was this brash '80s relic that refuses to grow old. Now designed with a hard rain of typographic blocks splattering its covers and plenty of freehand script, *The Face* always looks sharp, and it still has some of the best fashion pages in a non-fashion magazine (the sex bomb: Sean Ellis samples Lisa Yuskavage). The clincher is photographer Solve Sundsbø's regular presence here. The way he tweaked the models into android perfection for the shell-sleeved twentieth-anniversary issue makes this year's best-cover contest a photo finish. □



Bruce Hainley

Bruce Hainley is a contributing editor of *Artforum*.

Clockwise from top left: **2. Louise Lawler, *Something About Time and Space But I'm Not Sure What It Is (One) Lollipop*, 1998**, color photograph, 24 x 29½". **8. Molly Nesbit, *Their Common Sense*, 2000**, Black Dog Publishing, London. **5. Stephen Prina, *Vinyl II*, 2000**, still from a color film in 16 mm. **6. Vincent Fecteau, *Untitled*, 2000**, mixed media, 12¾ x 26½ x 16". **1. Gary Boas, *Elizabeth Taylor*, 1976**, color photograph. **7. Maureen Gallace, *Summer Farmhouse*, 1999**, oil on linen, 14 x 14". **3. Raymond Pettibon, *Untitled (detail)*, 2000**, drawings on walls and paper. Installation view. **4. Patricia and Rebecca Field, still from *Sex and the City*, 2000**, Carrie (Sarah Jessica Parker). **10. Peter Hujar, *Dead Cat, Queens*, 1984**, black-and-white photograph, 14¾ x 14¾". **9. Brian Calvin, *Up and Up*, 2000**, acrylic on canvas, 20 x 16".

1 Gary Boas, *Starstruck: Photographs from a Fan* (*Dilettante Press, Los Angeles; Deitch Projects, New York*) The intensity of the star moment captured by one of the great fans (a disappearing type) in all its discombobulating glory: the flash blurring vision, deranging time and being (who am I? who are you?). A primer of Boas's vast collection, edited acutely with Hedi El Kholti, *Starstruck* intersperses the photos with the author's carefully redacted reminiscences, showing how quarantined and "handled"—for all the media saturation—celebrity has become. Boas is what Andy Warhol might have been if, instead of aiming for that job in New York, he had stayed put in Pittsburgh with his mother, Julia.

2 Louise Lawler (*Metro Pictures, New York; Richard Telles Fine Art, Los Angeles; Editions Assouline, Paris*) Lawler's zany Metro exhibition "floated" rainbow-hued pictures of Warhol's *Silver Clouds* at various heights and angles, allowing his shiny farewell to painting and the original to reflect on her own work, in which the *sight* of art folds a continuing interrogation of the *site* of art into its objecthood. Her Richard Telles show allowed one to be hypnotized by the shininess of her photos' surface and their severe boxlike support. It's a pity more young photographers don't study Lawler's witty, contemplative work in its entirety. With Editions Assouline's publication of *An Arrangement of Pictures*, surveying much of her career, they no longer have an excuse.

3 Raymond Pettibon (*Regen Projects, Los Angeles*) Think Proust transported to LA to do a follow-up to the *Search*, this time as noir graphic novel, a punk roman-fleuve. A Joan Crawford-type stars. She's in love with a baseball-playing ex-con who spends his days surfing . . .

4 Patricia and Rebecca Field The brilliance of the Fields' (no relation) costume design for *Sex and the City* is its accuracy, best reflected in the characters' fashion mishaps: As much as Carrie and her girlfriends perambulate as exemplars of with-it hipness, each is often seen having a bad clothes day. For all the heaven of Jimmy Choo shoes, Christian Louboutin gold slouch boots and thick, ankle-length knit cardigans, there's the fabulous thing amiss—a dress weirdly cinched, a skirt too short, a de trop scarf.

5 Stephen Prina, *Vinyl II* (*J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles*) Very exciting to have the Getty deign to consider, much less commission, works by contemporary artists, yet despite the generally excellent roster, "Departures" was a dud—save for Prina's *Vinyl II*. Museological interrogation and dirge in the guise of a musical meditation on two paintings in the Getty's collection—one that looks like a de la Tour but isn't, the other a de la Tour that looks like it's by somebody else—the referential impact of the film skids gorgeously on the third meaning, the unquantifiable fun of Prina's bright red jumpsuit, and the elegiac tonalities of his singing voice.

6 Vincent Fecteau (*greengrassi, London*) After years of what seemed to be an investigation of the erotics of the maquette (and weirdly evocative interiors), Vincent Fecteau abandoned appropriated imagery and shifted scale. Now enlarged to the size of a roomy hatbox, his sculptures resonate with the authority of the real (a walnut shell, a rubber band), showing it to be—paradoxically?—dependent on the precision of ornament and the idiosyncratic poetics of the personal.

7 Maureen Gallace (*303 Gallery, New York*) Uneasy, luxurious stares at the actual—mysterious little buildings on beaches that are both tough geometric form and self-portrait manqué—as it is transformed by memory. These paintings hold their own against any being made today—by continuing to stare and stare again at the purity of whatever paint is, and paintings are.

8 Molly Nesbit, *Their Common Sense* (*Black Dog Publishing, London*) A brave intervention, a moving study of drawing lines and the erotics of abstraction, absence, and Duchamp, Nesbit's astonishing book, her first since the masterful *Atget's Seven Albums*, proves the form and way in which thought is written—the style—can't be extricated from the manner in which and what it means. Syntax—and fucking with syntax—matters. Blurring of genres and gaming reflect cultural flux and randomness. Gertrude Stein had enough common sense to know this, but I won't even begin to get into how many people don't.

9 Brian Calvin (*Marc Foxx, Los Angeles*) Too much drinking. Too many cigarettes. Awkward sex. If some aspects of Calvin's canvases nod to Alex Katz (cocktail parties, an acute notice of fashion), the muddy colors, droopy faces and fingers, rheumy eyes, even the resigned perseverance of the paint itself set apart this investigation of what remains of the figure in painting. Modigliani lost in Los Angeles, grumpy over yet another day of sunshine.

10 Peter Hujar (*Matthew Marks Gallery, New York*) I wanted to note the moment when NBC replaced the astoundingly intelligent, ungimmicky, emotionally disturbing accuracy of *Freaks and Geeks* with a show called, I think, *Lardy Miracles*. You know the story line: There's a sick child or something and then everyone worries and prays and it lives! Intelligent, ungimmicky, disturbing, hauntingly accurate, Hujar's photographs, many never before exhibited—freaks and geeks, burned-out cruising zones, dead pets—redeem, even if, to paraphrase Emily Dickinson, they redeem bleakly. There's little solace, but there is life, bruised and amazing; disconcerting but crucial to see it represented with such unblinking intimacy. Still, as exemplified by too much current photography, many prefer lardy miracles—or just lard. □

Lisa Liebmann

Lisa Liebmann is a writer based in New York.

Clockwise from top left:

1. Léon Frédéric, *The Stream (detail)*, 1890–99, oil on canvas, ca. 81½ x 111½". **8. Pipilotti Rist, *Himalaya's Sister's Living Room*, 2000**, seven projections surrounded by furniture and objects, wallpaper mounted on wood, seven players, and one audio system with four speakers. Installation view. **3. Francis Picabia, *Portrait d'un Couple*, c. 1942**, oil on board, 41¼ x 30". **6. Joan Jonas, *Wind*, 1968**, still from a black-and-white film in 16 mm, 5 minutes 30 seconds. **9. Matali Crasset, *Digestions*, 2000**. **10. Laurie Simmons and Peter Wheelwright, *The Kaleidoscope House*, 2000**, mixed media. **7. Max Fäberböck, *Aimée & Jaguar*, 2000**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 125 minutes. Jaguar (Maria Schrader) and Aimée (Juliane Köhler). **2. Sol LeWitt, *Five-Pointed Star with Bands of Color (detail)*, 1991**, ink wash, 18 x 18". **5. Damien Hirst, *A Way of Seeing*, 2000**, vitrine with anamotronic man with microscope, table, chair, ashtray, newspaper, slides, cup of tea, sponges, sand, and glasses of water, 96 x 156 x 120".

1 “1900: Art at the Crossroads”

(*Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York*)

I haven't traveled much this year, so without this wonderful show I might not have met my quota of far-flung museum discoveries and strange reencounters in art. The exhibition, curated by Robert Rosenblum, Norman Rosenthal, MaryAnne Stevens, and Ann Dumas, inspired some remarkable off-the-record reactions. One normally sanguine colleague confessed at least half-seriously to feeling that certain people shouldn't be *allowed* to see it: too dangerous for the uninitiate. “Maybe Alfred Barr was right,” she added. (An enormous triptych, *The Stream*, by Léon Frédéric—an avalanche of cavorting Aryan cherubim in picturesque sylvan settings—was the acid test of critical tolerance.) In truth, the show, with its textbook themes and its dependence on the 1900 Exposition Universelle as a fulcrum, was perfectly cogent and mannerly. Canonical masters, furthermore, usually prevailed in runoffs: Monet's remain by far the best blurry bosks in the business. So fear not, all ye faithful—although gavels were best left behind. On a grand tour like this one, constant judgment clouds the eye.

2 Sol LeWitt (*San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York*) He's on my list at all times. Conceptually and visually the grandest, most nearly perfect artist alive.

3 Francis Picabia (*Michael Werner, Inc., New York*) Absolute, drop-dead, delirium-inducing chic.

4 Jonathan Schwartz (*WNYC-FM*) By noon on Saturdays, when Schwartz beams in with his four-hour musical séance, I'm often in my car, perhaps parked outside a Chelsea gallery with the engine on, listening for all the world to see. Long known for his love of Sinatra, he also plays a lot of Sondheim—which is good. He has some poignant fixations, for example, the late Nancy LaMott, a soulful sledgehammer of a vocalist, with whom he closes every show. But he's eclectic: He has reawakened me to the

intricate pleasures of Steely Dan and gotten my husband to run out and buy Carly Simon's new album, *The Bedroom Tapes*, for which I am grateful to all three. (Don't ask, just play cuts 4 and 9.) If you need a hit of mid-cult, baby, Schwartz is your man.

5 Damien Hirst (*Gagosian Gallery, New York*) The best showman around since Jonathan Borofsky, circa 1980, but with a bigger point. This preposterously lavish exhibition, a science fair gone steroidally bonkers, made babies squeal with joy even as it made (nonichthyological) life itself look obsolete. The lab-technician automaton was a tour de surprisingly subtle force, and Hirst's deadpan, pillbox-label-style deployment of the word *vongole*, part of a frieze of medicinal logos, made my day, maybe my week.

6 Joan Jonas (*Dia Center for the Arts, New York*) On a very cold night in late September, the forces gathered on the rooftop of the Dia building, as if reporting to graveyard-shift duty in the gulag. We huddled wherever we could, mostly against the glass walls of Dan Graham's mean gazebo, and were treated to a magical display of *son et lumière* (well, mostly *lumière*: the sound technician's problems led to a lot of reminiscing about the '70s). Jonas's rarely seen films and videos from 1968–76, projected onto two screens and atmospherically supported by a Greek chorus of giant illuminated billboards—stars of the Chelsea night—were both literally and poetically elemental. My favorite was *Wind*, 1968, in which a little bundled-up band of performers, shot by Peter Campus on a wintry Long Island beach, wage stoic battle against gusts and their own blustering clothes. Evocative, like many of Jonas's works, of silent movies, it lent credence to my suspicion that this great, grave sprite of the North is a spiritual daughter to Buster Keaton and a fairy godmother to Björk.

7 Max Fäberböck, Aimée & Jaguar (*Zeitgeist Films*) Speaking of Björk, Lars von Trier's *Dancer in the Dark*, wherein she looms large, hovers anxiously above this item: The freight-train musical sequence alone (not to mention casting Catherine Deneuve as an

American factory worker and calling her “Kathy”) guarantees it a screening in heaven. But my heart belongs to the beautiful and reckless Jaguar: Maria Schrader's is the most stylish and affecting portrayal of an offbeat wartime hero—a Jewish lesbian intellectual resistance worker in saturation-bombed Berlin—since Steve McQueen did his wheelies in *The Great Escape*. Great cast. Great costumes, too. And the incredibly good story is apparently true.

8 Pipilotti Rist (*Lubring Augustine, New York*) Another charmed sprite—the new Rebecca Horn: So far I've liked everything Rist's done, but I worry this too could end.

9 Matali Crasset, Digestions I've long been wondering when someone would do something fun or interesting with those globally ubiquitous, plaid plasticized-paper carryalls. In any currency they cost under two dollars, and they definitely have a look. So three cheers for Crasset, who's come up with something interesting and fun: an edition of modular furniture, each set comprising sixteen of these things, foam-stuffed, that you can toss around to form armchairs, couches, tables, beds, even whole conversation pits. (Four basic colored plastic trays are also included.)

10 Laurie Simmons and Peter Wheelwright, The Kaleidoscope House (*Bozart Toys*) Children today need to learn that life's not just a big chintz cushion. Nor is decorating. This late modernist structure has sliding panels of colored plastic and a batch of accessories that includes miniature artworks by Cindy Sherman, Mel Kendrick, Simmons herself, and her husband, Carroll Dunham. A nuclear family of four, modeled on the dollhouse designers and some of their respective offspring, can be yours if you don't already have one. (A gaggle of “Kaleidoscope Kids,” based on actual children, is also in the works, and my two-year-old daughter, Juno, will be among them.) □



Dennis Cooper

Dennis Cooper, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is a Los Angeles-based critic and novelist.

Clockwise from top left:

7. Napster cofounder Shawn Fanning at the VH1 Music Video Awards, 2000. **10. Brett Leonard, *Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box*, 1999**, still from a color IMAX 3-D film, 50 minutes.

1. Errol Morris, still from *First Person*, 2000. **5. Luc Tuymans, *Cosmetics*, 2000**, oil on canvas, 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". **4. The Kinks, 1968.** **2. John Waters, *Cecil B. DeMented*, 2000**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 88 minutes. Cecil B. DeMented (Stephen Dorff). **3. Torbjörn Vejvi, *Boutique*, 2000**, cardboard and vinyl, 22 x 22 x 16".

8. Jim Jarmusch, *Ghost Dog*, 1999, still from a color film in 35 mm, 119 minutes. *Ghost Dog* (Forest Whitaker). **6. Timothy McSweeney's *Quarterly Concern*, 2000.**

9. Sonic Youth, 2000.
Photo: Michael Lavine.

1 **Errol Morris, *First Person*** (*Bravo Network*) To my mind, Morris has evolved into the most subversive, forward thinking of American filmmakers, harmonizing fiction and fact, offbeat personal interest and surgical objectivity, narrative and its opposite, into a poetic, überdocumentary style that outperforms the bulk of films whose wellspring is little more than imagination. This year he tried “the television series” on for size. Ostensibly a collection of one-on-one, half-hour, talking-head-style interviews of ten “Morris-esque” (i.e., unusually self-absorbed yet unusually unself-conscious) men and women, *First Person* was also an unfolding self-interrogation of the filmmaker. The program’s tried-and-true format was slowly inverted until its subject became his own fascination with the variety of mind-sets and behavioral patterns operating within the so-called obsessive (i.e., his own) psychological “type.” Morris’s most personal and revealing work to date; television has rarely seemed more multiplex, inelegant, and wide awake.

2 **John Waters, *Cecil B. DeMented*** Best Picture, Best Director, Best Screenplay, Best Costume Design, Best Set Design, Irving Thalberg Award. (Seriously, Waters’s unique, evolving, and massively influential art is alternately so taken for granted and so subjected to critical namby-pambying by *Pink Flamingos* nostalgists that when he made quite possibly the best movie of his life, far too few people seemed to realize what they were witnessing.)

3 **Torbjörn Vejvi** (*Richard Telles Fine Art*) This year, the LA art scene’s much discussed creative outburst only intensified. Established figures such as Raymond Pettibon, Stephen Prina, Mike Kelley, Liz Larner, and Paul McCarthy did some of the strongest work of their careers. A plethora of emerging artists had exciting, successful debuts locally as well as in New York and/or Europe. (I’d single out Jason Meadows, Amir Zaki, Evan Holloway, and Francesca Gabbiani, to start.) But it didn’t get any better than the first solo exhibition by the young LA-based Swedish artist Torbjörn Vejvi, whose quiet, complicatedly

introverted sculptures struck me as profound and potentially important.

4 **Ray Davies** Antiques or not, The Kinks’ albums of the late ’60s and early ’70s—*Something Else by the Kinks*, *Village Green Preservation Society*, *Arthur*, *The Kinks Kronikles*, *The Great Lost Kinks Album*—sounded mightier than ever this year. While Davies’s contemporaries milked their legends in stadium oldies fests and tell-all memoirs, he “joined” Yo La Tengo for a few Kinks-related club dates and let his greatest work breathe again. At a time when clever hybridists like Moby and Beck are routinely misdiagnosed as geniuses, and bona fide contenders like Guided by Voices’ Robert Pollard and Richard D. James are dismissed as eccentrics, it helped to remember how transcendent and voracious a traditional pop song can sound.

5 **Luc Tuymans in “Apocalypse: Beauty and Horror in Contemporary Art”** (*Royal Academy of Arts, London*) This gentrified “Helter Skelter” knockoff theme show for die-hard YBA enthusiasts had its artful moments, but it was mostly a last-ditch attempt to legitimize the big-budget, low-concept fashion-plate sculptures of preservative-free British art stars like the Chapmans and Tim Noble and Sue Webster. In suggesting significance by association with the most room-filling work its curators could find by non-Brit superstars like Jeff Koons, Mike Kelley, and Gregor Schneider, “Apocalypse” came off rather desperate and air-headed. It will be remembered, if at all, as the trendily garish, incongruous frame within which Tuymans showed the year’s most astonishing, odd, and deeply painted paintings.

6 **Timothy McSweeney’s *Quarterly Concern*** Hyperkinetic memoirist Dave Eggers’s (*A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*) vibrant, tastily designed literary journal gathers together a broad mix of adventurous current writers—Lydia Davis, David Foster Wallace, Haruki Murakami, Jonathan Lethem, to name a few. When Eggers’s book became a shock best-seller, he diverted as much media attention as possible to *McSweeney’s* and, in the

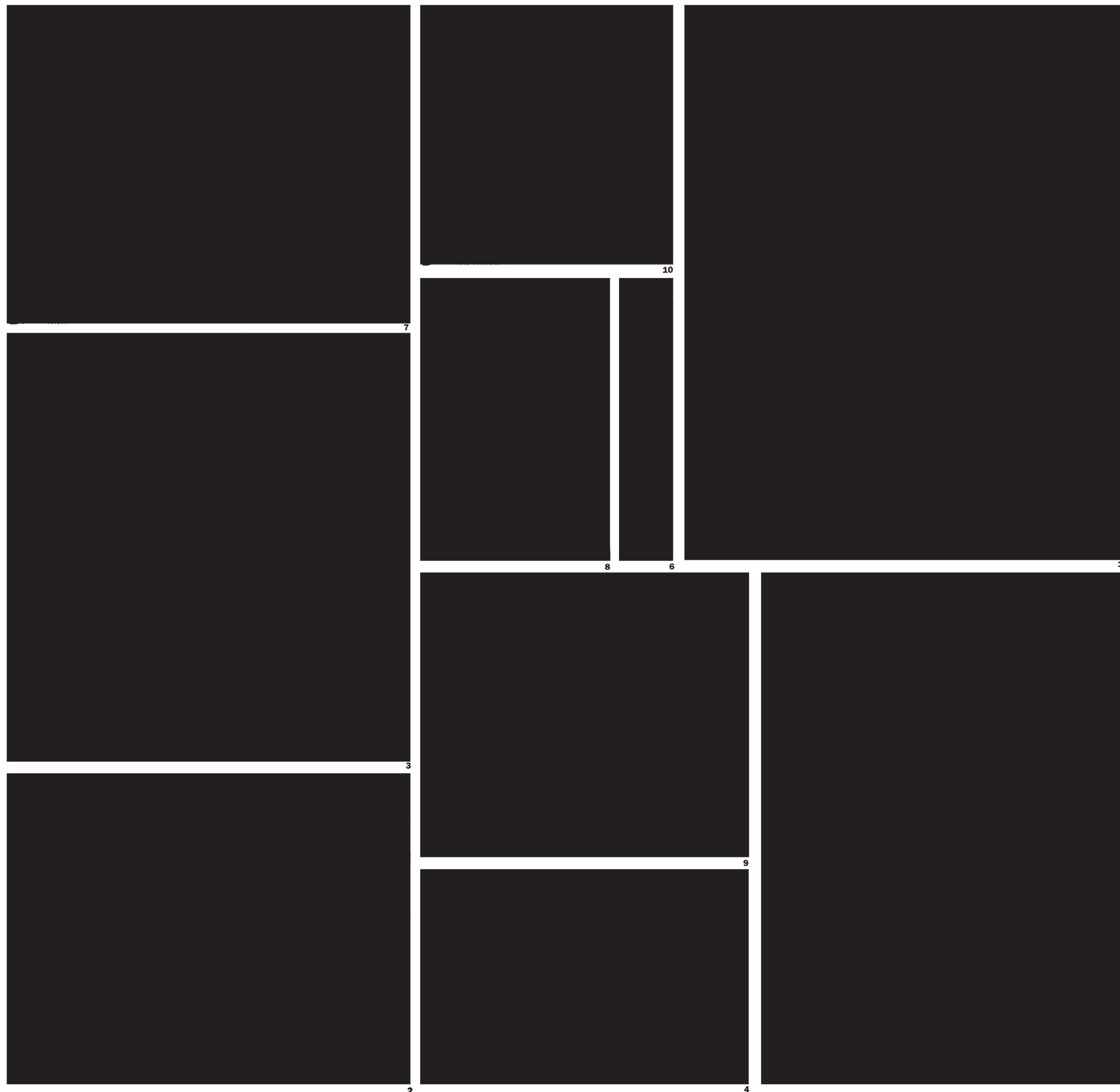
process, helped ignite widespread critical and popular interest in experimental fiction for the first time in more than two decades.

7 **Napster** (*pre-BMG buyout*) For suggesting a practical application for the great, impractical anarchist principles of nonownership and power equalization. For forcing cool rock bands to reveal themselves as political reactionaries and despots. For ending my fourteen-year quest to find a copy of Gemini’s obscure 1987 single “Just Like That.”

8 **Jim Jarmusch, *Ghost Dog*** I never cottoned to Jarmusch’s archly casual, neat-freak films, at least until *Dead Man*. Even then, the collusion between Robby Müller’s densely bleak cinematography and Neil Young’s bleakly swirling score seemed like the entire show. But in *Ghost Dog*, Müller and Wu-Tang Clan composer RZA seemed to decompress Jarmusch’s self-consciousness. Add the inspired concept of “gangsta mysticism,” and the trio managed to produce a serenely comical wonder work.

9 **Sonic Youth** Except for a handful of curious skirmishes (say, the genre-tweaking work of Jurassic 5, Goldfrapp, Pole, Blonde Redhead, Godspeed You Black Emperor!), popular music had a dull-as-dishwater year. Hip-hop self-administered another layer of polish, rock tried going artsy-fartsy again, and electronic music discovered lo-fi and generally putzed around there. But it was a great time to fall back in love with the magnificent Sonic Youth, whose rumbling, supernaturally sweet NYC *Ghosts & Flowers* put the tiptoeing efforts of their elders, peers, and offspring to shame.

10 **Brett Leonard, *Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box*** Forget the well-established camp value of these stalwart, Liberace-plus Vegas entertainers. Their IMAX vanity project, with its hyperactive 3-D effects, maniacal narcissism, Nickelodeon-on-LSD computer graphics, and (unconscious?) story line, wherein S&R cross time and space to put the moves on their twelve-year-old selves, was the most extreme single thing I saw all year. □



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TOP TEN

GARY INDIANA

1 JEAN-JACQUES SCHUHL, *INGRID CAVEN* (Paris: Gallimard) "I have a very small cult reputation to protect," Jean-Jacques Schuhl protested to me a few months ago in Paris when he learned that he'd been nominated for the Prix Goncourt (and the four other top French literary prizes) for his first book in twenty-three years. Now that he's won the Goncourt, this avatar of Duchampian wit and encyclopedic misanthropy will just have to live with a much bigger cult. *Ingrid Caven*, his novel, is named for the celebrated singer he lives with, the former wife of Rainer Fassbinder and muse of Yves Saint Laurent; La Caven returned to the concert stage in November, at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, in postmodern triumph, as a fictional character who sings. *Ingrid Caven* is not her biography, however, but a phantasmagorical riff on the social, political, and artistic history of our times, filtered through a meditation on stagecraft, the voice and attitude of the singer, the diva, the personae of history's actors.

2 P.J. HARVEY, *STORIES FROM THE CITY, STORIES FROM THE SEA* (Island Records) The grungily appealing Manhattan of Polly Harvey's new album feels more like the Mudd Club '70s than the plastic Starbucks shithole for rich college brats and i-biz billionaires that our fair city has become, but this is less a piece of nostalgia than a suggestion that the coming recession might be a lot more dirty fun than our recent "prosperity."

3 AMY TAUBIN, *TAXI DRIVER* (London: BFI Film Classics) This beautiful little book is a masterpiece of film analysis that's as textured and sensuous as a really good novel. It ranges all over American politics, the post-Vietnam malaise that produced Travis Bickle, New York in the '70s and New York today, masculinity and its rituals of violence. Taubin demonstrates that criticism, in certain hands, can be art of a very high order.

4 MEG WEBSTER, *WARPED FLOOR, LONG POOL, AND INTERACTING FALLS—PLAIN & SHOOTER* (Paula Cooper Gallery) Webster's recent installation had a raked array of undulating tiles you could walk and sit on, a horizontal zigurat of plants and flowers sprouting out of metal basins at one end of a plastic-lined trench fed at the other end by dueling waterworks, one an arcing jet, the other a surging curtain. Webster's sculpture oscillates between clean and artfully messy, soft and hard, dry and wet, nature and artifice, like an illustration of Lévi-Strauss's concept of the contradictory as the secretly symbiotic. Eerily powerful work inflected with enough sly humor not to feel pushy.

5 LYNN DAVIS (Edwynn Houk Gallery) The gigantic photographs Davis has been making for years, of monuments (Angkor Wat, etc.) and natural phenomena like icebergs, are particular for the silence they locate in a world of noise. Like her peers Robert Mapplethorpe and Peter Hujar, Davis has taken the possibilities of photography seriously, revealing how truly strange our ontological encounter with reality really is. Her new pictures of grandiose, threadbare, American-built ugliness (abandoned missile silos, skyscrapers) tell us everything about the world we've constructed, without judgment.

6 CAMERON JAMIE, *BB* The most intense eighteen minutes of film since Jean Rouch's *Les Maitres fous: Fight Club* without the Hollywood patina, backyard violence set to music by the Melvins, violence as lethal chaos instead of the way it's always pictured. Like Alex Bag, this artist is on to things nobody else ever thought to explore.

7 GAVIN LAMBERT, *MAINLY ABOUT LINDSAY ANDERSON* (New York: Knopf) If you don't know what an essential writer Gavin

Lambert is, go back and read *The Slide Area*, *Inside Daisy Clover*, *The Goodbye People*, or his biography of Nazimova. *Mainly About Lindsay Anderson* is startling for its unsensationalized candor, its rational tone, its generosity and noncosmetic affection for its subject, its refusal of everything cheap and false in the genre of biography/autobiography. Lambert's authorial voice is probably the most finely pitched of anybody writing now. He tells the honest truth without blinking, or blushing, or pretending that our everyday perversities are matters for scandal—and tells it beautifully.

8 THE HOWARD STERN SHOW If you do as much 7–11 AM driving as I do, you can only pray you're in a zone that gets Howard. The King of All Media's free-associative deflation of American propaganda in all its coy and bullying forms—from movie stars yakking about their latest projects to politicians lying through their teeth—constantly gnaws at the corporate brackets squeezing the First Amendment into Silly Putty. Even when he's dead wrong, he's a national treasure.

9 FRANK RICH, *SATURDAY OP-ED COLUMN IN THE NEW YORK TIMES* An island of hilarious sanity in a sea of ideological doggerel and flatulent punditology.

10 SPIKE LEE, *BAMBOOZLED* (New Line) Critics who pointed out how "preposterous" the premise of this movie is—a minstrel show is pushed onto prime time by a white TV producer (the always delicious Michael Rapaport) who thinks he's blacker than the African Americans who work for him—clearly have no idea how poisonous and ugly race relations in America really are. This hallucinatory film tells the time with hideous accuracy. We've never relinquished slavery. We've just painted a different face on it. Gary Indiana is at work on a forthcoming novel.

Daniel Schmid, *La Paloma* (The dove), 1974, still from a color film, 110 minutes. Viola Schlump (Ingrid Caven) Photo: Photofest.

BOB NICKAS

1 TOM T. HALL, "I LOVE" Were this the only song he'd ever written, Tom T. Hall would still deserve his place in the Country Music Hall of Fame. Some of the things he loves: "coffee in a cup, little fuzzy pups, bourbon in a glass, and grass"; "honest open smiles, kisses from a child, sleep without dreams, music when it's good, and life." They ought to dig up the original page of handwritten lyrics and put it in one of those big glass cases with the Bill of Rights.

2 NINA SIMONE, "REVOLUTION" I think of this as a love song too. At one point Nina offers to "swim the ocean" to prove she means what she says, and boy, that voice. Even on the radio, going out over the air to anyone who happens to be listening, it's like she's singing directly to you. Backed by a rousing Sunday morning choir, her voice just swings: "The only way that we can stand in fact / Is if you get your feet off my back." Whenever I hear this song, I find myself making the same to-do list: 1. Fall in love. 2. Overthrow the government (more tempting now than ever). 3. Go to Paris (Nina left America for France a long time ago, so if you want to catch one of her rare concerts . . .).

3 GARY INDIANA, *SALÒ OR THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM* (London: BFI Publishing) The movie *Quills*

was a sure sign of renewed interest in the Marquis de Sade and, though I'm horrified by the thought, his rehabilitation as an acceptable subject for something like Hollywood entertainment. But Gary Indiana's essay on Pasolini's scandalous final film, adapted from de Sade, is an event. Long banned in England, the movie recently got its first public showing in years thanks to efforts by Indiana and the British Film Institute. Pasolini and de Sade are a hard act to follow, but Indiana's reportedly writing a book about murderous mother-and-son grifters Sante and Kenneth Kimes, so it sounds like he's on a roll.

4 JUDGE JUDY (WNBC, New York) When I was a kid, the only thing that stopped me from killing was the idea of life behind bars. (The electric chair was never a deterrent. Better dead than bored, I thought.) Now, there's a different reason I (mostly) obey the law: I don't want to face Judge Judy. Talk about scared straight. On a recent show, she made short work of parents who took money given to their children by their grandfather, using it for rent, car insurance, and a family trip to an amusement park. Judge Judy was livid. "You stole from your kids! Chuck E. Cheese and pony rides do not constitute an emergency. You're outrageous!"



5 DANIELSON FAMILIE, *FETCH THE COMPASS KIDS* (Secretly Canadian) Songs as stories that help us tell right from wrong, by way of a group that believes "the family that prays together, stays together." But don't let that get in the way; the Danielson Famile have managed to unite homespun folk art (they quilted for the cover of this record!) and experimental art rock, and you've never heard anything quite like it. Out in April, their fifth record is their most sophisticated and yet every bit as handmade as the music they played in their basement years ago. The idea of play is key, and here, in a pristine recording by Steve Albini, is all their infectious charm: bells and toy pianos, kids whistling, vocals on nitrous oxide, hands clapping in time.

6 STRAIGHT TO HELL (Box 20424, New York, NY 10023) If you're entirely beyond redemption or just want to be, this fine journal awaits you. Gore Vidal has called it "one of the best radical papers in the country," and for more than three decades, it's proffered true anonymous stories of sex between men. The sensibility of the early issues—even with the '50s physique pictorial models—registers as nothing less than irreverent proto-punk. *STH* is a true record of its time (they tell me it can be found in the permanent collection of the Library of Congress). It's smut, but it's important smut. New York City may have been temporarily neutered these last few years, but the Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts reminds us that life, or something like it, goes on.

7 VAGINAL DAVIS, "YES SIR THANK YOU MA'M, MS. DAVIS" (Zen, Los Angeles, Jan. 15, 2000) Can a six-foot-six, black drag queen named after female genitalia and '70s revolutionary Angela Davis make it in a vanilla-milk-shake world? Stranger things have happened. Perhaps none, though, as strange as this performance, a takeoff (literally) on Vanessa Beecroft's naval maneuvers. The stage at the Silverlake club isn't as large as a flight deck, but it's far more accommodating. In drag as Vanessa, Ms. Davis paraded boys in Soviet Navy jumpers and tighty whities, read from her bawdy version of the Marine Corps handbook, and allowed a jarhead in full-dress uniform to be thoroughly man-handled. If the art world could choose between VB and VD, I'd vote for a guilt-free, frisky dose of fun. Wouldn't you?

8 THE WHITE STRIPES, "PARTY OF SPECIAL THINGS TO DO"/"CHINA PIG"/"ASHTRAY HEART" (Sub Pop) Two Detroit upstarts, brother and sister Jack and Meg White, cover songs by Captain Beefheart and, in paying tribute to the undisputed master of avant/roots music, prove beyond reproach that the blues are alive and well. "Open another case of the punks," indeed.

9 RALPH WIGGUM When J.G. Ballard said, "Follow your obsessions like stepping stones in front of a sleepwalker," he couldn't have known about Ralph Wiggum—the brain-soft child from *The Simpsons*. A recent online search for Ralph turned up 163,475 matches. Lots of sites have sound files, and all the classics are there: "I glued my head to my shoulders"; "My knob tastes funny"; "Sleep—that's when I'm a Viking!" I didn't exactly have my way with The Interactive Ralph Wiggum (www.engr.orst.edu/~rose/ralph), supposedly set up so you can type in things for him to say. "So, you like . . . stuff?"

10 CARBON-BASED LIFE-FORMS Happy Valentine's Day, everybody. ☐ Bob Nickas is a curator and critic living in New York.

Left: Pier Paolo Pasolini, *Salò or The 120 Days of Sodom*, 1975, still from a color film in 35 mm, 117 minutes. Right: Nina Simone, "Revolution," 1969, 45 rpm record, RCA.

Charles Long

Charles Long, a New York-based artist, is collaborating with Merce Cunningham on *Way Station*, premiering March 31 at City Center, New York.

1 CAROLINE NOW! THE SONGS OF BRIAN WILSON AND THE BEACH BOYS (Marina Records) This time, the blind date that is the matching of contemporary stars with historical icons produces something more than a pleasant novelty. A few adoring fans have paired twenty-four mostly unknown artists and cult heroes (Kim Fowley, Alex Chilton, Jad Fair) with some gems from the previously undiscovered work of Brian and the band. It's hilarious and surprising without being ironic, beautiful and idealistic without being nostalgic.

2 HARVARD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (Cambridge, MA) I went to see its famous collection of over 3,000 glass flowers expecting to encounter a psychedelic fantasyland. Instead I found a perfectly sober, faithful re-creation of stems, leaves, buds, and seeds. Euphoria hit me in the nearby mineralogy collection, chunk by idiomorphic chunk. The rush I got jumping from one crystalline reality to the next felt almost as addictive as crack.

3 AMTRAK'S ACELA EXPRESS Wow, I lived to see 2001 and it looks just like the film! For over two times the fare, my usual four-hour commute from Boston to New York is at least fifteen minutes shorter! In overlit first- and business-class comfort, we were propelled forward at 20,000 fluorescent flickers a second. Perhaps the speed comes from eliminating all that weight in coach? It looks space-age but feels Louis XVI, as the elite clobber their crowns on the vast modular overhead compartment and the clunky tray table folds away with the swiftness of a guillotine . . . chop, chop!

4 LEE MINGWEI, *THE SLEEPING PROJECT* (Lombard-Freid Fine Arts, New York) Prowling around this show last fall, I figured out that the two wheelchair-like beds acted as accommodations for the artist and a guest, a different one each night, for the run of the show. The most evocative aspect of the work was the often tender morning-after notes left on the Shaker-style nightstands by each bed. As I snooped through the other items the guests had left—Flannery O'Connor

stories, the *I Ching*, bowls of pistachio shells, empty bottles of mysterious liquids, and various articles of clothing—I was reminded of the pleasure that comes from long-night one-on-ones, when getting to know a single soul tells you about the whole world. Behind a short wall I noticed a hatchery of still more nightstands, waiting to take on the identifying features of the next sleeping guest, like pods in the suburban basements from *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

5 ADAM PHILLIPS, *MONOGAMY* (Vintage) The British psychologist argues that the word *We* is "an exaggeration of the word *I*. We is the wished-for *I*, the *I* as a gang, the *I* as somebody else as well. Coupledness can be so dismaying because the other person never really joins in." Reading these 121 aphorisms is as fun as it is vexing and reveals just how unknown the expanded self is. Phillips's books are my mind-altering substance of choice now that I've exhausted all of Alan Watts's lectures.

6 A.L. KENNEDY, *ORIGINAL BLISS* (Vintage) A funny and affecting romance novel to be shelved somewhere between self-help and self-abuse. A battered and emotionally numb housewife in Glasgow thinks she's found a way back to the land of the living after hearing pop psychologist Edward E. Gluck articulate his offbeat ideas about how something called The Process can deliver her contentment. Housewife and quack meet in the lobby of the hotel where he is taking part in a week-long conference. Their mutual attraction is quickly derailed when Gluck discloses why he locks himself away for days surrounded by the mysterious cargo that accompanies him on the book circuit.

7 BLACK BOX RECORDER, *ENGLAND MADE ME* (Chrysalis) On the import version of this, the band's first album, is a stunning photo, circa 1974, of a coal-mine operator and his son. Dad gazes on with pride as if the son were the product of an alchemical transformation: coal dust into glitter. The music here—as on the band's more recent *The Facts of Life*—is bleak to the point of becoming uplifting and liberating.

8 FLOWER DRUM SONG, *ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING* (Sony Class-

ical) Following *The King and I* and *South Pacific*, Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote another great East-meets-West musical in 1958, this time set in San Francisco and featuring an all-Asian American cast. With clever and brassy numbers like "Grant Avenue" and "Chop Suey" (and my fave, "I Enjoy Being a Girl," which would make a drop-dead drag anthem), I was puzzled as to why it had never been revived. Then I viewed the 1961 film version and was not prepared for the bracing racism and sexism of the dialogue. Still, the film is a fascinating mess.

9 KATHY BUTTERLY (Franklin Parrasch Gallery, New York) As successive waves of Tate-style gigantism fail to inspire me, I look to just how moving a small amount of material can be. Averaging six inches tall and made from porcelain, clay, and glaze, Butterly's cups amount to modern Fabergé confections. Running my eye along the exquisitely perverse folds and interstices of frippery, I fear the impossibility of seeing the work that is so clearly before me.

10 THE CLIENTELE, *SUBURBAN LIGHT* (Pointy Records) The dreamiest, most escapist pop I think I have ever listened to over and over. Help me . . . no, don't. ☐

Inez van Lamsweerde

Inez van Lamsweerde's photography was the subject of a recent survey (with husband Vinoodh Matadin) at the Groninger Museum in Groningen, Netherlands. Their advertising work includes campaigns this season for Balenciaga, Helmut Lang, and Gucci.

1 ERIC ROHMER, *L'ANGLAISE ET LE DUC* I have no idea when it will be released, but I can't wait to see this eighty-year-old French writer/director's first digitally shot period movie. Apparently all the scenes are filmed against a blue screen, with the characters dropped into hand-painted sets in postproduction. It seems quite a departure from Rohmer's naturalistic depictions of suburban love triangles for which the gorgeous actresses—he likes a specific type of girl with wavy hair, extraordinary eyes, and a thin mouth—usually style themselves, create the sets, and sometimes decide on the music as well. None of his movies, though, lacks for brilliant, sensitive conversation that gives way to a literary investigation into the female psyche caught up in a web of coincidence and desire.

2 SEBASTIAAN BREMER Finally this October we'll be able to see this young painter's work in full force at his first New York solo show, at Roebling Hall in Brooklyn. Well, painter . . . Bremer turns photographs, found or snapped, of himself and his family into trippy, dusty memories that, thanks to his layered pointillist technique, reveal the subconscious and the real world in the blink of an eye. By laboriously painting his poetic braille over fast snapshots, Bremer slows down time to render hauntingly beautiful interior landscapes.

3 BRUCE STERLING, *TOMORROW NOW* Forget the '60s sci-fi optimism and the '90s apocalyptic vision of the future. Tomorrow, according to Sterling, could never be worse than today. His novels are clever sociological reviews of the future that take their beginnings from fantasizing on an in-depth knowledge of the technological, medical, cultural, and political transformations that drive social change. His idea of the look and feel of the twenty-first century will be written up in this next work, which he calls a "nonfiction book of anticipation."

4 PAUL VERHOEVEN, *CHRIST, THE MAN* It takes a Dutchman, of course, to become simultaneously a blatantly mainstream representative of

and a subversive underground figure in America's number one cultural product: The Movies. The man who gave us films like *Turkish Delight*, *Basic Instinct*, *Total Recall*, *Showgirls*, and *Starship Troopers* now turns his ruthless point of view on religion. Having given his diagnosis of American society, he is about to hold a mirror to our perception of the mystery man of all time. Although Verhoeven has flirted with the figure of Christ before—he's even called his RoboCop an American Jesus—the new film is supposed to give a serious account of the political, economical, and cultural context of Jesus, based on fifteen years of methodical research.

5 BJÖRK, *VESPERTINE* This Icelandic girl, of such radical and generous spirit, has produced an entire new album herself, working with a 120-member choir and orchestra at the same time. It's an album about finding paradise at home, in the smallest things, just as she did while creating it. Appearing with her are friends like Matmos, Opiate, and Harmony Korine, some of whom will join her on tour. The first single, "Hidden Place," is pure elegance and intimacy on an epic scale.

6 STÉPHANIE COHEN, *CAMILLE JUDITH CLAIRE* June will see the first novel by this brilliant young writer who in my opinion will revolutionize French literature as we know it. With *Camille Judith Claire*, Cohen's publisher Denoël is inaugurating the series "*Format Utile*," dedicated to atypical literary work. Unique is what I would call Cohen's fragmented, confrontational, partly autobiographical, and uncompromisingly beautiful way of handling language on paper. Apart from all that, the book contains one of the most breathtaking descriptions of love ever penned.

7 M/M, *CAFÉ MONTORGUEIL* Ever wanted to have a drink in a bar in Paris that didn't look like a leftover from the Napoleonic era? Plan a trip to France in October, which is when the latest project by Paris-based art directors Michael Amzalag and Mathias Augustyniak, in collaboration with artists Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno, will be completed. A café commissioned by the Costes family located at the Rue Etienne Marcel, the place will feature a robot DJ that forever plays the 2,001 songs the four boys chose to be programmed into its brain at the time of construction.

8 NICOLAS BOURRIAUD, *PALAIS DE TOKYO* The French are really getting it together by appointing Bourriaud as the

codirector of the new museum of contemporary art in Paris opening at the end of the year (see interview, pp. 47–48). He describes the Palais de Tokyo as a *kunsthalle-cum*—production company that will address global issues yet remain driven by the problematics of contemporary art. There will also be the Pavillon, an international program for artists, serving as an experimental satellite. Before going so large-scale, Bourriaud was responsible for putting young French artists into context in his book *Esthétique Relationnelle*, in which he verbalizes the current generation's obsession with producing art that allows one to experience a time and space rather than creating material objects that remain at a remove from the social world—a personal art that reinvestigates the relation between human beings and the larger system.

9 CHRIS CUNNINGHAM, *NEUROMANCER* I can't wait. It's about time someone made a film out of William Gibson's brilliant cyberpunk novel, and who better than Cunningham, the director of such insanely beautiful music videos as Aphex Twin's "Windowlicker" and Björk's "All Is Full of Love"? Scheduled to be released God knows when, this one should be so full of visual overdrive that it could influence decades of fashion, art, and lifestyle in general. Gibson's *Neuromancer* imagines the emergence of a mass digital collective consciousness in an unspecified future. These data take a shape that, when artificial intelligence is inserted into the mix, becomes some sort of deity. Can't wrap your head around it? Try making it into a film.

10 WORLD PEACE I can't wait for this one either. □

Sebastiaan Bremer, *Avila, 1999–2000*, ink on color photograph, 20 x 24".

Andrea Bowers

Andrea Bowers is a Los Angeles–based artist whose work can currently be seen in "Making Time" at the UCLA Hammer Museum. Her solo show at LA's Goldman Tevis goes up this fall.

1 CHRIS KRAUS, *ALIENS & ANOREXIA* (Semio-text(e), 2000) Both a work of fiction and of critical theory, Kraus's book is written in the first person, where emotional experiences can become philosophical concepts. The text chronicles "Chris's" failure as an independent filmmaker, along the way offering up aliens, art, and anorexia as radical responses to the profound cynicism of capitalism.

2 CHERIE CURRIE WITH THE SANDY WEST BAND (Coconut Teaszer, Hollywood) Typical LA, only about fifty people showed up to see these legends (Currie was the lead singer of the Runaways; West, their drummer). Between songs Currie told stories about the old days with gut-wrenching honesty, yet there wasn't a shred of bitterness (or nostalgia) as she recounted what the band went through as sixteen-year-old rock stars. For the last song, "Cherry Bomb," Currie held the mike out for us to sing the choruses, as if we were at Madison Square Garden.

3 DAVID ASKEVOLD, "NEW PICTURES AND OLDER VIDEOS" (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions) Askevold's new digitally produced landscapes are built out of cultural imagery like rock-album covers, pornography, Native American drawings, religious iconography, and comic books. Half archaeological discovery, half dump-site sediment, they map the psychological effects of digital-information overload. Also included is a historical survey of Askevold's video work. In contrast to the extravagance of much contemporary video production, his pieces are a reminder that the medium can engage in a direct give-and-take with the world around it.

4 MONICA BONVICINI (Galleria Emi Fontana, Milan) Bonvicini plays with the construction of sexual identity, trying to provide a fluid model of gender. At Fontana she converted the gallery into a bachelor pad called the "Eternmale," which included designer furniture made of Eternit, a construction material combining cement and cellulose, arranged on a bright blue carpet. Sound tracks

to gay porn films played constantly at low volume. Periodically, '70s pop lyrics blared, disrupting the laid-back atmosphere. A version of the project was exhibited at Kunsthau Glarus last summer, where Bonvicini made parodic reference to the male as hunter by hanging a blue cubist Picasso in the bachelor pad—an idea she gleaned from an old *Playboy* that recommended single men display a Picasso or some sort of "primitive" art to reference the cave. At first view the installation is alluring, but then the chill-out pad turns sour, eroding the stereotypical power of seduction.

5 KINGDOM PARADE (Los Angeles) Not only is this parade a celebration of the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr., it's proof of the city's political awareness. There were voter-registration tables on every corner, and the route was littered with anti-Ashcroft posters. Along with the Shriners in their miniature cars, the parade was filled with local officials in convertibles. The politicians seemed strangely vulnerable; you could feel the energy and tension in the crowd's reactions—there were cheers, boos, and uncomfortable silences as they rolled by.

6 THE JIM ROME SHOW It's a sports talk show where the callers (or "clones") are berated by the host, who encourages them to come up with more intelligent analyses. Rome's motto is "Have a take and don't suck or you'll get run." (It's more inspiring when he says it.) If he's not discoursing on Shaq and Kobe, he's aggressively attacking racism, domestic abuse, and the culture of privilege in big-time sports. One of the rare liberal voices on AM radio.

7 DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION (Konami) The days of passively sitting in front of a video game are over. The new dance-simulation games by Konami have kids getting up and moving. Arrows on the game's screen light up, and the players' feet have to follow. Sweaty bodies move on metal stages, while Japanese Dancemania CDs and American pop songs overlap in the arcade to produce a dissonant techno-noise. The games require no rhythm—nor, for that matter, any traditional dance skills.

8 TRIM NYC (www.trimnyc.com) On a recent trip to New York, feeling a bit inelegant and dreading those expensive SoHo shops, I discovered this Christina Davis roving boutique, which sells emerging designers cheap. Check out their gallery events (I attended one at White Columns), which transform art spaces into fashion boutiques for an evening, or make an appointment to see the showroom, located downtown at a Manhattan Mini-Storage.

Dance Dance Revolution, arcade game, Konami. Photo Doreen Morissey.

Matthew Higgs

Matthew Higgs is associate director of exhibitions at the ICA, London, where he curated “City Racing 1988–1998: A Partial Account.” His multiartist “I Want More . . . and More . . .” is on view at the Temple Bar Gallery in Dublin.

1 **RODNEY GRAHAM** Vancouver-based conceptual fleeing Rodney Graham is in danger of becoming the world’s most interesting artist—a one-man group show whose eclecticism bears ever-stranger fruit. Strangest, perhaps, is *The Bed-Bug, Love Buzz and Other Short Songs in the Popular Idiom* (Dia Center for the Arts, 2000), his recent foray into the world of pop music. Graham’s second full-length CD, *Bed-Bug* features seventeen mostly self-penned stabs at pop’s vernacular forms. (Imagine the Beatles and New Order locked in a recording studio with Serge Gainsbourg at the controls.) None is sweeter than “Put It in a Letter,” a resounding hit in the Higgs household.

2 **MICHEL HUELLEBECQ**, *THE ELEMENTARY PARTICLES* (Knopf, 2000) Ideal summer reading: unremittingly depressing, with little or no light at the end of the tunnel. A fine riposte to the lazy liberalism and bourgeois hedonism of the *soixante-huit-ers*, a generation Michel Houellebecq so rightly despises.

3 **JOY DIVISION** If ever they were to make a film of *The Elementary Particles*, this band’s doom-ridden atmospherics would serve as the perfect sound track. Currently enjoying something of a renaissance among a younger generation of artists, designers, and musicians, Joy Division will take center stage in Michael Winterbottom’s soon-to-be-released *24 Hour Party People*, a fictionalized screen account of the hubris that was the Manchester music scene in the years after punk. Another sign that it’s time to dust off those gray overcoats once again? The widow of deceased vocalist Ian Curtis has just sold the film rights to her moving memoir, *Touching from a Distance* (Faber & Faber, London, 1996).

4 **PETE FRAME’S “ROCK FAMILY TREES”** Something of a legend in British music circles, Pete Frame has been creating his exquisitely rendered and painstakingly researched “Rock Family Trees”—genealogies of bands from earliest inception through inevitable and myriad lineup changes to

present (or final) formations—for over twenty-five years. Originally appearing in the music press and on album sleeves, they’ve more recently been anthologized in a series of books (Omnibus Press, London) and are essential reading for rock pedants everywhere. Crammed with compellingly banal anecdotes, Frame’s lovingly crafted drawings hold their own with any process-oriented conceptual art. Hanne Darboven and On Kawara look light-weight by comparison.

5 **FOLK ARCHIVE** (www.folkarchive.co.uk) British artist Jeremy Deller once announced that if Pop art is about liking things, as Andy Warhol famously declared, then folk art is about loving things. In this spirit, Deller and fellow artist Alan Kane launched the Folk Archive last year at Tate Britain, seeking to rescue the genre from the ethnographic backwaters and present it as a central creative force in British cultural life. An online, virtual collection of contemporary objects and actions made by inspired amateurs, Folk Archive includes documentation of everything from a banner protesting a recent spate of homophobic and racist bombings in Central London to a fairground ride bedecked with garish images of the late Princess Diana.

6 **BILLY CHILDISH** (www.theebillychildish.com) Billy Childish is an inspiration. The former apprentice stonemason from Kent, England, has resisted virtually every stylistic innovation of the last quarter century. As a musician much admired by the likes of Beck, the Beastie Boys, and Kurt Cobain, he’s released over eighty albums of singularly primitive garage rock. As a writer—of brutally maudlin tales in the manner of Fante, Bukowski, and Céline—he’s published thirty-odd volumes of poetry and two novels. As a painter, he is the author of some 2,000 expressionistic works resembling those of his heroes van Gogh and Munch. To accuse Childish of being an anachronism is to miss the point. He’s a boil on the face of fashion—a persistent reminder that everything new is not necessarily interesting.

7 **RICHARD KERN** Richard Kern is, I guess, a pornographer, inasmuch as his work sporadically appears in the pages of such self-explanatorily titled “gentlemen’s magazines” as *Juggs*, *Taboo*, and *Barely Legal*. Yet the label does him a disservice. His most recent book, *Model Release* (Taschen, 2000), is a

case in point that all is not quite what it seems in the world of Kern. His photographic work is ambiguous—oddly so, given that his subjects are invariably naked female models whose teenage looks often belie their actual age. There exists an ordinariness in Kern’s images that is disconcerting and that ultimately undermines any masturbatory potential or intent. Whether his work is art or not is moot: Discuss.

8 **AMERICAN HOMEBODY** (www.american-homebody.com) As a computerless Internet virgin (practically), I remain somewhat suspicious of the Web’s pleasures. Lisa Anne Auerbach’s adorable www.americanhomebody.com, however, gives cause for some optimism. Auerbach, formerly an editor at my favorite transgressive winter-sports journal—the late and lamented *Snowflake*—has created a real-life soap opera that charts the quotidian lives of her friends and neighbors in Los Angeles. Profoundly local, American Homebody celebrates the simple pleasures of domesticity. Its rallying cry: “Stay Home.”

9 **THRIFT STORES IN LAS VEGAS** Forget the Strip. This is where the real action is.

10 **DOUGLAS HUEBLER** In the current rush to rehabilitate all things conceptual, the late Douglas Huebler appears to have been overlooked. His particular brand of tragicomic conceptualism was humanistic to the end. An example to us all. □

Ed Hall, Unison trade union banner, 1999, painted fabric, ca. 48 x 72".
From Folk Archive.

Lisa Ruyter

Lisa Ruyter, a New York–based artist, exhibited most recently at the Galerie Georg Kargl in Vienna. She is currently working on a solo show due to go on view next year at Berlin’s Arndt & Partner.

1 **OLAF BREUNING** Breuning’s sculptures often look like sets for his photographs, which often look like documentation of his sculptures. While creating a highly sophisticated, media-unspecific practice, he skirts kitsch, rearranging pop clichés in a way that disrupts any high/low discussion. This fall, New York’s Metro Pictures will be showing *Apes*, a sculptural installation that debuted at the Kunstverein Freiburg in June. With a low-tech presentation that includes spooky music, smoke machines, dirt, trees, and primates with glowing eyes, *Apes* is wholly lacking in irony. You walk away with a pure moment, a stolen pleasure, an embarrassingly sweet feeling.

2 **JESSICA CRAIG-MARTIN** The formal brutality of Craig-Martin’s flash photography flattens out the deepest space. She might be the photographer Warhol couldn’t be. Shooting people desperate to be seen at parties but with no desire to protect her subjects’ vanity, she opportunistically crops out their primary identifying features—faces, essential body parts. I’m curious to see her work develop now that people know what comes out of her camera. Will the parties change her, or will she change the parties?

3 **MUNTEAN/ROSENBLUM** Known for paintings based on magazine photos of teenagers, this collaborative team also makes sculptural installations that include “performances”—a person leaning against a sculpted car or sitting on a handmade workout bench. Coming upon live props can be unnerving, as if you’d discovered the mannequins in a store window were alive. M/R took me to “The Blue Lagoon,” a group of contractor’s model homes located in a lot near the Vienna IKEA. For their next show at Galerie Georg Kargl, the duo will erect a facade based on one of these houses.

4 **MARY HEILMANN** In the future, when people ask, “What did an abstract painting look like at the end of the twentieth century?” the answer may well be, “Like a Mary Heilmann.”

Her bright, playful abstract canvases never look dated and can handle just about any context. It’s rewarding to see a seasoned pro prove to be hipper than anyone else around.

5 **BRICE DELLSPERGER** Assigning the name *Body Double* to almost everything he does, Dellsperger remakes specific movie scenes (often from Brian De Palma films), replacing the original actors with pierced transvestites via video collage. He has done the museum cruising scene from *Dressed to Kill* twice, setting it once in Euro Disney and once in the Kunstmuseum Wiesbaden. Amplifying the effects of De Palma’s constant doubling, he appropriates the work of the master appropriator. Check out www.bodydoublx.com, a site created for *Body Double (x)*, his recent full-length remake of a popular lowbrow French melodrama from the mid-'70s, in which every role is played by an actor named Jean-Luc Verna. It gets really disorienting, especially when a half-dozen characters are on-screen at once.

6 **KIM SOOJA** Kim makes videos in which she is often at the center of the frame, facing away from the camera, absolutely motionless. This allows us to observe actions around her (and in some cases reactions to her)—a flowing river and reflections of the sky, a rocky landscape under clouds, a busy street. Her work, which sometimes incorporates multiple-channel projections and installations of bright Korean fabrics, provokes a consideration of the displaced self.

7 **RACHEL HARRISON** Harrison forces sculpture and photography to live together, however awkwardly, and in so doing brings up one of the key challenges of modern life: How do we negotiate between physical and depicted space in a world where most lived space also functions as representation or virtual reality? As place becomes more and more generic, her pictures show us a world where human presence defies the empty repetition of mass-market architecture; when she weds her pictures to a physical structure, the match is at once lifeless and exciting—the art equivalent to being stranded in an airport.

8 **LIBRARY OF CONGRESS PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS ONLINE CATALOGUE** (lcweb2.loc.gov/pp/pphome.html) A good place to brush up on seminal American photographers like Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Russell Lee. But there’s much more than Farm Security Administration images here. The most

entertaining way to navigate is to search “all categories/collections” and just type in a few of your favorite things or random words like “dream” or “hair.” The results are fast and fascinating, and the site can put you in touch with the odd idea of being “American.”

9 **LILY VAN DER STOKKER** Straddling those twin conceits—the intimate and the public—van der Stokker’s wall paintings and furniture accompaniments function as performance art rather than objets d’art. Her paintings flaunt bright pastel colors and decorative psychedelic patterns that are unabashedly pleasing, but there’s a conceptual end—a challenge to the role of the artist as pleasure provider—which fits snugly with the decidedly less-than-commercial format of work on walls. Her recent large-scale outdoor commissions, such as *The Pink Building*, created for Hannover’s Expo 2000, take her funky stuff and make it epic.

10 **MITCHELL ALGUS GALLERY** (New York) Algus scours his collection of magazines, catalogues, and textbooks to rediscover artists who, despite having been fundamental to the development of art in the '60s and '70s, weren’t written into the canon because they didn’t fit the categories of the moment. With a season timed to draw comparisons between his artists and current, flashy trendsetters, Algus increasingly attracts well-respected critics and fashionable artists who are willing to acknowledge the amnesia that goes hand in hand with fashion. No other gallery in New York so convincingly undermines received wisdom—and history. □

Olaf Breuning, *Apes*, 2001, mixed media. Installation view, Kunstverein Freiburg.

Marcel Dzama

Marcel Dzama is a Winnipeg-based artist whose work can currently be seen at the Carrara Academy, Bergamo, Italy. McSweeney's Books will publish an edition of his paintings and drawings in 2002.

1 JOCKUM NORDSTRÖM A Swedish artist whose imagery—birds, buildings, sailboats, musical instruments—seems to be culled from innocent moments of everyday life, Jockum Nordström nevertheless partakes in a certain amount of naughtiness. In one drawing, a couple engages in intercourse atop a city building, a floating passerby licks the woman's head, and an oblivious crowd gathers below. The images may sound contradictory, but nothing is out of place. In these rhythmic drawings, rendered in pencil on white paper, I especially love how little ghosts appear when you get up close: Even when Nordström erases a character, it will seem to live on.

2 TOMLAND Three-inch action figures first released in the mid-'70s, Tomland toys are knockoffs of monsters and aliens from films like *Time Machine*, *The Fly*, and *Star Wars*. Although these figures are poorly made overall, their glow-in-the-dark heads and weapons are first-rate. Out of production since 1982, the toys are nearly impossible to find, especially in their original packaging. I'm lucky enough to own the memorably named Ah, Wik, Yog, Grand, and Yick.

3 ACTUAL AIR (Open City Books, 1999) Best known for his band the Silver Jews, David Berman is also a poet. When he sings, it's like he's reciting musings on the world around him, while in his poetry, he seems to draw in an easy, sublime sort of way. I can't help but think that much of *Actual Air* could easily be turned into song. When I first read it, I was on a plane. Having made it to my destination, I now associate a safe flight with the reading of this book.

4 MICHAEL DUMONTIER An artist from Winnipeg and one of the founding members of the Royal Art Lodge, Michael Dumontier makes art from the most primitive materials yet somehow always creates something vital and new. Recently, I watched him build a musical instrument from a tossed-out briefcase, guitar strings, nails, and a toy organ. He and Drue Langlois play these instruments in their band, *Eyeball Hurt* and the *Medicine*. They also make homemade dolls out of felt, each with its own appellation. One named Virgil holds his severed head in the air. His tag reads: "What's done is done."

5 MY NEIGHBOR TOTORO (1988) Great art with a sense of humor is exceptional. Add honesty and you get *My Neighbor Totoro*, a full-length *anime* created by Hayao Miyazaki. This is a story about monsters that are invisible to adults. Not your typical monsters, they go out of their way to help and entertain children. One is a feline who looks suspiciously like the Cheshire Cat from *Alice in Wonderland*; its body is a bus, which it uses to taxi kids around the neighborhood. The title character, a hybrid of an owl and a bear, leads a search party when one child goes missing. Once she's found, Totoro goes back into hibernation until he's needed again.

6 MY BEST FIEND (1999) Klaus Kinski did the loneliest Dracula you'll ever see. He's the reason I started drawing Nosferatu. Werner Herzog's documentary about the actor chronicles their notoriously tumultuous relationship. It's rumored that Herzog wanted to make this film for years but graciously waited until after Kinski's death. One can only imagine how Herzog's alter ego would have reacted to this depiction of him as a raving madman prone to stunts like firing a gun at a tent full of people. But the portrait is complex. One moment, Herzog is ranting about Kinski, the next he's moved beyond words by his brilliance. You sense that Herzog loved Kinski intensely, but never fully understood him.

7 NEEEIILLLLLL HAMMMMBUUURGGERRR! What can I say about "America's Funnyman," Neil Hamburger? Having driven nine hours to see him perform a ten-minute show, I call myself a devotee. One part vaudevillian, two parts genius, Hamburger can't tell a joke to save his life. The by-product of America's penchant for tolerating bad humor, he makes comedy out of the sheer audacity of every comedian who's ever set foot in a divey bar. He's at his best when the crowd actually believes his antics are authentically awkward and unfunny.

8 THE HEART OF THE WORLD (2000) Guy Maddin's five-minute film was made for people with short attention spans like me. The story follows two brothers who are in love with the same woman, Anna. One brother attempts to woo her by adopting a Christ persona. The other becomes a mortician, artfully dressing the faces of the dead. Anna loves them both and cannot choose, though the heart and soul of the world seems to depend on it. Unabashedly Soviet in influence, full of quick cuts, intertitles, and scratchy, skittish energy, this film may be short, but its proportions are epic.

9 THE PHARMACIST'S MATE (McSweeney's Books, 2001) In this deeply moving, loosely autobiographical novella by Amy Fusselman, the narrator struggles with infertility and her father's death. The daughter's words are interspersed with entries from her father's World War II diary. Both voices are genuine and unassuming, and their fusion reads like music.

10 ANTON KARAS I've probably made half my drawings listening to the haunting zither of Anton Karas. I bought the sound track to *The Third Man* for a quarter at a Goodwill shop and have since worn it right through. I love the story of how Orson Welles and Carol Reed heard him play in a bar in Vienna and just knew he was the one to score their film. If you ever see this record, buy it. It's a rare and beautiful find. □

Richard Phillips

Richard Phillips's work is currently on view in "The Contemporary Face: From Pablo Picasso to Alex Katz" at Deichtorhallen Hamburg, Germany.

1 NYFD, NYPD, MAYOR GIULIANI, ET AL. When I sat down to write a Top Ten in the wake of the attacks, it was difficult even to think of how to respond. While so many have expressed their thanks to the rescue workers in the weeks following September 11, I can't help but begin by adding my own.

2 ROCKAWAY BEACH 90 On September 11 the surf at Rockaway Beach was overhead and clean. The sky, too, was perfect—until smoke began to rise over Manhattan. Cut off from all modes of transportation, surfers were in an *Apocalypse Now* moment, caught between trying to reach loved ones in the city and surfing the best waves of the year. Look for artist Drew Hietzler's forthcoming documentary on Beach 90—a haven for the beauty and free expression of the art of surfing right in New York City.

3 BLACK DICE The Williamsburg quartet of Hisham Bharoocha, Bjorn and Eric Copeland, and Aaron Warren has served notice: Creating the soundscape of our as-yet-unheard future, they are *the* source of new sonic power. At over 140 decibels, Eric's vocals lend a wailing human presence to a cacophony of electronic looping and Bjorn's guitar feedback, while Hisham's percussion and Aaron's bass wind out thundering rhythms and delicate textures. Black Dice plays live in New York this fall and is currently recording an album with the famed Detroit industrial/noise band Wolf Eyes.

4 MATTHEW BRANNON Raised on LA death rock and punk 'zine cultures, Brannon now works from New York City in both the high- and low-end production of posters, often collaborating with institutions, artists, curators, and other conceptual persuaders. A recent show curated by Liam Gillick included works modeled after horror-movie posters and inspired by such misanthropes as Throbbing Gristle, the Marquis de Sade, and Joris-Karl Huysmans. Bookmarking a pessimism born of disenfranchisement, Brannon's work functions as a spreadsheet for the economics of delusional self-importance.

Black Dice, left to right: Hisham Bharoocha, Eric Copeland, Aaron Warren. Friedrich Petzel Gallery, September 2001. **Photo:** Ivan Golinko.

5 JOHN CONNELLY PRESENTS Laboratory, studio, launchpad, and project space—J.C.P. exploits the absence of a fixed address and schedule to gain maximum flexibility in exposing up-and-coming New York artists. The November show at Connelly's Chelsea office includes a sexy nude-in-the-landscape painting by Sissel Kardel, a trucker-style "Ride On"—logo mural by Assume Vivid Astro Focus (aka Eli Sudbrack), and Kelley Walker's found computer-generated images and "cropped-from-reality" sculpture.

6 THE ACCURSED SHARE (1967) Georges Bataille's three-volume work on the necessary and willful expenditure of humanity's surplus energy has never been more radically relevant. His observations on "Sacrifices and Wars of the Aztecs" and "The Conquering Society: Islam" are particularly hard-core in our times.

7 JUTTA KOETHER Come February, Koether brings together painting, text, music, and projection in a lo-fi performance piece for the "little theater series" at New York's Tonic. The work, titled "Glow Under," will involve recycled images and misplaced visual media buffered by clashing melodies that ease the digestion of her vocal poetics/theory/manifestos. Koether will also soon debut a project called "need change unseen nightlong really NY interior construction of a mediality of a painting on the 19th"—an exhibition of a series of paintings hung one at a time for a month each, beginning on the nineteenth day of each of six consecutive months. Viewings will be by invitation only.

8 IMITATION OF CHRIST Designers and social engineers Tara Subkoff and Matthew Damhave practice nothing less than a total inversion of fashion-industry standards, necessary for the evolution of clothing from what they call the "white noise of mass production and uniformity." Their recent show—during which celebrities and fashion media were herded down a runway while models of all generations (echoing I.O.C.'s

reclaimed and recycled garments) photographed and took notes on those so eager to be seen—was better than any art exhibition of the year.

9 GANG GANG DANCE VOICE OF THE SPOKEN TONGUE The "calculated noise collective" comprising Liz Bougatsos (formerly of the band Actress), Brian Degraw and Tim Dewit (of Cranium), and Nathan Maddox unleashes improvisatory, near-tribal voices against an erratic and crumbling wall of clashing rhythms. The extreme aural intensity of Gang Gang Dance draws you into an experience of negation from which a humane and harmonic beauty emerges. Their first album is due out early next year.

10 RACHEL FEINSTEIN AND JOHN CURRIN With mutual love and support, these two artists, who live within blocks of ground zero, managed to pick right up in the immediate aftermath of September 11 to prepare for their November shows. The making of art, they say, has become a "dreamlike thing to share with each other." Rachel's first solo exhibition, at Marianne Boesky Gallery in New York, will include an arrangement of "couples"—sculptures inspired by the bestial beauty of the baroque. Of his show at New York's Andrea Rosen Gallery, John says only that it is governed by the idea of "more of what you need at the moment." And what do you need more of? Compassion, love, and art in NYC. □

Left: **Michael Dumontier and Drue Langlois**, *Eyeball Hurt Dolls*, 1999, mixed media, each ca. 7½" high. Right: **Tomland, Wik**, 1979, plastic, ca. 3½" high. Above: **Marcel Dzama** as "Pollo." Costume design: Drue Langlois.

Best of 2001: Film

John Waters

1. **Bully** (Larry Clark) My favorite movie of the year: a dirty true-crime sexploitation picture that dares to be art. Larry Clark invents the “crotch-cam” shot and inspires the most outraged *New York Times* review of the season.
2. **Faithless** (Liv Ullmann) Liv Ullmann channels Ingmar Bergman. See it on acid.
3. **L.I.E.** (Michael Cuesta) A feel-good child molester with a hard-on of gold befriends a confused Long Island teen and his Gacy-bait sidekick.
4. **Mulholland Drive** (David Lynch) Lipstick lesbians never had this much celluloid fun.
5. **Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back** (Kevin Smith) GLAAD was wrong on this one. Jason Mewes can tell me a blow-job joke any day of the week.
6. **Our Lady of the Assassins** (Barbet Schroeder) The perfect boyfriend: He’s young, cute, and kills whoever gets on your nerves.
7. **Lumumba** (Raoul Peck) If the distributor of this stylishly realistic biopic about slain Congolese statesman Patrice Lumumba could afford to send out screening videotapes to Academy members, the film’s star, Eriq Ebouaney, would be a shoo-in for an Oscar nomination.
8. **Hedwig and the Angry Inch** (John Cameron Mitchell) Finally, a new kind of hip-punk-gay musical that makes all the old-fashioned show-tune queens run for the exits.
9. **Chopper** (Andrew Dominik) Eric Bana, as the Australian psycho-murderer who wrote a best-selling autobiography, is as scarily likable as Faye Dunaway was in *Mommie Dearest*.
10. **Fat Girl** (Catherine Breillat) Anaïs Reboux, dressed in puke green, is perfect as the sullen, overweight child-woman who yearns to be desired. She could play a young Divine.

Ian Birnie

1. **Va Savoir** (Jacques Rivette) A luminous comedy of manners that follows six characters in search of an exit—from themselves, their lovers, and their routine. As satisfying as Lubitsch.
2. **Werckmeister Harmonies** (Béla Tarr) Innocence is destroyed in Tarr’s enigmatic and hypnotic survey of human weakness and cruelty, set in a desolate Hungarian village.
3. **My Voyage to Italy** (Martin Scorsese) Only a great director could turn four hours of clips—even from these masterpieces of Italian cinema—into a coherent, compelling drama addressing personal, cultural, and aesthetic concerns.
4. **L’Emploi du temps/Time Out** (Laurent Cantet) The year’s acutest psychological portrait is of an alienated French businessman who goes to abnormal lengths to appear normal.
5. **Be My Star** (Valeska Grisebach) This little Austrian jewel uses non-professionals from a Berlin neighborhood and nails both the yearning and the pain of a young teenage boy’s on-again, off-again relationship with his girlfriend.
6. **La Clénaga** (Lucrecia Martel) By the end of this remarkable debut, fifteen or so characters from two large Argentine families have stopped their bickering and mischief just long enough to reveal a veritable paella of psychological and physical damage.
7. **Together** (Lukas Moodysson) A satirical look at ’70s commune dwellers in Sweden that’s refreshingly free of malice.
8. **Mulholland Drive** (David Lynch) A veteran Lynchaholic, I relished the fetishes, gargoyles, and doubles that tumbled into the garden court of this down-the-rabbit-hole “Hollywood” movie.
9. **Moulin Rouge** (Baz Luhrmann) What can I say? From the moment the CinemaScope curtain opened onto a 3-D Paris, I was hooked.
10. **Dogtown and Z-Boys** (Stacy Peralta) Style is everything in this former Z-Boy’s adrenaline-charged documentary tribute to the birth of vertical skateboarding.

Kent Jones

1. **The Royal Tenenbaums** (Wes Anderson) Some saw repetition and inflation, but I found Anderson’s comic epic about a family of eccentric geniuses, set in a romantically reconfigured Manhattan, every bit as surprising and inventive as *Bottle Rocket* and *Rushmore*.
2. **Mulholland Drive** (David Lynch) Probably the best movie ever made about Hollywood.
3. **Waking Life** (Richard Linklater) A dizzying, oddly moving metaphysical inquiry, a sort of oneiric first cousin to *Slacker*.
4. **Loin** (André Téchiné) A gorgeous tapestry of emotional, sexual, and cultural crosscurrents in modern Tangier.
5. **Jung (War): In the Land of the Mujaheddin** (Alberto Vendemmiati and Fabrizio Lazzarretti) Timeliness aside, this documentary about a hospital set up by an Italian doctor in Afghanistan provides an unflinching look at a people caught up in a never-ending cycle of war.
6. **Sobibor, Oct. 14, 1943, 4 PM** (Claude Lanzmann) The most suspenseful movie of 2001.
7. **The Man Who Wasn’t There** (Joel Coen) I’m not exactly a Coen Brothers fan, but this lustrous, Cain-drenched story about displaced passion and dry cleaning in 1949 Santa Rosa is probably their most emotionally powerful film—with one of the greatest last lines in movie history.
8. **Shallow Hal** (Bobby and Peter Farrelly) A romantic comedy that stares down the ugliest side of American culture and doesn’t blink. It moved me to tears.
9. **Confessions of a Sociopath** (Joe Gibbons) Treating life as an aesthetic inquiry, Gibbons’s hilarious sixty-minute DV/Super-8 “autobiography,” thirty years in the making, is as harrowing as Hawthorne’s “Wakefield.”
10. **Moulin Rouge** (Baz Luhrmann) Most cinephiles despised this glittering pop object. I had a blast—and happily sat through it four times.

Susan Sontag

1. **Werckmeister Harmonies** (Béla Tarr) Tarr continues his magistral collaboration with Hungarian novelist László Krasznahorkai, who wrote *Sátántangó* as well as the source of this film, *The Melancholy of Resistance* (New Directions).
2. **Southern Comfort** (Kate Davis) You’ll never forget this documentary’s wise hero—he animates a brave community of the transgendered in the rural South—who is dying of ovarian cancer.
3. **La Pianiste** (Michael Haneke) Won the best-actor/actress prizes at Cannes but didn’t even make it into the New York Film Festival. Not Haneke’s best film, but Isabelle Huppert is stupendous.
4. **Waking Life** (Richard Linklater) Linklater’s *Candide*. A melancholy youth ambles almost wordlessly through deep America—rendered in dancy graphics—receiving counsel from a parade of uproariously soliloquizing, exquisitely goofy pundits.
5. **Journey to the Sun** (Yesim Ustaoglu, 1999; US release 2001) An important, unaffected film that takes you somewhere you don’t know (Turkey) and makes you feel and think—and care.
6. **The Gleaners and I** (Agnès Varda) A thrilling subject, and Varda’s best film since *Vagabond*.
7. **The River** (Tsai Ming-liang, 1997; US release 2001) Nobody pictures despair—and silence—like this marvelous Taiwanese filmmaker, who uses the same actors, often the same apartment location, in film after film.
8. **Last Resort** (Pawel Pawlikowski) A superb British filmmaker, Pawlikowski is equally gifted in fiction (like this film, about the plight in bleakest England of a young Russian émigré and her son) and in documentary.
9. **Moloch** (Alexander Sokurov, 1999) The greatest contemporary Russian filmmaker explores a day in the life of Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun. (Never released here; I saw it this year in Paris, twice.) Ravishing, weird, insolent.
10. **Intimacy** (Patrice Chéreau) Worth seeing just for the performances. Mark Rylance may be the most gifted English-language actor of his generation.

Guy Maddin

1. **Ghost World** (Terry Zwigoff) This movie harpoons me! The director of *Crumb* adopts Daniel Clowes’s comic book, limning out the hopelessly trapped characters making do in hopeless times—without being mean-spirited. Exquisite agony!
2. **The Blue Bird** (Maurice Tourneur) OK, this silent came out in 1918, but it screened around this year (and it’s on VHS, from Grapevine Video). Maeterlinck’s children’s play is as cruel and strange as anything by Hans Christian Andersen. Happily full of beautiful early homages to Méliès.
3. **A.I. Artificial Intelligence** (Steven Spielberg) The year’s longest love letter to mother. The avalanche of real feeling pushed me through Spielberg’s obnoxious surfaces clear into a place of true desolation, a place without popcorn or Twizzlers.
4. **Hey, Happy!** (Noam Gonick) Blake Edwards’s *The Party* transplanted to the Winnipeg rave scene. Equal parts crystal meth and *Old Yeller*.
5. **FILM(dzama)** (deco dawson) This twenty-minute short started out as a profile of artist Marcel Dzama and ended up a narcotically edited, rapturously degraded film poem.
6. **In Absentia** (Brothers Quay) In the twin animators’ live-action, close-up study of a mad woman furiously scribbling letters to her dead husband, the forlornness of pencil lead is inscribed on our brains to the excruciating drones of Stockhausen.
7. **Fat Girl** (Catherine Breillat) A brutal sexual polemic buried in the Garden of the Deflowered. So savage that I had to watch through splayed fingers.
8. **Dog Days** (Ulrich Seidl) Austrian film recipe is equal parts Vinterberg, Korine, and Tati!
9. **Kandahar** (Mohsen Makhmalbaf) Hope and despair walk together in this Iranian film, which features an unforgettable scene of land-mine victims scabbling toward dozens of prosthetic legs suspended in the sky by tiny parachutes.
10. **Freddy Got Fingered** (Tom Green) Patriotically, I include fellow Canadian Green’s one-note ragefest, if only because he plays that organ with the sausage mobile all roped up to it.

From top, left to right: Noam Gonick. *Hey Happy!*. Alberto Vendemmiati and Fabrizio Lazzarretti. *Jung (War): In the Land of the Mujaheddin*. Maurice Tourneur. *The Blue Bird*. Photo: Photofest. Béla Tarr. *Werckmeister Harmonies*. David Lynch. *Mulholland Drive*. Catherine Breillat. *Fat Girl*. Patrice Chéreau. *Intimacy*. Larry Clark. *Bully*.

Best of 2001: Music

Bob Nickas

- 1. Rodney Graham, *Getting It Together in the Country*** Is this the sound track to the new reality? Recorded two summers ago but lately on my turntable just about all the time, “Nature Has No Purpose,” “Champagne for Everyone,” “This Is the Only Living I’ve Got (Don’t Take It Away from Me),” and a beautifully resigned cover of Dave Mason’s “Feelin’ Alright” got me through the dusty days.
- 2. LILIPUT** A reissue of everything from ’78–’83; an eccentric, electric rush. Never underestimate four bored Swiss girls.
- 3. The Fall, *The Unutterable*** Mark E. Smith stuttering all over the *k* on “Ketamine Sun”—one of life’s guiltier pleasures.
- 4. Shuggie Otis, *Inspiration Information*** The long-lost soul classic, ca. ’74, as fresh as anything ca. now, with “Strawberry Letter 23,” one of the stone-cold pop songs of all time.
- 5. Fantômas, *The Director’s Cut*** Henry Mancini and Bernard Herrmann never sounded as suave . . . or as sinister.
- 6. Dead Meadow, *Howls from the Hills*** Note to Kenneth Anger: more music for *Lucifer Rising*?
- 7. The White Stripes, *White Blood Cells*** “The Union Forever” actually channels *Citizen Kane*: “Well, I’m sorry but I’m not interested in gold mines, oil wells, shipping, or real estate. What would I like to have been? Everything you hate.”
- 8. Black Dice, *Erase Errata*** The new No Wave.
- 9. Lord High Fixers** In a dream, Curtiss Mayfield and Phil Ochs turned the Art Ensemble of Chicago into protest punk, and the LHF were born.
- 10. Bob Dylan, “Things Have Changed”** Performed during the Academy Awards, appropriately enough. Dylan is, after all, the new Brando.

Rachel Greene

- 1. Neu!** The perfect sound track to Richter’s “18. Oktober 1977” cycle. With its mesmerizing oppositional and aimless tracks, this rerelease, from the same fraught world (’70s West Germany) as Baader-Meinhof, encapsulates that culture’s urge to self-define.
- 2. P.J. Harvey, *Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea*** No longer a singing interface to some archetype of a suffering, rejected woman, P.J.’s energy has become less labile, more Patti Smith.
- 3. The Strokes, *Is This It*** Like Vanessa Beecroft’s bored mannequins, the Strokes ooze ennui. I’d imagined them as normal kids who’d discovered the VU. Turns out they’re cosmopolitan Manhattanites. Regardless, songwriter-vocalist Julian Casablancas is a real talent.
- 4. Nirvana, “10th Anniversary Box Set”** Reportedly quashed by scary Cobain estate executrix Courtney Love. One of my generation’s most fragile artists, screwed again.
- 5. Le Tigre, *Feminist Sweepstakes*** A band using music as an entry into feminist consciousness, encouraging us along the way to wear name tags, have fun, and kick some shit.
- 6. Radiohead, *Amnesiac*** Heart-tugging, vague, atmospheric: lullabies that defy analysis.
- 7. Missy Elliott, *Miss E . . . So Addictive*** Unexpected flourishes around sexy lyrics and catchy beats suggest an agenda more cutting-edge and ambitious than meets the eye.
- 8. The Need** (Bowery Ballroom, New York, Apr. 12) They’re years ahead, scoring for hybrids of sci-fi and Grand Guignol I can’t yet visualize.
- 9. Caetano Veloso, *Omaggio a Federico e Giulietta*** An homage to the Fellinis and masterpieces like *Nights of Cabiria*. Nothing chaotic here, just affirmation.
- 10. Chuck D, *Fight the Power: Race, Rap, and Reality*** From ’97, but I just got the book. Today’s hip-hop is conservative, and D’s intelligent narrative of its finer moments inspires.

Dennis Cooper

- 1. Pinback, *Blue Screen Life*** The year’s most enigmatic, impeccable, swoonily beautiful songs.
- 2. Weezer, *The Green Album*** America’s most popular great band brings rock formalism to the masses. Thirty perfect minutes.
- 3. Björk, *Vespertine*** She escapes Lars von Trier and Matthew Barney unscathed.
- 4. Daft Punk, *Discovery*** Intricate, vapid, irresistible, brainy French electro-pop piffle.
- 5. Mouse on Mars, *Idiology*** Electronic music’s creative recession continued this year with a few eccentric exceptions. This was the wackiest.
- 6. Stephen Malkmus, *Stephen Malkmus*** Even wiser words and music from Pavement’s brilliant crusader for and against irony.
- 7. Sigur Rós, *Ágaetis Byrjun*** Weirdly charismatic, progressive rock–inflected borderline sonic tedium.
- 8. DJ Screw & the Screwed-up Click *Soldiers United for Cash*** Posthumous CD of erratic slo-mo hip-hop celebrating the effects of cough syrup by a Houston DJ who allegedly died from an overdose of same.
- 9. The White Stripes, *White Blood Cells*** Suspiciously stylish but sincere brother-and-sister act (or divorced couple, depending on the interview) out of Detroit. Sparse, impassioned, quasi-gimmicky blues rock.
- 10. Autechre, *Confield*** Music so cold and abstract it makes Carl Andre seem like Kiki Smith.

Ben Ratliff

- 1. John Lewis** (Alice Tully Hall, New York, Jan. 18) How inept we seem to have been in not recognizing his swing and sensuality, and what a way to go out, with an almost perfect live retrospective only sixty days before this jazz master’s death.
- 2. Carlinhos Brown and Timbalada** (Salvador da Bahía, Brazil, Feb. 25) When Brown let loose with the heavy, dense James Brown funk, the crowd froze. When he played this year’s Carnaval hit, a cheery cha-cha-cha, the crowd exploded.
- 3. Pantera** (Hammerstein Ballroom, New York, Mar. 9) Still impressively hard and loud and direct in their eleventh year.
- 4. Mark Morris Dance Group** (Brooklyn Academy of Music, Mar. 15) Consummately American, mixing classical moves with Motown choreography.
- 5. Nação Zumbi** (Abril Pro Rock, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil, Apr. 20) When the rap-metal thrashing switched over to the *ciranda* rhythm, the 7,000 teenagers on hand broke up their freestyle mosh circles and switched to *ciranda* circles.
- 6. Joe Lovano Quintet** (Village Vanguard, New York, May 29) Working with the idea of a trio, but leading five musicians on stage, Lovano enabled players to jump in and jump out of the music.
- 7. Wayne Shorter Quartet** (Avery Fisher Hall, New York, June 28) Shorter is jazz’s last god, and the band sounds like they’re on a holy mission.
- 8. Ozzfest** (PNC Bank Arts Center, Holmdel, NJ, Aug. 11) “THROW SOME DIRT!” yelled the singer from Papa Roach. A few minutes later it was raining sod. Stupid. Give me goth kids over metal jocks any day.
- 9. Jason Moran Trio** (Iridium, New York, Oct. 9) Finally, a young jazz pianist who is recognizably of his generation, with a creative, fractious mind that hasn’t been frozen by fealty to Hancock and Tyner.
- 10. N.E.R.D., *In Search Of*** (www.n-e-r-d.com) Funnier than the Beastie Boys, stupider than Jay-Z, and a real album-*qua*-album, full of scorn and funk, pop knowledge, and weird left turns.

D. Strauss

- 1. Boredoms, *Vision Creation Newsun*** Japanese Dadaists break from po-mo gamesmanship, embracing pure emotional power, with enough noise that you can’t march to it.
- 2. Free Dirty: *Best of Ol’ Dirty Bastard*** Serving a six-year prison sentence for smoking crack while wearing a bulletproof vest. OJ he ain’t.
- 3. Angus Maclaurin, *Glass Music*** Speaking of crack, this was recorded on the glass armonica, invented by Ben Franklin, who also, sadly, discovered electricity and created the post office.
- 4. Russell Gunn, *Ethnomusicology, Vol. 2*** Iffy musically, but a primo album cover bamboozling Gunn as a blackface marionette strung in front of an American flag. Who says identity politics is dead?
- 5. “Get Ur Freak On” Remix** Most Inappropriate Musical Moment: Missy Elliott allowed hyper-bland Nelly Furtado to attempt a Jamaican patois, culminating in her “meep-meeping” like the Road Runner.
- 6. Resurrection—*The Amplified Bible of Heavenly Grooves*** Hippie Born-Agains from the turn of the ’70s and their attempts at getting Christ hip to the times.
- 7. The Moldy Peaches** Former indie-rock devotees document their fall from the flock with transcendental mawkishness.
- 8. N.E.R.D., *In Search Of*** Hubris award for pulling their album after a week to rerecord it with live instruments, like a couple of Francis Ford Coppolas. Apocalypse now!
- 9. The Langley Schools Music Project, *Innocence & Despair*** Grade-school kids from the ’70s singing and playing Bowie and McCartney—timeless melodies run delightfully ragged, pulled into line by the friendly fascism of the hairy music teacher.
- 10. Ted Shred, *Hip-Hop vs. It All*** Megamixes inappropriate figureheads onto the same geopolitical map—Puffy v. Night Ranger, Peter Gabriel v. Biggie Smalls, CCR v. poor ol’ ODB. Can’t we all just get along? Answers forthcoming.

From top, left to right:
Joe Lovano. Photo: Tom LeGoff. LILIPUT.
Pinback. Le Tigre. Neu.
Boredoms. Mouse on Mars. Photo: Rosa Barba.
The Moldy Peaches

Best of 2001

A SPECIAL ISSUE

Over the next twenty pages, ten *Artforum* contributors remember the high points of the past year.

Franz Gertsch,
At Luciano's House,
1973, acrylic on
canvas, 8' x 11' 8".

- 92 Vince Aletti
- 94 Kate Bush
- 96 Lisa Liebmann
- 98 Daniel Birnbaum
- 100 Robert Rosenblum
- 102 Philip Nobel
- 104 Bruce Hainley
- 106 James Meyer
- 108 Katy Siegel
- 110 David Rimanelli

Vince Aletti

Vince Aletti, art editor and photography critic of the *Village Voice*, contributed fifty essays to *The Book of 101 Books: Seminal Photographic Books of the Twentieth Century* (Roth Horowitz/D.A.P., 2001).

1. **Philip-Lorca diCorcia**, *Head #23, 2000*, color photograph, 48 x 60".
2. **Andreas Gursky**, *Untitled 3, 1996*, color photograph, 53½ x 89".
3. **Jeff Mermelstein**, *September 11th 2001*, color photograph.
4. **Barry McGee, Stephen Powers, and Todd James**, *Street Market, 2000*, mixed media. Installation view, Deitch Projects, 2000.
5. **Giuseppe Penone**, *Albero di cinque metri (Tree five meters long), 1969–70*, spruce, 16' 2¼" x 7" x 3¾".
6. **David Goldblatt**, *Women in the backyard of 39 Soper Road, Hillbrow, May 1972*, black-and-white photograph.
7. **Dave Heath**, *Jeanine (Bonny Vega), 7 Arts Coffee Gallery, New York City, ca. 1957–60*, black-and-white photograph, 7 x 9¾".
8. **Irving Penn**, *untitled, 2001*. *Vogue*, July 2001. Condé Nast Publications.
9. **Photographer unknown**, *subjects unknown, ca. 1870*, black-and-white photograph, 6½ x 4".
10. **Hiroshi Sugimoto**, *Napoleon Bonaparte, 1999*, black-and-white photograph, 58½ x 47".

1 Philip-Lorca diCorcia

(PaceWildenstein, New York) Because the subjects of diCorcia's larger-than-life head shots are unaware that their pictures are being taken, they exist in a weird state of grace. Hyperalert urban radar temporarily down, these pedestrians look touchingly vulnerable: alone and adrift. The photographer "cringes" at the idea that his work is humanistic and insists he's "not the slightest bit sympathetic" toward his subjects, yet he never thwarts our sympathy for them. DiCorcia's people are ordinary citizens of the twenty-first century, and that's exactly why they're so compelling right now. After September 11, Manhattan was flooded with posters of the "missing," and diCorcia's anonymous New Yorkers suddenly had a host of companions whose ghostly presence grounded the show in grief and tenderness.

2 Andreas Gursky

(Museum of Modern Art, New York) Even if you hate the all-but-irresistible temptation that Gursky's massive scale offers to other ambitious photographers, you've got to admire what he accomplishes with it. Like Warhol, he has a nearly unerring ability to turn the dumb document—a picture of a river, a racetrack, a dirt road, an industrial carpet—into something momentous, even marvelous. Forget digital erasure and computer enhancement: This is your life. Get used to it.

3 The New Photojournalism/ "Here Is New York"

(116 Prince Street, New York) Admittedly, Gursky doesn't look quite so authoritative since the attack on the World Trade Center, when photographers like Gilles Peress, James Nachtwey, and Susan Meiselas brought the devastation home. These artists, and photographers like Jeff Mermelstein and Joel Meyerowitz who straddle the gap between reportage and art, made pictures of this blasted new world that were among the most indelible images of the year. They looked shockingly beautiful in magazines but even more powerful displayed anonymously alongside pictures by countless other professionals and amateurs at this show in an empty SoHo storefront—a model of immediacy and accessibility.

4 Street Market

(Venice Biennale) Venice was short on excitement this year, but at the end of the Arsenale's mind-numbing video arcade, Barry McGee, Stephen Powers, and Todd James—whose East Coast–West Coast collaboration brings the postgraffiti aesthetic into sharper focus—threw a wild party they called *Street Market*. Their overturned trucks, grungy storefronts, and overlapping wall drawings made a big impression at Deitch Projects last fall, but in Venice this sprawling installation felt like the real American Pavilion: funky, witty, audacious, and a little dangerous.

5 "Zero to Infinity: Arte Povera 1962–1972"

(Tate Modern, London) This elegantly installed, smartly timed show was the place to be for funk of a more refined sort: Call it dirty minimalism or conceptualism with a human face. *Arte povera's* back-to-basics use of raw materials—Alighiero Boetti's wooden sticks, Luciano Fabro's crumpled lead, Giuseppe Penone's paraffin, Jannis Kounellis's coal, wool, and rocks—was as playful as it was brainy, and the radical simplicity of many of the pieces seemed more avant-garde than ever. Against all odds, the work has retained its revolutionary zeal, its spirit of spontaneity, and its capacity to startle and delight. Bonus: one of the year's best-designed catalogues.

6 David Goldblatt

(AXA Gallery, New York) Perhaps because so little of his work has been seen in America, this South African photographer's fifty-one-year retrospective had the power of revelation. At once evenhanded and complex, Goldblatt's pictures touch on every aspect of South African society with remarkable clarity and understanding. His style is wonderfully flexible—recalling Diane Arbus, Robert Frank, Leon Levinstein—but always tough, alert, and emotionally engaged; though he exposes the mundane brutality of the apartheid system, Goldblatt allows its architects and its victims the same righteous dignity.

7 Dave Heath

(Howard Greenberg Gallery, New York) Originally published in 1965, Heath's *A Dialogue with Solitude* was a counterculture

Family of Man—a dark, despairing exploration of what the photographer couldn't help but call "the human condition." Although Heath's unabashed earnestness dates the work, his pictures combine genuine anguish with a fierce yearning for connection. Greenberg's show coincided with the book's reissue, signaling a tentative revival of sincerity that by year's end was more alarming than refreshing.

8 Irving Penn in Vogue

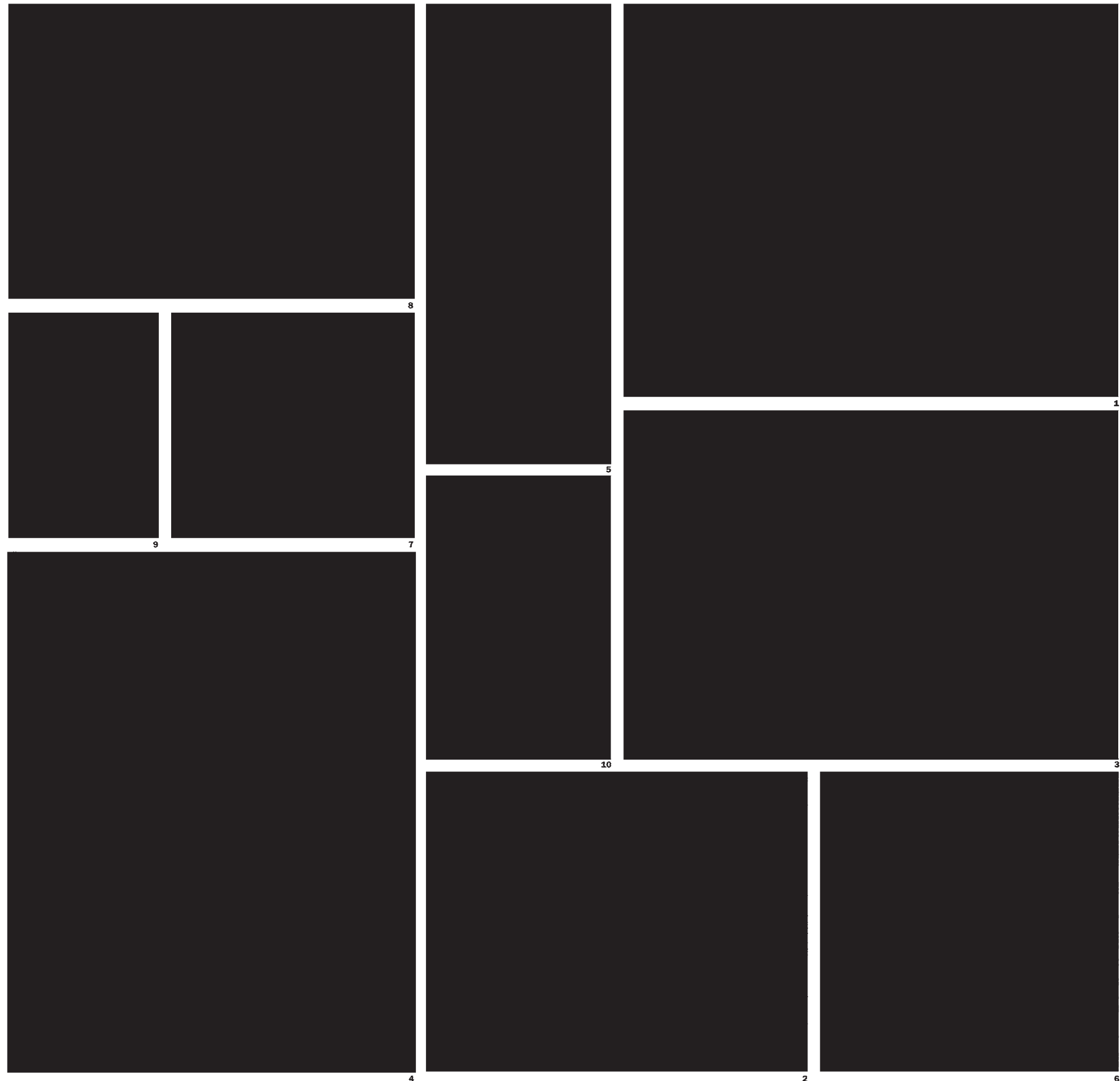
In September, the eighty-four-year-old Penn put out a book of his still lifes, recapitulating sixty years of flawless disarray. But regular readers of *Vogue* didn't need to be reminded of the master's touch. In a year when fashion photography seemed to be at a virtual standstill, Penn's pictures of food, clothes, and beauty products were touchstones of inventiveness and verve. October's scattering of sweets, June's meatlike makeup mask, July's frighteningly bloodshot eye—when it comes to turning out a reliably brilliant magazine page, Penn has no competition.

9 "Dear Friends"

(International Center of Photography, New York) David Deitcher found a context for primarily nineteenth-century formal portraits of men holding hands, linking legs, or otherwise affectionately intertwined that went beyond the rigors of queer theory to get at something more subtle and elusive. The sheer number of examples might persuade us that homosexuality was once openly celebrated in America, but even if these photos commemorated nothing more than sweet camaraderie, their rescue from obscurity—and their lovely installation at ICP—was welcome.

10 Hiroshi Sugimoto

(Sonnabend, New York) Like Gursky, Sugimoto makes scale work for him, and his virtually life-size images of wax-museum statuary force us to confront the uncanny eye to eye. The Guggenheim SoHo's installation was deadening, but at Sonnabend the work came to life, its layers of illusion alternately seductive and repellent, ripe and rotten. | |



Kate Bush



Kate Bush, a London-based art critic, is senior programmer at the Photographers' Gallery.

1. **Jeremy Deller, *The Battle of Orgreave*, 2001**, performance still, Yorkshire, England. 2. **Nicolas Roeg, *Don't Look Now*, 1973**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 110 minutes. John Baxter (Donald Sutherland) and Laura Baxter (Julie Christie). 3. **Thomas Hirschhorn, *Laundrette*, 2001**, mixed media. Installation view, Stephen Friedman Gallery, London. 4. **Hans Bellmer, maquette for *Les Jeux de la poupée (Games of the doll)*, 1935–38**, hand-tinted black-and-white photograph, 2 x 2 1/2". 5. **Juan Muñoz, *Double Bind*, 2001**, mixed media. Installation view, Tate Modern, London. 6. From left: **Karlheinz Weinberger, *St. Petersinsel*, 1963**, color photograph. **Karlheinz Weinberger, *Zurich*, 1961**, color photograph. 7. **Haruki Murakami, *Norwegian Wood*** (Harvill Press, 2000), 8 & 9. From top: **Sislej Xhafa, *Stock Exchange*, 2000**, still from a color video, 3 minutes 20 seconds. **Anri Sala, *Uomoduomo*, 2000**, still from a color video, 1 minute. 10. **Pierre Huyghe, *Les Grands ensembles*, 1993–2001**, stills from a color video, 8 minutes.

1 **Jeremy Deller, *The Battle of Orgreave*** The award for Art Event of the Year must go to this epic re-creation. On June 18, 1984, at the height of Thatcherism, the quiet South Yorkshire village of Orgreave was the scene of a particularly violent confrontation in a long and painful miners' strike. This summer, Deller (and producer Artangel) assembled a group of amateur reenactors and restaged the pitched battle between police and picketers, complete with cavalry charges, flying missiles, howling ambulances, and bloodied faces. As political performance—*cum*—living history painting, Deller's *Battle of Orgreave* constituted a new kind of artistic hybrid. Watch for Mike Figgis's documentary of the project, which premiered at the London Film Festival last month.

2 **Nicolas Roeg, *Don't Look Now*** Essential preparatory viewing for any trip to the great necropolis that is Venice. A new print of Roeg's 1973 masterpiece was released in March, in plenty of time for the biannual art pilgrimage (and, as it turned out, infinitely more satisfying). The film has it all: most beautiful heroine, most vertically challenged villain, sexiest sex scene, and the most horrible ending in the history of cinema. A couple trying to come to terms with the drowning of their young daughter visits a bleak, wintry Venice where he (Donald Sutherland) is overseeing both the restoration of a crumbling church and the psychological disintegration of his wife (Julie Christie). It's a ghost story of sorts, but mostly a meditation on death and renewal, which, set in the city of mirrors and masks, trembles with symbolic possibility.

3 **Thomas Hirschhorn** It's not easy to make art about injustice, but Hirschhorn does it with increasing conviction. The Swiss artist was awarded the Prix Marcel Duchamp for *Pôle-Self* at the Pompidou this year; a smaller project, *Laundrette*, at Stephen Friedman Gallery, London, affirmed his place as contemporary art's most passionate provocateur. He transplanted a scuzzy laundromat—perfectly observed, with a nasty plastic floor, lurid lighting, chained furniture, and abandoned reading matter—to a storefront in London's salubrious W1 district. Inside the

washing machines revolved footage of stomach-churning atrocities taken from war zones around the world. There was nothing subtle about *Laundrette*'s correlation of public hygiene and ethnic cleansing. But Hirschhorn's distinctive nonaesthetic—based on rickety form, cheap materials, and a blizzard of images and words—is powered by a sense of urgency and incomprehension in the face of catastrophe that leaves us, under his unforgiving neon, nowhere to hide.

4 **"Behind Closed Doors: The Art of Hans Bellmer"** (International Center of Photography, New York) In this assiduously researched exhibition, Therese Lichtenstein presented the case that mannequin-meister Bellmer was neither a deviant pedophile nor an unlikely protofeminist but a gender revolutionary out to undermine the sociosexual regime of the Third Reich. The only thing missing from this fine show was an account of the mysterious artist Unica Zürn, Bellmer's companion and muse, who, trussed up like a parcel, was the subject of his darkest pornography.

5 **Juan Muñoz, *Double Bind*** I've never been much taken with Muñoz's whimsical figures, which seem overly nostalgic for an earlier age of Spanish art, but this magisterial installation at Tate Modern confirmed how his convoluted imagination could command the most daunting architectural space. Looked up at and down at, but never simply across at, *Double Bind* wore its trompe l'oeil tricks lightly and pirouetted so gracefully on a lateral sculptural axis that you forgot just how big it was. Muñoz created a hovering purgatory inhabited by colorless men, a world suspended in midair, perfectly still save for two empty elevators trundling up and down for eternity. The artist's untimely death in August only heightened the pathos, and the eschatology, of this final work.

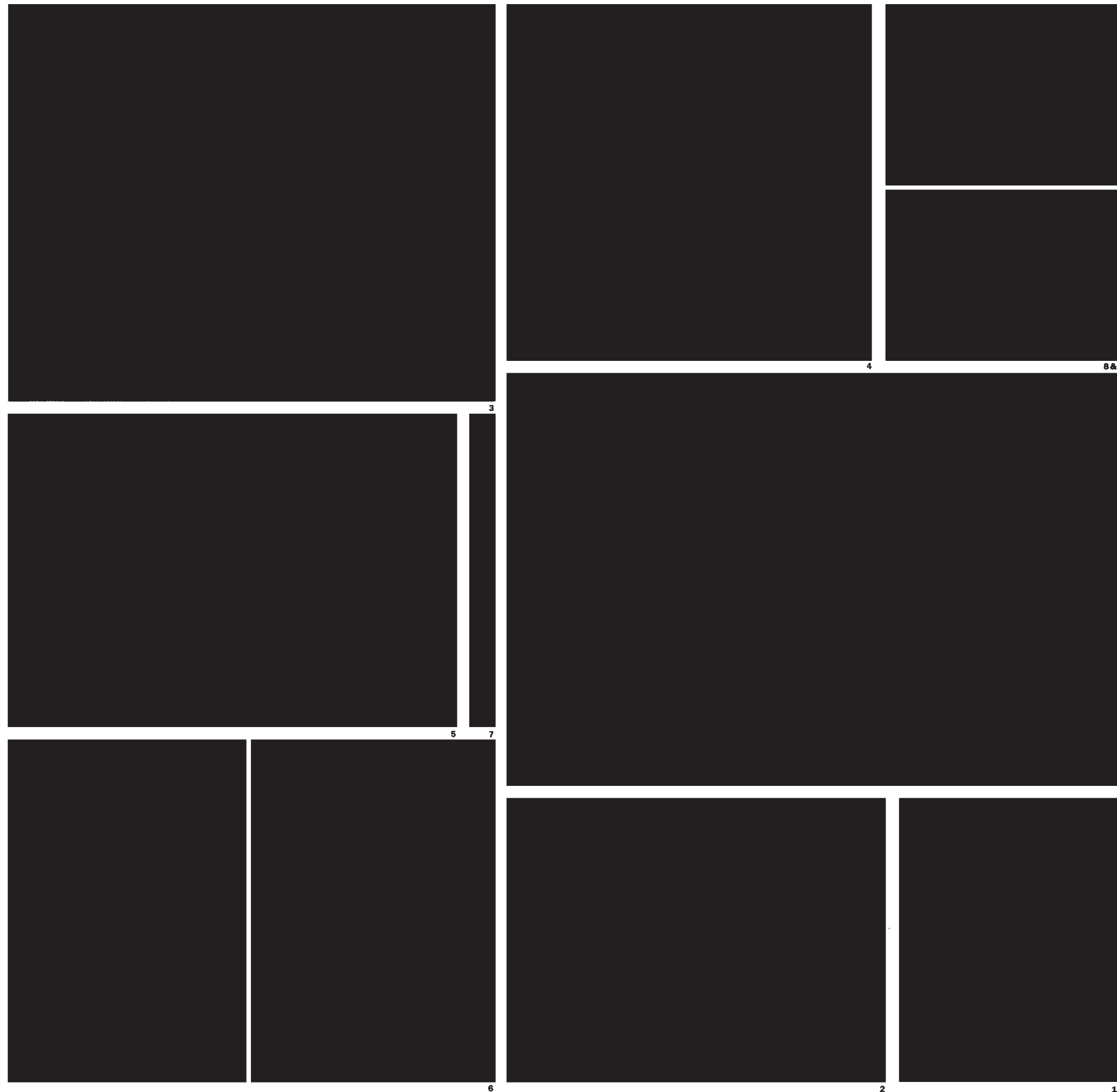
6 **Karlheinz Weinberger: *Photos 1954–1995*** (Andreas Züst Verlag, 2000) A hugely enjoyable book released at the end of last year by the octogenarian Swiss photographer, who started out in the late '50s documenting a coterie of Zurich teen rebels known as *Die*

Verlausten (the Lice-Infested Ones) and stayed with them as they graduated from mopeds and Elvis to motorbikes and a peculiarly Alpine version of the Hell's Angels. What with their teasy-weasy hair, horned helmets, furry accessories, and jeans strained shut with extravagant ironmongery, this could be the '60s BC rather than AD. A Teutonic tribe worthy of Tacitus's Germania: Think James Dean meets Tom of Finland meets Attila the Hun, and then say Switzerland is boring.

7 **Haruki Murakami, *Norwegian Wood* and *Sputnik Sweetheart*** (Harvill Press, 2000; Knopf, 2001) No one writes like Haruki Murakami. His style is as lean and fresh as sushi. Often baffling, always moving, the novels wash over you slowly and then send you swirling for days in their subterranean currents. It's the juxtaposition of the mundane and the insane that makes Murakami inimitable. Like all his novels, *Norwegian Wood* and *Sputnik Sweetheart* are narrated by very ordinary men who meet strange girls with even stranger problems; they're metaphysical love stories, full of suppressed desire and injured but hopeful characters who struggle to make connections with one another.

8 & 9 **Sislej Xhafa and Anri Sala** Out of the Balkan diaspora came two young Albanians who brought intense artistry to bear on contemporary Europe's most vital problems: the traumatizing effects of war and the forced migration of peoples. Anri Sala's poetic docudramas and Sislej Xhafa's trenchant public interventions gave compelling artistic shape to the experiences of a dislocated continent.

10 **Pierre Huyghe, Venice Biennale** In the face-off between German expressionism and French classicism in the Giardini, my vote went to Pierre Huyghe's elegant fusion of architecture, design, animation, and electronic media in the French Pavilion. The ensemble of discreetly synchronized works was as light or as heavy, as conceptual or as spectacular as you wanted to make it—a *Gesamtkunstwerk* for the twenty-first century. □



Lisa Liebmann

Paris-based writer Lisa Liebmann has contributed to *Artforum* since the early 1980s.

1. **Northern Alliance troops crossing the Kokcha River by raft.** *New York Times*, October 30, 2001. Photo: Vasily Fedosenko/Reuters/Getty Images.
2. **Luc Tuymans, *Leopoldville*, 2000**, oil on canvas, 21 1/2 x 33 3/4".
3. **Shirin Neshat, *Possessed*, 2001**, production still from a black-and-white video, 9 minutes 30 seconds.
5. Clockwise from top left: **Wayne Koestenbaum, *Andy Warhol*** (Penguin Lives/Viking, 2001). **Deborah Kass, *Camouflage Self-Portrait*, 1994**, screenprint and acrylic on canvas, 70 x 70". **Vincent Fremont and Shelly Dunn Fremont, *Pie in the Sky: The Brigid Berlin Story*, 2000**, stills from a color film in 35 mm, 75 minutes.
6. **Alfred Hitchcock, 1963**. Photo: Philippe Halsman/Magnum.
7. **Giuseppe Pellizza da Volpedo, *The Fourth Estate*, 1901**, oil on canvas, 9' 3" x 18' 1/2".
8. **Rachel Whiteread, *Monument*, 2001**, acrylic resin, 14' 9" x 16' 9" x 11".
9. **Tim Gardner, *Untitled (S, Sto & Mitch: Daytona)*, 2001**, watercolor on board, 11 1/2 x 8 1/2".
10. **Lucinda Devlin, *Lethal Injection Chamber, Stateville Correctional Center, Joliet, Illinois*, 1991**, color photograph, 51 1/2 x 70 1/2".

New York Times Photo Editing Beginning with local shots on September 12 and moving on to Afghanistan, with a steady succession of scenes involving soldiers of the Northern Alliance, refugees at the Pakistani border, and children in harsh surroundings, dire circumstances, and brilliant clothes, the *New York Times's* images have been packing the dramatic and chromatic punch of paintings by Delacroix. Needless to say, many photojournalists deserve individual praise, but my year-end kudos goes to the paper's photo editors and printers, whose decisions concerning scale, tone, and placement have served photographers and readers, as well as the ideals of empathy and reason, with fidelity and an eye.

Luc Tuymans (Belgian Pavilion, Venice Biennale) With a group of paintings addressing his government's legacy in the Congo—the most purely craven colonial enterprise in modern European history—Tuymans transcended his 1997 *beau moment* at MOMA. Whistlerian in their finesse and faintness, focused on both the ceremonial and the quotidian—a royal leopard skin and a red fez, a man peering out the window of a Third World International Style facade—these works support a lot of queasy cargo. They are based on journalistic images from the '50s and '60s, when Belgium was setting about its business of undermining Congolese independence by engineering (and covering up) the assassination of Patrice Lumumba. An epilogue, pained and luminous, to Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

Shirin Neshat (Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York) Neshat's films, in all their rhythmic urgency, live smack in the eye of the global storm. It has become impossible to rid one's mind of them. There have been signs of impending *Koyaanisqatsi*-ness: Her recent collaboration with Philip Glass seems to morph into a fifteen-year-old British Airways commercial every now and again. Still, she's a maestro of mood and imagery and a talented director of actors. Shohreh Aghdashloo, as the crazed woman in *Possessed*, is an Anna Magnani for this epoch.

Judith Linhares (Edward Thorp Gallery, New York) At last! A satisfying show of recent paintings by this fantastic artist. The flowers in some of those small, intense and awkward, almost animistic still lifes seemed to be sucking the water up from their vases before one's eyes.

A Warholian Trifecta We seem to be living in, among other things, Andy's afterlife. Three Warholian enterprises last year (well, four, if you include the brouhaha surrounding the Fred Hughes memorial and estate sale) have variously reframed the work he made, the life he led, and the one he's left us with: (a) Deborah Kass (Blaffer Gallery, Houston, TX). Kass is a vigorous, unsubtle artist who over the years has occasionally switched her brand of artillery, but has always stuck to her guns. For the better part of the last decade, she's been appropriating AW's image gestalt, minus the off-register printing effects, in the spirit of both homage and polyvalent polemical correction—thus Barbra Streisand as “The Jewish Jackie,” Cindy Sherman in the manner of a Liza portrait; Gertrude Stein as a “Mao,” and the artist herself as you-know-who in his Marilyn/Candy-wig demidrag. (b) *Pie in the Sky: The Brigid Berlin Story*. It's safe to suggest that Vincent Fremont and Shelly Dunn Fremont exercised considerable patience in portraying their intelligent, obsessive-compulsive, pug-loving, but otherwise often rather hateful subject. Now in her sixties, the Factory's former Big Girl is thin, more or less, in a flinty, the-hell-with-it way, and rarely ventures from the Upper East Side. The emotional climax of the film takes place outside the Chelsea Hotel, where she is overcome by anxiety and refuses to enter. (c) *Andy Warhol*. Wayne Koestenbaum, as usual, is inspired—especially on the subject of AW's films, which he rightly exalts to the upper reaches of the canon. He's exhausting, too, with his dazzling but relentless, psychosemantical associations. Still, how not to love someone who, in discussing the master's dead cat, Hester, writes: “Pussy Heaven—an insensitive, jocular phrase—sounds like misogynist slang for a brothel or harem, where homo Andy would hardly have felt at ease. Thus when he says ‘pussy heaven’—with a mocking, faux-naive pretense that the

word ‘pussy’ refers only to cats and not to vaginas or effeminate men—he projects an afterlife in which Julia Warhola and their beloved kitties survive, a locale of keen emotion, where there is no need for Pop, the anesthetic for death-by-spaying.”

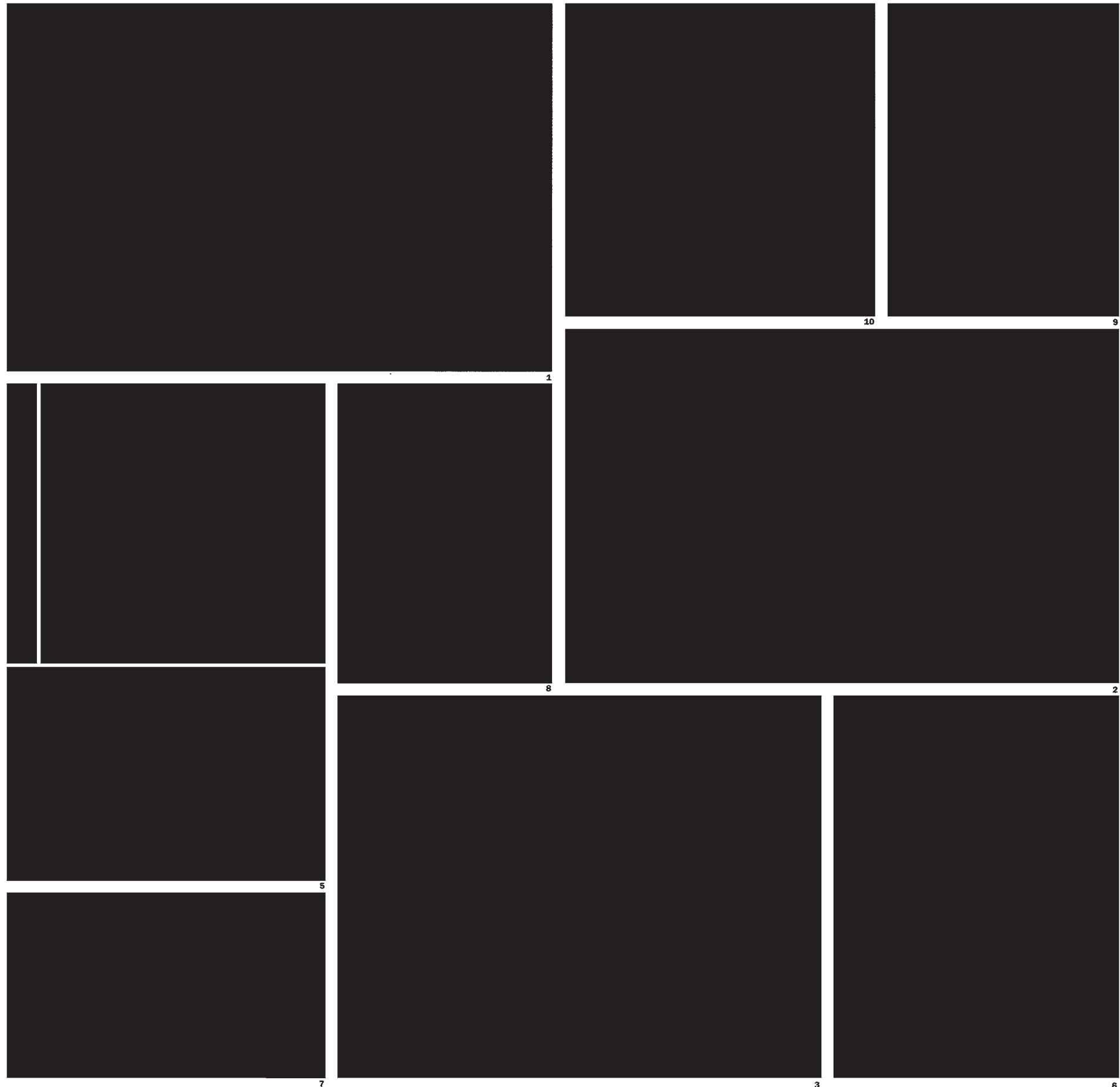
“Alfred Hitchcock et l'art: coïncidences fatales” (Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris) A foyer full of the famous fetishes (the binoculars from *Rear Window*, etc.) encased and lit as jewels led to a show involving all mediums and just about every conceivable aspect of its prismatic theme—even religion (Hitchcock and Rouault!). Particularly good on *The Lodger: A Story of the London Fog* (1926) and related, little-known artworks from the 1920s, this was a sprawling, hugely entertaining exhibition, curated by Dominique Païni and the ever-canny and resourceful Guy Cogeval.

“Italie 1880–1910” (Musée d'Orsay, Paris) An eye-popping array of wonderful, esoteric, and regional stuff. Highlights included a trove of small sculptures by the underestimated Paolo Troubetzkoy, a very large, multifaceted head by the totally weird protofascist Adolfo Wildt, and an enormous painted scene of a peasant rebellion, by Pellizza da Volpedo, which Bertolucci lifted for the closing shot of *1900*.

Rachel Whiteread (Trafalgar Square and the Serpentine Gallery, London) Elegant, elegiac, weather-sensitive in their translucence—hers are the best grand-manner public sculptures around. Indoors, those old mattresses, cast in wax, looked surprisingly fresh.

Tim Gardner (303 Gallery, New York) A beautiful show of small, expertly rendered watercolors on a hip and gently twisted branch of the Winslow Homeric tradition, of (mostly) guys fishing, camping, or hanging out.

Lucinda Devlin (“Plateau of Humankind,” Venice Biennale) Exquisitely banal death chambers: a photographic indictment. □





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Daniel Birnbaum

1 Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster

New pieces this year by the French artist underline her unique sense of atmospheric space—whether urban, cinematic, or architectonic. She moves deftly between genres, always conveying an unmistakable mix of ambience and light melancholy. Taking leave of the world of galleries and museums to put in an appearance at the Cannes film festival, she showed two new works. This year she also debuted her movie *Plages*, shot in Rio de Janeiro, which documents an enormous public artwork, the several-miles-long “drawing” by Roberto Burle-Marx on the sidewalk along the Copacabana. The strange imagery—partying throngs on the beach, fireworks, and heavy rain—reminds me first of Andreas Gursky, then Turner. Gonzalez-Foerster completed her first major public work in September at the Bonne-Nouvelle Métro station in Paris. With subtle materials (various forms of theatrical lighting, a monitor here and there) she transformed a subterranean piece of architecture into a giant cinematic fantasy. The platforms, with rows of lurid spherical lamps, are pure joy. It’s like a small-town amusement park. Who cares if the train is a few hours late?

2 Frankfurt and Beans

After a year in the city on the Main and several heaping helpings of artist Thomas Bayrle’s risotto, I now know Frankfurt’s true contribution to contemporary art: food. Austrian artist Peter Kubelka’s two-course meal of film and experimental cooking established a Frankfurt Städelschule food-as-art (or art-as-food?) tradition, which lives on not only in the school’s regular seminar-*cum-cookoff* but in the wider art community as well. This year’s Cook’s tour: Sebastian Stöhrer’s Cockery Workshop on the fine art of producing Swabian noodles, at the Kokerei Zollverein in the city of Essen; and Hocine Bouhlou’s daily sensations at the Städel cafeteria, like the astonishing *wildschwein* I am digesting as I put pen to paper.

3 Olafur Eliasson, “Surroundings Surrounded”

(Zentrums für Kunst und Medientechnologie, Karlsruhe, Germany) The whole is greater than the sum of its parts. I knew many of the works, but the overall effect of these

meditations on perception, science, and nature somehow amplifies the significance of the artist’s individual interventions, which, as we know, sometimes verge on the invisible.

4 Luc Tuymans

(Venice Biennale) What makes Tuymans’s rather modest form of image-making so forceful and effective, I honestly can’t say. What I can say is that the Belgian painter’s fuzzy canvases have a severe impact. In Tuymans’s hands, the simplest of means—oil on canvas—becomes a weapon. *Lumumba*, his portrait of the Democratic Republic of the Congo’s first prime minister—assassinated in 1961, a year after the former Belgian colony’s independence—forms the center of this ruthless one-man interrogation. A welcome contribution to the anachronistically nationalist art event.

5 Carsten Höller, Light Corner

(Schipper & Krome, Berlin) The Germany-based artist’s aggressive and hallucinatory wall of blinking light bulbs not only produced a shock of luminosity so forceful that viewers had to shield their eyes; it also radiated incredible waves of heat. The force of the pulse itself produced perceptual effects I still can’t explain. That some of the lamps nearby were rigged to mysteriously blink on and off seems clear, but how come streetlights miles away suddenly seemed to flicker? Maybe my brain has been permanently altered.

6 Yayoi Kusama

The simple mirror ball, adequately displayed, opens unknown universes of distorted perspective. Installed in my tiny apartment, the artist’s recent edition makes everything look not only larger but also baffling. Thanks to Kusama I now live in a state of anamorphosis. And all for a mere twenty bucks.

7 Maurizio Cattelan

Normally one can’t miss a work by the Italian artist—the pope flattened by a meteorite, a little version of Adolf Hitler praying in an otherwise empty kunsthalle. But the piece he realized for the Yokohama Triennale was hidden next to a bank of elevators that visitors had no reason to use. A lilliputian replica of the real thing, complete with automatic

doors, sound system, and so on, it was the most playful thing around. Pushing the tiny button over and over again, I couldn’t help hoping for a Mini-Me Maurizio to appear next time the doors opened.

8 Jonas Dahlberg

In the artist’s smart video installations and architectural models, elevators travel upward without reaching the top and hotel corridors extend infinitely. Some of Dahlberg’s works give a twist to that staple of the new century: surveillance footage and real-time imagery. Big Brother is surely watching—not you and me but his own miniature fantasy worlds. Recent shows in Stockholm, London, and Karlsruhe make me curious. More, please.

9 Tacita Dean

(Museu d’Art Contemporani Barcelona) The survey of Dean’s recent works made it clear to me that this artist, known for her 16 mm projections, is just as much a sound artist as a filmmaker. Her acoustic spaces are seemingly unbounded: dreams of the sea, of distant harbors, long-dead sailors, and the crash of storms.

10 Jun Nguyen-Hatsushiba, Memorial Project Nha Trang, Vietnam—Towards the Complex—For the Courageous, the Curious, and the Cowards

(Yokohama Triennale) In saluting a generally awful year, I thought to reduce the list to nine, but I could not forgo mentioning this Japanese-Vietnamese artist’s strange underwater video, which conveys an unlikely fantasy of human life at the bottom of the ocean: an army of rickshas pedaled through the water. It made my trip to the first Yokohama Triennale worthwhile. □



Robert Rosenblum

Robert Rosenblum, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is professor of fine art at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

1. **Santiago Calatrava, Bilbao Airport, 2001.** Photo: Barbara Burg and Oliver Schuh/Palladium.
2. **Clyfford Still, Untitled, 1946,** oil on canvas, 66½ x 44½".
3. **Frank Stella, To Wilhelmine von Zenge, Göttingen, June 3, 1801, 1998,** mixed media on cast aluminum, 20 x 16½ x 13".
4. **Takashi Murakami, Wink Floor Sculpture, 2001,** fiberglass, acrylic, mirror, 3' 6" x 12'. Installation view, Grand Central Terminal, New York, 2001.
5. **Paolo Mascagni, Anatomia Universa, ca. 1800,** offset print, ca. 91½ x 19".
6. From top: **Ron Mueck, Mask II, 2001,** fiberglass resin and mixed media, 30¾ x 46½ x 33¾". **Ron Mueck, Mother and Child, 2001,** fiberglass resin and mixed media, 9½ x 35 x 15".
7. **Maurizio Cattelan, La Nona Ora (The ninth hour), 1999,** mixed media. Installation view, Kunsthalle Basel, 1999.
8. **Pablo Picasso, Scène érotic, 1903,** oil on canvas, 21 x 14½".
9. **Six Feet Under, "Brotherhood" (Jim McBride, dir.),** still from a television show for HBO. Nathaniel Fisher (Peter Kraise) and David Fisher (Michael C. Hall).
10. **Jean-Baptiste Oudry, Chien barbet gardant du gibier (Cocker spaniel guarding the game), 1728,** oil on canvas, 35¾ x 42¼".

Santiago Calatrava, Bilbao Airport It couldn't have been easy, even before September 11, to rediscover the joyous, gravity-defying thrill of air travel, but Calatrava has done it. A light-drenched update of Eero Saarinen's TWA terminal at JFK (1956–62), this aviary, with its supersonic wingspread, is perched as if ready to soar, transforming arriving and departing passengers into blithe spirits. Another kudos for Bilbao architecture.

Clyfford Still (Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, DC) The least sighted and most ornery of the AbEx constellation, Still was long overdue for another appearance on earth. The swan song of Hirshhorn director James Demetrian, this intense slice (1944–60) of Still's career rekindled an older generation's faith in the painter's craggy genius. And for a younger generation, there were also surprises, not only in the paired presentation of Still's paintings and his own deceptive replications of them (shades of de Chirico and Warhol!) but also in the discovery that, as Philip Taaffe has shown us, all this rhetoric of cosmic stone and fire might become gorgeous decoration.

Frank Stella (Universität Jena) Stella received a well-deserved apotheosis at this venerable university, where Professor Franz-Joachim Verspohl's huge exhibition focused on the artist's recent obsession with Heinrich von Kleist, the strangest of German Romantic writers. Slowly, the apparent chaos of these cyberspace eruptions (one of which, *The Prince of Homburg*, has just landed in front of the National Gallery) yields an inevitable but unfamiliar order that marries method and madness. For these unexpected dialogues between art and literature, Stella has found his ideal reader in Melville scholar Robert K. Wallace, whose just-published study of the artist's responses to the 135 chapters of *Moby-Dick* paved the way for his Jena catalogue essay on how this unswerving defender of pure abstraction has re-created Kleist's fantastic narratives.

Takashi Murakami (Marianne Boesky Gallery and Grand Central Terminal, New York) Murakami makes the word *two-dimensional*

sound as obsolete as *three-dimensional* now is for Stella's galactic explosions. These psychedelic profusions of free-floating images (Cyclopean eyes and magic mushrooms), defined by cartoon-sharp contours and vivid colors, are set afloat in a vacuum-packed space so thin that the artist had to coin a new word, *super flat*, to describe this mutation of Japan's shadowless art. And when, in Grand Central's Vanderbilt Hall, he set aloft three helium-filled UFOs covered with comic strip eyes, he launched some new ideas for Macy's next Thanksgiving Day parade.

"Spectacular Bodies" (Hayward Gallery, London) We're all trapped in our bodies, but this vast exhibition, curated by Martin Kemp and Marina Wallace, made us look at our wet insides and dry outsides as if for the first time. A perfect mix of science fair and capsule history of art, the displays moved from Leonardo and Rembrandt to Bill Viola and Marc Quinn, embracing en route everything from obstetrics and wax anatomical models to theories of hysteria and cryogenics. It was a lesson not only about the body's infinite mysteries but about how often in the last five centuries art and science have been one.

Ron Mueck (James Cohan Gallery, New York) Speaking of bodies, the legacy of Duane "Frankenstein" Hanson keeps growing. Mueck's creepy variations on the waxworks theme turned us into modern Gullivers. A Brobdingnagian head, worthy of Goliath, lay on its side, permitting us to peek into its slightly open mouth and glimpse a bit of gum and spittle; while over in Lilliput, a naked woman appeared stunned by the miracle of birth while staring at the infant crawling up her belly from her bloody loins. May Mueck's tribe increase!

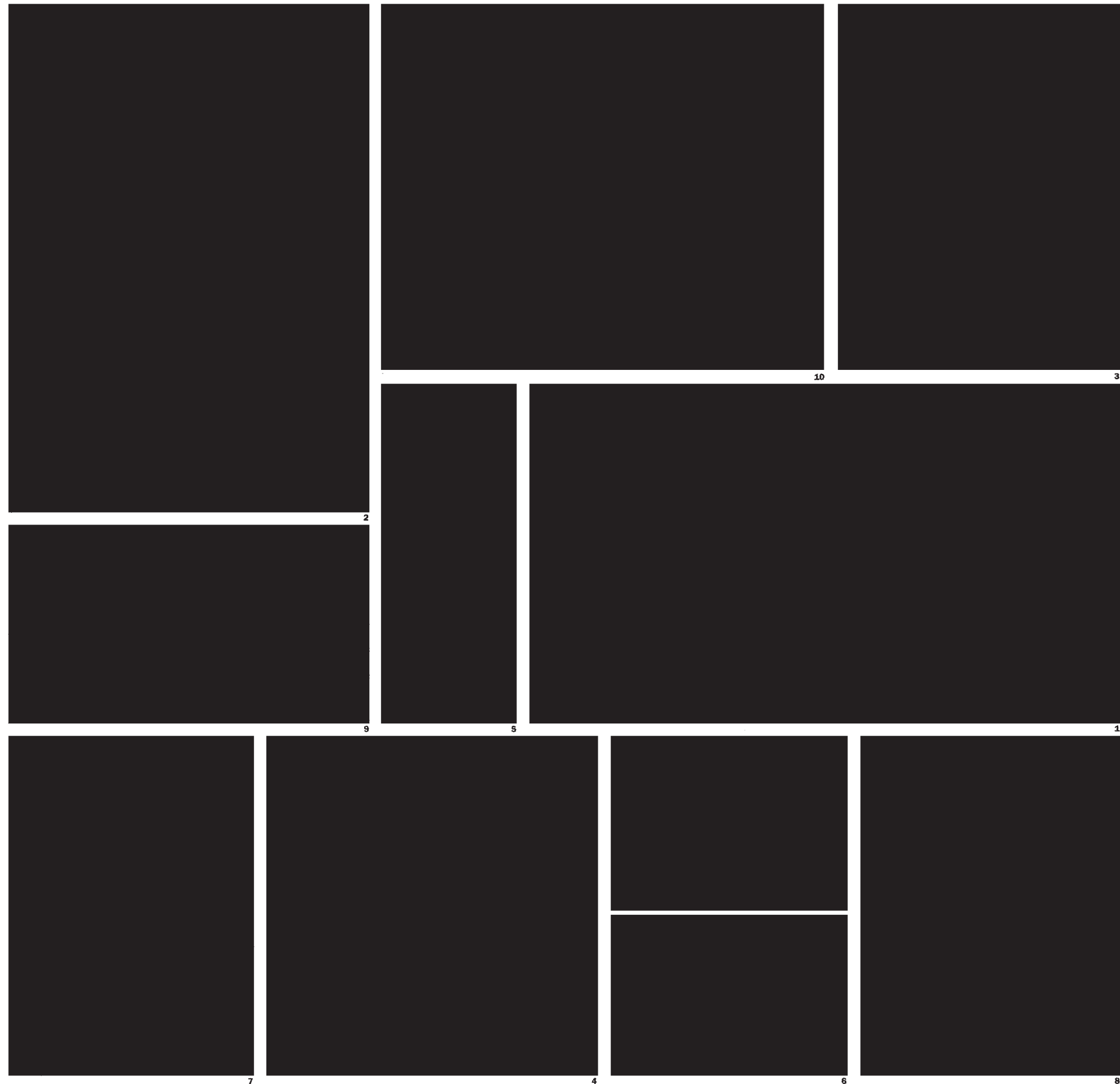
Maurizio Cattelan (Royal Academy of Arts, London; Galeria Zacheta, Warsaw; Christie's, New York) Another nod to Hanson, Cattelan's *The Ninth Hour* announced the end of the world or, at least, of Christian faith. There, right before our eyes, a meteor from godless outer space has struck the surpreme pontiff

himself, leaving a fallen idol clutching a crucifix on a floor covered with shattered glass. As credibly real as a news photo, the *tableau vivant* set off alarms of heresy and, when seen in Warsaw, was even vandalized by two MPs from the Catholic nationalist party. Should the Brooklyn Museum be its next venue?

"Picasso Erotique" (Jeu de Paume, Paris; Musée des Beaux-Arts, Montreal; Museu Picasso, Barcelona) No one's better at blasphemy than Picasso, especially when it comes to sex, this exhibition's engine. In one crucifixion drawing (1938), the Magdalene fondles Christ's genitals, and in the outrageous variations on Ingres's *Raphael and La Fornarina*, 1968, even a Renaissance pope turns into a Peeping Tom who, behind curtains or seated on a chamber pot, watches the divine Raphael paint and fornicate at the same time. For Picasso, as proved by this dazzling, lifelong anthology of everything from schoolboy dirty pictures to bittersweet old-man memories, lust conquers all.

Six Feet Under (HBO) As for sex and death, Alan Ball's HBO series lit up every Sunday evening. In a funeral home littered with freshly embalmed corpses of all ages, the saga of a mortician's dysfunctional family and its wayward sexual adventures unfolds. A marriage of *The Addams Family* and David Lynch, this pushes the American grotesque to new extremes.

"Vies de Chiens" (Musée de la Chasse et de la Nature, Paris) For dog nuts and even sane people, this high-style survey of canine culture, sumptuously designed by Jacques Garcia, was bliss. As if Rococo doghouses and poufs weren't enough, there were portraits of pampered pooches, Spanish dog armor, and even videos of Karl Lagerfeld's matching mistress-and-dog clothing. Could Marie Antoinette be alive and well? □



Philip Nobel

Brooklyn-based architecture and design critic Philip Nobel is a contributing editor of *Metropolis* magazine and has written for the *New York Times*, *Vogue*, and *Architectural Digest*, among other publications.

1. **Morris Lapidus, 2001.** Photo: Peter Ross.
2. **Taliban soldiers wave to journalists while standing in front of the empty shell where a statue of Buddha once stood,** March 26, 2001, Bamiyan, Afghanistan. Photo: Amir Shah/AP.
4. **Philippe Trétiack, *Faut-il pendre les architectes?*,** (Editions de Seuil, 2001).
5. **Karim Rashid, chess set for Bozart Toys, 2001.** 6. Clockwise from bottom left: **"Mies in America."** Installation view, the Whitney Museum of American Art, 2001. **"The Architecture of R.M. Schindler."** Installation view, LA MOCA, 2001. **"Frank Gehry: Architect."** Installation view, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 2001. 7. **Preston Scott Cohen, house and studio for Eric Wolf, 1998–2000,** design model.
8. From top: **Cover of the *Village Voice*,** September 25, 2001. **Cover of the *New York Times Magazine*,** September 23, 2001.
9. From top: **Santiago Calatrava, Milwaukee Art Museum,** Wisconsin, 2001. **Tadao Ando, Pulitzer Foundation for the Arts,** Saint Louis, MO, 2001.
10. **Rem Koolhaas/OMA, Prada flagship store,** New York, rendering.

1 Best Exit: Morris Lapidus (1902–2001)

God bless Morris Lapidus for showing us how to go out in style. Five decades ago the architect was excommunicated from modernism for having too much fun with a series of Miami Beach hotels. He carried on so quietly that many assumed he had died, until he was swept up in the sudden love for all things midcentury. Lapidus began his belated victory lap by claiming Frank Gehry had stolen his licks. And when he was honored at the White House last year, he didn't wallow in his glory. A few minutes before the ceremony Lapidus was railing to the press about being slandered in the *New York Times*. (The article in question was published in 1964.) At an awards dinner in New York in November 2000, he stood up from his wheelchair, walked very slowly to the podium, and wagged a crooked finger at the entire design world. "What's the most important thing in architecture?" he asked gravely. "It's people. People! Don't forget that." By January he was dead.

2 The Lost Buddhas of Bamiyan

In February the Taliban announced that they would blow up a pair of 1,500-year-old cliff-carved Buddhas, 175 and 120 feet tall, because they were once worshipped and might be again. E-mail flew, the *New York Times* diverted a river of ink, the UN lumbered to the cause. A few weeks later those idols were gone, but the media rally assured their bombproof immortality as graven images.

3 The Stars

In the architectural firmament it was a very big year for binary stars. Cousins Peter Eisenman and Richard Meier worked together on one competition project. (It flopped.) Rem Koolhaas teamed up with Herzog & de Meuron to design a hotel. (It fizzled.) And Koolhaas and Gehry collaborated on an art space in Las Vegas. (It's lighting up the Strip!) Then, in numbers approaching galactic excess, more than thirty fancy architects were invited to design spec houses in a nondescript subdivision on the wrong side of the highway in the Hamptons. How will it all end? Oh yes, I remember: Stars implode.

4 Faut-il pendre les architectes?

Should we hang the architects? "Of course!" answers Philippe Trétiack to the question posed in the title of his new book (Editions de Seuil, 2001). This catalog of the horrors of life among the *grands projets* is a must-read, blinder-lifting work of scathing candor. And as the fabulously overrated Jean Nouvel circles ever closer to New York, it may turn out to be a survival guide as well.

5 Karim Rashid

He stands alone astride the once-starless world of industrial design. It was unquestionably Karim Rashid's year, but what can you say to a man whose neo-retro-chic ideas for tchotchkes and chess sets now seem just a touch too tied to that late-'90s go-go spirit he evokes so well in the title of his new book, *I Want to Change the World* (Universe Publishing, 2001)? Well check this: It's changing.

6 The Architectural Blockbusters

Mies and Venturi and Schindler and Gehry. Nouvel and Niemeyer, it's gotten scary. So many chances to bow to our kings! Overhyped shows are my favorite things.

7 Preston Scott Cohen

Juries, short-lists, shows, a book: 2001 was a very good year for this emerging Harvard-affiliated architect peddling a new idea: In the absence of "predicaments," architecture must concoct some or die. Cohen's invented travails of choice are elaborately repurposed geometrical systems cribbed from Palladio and other heroes of symmetry. The process mostly results in designs for houses, mostly unbuilt. So he takes some voodoo horizon lines and screws a building into a pretty twist. Long live Architecture!

8 The Twin Towers

What can we say? That we loved those buildings? That we hated them? That they were inhumane or aggrandizing? That they dwarfed the city and that they anchored it? That without them there's a big hole in the sky—and thank God the sun is shining through? That we can never forget and that we must rebuild? That we must forget rebuilding and just remember? That we must remember to

get it right next time? (That there should be no next time?) That the new buildings should be shorter? Or taller? Or exactly the same height? That one new tower should top out at 111 stories to mark the date? That we should build four little ones? That rubble should be used in the new concrete to make a "living memorial"? That the site is a grave? That it should be cleaned up and paved over as soon as possible? That a monumental, heroic figurative sculpture should be placed there? That the buildings should be rebuilt as they were? That the buildings should be rebuilt and left empty? That the buildings should be rebuilt as they were but left empty above the points of impact? That they should be named after the phoenix? All of this was actually said, early and often. But the best idea is to let the questions rest in peace; it's too soon for answers.

9 Imported Talent

The weekend of October 13 was one of the brightest in years for American architecture. Tadao Ando's tight concrete Pulitzer Foundation for the Arts opened in Saint Louis, and Santiago Calatrava's addition to the Milwaukee Art Museum spread its mobile wings over Lake Michigan. Few such hothouse exotics thrive on American soil (Is it the air? the water? the manure?), but these two seem to be taking nicely.

10 And finally . . .

Attention Prada shoppers! Rem Koolhaas's long-promised, presumed-to-be-fabulous flagship store under construction in SoHo is—for real, this time—"opening soon." □

Bruce Hainley



Bruce Hainley is a Los Angeles-based contributing editor of *Artforum*. *Sex*, his collaboration with John Waters, will be published by Thames & Hudson in late 2002.

1. From top: **Trent Harris, *The Beaver Trilogy*, 2001**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 83 minutes. Groovin' Larry (Sean Penn). **Trent Harris, *The Beaver Trilogy*, 2001**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 83 minutes. Groovin' Larry (Crispin Glover). 2. **Evan Holloway, *The Sculpture That Goes with the Bank*, 2001**, mixed media: bank, 8 x 34 x 16½"; sculpture, 41 x 61 x 41". 3. **Alair Gomes, *Sonatina, Four Feet* (detail), ca. 1977**, black-and-white photographs, each 18 x 24". 4. **Marcel Broodthaers leading a camel into the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, 1974**. Photo: Yves Gevaert/SABAM. 5. From left: **Stephen Prina, *Sonic Dan*, 2001**, performance view, MAK Center, LA. Photo: Cindy Bernard. **Claude Wampler, *Present Absence*, 2001**, performance view, Kaai Theater Studios, Brussels. Photo: Herman Sorgeloos. 6. **Steven Gontarski, *The Prophet Dogwood and the Alpha Numeric Order I*, 2001**, fiberglass and acrylic paint, height ca. 6'. **M/M Paris and Inez van Lamsweerde/Vinoodh Matadin, *The Alphabet*, 2001**, 21 offset lithographs, each 69 x 47½". 7. **Mark Roeder, *Enantiomorphosis* (Left or Right Hand Unit—Wood), 2001**, wood and mirror, 35 x 35 x 35". 9. **Jim Lambie, *Motorhead*, 2001**, wood, record sleeves, tape, straws, motor, 52 x 52 x 52". 10. From left: **Wayne Koestenbaum, *Andy Warhol*** (Penguin Lives/Viking, 2001). **Avital Ronell, *Stupidity*** (University of Illinois Press, 2001).

1 Trent Harris, *The Beaver Trilogy* Duchamp proffered the *infra-mince* as a way of describing the imperceptible differences between identical things or concepts, but I don't think he ever tried representing the idea. In Trent Harris's *Beaver Trilogy*, Beaver, Utah, native Richard Griffith (aka Groovin' Gary) does his "pantomime" of Olivia Newton-John's "Please Don't Keep Me Waiting" as the culmination of his self-proclaimed Beaver High School talent show. Then Sean Penn interprets the Beaver Kid doing Olivia, and Crispin Glover does Sean doing the Beaver Kid doing Olivia. The film gives new resonance to the expression "laugh until you cry." Tracing the blurring concepts of "being," "impersonation," and "acting" (in life or more formally on stage), the movie explores fandom as the fundamental of fame. Harris provides a Warholian stare at the stupefying trauma of the posited masculine real as well as some proof that the technology of video (TV) can short-circuit seeing or witnessing, deranging their links to responsibility or consciousness. Forlorn yet miraculous, the trilogy interrogates repetition's traumatic difference from imitation's narcissistic drives. Bluntly, it's sui generis and fuckin' awesome.

2 Evan Holloway (Marc Foxx, Los Angeles) Perception's his plaything. With *The Sculpture That Goes with the Bank*, Evan Holloway games with modernism's public face. A huge sculpture dwarfs a model bank, a juxtaposition that slyly reveals and disturbs art's relation to economic institutions. Situated on gray industrial carpet, *Incense Sculpture* deliriously problematizes pedestal and support, warping the clichéd fact that after Brancusi, support and sculpture are a Möbius strip.

3 Alair Gomes (Fondation Cartier, Paris) Not "phagtophagy" but masculinity taken as obsession's vernacular. More than 400 images (of Brazilian beachboys, at rest or not) from an archive of 170,000, all movingly scopophilic and perhaps salubriously beyond art.

4 Marcel Broodthaers (Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels) The Belgian national museum is falling apart because of factioning state politics:

That's somehow sadly appropriate, given Broodthaers's questioning of institutions and media and his poetic interrogation of Belgian identity. With more than 340 pieces, the retrospective had some lulls, but awe ruled.

5 Olivia Newton-John Leitmotif Given my enthrallment with the Beaver Kid, imagine the thrill I got from discovering an ONJ leitmotif in 2001's two most acute, heartening, yet radically different performances. In *Sonic Dan* (which had its American debut this year), Stephen Prina finds the structural bridge, ca. 1981, between Steely Dan and Sonic Youth—which he straightforwardly but meditatively performs—in a weirdly moving cover of the number-one song of the entire '80s. Yes, ONJ's "Physical." And for *Present Absence*, Claude Wampler, walking the tightrope between performer and director (aka "life" and "death"; "action" and "art"), used Steamer Cry Wolf (a Belgian rock band), a six-foot-four male ONJ double, Elizabeth Taylor, and a fart machine, all on or in collaborator John Tremblay's dazzling inverse-catwalk stage, to reinterpret *Xanadu*, that sublime roller-skating wreck of a film musical.

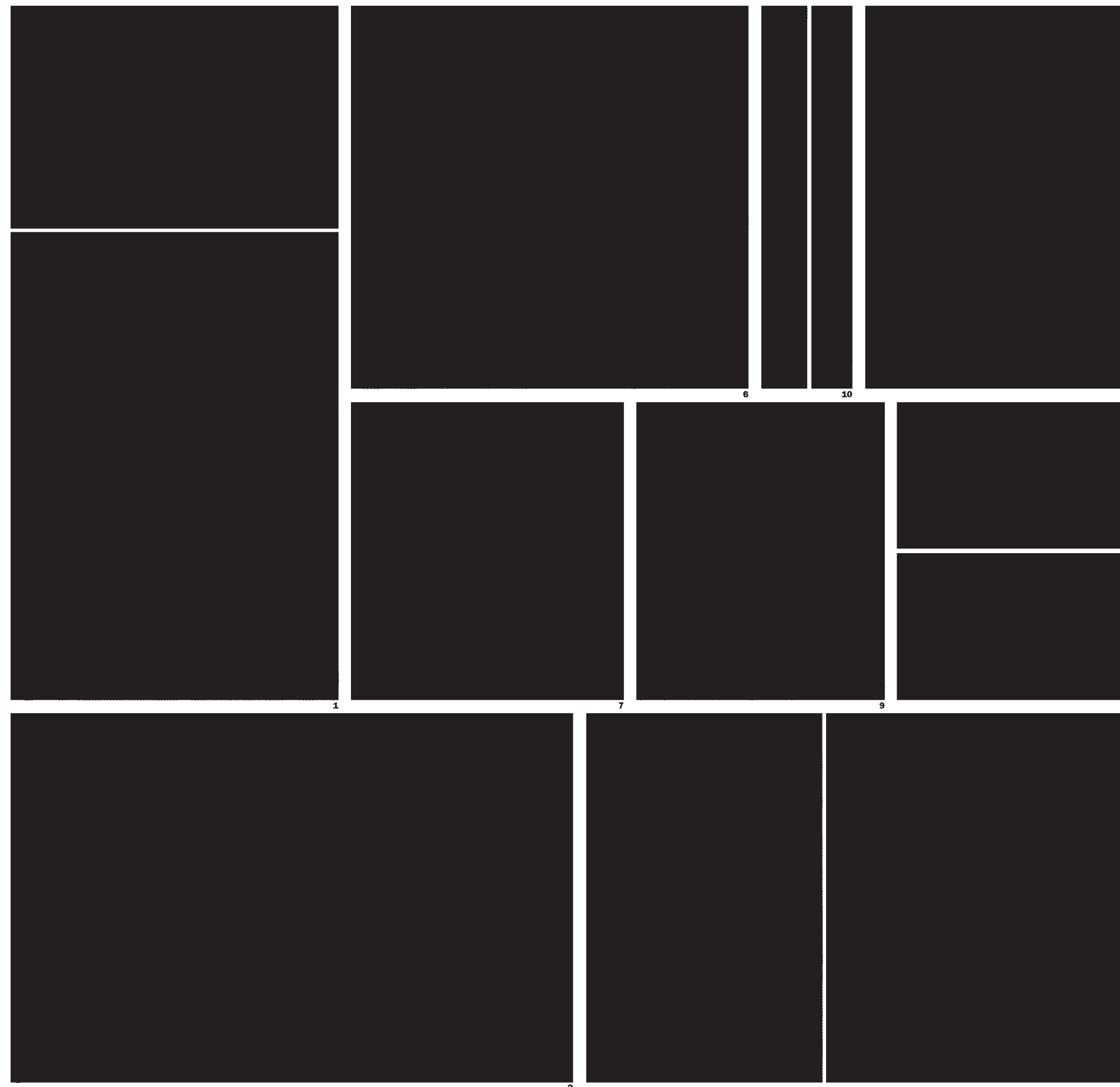
6 Inez van Lamsweerde and Vinoodh Matadin (Matthew Marks, New York) Attempts to show fashion's imbrication with art or vice versa are usually depressing. For all their fashionista cachet, van Lamsweerde and Matadin didn't really attempt this at all, and the nondepressing result was magically more than the sum of its parts—super Franz Gertsch and Robert Greene paintings, cool Jeff Koons sculptural porn, always so-so Marlene Dumas. Topic for discussion: With the same seasonal slot and same art star-turned-curator conceit, consider that it was riskier and more challenging than Robert Gober's show two years before.

7 Mark Roeder (Low, Los Angeles) Mark Roeder dreams Smithson's *Enantiomorphie Chambers* back into existence—but this time only as reflections. If I were mean, I'd talk about how many pointers he could give Sam Durant. Instead I'll just offer that Roeder may be showing art's mirror stage, in which art sees itself as other.

8 Buffy the Vampire Slayer (UPN) What comes after the gothic outgrows its dark adolescence and becomes adult? Sadness and the knowledge that this existence, even with joy and love, may be hell. Joss Whedon remains as ruthless an artist as he is a loving endurer of life.

9 Jim Lambie (Anton Kern, New York) "Boy Hairdresser." He had me at the title. Plastic hair bands and album covers. Glitter and fandom. Great use of a fake ventilator to flutter a paper cutout of a slight (boy?) odalisque.

10 Avital Ronell, *Stupidity* (University of Illinois Press)/**Wayne Koestenbaum, *Andy Warhol*** (Penguin Lives/Viking) Ronell: "To the extent that writing appears to be commandeered by some internal alterity that proves always to be too immature, rather loudmouthed, often saddled with a pronounced narcissistic disorder no matter how much it makes you want to hide and isolate; or, as part of the same debilitating structure, to the extent that the powerhouse inside you is actually too smart for the dumb positings of language, too mature even for super-ego's sniping, and way too cool to attempt to put the Saying into words; to the extent, moreover, that writing makes you encounter time and again the drama of the lost object never lost enough, summoning you once more to commit to pointless chase scenes and sizable regressions, all enacted before a sinister superegoical tribunal of teachers and colleagues and those who dumped you and mean-spirited graduate students trying to surpass you, packing heat (sometimes they're on break, but not all that often)—it abandons you for these and other reasons, more reasonable ones that momentarily elude me, to the experience of your own stupidity." Koestenbaum: "Words troubled and failed Andy Warhol" too, and he found living in a body, surrounded by objects and others, no more illuminating. Ronell opens a dossier on nonunderstanding; Koestenbaum, one on Warhol's "ur-sexual" being, which transformed even boredom into erotic thought. Both texts are philosophical meditations on the misunderstanding known as embodiment. Thinking and writing in and of the new century begins here: Consider this stupid at your peril. □



James Meyer

James Meyer, assistant professor of art history at Emory University, is the author of *Minimalism: Art and Polemics in the Sixties* (Yale University Press, 2001).

1. **Adam Ross, *Untitled (The Permeability of Time . . . #3)*, 2000**, oil and alkyd on canvas, 48 x 72". From "010101."
2. **Andrea Fraser and Helmut Draxler, *Art as Service*, 1994**, mixed media. Installation view, MACBA, Barcelona, 2001.
3. **Bruce Nauman, *Thighing*, 1967**, still from a color film, 10 minutes.
4. **Zwelethu Mthethwa, *Untitled*, 1996**, color photograph, 20 x 24".
5. **Ellsworth Kelly, "Relief Paintings," 1954–2001**. Installation view, Matthew Marks Gallery, New York.
6. **Benjamin H.D. Buchloh, *Neo-Avantgarde and Culture Industry*** (MIT Press, 2001).
7. **Paul McCarthy, *Hot Dog*, 1974**, color photograph, 16 x 20". From the series "Sauce Box."
8. **John Di Stefano, *HUB*, 2000–2001**, still from a color video, 22 minutes.
9. **Jack Goldstein, *The Jump*, 1978**, still from a color film in 16 mm, 13 seconds.
10. **Gregg Bordowitz, *Habit*, 2001**, stills from a color video, 52 minutes.

1 Technomania Technophilia, the most persistent of modernist themes, made another comeback. Ironically, the New Economy waned the year of digital art's institutional embrace. Museums eager to court Silicon Valley support staged techie shows and dispensed handsome prizes to techie artists. The corporate cart was put before the horse: Many of the works in SF MOMA's "010101" and the Whitney's "Bitstreams" suggested the artistic potential of digital technology yet were not compelling to look at. (Exceptions: the videos of Jeremy Blake and Adam Ross's Tanguesque paintings.) The e-'90s already seem distant; the hype has subsided. Let the art begin.

2 "Antagonisms: Case Studies" (Museu d'Arte Contemporani, Barcelona) While the desperately hip techie shows looked to the future, this ambitious effort of MACBA's Manuel Borja-Villel and José Lebrero Stals looked back—to a heroic avant-garde past. An excellent survey from the late '50s on, it conceived the political in art as a changing notion. A little nostalgic, a little dated, yes; but at a moment when critical practice is more or less ignored, "Antagonisms" dared to put political art back on the agenda.

3 "Flashing into the Shadows: The Artist's Film in America 1966–76" (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) The artist's film of the '60s and '70s has been relatively neglected in comparison with the more easily exhibitable sculpture and photography of those years. A much-needed corrective, "Flashing into the Shadows" elucidated the importance of film in the work of Joan Jonas, Robert Morris, and Dan Graham, among others. At a time when museums are under pressure to present crowd-pleasing extravaganzas, curators Chrissie Iles and Eric de Bruyn pulled off a contemporary show of clear focus and impeccable quality at a major institution.

4 "The Short Century" (Museum Villa Stuck, Munich) It would be impossible for a single show to map the end of colonialism in Africa and the continent's transition into a

"postcolonial" era. Okwui Enwezor's "The Short Century" tried to do precisely that—yet, commendably, avoided didacticism. A documentary section established a context for the wide-ranging work, which, displayed in separate galleries, could be seen as art. Marion Kaplan's photos of segregated cocktail parties, Zwelethu Mthethwa's images of post-apartheid South Africa, and Samuel Fosso's self-portraits in different guises were among the standouts. I will not soon forget Jean Rouch's stunning documentary *The Mad Masters* (1955), in which members of a Nigerian cult act out the roles of colonial oppressors in estranging gestures and speech.

5 Ellsworth Kelly (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York) The dean of abstract painters returned to the rectilinear diptych of the Guggenheim's *Orange Red Relief*, 1959, with felicitous results. The show's theme was the inflection of shape by shape, of edge by edge, through contrasts of intensity, value, and hue. Impeccably installed, this was an exhibition to return to.

6 Benjamin H.D. Buchloh, *Neo-Avantgarde and Culture Industry* (MIT Press) The number of significant critical voices in any era can be counted on one hand. Buchloh is one of the voices of our time. That he is a writer of commitment is well known. What is less obvious, perhaps, is the compellingly dialectical quality of his thought. His narrative of the neo-avant-garde is admirably Adornian; the careers of artists as seemingly unrelated as Rodchenko, Warhol, and Broodthaers become fables of accommodation. For Buchloh, confinement is the precondition and fate (if not the ambition) of critical practice itself. His account is sustained, complex, powerful.

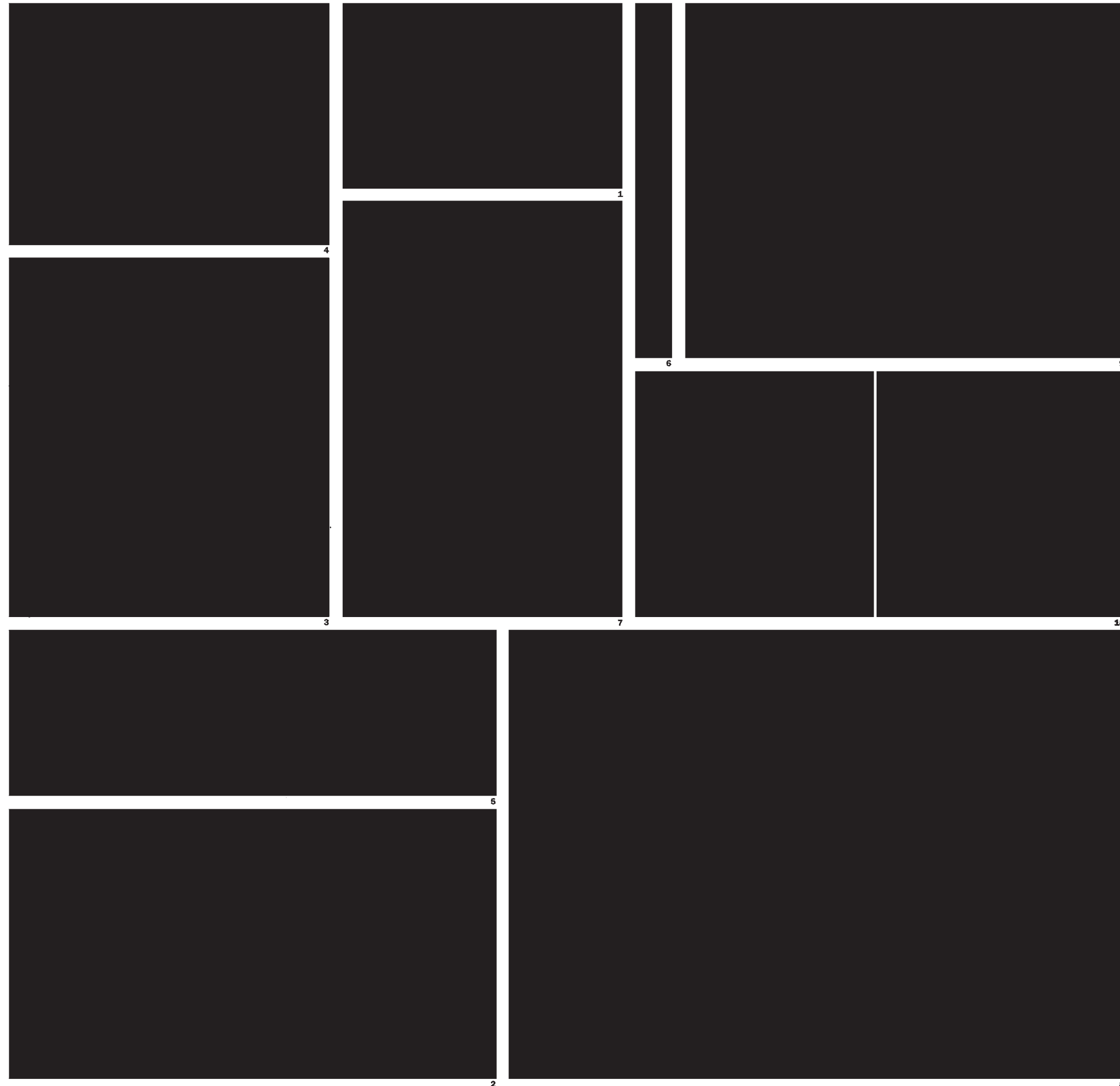
7 Paul McCarthy (New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York) What to make of McCarthy's art? Oh, it's about unsettling gender and family stereotypes and unleashing repressed desires—so we are told. Yet, confronted with his art I'm not sure what I'm looking at. His best work resists easy comprehension and pat psychoanalytical framing. At a

time when shock has become a hackneyed concept, McCarthy remains "far out." His art surpasses the domesticated grossness, the calculated transgression, of his imitators'.

8 John Di Stefano, *HUB* A compelling examination of that most fraught and contemporary of experiences: air travel. Occasional voice-overs discussing the fragmented, global subject sound like notes taken during a Homi Bhabha lecture. And yet *HUB* achieves a visual grain and intensity that persuasively captures the alienating effects of travel in an increasingly mobile society. The final shot of an airplane wing lifting above the runway into a thicket of clouds, accompanied by Di Stefano's dramatic narration, is a small tour de force.

9 Jack Goldstein (1301PE, Los Angeles) This modest show, organized by Brian Butler, made the remarkable early films, sound pieces, and performances of this now obscure '80s star newly accessible. A running loop of Goldstein's early film shorts of centered single images—a barking dog, a diver, a dove clasped by two hands—reminded a younger viewer why these works made such an impression in the late '70s and how they could have inspired Douglas Crimp's deservedly famous account of the Picture as a postmodernist art form.

10 Gregg Bordowitz, *Habit* The author of the 1993 video *Fast Trip, Long Drop* revisits what it means to live with HIV. Recalling the methods of feminist artists Yvonne Rainer and Martha Rosler, Bordowitz relates the innocuous details of daily life (waking up, eating, taking pills) to a broader social context. Autobiography becomes a pretext for addressing the global AIDS crisis. Bordowitz contrasts his experience as a middle-class American with access to health care to the dire circumstances of South African and Asian patients who cannot afford the fabled "cocktail." Yet his haunting confessions of weight loss (he no longer recognizes his own face in the mirror) suggest that, for any person with AIDS, even a position of relative privilege is no picnic: The obverse of a life of habit, of domestic tranquility, is the unknown. □



Katy Siegel

Katy Siegel, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, teaches contemporary art history and criticism at Hunter College, CUNY.

1. From top: **Angel Franco**, **Wall Street workers showing their identification to the National Guard to get to their workplaces**. *New York Times*, October 10, 2001. **Paul Hosefros**, **Congressional leaders meeting with airline executives after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon**. *New York Times*, September 18, 2001. 2. **Gerhard Richter**, **873—7, Abstraktes Bild (Abstract painting)**, 2001, oil on canvas, 55½ x 55½". 3. **Harriet Korman**, **Untitled**, 2001, oil on canvas, 54 x 54". 4. **Andreas Gursky**, **May Day IV**, 2000, color photograph, 6' 9½" x 16' 8". 6. **Vik Muniz**, **Clouds**, 2001, skywriting, New York City. Photo: Charlie Samuels. 7. **Vija Celmins**, **Night Sky #16, 2000-2001**, oil on linen mounted on wood, 31 x 38". 9. **R. Crumb**, **I Suppose You Think I've Had Too Much to Drink (detail)**, ca. 1995, ink on paper, 8½ x 11¼". 10. **Neal Slavin**, **Miss U.S.A. Pageant, Miss Universe, Inc., 1972-76**, color photograph.

Photojournalism Even if 2001 hadn't gone down as a generally so-so year for cultural production, art would have been hard-pressed to compete with the papers—especially post-September 11. In the past few months, *New York Times* photographers (as well as those from the Associated Press, Reuters, Agence France-Presse, and Al-Jazeera) have turned the front pages into an ever-changing gallery of history painting: airplanes, fallen towers, grieving firemen, grim National Guardsmen, Pakistani police beating demonstrators, Afghani refugees fleeing famine and American bombs, grinning airline execs and lobbyists feeding at the Capitol trough. These brilliant photographers responded to extraordinary events; the results were real, immediate, wrenching.

Gerhard Richter (Marian Goodman Gallery, New York) Room upon room of paintings that, at first look, seemed either closed off or intricately ugly; over time, the sophisticated palette opened up, and the paintings proved masterworks of touch. Richter mixed his familiar blurring and scraping with strokes and gestures that were always surprising, never gimmicky: swooping arcs, short, incisive cuts, unpredictable, off-center compositions. Although many of these works recall the artist's gray paintings, the current pictures are decidedly more involving. The conceptual apparatus is strong, but more than that, Richter just paints better than everybody else. Who could believe he doesn't believe in painting?

Harriet Korman (Lennon, Weinberg, Inc., New York) Perfection. Maybe these stunning abstract paintings don't get talked about because they're too difficult to talk about. Seeing them at Lennon, Weinberg was an experience curiously out of time—these are pictures neither burdened with nostalgia nor obviously beholden to current discourses of modernist revival or rejection. Absolutely new, yet as if they'd always been there. Perversely, for a critic, it's nice on occasion to see art that not only doesn't need you, but doesn't even seem to want you.

Andreas Gursky (Museum of Modern Art, New York) The MOMA midcareer exhibition confirmed the generally held high opinion of this artist. The broad intelligence behind his encyclopedia of contemporary life was matched in its rigor only by the photos' sweeping high modernism in all its formal incarnations: grids, stripes, chaotic allover compositions, flatness. Gursky gives our ungraspable, massively mediated modern world form as art.

Tom Friedman (New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York) Friedman's DIY art deeply engages everyday materials: bubblegum, pubic hair, masking tape, toothpicks, shit, construction paper. His concentrated attention and consistent set of concerns can make anything into a serious artistic medium—he gives the same consideration to the physical qualities and nature of a tube of toothpaste that Pollock might have given a tube of oil paint. What will one pound of spaghetti do when boiled and dried? What does a piece of paper look like after it's been stared at for 1,000 hours? These questions, and Friedman's art, may seem excessively local at times, but they are one antidote to what can seem like the overwhelming conditions of the past few years: globalism, big theory, bull markets.

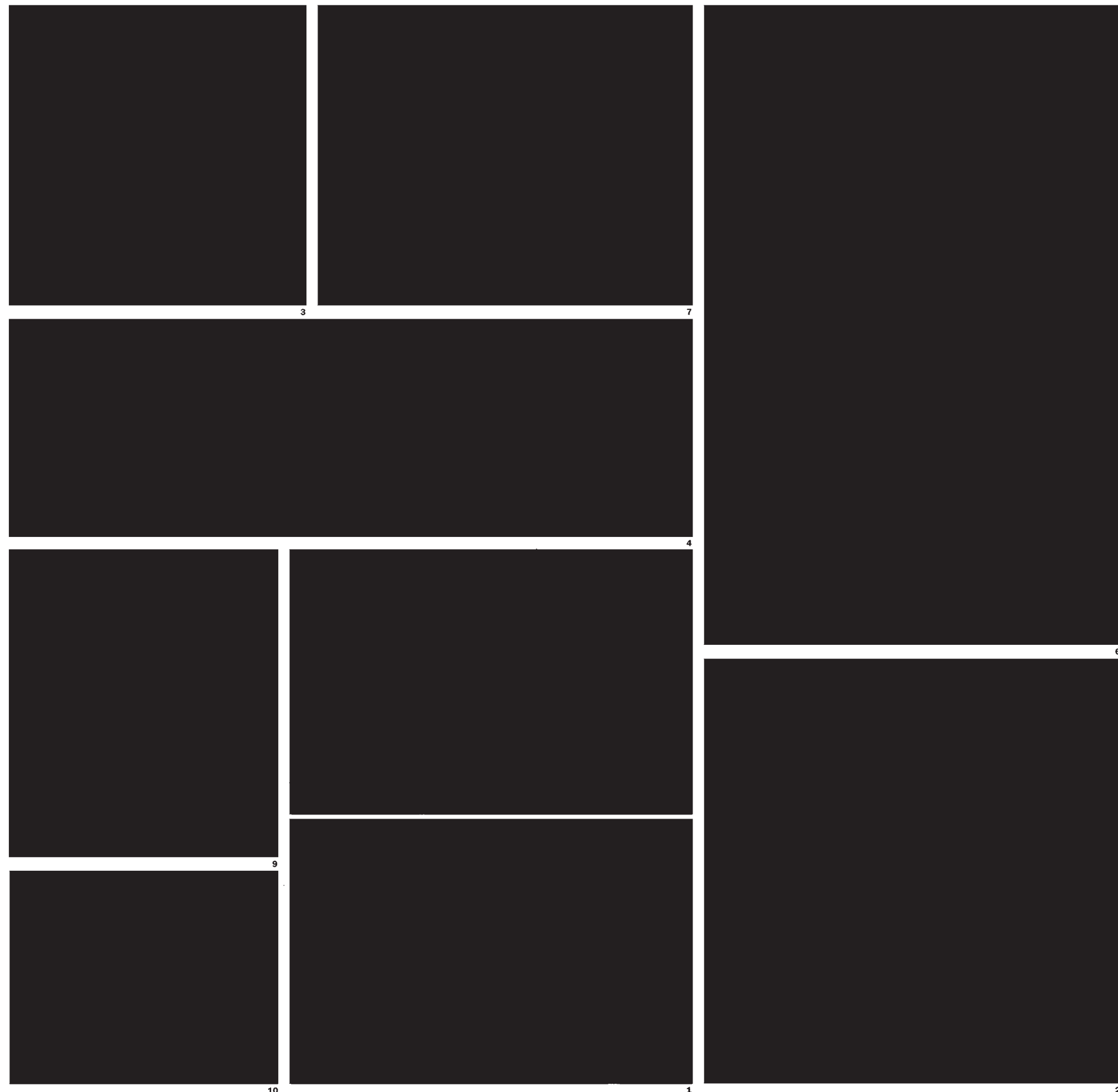
Vik Muniz, Clouds (New York City) This project, funded by Creative Time, was the best public art I've ever seen. Witty, beautiful, accessible—and, best of all, Muniz's crop duster-drawn clouds disappeared after they were offered, like cotton candy. (How many steel slabs can do that?)

Vija Celmins (McKee Gallery, New York) More heavenly visions, in new paintings and prints of the night sky. Like Muniz, Celmins combines the concrete and the abstract (a particular piece of the sky and the image of the sky we all carry around in our heads). Modernism once aspired to address the universal viewer, a character we stopped believing in a few decades ago. But with her skies and stars, Celmins seems to have found subjects that are truly—literally—universal in their appeal.

Richard Estes (Marlborough Gallery, New York) After seeing Richter at Marian Goodman one last time, I happily wandered into Richard Estes's show at Marlborough. These heroic genre paintings monumentalize the street: bodegas, women with baby carriages, and vast arrays of produce share urban space with windows reflecting and distorting enormous buildings across the street. Recognizing the corner of Sixth and Spring where a friend works almost gave me a heart attack. Such powerful illusionism in painting is still shocking after all these years.

R. Crumb Placemats (Paul Morris Gallery, New York) Offhandedly brilliant, these works were quotidian in the best sense of the word, without pretensions to being anything else. Crumb and his wife wend their way through Paris, eating and drinking and listening to outdated music—out-cranking even the French. Crumb represents the best of subcultural passion, an investment that cannot result in great art (which depends on a connection to a mainstream tradition), but inspires nonetheless.

The Crowd It is the dialectic of the one and the many that powers much of photojournalism, as well as much contemporary art, and this year the crowd shot was everywhere: in Paola Morsiani's "Subject Plural" at Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum; in John Connelly's terrific "More Than One," a show of multiple portraits at Andrea Rosen Gallery in New York this summer; in "Everybody Now," which I curated with graduate students at Hunter College (but I credit the zeitgeist for the impulse); in "Uniform" at P.S. 1; and in the work of any number of contemporary artists, including Gursky and the ubiquitous and excellent Do-Ho Suh. The subject has been around since at least the nineteenth century, from the urban hordes surrounding Baudelaire's flaneur to Marx's masses. In today's world, filled with us's and them's, it resonates still more loudly. □



David Rimaneli

David Rimaneli is a New York-based critic and a contributing editor of *Artforum*.

1. **Peter Fischli and David Weiss, *Büsi (Kitty)*, 2001**, color video, 1 minute. Installation view, Times Square, New York. Photo: Peter Fischli and David Weiss. 2. **John Bock, *When I Am Looking into the Goat Cheese Baiser*, 2001**, performance still, Anton Kern Gallery, New York. 3. **James Meyer, *Minimalism*** (Yale University Press, 2001). 4. **Larry Clark, *Teenage Caveman*, 2001**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 90 minutes. 5. **Ed van der Elskin, *Switzerland*, 1967**, color photograph, 16½ x 24". Photo from the Netherlands Photo Archives. 6. **Rob Pruitt, *Pa*, 2001**, enamel and glitter on canvas, 96 x 72". 7. **Karen Kilimnik, *Baby*, 1995**, oil on canvas, 20 x 16". 9. **Alex Bag, *The Van*, 2001**, installation with customized Dodge van, video projector, and 12 minute 5 second color video. 10. **Shirin Neshat, *Possessed*, 2001**, production still from a black-and-white video, 9 minutes 30 seconds.

1 Peter Fischli and David Weiss, *Büsi* (Times Square, New York; sponsored by Creative Time and Panasonic for “The 59th Minute: Video Art on the Times Square Astrovision”) A three-story kitten laps contentedly from a saucer high above Forty-third Street, looking up only once, as if to regard the crowds below, then returning to its milk. Greedy kitty.

2 John Bock (Anton Kern, New York) Performance-art kookiness lives. Many important dealers and critics in attendance. It was awfully hot, so I had to leave before the promised stinky goat finally came out, but I heard the animal was terrific.

3 James Meyer, *Minimalism: Art and Polemics in the Sixties* (Yale University Press) Meyer’s study traces in intricate and rewarding detail the evolution of the term, the concept, the group. He bases his analyses in large part on close attention to specific exhibitions, such as Kynaston McShine’s “Primary Structures” at the Jewish Museum and Samuel Wagstaff’s “Black, White, and Gray” at the Wadsworth Atheneum. Notable for its resurrection of “Greenberg’s minimalist,” Anne Truitt, and for its close attention to the word’s star-crossed history in art, fashion, and design. A model of contemporary art history at its most scrupulous.

4 Larry Clark, *Teenage Caveman* I caught most of this teen-sexuality/monster movie on cable a few days before Halloween. The onscreen guide stated that it was “Mexican. Directed by Larry Clark.” I didn’t believe it, but yes, it’s true: Clark even makes a cameo appearance at the beginning. I thought the film looked insufficiently gorgeous by the standards of recent Clark productions; the frolicking and marauding youths were rangier and less nubile than, say, Natasha Gregson Wagner and Vincent Kartheiser in the photographer-director’s *Another Day in Paradise* (1998). But you’ve got to hand it to Clark for sticking to his tried-and-true themes even as he moves into a different shade of lurid.

5 Inez van Lamsweerde and Vinoodh Matadin (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York) Curated by van Lamsweerde and Matadin, “We Set Off in High Spirits” stood out among the summer offerings. Many interesting juxtapositions were on view—e.g., a Rosenquist painting shared the small gallery with a tiny Lucian Freud and a glass Koons-fucks-Cicciolina sculpture. Loved almost everything, but especially the ’70s Swiss photorealist Franz Gertsch’s huge canvas depicting the “Sticky Fingers” lifestyle of the era’s Euro-bohemians. Also Ed van der Elskin’s voluptuous and perverse color photograph of a prone beauty in a leg cast looking out the window at a mountain landscape—darling, what ever happened to you in Crans-Montana?

6 Rob Pruitt, “Pandas and Bamboo” (Gavin Brown’s enterprise, New York) Large paintings of pandas amid bamboo settings—in one, only a screen of lonely shoots—all rendered in enamel and glitter. Regardless of the kitschy, draggish, and Ziggy Stardust-y associations, these paintings evinced a certain becalmed stasis verging on gravitas. Has it already been two years since we mourned the passing of Hsing-Hsing at the National Zoo?

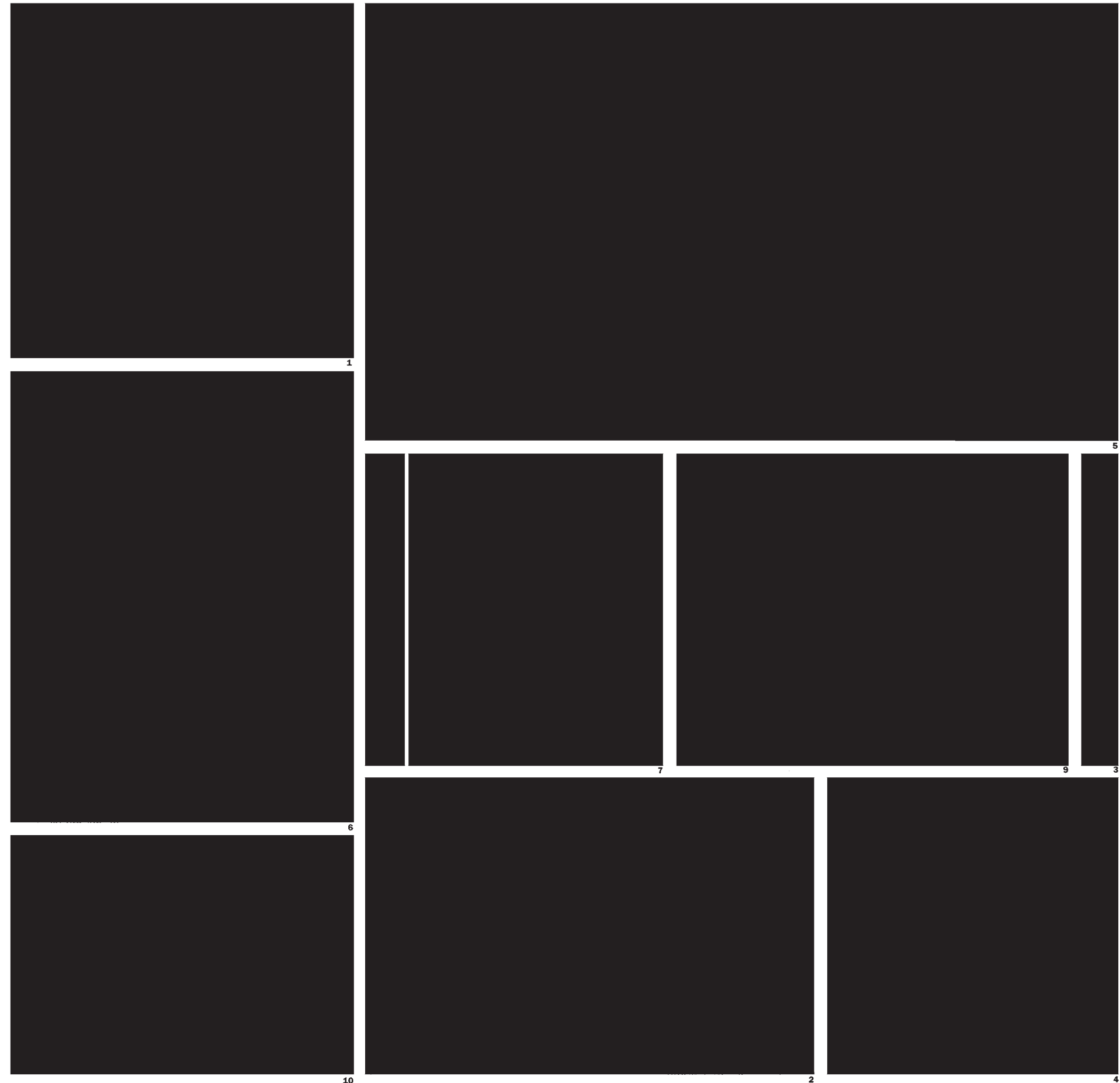
7 Karen Kilimnik Paintings (Edition Patrick Frey) Kilimnik’s last solo show in New York may not have been her best, but this extremely handsome volume more than makes up for it. Princesses, witches, and supermodels disport themselves in grand and haunted settings. Amber Valletta stands in the foreground while the Hamptons burn. Is she, wicca-supermodel, somehow responsible? Kilimnik’s paintings often look as if they had been rendered in nail polish, but that only adds to their ostentatiously lush charm. Great Christmas gift—what creep wouldn’t thrill to the black velvet cover?

8 Jan Dibbets (Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York) Late ’60s to early ’70s photo-Conceptualist classiness. Those works bearing the traces of wear and tear were perhaps the most desirable—vivid tokens of the “last” moment of twentieth-century avant-gardism. Dibbets’s *Shortest Day at My House in Amsterdam*,

1970, tracing the movement of the sun across the artist’s abode in the course of a day, was especially lovely, even poetic.

9 Alex Bag, *The Van* (Armory Show, New York) The van itself was a white Dodge with customized interior, set up near the American Fine Arts booth at the Armory Show, but Bag’s video shown inside is, once again, a star turn. The premise: The proprietor of the Leroy Le Loupe Gallery is driving three of his “stars” (all played by Bag) to the Armory, where the van itself will serve as their exhibition space. The young artists—all female—explain their works, talk about what they’re wearing, and dream of career advancement. “I want Charles Saatchi to buy out my studio. I want Hauser & Wirth to buy me a Ferrari. I want a solo show at the Fondazione Prada. I want Rosalind Krauss to write an essay about me in *October*.” This is just some of the printable stuff.

10 Shirin Neshat, *Possessed* (Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York) Imaginative title, no? I actually liked some of Neshat’s earlier films, but the preposterously melodramatic *Possessed* definitely wins my personal award for campiest artwork of the year. A woman looking rather like a Tehranian Anna Magnani walks through the streets of an Islamic city. She might as well be saying: “I’m crazy—possessed! I’m surrounded by men, but they don’t see me! Can’t they see that I’m crazy?” The chic of Araby. □



TOPTEN 2002

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TOP TEN

David Byrne

David Byrne is a musician, producer of music and films, and photographer. His images appeared most recently in a fall 2001 solo show at the Maryland Institute College of Art's Decker Gallery.

1 ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, *DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA* This guy saw it all coming. In 1835 de Tocqueville predicts US dominance in world trade, recognizes the influence of religion on the work ethic (way before Max Weber), and anticipates young democratic institutions fostering a culture and mind-set that resonate well outside politics and economics. How did he do it? He took the wide view. And he made me appreciate our shaky democratic and judicial institutions, which I was maybe all too ready to pronounce dead after W.'s coup d'état.

2 DENIS JOHNSON, *SEEK: REPORTS FROM THE EDGES OF AMERICA AND BEYOND* One essay in this collection—"The Small Boys Unit"—is an amazing, horrific, and brutally personal account of the war in Liberia. Although Johnson envelops the reader in a sense of the hallucinatory capriciousness of our species, there is some kind of optimism at work, possibly based in the beauty of his writing—a beauty that confronts, by its existence, these horrors.

3 "HERE IS NEW YORK" AND GREGOR SCHNEIDER AT THE GERMAN PAVILION, VENICE BIENNALE *Artforum* readers are probably familiar with both of these great shows, and are probably skeptical of the artistic worth of the first—a SoHo exhibition of photographs taken on and after September 11—partly because of its popularity. Gregor Schneider's house/maze was a marvel. The rigorously re-created bad German house-paint colors and fixtures were perfect down to every tiny detail.

4 TOSHIO IWAI, *PHOTON* At last year's P.S. 1 exhibition "Buzz Club: News from Japan," visitors, each outfitted with a lens and headphones, entered a darkened room. On approaching different light sources (Christmas-tree bulbs, a snow-screened TV, sodium-vapor lamps), they heard various electronic sounds transmitted into the headphones. Modulating volume and pitch by moving the lens around the light sources, silent museum-goers were transformed into bad modern dancers.

David Byrne, *Double Deads, 2001*, color photograph of "Three Room Dwelling," a diorama constructed by Frances Gleesner Lee, 1940s, from the Nutshell Studies of Unexplained Deaths. Author photo: Danny Clinch.

5 W RADICAL (96.9 FM) Appropriately named, this Mexico City radio station is pop culture pushed to an extreme so freaky it could easily be seen as conceptual. It plays techno and trance 24-7. And not the name-brand techno and trance of Thomas Brinkmann, Aphex Twin, or Orb: None of the tracks were recognizable to myself or my friends. But what amazed me most was its endlessness. Total pulse and throb all the time. The station pours out of the little VWs all over town. It's said that the factory workers love it—their bosses, too, as it tends to stimulate production. Listeners feel so modern, so in touch with the global zeitgeist. No matter how rickety your car or kiosk, this music puts you in the twenty-first century!

6 THE NUTSHELL STUDIES OF UNEXPLAINED DEATHS The official slogan of Baltimore—where I grew up—was once "Baltimore: Charm City." Now it's "Baltimore: Greatest City in America." (Really! Who knew?) John Waters has suggested "Come to Baltimore and Be Shocked." He's exaggerating, but not by much. On a recent trip, I visited several small local museums: the Museum of Incandescent Light (a dentist's lightbulb collection), the American Dime Museum (ten-cent sideshow attractions), and the Great Blacks in Wax Museum (African-American history told in waxworks and set in tableaux). But by far the most surprising is the Nutshell collection at the medical examiner's office. No, it's not a collection of carved walnuts and pecans, but a series of miniature dioramas of gruesome murder scenes intended as forensic study aids. Each dollhouse room contains a dead doll body—sprawled in a tub, on a bed, hanging from the rafters—and has a corresponding text offering witness testimony. Officers- and detectives-in-training are meant to scan each scene to see if the teensy evidence jibes with the account. Usually there's a giveaway. I could deduce the "truth" for a couple of them, but most required a trained eye. The title, by the way, refers to the phrase "the truth in a nutshell." The collection can be seen by appointment, but this office is busy, Baltimore being the murder capital of our nation.

7 THE ONION, AFFLUENT GOLFER, AND BUTTMAN The first made me laugh shortly after September 11 with their "Holy Fucking Shit" issue. The second is an '80s concept so damn out of sync with the times

that it must be on purpose. And the third—what can I say? Amazing, disgusting, refreshingly to the point.

8 GORAN BREGOVIČ Bregovič scores a lot of Emir Kusturica's films, but he is also a composer and producer in his own right. Live, he does it all—on the kind of budget only European arts festivals can conceive of. At the Crossing Border Festival in Amsterdam there was a full string section, a Balkan brass section in curly-toed shoes, a three-woman Bulgarian vocal choir, Bregovič on guitar, and another guy (who looked like Dracula as a biker) on percussion and vocals. The performance was varied and mesmerizing.

9 TOSCA TANGO ORCHESTRA I'm touring with Tosca's string section, so my opinion is obviously and cheerfully biased. Out of Austin, Texas, they made a name for themselves doing Astor Piazzolla-type deconstructed tangos at the Continental, on South Congress. They cleared the floor for dancing, and it worked: People came, drank, and danced—even if they didn't know how. Their sound track for Richard Linklater's animated talkathon, *Waking Life*, is reminiscent of Piazzolla, but goes somewhere else, maybe somewhere more spacey, as befits the subject matter.

10 THE AVALANCHES *Since I Left You* (2001) wins the prize for Best Follow-up Record to Another Artist's Record. In making the perfect sequel to DJ Shadow's big release of a few years ago (the one where he exhausted his entire record collection in one shot) the Australian band probably depleted their own record collections, so more than likely we won't hear from them again. □

TOP TEN

Laurie Simmons

Laurie Simmons's work is currently on view at **20.21 Galerie in Essen, Germany.** Her new line of fashion dolls for **Bozart Toys** will debut this fall.

1 ANIMAL PLANET Hard news from a parallel kingdom: This cable channel offers the perfect antidote to CNN with a combination of journalism, reality TV, and nature-nut escapades. One of my favorite shows, *Animal Precinct*, follows the beat of the ASPCA's Humane Law Enforcement Department, a group that investigates the thousands of crimes against New York City's animals each year. Episodes have chronicled the infiltration of dog- and cockfighting rings and the arrest of a man who burned his cat's whiskers. The chase scenes are riveting—better than *Cops*. *Emergency Vets*, Animal Planet's answer to *ER*, examines such cases as the cat with a nagging headache and the dog with a drinking problem (ten quarts of water a day).

2 THE LANGLEY SCHOOLS MUSIC PROJECT, INNOCENCE & DESPAIR This CD—a resurrected 1976 two-track recording of a painfully sincere chorus of sixty schoolchildren in a Western Canada gym—is being passed around like good gossip. Songs by Paul McCartney, the Beach Boys, and Don Henley collude with wobbly voices and Orff percussion to create an otherworldly school sing. "Desperado" is the exquisite high point.

3 THE DIG SITE AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY Russ Tamblin's diminutive role in the 1958 movie musical *Tom Thumb* and Ray Harryhausen's special effects in *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad* from the same year have left me with a lifelong desire for a palm-size friend. The "dig site," an archaeological diorama modeled after an excavation in La Micoque, France, features a group of projected animated holographic figures, each six inches tall. Watch as the anthropologist-star and his crew engage in a lively question-and-answer session covering the site's history.

4 THE GEOFFREY YOUNG GALLERY If the idea of a summer gallery conjures visions of pastel seascapes and lacquered Don Quixotes, visit this tiny space in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Young is a poet and publisher of *The Figures*, a small press. He opened the gallery ten years ago as an outlet for trophies from bicoastal

studio visits. Most of the works are small, affordable, and presciently selected. I first saw the art of James Siena, Alexander Ross, Kenneth Goldsmith, Marjory Reid, Keith Boadwee, Michelle Segre, and the Reverend Paul Plante there. And it's the only place I've ever seen Gregory Crewdson's firefly images. This past summer I discovered the altered-porn-magazine pictures of San Francisco artist Benji Whalen, who paints flannel pajamas on reclining women in a clumsy, edgy attempt to turn them chaste.

5 "THE LOVE THEME FROM SPARTACUS" Any cover of this hauntingly sad Alex North composition is a find, though nothing compares to Bill Evans's complex jazz treatment on the 1963 Verve album *Conversations with Myself*. A close second is on Yusef Lateef's *Eastern Sounds*. Sometimes I'll wade through the endless Roman army marches on the sound track from the 1960 Kubrick film just to hear "The Love Theme."

6 MARTIN MUNKACSI With fashion photography in a ho-hum moment, this Hungarian-born photographer's pictures, shot for *Harper's Bazaar* from the '20s to midcentury, offer a breath of fresh air—literally. After escaping Nazi Germany for the United States, Munkacsi set about freeing models from the studio. His images, which look like they were made yesterday, show women running on beaches, standing on their heads, perched on rooftops, and twirling umbrellas on rainy days.

7 LITTLE STREET, VINEGAR HILL, BROOKLYN Take the F train to York Street in **DUMBO**. Walk downhill toward the water. Turn right on Front Street and walk uphill until you come to Hudson Avenue. Turn left, then right onto Evans Street. Evans dead-ends on Little Street, which may be the littlest street in New York. It certainly is the quietest. It's Brooklyn a hundred years ago, with sweeping views of the Navy Yard (where my father was stationed as a lieutenant when he returned from Saipan and Okinawa) and a white mansion that once housed the naval commandant. On your way back notice the tiny mid-nineteenth-century brownstone community, all that's left of Vinegar Hill.

8 CHERRY RESOURCE CENTER Joseph LaRose sold women's shoes in Jacksonville, Florida, for fifty years. When he couldn't find the proper footwear for clients like Joan

Crawford and Brooke Shields, he had it custom-made with an eye toward exquisite detail. On his death in 1999, Cesar Padilla and Radford Brown, owners of the downtown Manhattan vintage clothing store Cherry, purchased more than 100,000 pairs of shoes from the LaRose inventory and lovingly installed them in a Long Island City warehouse. A visit there (by appointment only) is like a trip to a shoe museum, only here you can buy what's on display. It is also, for me, the story of my life in shoes: pumps my grandmother and aunts wore to parties, the Bernardo sandals my sister bought, the Pappagallos my mother refused to buy for me.

9 JIHAD VS. MCWORLD: HOW GLOBALISM AND TRIBALISM ARE RESHAPING THE WORLD. BENJAMIN R. BARBER Life in New York since September 11 seems to be about courage by day, poli-sci class by night. Everyone is sifting through mountains of information in an attempt to understand the new world order. *Jihad vs. McWorld* speaks clearly about the conflict of two diametrically opposed worlds—consumer capitalism and religious fundamentalism, addressing both their differences and their commonalities.

10 MCDONALD'S, 160 BROADWAY, NEW YORK A stone's throw from Ground Zero, this McDonald's is the best place downtown to ponder, daydream, and otherwise get sentimental—there's a grand piano and pianist stationed on the mezzanine. The musical selections have taken on a more patriotic tone since the reopening on September 24, but if you can stand McCappuccino, sit a while and you'll still hear Gershwin, Porter, Berlin, and Bacharach live, seven days a week. □



Right: **Sture Johannesson, Revolution Means Revolutionary Consciousness!**, 1968, 33 1/2 x 24 1/2". Poster for the exhibition "Underground," at Lunds Konsthall, Sweden, 1969. Far right: **Sture Johannesson, Aquarian Planetarium, Day and Night—I Am You—Copenhagen, 1969-70**, 33 1/2 x 24 1/2". Poster for a proposed planetarium.

TOP TEN

Toby Webster

Toby Webster, director of the Modern Institute, Glasgow, is cocurating "My Head Is on Fire But My Heart Is Full of Love," a thirty-plus-artist show to open at Charlottenborg, Copenhagen, in May.

1 MIKE NELSON, A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM Published in September to accompany Nelson's London ICA exhibition "Nothing Is True. Everything Is Permitted," *A Forgotten Kingdom* looks like a Penguin paperback from a thrift-store bargain bin. Each of the book's nineteen chapters is a previously published story by the likes of J.G. Ballard, Jorge Luis Borges, Joseph Conrad, Philip K. Dick, Stanislaw Lem, Jules Verne, and Richard Brautigan. The illusion is seamless, and it's also a good read—which is rare for a catalogue.

2 STURE JOHANNESSON Some years ago writer-curator Lars Bang Larsen introduced me to Johannesson's provocative psychedelic posters from the '60s and '70s. Recently I met the artist at his home in Malmö, Sweden, and was struck by his dedication, talent, and honesty. As Larsen tells it, the official reception of Johannesson's work in its time is epitomized by the reaction to his unsanctioned poster for a 1969 exhibition at the Lunds Konsthall, in which a nude woman smokes a hash pipe below an image of Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People*. Under pressure from the Konsthall board chairman, the authorities collected and confiscated the posters, citing their "drug-idealizing standpoint."

3 LIFE WITHOUT BUILDINGS This Glasgow foursome's 1999 first album, *Any Other City*, has become a favorite of mine; it's background music whenever I'm at home. The band's influences are many, drawing a line from The Velvet Underground and Television through Gang of Four and The Smiths to contemporaries like The Lapse and Les Savy Fav—with a nod to e.e. cummings along the way. A performance by lead singer Sue Tompkins is a treat—you get to hear some pretty raw and odd rhymes and rhythms.

4 MAARTEN VAN SEVEREN The Belgian is one of the few designers today who push innovation rather than settle for '50s/'80s retro-modernist style. His award-winning U-Line lamp is sleek yet practical and casts a soft light onto my

desk; it nods to the minimalism of architect John Pawson while managing to maintain its own progressive identity. Van Severen won the Prix du Créateur last year and is currently designing for Vitra, among other firms.

5 OPTIMO (ESPACIO) Hosted by DJ Mary Hill (Jonnie Wilkes) and DJ Kelvin Bridge (Keith Mclvor, aka Mount Florida), this regular Sunday-night party in Glasgow is a cross between buccaneer de Stijl (you'll just have to take my word for it) and a knees-up with your family. It's been going strong since 1997 and has never lost its edge. Jonnie and Keith have a knack for introducing new live bands to a pretty discerning scene. In 2001 they started their own label, OSCARR (Optimo Singles Club and Related Recordings), releasing three records to date; a new project with local band Bis, including remixes of Joy Division songs, is due out later this year.

6 SLAB CITY The population of this tent/RV/shantytown located on a former Navy base in Southern California swells in midwinter to more than three thousand city misfits. Go marvel at the ingenuity of the locals, who have created a unique community independent of the state... sort of. Of course they do have Salvation Mountain, a huge hill with Christian slogans painted on it in brightly colored gloss, to keep you on track. There is a lot of architecture to look at, too: The living quarters range from state-of-the-art mobile homes to something resembling a large shopping cart.

7 DAVID SHRIGLEY, DO NOT BEND (Redstone Press, 2001) I could include all of Shrigley's work in my Top Ten. His insights into his crushingly dull yet cheerfully absurd life make my own bearable. *Do Not Bend* is his latest book.

8 BQ Run by Jörn Böttnagel and Yvonne Quirmbach, this Cologne gallery shapes its program around artists both contemporary and historical, producing artist's books and prints designed by Quirmbach for each project. Next month they move from their gatehouse space at Galerie Monika Sprüth into larger premises near the Hotel Chelsea.

9 DIVINE LIVE AT THE HACIENDA MANCHES-TER I rented this video for a party I threw with Gavin Brown at the WMF Club in Berlin last November. It documents the tough and highly innovative Divine performing before an audience that looks bemused if unmoved as he gets into the rhythm with a pair of maracas. Divine's carefree showmanship reveals a pioneering spirit whose influence is only becoming apparent now, in bands like Fischerspooner, Adult, and Chicks on Speed.

10 CUBITT GALLERY This artist-run London venue has seen countless changes in curators and locations while maintaining its position at the creative edge—a bit like its Glaswegian counterpart, Transmission Gallery. This year under the curatorial direction of *Untitled* magazine's Polly Staples, Cubitt holds its own in a city that could use a few more spaces like it. □



Charlie Kaufman

Dubbed by W a "ruler of the Hollywood heap," screenwriter Charlie Kaufman authored the scripts for Being John Malkovich (1999) and Human Nature, which opens nationally this month.

JENNIFER NOLAN'S INSTALLATION TRAUMA, 2002, tells of her hardships growing up in suburban New Jersey. Nolan fills the stark gallery (Stephan Bartels) with thirty-one TV sets. Each numbered set reveals the trauma of that particular year of her life. Number five, for example, repeats, ad infinitum, the audio loop "My cousin felt me up" while we watch images of leaves falling, a broken tricycle, and her cousin feeling her up. Nolan is so courageously honest that the viewer feels duty-bound to endure the discomfort of bearing witness. Various narratives commingle through the echoey space. "They called me a lesbo." "I got fat." "I got my period in white pants on the subway." Although no male can truly understand the struggle of women, Derek and I came that much closer after viewing Nolan's devastating exposition.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF JOSEF OPSAL looks, unblinkingly, at fat and ugly people, sometimes grouped together, sometimes placed shockingly alone against plain backgrounds. The unframed black-and-white prints at the photographer's recent London show (Clarridge Engles Gallery) appear deceptively simple: an ugly man with a cast eye standing in a doorway, a fat woman in soiled housecoat holding a malnourished cat, staring defiantly at us. At first glance, Opsal's work might seem exploitative, even cruel, but a strange thing happens as we stare into these faces: Revulsion turns to compassion.

EDIS WELK, TILLER'S WEDGE (Atlas Press, 2001) I hadn't read a stitch in over a year—my crazy version of a juice fast—because there are just too many ideas. But Derek was his usual insistent self, so I gave in. Isn't that just easier sometimes? I'm glad I did! Welk is a magician. I

Rin Tashmoor, I Swallow Coins, 2001, oil on canvas, 20 1/2 x 14 1/2".

have to admit I was predisposed to like this book after seeing Welk's beautiful, almost haunting photo on the jacket. Was anyone ever so young? But it's the book that won me over. With its lilting ambiguities and cerebral insouciance, Wedge charmed me so thoroughly I scarcely noticed the fin de siècle moribundity steadily creeping in. By the time David D'Agostino met his brutal death at the hands of The Imp, I found myself reinvigorated, ready to tackle my next project, an adaptation of this amazing book.

Gender issues are central to my work. So it was a joy to discover a like-minded soul in LOIS BARONELLO, whose grainy digital prints interrogate traditional gender roles and reject the fraudulent essentialism they imply. At her Chelsea show (Kroner & Baum) you'd be just as likely to come across a photo of a girl in football attire as you would a little boy dressed as a secretary. That embodiments of difference still discomfit some gallerygoers is evidence that we have a long way to go. Why can't a woman be a little boy in a pirate hat?

HOLOMETABOLOUS (Walter Brasher, 2002) A tossed nickel miraculously lands on its edge then explodes, killing a bookie; a female hitchhiker is picked up by a man literally nailed into his car; a deaf martial arts expert uses sign language to decapitate an assailant. Thus begins Brasher's first film, a sweet, shoestring-budget coming-of-age story I had the privilege of seeing this year at Sundance. It is Brasher's deployment of harsh, corrosive imagery in the service of a gentle

boy-boy love story that lends Holometabolous its uncanny poignancy. I hope this film finds distribution, because it needs to be seen.

HOWARD T. ROSENFELD, BLANK (Graywolf Press, 2002) "Bedroom empty. Bedroom empty still. Bedroom remains empty. The mall, food court crowded with shoppers—one table conspicuously unoccupied." Best memoir I've read this year. Particularly resonant now, in these difficult times. We've all read narratives in the tired first-, second-, and third-person forms, but Rosenfield tells his story in the fourth person: the individual not referred to. The subject, completely absent, is the paradoxical void at the heart of Rosenfield's 977-page confessional masterpiece. Because, in the end, it serves to remind us of the precariousness of our own existence.

KAT' EXOCHEN changed my life. My hope is that it will change the world. Kat' exochen is a belief system developed by Rachel Estelle Kline of Mineola, New York, as she recuperated from head injuries suffered in a 1987 LIRR derailment. A series of hallucinatory visions formed the basis for her theology, which she "transcribed" in a massive treatise, complete with cosmology and dietary laws. To say, as some critics have, that the religion boils down to "trains are bad" is simplistic and vicious. What are people afraid of?

THE PAINTINGS OF RIN TASHMOOR Stumbling upon this small show in Stockholm (Karsten Ekqvist Gallerie) became the serendipitous highpoint of our weekend getaway. The enormous canvases, thick with paint and rage, dissect, through stereotype and caricature, Western attitudes toward race, gender, and sexual orientation. Tashmoor's Child's Bank #3, 2001, a mammoth indictment of globalism, racism, and the commodification of desire, is as eloquent as it is horrifying.

How does the relationship between father and son shift over time? MITCH LEVENTHAL delicately explores this issue in You Are My Dad/Are You My Dad?, a video essay recently aired on Boston's WGBH. It opens on octogenarian Nat Leventhal dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy. An off-screen interrogator provokes the elderly man:

Interrogator: Why are you dressed like that? Nat: I don't know. You told me to. Interrogator: You do everything you're told? Nat: You said to. You said we'd get Italian after. Interrogator: What are you, a baby? You're dressed like a baby. Nat: No, I just— Interrogator: Then how come you made me dress like a baby when I was young? Nat: I don't know. Your mom picked out your clothes.

Leventhal unblinkingly examines the damage we inflict on each other in the name of familial love. He raises the question, at least in our house, what can we do to stop this cycle of abuse?

Derek and I first heard DOMITILA LOUCK perform in a Stuttgart Bierhaus. I immediately snatched up her CD Waldsterben (Moebius), and it has quickly become my musical security blanket. I carry it everywhere: the gym, the plane, our cabin upstate. If I could love a woman, it would be Domitila. With her flame red hair, hourglass figure, and dead eyes, she is the ideal female. Her languorous renderings of "La Vie en Rose" and "Águas de Março" make me cry like a baby. If I could be a woman, I would be Domitila. Wouldn't we all? □

Assume Vivid Astro Focus (a.k.a. Eli Sudbrack), Assume Vivid Astro Focus II (detail), 2002, mixed media, 14' 2" x 22' 2".

Steve Lafreniere

Steve Lafreniere is an independent curator and an editor at Index magazine. He is currently writing a memoir about "the real '60s."

MARY BROGGER Ten years ago Brogger's chain-mail draperies and welded-steel Queen Anne chairs made me reconsider trompe l'oeil, of all things. Later she put up a full-scale photo panorama of her messy apartment at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art, cheerfully lowering the brow of anyone who walked by. She's maybe less impish nowadays. Her recent sealed-in-felt rocks are as exquisite to think about as to hold, and her scale model of Mies's Farnsworth House is given second grace as a bird feeder. Now I hear Brogger's fashioned a Persian rug from stainless steel and plans to lay it at the bottom of a reflecting pool in California. It's distortions like these that keep her work so exuberantly unfixed.

PHILLIP, ICICLES AND SPIKE SCULPTURES Even if experimental pop hadn't become the knowing piffle it currently is, these fifteen songs would still stand way, way out. Phillip is a twenty-one-year-old Seattleite whose argument with and ambivalence about practically everything gave his debut album, Pet Cancer, last year's most mumbly lyrics. But it's the sound that gets you first—floods of shattered synth notes over acoustic guitar melodies as vaudevillian as any by Van Dyke Parks or Syd Barrett. His latest album, Icicles and Spike Sculptures, is even more sweetly bugged out. Oh, please let him influence a generation.

ASSUME VIVID ASTRO FOCUS (A.K.A. ELI SUDBRACK) Sudbrack's mural installations have a way of pulling you in. For a show at New York's White Columns he managed to elevate a snapshot of himself gazing over a Big Sur cliff into a candy-flake temple of bliss. Streamers, decal bouquets, logos, and a wonderful chandelier stud the image, while a video monitor animates the same things into a roiling DMT plume. I walked out high as a kite.

DONATELLER, RADIOHEAD If you watch British artist Mark Leckey's documentaries about drugged-up UK dance tribes in a dark enough room, you'll be grinding your teeth right along with them. Now he's recording music himself,

with an angelic singer named Ed Liq. DonAteller's debut CD delivers twenty-two cover songs in forty-five minutes. Built almost entirely from samples, Radiohead is a mnemonic switchboard à la De La Soul's 3 Feet High and Rising, but it rocks like hell. As a duo, Leckey and Liq started a brawl at their last New York show. Word is they're coming back as a ten-piece.

DAVID WEST, "PANIC PAINTINGS" A lot of art has been made "about" September 11. But I've seen little that gives as much insight into how trippy it was in New York that day as David West's "Panic Paintings." West is a knife-sharp expressionist, and his reimagining of the facts startled me at first. But so did Goya's, even if the comparison ends there. Now all West needs is a New York gallery to show them.

ONLINE READING Content websites don't usually hold my attention. I'd rather read a magazine. But there are a couple that keep me coming back. Even if you still don't know the music of Scottish singer-songwriter-pundit Momus, you can dig him intensely on his official site (www.demon.co.uk/momus). It's contrary, sunny, and filled with essays like "Electronics in the 18th Century," "Krafft-Ebing, Superstar," and the recent "Electroacoustics of Humanism," in which Socrates cheers on Scratch Pet Land and Martin Creed. Then there's the Blow Up (www.theblowup.com), a newer site with rat-a-tat Q & A's, portfolios, and stories on all manner of young sensations. People seem to really open up in the Blow Up's interviews, two of the least dissembled subjects lately being Elizabeth Peyton and Richard Devine.

STEPHEN SHORE, THE NATURE OF PHOTOGRAPHS (The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998) It only took an hour to read this book in a bagel shop one rainy Saturday last summer, but it's haunted me ever since. Shore's terse, remote prose—after all, he was a Factory denizen at age sixteen—makes his already persuasive arguments about a photograph's "mental level" even more so. But the most remarkable thing is how I seem to have adapted Shore's ideas to everyday life. As a kind of spontaneous meditation, I daily

salvage shallow mental space by placing it within a passive frame. And you should, too.

EVERETT SHELOW, EVERETT AND ESAU (Abiama Studios) How to explain this spooky seventy-eight-minute videotape? In an overlit motel room, Shelow snorts coke and masturbates while talking to a TV-monitor/mirror device. At some point, considerably on the outskirts of his own self, he encounters an "excarate aspect" called Esau. As riveting as the best porn, which maybe it is.

BLOSSOM DEARIE, BLOSSOM TIME AT RONNIE SCOTT'S If you don't know Blossom Dearie, this recent reissue of a 1966 live set is a useful starting point. Because if you "get" the bizarre jokes she cracks between songs, you can probably also appreciate how a singer with such limited range came to be one of the greats.

NICK RELPH AND OLIVER PAYNE, DRIFTWOOD Last fall's buzz on Nick and Oliver was a little too charming. (A couple of young working-class London skaters/taggers/punks who, naturally, attend art school, begin to videotape their abject pals and environs for a class project; in homage to Patrick Keiller's sly 1994 film London, they collage the good bits and lay a brilliant rant about history, architecture, and skateboarding over the top; the results are mordant, hilarious, poetic, compelling.) The last thing I expected was that the hype would be true. □

Forcefield

Forcefield, a four-member collective based in Providence, Rhode Island, originated as a band in 1995 and has since expanded into video and installation. Their work was included in the 2002 Whitney Biennial, and a CD, *Third Annual Roggabogga*, will be released by Load Records in June. For Artforum's Summer Top Ten, Forcefield presents their favorite scenic locations.

1. Colt State Park, Bristol, RI. **2. Providence Police Station** (viewed from the sky, it is shaped like a 9 mm handgun). **3. The Planted Forest**, Nickerson State Park, Brewster, MA. **4. Forcefield at Conkln Limestone Quarry**, Lincoln, RI. Clockwise from left: Meerk Puffy, Gorgon Radeo, and P Lobe (Le Geef not pictured). Photo: Hisham Akira Bharoocha. **5. Tidal Flats**, Cape Cod, MA. **6. Eagle Square** (R.I.P.—soon to be a Shaw's supermarket), Providence, RI. **7. The Gay Woods on the Seekonk River**, Providence, RI. **8. P Lobe in the Sewer** (brick runoff tube leading from VA Medical Center), Providence, RI. **9. Swan Point Cemetery** (home of H.P. Lovecraft), Providence, RI. **10. The Train Tunnel** (warm in winter, cool in summer), Providence, RI. Top: Meerk Puffy in the Painted Desert.

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AA Bronson

AA Bronson, a cofounder of General Idea, divides his time between Toronto and New York, where his work was recently seen at the 2002 Whitney Biennial.

1 A close friend once made me a present of **WOLFGANG TILLMANS'S** immortal photograph *AA BREAKFAST, 1995*, an "aerial view" of a companion's erection taken during American Airlines' in-flight breakfast service. (Hey, American, wake up! This would make a great billboard!) Many people have assumed the erection is mine, but it's not. However, Wolfgang, I'm waiting for the invitation to pose for *AA Lunch*, *AA Dinner*, or even *AA Cocktails*.

2 Speaking of commodities (we were, weren't we?), **ASIAN PUNK BOY**, once an employee of the quarterly fashion extravaganza *Visionaire*, makes books/boxes to order using images and texts stolen from other artists, liberally mixed with miniaturized photos and stitched together with an attention to detail that reminds one of Comme des Garçons' Rei Kawakubo or Issey Miyake. See www.asianpunkboy.com, where '50s porno gives way to meticulously ordered columns of pale pink possibilities, little forays into visual/aural gamelike worlds of puns and pictures (look carefully and you'll find a mini-project by Bruce LaBruce and a photo of his rosebud by yours truly).

3 Speaking of **BRUCE LABRUCE** (we were, weren't we?), watch for his extremely shocking upcoming collaboration with AA Bronson.

4 **BUTT MAGAZINE** Although *Nest* is still my fave, *Butt* is a serious challenger. Published by Gert Jonkers and Jop van

Bennekom of Amsterdam, who (just like me) are fans of Wolfgang Tillmans, Bruce LaBruce, and Asian Punk Boy, *Butt* veers between the erotic and the trendy, with a sort of casual no-nonsense approach to mixing sex, life, and art.

5 Clearly a student of Carolee Schneemann, **SANDS MURRAY-WASSINK** is an American expat living in Amsterdam whose über-feminist website (http://go.to/sands) offers a grid of some six hundred numbered but otherwise unidentified links. Flip through this encyclopedia of Murray-Wassink's mind—from Carolee herself (#01) to MAC cosmetics (#416) to the National Women's History Project (#300) to Pipilotti Rist (#635). You'll also find (under "Pictures") documentation of his performance-installation *Erotic Homosexual Feminist Caucasian White Western Male Artist Witch Self Nude/Lascaux*, 2002, from "Boys: The Construction of Maleness" at Shedhalle Zürich last spring.

6 **TAKUJI KOGO**, a young Japanese artist who works under the pseudonym Candy Factory, is obsessively collaborative, weaving works by many artists into his profusion of websites and installations, combining neon sculptures of hangman's nooses with flickering projections of Chrysanthe Stathacos's "aura portraits" of Indian holy men, for example. (Check out www.bekkoame.ne.jp/i/ga2750 or www.trans.artnet.or.jp/~transart).

7 **RYAN MCGINLEY's** glamorous-but-dumb portrait of Harmony Korine (*Harmony on the Floor*) in *New York Photographs, 2002*, Printed Matter's limited-edition photo portfolio curated by Peter Halley and *Index* magazine. The photographer's new book, *Ryan McGinley* (Index Books, 2002), is a blast, too.

8 German-born, Vienna-based artist **MATTHIAS HERRMANN's** ongoing flood of books, pamphlets, and periodicals, mostly self-published, all featuring his erotic and naked self-portraits. *Hotel 2001* (Art Metropole, 2002), Herrmann's latest, showcases (yes, again!) naked, often erotic self-portraits in hotel rooms worldwide. He's got a knack for framing his erection with the most unlikely of architectural details, emerging from behind a closet door or playing peekaboo with a lamp shade. As Whitney curator Lawrence Rinder says in his introductory essay, "It's rare to see such shamelessness. What an instructive performance!"

9 **HIROAKI OHYA's** perverse approach to making fashion last: He designs his clothing (ten pieces to date) as "books" that unfold

into phantasmagorically winged and pleated creations. After the party, fold them up again and put them on the shelf. Ohya hopes to build an entire library by the end of his life. His clients? Not just the fashion elite but also "collectors"—a new hybrid of the art and fashion worlds.

10 **NEST** Sorry, folks, I couldn't say goodbye without another nod to the best shelter rag, *Nest, A Quarterly Magazine of Interiors*. Each issue seems more delirious than the last, the juxtaposition of the ironic, the palatial, the tribal, the eccentric, the intellectual, the minimal, and the sublime, bound together by a physical abnormality—a die-cut cover, a laser-cut hole, or yellow borders—to which not only the editorial content but also the advertisers must adjust. Pulling it all together are founder Joe Holtzman's brilliant editorials, which must, one day, be published on their own.

BONUS: Every *Artforum* Top Ten should include at least one art exhibition, and this is mine: "Same Difference," Ydessa Hendeles's brilliant show currently on at (where else?) the Ydessa Hendeles Foundation in Toronto, includes, among other works, Douglas Gordon's *Left is right and right is wrong and left is wrong and right is right*, 1999; Maurizio Cattelan's sensational *Him*, 2001; and a double-decker room of some 1,800 individually framed vintage photographs of teddy bears, discarded family snapshots that Hendeles purchased one by one on eBay over a three-year period: babies with teddies, little girls with teddies, soccer teams with teddy mascots, '30s soft-core porn with teddies, soldiers with teddies—there's more, of course, but sorry, Ydessa, *Artforum* wouldn't give me the extra pages I'd need to adequately describe this indescribable exhibition. Suffice it to say that the cumulative effect is at once mind-bending, heartrending, and profound. □

Below: **Wolfgang Tillmans, AA Breakfast, 1995**, color photograph, 12 x 16". Right: "**Same Difference**." Installation view, Ydessa Hendeles Foundation, Toronto, 2002.

Roe Ethridge

Roe Ethridge is a New York-based photographer. His solo show at the Cheekwood Museum of Art in Nashville opens in December.

1 AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS America is cursed (or blessed) by Wal-Mart. Regardless, it's a good place to get a cheap video camera and make your contribution to the American vernacular video archive otherwise known as *AHV*. The best part of the show is the musical montage. When you hear the host announce it, you'd better come running from the kitchen. A fugue of physical humor, it's the most hysterical two minutes on television.

2 DEERHOOF, REVELLE; WILCO, YANKEE HOTEL FOXTROT; ANDREW WK, I GET WET *Reveille* is a hook-laden, schizophrenic, post-punk rock album rife with churchy titles and fire-and-brimstone themes of nature wresting back the earth from "death and mankind." It takes a few listens but then you've earned access to their weirdness; it's my current favorite disc. *YHF* is waning, but I still can't get the song "Ashes of American Flags" out of my head. It's got big, sad guitar lines with lots of reverb and tear-jerky lyrics in Jeff Tweedy's broken voice: "All my lies are only wishes / I know I would die if I could come back new." Since I gave away several copies of *I Get Wet* trying to create an Andrew WK army, I was very excited to pick up a new copy the other day. Imagine Slayer doing TV theme songs. Good with morning coffee.

3 NEWYORKSURF.COM Waiting for swell in the wave-deprived (especially last summer) Northeast can drive a person crazy; still, every day I'm compelled to check out Surfer Jim's Surf Cam. I also monitor an up-to-the-hour report from a lone buoy that's shown just bobbing around about thirty nautical miles off the south shore of Long Island. Visiting this site has become a nervous tic. I check it just to check it.

4 SHOOT THE FREAK I just went to Coney Island for the first time and was struck by two things: the Whitmanesque diversity of the throng and a shooting gallery-type game bluntly called Shoot the Freak. Armed with a paintball rifle, the player shoots down into an abandoned, garbage-strewn lot along the boardwalk. The target is not a

bull's-eye or a little tin duck but a live human being. Wearing a gas mask and paint-splattered army surplus with a makeshift wooden shield as protection, the "freak" runs around the ruins of Brooklyn. There's no prize for hitting the guy, just the satisfaction of marking him. The scene looks like a nightmare or a segment from *Headline News*—disturbingly familiar.

5 THE WARM DRY BOAT: SOME THOUGHTS ON LIVING ABOARD AND CRUISING IN COMFORT Roger McAfee's DIY encyclopedia is a lo-fi Quark masterpiece. I own copy #3,450 from the first edition, printed in 2001. With his mix of maritime storytelling and practical advice, McAfee is like your long-lost uncle. Sometimes ornery, sometimes hilarious, he takes the technical very personally. From a chapter on design, in which McAfee imagines "Mrs. Snooty" complaining to her husband: "How come our million dollar boat can't keep up with that junky grey thing?"

6 BEAVERKILL TROUT HATCHERY Somewhere near the end of the road in the western Catskills are a bunch of terraced pools teeming with trout. The hatchery distributes thousands of prize fish throughout the Northeast. A stringer of Beaverkill beauties was recently featured in *Country Living*. There's a small pond that's stocked with "blems" (the ugly ones) where you can cast your line and pull out as many as you can afford at four dollars a pound. If you don't want to fish, they'll sell you a tasty smoked trout for six bucks. Serve cold with horseradish and vodka.

7 THE CONDÉ NAST BUILDING The sheer number of images that pass through the doors of this place is astronomical; it's like an image refinery. Little-known fact: The exterior signage is supported by an off-grid power source that would keep the southeast corner of Times Square lit up in the event of a black out. Can you imagine?—Times Square, all dark except for some seizure-inducing Target ad?

8 THE BOTANY OF DESIRE The gist of Michael Pollan's book is that humans cultivate nature without realizing that nature is cultivating us. Drawing prismatic connections between Kazakstan and Johnny Appleseed, the Dutch tulip craze and

stock market speculation, cannabinoid receptors and a very stoned Carl Sagan, Pollan says things like "the existential heft of a tomato," and you know what he means. The entire book revolves around conflicting Apollonian and Dionysian desires. And since you can buy it at airport bookstores, there's usually somebody around to talk about it with.

9 FLORIDA'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL I'm guessing there aren't a whole lot of people reading this who know or care about college football in Florida. However, there are those who live for it; my parents, for example, make the five-and-a-half-hour pilgrimage to Tallahassee for every single Florida State home game. This year the three big schools are pre-season top ten, and the stakes are high. U of F lost their celebrated head coach, and Miami is returning national champ (can they handle the pressure to repeat?). As a diehard Seminoles fan I of course like Florida State to win both state bragging rights and the 2002 national championship. Mark your calendar: September 7, Florida vs. Miami; October 12, Miami vs. FSU; November 30, FSU vs. Florida.

10 PAUL OUTERBRIDGE AT THE LAGUNA BEACH ART FAIR, CA. 1951 I keep coming back to Outerbridge. He was a pictorialist, an inventor of color photography, a dandified American artist, and an ambitious commercial photographer. He managed to bring all these elements to bear on his images, whether a nude at her dressing table or a box of Chesterfields. Here Outerbridge sits, proudly displaying examples of his life's work, including covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *House Beautiful*, and *Town & Country*. □

Sam Durant

The work of Los Angeles-based artist Sam Durant is on view in solo exhibitions at LA moca through January and at the Kunstverein Düsseldorf from January through March 2003.

1 DEMOCRACY NOW! With the major news media functioning as infotainment divisions for their corporate ownership and NPR's wholesale submission to its underwriters, *Democracy Now!* may well be one of the last "free" news programs left in the country. Host Amy Goodman's show is broadcast daily on Pacifica Network and its affiliates nationally, and worldwide on shortwave (find your station on www.democracynow.org). Tune in for a meaningfully patriotic alternative to the mainstream morning news.

2 SOCIETY FOR THE ACTIVATION OF SOCIAL SPACE THROUGH ART AND SOUND (SASSAS) Artist Cindy Bernard has been programming sound performances around LA for the past several years. She's presented an amazing variety of musicians, composers, and improvisers—Solid Eye, Glenn Branca, Pauline Oliveros, and Stephen Prina, to name a few. Her "Sound" series at the Schindler House invites audiences to hear serious sonic intensity in LA's greatest modernist house. *SASSAS*, which Bernard founded this year, has just released *soundCD no.1*, a compilation of recordings from these and other Bernard-produced concerts.

3 THE BEST DEMOCRACY MONEY CAN BUY (Pluto Press, 2002) Greg Palast's book collects stories he broke for European newspapers and news outlets, many of them suppressed or ignored by US media. The muckraking journalist thoroughly documents our presidential coup (the fraudulent "scrubbing" of Florida's voter rolls), the Bush and Clinton administrations' ties to the bin Laden family and the Saudi royals, and initiatives like the IMF and World Bank's pernicious Country Assistance Strategies and the ruthless "logic" of the NAFTA and GATT trade agreements. As the dust-jacket blurb says, the information contained within is "a hand grenade."

4 FELA KUTI Fela had to establish his own country—the Kalakuta Republic in Lagos—just to play funk. Imprisoned and beaten nearly to death repeatedly throughout his life by Nigeria's despot rulers, he still managed to start his own political party and run for president (twice).

Stephen Prina performing "Sonic Dan" for the "Sound" series at the Schindler House, Los Angeles, August 25, 2001. Photo: Cindy Bernard.

More than a million people attended his funeral in 1997. *Open & Close*, *Expensive Shit*, *Zombie*, *Everything Scatter*, and *Opposite People* are among the dozens of incredible records he made—and they've all been recently reissued.

5 TO REPEL GHOSTS (Zoland Books, 2001) Taking Jean-Michel Basquiat's paintings (and their masses of musical/cultural/political/historical references) as a starting point, poet Kevin Young has constructed an incredibly rich series of interlocking texts that flow across and through modernist lineages—Satchmo, Bird, Ellison, Warhol, Elvis, Baldwin, Miles, Robert Johnson, Jack Johnson, Ali—and back around again. Densely sophisticated, rigorously composed, full of uncomfortable knowledge and scathing humor, this book is building the future of poetry.

6 THE COUP and DEAD PREZ The Coup are Oakland-based radicals politically rooted in Public Enemy and KRS-One but with a new sound that's supported by a full backup band. Boots (lyricist) and Pam (turntablist) are burning down the MTV plantation of hip-hop pabulum. Their first record, *Kill My Landlord* (1993), is legendary. Their latest, *Party Music* (2001), belies its title, offering sobering critiques in tunes like "5 Million Ways to Kill a CEO" as well as Boots's sweet song for his daughter, "Wear Clean Draws," which combines fatherly advice with acid social commentary: "My boogie baby, / Now the world ain't no fairy tale, / And it's ran by some rich, white, scary males." *Dead Prez* is holding down the East Coast political vibe. *Let's Get Free* (2000) is a blistering masterpiece that fuses genuine fury and clear-eyed optimism with monster beats.

7 THE DR. HUEY P. NEWTON FOUNDATION David Hilliard, former chief of staff of the Black Panther Party, is cofounder of the foundation (www.blackpanther.org), which publishes books and music, runs educational programs, and strives to pass the Panthers' history to the next generation. Hilliard runs tours of sites around Oakland where the shit went down. Seeing where he and Eldridge Cleaver were ambushed by the Oakland PD and where Newton was gunned down is both terrifying and riveting. If you're ever in the Bay Area, take the tour. For BPP history check out Hilliard's autobiography, *This Side of Glory*, and Elaine Brown's memoir, *A Taste of Power: A Black Woman's Story*, two of the most cogent accounts of Newton's party and the times.

8 DONALD JUDD'S WRITING On a recent visit to the Chinati Foundation in Marfa, Texas, I reread Judd's

1984 article "A long discussion not about masterpieces but why there are so few of them." While sometimes tending toward the polemical, most of his writing is astute and often sounds as if it were about today's art world. I had forgotten how radical Judd was with regard to the politics of art and culture, the incestuous and often opaque relationships between institutions, curators, critics, magazines, and the market. With forceful will and fierce commitment to his own work and that of his peers, he wrote about the conditions in which he felt artwork should be viewed and experienced; then he went out and made it happen.

9 HATRED OF CAPITALISM: A SEMIOTEXT(E) READER Best title yet (thanks to Jack Smith, who came up with it) and with anti-intellectualism so rampant these days, I can't help myself. Eileen Myles opens the book with "An American Poem," a blast from Massachusetts—"I am a Kennedy. / Shouldn't we all be Kennedys?" Hélène Cixous's essay "The Writing, Always the Writing" is a great parallel to Myles's poem. The two works confront alienation and the sense that you're not at home in your own home. Slyly compiled, this anthology brings together fiction, narrative, philosophy, and critical theory without imposing a hierarchy among genres.

10 KILLDOZER, UNCOMPROMISING WAR ON ART UNDER THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT A brilliant, hilarious "concept" album with footnoted liner notes that needle academic Marxism while cunningly introducing Simone Weil, Ramsey Clark, and Eugene V. Debs to disenfranchised working-class kids. Though released in 1994, songs like "Enemy of the People" (about Wal-Mart's happy-faced ruthlessness) and "Turkey Shoot" (about the press's slavish complicity with Bush Sr.'s Gulf War) remain, unfortunately, entirely relevant. □

Best of
2002

Film

John Waters
David Bordwell
Amy Taubin
Ian Birnie
Chrissie Iles

From left: Pedro Almodóvar, *Talk to Her*. Todd Haynes, *Far from Heaven*. Alexander Sokurov, *Russian Ark*.

Spread from left: Alexander Sokurov, *Russian Ark*. Michael Haneke *The Piano Teacher*. Toe Yuen, *My Life as McDull*. Jeong Jae-eun, *Take Care of my Cat*. Jean-Luc Godard, *In Praise of Love*. Michael Snow, **Corpus Callosum*. Gus Van Sant, *Gerry*. Paul Sietsema, *Empire*.

John Waters

1. *Far from Heaven* (Todd Haynes) My favorite film of the year. A Douglas Sirk-inspired melodrama that actually works *without* being campy. How does a director this young know so much?

2. *La Chatte à deux têtes* (Jacques Nolot) This hilarious, entertaining, and authentic film takes place entirely inside a Parisian porn theater. Somebody! Please! Give this movie American distribution!

3. *The Piano Teacher* (Michael Haneke) Not since *Salò* have we had a shocker like this. Isabelle Huppert is God.

4. *Y Tu Mamá Tambiën* (Alfonso Cuarón) Diego Luna and Gael García Bernal get my vote for screen couple of the year (even if they *were* drunk and don't remember a thing).

5. *Merci pour le chocolat* (Claude Chabrol) It's her again. Isabelle Huppert poisons her family, and Claude Chabrol tells her how to do it with cinematic perfection.

6. *Gerry* (Gus Van Sant) So slow, so formal, so ballsy, so fucking good. Don't sleep with anybody



who doesn't love this film.

7. *In Praise of Love* (Jean-Luc Godard) Right in the middle of a scene the music rises, overlaps, and completely drowns out the dialogue. The most beautiful and radical sound mix of the year.

8. *Storytelling* (Todd Solondz) The director of *Happiness* leaves you squirming in your seat, feeling gloriously bad. What more do you want for a ten-dollar admission?

9. *Read My Lips* (Jacques Audiard) A drab female office worker with a hearing problem falls for French rough trade. *Not* getting laid never seemed so exciting.

10. *Talk to Her* (Pedro Almodóvar) My kind of romantic comedy—a wise and kind love affair with a girl in a coma. To hell with the Oscars, award Pedro the Nobel Peace Prize.

David Bordwell

1. *Far from Heaven (Todd Haynes) A luscious Sirk pastiche and a thoughtful revival of liberal melodrama.

2. *Heaven* (Tom Tykwer) Krzysztof Kieslowski's last script suits *Run Lola Run* director Tykwer, romanticist of couples in flight. Giovanni Ribisi holds the screen with his eyes.

3. *I'm Going Home* (Manoel de Oliveira) This portrait of an aging actor has a Chekhovian tautness. Ideally seen with Oliveira's affectionate tribute *Oporto of My Childhood*.

4. *Japón* (Carlos Reygadas) An intimate study, on scorched 16 mm, of a suicidal outsider and the hatreds tearing at a Mexican village.

5. *My Life as McDull* (Toe Yuen) This cartoon starts out cute—a pig and his mother eke out a living in Hong Kong—but ends as a melancholy reflection on failure.

6. *Russian Ark* (Alexander Sokurov) What could have been a stunt—an eighty-plus-minute tracking shot through the Winter Palace—becomes deeply



elegiac, gliding from mass spectacle to serenity.

7. *Shaolin Soccer/Kung-Fu Soccer* (Stephen Chow) Rowdy fun throughout, with CGI used to create live-action cartoons.

8. *Spirited Away* (Hayao Miyazaki) After a girl's parents turn into pigs, she enters a world of folk spirits. Animated in limpid, scary detail.

9. *Take Care of My Cat* (Jeong Jae-eun) Five working girls try to keep their high school friendship alive. Loose, heartfelt, and precise enough to characterize its heroines through their cell phone chimes.

10. *Talk to Her* (Pedro Almodóvar) Is Almodóvar the only director who cares about plot nowadays? Linking two couples by tragic accidents, he reinvents the medical melodrama (and throws in a bold silent-film pastiche).

*In alphabetical order

Amy Taubin

1. *Spider* (David Cronenberg) Adapted from Patrick McGrath's novel, Cronenberg's first-person masterpiece is a reverse ghost story set in a derelict corner of London haunted by the specters of its protagonist's traumatized psyche.

2. *In Praise of Love* (Jean-Luc Godard) An elegy for love and its failures, it's also an essay on history, memory, and resistance—as sad and beautiful as anything Godard has ever made.

3. **Corpus Callosum* (Michael Snow) Existential anxiety goes digital as Snow explodes the boringly secure enclaves of the nuclear family and the office drone.

4. *The Fast Runner (Atanarjuat)* (Zacharias Kunuk) Kunuk uses twenty-first-century DV to record a myth of origins set in a primeval white-on-white landscape stranger than the Jundland Wastes in *Star Wars*.

5. *La Commune (Paris 1871)* (Peter Watkins) Remarkably economical and totally absorbing, Watkins's six-hour docudrama is part Brechtian critique and part Annals school of history.

6. *Far from Heaven* (Todd Haynes) Haynes does the

Ian Birnie

1. *Merci pour le chocolat* (Claude Chabrol) *Merci* to Chabrol for this master class in the elegant use of mise-en-scène to subtly reveal character and create drama.

2. *Talk to Her* (Pedro Almodóvar) Sex for Almodóvar is like murder for Chabrol: It's a key to the mysteries of the human heart.

3. *Russian Ark* (Alexander Sokurov) A cinematic enigma, an epic piece of Brechtian theater, themes that overlap and build like a nineteenth-century symphony—a haunting experience.

4. *Gerry* (Gus Van Sant) This existential buddy film is an aesthetic about-face for Van Sant and a welcome return to the mordant humor and outsider poetry of *Mala Noche* and *My Own Private Idaho*.

5. *Open Hearts* (Susanne Bier) This all too believable story about adultery in Copenhagen is a modern classic thanks to the intimacy and realism of the Dogme shooting style.

6. *Far from Heaven* (Todd Haynes) Haynes's imitation of Sirk's imitation works because the emotions

Chrissie Iles

1. *Punch-Drunk Love* (Paul Thomas Anderson) Anderson's razor-sharp direction incorporates artwork by Jeremy Blake and music by John Brion and Harry Nilsson.

2. *Russian Ark* (Alexander Sokurov) In the longest single take in film history, Sokurov escorts us through thirty-three rooms in the Hermitage, past 867 actors and three orchestras, as though traversing his country's history in a dream.

3. *What's the Time in Vyborg?* (Liisa Roberts) Written with teenagers in the formerly Finnish town of Vyborg, Russia, Roberts's film rebuilds this lost city through images of the present, as part of a larger project involving the restoration of Vyborg's Aalto Library.

4. *Empire* (Paul Sietsema) An exploration of filmic and architectural space through three constructed interiors: a labyrinth, a Rococo room, and Clement Greenberg's New York apartment.

5. *Southeast Passage: A Journey to New Blank Spots on the Map of Europe* (Ulrike Ottinger) Ottinger charts the forgotten places in the post-1989 splintering of old Europe.

woman's picture according to Sirk and Ophüls to reveal that the '50s have never gone away.

7. *Femme Fatale* (Brian De Palma) The flip side of *Mulholland Drive* is a rogue-female empowerment dream as euphoric as an Angela Carter fairy-tale makeover.

8. *The Uncertainty Principle* (Manoel de Oliveira) More delirious and true to form than his audience-pleasing *I'm Going Home*, it's comparable to a Richard Foreman theater spectacle.

9. *Auto Focus* (Paul Schrader) Schrader's horribly funny indictment of the '60s takes the unfashionable position that the sexual revolution was bad for us—and so was the Sony Porta-Pak.

10. *Lovely & Amazing* (Nicole Holofcener) Negotiating the dilemmas of female identity, Holofcener's three SoCal sisters are the most winning characters of the year.

are real and the taboos of race and homosexuality still resonate. Plus it's gorgeous.

7. *Punch-Drunk Love* (Paul Thomas Anderson) No imitations here: classic screwball comedy made fresh by a punch-drunk style that swings between deadpan and operatic. And families really do act that way.

8. *24 Hour Party People* (Michael Winterbottom) Shorn of the usual moralizing and melodrama, this wildly entertaining look back at the Birmingham punk scene trades in verbal wit, inventive editing, and quirky characters.

9. *Y Tu Mamá También* (Alfonso Cuarón) A Mexican road movie that pulses with joie de vivre right up to the bittersweet ending.

10. *War Photographer* (Christian Frei) A documentary that matches its subject—photojournalist James Nachtwey—in obsessiveness, courage, and moral indignation.

6. *The Man Without a Past* (Aki Kaurismäki) A powerful portrayal of psychological fragility from the director who shaped the Finnish cinematic climate out of which Eija-Liisa Ahtila emerged.

7. *Angel on the Right* (Jamshed Usmonov). A searing drama of life in post-Soviet Tajikistan, in a rare film from the region.

8. *CREMASTER 3* (Matthew Barney) The final film in the *CREMASTER* cycle; Barney's oedipal battle with Ken Russell, Roger Daltrey, and Richard Serra.

9. *Love Is a Treasure* (Eija-Liisa Ahtila) Ahtila expresses the trauma of suppressed libidinal rage in a blurring of documentary and fiction.

10. *C'est le murmure de l'eau qui chante* (Brigitte Cornand) Louise Bourgeois's evident trust in Cornand reveals the artist's daily life with a rare intimacy.

Best of
2002

Music

Dennis Cooper
Ben Ratliff
Andrew Hultkrans
Clive Bell
Steve Lafreniere

From left: **The Flaming Lips**,
Stereolab, **Interpol**.

Dennis Cooper

1. Super Furry Animals, *Rings Around the World* Britpop suddenly produced its *Sgt. Pepper*. A shiny, intelligent, genre-pillaging, totally addictive stimulant.

2. The Flaming Lips, *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* Absolute sincerity plus unrepentant quirkiness equals (in this case) divine beauty.

3. Silverchair, *Diorama* With help from arranger Van Dyke Parks in full *Smile*-era mode, these severely underrated Australians finessed the most substantive hard-rock album in decades.

4. El-P, *Fantastic Damage* Cannibal Ox maestro El-P took a solo turn and made the kind of daredevil, forward-thinking, deftly deformed-sounding CD that hip-hop desperately needed and sorely lacked.

5. The Breeders, *Title TK* Easing out of their multiyear lost weekend, Kim and Kelley Deal and crew cobbled together a beautiful, goosebump-producing mess.

6. Guided by Voices, *Universal Truths and Cycles* After two noble attempts to contain his band's gigantic vision in a more radio-conductive

Ben Ratliff

1. Steve Coleman (Knitting Factory, New York, Feb. 4) A nearly seamless set of improvisation, and after thickets of odd-meter funk chants, the band launched into Rodgers and Hart's "Bewitched."

2. Abbey Lincoln (Alice Tully Hall, New York, Mar. 7–9) Fela, Willie Nelson, and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan have proved it, too: The best performers play basically the same number over and over.

3. Bill Charlap Trio (Jazz Standard, New York, Apr. 9) The control, the discipline, the variations on old songs and standard jazz forms: Wow.

4. Eddie Palmieri (Woolsey Hall, New Haven, CT, Apr. 22) A re-formed version of his two-trombone Latin-jazz band from the '60s, Conjunto La Perfecta, honored a great, adaptable concept.

5. Mark Turner Trio (Village Vanguard, New York, June 27) I guess it was jazz, but I'm still not sure; elastic and cool, with a strange combination of delicacy and confidence.

6. Super Rail Band/Orchestra Baobab (Central Park Summerstage, New York, July 14) The two great

Andrew Hultkrans

1. Radar Brothers, *And the Surrounding Mountains* Clearly the result of bales of dope and an aural diet of country, Brian Wilson, and *Dark Side of the Moon*, these songs are lighter-waving codas of casual majesty—their beginnings and middles thrown out with the bong water, apparently.

2. The Flaming Lips, *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* Sure, it's sappy, inspirational sci-fi, but if it doesn't tug at your heartstrings, you're probably a robot anyway.

3. The Notwist, *Neon Golden* Kraftwerk's homeland spawns a band that merges psych-folk with electronica to arrive at something one could call organic digitalia. Best blend of banjo and electricity since the Monks.

4. Beck, *Sea Change* Boy Hansen channels Fred Neil, Gordon Lightfoot, and Serge Gainsbourg on this lush, uncharacteristically earnest breakup album. There's blood on these tracks.

5. Wilco, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* Life during wartime in a broke-down palace.

Clive Bell

1. Stereolab (Royal Festival Hall, London, Feb. 1) Live, the drums are much punchier and more humorous, and Laetitia Sadier's trombone has the same chilled dignity as her singing.

2. Mark Ribot (Queen Elizabeth Hall, London, Feb. 3) Utterly solo on a cussed-looking old guitar. The antithesis of ambling through his licks, Ribot always chooses the difficult and highly personal route.

3. Akio Suzuki (SOAS, London, Feb. 27) Sea-sculpted stone flutes and long coils of wire. Suzuki walks a Shinto tightrope between the simple and the uncanny.

4. Cornelius (Royal Festival Hall, London, May 6) Audience and band sucked into a vortex of world-beating video on the big screen.

5. Jocelyn Pook (ICA, London, May 17) Playful, intimate storytelling and choreography from an all-female string quartet.

6. Eleni Kallimopoulou/Pocket (Blue Camel at Arcola Theatre, London, May 19) Exquisite Greek kemancha fiddle opposite Pocket's joyous,

Steve Lafreniere

1. Paperecordings, *Splinter 05* The best compilation yet from Manchester's bewitching left-field deep-house label usefully narrows the distance between sex and thinking.

2. Linda Thompson, *Fashionably Late* After seventeen years, Linda Thompson appears from out of the mist to plunge in a few more daggers. One of the most beautiful voices on earth.

3. Royksopp, *Melody A.M.* Norway's darlings cross Arling & Cameron with Sparks, but their lyrical heart belongs to Rod McKuen.

4. Would-be-goods, *The Camera Loves Me* A rerelease of the strangest art-rock album of the '80s. Protégés of ultradandy producer Mike Alway, the preposterous WBGs sang about sex, languor, Cecil Beaton, and tequila over ocharinas and a Gary Glitter beat. A must-own.

5. Loraxx, *Western Wear* A real punisher from Chicago's most disciplinary power trio. It absolutely kick-starts the opening scene of Rick Powell's forthcoming *Open Mikes*, itself a film about how

form, Robert Pollard is God again.

7. Weezer, *Maladroit* I love how Weezer's genius evades the radar of so many otherwise savvy rock aficionados.

8. Eddie Ruscha, aka Future Pigeon, *Dada Munchamonkey* Still mostly unknown outside SoCal, Ruscha is a massively inventive, superadventurous composer, musician, DJ, and sound artist whose local gigs keep LA's music lovers on their toes.

9. Wire, *Read & Burn 02* This sequel to Wire's *R&B 01* EP is a harrowing return to form by the smartest gray-haired artists in rock.

10. Interpol, *Turn on the Bright Lights* These Joy Division/Echo and the Bunnymen loyalists subtly revised a dormant but extremely fertile style into something big, stormy, and vital.

reenergized West African bands of the early '70s. A hot guitar hero in Djelimady Tounkara, a cool guitar hero in Barthelemy Attisso.

7. Hamiet Bluiett's Baritone Nation (Iridium, New York, Aug. 27) Elephant-herd blues, by four baritone saxophones.

8. El Gran Combo (Madison Square Garden, New York, Sept. 7) A three-hour fortieth-anniversary blowout.

9. Grandmaster Flash (MuseumsQuartier, Vienna, Sept. 14) A special mix of James Brown's "Give It Up or Turn It Loose" for seventeen thousand Austrian kids.

10. High on Fire (Northsix, Brooklyn, NY, Sept. 27) Matt Pike seems to be a sweet guy with bad teeth and some authority problems, as well as the absolute king of doom metal. And what did *you* accomplish by age thirty?

6. Interpol, *Turn on the Bright Lights* Forget electroclash, this is the only '80s knockoff you need. For those who wished Joy Division had been catchier.

7. Love, *Da Capo* Finally, a proper digital transfer of the most brilliantly unclassifiable LP side one of the '60s.

8. Television Personalities, *And Don't the Kids Just Love It* An apolitical Billy Bragg fronting early Guided by Voices. Indie rock/pop began here.

9. Various artists, *The Best Bootlegs in the World Ever* Salt 'N' Pepa pushin' it with the Stooges, Destiny's Child smelling Nirvana's booty, etc. There's a fine line between clever and stupid, and this illegal DJ collection walks it beautifully.

10. The White Stripes, *White Blood Cells* I give up: They're pretty great.

tumbling guitar instrumentals.

7. London Musicians Collective Festival (Purcell Room, London, June 2) Excellent evening of largely acoustic improvisation. John Butcher, Xavier Charles, and Axel Dorner place astringent wind chords into silence. Sylvia Hallett and Anna Homler (saw, accordion, toys) give whimsy a good name.

8. Jordi Savall (St. John's Smith Square, London, June 20) Viola da gamba maestro unleashes Baroque passion, twirling the gamba like a waxed mustache.

9. Mick Beck (12 Bar Club, London, Aug. 25) Is it possible to excite with nothing but a clanky bassoon? Beck improvises a resounding yes.

10. Michael Hurley (12 Bar Club, London, Sept. 19) Irresistible slow grooves on a red electric guitar; songs about weed, money, life—you know.

unforgiving music can be.

6. Wire, *Read & Burn 01 and 02* The perfect storm.

7. k-rakos, *storynaught* More albums of gleaming sonic puzzles that resolve themselves in quavering emotional hues, please.

8. Various artists, *Disco Not Disco Vol. 2* Knit-brow classics from the first era of postpunk disco. I somehow forgot that we all danced to Can and Material in the early '80s and that every Arthur Russell twelve-inch was a revolution.

9. Six Organs of Admittance, *Dark Noontide* Lo-fi acoustic psychedelic folk with moaning, for those who started missing John Fahey in about 1971.

10. Gus Gus, *Attention* These people could probably belch a good groove.

Best of 2002

A SPECIAL ISSUE

Over the next twenty-two pages, eleven *Artforum* contributors remember the high points of a year in art.

Thomas Hirschhorn,
Bataille Monument,
2002. Installation
view, Documenta 11,
Kassel, Germany.
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Lisa Liebmann



Paris-based writer Lisa Liebmann has contributed to *Artforum* since the early 1980s.

1. **Max Ernst, *L'Ange du foyer ou Le Triomphe du surréalisme* (The angel of the hearth or the triumph of Surrealism), 1937**, oil on canvas, 44 7/8 x 57 1/2".
2. **Gerhard Richter, *Selbstportrait*, 1996**, oil on canvas, 20 3/4 x 18 3/4".
3. Clockwise from top left: **Kai Althoff, *Untitled*, 2001**, lacquer, paper, watercolor, and varnish on canvas, 15 1/2 x 15 1/2 x 1 3/4". **John Currin, *The Moroccan*, 2001**, oil on canvas, 26 x 22". **Kurt Kauper, *Cary Grant #2, 2001–2002***, oil on panel, 90 x 56". **Bernard Buffet, *Annabel on T-shirt*, 1960**, oil on canvas 51 x 32". 4. **Philip Taaffe, *Terpsichore*, 2000–2001**, mixed media on canvas, 101 x 80 3/4". From "*Philip Taaffe: Peintures récentes*," Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris. 5. **Carroll Dunham, *Killer over the Water*, 2000–2001**, mixed media on linen, 96 x 84".
6. **AA Bronson, *Felix Partz, June 5, 1994, 1994/1999***, lacquer on vinyl, 7 x 14".
7. **Isaac Julien, *Paradise Omeros*, 2002**, color and black-and-white DVD projections, 25 minutes. Installation view. 8. **Pat Steir, *Bay of Mumbai*, 2001–2002**, oil on canvas, 96 x 96". 9. **Michael Raedecker, *Operator*, 2002**, acrylic and thread on canvas, 35 1/2 x 29 1/2". 10. **Palais de Tokyo, Paris, 2002**.

1 “*La Révolution surréaliste*” (Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris) Werner Spies’s grand summation, abloom in the midst of a too Surreal season, was nevertheless the visual dazzler of the year. A pull-out-all-the-stops case was made for the prodigality of Max Ernst. Often dismissed as an art-school heartthrob, Ernst (paintings, sculptures, collages, frottages, etc.) withstood onslaughts from the heaviest hitters here, including the Spaniards. Among rarities on view was his *Histoire naturelle*, 1923, a mural surprisingly like Francesco Clemente’s early-’80s frescos, which was transferred from the walls of Paul Eluard’s Paris house to canvas. A smaller, more piquant case was made for Dalí as visionary political painter, with the Great Masturbator weighing in on Lenin, Franco, and Hitler.

2 **Gerhard Richter** (Museum of Modern Art, New York) Richter’s paintings, according to critic Diedrich Diederichsen, “don’t only stand for themselves. They are, so to speak, stage directions for viewing other paintings.” Indeed, Richter, together with the more maguslike Polke, practically created critical and commercial appetites for such heresies as late-phase Picabias and *vache*-period Magrittes. By turns magisterial and campy, remote and intimate, cosmopolitan and regional, and of course representational and abstract, Richter is the Robert Musil, or rather the Man Without Qualities, of contemporary art. What a swan song for Robert Storr, who has very understandably left the American museum world for a professorship. That he felt compelled to spill as much ink as he did in his introduction expounding the various reasons for the belatedness of this show is no doubt symptomatic.

3 “*Cher Peintre, Lieber Maler, Dear Painter*” (Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris) Due to odd good cheer and an ingratiating amateurishness, this exhibition managed to survive its own keynote: six showstopping, pulp Picabias from the early ’40s. It took the next room’s procession of Bernard Buffet nudes (like Modiglianis on diet pills) to move things along again. The rest was a very mixed though jazzy bag, with the late Martin Kippenberger, deservedly

the hero figure of the show (whose “*Lieber Maler, male mir*” lent the exhibition its title), unfortunately not looking his best. In addition to Kurt Kauper’s immemorial Cary Grant paintings, high points included works by John Currin (as usual), Brian Calvin, and Kai Althoff.

4 **Philip Taaffe** (Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris) and “**The Heavenly Tree Grows Downward**” (James Cohan Gallery, New York) Last November I made a mental note to remember this show in Paris (it just missed the cutoff for 2001’s Top Tens), one of Taaffe’s best in a while, which is saying a lot since he never seems to have really bad ones. Two big, ecstatic classics, *Lunapark* and *Toccata* (both 2001), were on view along with some interesting recent developments like *Terpsichore* (2000–2001), whose surface pattern of animal skulls and lace doilies in flesh and butter tones suggested “some Warholian society-portrait-*cum-vanitas*,” as my-husband-the-writer Brooks Adams not so succinctly put it. More offbeat, smaller works by Taaffe could be seen this fall in “The Heavenly Tree Grows Downward,” an exhibition organized by Raymond Foye that also featured warlock paintings by Fred Tomaselli and by the late Harry Smith, a Beat-generation polymath (as well as the *raison d’être* for this show) who is best known for having compiled the definitive Smithsonian Folkways’ *Anthology of American Folk Music*. Get hold of the catalogue: Foye, whose involvements with artists, poets, and music are often intertwined, has long produced some of the most beautifully conceived and considered books around.

5 **Carroll Dunham** (New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York) Dunham’s a first-rate American maverick whose work has been getting more eloquently fierce by the minute. He also deserves praise for some extrapainterly activities, like the freewheeling pictorial “curated” for the October 2002 issue of this magazine.

6 **AA Bronson** (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) His contribution to the 2002 Biennial was a portrait painted in lacquer on vinyl, measuring seven by fourteen

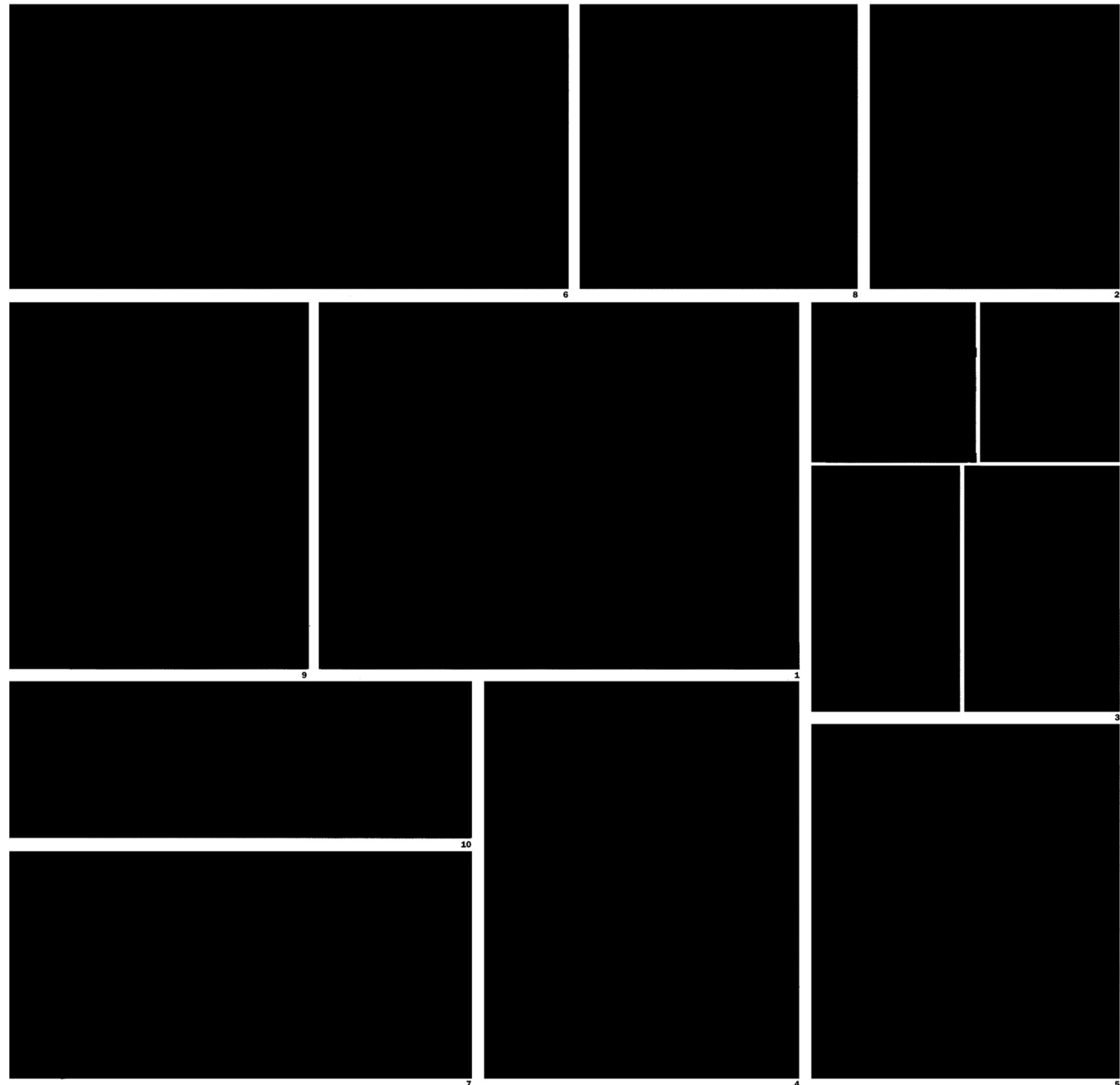
feet, of Felix Partz, his General Idea collaborator, two hours dead. Although part of a venerable tradition, this lurid and vertiginously angled image had the force of taboo-breakage about it. It wouldn’t go away.

7 **Documenta 11** Okwui Enwezor and his team produced the most classically designed and best-installed Documenta in twenty years. Indeed the Fridericianum section of this exhibition often made me think specifically of Rudi Fuchs’s grandly ceremonial spaces. (If I’m not mistaken, at least one artist, Hanne Darboven, was identically positioned, on the ground floor of the building’s rotunda, on both occasions.) This was all the more remarkable given that Enwezor’s globalist, content-driven show—full of videos and documentary films, several of them feature length—was in other respects meant to be the opposite of Fuchs’s Eurocentric, formalist display. I found this show, or whatever portion of it could be viewed in a three-day, rain-drenched gulp, to be engrossing. Among my favorites were works by Eija-Liisa Ahtila, Kutlug Ataman, the Atlas Group, Zarina Bhimji, the Black Audio Film Collective, Constant, and Isaac Julien.

8 **Pat Steir** (Cheim & Read, New York) An austere, majestic show of large, abstract, glowering, shimmering, pluming, splashing, misting canvases—perhaps this artist’s best in a decade—at what has become Chelsea’s most elegantly designed venue for grand-manner painting.

9 **Michael Raedecker** (The Approach, London) Strange, lovely, desolate little landscape paintings—and one portrait taken from Giorgione—involving an extraordinarily eloquent use of thread.

10 **Palais de Tokyo** (Paris) Perhaps the last great alternative space, in a deconstructed Fascist-style building in a fancy neighborhood and inspired (vaguely) by P.S. 1. It’s open from noon to midnight and has a hip bookstore and a zany canteen that serves good food. □



Matthew Higgs

Matthew Higgs is curator of art and design at the CCAC Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts, San Francisco, and a regular contributor to *Artforum*.

1. **John McCracken**, *Light*, 2002, resin, fiberglass, and plywood, 95 1/4 x 12 x 8".
 2. "Something, Anything." Installation view.
 3. **Christian Marclay**, *Video Quartet*, 2002, stills from a four-channel color and black-and-white video projection, 14 minutes.
 4. **Gilbert & George**, *Bollocks We're All Angry*, 1977, photocollage, 94 1/2 x 79 1/2". From the series "The Dirty Words Pictures," 1977.
 5. **Matt McCormick**, *The Subconscious Art of Graffiti Removal*, 2001, still from a color film in 16 mm, 16 minutes.
 6. "Lowland Lullaby." Installation view. Foreground: **Urs Fischer**, *Late Late Night Show*, 2002. Platform: **Ugo Rondinone**, *Lowland Lullaby*, 2002.
 7. **Will Rogan**, *We Shall Be Reunited*, 2001–2002, color photograph, 12 1/2 x 19".
 8. **Inventory**, "Requiem for the Empty Quarter." Installation view.
 9. **Tariq Alvi**, *Untitled*, 2002, digital print on paper, 78 3/4 x 118 1/2".
 10. **Dave Muller**, *The Garden* (detail), 2000, acrylic on paper, 17 x 4".

1 John McCracken (Lisson Gallery, London) A self-confessed proselytizer for the existence of extraterrestrial life, for the past thirty-five years John McCracken has continued to produce his uniform "plank" painting-sculpture hybrids, which he sometimes thinks of as "representing living beings who have come here from someplace else" or as "the geometrically expressed thoughts of such beings." The fourteen recent plank pieces in his luminous Lisson show confirmed McCracken's status as our leading cosmic Minimalist.

2 "Something, Anything" (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York) After the purgatory that was Documenta 11, it was a relief to come across Nayland Blake's "Something, Anything." The third in Matthew Marks Gallery's series of artist-curated summer shows, this often bizarre, gleefully eclectic, and curatorially promiscuous exhibition (titled after the Todd Rundgren album) featured works from the unlikeliest of bedfellows (e.g., Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Gaston Lachaise, Katharina Fritsch, and Chris Johanson). Their artworks were deftly set off by inspired thrift-store finds, comic-book art originals, and the artist/curator's own vast record collection, which provided the show's sound track. Following no discernible logic (outside Blake's evident passion for all this stuff), "Something, Anything" was a thesis-free gem—further proof, if needed, that artists often make the best curators. (Documenta 12 organizing committee take note.)

3 Christian Marclay (San Francisco Museum of Modern Art) Compiled from hundreds of iconic film clips in which actors and musicians—including Marilyn Monroe, Michael J. Fox, and Jimi Hendrix—are depicted playing instruments, singing, or simply making noise, Christian Marclay's four-screen video installation *Video Quartet* was a genuine crowd pleaser during its three-month-plus SF MOMA run. Over the course of a year, Marclay meticulously orchestrated these diverse and fragmentary sonic and filmic interludes into a coherent visual and musical composition of breathtaking complexity and originality that raises the bar for all subsequent cut-and-paste productions.

4 Gilbert & George (Serpentine Gallery, London) The twenty-six works in "The Dirty Words Pictures"—Gilbert & George's unholy Stations of the Cross—were created in 1977, the queen's Silver Jubilee year. Seen together for the first time, twenty-five years later, on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee, these brutal indictments of British society in the year that punk broke have lost none of their power to unsettle. Given G & G's ambiguous political intent, these are truly troubling works that mirrored a Britain at loggerheads with itself on the eve of the Thatcher years.

5 The Subconscious Art of Graffiti Removal A hit at this year's Sundance Film Festival, independent filmmaker Matt McCormick's faux documentary/public-information film charts the efforts of civic officials to eradicate the graffiti that blights his hometown of Portland, Oregon. Through the daily overpainting of the graffitiists' tags with successive layers of blocks of slightly off-key colors, Portland's graffiti-removal teams unwittingly create abstract compositions that bear an uncanny resemblance to Rothkos. McCormick's sly, subversive, and seductive film deserves a wider audience.

6 "Lowland Lullaby" (Swiss Institute, New York) Dreamed up by Swiss mavericks Ugo Rondinone and Urs Fischer and the seminal New York spoken-word poet John Giorno, "Lowland Lullaby" won my award for surreal collaboration of the year. From beneath Rondinone's Op art-decorated, stagelike platform floor emanated a recording of Giorno reading his epic poem "There Was a Bad Tree," which provided accompaniment for Fischer's loopy drawings and sculptures. Like the Swiss Institute's inspiringly strange programming, "Lowland Lullaby" made absolute sense and no sense at all.

7 Will Rogan (Jack Hanley Gallery, San Francisco) Will Rogan's solo debut at Jack Hanley's Valencia Street storefront space was a modest tour de force. Rogan is a canny observer of serendipitous urban tableaux: the dusty imprints of a soccer ball kicked repeatedly against a wooden fence; the paired impressions of the sole of a

work boot and a bird's foot set in recently laid concrete; the sooty belch of a bus's exhaust on a city street. Rogan photographs these slight interruptions of daily life with a minimum of fuss and a gently pervasive charm that is all his own.

8 Inventory (The Approach, London) Inventory is a group of London-based writers, artists, and theorists who, in their own words, seek to "explore the alternatives to the limitations imposed on these disciplines." In the pages of their eponymously titled journal and in their occasional exhibitions, Inventory interrogate the humdrum realities of contemporary urban life. As pseudoanthropologists, quasi sociologists, and latter-day Situationists, Inventory showed their contempt for the metropolitan status quo with the mural-size provocation that greeted visitors to "Requiem for the Empty Quarter," urging them to EVACUATE LONDON.

9 Tariq Alvi (Cabinet Gallery, London) Tariq Alvi's discreet commercial debut, after a cruelly overlooked show at London's Whitechapel Art Gallery last year, confirmed his as a distinct voice in an increasingly moribund British art scene. Alvi is a kind of contemporary alchemist whose collagelike works, often forged from accumulations of printed ephemera, subtly evoke complex states of desire, abandonment, and alienation. Central to his Cabinet show was an enlargement of a garishly colored fast-food outlet's menu in which the name of every dish had been replaced with the word HELP.

10 Dave Muller (CCS Museum at Bard College/UCLA Hammer Museum, Los Angeles) A mercurial figure on the LA art scene, Dave Muller is an artist, musician, DJ, and grassroots curator best known for his Three Day Weekends, samizdat exhibitions of his and his peers' work. Less well known are Muller's own works: painstakingly rendered drawings, watercolors, and designs that often masquerade as announcements for exhibitions by artists as diverse as Jackson Pollock, Andrea Bowers, and Andy Warhol. Amada Cruz's beautifully installed survey of Muller's profligate production was a comprehensive introduction to this hard-to-pin-down artistic philanthropist. []



Vince Aletti

Vince Aletti is art editor and photography critic for the *Village Voice*. *Male*, a book of photographs from his collection, is forthcoming from Scala/D.A.P. in 2004.

1. **Garry Winogrand**, *New York, 1964*, black-and-white photograph, 11 x 14".
2. **Gerhard Richter**, *Hanged, 1988*, oil on canvas, 71½ x 55½".
3. **Hans-Peter Feldmann**, *Image, 1970s*, color photograph.
4. **Richard Avedon**, *John Martin, 1975*, black-and-white photograph, 41½ x 33¾".
5. **Roger Ballen**, *Cat Catcher, 1998*, black-and-white photograph, 15 x 15".
6. **Jeff Wall**, *Dawn, 2001*, color transparency on light box, 8' x 10' 1" x 10".
7. **Brice Marden**, *Red Rocks (1), 2000–2002*, oil on linen, 75 x 107". Photo: Bill Jacobson.
8. **Steven Klein**, foldout cover of *The Face*, October 2002.
9. **Matthias Vriens**, image from *Dutch*, Summer 2002.
10. **Francesco Antommarchi**, *Masque mortuaire de Napoléon I, 1821*, plaster, 19 x 33 x 16".

1 **“Winogrand 1964”** (International Center of Photography, New York) Working in the shadows of Robert Frank and the Kennedy assassination, Garry Winogrand spent the better part of the summer and early fall of 1964 driving cross-country, photographing the Americans. He printed only a fraction of the twenty thousand pictures he shot and showed very few of those in his lifetime. Choosing from the one thousand black-and-white images the photographer himself had culled as well as a largely unedited and never-before-exhibited archive of color slides taken on the same road trip, curator Trudy Wilner Stack put together a show of some two hundred photographs that both eclipsed and illuminated Winogrand’s previous bodies of work. Perhaps because he was determined to shake off a deep-seated pessimism about the state of the American soul, Winogrand was unusually alert to every passing flash of sweet humanity. Though the resulting photos aren’t exactly optimistic, their anxious, fragile hopefulness couldn’t be more timely.

2 **Gerhard Richter** (Museum of Modern Art, New York) Richter is hardly the only contemporary artist to work from photographs, but, on the evidence of this knockout painting retrospective, he’s the only one who seems to understand their power. Richter pins down a photo’s sense of impermanence, of a moment both preserved and lost. And he doesn’t just translate blur, grain, overexposure, and soft focus from one medium to the other—he recognizes beauty, terror, and a weird sort of grace in both.

3 **Hans-Peter Feldmann** (Centre National de la Photographie, Paris) I didn’t really get Feldmann until I saw this retrospective and immediately fell in love. Like Richter, this savvy trickster plunders our collective image bank and taunts us with its goofy, pathetic contents. Working with a dizzying range of pop detritus—postcards, snapshots, news photos, pages torn from magazines—Feldmann channels Duchamp, Warhol, and Rauschenberg, but is at once funnier than any of them and even more rigorously artless. Like any good comedian, he knows that some of the best jokes are pointed and painful.

4 **Richard Avedon** (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York) Avedon’s portraits have had to compete for attention with the relentless inventiveness of his fashion work, but the Met’s impeccably installed retrospective allowed for no distractions. From the beginning, Avedon established a middle ground between stylization and naturalism and learned to spark encounters of such indelible intensity that the sitter’s fame was almost beside the point. Though the results are often harsh, they’re never pitiless; even when he zeroes in on their fatuousness or discomfort, Avedon lets his subjects burn incandescently bright.

5 **Roger Ballen** (Gagosian Gallery, New York) Ballen’s black-and-white photographs of poor South Africans in their grimy rooms are outrageously theatrical—mocking the matter-of-fact documentary mode they spring from—but no less alarming for their comic flair. The recipe: a heaping cup of Walker Evans, a sprig of Diane Arbus, some finely ground Joel-Peter Witkin, a liberal dash of coarse humor. For his part, Ballen cites Beckett and thinks of his subjects as a theater-of-the-absurd rep company, always ready for a new performance.

6 **Jeff Wall** (Marian Goodman Gallery, New York) For all his obsessive image manipulation, Wall manages to keep it (super)real. His latest investigations of urban scruffiness understate their narrative fictions or dispense with them altogether, leaving us with stage sets whose emptiness is all the more highly charged. A flooded suitcase, some bundled branches, and a street-corner boulder are mute markers on the road to nowhere.

7 **Brice Marden** (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York) My memory of Marden’s new paintings, with their earthy Indian colors and contained exuberance, is sublimely sensual, as if I’d tasted them or swam through their depths. But that memory has an ideal prompt: Bill Jacobson’s announcement photo, pinned to my wall, of a canvas in Marden’s studio captures the work’s rich physicality with a clarity, sympathy, and reserve all its own.

8 **Steven Klein** (at your newsstand) Klein, long one of fashion photography’s favorite also-rans, was just about unbeatable in 2002, with audaciously out-there spreads in *Dutch*, *L’Uomo Vogue*, *Pop*, *W*, and *The Face*, which turned his panoramic tableaux of Larry Clark and posse into the magazine cover of the year. Working on instinct and raw nerve, Klein is never merely provocative. He somehow manages to strike a balance between excess and restraint, and in his hands, restraint isn’t cool; it’s hot.

9 **Matthias Vriens** (The Project, New York) Vriens, the photographer most responsible for shooting *Dutch* into the forefront of the periodical avant-garde, filled forty-six pages of the magazine’s final issue with the year’s cleverest, sexiest men’s fashion shots, although actual clothes were little in evidence. Then he topped that by going hard-core in Harlem with enormous photos of nude black and Latin men whose penetrating gazes were almost as riveting as their full-on erections. No Mapplethorpeian controversy ensued, but Vriens made his point: When you’ve got it, flaunt it.

10 **“Le Dernier Portrait”** (Musée d’Orsay, Paris) Death masks and deathbed portraits of people both famous and anonymous might excite a certain morbid fascination one by one, but gathered for this haunting show of memorial art they inspired something like wonder. Whether the subject was Robespierre, Proust, Piaf, or an unnamed newborn, the gravity of the work was both poignant and stimulating. You left the hushed galleries oddly refreshed, hungry for life. □

Robert Rosenblum



Robert Rosenblum, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is professor of fine art at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.

1. **Edvard Munch, *Jealousy in the Garden*, 1916–20**, oil on canvas, 39 3/4 x 47 1/4".
2. **Piet Mondrian, *Village Church*, 1898**, gouache on paper, 29 1/2 x 19 1/2".
3. **Barnett Newman, *Untitled (No. 1)*, 1950**, oil on canvas, 36 x 6".
4. **Gerhard Richter, *Onkel Rudi (Uncle Rudi)*, 1965**, oil on canvas, 34 1/2 x 19 1/2".
5. **Matthew Barney, *CREMASTER 3*, 2002**, still from a color video, 189 minutes.
6. **Salvador Dalí, *Dream of Venus facade under construction*, 1939**. Photo: Eric Schaal.
7. **Josep Jujol, *door hardware on Can Negre building*, 1915–30**, Barcelona.
8. **Peter Halley, "Panic Room," 2002**. Installation view.
9. **Hairspray**, performance view. Tracy Tumblad (Marissa Jaret Winokur) and Edna Tumblad (Harvey Fierstein).
10. **Michael Haneke, *The Piano Teacher*, 2002**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 130 minutes. Erika Kohut (Isabelle Huppert) and Walter Klemmer (Benoît Magimel).

1 “After *The Scream: The Late Paintings of Edvard Munch*” (High Museum of Art, Atlanta) Few seemed to notice that, after the screams of the 1890s, Munch happened to go on living and painting for some four decades. This vast terra incognita, charted by guest curator Elizabeth Prelinger, may lack the graphic punch of his youthful anxieties, but as Munch got older his work became even more subtly angst ridden. The self-portraits are especially harrowing, like painful diary entries that record everything from the grotesque optical distortions Munch saw reflected in his mirror during a period of near blindness to the loneliness of an octogenarian trapped in the Norwegian woods under Nazi occupation.

2 “Mondrian, 1892–1914: The Path to Abstraction” (Musée d’Orsay, Paris) “Early” is being rediscovered as well as “late.” At last, a full-scale view of the firm yet ethereal roots beneath Mondrian’s heavenward verticals and earthbound horizontals. Curated by Hans Janssen, the exhibition traced the master’s career from his responses to the Dutch landscape, with its flat vistas of earth and sky, up to the brink of abstraction, via the spooky realm of Mme Blavatsky. Here no less than in the abstract work to come, each brushstroke seems marked by a religious fervor, stripping to the core everything from trees and ginger pots to clouds and Theosophical communicants. The relentless concentration of Mondrian’s work—whether early, middle, or late—makes for an awesome continuity.

3 **Barnett Newman** (Philadelphia Museum of Art) A perfect complement to last year’s Clyfford Still show at the Hirshhorn, this retrospective, curated by Ann Temkin, rekindled nostalgia for Newman’s vision of a *Vir Heroicus Sublimis* ripping through a cosmic infinity of paint. The thrill and extremity of such obsessions radiated throughout the show, a reconfirmation for older viewers and a revelation for younger ones.

4 **Gerhard Richter** (Museum of Modern Art, New York) Too long overshadowed in the States by Kiefer’s historical rhetoric, Richter has finally been given his due on this side of the Atlantic. Curated by Robert Storr, the retrospective proved, among other things, that the whole of Richter is much more than the sum of its parts, an expanding universe that, like Warhol’s, can embrace everything from political tragedy and abstract painting to sex and celebrity. And, like Warhol, he belongs to our age of virtual reality, cloning every kind of image, whether a Titian or a family photo, in an endlessly shifting focus. An indispensable master.

5 **Matthew Barney** Barney’s Wagnerian ambition keeps upping the ante. In *CREMASTER 3* he blends *Rheingold* and *Parsifal* with the most awesome fictions of the twentieth century. Who else could move seamlessly from Fingal’s Cave and Gaelic giants to a demolition derby in the Chrysler Building lobby and a chorus line of hallucinatory Rockettes in the Guggenheim rotunda? A hundred years later, Barney, like Bill Viola in *Going Forth by Day*, resurrects the Symbolist fin de siècle, reinventing the poetry of life cycles and epic myths.

6 **The Salvador Dalí Revival** Speaking of total immersion, Dalí’s star as a neglected pioneer of installation art is on the rise. At the Museum of Contemporary Art in North Miami, Bonnie Clearwater’s archaeological evocation of his scandalous presence at the 1939 New York World’s Fair—the Dream of Venus pavilion, where Botticelli presided over a sultry grotto filled with crustaceans and live mermaids—showed it was high time to stop snickering at the venal Catalan and begin gasping at the daring of his three-dimensional imagination. For doubters, visit the outdoor and indoor spaces of Dalí’s Theater-Museum complex in Figueres, Spain.

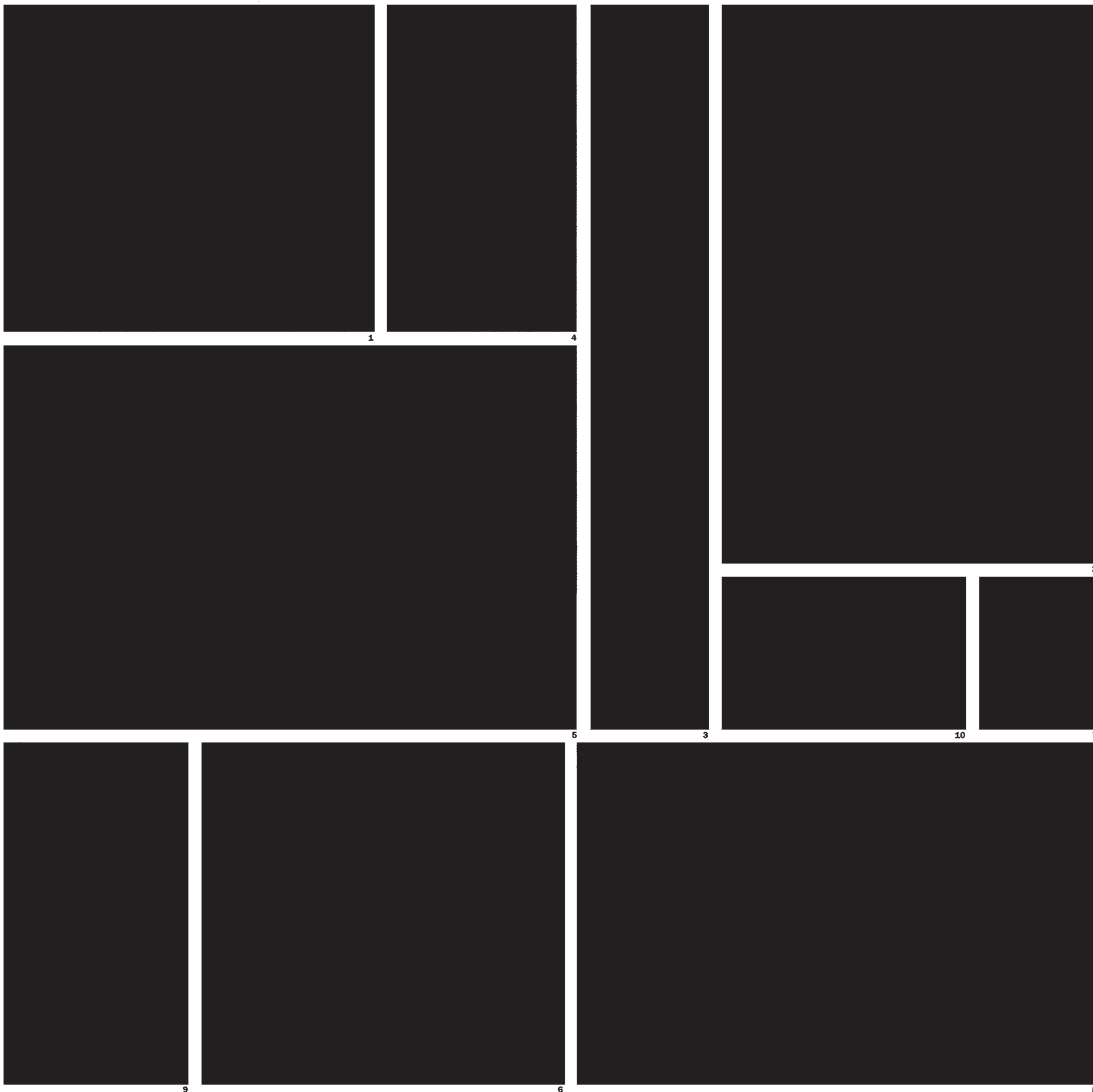
7 **Josep Jujol** (Museu Nacional d’Art de Catalunya, Barcelona) Inspired lunacy must be part of the Catalan DNA. Starting as a close collaborator with Gaudí, Jujol soon began to sprout his own crazy branches from the architect’s tree. The fantasy world he invented included every-

thing from a Barcelona shop for Picasso’s friend Pere Mañach to, in his fervent Catholic moments, bleeding-heart chairs and crown-of-thorns tripods. What look like echoes of Miró’s and Dalí’s metamorphic blobs turned up throughout the show in his melting mirrors and meandering lines—except that Jujol, the dates tell us, did them long before the dawn of Surrealism.

8 **Peter Halley** (Mary Boone Gallery, New York) Madness and method also took over an entire gallery in Halley’s wraparound spectacle, “Panic Room.” Against a wallpaper of both computer-generated and painted explosions that revived Warhol’s engulfing camouflage patterns, Halley shuffled his electronic geometries in silk screen, acrylic, and simulated stucco. And the floor-to-ceiling collisions let every eye-popping color in the synthetic rainbow scream for equal time. A gorgeous, perfectly calibrated blast.

9 **Hairspray** In this Broadway remake of John Waters’s film classic, the visuals alone are worth the ticket. In fact, the psychedelic, Day-Glo profusions of rock ’n’ rolling sets (David Rockwell) and costumes (William Ivey Long) look like populist answers to Halley’s installation. But then there’s also the sublimely simple-minded music and lyrics (by Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman, of *South Park* fame), not to mention the fabulous Marissa Jaret Winokur and Harvey Fierstein, who more than repay their debt to Ricki Lake and Divine. In the words of one of the songs, “Go, go, go.”

10 **The Piano Teacher** Director Michael Haneke manages to burrow so deeply into the sadomasochistic passion of a Viennese piano teacher for her young male pupil that you feel locked into a case study from Krafft-Ebing’s *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Even more amazing, the shocking goings-on, from quasi-incestuous mother-daughter relationships to brutal toilet sex, far transcend the lurid, thanks to the straight-backed, controlled acting of the regal Isabelle Huppert. Both monstrous and serene, this film replays in the mind like a trauma. □



Bob Nickas

A critic and independent curator based in New York, Bob Nickas will coorganize the 2003 Biennale de Lyon.

1. **Lily van der Stokker**, *Nice and Easy*, 2002, acrylic paint and couch with embroidery, dimensions variable. Installation view.
2. **Wayne Gonzales**, *Untitled*, 2001, acrylic on canvas, 100 x 76".
3. **Wolfgang Tillmans**, *Concorde (detail)*, 1997, 56 color photographs, each 1 1/2 x 8 1/2".
4. **Andrea Fraser**, *Little Frank and His Carp*, 2002, still from a color video, 6 minutes.
5. **Lisa Ruyter**, *Stations of the Cross (detail)*, 2002, acrylic on canvas, 14 panels, each 11" 6" x 8" 6". Installation view.
6. **Isabella Kirkland**, *Trade*, 2001, oil and alkyd on canvas, 36 x 48".
7. **Oliver Payne and Nick Relph**, *Mixtape*, 2002, still from a color film in 35 mm, 23 minutes.
8. **Wire**, *Read & Burn 01* (Pink Flag, 2002).
9. **Cover and spread from Permanent Food No. 9**.
10. **George Bush and George W. Bush fishing on the Fidelity**.

1 Lily van der Stokker (Le Consortium, Dijon) WHAT IS LOVE, WHAT IS LIFE, WHAT IS DEATH. Questions posed in a drawing from 1993 included in this show made me realize what a welcome antidote this artist offers, not just to bleaker days but to feel-good movies, Sunday sermons, and all that sham. Her latest wall paintings name-check people she knows and loves without the slightest hint of sentimentality, and it seems like an achievement . . . now more than ever. Color remains delicious, her hand unpredictable and buoyant. The tendrils that hang above the couch in *Nice and Easy*, 2002, have an ominous cheer, curled perhaps by Edward Gorey. In one drawing she affirms OLDER WOMEN MAKING EXPERIMENTAL ART. Another claims: I FAKE NOTHING. Believe it.

2 Wayne Gonzales (Paula Cooper Gallery, New York) History painting is back, but does it look like any we've seen before? The entwined psychological depth and surface remove we associate with Cady Noland's forensic investigations, but painted and weirdly cinematic. Even when Gonzales takes on the most disturbing images, it's hard not to be seduced: A frame from the Zapruder film, at the very moment a bullet passes through the side of the president's head, is transformed into a kinetic impressionist landscape, a gorgeous rush and swirl of pure color. A stripper in Jack Ruby's Carousel club, suffused in metallic copper, appears to be dancing in the haze of a smoke-filled room. Gonzales's subject is also painting and perception itself, and a wide range of techniques and effects are continually put to the test. How is something made visible? And what do we see? In his portrait of Oswald based on a photo that may have been doctored to include a rifle, he goes ahead and paints the rifle anyway.

3 Wolfgang Tillmans (Palais de Tokyo, Paris) The sign at the entrance—WARNING: SOME IMAGES IN THIS EXHIBITION MIGHT HURT SOME SENSITIVE PERSONS—seemed unnecessary. At least when I was there. Two young boys giggled delightedly at a picture of a puckered anus. A young couple kissed intensely in front of a grid of Concorde's. An elderly woman studied

a tiny photo of an ant and its shadow. It's Tillmans's sensitivity to the world around us that makes looking at people looking at his pictures such an endless pleasure.

4 Andrea Fraser, Little Frank and His Carp (Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York) Who would have thought institutional critique would evolve into such smart burlesque? Or that Fraser's acting would become so sly and self-assured? Little Frank is Gehry, and the carp is the Guggenheim Bilbao, to which Fraser succumbs by way of an Acoustiguide tour. As a seductive male voice lays bare all of the building's many charms, Fraser responds in kind, and a slow hump of the wall ensues. The visitors' reactions in the background? Priceless.

5 Art Basel Nowadays, with museums looking more like art fairs, is it such a surprise that a fair—and this the queen of them all—would end up as one of the year's more memorable events? I took a break from the wheeling and dealing one afternoon and crossed town to see the three-museum extravaganza "Painting on the Move." How a show so mired in inertia earned that title is anyone's guess. A much livelier statement about painting could have been put together simply by walking around the fair. Of work by younger artists in "Painting on the Move," nothing was as impressive as Lisa Ruyter's monumental *Stations of the Cross*, 2002, on view in the fair's Art Unlimited section. Susanna Kulli's booth devoted to John Armleder put his room in the Museum für Gegenwartskunst to shame. And a little Gerhard Richter cathedral tucked into a corner of Basel's Kunsthalle was left high and dry by a glorious mid-'60s speedboat back at the Messeplatz.

6 Isabella Kirkland (Feature Inc., New York) Exquisitely rendered paintings of endangered and extinct species, flora and fauna, based on firsthand research, all painted life-size. Consider the price of a shahtoosh shawl, made from the superfine wool of the Tibetan antelope: \$17,000. Actual cost: three dead antelope. Kirkland's is the most ravishing activist art I've

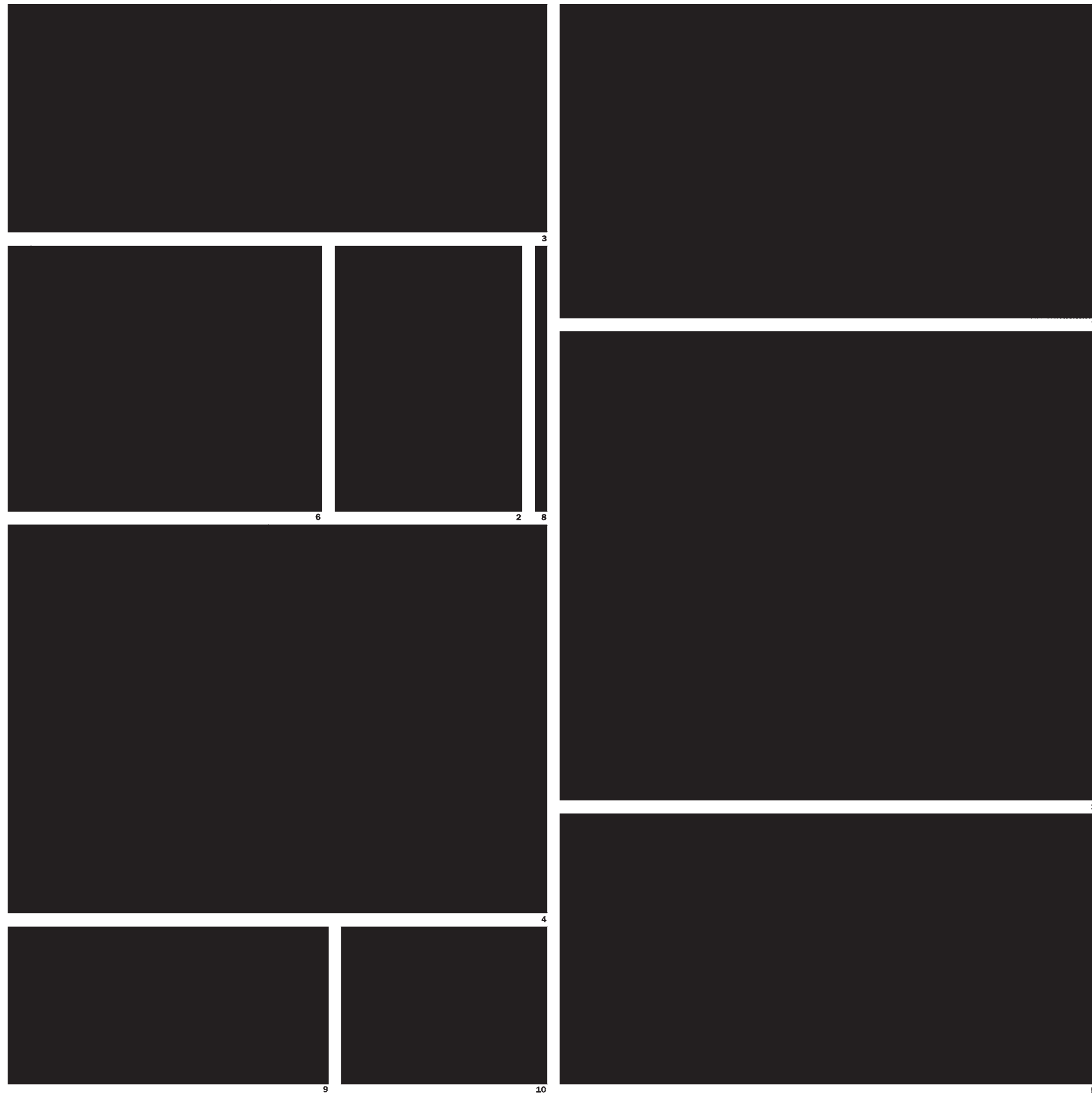
ever seen. That she rarely makes more than a picture a year only magnifies her endeavor.

7 Oliver Payne and Nick Relph (Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York) 1010 WINS, the news radio station, guarantees: "You give us twenty-two minutes, we'll give you the world." *Mixtape's* twenty-three minutes opens up worlds, plural, and feels like a cassette from a friend. Here the songs are filmed moments—brutal, awkward, and tender—visual jokes, and homemade flickers cut to Terry Riley's hand-spliced loop of Harvey Auerne's rendition of "You're No Good," a slab of late-'60s soul given endless groove. Crank it up!

8 Wire, Read & Burn 01 (Pink Flag) The inventors of English art punk emerged in the late '70s, shot off three still-influential albums, went their separate ways, returned in the late '80s, and are back again—with a vengeance. "Germ Ship" ("Get on board, fatal attraction, germ ship, germ ship"), "Comet" ("It's a heaven-sent extinction event"), and "1st Fast" ("Who's the bastard? Where's the payoff?") have been running through my head for weeks. Delivered with all the pissed detachment of '77, mixed with the sinuous, machine-driven soul of '87. And it sounds like now.

9 Permanent Food (Les Presses du Réel) If you, like me, can't afford one of Maurizio Cattelan's ridiculously sublime sculptures, just pony up twelve bucks for this "magazine about magazines," which he started back in 1995 with Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster. In every issue, pages lifted from other journals worldwide give a sense not only of the accepted dementia of modern life as seen through advertising, fashion, celebrity, and current events, but of Cattelan's eye for the poetry of it all.

10 George W. Bush Best reason I can think of to avoid living vicariously through your children. □



Daniel Birnbaum

Daniel Birnbaum, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, is director of the Städelschule art academy and its Portikus gallery in Frankfurt.

1. **Matthew Barney**, *CREMASTER 3*, 2002, production still from a color video, 189 minutes.
2. Left: **Thomas Hirschhorn**, *Bataille Monument*, 2002. Installation view. Photo: Thorsten Arendt. Right: **Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster**, *Park—A Plan for Escape*, 2002. Installation view. Photo: Thorsten Arnat
3. **Tobias Rehberger**, *untitled (Tokyo)*, 2002. Installation view, Dresdner Bank, Frankfurt. Photo: Wolfgang Gützel.
4. **Spencer Finch**, *Blue (Sky over Los Alamos, New Mexico, 5/5/00, morning effect)*, 2000. Installation view, Postmasters, New York, 2000.
5. **Dieter Roth**, *Gesammelte Interviews* (Edition Hansjörg Mayer, 2002).
6. **Eva Hesse** (from left), *Tori*, 1969, *Sans II*, 1968, and *Vinculum I*, 1969. Installation view.
7. **Philippe Parreno**, *Allen Seasons*, 2002, color video projection, 7 minutes 30 seconds. Installation view. Photo: Marc Dommage.
8. **Dan Graham**, *Double Exposure/Landscape Photo Pavilion II*, 1995, architectural model with two-way mirror and color transparency, 19 1/4 x 42 x 42".
9. **Eija-Liisa Ahtila**, *The Present*, 2001, still from a color video projection, 34 minutes 39 seconds.
10. **Marcel Odenbach**, *Mir hat es den Kopf verdreht (It turned my head)*, 1996, two-channel color video projection, 5 minutes 8 seconds. Installation view.

1 Matthew Barney (Museum Ludwig, Cologne) There are any number of breathtaking moments in Matthew Barney’s *CREMASTER 3*, the most extravagant artwork I’ve come across this year (and not just this year)—like the sequence in which a skeletal zombielike body emerges from the mud in a tunnel beneath the Chrysler Building and is placed in the backseat of a ’38 Imperial New Yorker parked in the lobby. And who could forget the scene at the track? I for one can’t get those disgusting “dead” horses out of my mind.

2 Documenta 11 (x 2) One unbearably hot afternoon in Kassel I was thankful that two great projects were served up alfresco. Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster’s *Park—A Plan for Escape*, indeed a park within a park, consisted of elements that had nothing in common before they were invited to play a role in the artist’s slightly melancholic escapism: a large lava rock from Mexico, a telephone booth from Rio, a rosebush from Chandigarh. In the butterfly-shaped pavilion erected on a grassy lawn, cinematic ghosts appeared through the windows, shadows from Antonioni’s *La Notte*, Tsai Ming-liang’s *Vive l’amour*, and Resnais’s *Last Year at Marienbad*. Less melancholy but just as crazy, Thomas Hirschhorn’s bizarre *Bataille Monument* turned out to be an entire jerry-built village devoted to spreading the philosopher’s message through all possible media, including that of Turkish cuisine. Excellent Bataille Döner Kebab.

3 Tobias Rehberger Thanks to Rehberger, the Dresdner Bank cafeteria in downtown Frankfurt now has several time zones. You can have an appetizer in Shanghai, main course in Milan, and dessert in Dubai. Chairs, tables, and lamps on the various “islands” are designed to reflect the artist’s personal (mis)conception of these and other cities where the bank does business. The lighting in a given time zone continuously adjusts to match the intensity of sunlight registered on photovoltaic cells and then “streamed” via the Internet from one of the bank’s foreign offices—turning an otherwise dull space into a Babel of imaginary journeys.

4 Spencer Finch (Galerie Yvon Lambert, Paris) This New York–based artist’s lighting devices are even more complex. A recent example: Based on the molecular structure of the blue pigment that corresponds to the color of the sky (on a particular day in May) over Los Alamos, site of the first nuclear bomb explosion, Finch designed a radiant sculpture incorporating hundreds of lightbulbs. A fascinating and perplexing object but also a real beauty of a chandelier.

5 Dieter Roth, *Gesammelte Interviews* (Edition Hansjörg Mayer) These 350 pages of conversation with the late great artist about virtually everything can be read aloud (I tried) as a curious marathon theater piece reminiscent of Beckett’s *Krapp’s Last Tape*—but considerably longer. I had the pleasure of seeing Dieter Roth in action only once, and this book brings back the memory (of a very long dinner with red wine and monologues . . . and more red wine) so vividly that I keep waiting for a second helping.

6 Eva Hesse (Museum Wiesbaden) I went to see the Hesse retrospective thinking I would get an art history lesson. How wrong I was. The show, organized by SF MOMA’s Elisabeth Sussman and the Museum Wiesbaden’s Renate Petzinger, was one of the summer’s great contemporary-art experiences, and not just for academic reasons—a lesson in itself.

7 Philippe Parreno (Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris) Invited to mount a midcareer show at a major museum, artists tend to present the pieces they’ve done over the years. Philippe Parreno, however, has made so few artworks in the traditional sense that this wasn’t really an option. Parreno’s “Alien Seasons” in Paris this summer set new standards for strangeness—in a good way: It was all about unexpected connections and the ambient spaces they produce. Every time a computer-generated cuttlefish appeared in an underwater video projection, some event was triggered in a different part of the exhibition—a somewhat fishy curatorial innovation.

8 Dan Graham (Kunsthalle Düsseldorf) “Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late,” wrote Joseph Conrad. Many artists have worked with delays and with the psychology of belatedness, but no one with the precision of Graham, who’s always right on time.

9 Eija-Liisa Ahtila With new pieces at Kiasma (Helsinki), Tate Modern (London), and Documenta 11 (Kassel), Ahtila convinces again: Why her stories about psychological disintegration fascinate so much I don’t know, but I can’t get enough of these Finnish voices, so lyrical and yet so frenzied.

10 Marcel Odenbach Sooner or later everything turns to video, but how did we get here? Without an understanding of Odenbach’s evolution from the mid-’70s to the present, one can’t really claim to know much about the development of video as medium on the European continent. It seems that most technical innovations were first put to artistic use by Odenbach; a few years later, others would follow. With a very selective retrospective at the Frankfurter Kunstverein and a brand-new installation a few yards away at the Museum für Moderne Kunst, Odenbach makes his case. I’m still dizzy from the double projection *Mir hat es den Kopf verdreht* (It turned my head), 1996, but now at least I know what I’m talking about. □



Kate Bush



Kate Bush is senior programmer at the Photographers' Gallery, London.

1. Zacharias Kunuk, *The Fast Runner (Atanarjuat)*, 2001, still from a color film in 35 mm, 172 minutes.
2. Chris Ofili, *The Upper Room*, 1999–2002. Installation view.
3. Shirana Shahbazi, *untitled*, 2000–2001, acrylic on canvas, 9' 10" x 16' 5". From the series "Goftare nik" (Good words), 2000–.
4. Diller + Scofidio, *Blur Building*, Yverdon-les-Bains, Switzerland, 2002.
5. Francis Alÿs, *Cuando la fé mueve montañas (When faith moves mountains)*, 2002. Performance view, Lima, Peru, April 11, 2002.
6. Wolfgang Tillmans, *Star Struck #3*, 2000, ink-jet print, 11' 7 3/4" x 9' 6".
7. Richard Prince, *Paintings, Paintings, and spread from Paintings* (Hatje Cantz, 2002).
8. Matthew Barney, *Chrysler Imperial (detail)*, 2002, mixed media. Installation view.
9. Keith Tyson, *SLG Number 3.2 (Index)*, 2001, mixed media on paper, 61 3/4" x 49 3/4".
10. Still from the BBC Television series *The Office*, 2002. David Brent (Ricky Gervais).

1 **Igloolik Isuma Productions/ The Fast Runner (Atanarjuat)** It was easy to appreciate the social imperatives of this Inuit film collective's documentary work at Documenta 11; harder, within the time constraints, to admire the extraordinary artistic accomplishment of their Camera d'Or-winning first feature, *The Fast Runner (Atanarjuat)*, directed by wood-carver turned filmmaker Zacharias Kunuk. A tale of love and hate in an exceptionally cold climate, *Atanarjuat* dramatizes a thousand-year-old tale of festering evil on the frozen Canadian tundra. The first film ever to be performed in the Inuktitut language, it's a cross between a cave painting and a Shakespearean tragedy. *Atanarjuat* furnished the most indelible cinematic image of the year, of the eponymous hero running for his life, naked and bleeding, across the freezing arctic wastes.

2 **Chris Ofili** (Victoria Miro Gallery, London) It may seem extravagant to compare Chris Ofili's *The Upper Room*, 1999–2002, to the Matisse chapel in Vence or the Rothko in Houston, but this was the territory he dared to stake with this hugely ambitious painting installation, conceived in collaboration with architect David Adjaye. Nothing prepared you for the experience of turning the corner of a deep, dim corridor into a soaring walnut-faced interior studded with thirteen intensely colored, precisely lit paintings. Against the velvety surround of the wood each work glowed with a spectral luminosity, as if just landed from another planet. Ofili's trademark tropical pointillism, with those appliquéd drifts of glitter and stars trapped within layer on layer of incandescent resin, here described the motif of thirteen turbaned rhesus monkeys, each realized in a different hue. *The Upper Room* was decorative and theatrical, yes, but its choreography of color, light, and space created a splendid temple to painting in secular times.

3 **Shirana Shahbazi** (Citigroup Private Bank Photography Prize 2002; Photographers' Gallery, London) Rank outsider Shirana Shahbazi wrested photography's big prize with her ongoing series "Goftare nik" (Good words). Shahbazi's sharply designed installations mix photographs and commissioned billboard paintings and cast

her native city of Tehran in a clear, cool light, purged of the romantic tropes that dominate depictions of contemporary Iran. The imagery of the Orientalist imaginary—the desert, the odalisque, the veiled woman—is stripped bare as Shahbazi ponders the complexities of a society caught between the competing forces of tradition and change.

4 **Diller + Scofidio** (Swiss National Expo 2002, Yverdon-les-Bains, Switzerland) Architectural folly or technological tour de force, Diller + Scofidio's photogenic Blur Building floated above Lake Neuchâtel like a piece of weird ectoplasm. "Built" out of innumerable drops of glacial water siphoned from the lake and forced through 31,400 tiny high-pressure jets, this performing structure expanded and contracted, rose and sank, in reaction to the changing weather. A triumph of form over function—plastic raincoats requisite.

5 **Francis Alÿs** The power of human endeavor over intractable nature was also the theme of Francis Alÿs's supremely biblical performance *When Faith Moves Mountains*, a work realized on the desiccated Ventanilla dunes outlying the Peruvian capital and home to thousands of disenfranchised shantytown dwellers. On April 11 hundreds of local people equipped with shovels gathered at the foot of a giant sand dune and collectively shunted the sixteen-hundred-foot-long mound four inches in one direction. Moses met Sisyphus in a gesture at once heroic and futile—confirming Alÿs's place as one of the most compelling mythicists around.

6 **Wolfgang Tillmans** (Palais de Tokyo, Paris) Evans on the subway, Eggleston in the kitchen, Moholy-Nagy atop the radio tower, Stieglitz beneath the moon: Tillmans's work has always reverberated, for me, with photography's ancestral voices. And yet here, in an airy, sweeping space at the back of the Palais, with the huge cameraless abstractions brought into graceful harmony with the smaller figurative pictures, he looked strikingly original and seemed to have found his essential subject somewhere between photographic process and photographic image, between the material and the ethereal.

7 **Richard Prince, Paintings and Photographs** (published by Hatje Cantz, to accompany exhibitions at Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, Museum für Gegenwartskunst Basel, and Kunsthalle Zürich) The book has always had a special place in Richard Prince's oeuvre, and these two handsome volumes preserve the rambunctiousness of his work in print while comprehensively reprising the painting and the photography. Prince's own writing threads through the images in the form of elusive third-person allegories that tease at the relationship between looking and libidinal drive. Brilliant in its iconicity, its blatant clichés, its boisterous enthusiasms.

8 **Matthew Barney** (Museum Ludwig, Cologne) With the *CREMASTER* cycle now complete, it's hard to imagine a more definitive Matthew Barney exhibition—and impossible to resist the visual fascinations of his unendingly complex symbolic universe. To talk or write about the incomparable Barney is to get lost in a maze of meanings and metaphors, and yet it is testament to his supreme mastery that this exhibition served both films and sculpture while remaining lucid and absorbing throughout.

9 **Keith Tyson** (South London Gallery/ Kunsthalle Zürich) Keith Tyson has always inspired virulent opposition and passionate support: I'm in the latter camp, seduced by his spirit of restless experimentation and his ability to filter diverse bodies of human knowledge—from quantum physics to artificial intelligence to probability theory—into exuberant and utterly unpredictable works of art.

10 **The Office** (BBC Television) TV doesn't get more perfect than *The Office*, a comedy that, in its second season, propels the form to a new level: so excruciatingly real it's almost unwatchable. Set in Slough, England's most featureless town, in a paper merchant's establishment, *The Office* is presided over by insufferable boss David Brent, a character more mortifying than Basil Fawlty. You'll never label your stapler again. □



Philip Nobel

Brooklyn-based architecture and design critic Philip Nobel is a contributing editor of *Metropolis* magazine and has written for the *New York Times*, *The Nation*, and *Architectural Digest*.

1. **Sam Mockbee/The Rural Studio, Mason's Bend Community Center, 2000.** Photo: Timothy Hursley.
2. **Jared Della Valle and Andy Bernheimer, Castle Building, 2002,** acrylic, presstype, and spray paint, dimensions variable. Photo: Jock Pottle/ESTO.
3. **MVRDV, Thonik Studio, 2002, Amsterdam.** Photo: Nicholas Kane.
4. **John Johansen, Mag-Lev Theater,** rendering from *Nanoarchitecture: A New Species of Architecture* (Princeton Architectural Press, 2002).
5. **William Massie, Playa Urbana/Urban Beach, 2002.** Installation view.
6. **Rem Koolhaas, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 2002,** architectural model.
7. **SHOP Architects, Rector Street Bridge, 2002, New York.**
8. **Brent C. Brolin, The Designer's Eye** (Norton, 2002).
9. **Steven Spielberg, Minority Report, 2002,** still from a color film in 35 mm, 145 minutes.
10. **Proposals for a new World Trade Center by (clockwise from left): Michael H. McDonald; Don Scarcella; and Bud Jarrin.** Courtesy of the Lower Manhattan Development Corporation.

1 Sam Mockbee Let us now praise famous men. It can be hard for an architect to do something high-minded—build for the rural poor, say—and not come off as a missionary or a Birkenstock kook. Sam Mockbee was neither. He didn't play the game of shock (you know who you are), but neither did he condescend with the traditional forms it is always said "people" crave. Still, his low- or no-cost buildings in Hale County, Alabama, could rival any *avant* production (and didn't look out of place at this year's Whitney Biennial). One, a community center for Mason's Bend, has a fish-scale wall of overlapping Chevy Caprice windshields; it cost less to build than ten square feet of SoHo Prada. Mockbee died on December 30, 2001. He was fifty-seven.

2 Jared Della Valle and Andy Bernheimer If measured by opening night crowds and cameras, "A New World Trade Center" at the Max Protetch gallery in Chelsea was easily the biggest event of the New York architectural year. But if ranked by density of ideas, it was among the most slight. Protetch's all-media blitz could not hide the fact that there was next to nothing of interest in the show, only predictable, occasionally callous toss-offs. One exception was the study submitted by Della Valle and Bernheimer. This young team compiled a list of eighty Ground Zero power brokers, made eighty plastic blocks variously sized to reflect that power, and presented the set in an open case, ready for purposeful play. Hope for thought in a graveyard of form.

3 MVRDV, Thonik Studio The little building that MVRDV completed this year for the graphic design firm Thonik is a triumph of Dutch thrift. Faced with no budget and a drab Amsterdam courtyard, they made a dumb box: four sides, a flat roof, windows punched through concrete walls. Then they painted it orange. Bright orange. All of it. So smart.

4 John Johansen, Nanoarchitecture: A New Species of Architecture (Princeton Architectural Press, 2002) After studying with Walter Gropius at Harvard (and

marrying his daughter), John Johansen went on to design slick houses, some university brutalism, and a fragmented, before-its-time theater in Oklahoma City. Now, at age eighty-six, the architect has published the musings of his dotage: a collection of disarming, unpretentious projects—Froth of Bubbles, Air Quilt, etc.—that are shaped as much by the plastic jugs and other refuse he's used to model them as they are by his enthusiasm for science.

5 William Massie (P.S. 1's "Warm Up" series) For years now the taste for blobs, driven by the possibilities and prejudices of new software, has outstripped the enduring facts of building. So plans that appear all droopy in the magazines often get cleaned up at the site. With his environment for the annual summer performance series at P.S. 1—long screens of white PVC pipe on steel brackets and low foam pools finished with truck-bed sealant in garish colors—Massie put on a clinic in the effective application of doable construction to fashionable form. To make it work, a pipe was bent and its curve sampled to train a modeling program; the erratic frame was laid out and laser cut into thousands of interlocking one-off elements; the pools hid within them secret raster topographies, computer sketched and robot milled. Geekery notwithstanding, people still got naked at the parties.

6 Kool Museums? When a group of journalists visited Rem Koolhaas's Rotterdam office last June, he covered the presentation models of his Whitney Museum expansion with black trash bags. But he forgot about the sketch models on the floor. The new wing is a menacing concrete cobra that spirals up to overhang the old Breuer building. Poor Marcel. Meanwhile, Rem was more than happy to reveal a sophomoric conceit he's developing for the Los Angeles County Museum of Art: The collection would be displayed in stacked shipping containers. Forklifts would fetch the art. Bag, please.

7 Rector Street Bridge This pedestrian crossing by New York's SHOP Architects reconnects Battery Park City to the rest of the world. It is everything one could hope for in quickie construction near Ground Zero: modest, inspiring, respectful, and frankly ephemeral.

8 Brent C. Brolin, The Designer's Eye (Norton, 2002) This is not a pretty book. But it bravely tries to catalogue those little things that can make a building great (or not). Brent C. Brolin has compiled black-and-white thumbnail views of architectural details and then subjected each to a simple retouching. How would the Pompidou look without its cross bracing? Or the Chrysler Building without its spire? The before-and-after pairs argue convincingly that there is a fixed logic to the perceived effects of form. It's not all relative.

9 Minority Report Forget for a moment the mommy issues that are such an insipid feature of Spielberg's films. Forget the Hollywood ending. Forget, too, the errant Indiana Jones jokiness that found its way into this otherwise dark work of near-futurism. These weaknesses could not destroy what was conjured by the art direction, which gave us flying cars and merry-go-rounds, tomorrow's megastructures and yesterday's townhouses. Not since *Blade Runner* has there been a future with such a believable residue of the past.

10 Outsider Architects A new species of designer has joined the toilers, stars, artisans, old pros, and dilettantes who make up the menagerie of American architecture. Who were those brazen thousands who emerged this year to throw their hats and napkin sketches into the big ring at Ground Zero? To a one their proposals were preposterous—but no more so than the designs we've seen to date from pedigreed firms, corporate and cutting edge. Taken together, the countless resuscitated Twins, memorial redwoods, and world's tallest ziggurats carted out by our new folk architects will be a useful control as this grand experiment in public creativity proceeds. Thank you, amateurs. And welcome. □



Tom Holert



Cologne-based cultural critic Tom Holert recently coauthored *Entsichert: Krieg als Massenkultur im 21. Jahrhundert* (Triggered: War as mass culture in the twenty-first century) (Kiepenheuer & Witsch, 2002).

1. **Marc Camille Chaimowicz, *Celebration ? Reallife Revisited, 1972/2000***, mixed media, dimensions variable. 2. **Andreas Siekmann, *Aus: Gesellschaft mit beschränkter Haftung (From: Limited Liability Company), 2002***. Installation view, Documenta 11, Kassel. Photo: Roman Mensing. 3. **Bureau d'études, "Wartime Chronicles," 2001-**, screen capture. 4. **Adriana García Galán, *Warmix, 2002***, sound installation, 3 minutes. 5. **Frieda Grafe and Josef von Sternberg, 1969**. 6. **Justus Köhncke, *Was ist Musik?, 2002***. 7. **Hans-Peter Feldmann, *Alle Kleider einer Frau (All the clothes of a woman) (detail), 1970s***, 75 black-and-white photographs, each 3½ x 3¼". 8. **"Zurück zum Beton" (Back to concrete)**. Installation view. 9. **Mel Bochner, *Opaque #4, 1968***, color photograph, 16 x 20". 10. **Rosemarie Trockel, *Manus Spleen II, 2002***, still from a black-and-white video projection, 10 minutes 30 seconds.

1 **Marc Camille Chaimowicz** ("St. Petrischnee," Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zurich) An overdue homage to his Proustian master poet of vanity, memory, and loss. Chaimowicz's subglamorous post-Pop scatter environments from the early '70s (in which the artist served tea to visitors) raised questions about public/private dichotomies, art/design boundaries, and identifications based on gender. The highlight: the great installation *Celebration ? Reallife Revisited*, part of the group show "St. Petrischnee"—an exhibition offering a trip through a particular past (and a particularly flamboyant one at that), populated by Chaimowicz, Gustav Metzger, Manon, Michel Auder, Yayoi Kusama, Hélio Oiticica, and Theo Altenberg, among others.

2 **Andreas Siekmann** A year to experience the ubiquitous output of this high-octane intellectual adventurer and Hogarthian draftsman from Berlin. Siekmann's enigmatic-encyclopediaic *Aus: Gesellschaft mit beschränkter Haftung* made Documenta; a few months earlier he cocurated (with Alice Creischer) an exhibition in Vienna on art and militancy. Along the way he prepared (for Salzburg and Brussels) a variety of works on forces of exclusion and zones of repression. As always, politically loaded topics were approached with wit and plenty of weird associative logic.

3 **Bureau d'études** (<http://bureaudetudes.free.fr>) If you want to know how the global order really works you have to be able to spot (and resist) what the Bureau d'études calls the "industrial production of decoys." The group's ongoing "Wartime Chronicles"—an impressive cartography of global power networks—is just one example of its attempts to create a countercontext of "autonomous knowledge/power." Based in Paris and Strasbourg, the Bureau d'études cooperates with similar organizations and initiatives, most of them (dis)located in Europe, and all of them self-consciously part of the "movement of movements."

4 **Adriana García Galán** (Centre National de la Photographie, Paris) "The military is in love with sound," writes Hanns Zischler. There's ample evidence throughout the history of war, from the culture of marching music to

the aural torture of drug lord Manuel Noriega (with Guns N' Roses). In García Galán's ongoing examination of the soundscapes of armed conflict, the Colombian artist works with the songs and hymns associated with the four military groups active in her South American home country, music found on the ELN, FARC, Auto-defensas, and state army websites—and on Bogotá jukeboxes. Her project reflects on the relation between listening and obeying in the spaces of psychoglobalization, where pop and war constantly intersect.

5 **Frieda Grafe** (1934–2002) "Since Technicolor withdrew from the entertainment industry, it prefers to do its research for the army and for NASA," Frieda Grafe wrote in 1988—a line to be reread in *Filmfarben* (Brinkmann & Bose, Berlin, 2002), a collection of her essays and interviews on matters of color and film that reached bookshops a few weeks after her death in July. Grafe was *the* significant voice in postwar German film criticism, though her love for cinema (and her lovable prose) was largely incompatible with the discursive predilections of the film industry and the popular press. "If I like your films" she told filmmaker Heinz Emigholz in 1980, "you're in danger that they won't let you make any more."

6 **Justus Köhncke, *Was ist Musik?*** (Kompakt) The persona of this Cologne-based musician's musician oscillates between excess and exhaustion. The year 2002 saw his notion of *Schlagertechno*, a hybrid of German chanson and electronic dance music, materialize with his second solo album. Striking a confident gay posture clad in camou-wear, Köhncke militantly combines his talents as singer-songwriter and gifted house producer while further developing longtime obsessions with, among other things, *Abbey Road*, Hildegard Knef, Morgan Geist, and—probably most important—Chic.

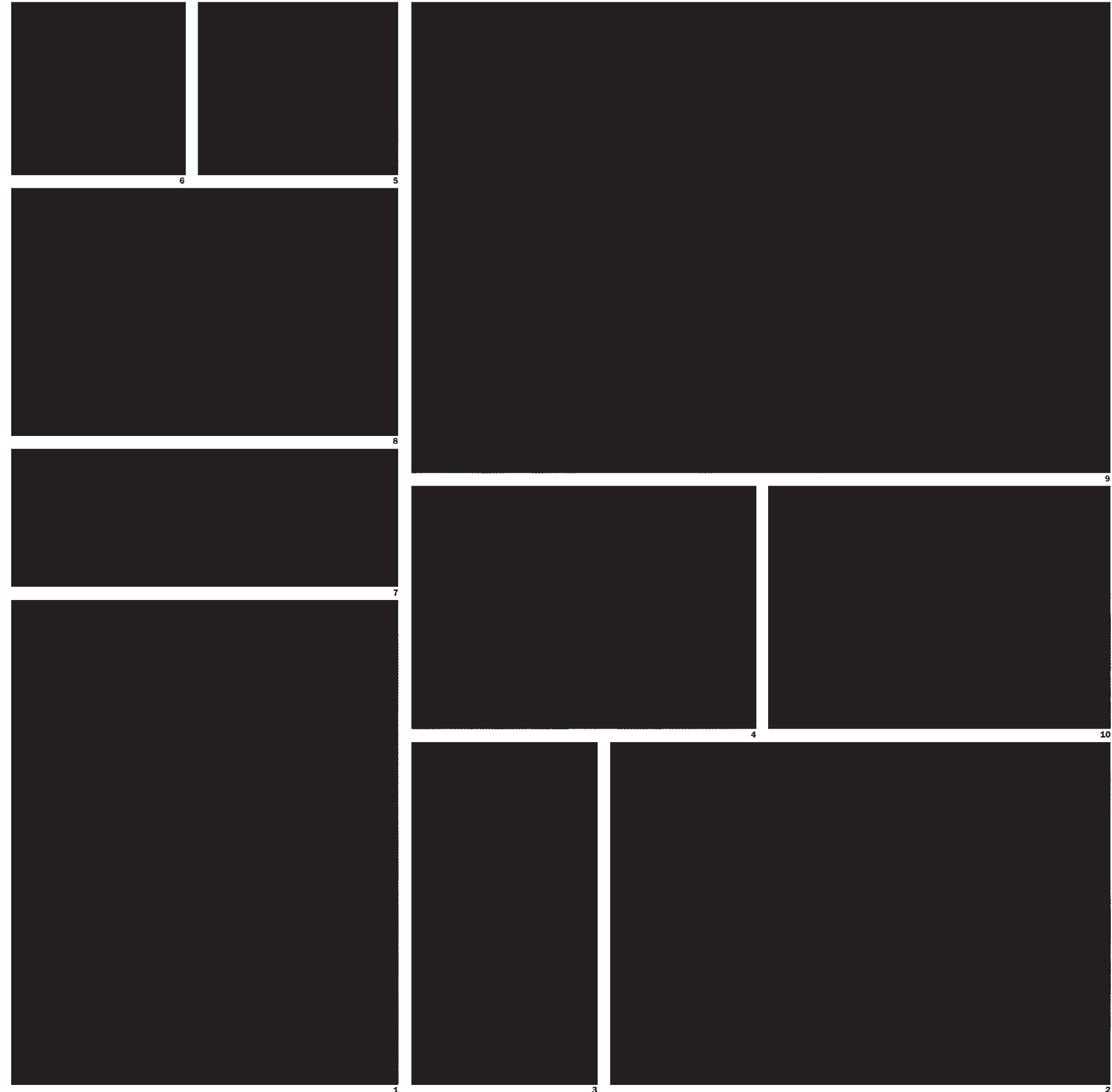
7 **Hans-Peter Feldmann** (Fotomuseum Winterthur) An antiretrospective by this patron saint of conceptual photography. The beauty of homemade taxonomies and heartfelt skepticism. At moments the exhibit was almost too

true to be persuasive (although "persuading" was never what Feldmann was about).

8 **"Zurück zum Beton"** (Kunsthalle Düsseldorf) The buried past of the West German punk era surfaced last year with *Verschwende Deine Jugend* (Waste your youth), an oral history of the late-'70s/early-'80s underground music scenes in Hamburg, Düsseldorf, and Berlin. Suddenly everybody and his/her neighbor was talking about Mittagspause, Malaria, DAF, Palais Schaumburg, Der Plan, and other period bands—and about subcultural politics in the time of RAF and AOR. An exhibition devoted to reconstructing this culture of refusal looked like the logical next step. The opening turned out to be a grandiose if double-edged event, hinged between sheer nostalgia and a reunion of the never united. A movie is in the making.

9 **Mel Bochner** ("Photographs 1966–1969," Harvard University Art Museums, Cambridge, MA) I didn't have a chance to see the show, but the catalogue definitely made me want to hop the first plane. If only to observe the "lapidary clarity" (curator Scott Rothkopf) of Bochner's early Conceptual images meeting a significant challenge in his great *Transparent and Opaque*, 1968/1998, a set of color photographs of Vaseline smears and shaving-cream curls, executed by a professional photographer and funded by E.A.T. (Experiments in Art and Technology).

10 **Protest Culture** In Cologne an alliance of gallerists, artists, architects, and critics tried to prevent the demolition of the Josef-Haubrich-Forum. In Zurich the attempt to boot controversial theater director Christoph Marthaler from his office as head of the Schauspielhaus sparked comparable resistance. Memories of '68: In Cologne, Rosemarie Trockel made a film of the protest, starring actor Udo Kier reading a manifesto; in Zurich there were street performances, panel discussions, and other evergreens of civic (dis)obedience. Naturally the high culture *enragés* were deeply committed to the cause—and took much pleasure in their commitment. Worse things can happen. □



Katy Siegel



Katy Siegel, a contributing editor of *Artforum*, teaches contemporary art history and criticism at Hunter College, CUNY.

1. **Barnett Newman**, *Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue II*, 1967, acrylic on canvas, 10' x 8' 6". 2. **Gerhard Richter**, *Januar (January)*, 1989, oil on canvas, 10' 6" x 13' 1½". 3. **David Reed**, *#484*, 2001–2002, oil and alkyd on linen, 3' 4" x 14'. 4. **Pierre Bourdieu**, *The Field of Cultural Production* (Columbia University Press, 1993). 5. **Gego**, *Vibración en negro (Vibration in black)*, 1957, painted aluminum, 29½ x 23¾ x 17". 6. **Tom Otterness**, *Last Penny*, 1999, bronze, 27½ x 27½ x 18". Photo: D. James Dee. 7. **The Strokes**. 8. **T.J. Wilcox**, *Midnite Movie*, 2001, stills from a color video, 12 minutes 49 seconds. 9. **Jo Baer**: *The Minimalist Years, 1960–1975*. Installation view, Dia Center for the Arts, New York, 2002. 10. **David Rees**, panels from *Get Your War On*, September 27, 2002.

1 Barnett Newman (Philadelphia Museum of Art) The best. Fantastic paintings rarely seen together, exquisitely hung by Ann Temkin. Reading Newman's writing, seeing the works in reproduction, his project seems like a great idea. In person, the paintings are much more than that. Working within a narrow set of possibilities (vertical lines and horizontal grounds), the artist somehow evades formula. His color combinations are eccentric, although beautiful, and his compositions never obviously geometric. The unexpectedness of one painting after another kept this spectator on her toes. As actions, the zips say "Kilroy was here"; as images, they become signposts, shouting at the passing spectator "You are here! Now!"

2 Gerhard Richter (Museum of Modern Art, New York) The show was good, the artist is great. Some critics have voiced suspicion about "overproduction" of the late paintings, but they were among the best in show. Seeing them together with Richter's early representational works and the more conceptual paintings from the 1970s, it's no wonder we can't agree on what they—he—means. The artist's depth is revealed in the very variety of arguments that have been and should continue to be made on his behalf.

3 David Reed (Max Protetch, New York) More graphically strong yet physically intricate paintings: A clear image emerges from each, despite the complexity of their manufacture. Horizontal bands of color underlie more translucent allover layers, subtly shifting value and hue in a way that infuses these very flat paintings with light. The artist uses flowing strokes of the brush or knife to animate his surfaces, and the forms seem to roll from side to side. Newman, Richter, and Reed find common cause: making the single frozen image matter in a world that never stops moving.

4 Pierre Bourdieu (died January 23) Of all the recently fashionable French intellectuals, here was the least lionized and most useful. *The Field of Cultural Production* (Columbia University Press, 1993) is one of the sharpest

tracts written about art in the past fifty years, surveying the scene with a sociological eye, explaining the way culture and class work without relying on tired formulations of market-driven vulgarisms versus virtuous avant-garde. Most of all, Bourdieu insists that intellectuals and artists uncover their own social positions, instead of finger wagging (or finger flipping) the bourgeoisie. A brilliant, deeply human writer on subjects ranging from Algeria to the university to the art world, he will be missed.

5 Gego (Museum of Fine Arts, Houston) Severe, relentlessly spare, the sculptures—wire grids that bend and swell unpredictably—have an integrity both anonymous and intimate. Like the excellent Hesse exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, "Questioning the Line: Gego, A Selection, 1955–90" shows that while Eccentric Abstraction may be a cliché for the woman artist, it's a cliché with legs.

6 Tom Otterness (Marlborough Gallery, New York) Otterness's "Free Money" show was funny and direct in its take on the subject. His little round men and women (done in bronze and dense rather than inflated) danced on fat money bags, searched for their last pennies, and tried to push landlords off buildings. Pick up a copy of the artist's coloring book *Free Money and Other Fairy Tales* and get the kids started early.

7 Rock My Recession With the end of the bull market and the wobbling of luxury fashion, welcome the return of rock. As mass-media magazines wave the Strokes and Stripes, art waxes nostalgic for punk and hardcore, from Manchester to Manhattan, from Matthew Higgs to Matthew Barney. When culture producers stop the disco party and start touting the realness of rock, it's a sure sign torn jeans and tough economic times are ahead. If the end of the lush life has had real effects, like the sad demise of the *New Art Examiner*, at least there is an end in sight to the pledge of a DJ at every opening.

8 T.J. Wilcox (Metro Pictures, New York) Wilcox extends his study of eccentric individuals

to fans at midnight screenings of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* from Ohio to Paris. It was fascinating to watch the myriad Frankfurters and Janets dance delicately between the patented unconventionality of the movie characters they imitated and the rigid adherence to convention required by their imitative art form. Wilcox's video outdid much other work that trades on the built-in interest of subcultures (surfing, communes, Nazis), finding a parallel between its subject and aspects of art itself: audience, performance, identification, imitation, alienation, and participation.

9 WIP Walk-in Painting, not a real estate abbreviation. Practitioners of widely varying excellence but almost equal interest range from Michel Majerus (Friedrich Petzel, New York) to Joan Mitchell (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York). Best seen in the fresh third room of the Jo Baer show at Dia Center for the Arts, New York, in which the paintings were installed at varying heights and the painted sides of the canvases played on perspective and shadows. Fifty years after Greenberg, somewhere between the easel and the mural is still a good place to be.

10 David Rees, *Get Your War On* (www.mnftiu.cc) From the Apollonian to the absurd. This strip offers the best political commentary in the flood of post-9/11 blather. Chock-full of visceral rage, these clip-art office workers capture the tension between the buttoned-down bonhomie and repression of daily life and the insane danger and degradation of the larger political world. □



Bruce Hainley



An *Artforum* contributing editor, Bruce Hainley teaches in the graduate fine arts program at Art Center College of Design, Los Angeles. *Sex*, his collaboration with John Waters, will be published by Thames & Hudson in 2003.

1. **Paul Sietsema, *Empire*, 2002**, still from a color and black-and-white film in 35 mm, 24 minutes.
2. **Michele O'Marah, *Valley Girl*, 2002**, still from a color video, 116 minutes.
3. **Jean-Luc Godard, *In Praise of Love*, 2002**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 98 minutes. Edgar (Bruno Putzulu).
4. **Tracy Morgan as Brian Fellow, host of *Safari Planet***, from the NBC series *Saturday Night Live*, 2002.
5. **Joan Mitchell, *L'Arbre de Phyllis*, 1991**, oil on canvas, 110 1/2 x 78 3/4".
6. **Still from the Fox series *Fastlane*, 2002**. Deaqaon Hayes (Bill Bellamy) and Van Ray (Peter Facinelli).
7. Left: **Vincent Fecteau, untitled, 2002**, papier-mâché, acrylic, shells, and rope, 9 x 16 x 16 1/2". Right: **Rachel Harrison, *Reno*, 1999**, cement, Parex, wood, and color photograph, 50 x 19 x 22".
8. **Sturtevant, *Johns 0 through 9*, 1965**, encaustic on newsprint, 5 x 12 1/2".
9. **Anne Carson, *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho*** (Knopf, 2002).
10. **Marcelino Gonçalves, *Receiver*, 2002**, oil on panel, 12 x 12".

1 Paul Sietsema (Regen Projects, Los Angeles) Despite what you may have heard, Sietsema's second film, *Empire*, is not about Clement Greenberg's apartment nor about the princess's salon in the Hôtel de Soubise, but about the relation between the representation of space in painting and sculpture and kinds of flatness. Given the bloated nature of much film proposed as art these days, how inspiring that Sietsema's handmade, silent baroque is just twenty-four minutes long. Its unerring if indefinable tone—austere, although not without dry wit—mesmerizes.

2 Michele O'Marah (Goldman Tevis, Los Angeles) Appropriating Martha Coolidge's funny but shrewd girl-positive essay on LA teens in the '80s allows O'Marah to relish Day-Glo hues, "Material Girl" asymmetry in haircuts and fashions, and the tubular syncopations of Valley speech. Not slacker, not camp, O'Marah's *Valley Girl* proves being brainy doesn't preclude having lots of fun.

3 In Praise of Love Jean-Luc Godard's entire career could be seen as an interrogation of the difference between Hollywood movies and other kinds, how each uses the other. Given new levels of disdain for "difficulty"—Jonathan Franzen's nonreading of William Gaddis in the *New Yorker* was only one of the year's more depressing examples—it's thrilling to have Godard's difficult, vibrant, and haunting meditation on, among other things, the psychic and bodily consequences of Resistance (all kinds), in the form of an elegiac valentine to Paris and filmmaking.

4 Tracy Morgan In an *SNL* skit about the post-9/11 Emmys, Morgan appeared as Della Reese in a lovely ensemble made of garbage bags and black electrical tape, sending up celebrity, media, and the new sobriety. As Brian Fellow, host of *Safari Planet*, Morgan is able to negotiate the zany mental wanderings of a not exactly bright but enthusiastic intelligence. Among his giddily Andy Kaufman-like cerebrations, Morgan has proposed that he be cast as the first black James Bond. He should be. In *One Mic*, his super,

televised stand-up gig, he discussed many things I'd love to see new Bond girl Halle Berry deal with.

5 Joan Mitchell (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) The trajectory of her long, expatriate career, most of it spent exploring matters out of favor (relations of abstraction to nature; expressionism), moves me as much as, perhaps even more than, Jackson Pollock's short one. Her best paintings produce a rush approaching OD. If color were cocaine, she'd outmuscle the Cali cartel.

6 Fastlane (Fox) For proof that an hour of television needn't be burdened with plot or character development (or perhaps even a script) to channel the ontology of the medium, as a friend put it (first apologizing for the highfalutin terms), there's *Fastlane*. Intense LA color, mall fashions styled with hip-hop flair. In the first minutes of the McG-directed(!) premiere episode, a blonde reaches across a race-car driver as they speed around a track, to see if he's wired (a cop). Sliding her hand down the back of his jeans, she asks, "You wax?" Van (Peter Facinelli) replies, "Yeah, but don't tell the other guys." Cut to this flashback: Facinelli taking the position (bent over, pants down, butt showing) as his partner asks him to spread his cheeks—so that he can hide the wire better. He does and proceeds to fart in his partner's face. Delightful, ontologically delightful.

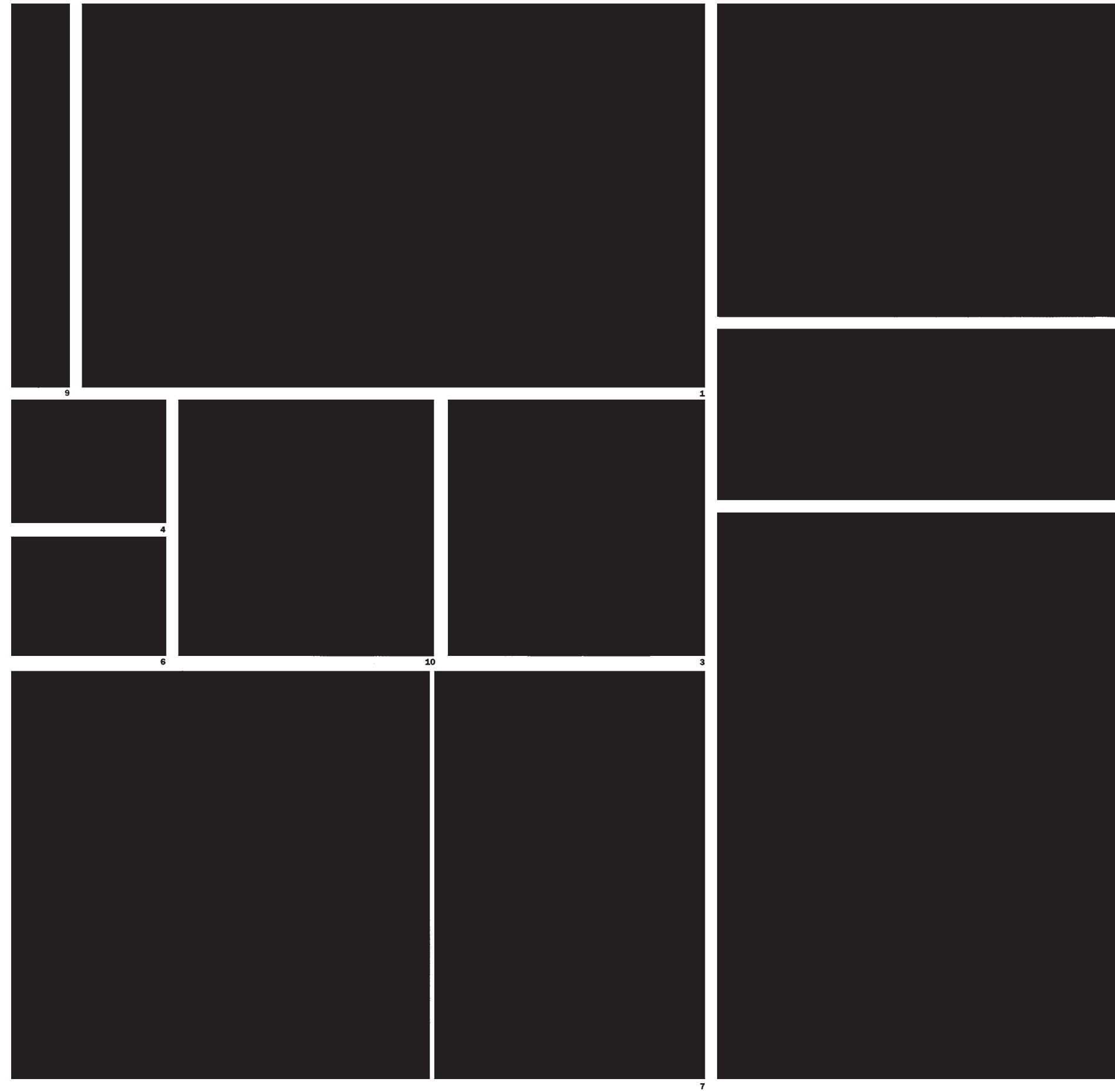
7 Vincent Fecteau (Berkeley Art Museum) and **Rachel Harrison** (Milwaukee Art Museum) Twin moments of brightness in a dismal Whitney Biennial, Fecteau and Harrison also shone this year in their first solo museum outings; seemingly having little in common, the two artists extend the sculptural in daring, witty, and winsomely unexpected ways. Fecteau presented thirteen compact sculptures made over the past two years, including an impossible corner of girders held up by twigs, and a white domed affair, perhaps inspired as much by a baked Alaska as by some ideation of butt cheeks, ridged with rope and punctuated by two sea-shells, half a walnut shell painted seashell white,

and rank splatterings of what could be seen as urine. Through craft notions and quickly shifting scale, he effects profundity with the barest of means and a palette (tans, dusty grays, midnight black) that would make Morandi—and probably Kristen Bjorn—smile. Harrison's trademark sculptures—like *Unplugged*, 2000, a boxy construction of slightly gaping wooden slats, useless electrical outlets, and a hijacked still of Michael Jackson blessing a rabbit—look as if she were hybridizing sculpture and photography; she's not. Both artists fuck with recent art history and theory ("theatricality"; Serra-esque monumentality; Minimalism) to consider, post-postmedium, what "sculpture" can be now—smarts, pleasure, and belief throttling rationalization.

8 Sturtevant (Daniel Blau, Munich) A killer show of some of her earliest works on paper—from 1965 to 1969—deploying the physics of Lichtenstein and Johns, among others, to catalyze mental restructuring. Until there's some reckoning with her vital work, an accurate history of contemporary art will remain unwritten. Repeat after me.

9 Anne Carson, *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho* (Knopf) Study the *space* she demands be given to Sappho's every fragment—it's beyond Mallarméan, the blank beauty of the pages. I love that Carson has the clout to persuade Knopf to print ancient Greek *en face*—in a mainstream book! There is no one thinking more acutely about the forms and genres in which voice is given presence. The intro's great, the notes a revelatory, intellectual romp, and the translation—well, Carson can do no wrong. My new favorite poem is no. 179: "makeup bag."

10 Marcelino Gonçalves (cherrydelosreyes, Los Angeles) A subtle debut. Gonçalves considers the possibility of narrativity in paint, his quietudes inspired by but not really about the brief utopias staged in fashion photography, how they differ from those painted (cf. Fragonard, Hockney), where sexuality isn't used as a theme but as an effect of light. □



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TOP TEN

Delia Brown

Delia Brown is a Los Angeles–based artist who shows regularly at D'Amelio Terras, New York, and Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles.

1 WEST COAST DIVAS Goapele, the Oakland-based soulstress of earthy and otherworldly beauty, inspired and starred in my recent video *Pastorale*. Her debut album, *Even Closer* (Skyblaze Recordings, 2002), is a hot seller in the Bay Area, and if there's any fairness in the world, she'll soon reach a much wider audience. The rapper Mystic also hails from Oakland. *Cuts for Luck and Scars for Freedom*—packed with smooth tracks and sharp lyrics—came out in 2001 on Goodvibe Recordings, but the fools at commercial radio slept on it. Mystic's labelmates in Los Angeles, Medusa & Feline Science, took the *LA Weekly* Hip-hop Artist of the Year Award in 2001 *and* 2002, but for some reason they, too, still haven't broken through the underground. Medusa rips the mike live. With a butch girl DJ, two big sexy backup singers, and great live instrumentation, they are off the hook—a female Funkadelic.

2 AGAPE INTERNATIONAL SPIRITUAL CENTER Reverend Michael Beckwith, founder of this transdenominational “church” in Culver City, is on par with Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr. in my book. His sermons on the “love-intelligence that governs the universe” are delivered to the most diverse group I've ever seen gathered in one place, which in itself is pretty inspiring. Music director Rickie Byars writes original spirituals and conducts a first-rate choir. (Am I proselytizing?) Not for the resignedly cynical, nor those who can't stomach small doses of New Agey–ness.

Mark Grotjahn, *Untitled (White Butterfly Blue MG)*, 2001, oil on linen, 72 x 26".

3 THE ECKHART SOCIETY Meister Eckhart, the fourteenth-century Dominican mystic, was accused of heresy and written out of ordained Catholic history. He preached on the spiritual principles of creativity (foreshadowing the Theosophists) and proposed a cosmology that placed God within human reach (plebeian = divine manifestation = not good for kings). The Eckhart Society, founded in 1987, publishes an annual journal and holds conferences dedicated to contemporary Eckhart scholarship. A new member myself, I'm always happy to discover that we don't have to raid Eastern philosophies to find the good stuff.

4 MARK GROTJAHN Though little excursions into conceptual territories have always been part of Grotjahn's practice, I (mis)understood his work to be of the highest order of modernism: a strictly formal investigation. His recent paintings disarmed me of my prejudice. Sober and patiently built-up rays of paint fan outward in a tonal spectrum, the oil thick and viscous right up to the edges—with one exception: Grotjahn left nearly phosphorescent under-painting exposed at the canvases' bottom corners, where his monogram glows in the negative space. More than a signature, the letters intrude on the composition, becoming perhaps its most important element—a self-conscious disclosure of authorial ego. This jolt came as a gift, allowing me to transcend my distrust of the “pure” painter and indulge with him in enjoying the wonderful physicality of paint.

5 EMINEM'S LYRICS Funny how things work sometimes. You could hear Eminem's first album booming from the trunks of black hip-hop fans' cars all over LA; it was the white contingent that needed some prodding and proof. Maybe they were scared to embrace a white rapper after Vanilla Ice bombed and House of Pain fell off. After Nas, I think Eminem is the most talented MC of the moment. Watch the final battle scene in *8 Mile* if you don't believe me.

6 GOING WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE The sudden, tragic death of Senator Paul Wellstone leaves us with the memory of a politician with *corazón* and *cajones*. What can be gained from our loss? His valiant example of standing for what is right regardless of personal or political cost.

7 RUBIES, EMERALDS, AMETHYSTS Anything, just boycott the bling. To anyone planning on popping the question to that special someone: Think twice before you make the trip to Tiffany. After 9/11 it became all the more evident there's something seriously wrong in the diamond industry. According to a report in the Amnesty International journal *Now*, Al Qaeda made millions buying untraceable diamonds from Sierra Leone's Revolutionary United Front. (RUF rebels have been terrorizing the region's population for a decade, mauling and murdering thousands of civilians to keep control of the diamond mines.) The United States Senate has yet to vote on the Clean Diamond Act, which is designed to make all diamonds identifiable by source. Until they do, if she really loves you, maybe she'll say yes to a lesser stone.

8 N*E*R*D, IN SEARCH OF . . . (Virgin Records, 2002) The Neptunes, producers of such party classics as Ol' Dirty Bastard's “Got Your Money” and Nelly's “Hot in Herre,” always make their clients sound “Grindin',” right? Well, their side project, hip-hop–rock–funk fusion band N*E*R*D (“No One Ever Really Dies”), is what I listen to when I need a pick-me-up in the studio or the car. Their ill sense of humor peaks in “Brain.” A sample: “Girl unlatch your bra, but first unlatch your jaw.” (Believe it or not, the song's about loving a chick for her complicated mind and getting turned on just by listening to her talk).

9 12 VIEWS OF MANET'S BAR (Princeton University Press, 1996) Down this case of essays on *Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère* and you'll have absorbed a dozen ideological approaches at work in current art-history academia. Before the binge begins, be sure to have T.J. Clark's exhaustive socioeconomic analysis of the continually confounding picture as an aperitif.

10 RED HOT + RIOT (MCA Records, 2002) The latest installment in a compilation series created to raise money for AIDS awareness and relief programs, this album is dedicated to the late chief rocker Fela Kuti and features remakes and Fela-inspired original songs by everyone from his offspring to Talib Kweli, Money Mark, Macy Gray, and Meshell Ndégeocello. Love the syncopated, dubwise remix of Sade's “By Your Side.” □

Jason Middlebrook

New York–based artist Jason Middlebrook's installation *Empire of Dirt* will be on view this spring at the Palazzo delle Papesse Centro Arte Contemporanea in Siena.

1 THE FUTURE OF LIFE (Knopf, 2002) Harvard-based sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson thrilled us with his up-close-and-personal investigation *The Ants* (1990); now he takes a wide view—on the scary future of our exhausted planet. I bought this book at Walden Pond, and it changed my life. Wilson describes the complex (and imperiled) ecological relationships on which our survival depends. His message is an urgent one: If we don't change the way we live on earth, we are doomed.

2 DEATH TO THE GALLERY, 2002 Transgression is still alive in the East End. Last spring artist Stuart Hudson teamed up with Kev Rice and Dave Smith, codirectors of Jeffrey Charles Gallery, to set fire to the London space and watch it burn. Well, it wasn't a real fire, but the smoke-machine puffs looked so authentic the local brigade sent three engines. Art wants so badly to be life. *Death to the Gallery* came pretty close.

3 THE ANSWER IS NEVER: A SKATEBOARDER'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD (Grove Press, 2002) I grew up in California, where skateboarding was all-defining, but I never really got it because I never did it. Jocko Weyland's book, a history of skateboarding—*cum*—memoir, explains everything, including its title: "Once outside the grocery I was stopped for skating on the sidewalk. The man wants to know when my type is going to learn our lesson. Skating away I knew, the answer is never." I'm homesick.

4 BARRICADE BENCH PROJECT, 2002 The first time I saw one of Tim Thyzel's benches—reconfigured orange-and-white-striped road-blocks—I didn't think art, I thought design solution. The second time I saw one, again on a New York sidewalk, I was with a group of artists, and we wondered why the city, which must have been mass-producing the benches for construction workers, wasn't concerned about their taking excessive breaks. When I finally discovered the benches were an art project, I hoped the City of New York would commission Thyzel to supply every borough with an

endless supply. The artist would be rich, and the labor force would have seats on which to discuss the progress of their work, the beautiful passersby, and sports, of course. City agencies rarely recognize the functional applications of art, so for now the benches are a temporary project—one I would love to see made permanent.

5 ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART Adam D. Weinberg directs a dream museum on the campus of Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. The Addison Gallery emphasizes student participation, community education, and diverse programming. Artists are encouraged to explore site-specific possibilities and get to stay in an artists' suite designed by David Ireland. The apartment is in the attic of historic Abbot Hall, built in 1829. It's a great crash pad, but beware the low beams.

6 THE IRVING SANDLER ARTISTS FILE Artists Space's slide registry, which welcomes any and all emerging and unaffiliated artists, has long been an important resource for the art community. Now Letha Wilson, director of the file, has designed a user-friendly website (www.artists.space.org) hosting many of its 2,300 participating artists. Wilson applies democratic ideals to her curating as well. Last year she co-organized "Majority Rules," a two-part exhibition that began with the projection of 357 open-call slide submissions (from as far away as China and Russia) at the Free Gallery in Glasgow. Visitors to this and a virtual version of the show voted for their five favorite images. Then, for part two, the twelve winners' works were shown in the flesh. Art for the people, curated by the people.

7 WWW.FRANCISMCKEE.COM Francis McKee is head of digital arts and new media at the Centre for Contemporary Art in Glasgow. His weblog is a real treat. Science fiction, old-fashioned class struggles, good versus evil in the new-media business, contemporary art—no subject is outside his range. McKee has a sixth sense for the macabre, and he's witty, too. On the eve of Art Basel Miami Beach, McKee linked to an image of Sigmar Polke's *Two Palm Trees*, 1964.

8 WFMU In a city known for horrible radio, New York's free-form station WFMU (91.1) comes to the rescue. Don't miss Laura Cantrell's *Radio Thrift Shop*, with programming that spans the history of good country and classic steel guitar. Thursday night really cooks with Joe Frank and Alan Watts. Frank dazzles with his evocative voice and inventive narratives; Watts, whose recorded lectures keep his ideas alive a quarter century after his death, looks at the seductive qualities of Zen through Western eyes.

Two of my favorite Watts quotes: "Museums are places where art goes to die" and "There is a big difference between map and territory."

9 UNIVERSAL LIMITED ART EDITIONS ULAE has been turning out limited-edition fine art prints from its Bayshore, Long Island, studio since 1957, first under the eye of Tatyana Grosman, who worked with Rauschenberg, Johns, and, famously, Rivers and O'Hara on "Stones," 1958, their collaborative series of lithographs. Bill Goldston joined the crew in 1969 and has run the shop since Grosman passed away twenty years ago. Goldston and his staff of young printmakers use every tool imaginable to make art out of prints and prints out of art. They're a blast to work with, but best of all is lunch. Larissa Goldston, Bill's daughter, cooks specially for each artist who comes through. (Richard Tuttle loves mushroom risotto; Jane Hammond is a big fan of Mexican; Lisa Yuskavage goes for Larissa's pork tenderloin.) When the bell rings, computers are put to sleep, presses stop rolling, and a feast is served to all.

10 OAKLAND RAIDERS FANS The Raiders crowd has always been down and dirty compared with the across-town 49er yuppies. Now that the Grateful Dead are more or less dead the Raiders are the best live show in the Bay Area. Every home game, the nuttier Raiders fans dress up like it's Halloween and take over a section known as the Black Hole. Eat your heart out, Matt Barney! ☐

Guy Richards Smit

Guy Richards Smit, a New York–based artist and frontman for the art band Maxi Geil! & PlayColt, is currently shooting *Nausea 2*, a video rock opera that will premiere this fall.

1 MICHAEL SMITH AND JOSHUA WHITE With *The Quinquag Arts and Wellness Centre*, installed at Christine Burgin Gallery, Smith and White presented a hilarious and heart-breaking take on one of the more pathos-filled human dramas: the dreamer running headlong into the wall of dispassionate bureaucracy. In a video that makes up part of the installation, Smith, playing an earnest entrepreneur, lays out his half-baked plans to revive a defunct Catskills artists' colony. On one wall we find kitschy ceramic tiles decorated by former colonists for sale in a fund-raising scheme; nearby, a mangy-looking investor tree. In short, things don't look good for Quinquag. When I saw Smith's 1984 video *Go For It, Mike* in grad school it changed my approach to art completely. I'm not alone: Artists who appreciate the tragic goofiness in mundanity (think John Pilson, Beth Campbell, Olav Westphalen) owe Smith and White an obvious debt. We are their children. Really, I mean it.

2 HERMAN BROOD *Shprints*, one of the best rock records of the '70s, made me a young fan of this inexplicably obscure Dutch showman. Brood's jubilant sleaziness (honky-tonk-style Fender Rhodes riffs delivered in pink Spandex five-pocket jeans) provided the inspiration for Maxi Geil! & PlayColt; we're currently recording his masterpiece "Saturday Night" (not incidentally, the only song we cover), but we'll never get to play it for him: Come summer of 2001 Brood jumped off the roof of the Amsterdam Hilton; a note in his pocket read, "It's not fun anymore." Oh, Herman.

3 PETER WATKINS Watkins's films grow more horrifyingly relevant by the day. With *The War Game*, a 1965 documentary-style drama, the director imagines England subjected to a nuclear strike. *Culloden* (1964) reenacts an eighteenth-century battle—the last ever fought on British soil—using modern-day war journalism's chaotic handheld zooms and pans. *Punishment Park* (1971) should be required viewing for us all: Its insight into the psychology of power and brutality is particularly timely given the Bush administration's war for the

sake of thinly disguised, raw self-interest. Now's the time for a Watkins retrospective. Don't watch the films back-to-back though. That's just depressing.

4 CHRISTIAN JANKOWSKI The most recent Whitney Biennial would have been a total washout were it not for Jankowski's video *The Holy Artwork*, 2001, in which a charismatic preacher applies to contemporary art the classic Augustinian notion of God as the perfect designer/aesthete. *Point of Sale*, 2002, is another adventure in clashing ideological systems. The three-channel video conflates the responses of gallerist Michele Maccarone and those of her neighbor, an electronics salesman, to questions posed by a management consultant regarding their business plans. Brutally honest, daring, and hilarious, Jankowski's work is so keen he makes me feel clumsy.

5 ROYAL MUSEUM FOR CENTRAL AFRICA In 1897, King Leopold II installed an exhibition about his recently colonized Congo Free State in a lavish palace on the outskirts of Brussels. A year later he bequeathed it to the Belgian people as the Colonial Museum. On the granting of Congo's independence in 1960, the museum's name changed, but inside everything remained the same. Exhibits celebrating how the Belgians "stopped slavery" in the Congo, golden statues representing Europeans delivering "civilization" and "justice," poorly lit dioramas brimming with dumpy animals collapsing under the weight of the straw they were stuffed with back in simpler times: It all brings to mind the museum scene in Chris Marker's *La Jetée*. Last year the museum announced plans for a major makeover, but visit now, before its vile and unreconstructed nature is subsumed. The whole museum should be in a museum.

6 CHRISTOPHER CHIAPPA, "IT'S WORSE THAN YOU THINK" Chiappa's third solo show, at Fredericks Freiser Gallery, was easily his best. His self-portraits—one a gorgeously carved hunting decoy (*Sitting Duck*, 2002) and another a collage of hundreds of little cut-out pictures of assholes (*Big Asshole*, 2001)—are desolately narcissistic, pathologically glib, and plenty mean-spirited. Chiappa's work proves that street sarcasm is not only just as valid and multifaceted as academic irony ever was—it can also be much more meaningful.

7 MARTIN MARGIELA Fashion is cool and sexy, but it's not art. If you're "expressing yourself" with your clothes you've got problems. Or at

least that's what I always thought, until I recently discovered (while shooting the high-fashion shopping-spree sequence for *Nausea 2*), the timeless and utilitarian clothes of the mysterious Belgian genius Martin Margiela. A collar from one army jacket, the pockets from another, the cuffs from another, and everything upside down, inside out, and backward. Okay, okay, fashion *can* be art, alright? Jesus.

8 DAVID SCHER If Italo Calvino could draw, the results might look like the masterful works in Scher's hundreds of sketchbooks. Gallows humor rules the land of the sad and oblivious characters that populate his paintings and ink drawings, on view recently at Leo Koenig. A fly swatting another fly's ass and the blind fucking the blind: It's the whimsy that makes biting satire work. Note to self . . .

9 WWW.HOMESTARRUNNER.COM Ever since I dumped my cable so I could afford DSL I've been keeping myself entertained here, following the cartoon lives of stuffy-nosed Homestar Runner, his limless girlfriend, Marzipan, and his archenemy Strong Bad. Smart, funny, and full of non sequiturs, this could be the next *South Park*.

10 AUSTERLITZ W.G. Sebald's last novel reads like a bicycle ride on a drizzly gray Dutch day—all dreamy sadness and wandering rhythms. Its roundabout way of confronting history via proud architecture and guilty landscapes inspired me to get lost in the Palace of Justice in Brussels, just like its hero. All the strange secrets of the past, humanity's meanness, loneliness, survival: basic subjects, maybe, but surely the building blocks of any great art. ☐

Michael Smith and Joshua White, *The Quinquag Arts and Wellness Centre* touring exhibition: *Artistic and Personal Growth in the Catskills Region*, 2001. Installation view, Christine Burgin Gallery, New York. Photo: Stanly Schnier.

Stuart Hudson, *Death to the Gallery*, 2002. Exterior installation view, Jeffrey Charles Gallery, London.

Dave Muller

Dave Muller is a Los Angeles-based artist and the operator of Three Day Weekend, an artist-run nomadic project space. His drawings will be on view this fall in the Biennale de Lyon and at The Approach in London.

1 WILD SUBURBAN PARROTS Before you see them, you hear their manic squawks. Then, up in the sky, these boisterous clowns appear. Unleashed from captivity, pet parrots have congregated, reproduced, and flourished all around Los Angeles. A pack has been hanging out in South Pasadena, so I've been eating my lunches outside there, hoping to sneak a peek. They are nice to visit, but I'm glad they're not *my* noisy neighbors. I mean, come on, do you really think all these parrots got away on their own?

2 HOW TO DRAW A BUNNY (PALM PICTURES, 2002) John Walter's brilliantly edited film tells the story of Ray Johnson's enigmatic life (and death), piecing together fragments— anecdotes, documents, and artworks—in an attempt to illuminate the elusive father of mail art. Among the highlights: Describing his method for remembering names that escape him, Johnson rattles off a dazzlingly quick memory-jogging list—alphabet, brown, Canada, dog, English, French, German, Hitler, Indians, July, Kansas, Louisiana . . . Once, trying to recall a particular famous singer, he got all the way to z, he says, and still couldn't remember it. So he started again with a, and there it was: "Al Green. The name I was trying to remember was Al Green." Just one glimpse of a beautiful mind at work.

3 BARBARA BESTOR The architecture of Los Angeles-based Barbara Bestor revels in materiality without being fetishistic. It's all in the details. In her own house, a two-by-four extends horizontally past the surface of the wall where it should have been cut—a bit like a line on an architectural drawing that went too far but wasn't erased. A plywood shear wall left uncovered save a coat of varnish reveals its structural function and also makes for a beautiful wall covering. Another Bestor home contains a two-sided bookcase that runs through three floors, doubling as a multicolored striped supergraphic. These are machines I'd like to live in.

4 TROPICAL TRUTH: A STORY OF MUSIC & REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL (KNOPE, 2002) Caetano Veloso's memoir, written in 1997 and now translated into English, sent me on a wild buying spree—gobbling up countless albums by the great Brazilian musician as well as by Gilberto Gil, Gal Costa, Jorge Ben, Tom Zé, Os Mutantes, Chico Buarque, and Luciano Perrone. But of course it's not just about the music, it's about the entire intellectual/avant-garde climate of post-coup Brazil. Veloso recounts competing in a 1968 national contest (à la *American Idol*) and introducing Jimi Hendrix-style electric guitar into the *Tropicalismo* mix. Like Dylan at the Newport Folk Festival three years earlier, Veloso was booed. But he resisted, eloquently berating the crowds: "If you're the same in politics as you are in music, we're done for."

5 MY MP3 At the risk of sounding like an infomercial . . . I listen to music constantly, and variety is important. When traveling, I used to drag along hundreds of CDs in those clumsy binder cases. Now I carry 3,500 songs on an mp3 player—and there's room for more. Small hard drives like the iPod function as personal radio stations. In the play-all/shuffle mode, mine will go for roughly 18,500 minutes before I hear a single song repeat. (That's almost thirteen days!)

6 "LOSING MY EDGE" Among the most-played of those 3,500 songs is this one by LCD Soundsystem. Mocking all our oldest fears to a trendy electroclash beat, James Murphy whines, "I'm losing my edge, to the kids, from France and from London." His lyrics emulate the more-knowledgeable-than-thou pretension of music-fan boys—perhaps a little too well. When he claims, "I was there" about every breakthrough moment in the history of rock (when Captain Beefheart started his first band, the first sound-clash in Jamaica), I get a little skeptical. You just can't be that über-cool forever: "I'm losing my edge, to better looking kids, with more ideas and more talent." But here's the surprise: "they're actually really, really, really nice."

7 STEVEN SHEARER, GUITAR #4 Vancouver artist Steven Shearer's wall-size ink-jet print gangs together more than 1,200 found (most on the Internet) and family photos depicting guitars and their owners. It's a patchwork quilt of the rock 'n' roll dream, a monument to all the ax-grinding legends who went

nowhere save in their own minds. This is art that reminds you of every time you just had to scream, "Queen of the *Ryche!*!"

8 LUMIPHOS The Italian firm Abet Laminati produces a stunningly sophisticated selection of laminates (what most of us call Formica), of which my favorite is glow-in-the-dark Lumiphos. Charged by ordinary daylight, this stuff gets to work when the lights go out, retaining its glow for about thirty minutes. Anything that sat on the surface while it was charging leaves a visible "shadow" when moved, converting your tabletop into a photogram. In its day mode Lumiphos mimics the color of a lemon Mento.

9 LAURA OWENS Owens's current show at the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art is full of invention and affection. At yet another panel on painting a few years ago, Owens responded to a question about what direction the medium might take by quoting KRS-One, who responded to a similar question, "Where is hip-hop going?" with "You all *are* hip-hop. Where are *you* going?" In Owens's case I'm happy to follow, just to see what's going to happen.

10 FOAMTIME BUILDING BLOCKS My wife, Ann Faison, brought home a set of small foam building blocks for our six-month-old daughter, Grace. Ann, Yoli (the babysitter), and I are all addicted. For me, it's a chance to exercise my inner architect: These red, yellow, blue, and green blocks can make what looks like a bastard brother to Memphis-group designs from the early '80s. Grace loves to wipe them out, creating a vast Pollockesque scatter. Her favorites are the smallest semicircular ones, because they fit best in her mouth. □

Daniela Rossell

Daniela Rossell is an artist based in Mexico City. Her photography is currently on view at Philomene Magers Munich Projekte and ArtPace, San Antonio.

1 KEMBRA PFAHLER Lead singer/founder of the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black and inventor of such vaunted movements as "availabism" and "antinaturalism," Pfahler will debut a line of black-and-white ready-to-wear apparel this month at American Fine Arts, Co., New York, to coincide with Fashion Week. Titled "Salò vs. Jaws," this presentation will showcase a surf-goth line inspired by the daytime, evening, and traveling looks of the members of her controversial rock band. And, yes, the films of Pier Paolo Pasolini and Steven Spielberg do serve as inspiration.

2 HERMANOS CASTRO, ESTÉTICA UNISEX Have you ever set your hair on fire? If so, you know how fast it burns. One day I happened to glance into this salon at 162 Sonora Street in Mexico City and saw a man sitting calmly while flames licked at his head. A closer look revealed that, instead of scissors, barber Luis Castro was using a small torch to give him a trim. Later, Luis and his brother José informed me that this technique, as old as the Roman Empire and now rarely practiced, is an excellent remedy for hair that's

The Voluptuous Horror
Of Karen Black
(Alice Moy, Bijoux
Altamirano, and
Kembra Pfahler)
Photo: Rosalie Knox.

thinning due to stress and depression. For five dollars, men and women can have their split ends sealed like the tip of a shoelace.

3 ENRIQUE METINIDES, EL TEATRO DE LOS HECHOS (Ortega y Ortiz Editores, 2000) Looking through *Theater of Facts* just makes me feel lucky to be alive—and in one piece. Photographer Enrique Metinides has taken and collected pictures of car crashes and other daily catastrophes in Mexico City since he was a child in the 1940s. Eventually he gained access to cordoned-off crime scenes through connections to police and medical workers, and the result is a sensational archive that turns you into a speechless witness of one skillfully composed death after another. In an autobiographical text included here, Metinides reminisces about a time when photojournalists worked alongside the police and longs for the days of saved seats on ambulances and access to the freshest misfortune.

4 "RULING CLASS: THE FABULOUS FAMILIES OF MEXICO CITY" (*W* magazine, June 2003) Mexico City is so fucking *caliente* these days that even famous photographers like Tina Barney make it south of the border—only to breathlessly sugar-coat the days and nights of those "deeply festive, deeply wealthy locals."

5 LOS TIGRES DEL NORTE, 20 CORRIDOS INOLVIDABLES (Fonovisa Records, 2003) My all-time-favorite *norteno* band just released this compilation CD/DVD, which includes many "unforgettable" *narcorrido* hits and seven of their best videos. Four brothers and a cousin from Rosa

Morada Mocerito in Sinaloa, Mexico, formed the group in 1968 to help out with the family's finances. Their lyrics tell of hardship and betrayal in the narcotics trade and the struggle of Mexican immigrants in the US. Here's lead singer Jorge Hernández describing one of their songs: "It speaks of the history that we had when all this land was ours—Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, and Colorado. . . . If we go by centuries, we're more American than the sons of the Anglo-Saxons. . . . Who is the invader here?"

6 AUDIO SPOTLIGHT A noise complaint-free existence is almost within our reach. This new technology, developed by Dr. Joseph Pompei of Holosonic Research Labs in Watertown, Massachusetts, projects and directs sound as if it were a beam of light. It's

thrilling to imagine establishing your own aural boundaries: Whoever is within range of the beam hears high-quality sound while others nearby hear virtually nothing. Turn up the bass!

7 LUNA CORNEA This elegant photography magazine is the best you can find in Mexico. It appears three times a year, and each issue explores a particular theme or genre absolutely advertisement-free. Issue number 10 (September–December 1996) focuses on photographic documentation of ghostly phenomena, with pictures dating back as far as 1870. The editors have a flair for integrating authored work with anonymous photos retrieved from private individuals and medical, educational, press, and government archives, bringing nameless images into a context where we understand them again.

8 SIEGFRIED KRACAUER, THE MASS ORNAMENT I've had this book for many years now. Revisiting it recently (bored out of my mind by the thousand things I had to do, including this Top Ten), I found this: "People today who still have time for boredom and yet are not bored are certainly just as boring as those who never get around to being bored."

9 SALA DE ARTE PÚBLICO SIQUEIROS (Mexico City) During the '60s, communist muralist David Alfaro Siqueiros turned his home into a public art space and, in 1973, donated it to the "people of Mexico." Today, the organization is directed by Itala Schmelz and run by a creative young team who have brought it back to life. I'm particularly looking forward to their November event "*El Futuro + Acá*," a festival of futuristic imagery as represented in obscure and hilarious Mexican science fiction films made between the '40s and the '80s, many unseen since their original release.

10 TARA DELONG, YOU DO THE MATH (Fatal Recordings, 2003) DeLong's first solo release on Berlin-based feminist label Fatal Recordings kicks ass! ("I just might vomit / On John, Jacob, and Muhammad," she explodes in the title freestyle rap.) *You Do the Math* is a crossover album, but backward: from English to Spanish, from the US to Mexico, which cracks me up. It includes "*Orgía de Sangre*," a touching duet with her foul-mouthed gangster father-in-law, and "Silicone Joan," a ballad about plastic surgery that sends chills up my spine. Fatal Recordings, founded four years ago by Hanin Elias, is itself Top Ten-worthy. Visit the website at www.fatal-recordings.com, read essays by Johanna Fateman and Kathleen Hanna, then sound off in the online forum. And why is Tara on this list? You do the math. □

Olav Westphalen

Olav Westphalen is a New York-based artist whose “First Long Island City Blimp Derby” debuted in June at Sculpture Center, New York.

1 STEPHAN VON HUENE Von Huene’s work plays language, speaks music, and sings volumes. Staking out an area between sculpture, poetry, and science, it draws from source material ranging from Kurt Schwitters’s sound poems, to the Lorelei myth, to research in phonetics. Von Huene was my teacher and remained a friend until his unexpected death in 2000. I saw his recent retrospective at the Haus der Kunst in Munich and was stunned anew by the daring strangeness of his sound sculptures and installations, by their humor, intelligence, and complete resistance to categorization. A deep bow of respect to him.

2 DRAWING I love drawings. I like the graffiti someone keyed onto our building’s elevator door (looks like a yam poking at an almond); my heart beats faster when I see that the new blender came with an illustrated manual; and I nearly faint from Bada Shanren’s seventeenth-century drawing of a melon in front of the moon. And so I am pleased that drawing is taking over pop culture: The majority of new TV comedies are cartoons, and Hollywood is producing animated features for adults left and right. These examples are proof not only of drawing’s beauty but of its singular ability to approximate how the mind creates reality: through perception and conception, which—like drawing—are linear affairs.

3 ROBERT WALSER, “THE WALK” (1917) Walsler spent the later part of his life in a mental institution. When asked why he wasn’t writing anymore, his response was: “I am here to be mad, not to write.” In his short story “The Walk,” he describes a stroll through a

rural landscape in minute detail. Yet the closer he looks at mundane events, the more fantastic and tragically funny they become. Walsler was a mannered stylist and a faithful naturalist of the soul. His work remains immensely relevant to ever recurring questions about the relationship between art and life.

4 VENEDIKT EROFEEV, MOSCOW-PETUSHKI A different kind of flaneur’s story: Protagonist Venichka spends his life traversing Moscow on foot without ever finding the Kremlin. Hovering between grotesque comedy and depressing realism, Erofeev recounts Venichka’s sophisticated drinking practice (what to drink when in order to not throw up, when to throw up so as to continue drinking, and when to eat to throw up on cue). Written in 1970, *Moscow-Petushki* was passed around Russia’s underground for nearly two decades before being published in the author’s own country. This is folk humor in the best, Bakhtinian sense.

5 FELIX GMELIN, FARBTEST, DIE ROTE FAHNE II, 2002 Gmelin is best known for his beautifully painted homages to vandalized artworks by modern masters. The Swedish artist’s double-edged reverence for the elders continues apace in *Farbtest, Die Rote Fahne II* (Color test, the red flag II), his video installation for this year’s Venice Biennale. The work comprises two projections: one showing a 1968 experimental film in which Gmelin’s father appears as one of several runners relaying a red flag across Berlin, the other showing Gmelin’s shot-by-shot restaging of this footage, thirty-odd years later, in Stockholm. The differences between the films are glaring when it comes to car design and architecture but minor in other respects. For instance, the jeans-and-parka combo has cycled back into fashion, and, more surprisingly, the remake matches the original for pathos. *Farbtest* elegantly questions the authenticity of political gestures and the aestheticization of politics (both of which, like it or not, seem to be among the lasting legacies of the student rebellion).

6 JESSICA HUTCHINS, WAVE, 2003 When I first saw this strange, cumbersome object in Hutchins’s studio, it looked casual: a handmade wave, not the surf-magazine type, more the kind that sashes around rocks and tide pools. But the longer I looked at it, the less casual it appeared. *Wave* gives the impression that every

bump and dent on it matters. And it manages to produce moments when this glob of papier-mâché seems to be the best possible way to do a wave: not according to pictorial or sculptural logic but to some other, hidden set of rules.

7 RODNEY GRAHAM’S BROTHERS GRIMM DRAWINGS Graham gets it right almost every time. I saw *Jacob Grimm’s Study in Berlin—Wilhelm Grimm’s Study in Berlin 1860*, 1993, a pair of modest pen-and-ink drawings, at 303 Gallery’s recent summer show. While much of the work on view looked like pocket-size knockoffs of the gallery artists’ own bigger works, Graham proved that scale has nothing to do with whether a piece is complex, smart, or beautiful.

8 ALI G IN AMERICA I used to argue that satire depends on censorship, that artful hints at criticism make little sense if you have the freedom to say it straight. When I first saw the British *Ali G Show*, I thought the premise—exploit the elite’s desire to look groovy in order to expose them as bigots—was a nice prank but nothing more. Now Ali G does the same shtick on HBO, and, oddly enough, in its American incarnation I enjoy it tremendously. Watching him talk circles around a clueless James Baker feels sacrilegious, which only goes to show how unaccustomed we’ve grown to media that’s hostile to the establishment. Somewhere between Watergate and “embedding” with the military, the notion of the fourth estate was chucked. It turns out satire doesn’t need censorship for full effect; it needs what censorship produces: subservient media.

9 E-FLUX In print media, art writing passes through editorial filters. On the Net, all that stands between you and your globally published curatorial statement is a check made out to e-flux. As annoying as the constant flow of (mostly received) ideas can get, in the end e-flux serves to expose a strange new breed—the hyperprolific independent curator—to healthy criticism and joyous ridicule.

10 NEGATIVE SPACE: MANNY FARBER ON THE MOVIES This compilation of essays on film and art, written from the 1950s through the ’70s, still stands out as amazingly sharp, combative, and original. Take Farber’s legendary “White Elephant Art vs. Termite Art” (1962); replace the notion of “great painting” with “relational aesthetics,” and you see that artists like Allan Sekula follow the termite path while the Hirschhorns and Gillicks of the world are our own white elephants. □

Clockwise from far left: **Stephan von Huene, *Blaue Bücher* (Blue Books), 1997**, drums, shelves, slide projectors, loudspeaker, computer, and compressor, 61 3/8 x 70 x 81 7/8”. **Ali G**. Photo: Oliver Upton. **Bada Shanren, *Moon and Watermelon*, 1689**, ink on paper, 29 x 17 ¾”.

TOP TEN

Amy Sillman

Amy Sillman is a New York-based artist. Her most recent exhibition, “I am curious (yellow),” appeared at Brent Sikkema, New York, last spring.

1 VIKINGS It seems paganism, marauding, and discovering America help develop fabulous imaginations. Hans Christian Andersen did some of the earliest performance pieces I know about: Traveling throughout Scandinavia with a large pair of scissors, he cut paper while narrating his tales, unfolding intricate silhouettes of characters as he went. The early twentieth-century Swedish mystic Hilma af Klint, way ahead of the curve, painted monumental geometries, arabesques, swans, and dice, all in a trance state. And then there’s the current crop of fabulously imaginative Viking painters. Swedes Sigrid Sandstrom and Mamma Andersson and Denmark-based Tal R are my favorites.

2 LEONORA CARRINGTON Wiccan freakout! A debutante-turned-staunch feminist, the surrealist painter and writer Leonora Carrington was born in England and has lived in Mexico City for the past fifty years. It’s rare to see her work in the US, but Susan Aberth, an expert on the octogenarian artist, has shown me her personal stash of foreign publications. Carrington’s early work features uncanny personages and equine beings in Bosch-like spaces. In newer work, crones and beasts commingle in tangled, brooding caverns, cooking up some kind of Kabbalistic magic.

3 KAYROCK SCREENPRINTING, INC. This hive of silkscreen activity is the *real* Williamsburg bridge—between art and rock ‘n’ roll. Adorable proprietors Kayrock and Wolfy have invented an ethical day job, overthrowing the status quo in art/rock design with good old DIY attitude and exacting production values. When I did a T-shirt with them last spring, they rolled each one into a neat package wrapped with an elaborate label. This is also the spawning ground for the way underground band Roxy Pain, who have been playing quiet private sets for a decade.

4 SYMBIOPSYCHOTAXIPLASM: TAKE ONE William Greaves is best known as the director of award-winning documentaries on African-American history. In 1968 he made this screwball vérité film-within-a-film-about-a-film (more hilarious than anything from the Dogma gang), in which we witness the shooting of a couple’s breakup scene in Central Park. Off camera, as the production itself falls apart, Greaves improvises more and more desperately, and the crew finally mutinies. Stay tuned for *Symbiopsychotaxiplasm: Take Two*; Greaves’s website notes that Steve Buscemi has signed on to codirect a sequel.

5 NICOLE EISENMAN Half of the new drawing shows I’ve seen lately hearken back to Eisenman’s mid-’90s work (where punk meets Ashcan). I’m not sure if kids are copying her or picking up her vibe through mazes of influence. Her ambient early installations ran the gamut from obscene jokes scrawled on gallery walls to WPA-size murals of quasi-official female empowerment. Now she’s working in upstate New York on large oil paintings peopled with dark and comic local characters. Recently I saw her painting of four glum teenagers skulking by the local lake, frightening in its perfect conjuration of ill intent. Sometimes I think Nicole invented hoodlumism.

6 GAVIN R. RUSSOM AND DELIA R. GONZALEZ Costumed like a carnival magician and his beautiful associate, artists Russom and Gonzalez evoke the ’60s in all its tripped-out, homespun splendor. They do magic shows, perform woodland dances in black leotards, and play electronic music on handmade analog synthesizers. Deadpan variety-act showmanship meets avant-garde escapism; that it all seems transmitted through a color television tube (that climactic ’60s signal) makes it all the more surreal.

7 KERRY JAMES MARSHALL Here’s a painter who constantly ups the ante on what a painter might do. Over the past few years, Marshall has shown animated video installations, pencil studies of fake flowers, giant rubber stamps that print out Black Power slogans, and a monu-



mental woodblock print, among other things. Last time I visited his studio, he was knitting little outfits for black GI Joe dolls, studies for his epic comic book and a future feature film.

8 MARFA As we sped through the ever-flattening West Texas desert at midnight, I sheepishly admitted to my fellow pilgrim Rachel Harrison, to her horror, that I didn’t even *like* shiny geometric objects. But when we arrived at Donald Judd’s sprawling *Gesamtkunstwerk* and spent the day confronting art without curator/middleman/market/didactics, my mind was blown. NB: It’s a thousand times better if you request to see Judd’s own house, which contains his early and astonishing red pieces.

9 BAD PAINTING REDUX The 1978 “Bad’ Painting” show at New York’s New Museum celebrated good badness. Now there’s a veritable cornucopia of painting that forefronts the gleeful, deluxe, and embarrassing imagination. Among the new wave, I really adore Dana Schutz, Trenton Doyle Hancock, and Erica Svec. But I especially salute bad-lands veterans like Charles Garabedian and Judith Linhares. Last time I was in LA, Garabedian wowed me with his LA Louver show, which featured huge, punch-drunk landscapes with implausible populations and gloomy, free-range animals gamboling on the hills.

10 MAURICE MERLEAU-PONTY I’ve always loved the fact that the word “apprehension” means both perception and dread. And I love a description I once heard of the act of painting as walking in a thick fog near a cliff. In Merleau-Ponty’s writings on art, particularly those on Cézanne, these ambiguities and doubts become an epistemological model. With all the painterly painting on the scene nowadays, a philosophy that posits “feeling” and “thinking” as one big inseparable mess is right on the mark. □

Clockwise from left: **Leonora Carrington, *The Dead Queen of Cockerham*, ca. 1950s**, oil on canvas, dimensions unknown. **Judith Linhares, *Untitled*, 2003**, monotype, 31½ x 28½”. **Dana Schutz, *Frank on a Rock*, 2002**, oil on canvas, 66 x 47”. **The Kayrock Screenprinting Crew (Kayrock, The Hand, and Wolfy), Brooklyn, 2002**. Photo: Emily Wilson and Ky Anderson. Photo of Amy Sillman and Felix Suzy Denison.

MUSIC

CHRISTOPH COX
CHRISTIAN MARCLAY
LAURA CANTRELL
BEN RATLIFF
DENNIS COOPER

BEST OF 2003

This page, from left: **Rechenzentrum**, DJ Olive. **New Pornographers**, **Outkast**. **Butch Morris**. Page 28, from left: Gillian Welch. **Keith Rowe**, **Thomas Lahn**, and **Marcus Schmickler**. **Teenage Fanclub**. **Marina Rosenfeld**. **Pharoah Sanders** and **Kenny Garrett Quintet**.

Christoph Cox

1. David Sylvian, *Blemish* (Samadhi Sound) The former pop icon reemerges as a convincing experimentalist, wrapping his sumptuous baritone around Derek Bailey's angular guitar and Christian Fennesz's electronic mulch.

2. Cul de Sac, *Death of the Sun* (Strange Attractors Audio House) Boston's psychedelic quintet slows it down, clears space for turntables and electronics, and offers a gorgeous meditation on loss and memory.

3. Yasunao Tone, *Yasunao Tone* (Asphodel) Fluxus veteran Tone brings turntablism into the digital realm, producing noisy bursts and spastic stutters that teeter between order and chaos.

4. Keith Rowe, Thomas Lehn, and Marcus Schmickler, *Rabbit Run* (Erstwhile) A thrilling battle of the machines (guitar, radio, computer) from Erstwhile, the world's finest purveyor of new improvised music.

5. William Basinski, *The River* (Raster-noton) The Marcel Proust of modern music, Basinski retrieves melodic fragments from layers of tape hiss, radio static, and mechanical clatter, then lays them out in epic form.



6. So, So (Thrill Jockey) Markus Popp leaves Oval behind and hooks up with sweet-voiced Eriko Toyoda to produce a dazzlingly beautiful collision of lullabies and wanton digitalia.

7. *Music from the Once Festival 1961–1966* (New World) Five CDs and rich liner notes document this mid-western font of the post-Cagean experimental tradition.

8. Rechenzentrum, *Director's Cut* (Mille Plateaux) Prickly noise, spongy beats, and a collection of abstract videos constitute this CD/DVD set, the most satisfying release yet by Berlin's hippest electronic trio.

9. Rhythm & Sound, w/ *the Artists* (Asphodel) Silky voices drift over waterlogged riddims: sublime, minimalist reggae from this clandestine German duo.

10. Satoru Wono, *Sonata for Sine Wave and White Noise* (Sonore) A bit gimmicky in its take on classical form, but Wono manages to extract from his spare materials some wicked stripped-down funk.

Christian Marclay

1. Okkyung Lee and Martin Schütz (Tonic, New York, Mar. 23) An excellent improvisation, as two adventurous cellists in their first performance together dueted with swift bows in a cloud of rosin.

2. Butch Morris and Burnt Sugar, *The Rites Conductions Inspired by Stravinsky's Le Sacre Du Printemps* (Trugroid/Avantgroid) Greg Tate's band under Morris's baton. Seeing the maestro in a live "conduction" is like being in his brain—his thought process at once visible and audible.

3. Ryoji Ikeda, *op.* (Touch) Electronic minimalist Ikeda unplugs and composes for a string quartet. A sparse progression of movements, lyrical and cinematic.

4. DJ Olive, *Bodega* (The Agriculture) Sensuous beats take you for a walk through Brooklyn's corner stores; aromas abound. Little gems mixed by one of my favorite turntablists.

5. Alan Licht, *A New York Minute* (XI) Licht composes like the writer that he is. Ideas—simply stated and highly effective—emerge from a collage of everything



from loops of raw guitar to radio weather reports.

6. tba, *tba* (max.E) A Thomas Brinkmann easy-listening release, more champagne pop and fizz than vinyl pop and click.

7. Tim Barnes, Toshio Kajiwara, and Marina Rosenfeld, *A Water's Wake* (Locust) A crucial document by three respected young players from the New York improvisation scene.

8. Christof Migone, *South Winds* (Strange Attractors Audio House) An electronic homage to the legendary Pétomane, "fart artist" of the Moulin Rouge.

9. Yoshimi and Yuka, *Flower with No Color* (Ipecac) Boredoms and Cibo Matto go fishing. A dreamlike psychedelic exotica trip through nature.

10. Tonic (New York) The best little club in New York for new and adventurous music.

Laura Cantrell

1. Linda Thompson (Joe's Pub, New York, May 20) Sharing the stage with son Teddy, Thompson faltered and blossomed with heart and nerve. The audience remained rapt until the inevitable "Dimming of the Day."

2. June Carter Cash, *Wildwood Flower* (Dualtone) The autobiography and family album of a true Appalachian-American princess, completed just before her death in May.

3. Kate Rusby, *Underneath the Stars* (Pure) British folk buoyed by Rusby's warm voice and sweetly steely presence.

4. Steve Earle, *Just an American Boy, The Audio Documentary* (Artemis) In this sound track to his *Jerusalem* tour documentary, Earle rocks, rants, and otherwise expresses his patriotic urge to disagree.

5. Paul Burch, *Fool for Love* (Bloodshot) Burch delivers lush and literate country songs for late-night listening. Big dumb twang this ain't.

6. 39th Charles Wells Cambridge Folk Festival (Cambridge, England, July 31-Aug. 3) An unexpected

Ben Ratliff

1. Sonic Youth (Irving Plaza, New York, Nov. 29, 2002) PS to last year's list: Succinct and complex, with all the iconic poses, sounds, and gestures in top form and gooniness at a minimum. A great rock band—then and forever.

2. Nancy Wilson (Alice Tully Hall, New York, Jan. 13) A real warrior of pop, or jazz, or whatever. One minute she's delivering middlebrow standards, the next she drowns you in radical subdivisions of a single vowel.

3. Johnny Paycheck tribute (Elbo Room, San Francisco, Mar. 19) You can go through life without noticing the cult of Paycheck, and then . . .

4. Allman Brothers (Beacon Theater, New York, Mar. 22) Derek Trucks's clawlike picking was close to perfect.

5. White Stripes/Loretta Lynn (Hammerstein Ballroom, New York, Apr. 19) Loretta walked through a short set; the Stripes played piercing, high-concept miniatures brimming with a sense of occasion.

6. Bill McHenry Group (Village Vanguard, New York, June 26) The young jazz saxophonist whooped it up, valorizing and demolishing standards at once.

7. Neil Young (Bonnaroo Music Festival, Manchester, TN, June 13) When you're among 80,000 people on a farm under a full moon and Neil is beaming thirty years' worth of gnarled, dense, expensively amped craftsmanship in your face, you start thinking seriously about who might be at his level among American artists of any kind.

8. Café Tacuba (Bowery Ballroom, New York, Aug. 5) Mexico's best mix of satiric perversity and happy pop pleasure.

9. Pelican (Knitting Factory, New York, Aug. 22) The new college heavy metal: Swans plus Black Sabbath plus Glenn Branca plus Hüsker Dü.

10. Pharoah Sanders and Kenny Garrett Quintet (Blue Note, New York, Sept. 9) Every once in a while, a famous older jazz musician reminds you why people made a fuss of him in the first place. So it was when Sanders played the very hollering, gutbucket, free jazz, Turner-sunset music that made Coltrane a believer.

Dennis Cooper

1. New Pornographers, *Electric Version* (Matador) If I were God, every song on this furiously insinuating CD would go multiplatinum.

2. Iron & Wine, *The Creek Drank the Cradle* (Sub Pop) Samuel Beam's baroque, fastidious, heartbroken, secretive art-folk songs are indescribably beautiful.

3. Wire, *Send* (Pink Flag) This is probably ineligible for the 2004 Turner Prize, but it should win anyway. Easily the best British artwork of the year.

4. Stephen Malkmus & the Jicks, *Pig Lib* (Matador) Malkmus discards the last vestiges of Pavement's characteristic sound and reimagines early-'70s psychedelic proto-heavy metal as a kind of limber, poetry-laced, neoprogressive riff rock.

5. Super Furry Animals, *Phantom Power* (Beggars XL Recording) SFA's contention that wealthy melodies, immaculate sound, and shifty song structures help the politics go down has never been more lushly borne out.

6. Guided by Voices, *Earthquake Glue* (Matador) Ultragenius Robert Pollard is the most infinitely talented

and productive contemporary American artist, period. Includes 2003's savviest pretty song, "The Best of Jill Hives."

7. Outkast, *Speakerboxxx/The Love Below* (La Face) The massive popularity of these thrilling experimental artists is a real mind-boggler. This two-CD set manages the rare feat of being both the most utterly self-indulgent and nonstop inspiring album of the year.

8. Ariel Pink, *House Arrest* (ballbearings pinatas) Super lo-fi, frenetic, pop music-based sonic installation art by LA's newest underground sensation.

9. Deerhoof, *Apple O'* (Kill Rock Stars) Fussy, angular guitar work, violent drumming, and precious, noodling vocals make for a weirdly magical combination.

10. The Postal Service, *Give Up* (Sub Pop) Subtly complex, high-IQ, quasi-radio friendly electropop froth from glitch maestro Jimmy Tamborello (Dntel) and Death Cab for Cutie's soupy-voiced Ben Gibbard.

BEST OF
2003

JOHN WATERS
AMY TAUBIN
GEOFFREY O'BRIEN
JAMES QUANDT
STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

FILM

Left: **Claude Chabrol, *The Flower of Evil*.**
Right: **Ken Jacobs, *Star Spangled to Death*.**

John Waters

1. Irreversible (Gaspar Noé) The art shocker of the year is also the year's best. Put on the horrifying soundtrack CD (there *is* one), take a roofie, and remember this amazing journey into rape and, yes . . . intimacy.

2. Dog Days (Ulrich Seidl) Runner-up. The most humiliating film ever made (for both actors and audience). Astonishingly hateful and original. Vienna never looked so depressing.

3. The Son (Jean-Pierre Dardenne and Luc Dardenne) Lead actor Olivier Gourmet won the best-actor award at Cannes for this performance, despite the fact that he's filmed almost entirely from the back of the head. If this isn't art, what is?

4. Blind Spot: Hitler's Secretary (André Heller and Othmar Schmiderer) Very Paul Morrissey. Very Andy Warhol's *Hitler's Kelly Girl*. Chillingly simple.

5. Medea (Lars von Trier) I kiss the ground of New York's Screening Room for booking this beautifully muddy, 1988 shot-on-video masterpiece when it finally got a theatrical release this year.

6. Swimming Pool (François Ozon) Sexual compulsion,



a semi-erect "Hollywood loaf," and the most amazingly naked performance of the year (Ludivine Sagnier).

7. Cet Amour-là (Josée Dayan) Jeanne Moreau is Marguerite Duras—and as much fun as Faye Dunaway in *Mommie Dearest*.

8. Ken Park (Larry Clark and Edward Lachman) *Leave It to Beaver* goes hard-core. Bravo! Clark's the only director who consistently makes the *New York Times* rise to his bait.

9. Anything Else (Woody Allen) The critics are full of it! Woody is still smart and funny, and nobody does a medium master shot better. Christina Ricci is the perfect Woody Allen leading lady.

10. Friday Night (Claire Denis) The most provocative traffic jam since Fellini's *8½*. So slow. So infuriating. So sexy.

Amy Taubin

1. K Street (Steven Soderbergh) Turning DC into an analogue of Warhol's Factory, Soderbergh's ten-part HBO series proves that fact and fiction are inoperable categories and performance the only reality.

2. Elephant (Gus Van Sant) An aching beautiful meditation on the Columbine massacre. As disassociated as an anxiety dream and elusive as the horror it references.

3. Play Dead; Real Time (Douglas Gordon) Flanked in memory by Chris Marker's pachyderm tribute *Slon-Tango* and the monumental Serras that have graced the same space, Gordon's site-specific video installation at Gagosian had a ghostly weight.

4. Love and Diane (Jennifer Dworkin) An intimate, unruly portrait of a mother/daughter relationship and three generations of a black Brooklyn family struggling with poverty and a Byzantine welfare system. Dworkin's documentary may sound familiar, but it's in a league of its own.

5. Bus 174 (José Padilha) One of the rare documentaries that depicts both micro and macro, *Bus 174* turns live-TV coverage of a hostage standoff that transfixed Brazil into an indictment of a dysfunctional social system.



6. Star Spangled to Death (Ken Jacobs) Forty-six years in the making and nearly seven hours long, Jacobs's obdurate, anguished cacophony of personal, political, and movie history is punishing but too grave to ignore.

7. Seaside (Julie Lopes-Curval) The bittersweet tonalities and antimelodramatic structure of this beautiful French first feature suggest Chekhov by the shore.

8. Camp (Todd Graff) Graff's belief in the redemptive power of performance and his smarts about adolescent romance make this dime-store *Fame* a joy.

9. Crimson Gold (Jafar Panahi) The Iranian's Fassbinder-like depiction of class resentment focuses on a Tehran pizza-delivery man, made memorable by the lumbering Hossain Emadeddin.

10. Distant (Nuri Bilge Ceylan) Self-imposed loneliness and the difficulty men have connecting emotionally is the terrain of this subtle Turkish film.



Geoffrey O'Brien

1. Mystic River (Clint Eastwood) Dennis Lehane's dense and tragic saga is pared down and filmed with unerring tone and timing.

2. The Flower of Evil (Claude Chabrol) Chabrol's fiftieth, recombining favorite elements of family corruption and perverse longing, is steeped in his rapt pattern-making genius.

3. The Fog of War (Errol Morris) This feature-length portrait of Robert S. MacNamara—all the more devastating for avoiding a polemical approach—is like an overview of twentieth-century warfare as seen from the control booth. Mournful and terrifying.

4. To Be and To Have (Nicolas Philibert) A beautifully exact movie about early childhood education that's fresh enough to make you want to learn the alphabet again for the first time.

5. Chihwaseon (Im Kwon-taek) A nineteenth-century Korean artist's life told as a skein of gaudy fragments. Best shot: the painter buried under his rejected sketches.



6. The Man Without a Past (Aki Kaurismäki) Finland, degree zero: a comedy about soup kitchens, rock 'n' roll, and other matters.

7. Lost in Translation (Sofia Coppola) Sonata for two oddly matched people and a gigantic hotel: The spaces are elegantly deployed, and Bill Murray was never better.

8. Elephant (Gus Van Sant) The hours before the Columbine massacre rendered as lyrical abstraction; when the shooting starts, however, the effect is oddly numbing.

9. PTU (Johnnie To) Tumultuous Hong Kong all-nighter, grippingly shot.

10. Kill Bill, Vol. 1 (Quentin Tarantino) The '70s grind house that is Tarantino's mind puts on a mesmerizingly stylized wall-to-wall retrospective of its past hits, spotlighting woman-on-woman martial-arts action.

James Quandt

1. Blissfully Yours (Apichatpong Weerasethakul) Rapturous Thai long-take languor; the copious sex and strangeness camouflage the film's political intent.

2. Come and Go (João César Monteiro) The Portuguese master's serenely scabrous requiem, a three-hour relinquishing of the world.

3. Distant (Nuri Bilge Ceylan) Adrift and bereft in Istanbul's snowy gloaming; the insistent homages are to Tarkovsky, but in their glowering shroud, the city and sea suggest Sokurov.

4. The Ground and The Hedge Theater (Robert Beavers) Exquisite in their precision, gorgeous and mystifying in their slant rhyming of landscape, architecture, frescoes, and beatifically lit flesh.

5. The Man Without a Past (Aki Kaurismäki) The po-faced Finn revives the communitarian values of Renoir's prewar films, fashioning a new Popular Front: an amnesia victim, his Salvation Army sweetheart, assorted paupers and put-upons, and a dog named Hannibal.

6. Model Shop (Jacques Demy) Demy's only American



film, now gloriously restored, subsumes the rest of his '60s cinema in its tale of Lola lost and languishing in LA.

7. Remembrance of Things to Come (Chris Marker and Yannick Bellon) A dizzying, quicksilver imbrication of histories: artistic, political, domestic, cinematic, and (this being Marker) Olympic.

8. The Son (Jean-Pierre Dardenne and Luc Dardenne) A Chabrol film disguised in neorealist drag, *The Son* aims to be as rough-hewn as a cross; craftsmanship and carpentry are both its central symbols and its formal modus.

9. Ten (Abbas Kiarostami) Pared and spare, but beneath its blanched, matter-of-fact surface lies a minefield of mysteries.

10. Goodbye Dragon Inn (Tsai Ming-liang) The spectral inhabitants of a shuttering Taipei cinema inadvertently mock and mimic the King Hu spectacle onscreen.

Stephanie Zacharek

1. Lost in Translation (Sofia Coppola) A sustained mood of rapturous melancholy infuses this exquisite jet-lag romance.

2. To Be and To Have (Nicolas Philibert) A documentary about a French country school that cuts to the heart of the anxieties and joys of childhood and the vocation of teaching, sentimentalizing neither.

3. Spellbound (Jeffrey Blitz) Blitz's wonderful documentary about the National Spelling Bee features the screen's most suspenseful moments since Al Pacino's restaurant scene in *The Godfather*.

4. A Mighty Wind (Christopher Guest) Guest's multilayered mockumentary about '60s folk singers pokes fun at our nostalgia for a lost era, even as he makes us feel something for the people who stayed lost in it.

5. School of Rock (Richard Linklater) A good-for-nothing layabout makes a bunch of school kids hip to the transformative power of rock 'n' roll, in the kind of smartly crafted mainstream comedy we thought no one knew how to make anymore.

6. American Splendor (Shari Springer Berman and



Robert Pulcini) Softhearted but not softheaded, the story of comic-book author Harvey Pekar finds affirmation in crankiness.

7. Winged Migration (Jacques Perrin) Perrin changes forever the way we look at birds.

8. Masked and Anonymous (Larry Charles) Wild and strange and obliquely hilarious: Bob Dylan gives us one giant mess of a rumination on American idealism, fame, and the commodification of music.

9. Pistol Opera (Seijun Suzuki) Looks like no other picture I've seen in years—a vivid Japanese dreamscape as it might have been reimagined by Piet Mondrian.

10. The Dancer Upstairs (John Malkovich) An elegant yet raw political thriller that's less about rebel terrorists than about the damage we do to ourselves and others while just trying to live.

BEST OF 2003

What were the brightest lights during the past year in art? We asked eleven of our regular contributors to take a look back.

David Rimanelli
Kate Bush
Robert Rosenblum
Chrissie Iles
Daniel Birnbaum
Thelma Golden
Pamela M. Lee
Tom Vanderbilt
Isabelle Graw
Martin Herbert
Bruce Hainley

David Rimanelli

Artforum contributing editor David Rimanelli teaches art history at New York University. He is the curator of "Women Beware Women," on view at Deitch Projects, New York, through December 20. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

- 1. Felix Gmelin, *Farbtest, Die Rote Fahne II (Color Test, The Red Flag II)*, 2002.** Installation view, 50th Venice Biennale, 2003. 2. Top: **Spencer Finch, *Eos (dawn, Troy)*, 2002.** Installation view, Postmasters, New York, 2002. Bottom: **Edward Krasiński, *Untitled*, 2001/2003.** Installation view, Anton Kern Gallery, New York, 2003. 3. **Richard Prince, *Graduate Nurse*, 2002,** ink-jet print and acrylic on canvas, 89 x 52".
- 4. Ellsworth Kelly, *Green Blue Red*, 1964,** oil on canvas, 73 x 100".
- 5. Christian Schad, *Marcella (Marcella Schad)*, 1926,** oil on wood, 31½ x 22½".
- 6. Danny Boyle, *28 Days Later*, 2002,** still from a color DV film, 113 minutes. Foreground: Private Clifton (Luke Mably). Background: Private Mailer (Marvin Campbell).
- 7. Piotr Ukiński, *Untitled (GingerAss)*, 2002,** color photograph.
- 8. Advertisement for Zoloft, 2003.** 9. **Leon Battista Alberti, *Momus*, 1443–50** (Harvard University Press, 2003).
- 10. Larry Clark, *Untitled (Threesome)*, 1980,** black-and-white photograph, 19½ x 13". From the series "42nd Street."

1 **Felix Gmelin, *Farbtest, Die Rote Fahne II*** (Color Test, The Red Flag II; "Delays and Revolutions," Venice Biennale) Time travel, 2002 to 1968. Gmelin juxtaposed two small-scale, rather intimate projections: one of his father participating in a revolutionary action in Berlin in February 1968 as one of several runners carrying a red flag through the streets and the other a re-creation of the event which the artist staged in Stockholm last year. The action in Berlin culminated with one of the protestors, having gained access to the town hall, emerging with the flag on a balcony; Gmelin's replay omits only this detail, implying that political protest is foreclosed. "Politics" as theme, gesture, and look: The red flags, separated by thirty-plus years, function as nostalgic, seductive, glamorous icons.

2 **Spencer Finch** (Postmasters, New York) and **Edward Krasiński** (Anton Kern Gallery, New York) Conceptualism past and present. Krasiński is a septuagenarian Pole working in a vein reminiscent of Daniel Buren. Knowing that—and that this isn't the work of a clever-clever recent MFA grad—makes some difference in the work's reception. Collectors take note: The hanging mirrors bisected by a blue stripe would look sensational, albeit rather perilous, in a gigantic crazy bathroom. For *Eos (dawn, Troy)*, 2002, the centerpiece of Finch's show, the artist visited the site of the ancient Trojan ruins, wherever they are in the former Asia Minor, and with precise optical instruments determined that, contra Homer, the famous "rosy-fingered dawn" is more of a bluish purplish shade. With ceiling-mounted fluorescent lights wrapped in various colored filters, Finch precisely "re-created" the light in Troy at dawn.

3 **Richard Prince, "Nurse Paintings"** (Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York) and ***Good Life*** (Glenn Horowitz Bookseller) Camp Nurse. Piney Woods Nurse. Nympho Nurse. Surfing Nurse. Bloody, drippy splatter sampling of AbEx gesturalism. After the disappointment of Prince's last show of joke paint-

ings at Gladstone, these sumptuous canvases were a return to form—smart, cheap, expensive, snide. Dime-store nurse romances also make appearances in *Good Life*, otherwise Prince's photographic paean to fancy living as reflected by Glenn Horowitz's rare book library (*Elsie de Wolfe's Recipes for Successful Dining*, Cecil Beaton's diaries, David Hicks's *On Living—With Taste*), with works from the artist's "Celebrity" series sometimes in the background. Bibliomania as photocollage, or in the Prince parlance, "gangs" of books.

4 **"Ellsworth Kelly: Red Green Blue"** (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) Organized by Toby Kamps of the Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego, this show was a lovely complement to Kelly's "Tablet" exhibition at the Drawing Center. Sometimes the tedious masters really do deliver the best goods. Like Kelly LeBrock in shampoo commercials of yore, these works seem to explore, "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful!"

5 **"Christian Schad and the Neue Sachlichkeit"** (Neue Galerie, New York) Weimar Republic dissipation for art lovers who think the Kit Kat Club in the movie *Cabaret* would be a swell hangout.

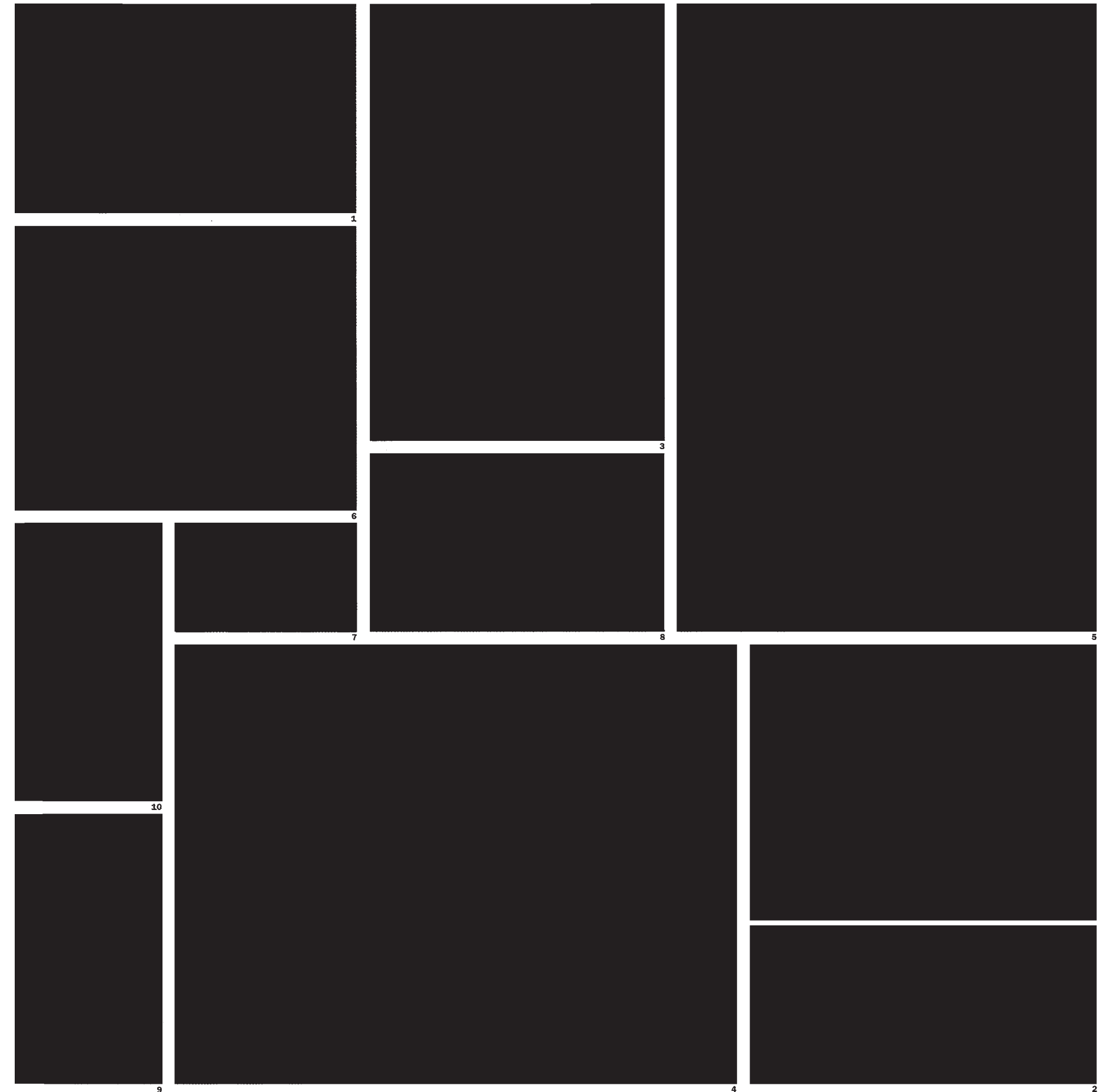
6 ***28 Days Later*** and ***Spun*** I saw maybe three movies this year, one of which was *The Hours*, quite possibly THE WORST FILM I HAVE EVER SEEN. With that in mind, I nominate Danny Boyle's *28 Days Later*, essentially a dumb zombie movie nonetheless characterized by unusually clever visuals and writing and shock effects that are kind of shocking for real, and *Spun*, a lurid foray into the world of methamphetamine addicts. The latter the work of Jonas Åkerlund, who directed the music video for Madonna's "Ray of Light." Unmistakable stylistic affinities, viz., fast-forwarding, door-slamming, eye-dilating, fucky-wucky rhythms. Remember the tripped-out, streaky time-elapsed images of cars racing by and Madonna's herky-jerky dancing in the video? *Spun* is "Ray of Tweak."

7 **Alison Gingeras's Ass** (*Artforum*, September 2003) This photograph by Piotr Ukiński of Pompidou curator Gingeras's backside and her appended essay excited a fair amount of commentary, some rather spiteful. Who do they think they are, Robert Morris and Lynda Benglis? How much does a three-page "advertorial" in *Artforum* cost? A pathetic gambit for attention, etc., etc. Pathetic maybe, but obviously successful, based on all the carping. And yes, the photographer and the curator are "intimate"—is that what you wanted spelled out in florid Anaïs Nin prose?

8 **Zoloft Advertisements** Do other people make you feel anxious? Have you suffered a recent loss of appetite? Do you feel tired or fatigued all the time? You may be suffering from depression, and you may be a sad-faced globular amoeboid. The recent Zoloft campaign is one of the best in the glorious field of pharmaceutical advertisements. A depressed polyp shudders alone in the rain, while *normal* polyps chat convivially in a group. Under the salutary influence of Zoloft however, depressed polyps suffering from social-anxiety disorder can join the smiling polyps.

9 **Leon Battista Alberti, *Momus*** (Harvard University Press) Best known for his treatise on perspective, Alberti also penned this highly amusing satirical account of Momus, the "god of fault-finding and the personification of embittered mockery," as editors Sarah Knight and Virginia Brown put it—i.e., *the god of criticism*. Everybody knows that critics are EVIL (think only of Addison DeWitt in *All About Eve*, Waldo Lydecker in *Laura*, or Ellsworth Toohey in *The Fountainhead*).

10 **Overheard at World of Video** Two clerks talking about Larry Clark's "punk Picasso" exhibition at Lühring Augustine: "Goin' to see the show tomorrow, supposed to be awesome. West Twenty-fourth Street. All huge galleries with big glass doors. Dude, they've got it all laid out for you." □



Kate Bush



Kate Bush is senior programmer at the Photographers' Gallery, London, where she recently organized concurrent exhibitions on the work of Kyoichi Tsuzuki and Martin Weber.

1. Anri Sala, *No Barragán, No Cry*, 2002, color photograph, 23 3/4 x 30".
 2. Rineke Dijkstra, *Forte de Casa, May 20, 2000*, color photograph, 49 3/4 x 42 1/4".
 3. Herzog & de Meuron, *Laban*, 2003, London. Photo: Merlin Hendy and Martyn Rose.
 4. Boris Mikhailov, *untitled, n.d.*, color photograph, 7 1/4 x 11 1/4". From the series "Red, USSR, 1968–75."
 5. Ossie Clark with *Gala (right) and unidentified model, New York, ca. 1974*. Photo: Celia Birtwell Archive.
 6. Jake and Dinos Chapman, *The Rape of Creativity*, 2003. Installation view, Modern Art Oxford. Photo: Steve White.
 7. Fernando Meirelles, *City of God*, 2002, still from a color film in 35 mm, 130 minutes.
 8. Olafur Eliasson, *The Weather Project*, 2003. Installation view, Tate Modern, London. Photo: Jens Ziehe.
 9. Top: Jem Cohen, *Little Flags*, 2000, still from a Super-8 film, 6 minutes. From "Ce qui arrive." Bottom: Arnold Odermatt, *Buochs*, 1957, black-and-white photograph.
 10. David Blaine, *Above the Below*, 2003. Performance view, London. Photo: Andi Southam.

1 **“The Air Is Blue”** (Casa Luis Barragán, Mexico City) Compared with the clutter and chaos of “Utopia Station” at the Venice Biennale, this Hans-Ulrich Obrist curatorial vehicle at architect Luis Barragán’s exquisite home in Mexico City was the epitome of restraint. Twenty-seven artists, local and foreign, were invited to respond to the man and his manse. Their interventions in the house were often as intangible as Barragán’s own subtle fusions of light, form, and color. Rirkrit Tiravanija got his green Cadillac running, and Cerith Wyn Evans played his record collection on old phonographs. But Lygia Pape’s ethereal web of golden threads strung across the light-flooded studio and Anri Sala’s photograph of a white horse impaled on a shiny steel column best apotheosized Barragán’s visionary conjunctions of nature and modernism.

2 **“Cruel and Tender”** (Tate Modern, London) Tate’s first-ever photography exhibition, curated by Emma Dexter and Thomas Weski, was authoritative, comprehensive, and exhaustively researched. It traced the tradition of rigorously observed, artistically unadorned photography, bequeathed from August Sander to Walker Evans, onto Lee Friedlander and Robert Frank in the '50s, and resting, in the present day, with Rineke Dijkstra and Paul Graham. The exhibition was particularly lucid in describing the relationship between the Düsseldorf triumvirate (Gursky, Struth, Ruff) and the US landscapists who preceded them (Shore, Robert Adams, Baltz). Great documentary photography doesn’t just illustrate the world indexically but articulates meaning in it, and this exhibition provided an object lesson for the myriad young photographers and video makers currently appropriating the raw aesthetics rather than the philosophical or political substance of the documentary mode.

3 **Laban** (Herzog & de Meuron) Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron’s Laban dance center deservedly scooped the 2003 Stirling Architecture Prize. Adjoining a muddy, litter-strewn creek in bleakest South East London, the unpretentious, gently curved rectangular building sets the area alight. Laban’s facade, formed from see-

through plastic infused with color, becomes by day an iridescent skin that shimmers in the changing sunlight and flickers with the half-visible movements of the dancers inside. As darkness falls, the structure transforms into a giant lantern, spilling gorgeous hues onto the wasteland.

4 **Boris Mikhailov** (Fotomuseum Winterthur, Switzerland) Ukrainian Boris Mikhailov had been relatively unsung in the West before Scalo’s publication of his magnum opus, *Case History*, in 1999. Winterthur’s retrospective thoroughly excavated Mikhailov’s thirty-year career and its unique vision of a humanity shaped, stamped, and shattered by the ineluctable forces of history. The artist’s oeuvre swings between Rabelaisian burlesque and Dostoyevskian tragedy. With his friend Ilya Kabakov, Mikhailov is surely one of the Eastern bloc’s most compelling artists—and one of the world’s greatest living photographers.

5 **Ossie Clark** (Victoria and Albert Museum, London) and **Judith Watt, Ossie Clark, 1965–74** (V&A Publications) In 1970, Ossie Clark was king of the King’s Road, and Mick Jagger strutted in one of the designer’s gold leather jumpsuits. The V&A’s miniretrospective, as impeccably tailored as one of Ossie’s slithery python-skin jackets, reminded one of a time when fashion was about art rather than money. The midskirts and maxicoats, the bias-cut dresses and sheer chiffons—realized in wife and muse Celia Birtwell’s joyous, effusive prints—still look astoundingly contemporary, but maybe that’s because Clark’s been recycled by everyone from Marc Jacobs to Prada.

6 **Jake and Dinos Chapman** (Modern Art Oxford) Another eventful year for the Chapman brothers and their tireless crusade against reactionary values and limp liberalism. The Oxford show made its centerpiece *Insult to Injury*, 2003, a defaced—or in Chapmanspeak, “rectified”—original set of Goya’s “Disasters of War” etchings. Juvenile pranksters or radical provocateurs? It’s hard to be certain, but the Chapmans’ energetic combination of craftsmanship and showmanship could well convert a—

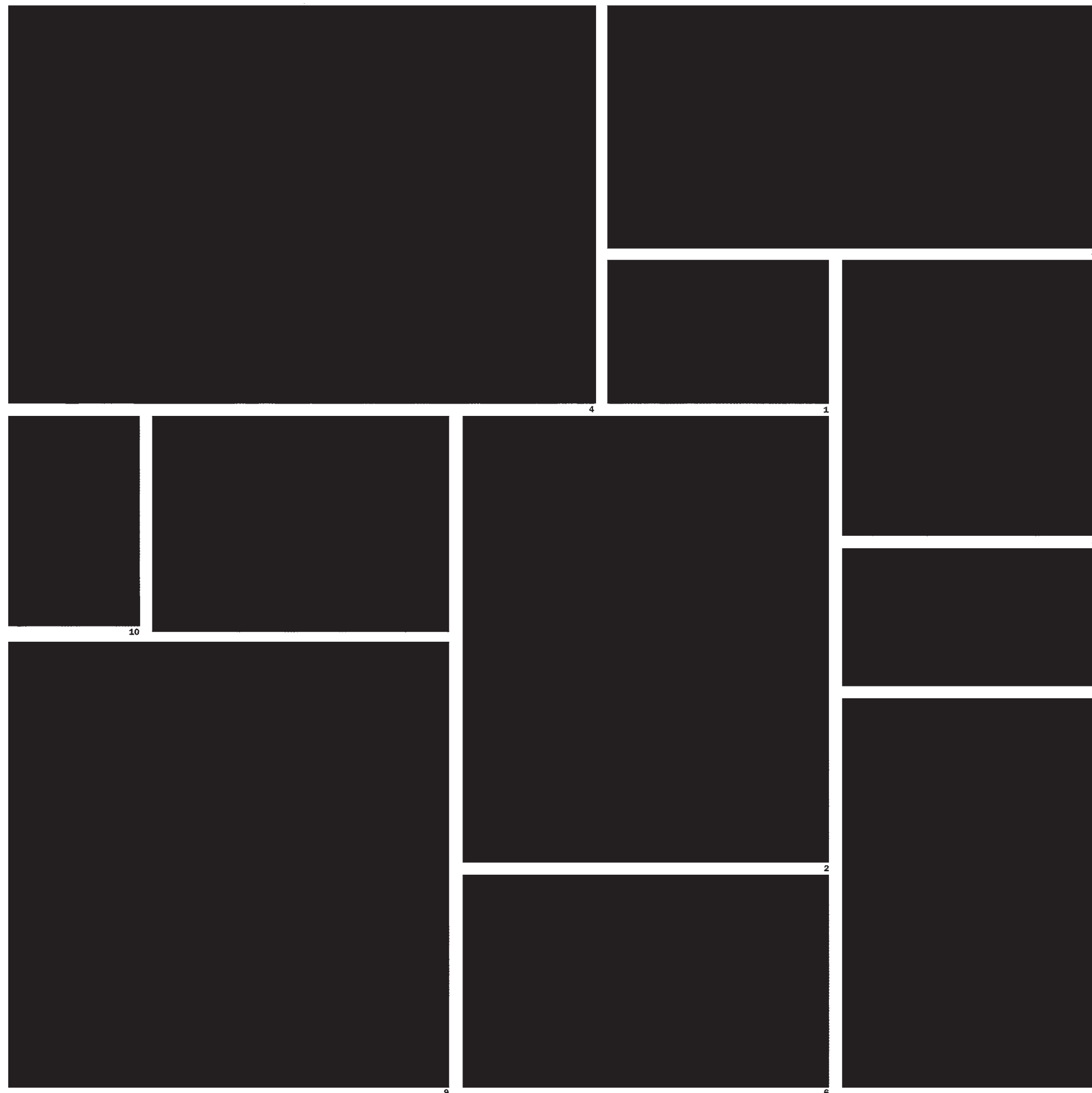
many would say belated—Turner Prize nomination into establishment accolade.

7 **City of God** The breakneck speed of its opening sequence—with beating drum, sharpened knife, and careering chicken—set the pace of this extraordinary gangster movie, directed by Fernando Meirelles, which tells the story of a group of teenagers living in Rio’s *favelas* during the '60s and '70s and follows the collapse of their society into violent, drug-fueled anarchy. Its visceral visuals deliver the most distinctive cinematographic style since Christopher Doyle’s work for Wong Kar-wai.

8 **Olafur Eliasson, The Weather Project** (Tate Modern) You can’t help but gasp as you descend into the Turbine Hall, its cavernous space dissolved in a wafting mist, a giant sun glowing at its far end. It’s an illusion, conjured from no more than a mirrored ceiling, some puffs of smoke, and some two hundred yellow sodium lamps. Yet if the magic of the piece fades quickly, its radiant pleasures, in the gathering fall, linger on.

9 **Arnold Odermatt, Karambolage** (Steidl) and **“Ce qui arrive”** (Fondation Cartier pour l’Art Contemporain) A book of car-crash photographs by Swiss traffic cop Arnold Odermatt joined Paul Virilio’s exhibition to make “the accident” a refrain this year. Some were outraged that Virilio curated *9/11* into his Ballardian “museum of accidents.” Yet if we redefine the accident as not a chance event but a predictable side effect of technological, social, and political “progress,” then the philosophical terrain shifts. The paradoxical lesson of these tragedies is that they are always inevitable—and always avoidable.

10 **David Blaine** He was starving—for forty-four days, sealed in a Perspex box suspended thirty feet in the air from a huge crane on the bank of the Thames. But the real spectacle was the Great British Public’s refusal to be impressed by a man apparently willing to die for no loftier cause than self-promotion. As one commentator noted, Why didn’t Blaine attempt a true feat of endurance . . . like following the Hutton inquiry? □



Robert Rosenblum

Artforum contributing editor Robert Rosenblum is professor of fine art at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. His traveling exhibition "Citizens and Kings: Portraiture in the Age of Goya and David" is currently on view at the Royal Academy of Arts in London. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

1. Cigarette lighter designed by Art Metal Works for Ronson Lighter Company, ca. 1925.
2. Damien Hirst, *Armageddon* (detail), 2002, house flies on canvas, 9 x 12".
3. Ellsworth Kelly, *Ground Zero*, 2003, collage on newsprint, 12½ x 14½".
4. Takashi Murakami, "Reversed Double Helix," 2003. Installation view, Rockefeller Center, New York. Photo: Tom Powel.
5. Patricia Cronin, *Memorial to a Marriage*, 2000–2002. Installation view, Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.
6. Giorgio de Chirico, *Ariadne*, 1913, oil and graphite on canvas, 53¾ x 71".
7. Saatchi Gallery, London, 2003. Foreground: Mini Cooper customized by Damien Hirst.
8. Paul McCarthy, *Piccadilly Circus*, 2003, still from a color video.
9. Jenny Saville, *Pause*, 2003, oil on canvas, 10 x 7".
10. View of "Picasso: The Classical Period," C&M Arts, New York, 2003.

1 **"Art Deco 1910–1939"** (Victoria and Albert Museum, London) As time travel back to the World of Tomorrow, this theatrical tour de force digs up the lost and giddy civilization of our modernist roots, a Machine Age fantasy covering everything from cigarette lighters to Busby Berkeley film clips. Léger and Brancusi make brief appearances, too, looking even more at home next to Chanel and Rolls-Royce than they do in MOMA's pantheon. And the global reach of Art Deco couldn't be more topical, with over-the-top items from India, Mexico, China . . . Whether culled from factories or Aztec ornament, this total environment of zigzagging geometries also sounds a death knell for our long infatuation with Art Nouveau's vinelike grip. Hail now the right angle and the clean slate!

2 **Damien Hirst, *Armageddon*** (Gagosian Gallery, New York) The dark side of this old-fashioned vision of utopia is Hirst's Apocalypse Now. From a safe distance, the nine-by-twelve-foot monochrome expanse of bluish black might be mistaken for a branch off Serra's tree; but up close, it turns out to be a carpet formed by a nightmare infinity of dead flies, preserved for eternity as our civilization's hideous tombstone. This may be the scariest prediction yet of the whimper, not the bang.

3 **Ellsworth Kelly, *Ground Zero*** As for postapocalyptic resurrection, Kelly's ultragreen project for the WTC site couldn't be more rejuvenating. At once a vast burial mound, some thirty feet high, and a verdant pasture of awesome dimensions and simplicity, Kelly's plan not only distills everything that need be said about life and death but adds a new Central Park where Manhattan most needs it. Of course, real-estate speculators and architects may not see things this way.

4 **The Murakami Empire** Murakami keeps upping the ante with his international invasion of signature products. London families rushed to the Serpentine to see the post-Disney outdoor sculpture that announced his show. And the Rockefeller Center installation, with its Buddha-like "Mr. Pointy" and its opportunity to sit on magic mushrooms in a superflat universe, was competition even for Koons's happy-making

Puppy, which once presided there. Murakami's franchise has put smiles too on both the luxury-market accessories he created for Louis Vuitton as well as on their black-market, populist rip-offs that turn up from Canal Street to Seoul.

5 **Patricia Cronin, *Memorial to a Marriage*** (Woodlawn Cemetery, New York) Henry James might wince, were he to see this pathbreaking update to what he called "the white, marmorean flock." After total immersion in nineteenth-century tomb sculpture, with an ear to the gossip about a colony of American lesbian sculptors who chiseled neoclassic nudes in Rome, Cronin resurrected these fantasies in a fresh offering to the supernatural: a monument to herself and her lover, the painter Deborah Kass, entwined like Victorian babes-in-the-wood. The supine half-naked bodies and classical draperies transcend mortal fact to become a lesbian *Liebestod*. Even more amazing is that this project found a home not in Woodstock but in Woodlawn, side by side with the tombs of all those straight, wealthy, tight-laced WASPS.

6 **"Giorgio de Chirico and the Myth of Ariadne"** (Philadelphia Museum of Art) A perfect capsule history of modernism versus postmodernism, Michael Taylor's scholarly survey of de Chirico's six-decade fascination with the classical Ariadne marble set up a seesawing balance between what used to be considered the great early de Chirico and the late charlatan who made bad copies of his glory days. But contemporary attitudes, propelled by Warhol's de Chiricos, replication art, and revisionist rebellions, may have shifted the sands, so that Part II might even look much cooler than Part I. But why choose?

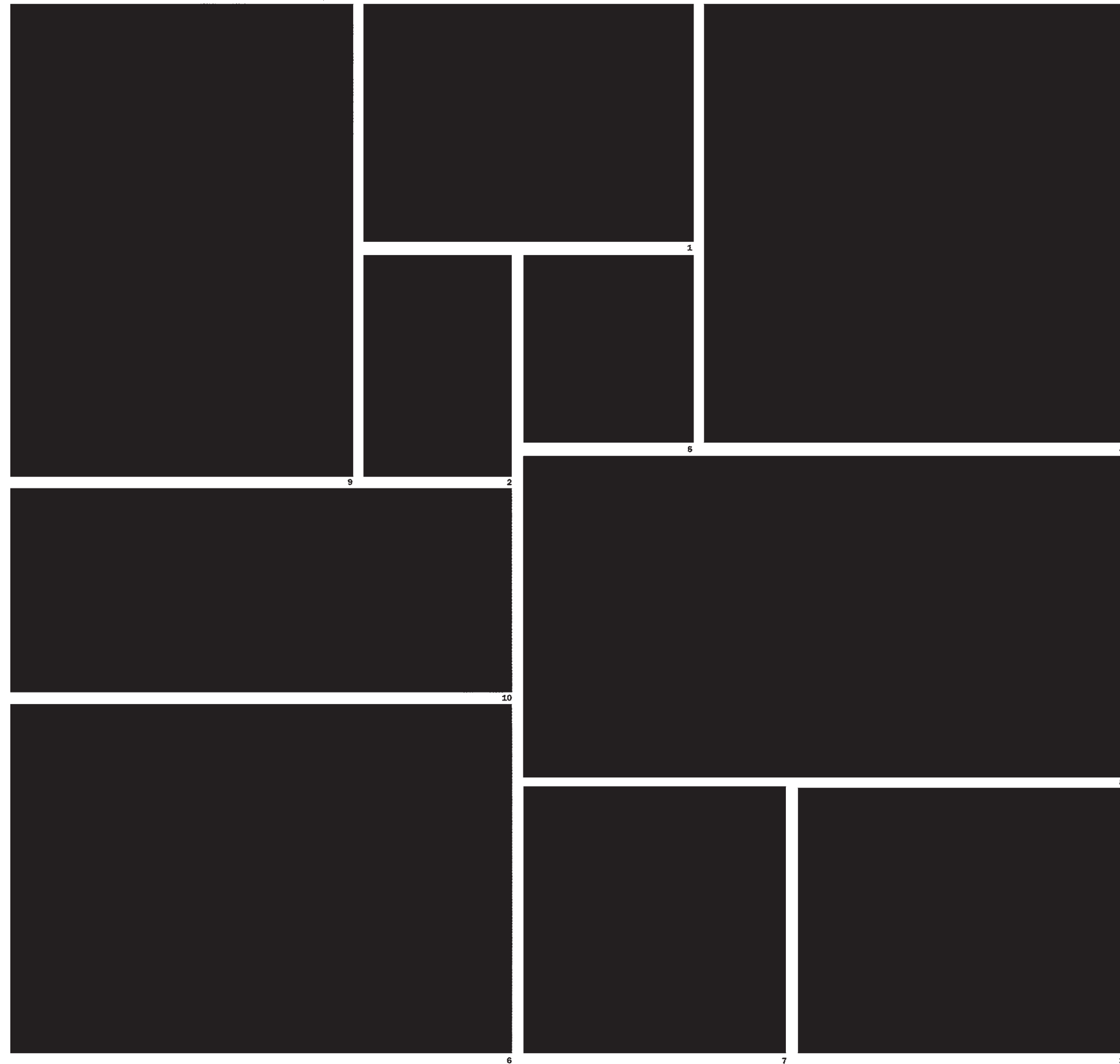
7 **Saatchi Gallery** (London) As for new museums, it's tonic to see what can be done not with a warehouse or a factory but with a right-wing example of Edwardian architecture. In 1908, the barely known Ralph Knott won the competition for the County Hall building that has long reigned with stodgy, imperial grandeur on London's South Bank. And now, its abundance of neo-Georgian columns, pediments, and molding has been renovated by RHWL and

invaded by wild young Brits. Both the airy central spaces and the rows of small private chambers house everything hot, from Hirst to Emin, but they also include an overdue revival of the 1950s Kitchen Sink School. The clash of rebellious art and traditional containers makes everything seem newborn. Patrons of future art museums should take a long, hard look.

8 **Paul McCarthy** (Hauser & Wirth, London) The same collision of Edwardian anti-modernism and twenty-first-century counterculture can be found in Hauser & Wirth's brand-new gallery in Piccadilly, where Sir Edwin Lutyens's Midland Bank (1922), renovated by Annabelle Selldorf, has been inaugurated with a show that would have made the architect of the British empire call out the Royal Guards. McCarthy's mayhem, with its kindergarten chaos of hacking and smearing, of blood, guts, and chocolate syrup in industrial quantities, reaches new heights here. Trashing Lutyens's interior from top to bottom, this all-consuming installation is like an id with a bulldozer.

9 **Jenny Saville** (Gagosian Gallery, New York) For those who think painting has died again, here's the spirit of Rubens resurrecting it at hurricane force. Saville's giant, in-your-face nudes make you feel like Gulliver, fording rivers and climbing mountains of British flesh. Both invigorating and repellent, overscaled and minutely mapped, these monumental canvases reinvent art's most venerable theme, the human body.

10 **"Picasso: The Classical Period"** (C&M Arts, New York) Anybody who ever thought Picasso's dalliance with antique sculpture was a retrograde cop-out should pause before this ravishing anthology of ancient Galateas transformed by Picasso's Pygmalion. Not only are they visually extraordinary, with their complex back-and-forth between classical ideals and Cubist compressions and distortions, but their overt serenities are often fraught with such petrified anxieties that we sense they must conceal the artist's own psychodramas. And John Richardson's catalogue essay is crammed with so many new facts and ideas that our reading of these years may have to start from scratch. □



Chrissie Iles

Chrissie Iles is curator of film and video at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, and co-organizer of the 2004 Whitney Biennial.

1. **Michael Heizer, *North, East, South, West*, 1967/2002.** Installation view, Dia:Beacon, Beacon, NY, 2003. Photo: Stephanie Berger. 2. **Richard Prince, *Second House*, 2003.** color photograph, 20 x 24". 3. **Jung Hee Choi, *Rice*, 2003.** Installation view, MELA *Dream House*, New York. 4. **Adam McEwen, *Untitled (Closed)*, 2002–2003.** Installation view, The Wrong Gallery, New York, 2003. Photo: Jason Nocito. 5. **Suzanne McClelland, *Sugar Daddy*, 2003,** ballpoint pen on paper, 9 x 10". 6. **John Latham with *Painting with Tennis Ball Marks*, Riverside Studios, London, 1990.** 7. **Banks Violette, *Spook City U.S.A.*, 2003,** graphite on paper, 22 x 30". 8. **Poster for the Robert Beck Memorial Cinema, 2003.** 9. **Herzog & de Meuron, *Schaulager*, 2003,** Münchenstein/Basel, Switzerland. Photo: Adrian Fritschi. 10. **Catherine Sullivan, *'Tis Pity She's a Fluxus Whore*, 2003.** Installation view, Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, CT.

1 Michael Heizer, *North, East, South, West* (Dia:Beacon, Beacon, NY) Heizer's key work, only partially constructed in the Nevada desert in 1967, is now for the first time fully installed, indoors, at Dia:Beacon. Four negative volumes cast in steel and sunk in the ground, these large, dark, enclosing forms are both protective and forbidding. This is radical sculpture: uncompromising, direct, clear, profoundly corporeal, provoking a strong urge to climb in. A compass for large sculpture, *North, East, South, West* led directly to Heizer's seminal *Double Negative*, 1969–70. Dia director Michael Govan's commitment to its full realization has raised the bar for museums everywhere.

2 Richard Prince, *Second House* In an isolated spot in the Catskills, Richard Prince has gutted a small house with garage and clad the outside in silver insulation panels, rewriting the concept of installation. New "Hood" paintings, evoking Judd's early wall works, hang in three white rooms. (Another "Hood" painting, set on a plywood cube, is parked in the garage.) In the living room, a table displays *3rd Place*, 1986—a double-sided portrait of Sid Vicious—and rare ephemera from Woodstock. Outside a window, a 1973 Dodge Barracuda, custom painted in gray, sits in the backyard. The view from inside becomes part of the installation, locating *Second House* somewhere between artwork, film set, and the uncanny domestic space of spiritual America.

3 Jung Hee Choi, *Rice* (MELA Foundation *Dream House*, New York) This video-sound work was presented in May at *Dream House*, the permanent installation of La Monte Young's atonal music and Marian Zazeela's magenta lights, and one of Dia founder Heiner Friedrich's other great legacies. A hypnotic projection of rotating mandalic forms radiated out from Zazeela's magenta color field like silent fireworks, while the sound of Choi tracing a circle around the top of an overturned cooking pot with a rice paddle created a single repeating tone that resonated deep in the solar plexus.

4 The Wrong Gallery (New York) Art will always remain vital if artists take matters into their own hands. The Wrong Gallery is little more than a recessed doorway in Chelsea, but founders Maurizio Cattelan, Massimiliano Gioni, and Ali Subotnick present a terrific series of succinct shows, including an early painting by Elizabeth Peyton and *Untitled (Closed)* by Adam McEwen, whose deadpan pieces are ones to watch next year.

5 "Ballpoint Inklings" (K.S. Art, New York) An ode to the humble ballpoint pen, this clever exhibition showed the huge range of possibilities the instrument can produce, from James Siena's delicate latticed lines to Jonathan Lerman's rock-band portraits and Suzanne McClelland's *Sugar Daddy*, in which skeins of lines form words like spun sugar.

6 John Latham (South London Gallery) Latham, one of Britain's most important living artists, showed a piece this year in "Independence: Issues with a Contemporary Relevance," a London group exhibition. One would have loved to have seen more of him—a retrospective in New York would be the perfect counterpoint to the upcoming Dieter Roth show at MOMA QNS. Latham's "One Second Drawings," 1970–75, in which spray paint seems almost breathed onto panels, are conceptual gems and, like all his work, have been a huge influence on my thinking for as long as I've been a curator.

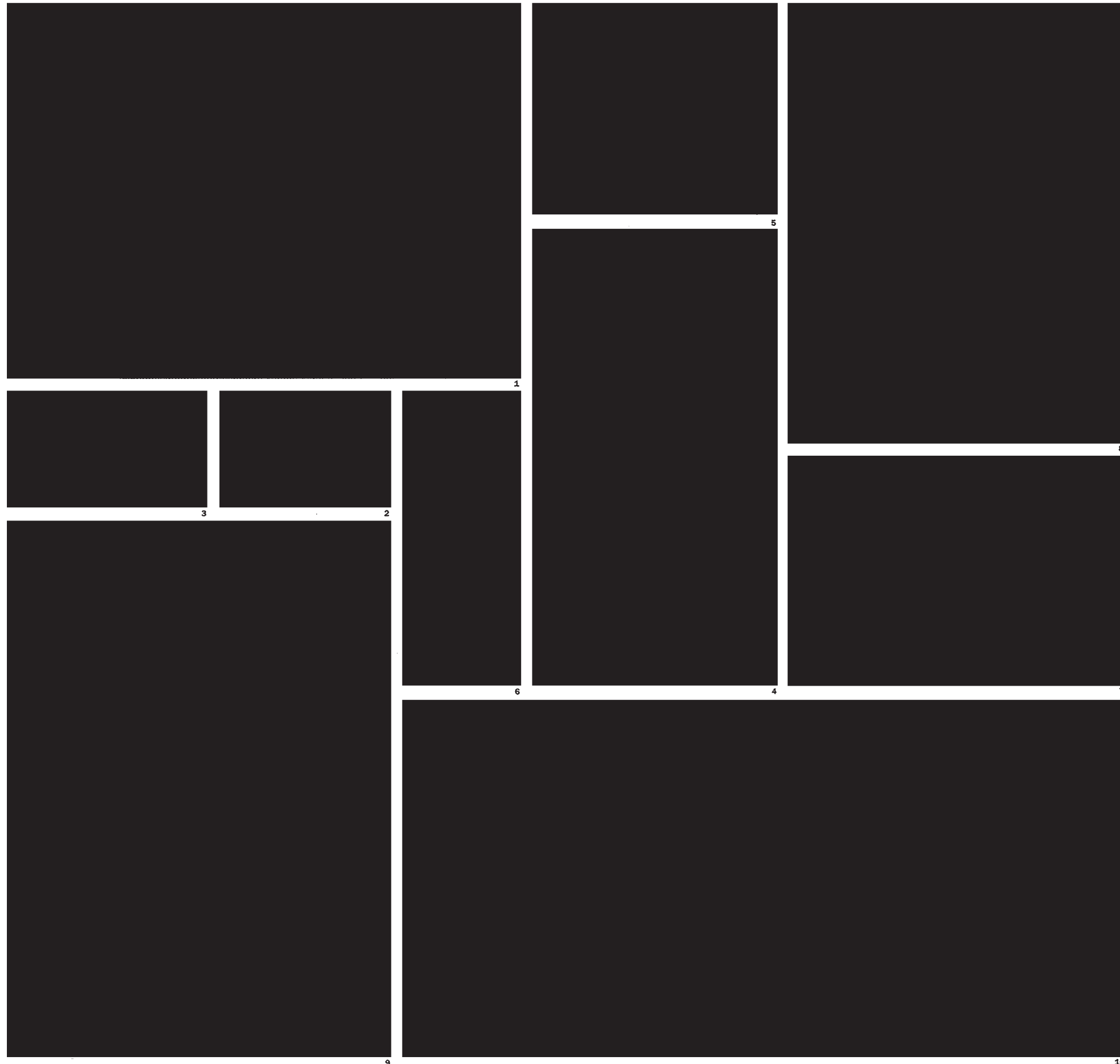
7 Banks Violette The highly worked black, white, and silver surfaces of Violette's drawings, seen in several Chelsea shows this year, belie the emotional angst of his subjects: teenage gangs, rock 'n' roll suicide, juvenile delinquents. Symbols from Motörhead album covers and X-ray images of skulls and galloping white horses are rendered in smooth graphite drawings. Brooding black enamel sculptural forms—a broken drum kit, for example—evoke the dark side of the heavy-metal American dream.

8 The Robert Beck Memorial Cinema (New York) In a blacked-out room on Ludlow Street on the Lower East Side,

film lovers gather every Tuesday night at approximately nine. The projector whirs from a makeshift balcony, curator Bradley Eros introduces the program, and films by young and unexpected filmmakers are screened. One recent highlight: an expanded cinema presentation by Bruce McClure, whose multiple abstract color film-loop projections are overlaid and diffused into one another like a moving Rothko. Along with Ocularis, RBMC is one of the most innovative film venues in New York.

9 Schaulager (Münchenstein/Basel) With Schaulager, the first museum devoted as much to the study of artworks in open storage as to exhibitions, Herzog & de Meuron have achieved a rare thing: museum architecture that takes proper account of the art. Five floors of spacious rooms house the Hoffmann Collection, which curators, conservators, and scholars can view in a gallery environment. Downstairs, the temporary Dieter Roth retrospective and Robert Gober's permanently installed *Untitled, 1995–97*, were essential viewing. The presentation of Gober's piece is exemplary: Behind a bolted Madonna, water cascades down a staircase and reappears in underground grottoes, where one glimpses seaweed, rock, shells, and four wax legs through two grids in the floor. In addition to the Schaulager's opening, the summer in Switzerland was rich with a great cluster of shows in Zurich, by Doug Aitken, Brice Marden, and Ugo Rondinone, among others.

10 Catherine Sullivan, *'Tis Pity She's a Fluxus Whore* (Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, CT) Sullivan's double-screen installation re-creates two controversial historic theatrical performances in their original sites—but with the locations reversed. The same actor performs extracts from Jacobean playwright John Ford's drama about incest, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, which appeared at the Wadsworth Atheneum in 1943, at the site of the 1964 Fluxus festival in Aachen, Germany; in turn, Fluxus actions from the festival are reenacted in the Wadsworth's theater. Through its rupturing, theatrical artifice is doubled in a compelling fusion of performance and installation. □



Daniel Birnbaum

Artforum contributing editor Daniel Birnbaum is director of the Städelschule art academy in Frankfurt, cofounded its new institute for art criticism, and heads its Portikus gallery. Photo: Ulf Lundin.

1. **Olafur Eliasson, *The Weather Project*, 2003.** Installation view, Tate Modern, London. Photo: Jens Ziehe. 2. **Hanging lamp in Ilya Kabakov's former studio, Institute of Contemporary Art, Moscow, 2003.** 3. **Andy Warhol, *Time Capsule 44 (detail)*, ca. 1973,** collection of ephemera from ca. 1890–1973. 4. **Ayşe Erkmen, "Cuckoo," 2003.** Installation view, Kunstmuseum St. Gallen, Switzerland. 5. **Rodney Graham, *City Self/Country Self*, 2000.** Production still. Photo: Scott Livingstone. 6. **Simon Starling, *Island for Weeds*, 2003.** Installation view, Scottish pavilion, 50th Venice Biennale. 7. **Erik Bulatov, *Sonnenauf-oder Sonnenuntergang (Sunrise or Sunset)*, 1989,** oil on canvas, 78½ x 78¾". From "Dream Factory: Communism." 8. **Thomas Hirschhorn with his special edition of *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?* (Texte zur Kunst, 2003).** 9. **Brion Gysin and Carl Michael von Hausswolff, 1982.** Photo: Ulrich Hillebrand. 10. **View of "Francis Picabia," Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, 2003.** Photo: André Morin.

1 Olafur Eliasson, *The Weather Project*

(Tate Modern, London) This synthetic, heliocentric cosmos is no doubt the artwork of the year. Activating the space itself and involving the viewer both as a perceiving subject and as a body among bodies (when I went to the Tate, hundreds of people were on the floor, looking at themselves in the mirror on the ceiling), Eliasson's installation reaffirms that great art can be popular. A cultic space without a hint of New Age kitsch, his transformed Turbine Hall is majestic, even—dare I say it?—sublime.

2 Mrs. Kabakov's Underwear

In a city like Moscow, where buildings are torn down overnight and new ones sprout up in their place, little remains constant. In fact, I found only one thing: a peculiar lamp, which I first noticed when I went to the Moscow House of Photography to see a show about Ilya Kabakov and his circle. In the photographs and video documentation assembled to honor the artist on his seventieth birthday, one recognized the key protagonists, Joseph Backstein, Boris Groys, Vadim Sakharov—and that lamp, which, as it turns out, was made from a typically Russian undergarment, a silky slip that belonged to Vicki Kabakov, the artist's ex-wife. A few hours later I visited Moscow's Institute of Contemporary Art, located in Kabakov's former studio on the top floor of an old building, and there I stumbled upon the real thing. The strange-looking fixture has been hanging above Kabakov's (now the ICA's) table since the early '70s and so was at the center of the most profound debates about Russian Conceptualism. There it remains, unharmed by time and the shifting political winds. May it stay forever!

3 "Andy Warhol's Time Capsules"

(Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt) Smarter than everyone else, Warhol has extended his fifteen minutes considerably. He even began a second life recently in Frankfurt, thanks to the Museum für Moderne Kunst's selection of some dozen time capsules on display for the very first time. His second coming may look a lot like the first, but I couldn't stop poring over all the letters and postcards and stuff Warhol collected.

For an artist who likened his mind to a tape recorder equipped only with an erase button, this is a strangely Proustian project.

4 Ayşe Erkmen's Animals

She has worked with real tigers and even tried to restage the MGM lion's famous roar (with help from a beast in the Berlin zoo); now Erkmen has turned her attention to taxidermic specimens. In "Cuckoo," her exhibition at the Kunstmuseum St. Gallen, Switzerland, a half-dozen automated animals—a stuffed zebra, lioness, pronghorn, black gnu, etc.—performed a mechanical dance, like zoological clockwork.

5 Rodney Graham

(K21 Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen, Düsseldorf) I like everything about Graham: the installations, the films, the books, the album covers, and the music. Thanks to the large midcareer survey at Düsseldorf's K21, I now see how it all fits together. The idea of a circular narrative structure plays out in an entertaining way in the three loops *Vexation Island*, 1997, *How I Became a Ramblin' Man*, 1999, and *City Self/Country Self*, 2000. In the last, I'm very fond of the dandy who kicks the peasant's ass (and I can't get over his peculiar shoes). The epitome of lovely, pretentious urbanity!

6 Simon Starling

Through his displacements of cacti, cars, and rhododendrons across Europe, Starling creates entirely new geographies, presented most recently in Nice and Venice. One very small step for the understanding of transportation, nationality, and travel—but a major leap forward for sculpture.

7 Critical Curators

Although the role of the curator in recent years has eclipsed that of the critic—and at times even that of the artist—it's nonetheless rare to come across a curatorial idea that rises above cliché. Maurizio Bortolotti's well-researched study *Il critico come curatore* (Silvana Editoriale) reminds one of the truly original thinking that informed the work of curators like Pierre Restany, who died this summer, and the early Harald Szeemann. But curatorial sophistication is still apparent on occasion: Boris

Groys's ongoing exhibition of Soviet-era art at the Schirn Kunsthalle in Frankfurt, "Dream Factory Communism," is a recent example. Fully in line with his provocative writings, Groys offers up a kind of visual essay about totalitarianism, art, and propaganda, full of traps and political paradoxes. Here things are never *only* what they seem to be.

8 Two Monstrous Tomes

This year I succumbed to two exceptionally big books: Thomas Hirschhorn's recent special edition for the magazine *Texte zur Kunst*—a roughly 30 x 20 x 3" version of Deleuze and Guattari's *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?*—is a somewhat overstated homage to the philosophical duo and perhaps a kind of low-budget continuation of his recent monuments to other thinkers (Spinoza, Bataille). The giant volume looked so bizarre in the hands of the artist that I had to order two copies immediately. And then there's Hans-Ulrich Obrist's thousand-page *Interviews: Volume 1* (Charta), a compendium of conversations that the curator conducted with sixty-six artists, curators, filmmakers, writers, architects, philosophers, etc.—from Vito Acconci to Brian Eno to Hans-Georg Gadamer. Volumes 2, 3, and 4, please!

9 Carl Michael von Hausswolff

Subversive to the core, the Swedish sound artist now systematically devotes his attention to important precursors like Brion Gysin (von Hausswolff recently curated a show of the self-taught sound poet's work, at Stockholm's Färgfabriken), the occult scientist Friedrich Jürgenssen, and, rumor has it, the obscure Swedish inventor of the letter bomb.

10 Francis Picabia

(Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris) In a year marred by horrible painting shows all over Europe promoting new figurative art of the most embarrassing kind, it was good to see the real thing—i.e., large parts of Picabia's oeuvre beautifully installed by Suzanne Pagé and Gérard Audinet et al. in collaboration with Swiss art duo Peter Fischli and David Weiss. A totally self-effacing touch. Discreet, Swiss, perfect. □

Thelma Golden

Thelma Golden is deputy director for exhibitions and programs at the Studio Museum in Harlem, where she is currently organizing "HarlemWorld: Metropolis as Metaphor," which opens next month. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

1. **Commuters on the Manhattan Bridge, New York, August 14, 2003.** Photo: Kate Lacey. 2. **David Hammons, Concerto in Black and Blue, 2003.** Installation view, Ace Gallery, New York. 3. **David Adjaye, Dirty House, 2003, London.** 4. **Dorothy Miller, ca. 1932.** Photo: Soichi Sunami. 5. **Dia:Beacon opening reception, Beacon, NY, 2003.** Photo: Adriana Groisman. 6. Left: **Isaac Julien, Paradise Omeros, 2002.** Installation view, Bohem Foundation, New York, 2003. Right: **Dario Robleto, I Wanna Rock My Little Honda Across the Universe, 2000–2001,** homemade crystals, 50,000-year-old meteorite fragment, ground amino acids, vinyl from the Beatles' "Across the Universe" record, antique metal-and-glass syringe, rust, spray paint, plaster, and polyester resin, ca. 54 x 18 x 18". From the series "Popular Hymns Will Sustain Us All (End It All)," 2000–2001. 7. **The cast of Making the Band 2 with P. Diddy.** Photo: Zsolt Sarvary. 8. **Adrian Nicole LeBlanc, Random Family** (Scribner, 2003). 9. **The quilters of Gee's Bend at the opening of "The Quilts of Gee's Bend," Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 2002.** 10. **Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company, The Phantom Project, 2003.** Performance view, The Kitchen, New York. Left to right: Bill T. Jones, Ayo Janeen Jackson, and Germaul Yusef Barnes. Photo: Richard Termine.

1 The Blackout Because it was not tinged—predictions notwithstanding—with death, disaster, or even looting, the blackout of August 2003 offered New Yorkers the most profoundly moving experience of the year. Anxiety, exertion, exhaustion, heat, silence, suspense, and relief all converged to create a day, night, and day of sheer visceral response. In retrospect, it felt like what we often want (and are left wanting) from art and life. Forget all the feel-good news stories of nice neighbors and the "spirit" of the city. The blackout worked us. Like nothing in the art world has in a long, long time.

2 David Hammons (Ace Gallery, New York) When the announcement arrived, it was clear this show could be everything or nothing. Everything being the mega-retrospective we've been praying for over the decade-plus since "Rousing the Rubble." Or nothing as in nothing. Nada. Hammons, being the master of extremes, of course made it both. In the dark, we moved around with our blue lights, looking for what we were supposed to look at, unable to find it. Just able to feel it—Hammons's grand, sublime gesture. We still feel it. And we remain grateful.

3 David Adjaye, The Dirty House London-based architect David Adjaye is known in the art world for his collaborations with artists (his red, black, and green kaleidoscope skylight atop Chris Ofili's British pavilion was one of the best things in Venice) and for the homes he has designed for artists. Completed late last year for Tim Noble and Sue Webster, the Dirty House—a converted turn-of-the-century timber factory in East London—is pure Adjaye. From the master of fusing outer skin and inner soul comes an unassuming facade graced with a hovering white roof that just hints at the luxurious, functional, beautifully bespoke spaces within.

4 Curators of the Year This year we lost two of the greats: Dorothy Miller, my first curatorial role model, and Kirk Varnedoe, who was and remains an exemplar to us all. I am thankful, too, to Elisabeth Sussman, for her brilliant Eva Hesse and Diane Arbus retrospectives, and to Nancy Spector, for her Matthew Barney tour de force.

5 Dia:Beacon Opening Reception Growing up in southeast Queens, there were no openings or receptions. Dinner dances, weddings, bar mitzvahs, fund-raisers, retirement parties—they were all called "affairs." We all agree that Dia:Beacon is a phenomenal achievement. Here's my vote for the opening. From the train procession up the Hudson to the leisurely cocktails in the sunny Robert Irwin garden to the magnificent dinner in that gorgeous, vast hall—for those moments, the art world felt like an actual community. As my mother would say, with equal parts pretentious Francophilia and South Shore twang, "Oh, what a wonderful affair."

6 Like a Virgin With a nod to the revirgination movement sweeping contemporary evangelical Christianity, here's praise for several midcareer artists whose shows made me feel the way I felt when I saw their work for the very first time: Janine Antoni at Luhring Augustine, Isaac Julien at the Bohem Foundation, Donald Moffett at Marianne Boesky, Zoe Leonard at Paula Cooper, Do-Ho Suh at Lehmann Maupin (all in New York), and Doug Aitken at the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia. And seeing the work of newcomers Dario Robleto and Kori Newkirk (at the Whitney Museum of American Art at Altria and The Project, respectively) suggested that in ten years I might be revirginized all over again.

7 Making the Band 2 (MTV) Gary Simmons told me there's been no significant hip-hop made in the past five years. *MTB2*, MTV's hip-hop talent search hosted by P. Diddy, says he's right. These contestants don't want to be rappers, they want to be famous. And because they're on *MTB2*, they are famous, so they no longer have to be talented. PD keeps telling them, "We're makin' history, baby!" And they buy it. And this makes for great TV.

8 Adrian Nicole LeBlanc, Random Family (Scribner) Subtitled "Love, Drugs, Trouble, and Coming of Age in the Bronx," LeBlanc's epic volume is a stunning account of two young women and the failing schools, unplanned pregnancies, homelessness, baby mamas, correctional facilities, drugs, and welfare-

to-work that make up their lives. Forget thinking that any of these issues can even begin to be addressed by an artwork or a benefit. Here is the crazy, unbelievable, sad story of our world right now, written so beautifully it would be easy to mistake for a novel. LeBlanc, with quiet force, relentlessly reminds you it's not.

9 "The Quilts of Gee's Bend" (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; organized by the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston) I almost didn't go see it, in which case I would now be doing a Jayson Blair, but because I knew I'd want to rant about it, I went. As I suspected, it was a "love the message/hate the messenger," or more aptly, "love the quilts/hate the exhibition," kind of thing. Of course I loved the quilts. We all know the quilts are brilliant and beautiful. (I just wish the quilters were making a little more money for all their brilliance!) I like the old black ladies. My mother is an old black lady. I hope to become an old black lady. I just hated the exhibition, which, with its shockingly politically correct tone, under the transparent cover of high/low intervention and demolished media categories, was the most culturally repugnant, retrograde moment I have experienced, perhaps in my entire professional life. It reminded me of reading *Huck Finn* in seventh grade at my all-white private school. I didn't hate *Huck Finn*, I just hated having to talk about it with everyone else as they had their racial revelatory moment. Then again, I suppose in one way I did love the exhibition—it was an exercise so obvious, so over-the-top, that perhaps it will serve as a warning and never be repeated.

10 Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company, The Phantom Project (The Kitchen, New York) So many of our collective cultural references are to things we've never seen. So it was thrilling to see the film, video, and photographs of seminal early works—many of them known only by reputation—presented at this twentieth-anniversary performance. Unlike a retrospective of paintings, Jones observed, this live/archival hybrid, in which today's dancers performed with yesterday's ghosts, made the past new and the present come alive. □



Pamela M. Lee

Pamela M. Lee is associate professor of art history at Stanford University. She is currently completing *Chronophobia: On Time in the Art of the 1960s*, forthcoming from MIT Press early next year.

1. **Marine Hugonnier, *Ariana*, 2003**, still from a color film in 16 mm, 18 minutes 36 seconds.
2. **Philip Guston, *By the Window*, 1969**, oil on canvas, 78 x 81".
3. **Sculpture of Chakrasamvara and Vajravahni, Nepal, late fourteenth century**, copper with gilding and semi-precious stones, 16½" high.
4. **Chris Ware, frames from *Quimby the Mouse***.
5. **Bill Siegel and Sam Green, *The Weather Underground*, 2003**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 92 minutes.
6. **Jocelyn Robert, *The State of the Union* (detail), 2003**, mixed-media installation, dimensions variable.
7. **Adobe Books, San Francisco, 2003**. Photo: Andrew McKinley.
8. **Richard Prince, *Untitled (cowboy)*, 2000**, color photograph, 48 x 76¾".
9. **Johnny Cash, "Hurt," 2003**, still from a music video by Mark Romanek.
10. **Burning Man festival, Black Rock Desert, Nevada**. Photo: Steve Saroff.

1 **Marine Hugonnier, *Ariana*** (Venice Biennale) In the hothouse laboratory that was "Utopia Station," French-born, London-based artist Marine Hugonnier's 2003 film *Ariana*, a spare, poetic meditation on a trip to Kabul, might now be read as a fitting riposte to the *blague* and bombast of the "embedded" reporting of America's *other* unfinished war. In attempting—and failing—to film a panoramic view of the city, Hugonnier assembled footage that was quotidian where mainstream media images of Kabul were traumatic, and reflective where others were reactive. *Ariana* represents a frustrated geography less of the non-Western other than of Hugonnier's own perspective and culture.

2 **Philip Guston** (San Francisco Museum of Modern Art) As myth would have it, Philip Guston abandoned abstraction because, as the artist himself once wrote, he was "sick and tired of all that Purity." But what could be more "pure"—at least to this Gustonophile—than the outsize eyeballs, immobilized limbs, and nervous fingers that populate his late work? As Michael Auping's traveling retrospective (originally organized for the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth) so persuasively demonstrated, Guston could endow a shade pull with as much affective purity as graced the skittish, anxious pinks of his abstract canvases.

3 **"Himalayas: An Aesthetic Adventure"** (Art Institute of Chicago) The title of this exhibition of devotional art from India, Pakistan, Bhutan, Nepal, and Tibet (organized by visiting curator Pratapaditya Pal and the AIC's exhibition coordinator, Betty Seid) makes me wonder if some museum bureaucrat was hoping to capitalize on the Discovery Channel's recent penchant for everything Everest. Cheesy name notwithstanding, this show's lucid presentation of the densely layered, even obsessive worlds of Hindu and Buddhist art from the sixth through the nineteenth century was a transformative museum experience.

4 **Chris Ware, *Quimby the Mouse*** (Fantagraphics Books) Following on his triumph with *Jimmy Corrigan: The Smartest Kid on Earth*

(Pantheon, 2000) comes cartoonist Chris Ware's latest graphic novel, *Quimby the Mouse*, his anxiously awaited collection of . . . student efforts. If that makes you think Ware (one of the only bright notes to a rather dismal 2002 Whitney Biennial) might be coasting (or capitalizing) on his relative celebrity, think again: His hapless tales of a bipolar Mickey-like character are resplendently baroque—far more complex, structured, and spacious than your average multichannel digital-video installation. Neo-McLuhanites sounding the death knell of print culture take note: Chris Ware has revitalized the space of the page in the postmedium era.

5 ***The Weather Underground*** Bill Siegel and Sam Green's terrific documentary on the Weathermen, the ultraradical splinter faction of the Students for a Democratic Society, perfectly illustrates the truism that one man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist. Some would call this a lesson in moral relativism, but the sickness of recent foreign and domestic policy may bring us closer to an understanding of the Weathermen's rage than we might ultimately like.

6 **Jocelyn Robert, *The State of the Union*** Robert, a Canadian new-media artist and musician who divides his time between Quebec and the Bay Area, won the New Image award at the 2002 Transmediale festival in Berlin with his video installation *L'Invention des Animaux*, 2001, in which an airplane is made to sound and behave like a bird that has just flown the nest. With 2003's *State of the Union*, Robert takes inspiration from a passage in Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*, playing war-film footage in reverse. While some of Robert's work is an uncanny digest of postwar experimental cinema—one thinks of Michael Snow, with whom he has collaborated, or Ernie Gehr—his crossed taxonomies and inverted worlds suggest a peculiar brand of contemporary neorealism.

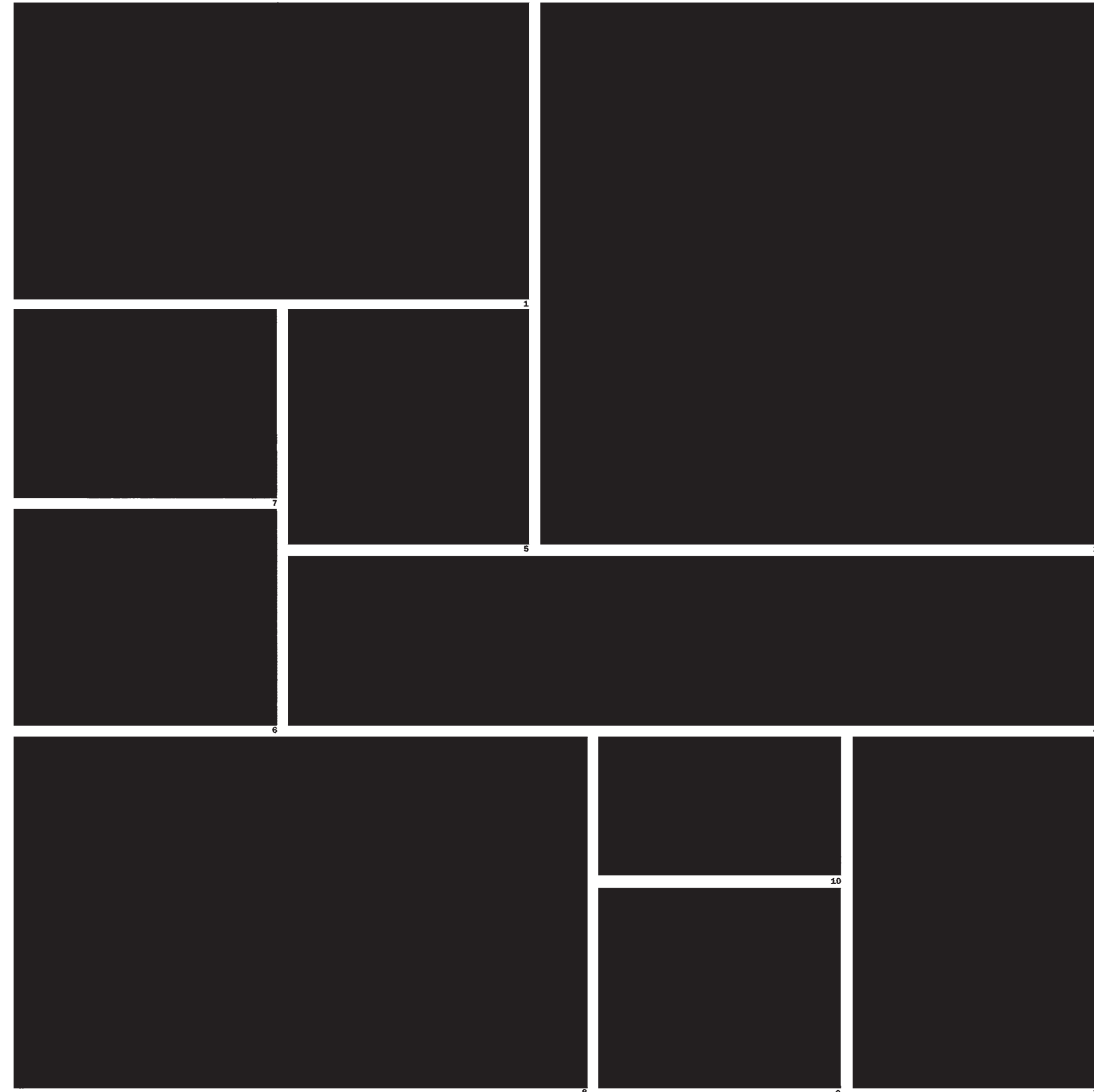
7 **Adobe Books** (The Mission, San Francisco) Adobe Books is your typical shambling mess of an independent bookstore—the anti-Borders—that also happens to put on some of

the most provocative shows of art in the city. But the real attraction here may be the artlessness of the space itself: The gulf between literary and visual pursuits isn't bridged in a gesture of faux rapprochement; rather, the two are allowed to coexist as distinctly autonomous entities. At a time when museums and galleries are often more aesthetic and spectacular than the objects they showcase, Adobe Books' Back Room takes an aggressively nonaesthetic stance that respects art by granting it the space to be different.

8 **Richard Prince** My favorite rhetorical question of the last two years may be more of a whine than an interrogative: "Why do they hate us?" many of our American brothers and sisters have been heard to exclaim. Perhaps the reason why "they" hate "us" is precisely because "we" ask such questions in the first place. Enter Richard Prince, whose canonical Marlboro Man images are seductive demonstrations of the pathologies of American consumption. At last summer's Venice Biennale, where Francesco Bonami and Daniel Birnbaum installed the series beautifully (in the Italian pavilion's "Delays and Revolutions"), those cowboys looked more urgent and vital than they have in a very long time indeed.

9 **Johnny Cash, "Hurt"** (video by Mark Romanek) I could easily extol the Bay Area's outpouring of diverse non-garage-revival music in 2003: The art damage noise of Deerhoof or Erase Errata; the minimalist techno of Kit Clayton; and the lachrymose twang of the Court and Spark. But it's sadly fitting to pay tribute to the Man in Black this year, and all the more so because Mark Romanek's video for "Hurt"—an improbably moving cover of the Nine Inch Nails song—was so rich in its southern-gothic-by-way-of-Netherlandish-*vanitas* imagery. Very MTV of me, perhaps, but few cinematic images of 2003 had the staying power of that video's last frames, when Cash closed his piano's keylid with a quiet and fatal decisiveness.

10 **Burning Man** (Black Rock Desert, Nevada) Because San Francisco empties out that weekend and you can find a parking space. ☐



Tom Vanderbilt

New York-based writer Tom Vanderbilt is the author, most recently, of *Survival City: Adventures Among the Ruins of Atomic America* (Princeton Architectural Press, 2002).

1. **Plate from *Futuro: Tomorrow's House from Yesterday*** (Desura, 2003).
2. **Thom Andersen, *Los Angeles Plays Itself*, 2003**, still from a color video, 169 minutes.
3. **IESI PA Bethlehem Landfill, Bethlehem, PA, 2003**. Photo: Tom Vanderbilt.
4. **Frame from title sequence of *Carnivàle***. Design: A52.
5. **Screen capture from *www.americasarmy.com***.
6. **Alastair Reynolds, *Chasm City*** (Ace Books, paperback, 2003).
7. **Still from *Second Hand Stories*, 2003**. John Freyer.
8. **Cal Guo-Qiang making a "gunpowder drawing" in preparation for *Light Cycle, Fireworks* by Grucci compound, Brookhaven, NY, 2003**.
9. **Milutin Labudovic, *Nahlel, Ramallah Region*, 2002**, color photograph, 22 x 33".
10. **Richard Barnes, *Carnegie, Ape*, 2002**, black-and-white photograph, 25 x 15".

1 Marko Home and Mika Taanila, eds., *Futuro: Tomorrow's House from Yesterday* (Desura) Finnish architect Matti Suuronen's pill-shaped Futuro went from helicopter-delivered fiberglass "after-ski cabin" to icon of the emergent, plastic-as-pornography space age. The "leisure house," as the promotional literature would have it, was wrapped by Christo, posed in by Warhol, purposed as an Air Force recruitment station in California, and nearly bought en masse by the Soviet Union in a bid for cold-war cultural supremacy. The book, with its enclosed DVD documentary, is an elegiac post-card from an architectural future lost to history.

2 *Los Angeles Plays Itself* This monumental documentary, directed by Thom Andersen, takes an obvious conceit—"Los Angeles is the most photographed place in the world"—and follows it, with stunning rigor, to its logical conclusion: a picture of the city composed entirely of its pictures. Andersen leaves no reel unspun as he mines fiction for its "documentary revelation," presenting filming-location histories of places like Bunker Hill, which Hollywood shot when it was a noir flophouse district and, later, when it was a clean corporate simulacrum, and all but ignored in between. Andersen rescues a human glance like Kent MacKenzie's overlooked 1961 *The Exiles* from that almost lost time. Do not miss.

3 IESI PA Bethlehem Landfill (Bethlehem, Pennsylvania) I've gazed upon the submerged *Spiral Jetty*, driven a 4x4 to reach *Double Negative*, and hunted down the *Sun Tunnels*, but the most ambitious, provocative piece of land art I've stood upon recently is this evolving hill—projected altitude, 670 feet above sea level—of municipal solid waste, to which the city of New York adds some 550 tons of garbage a day. The terraced, polyethylene-lined, Caterpillar-crushed landmass is hard by the now-defunct works of Bethlehem Steel, smokestacks elegiacally dormant, the growing mound a symbol of consumption's triumph over production.

4 *Carnivàle* Title Sequence (HBO) Los Angeles effects shop A52 has produced the

year's lushest title extravaganza, a Manichaean historical whirligig that takes the mythic surfaces of tarot cards as its departure point for a stereoscopic, inferno-powered plunge down a digitized rabbit hole, where florid landscapes turn into grainy, haunting archival looks at dust-bowl Okies, a fulminating Mussolini, and a demagogic Stalin.

5 *www.americasarmy.com* The DoD has its own digital battle models (SimNet), and Marines train on Doom. In a curious yet inevitable synthesis, the Army has now transformed its own operations into proprietary video-game entertainment. A fascinating blog here, written by a soldier/game developer from frontline Afghanistan who is gathering data for the simulation, contains observations like, "I think we [should] also think about putting one of those warlord mudbrick compounds in our future releases. That should be a pretty cool map, don't you think?" Today's geopolitical quagmire, tomorrow's first-person shooter.

6 Alastair Reynolds, *Chasm City* (Ace Books) Crackerjack sci-fi conjuring an extraplanetary future, post—"melding plague," in which machine-built, domed cities literally absorb the body politic: "When we buried the dead they kept growing, spreading together, fusing with the city's architecture." I read this on the terrace of my villa at the almost deserted Biosphere 2, in Oracle, Arizona, the self-contained artificial environment designed as a template for space colonization, and I had to keep wrestling myself back to reality amid the eerie desert silence.

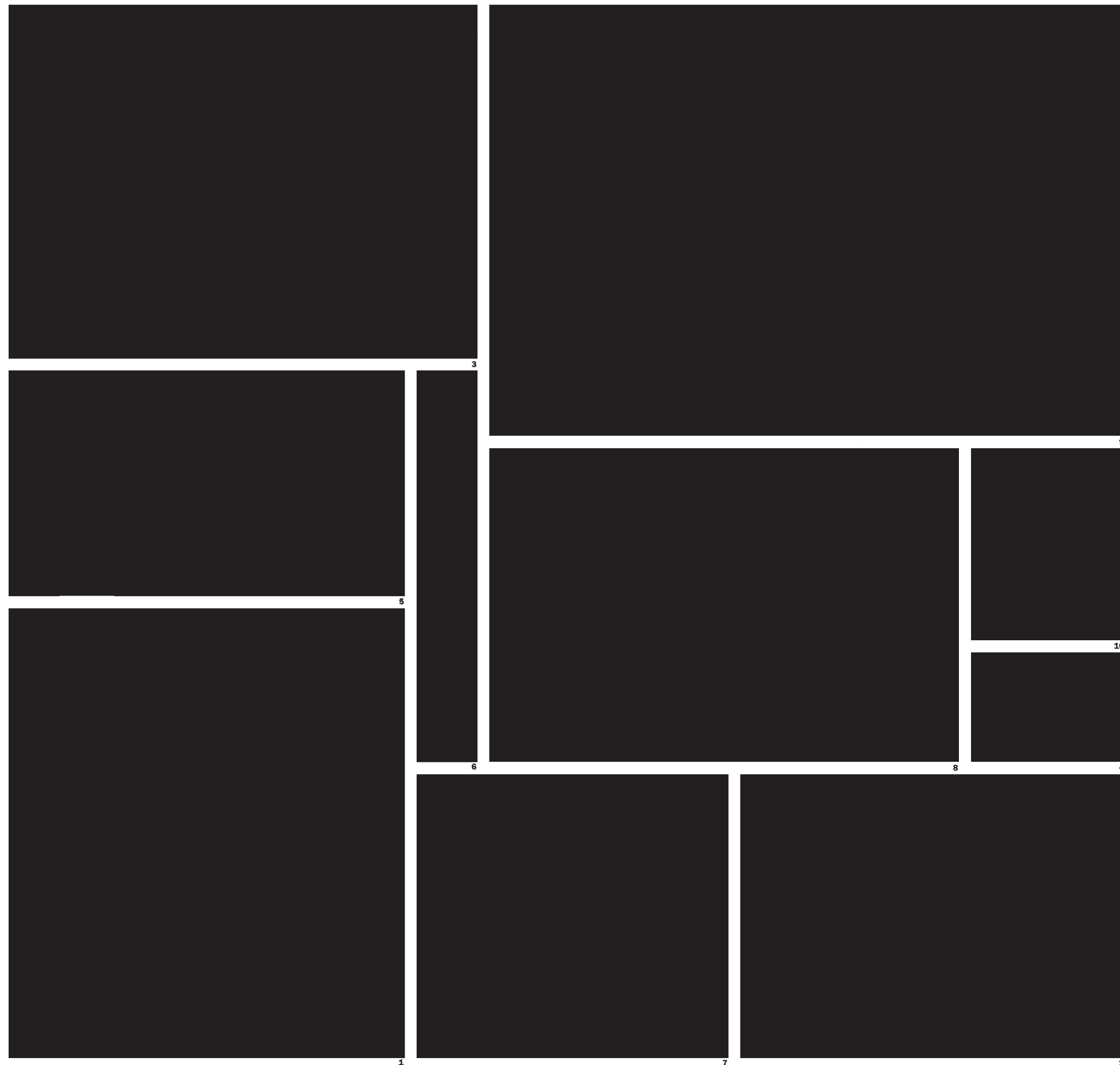
7 *Second Hand Stories* (PBS) Design history, like history itself, is usually told by the winners; the country's thrift stores, on the other hand, that surplus after-empire of American abundance, are usually filled with losers. Christopher Wilcha and John Freyer, traveling via an ambulance they bought on eBay, reconstruct the histories of objects that may or may not have changed the world: Sid Sackson—designed board games, Herb Alpert records, prototypes of wayward inventions.

It's as if Alan Lomax launched a recovery mission of polyester-age relics.

8 Cai Guo-Qiang Weeks before the artist's spectacular, if flawed, incendiary display in Central Park, I saw Cai igniting "gunpowder drawings" at the Grucci family's fireworks compound on Long Island. It was thrilling work, rendering beauty from violent combustion, pairing the most fragile and destructively capricious of media—paper and fire. The scattered, squat concrete buildings of Grucci's evoked for me nuclear weapons bunkers in the desert West, which seemed fitting, not only because Cai has done work at the Nevada Test Site, but because Grucci in the 1950s helped create pyrotechnic simulations of atomic weapons.

9 "A Civilian Occupation: The Politics of Israeli Architecture" (Storefront for Art and Architecture, New York) In a revelatory show originally censored by the Israeli Association of United Architects, Eyal Weizman and Rafi Segal, using the master plans of Israeli West Bank settlements as well as CIA and other satellite imagery, mapped a terrain of sprawl as subjugation. In mountaintops "captured" by carefully planned settlements, each in view of the other (panopticon-like, as Weizman describes it), and transportation linkages such as elevated superhighways bisecting—and yet avoiding—the Palestinian territories in between and below, Weizman finds an insidious exercise of "sovereignty in three dimensions."

10 Richard Barnes Usually noted for his architectural photography, Barnes has lately cast his eye on a different architecture, the nineteenth-century art and science of animal skeletal display. He has spent much of the past year rummaging through archives and natural history museums, photographing forgotten, dusty "exploded view" anatomy constructions, tracking down the obscure purveyors (historical and current) of a lost art. Barnes's photographs, which will be exhibited at San Francisco's Hosfelt Gallery and Henry Urbach Architecture in New York in February, compellingly capture the strange fetishization and implicit materiality inherent in the aggregate collection of these natural-industrial totems. □



Isabelle Graw

Isabelle Graw, founding editor of *Texte zur Kunst*, is professor of art theory at the Städtelschule art academy in Frankfurt and cofounder of its new Institute for Art Criticism. She is the author of *Die bessere Hälfte* (The Better Half; Dumont, 2003), a study on twentieth-century women artists.

1. **Francis Picabia, *Tableau Rastadada*, 1920**, collage on paper, 7½ x 6¾".
2. **Jutta Koether, *Desire Is War*, 2003**. Installation view, Galerie Meerrettich, Berlin. Photo: Josef Strau.
3. **Giorgio Agamben, *Die kommende Gemeinschaft* (The Coming Community)** (Merve Verlag, 2003).
4. **Joseph McGinty Nichol, *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*, 2003**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 106 minutes. Natalie Cook (Cameron Diaz) and Madison Lee (Demi Moore).
5. **View of "Cosima von Bonin: Fat, Female, Forty, Fade," Galerie Neu, Berlin, 2003**.
6. **Madonna, *American Life*** (Warner Brothers, 2003).
7. **View of "Heimo Zobernig," K21 Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen, Düsseldorf, 2003**.
8. **Lars von Trier, *Dogville*, 2003**, still from a color DV film, 117 minutes. Grace (Nicole Kidman).
9. **Apartment, Berlin, 2003**.
10. **Miss Kittin**. Photo: Thierry van Dort.

1 Francis Picabia (Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris) For me, painting is interesting only if it shows an awareness of its own sheer meaninglessness and ridiculous claims. This well-curated exhibition demonstrated how Picabia not only reacted to the artistic conventions around him (Impressionism and Cubism, for instance) but also effectively changed their direction. The show's ambition was to present the "whole" Picabia, revealing how each of the artist's "turns" was about communicating with his peers as much as taking a unique position as a cultural producer. My favorite works are the mechanical drawings, which represent, as far as I know, the first reconciliation between automatism and expression.

2 Galerie Meerrettich (Berlin) Run by artist Josef Strau, the Galerie Meerrettich is housed in a small pavilion set next to the Volksbühne, the hippest theater in Berlin. Since its repurposing in late 2002 (the building was once the theater's ticket booth), many fine shows have been staged here, each engaging the space in unexpected ways. In January Josephine Pryde added a wall, on each side of which she hung a photograph of a multi-headed hen—a kind of exercise in anachronistic montage techniques. The hen seemed to stare at you, providing the space itself with an uncanny gaze. Jutta Koether's summer intervention was equally successful—the gallery was divided this time with curtains of gold and silver streamers, behind which hung a painting showing traces of a face with huge eyes. After the opening, Koether led us to the Royal Pawn Shop bar to hear the girl band Cobra Killer. The gig was intense (much red wine was poured) and very brief.

3 Giorgio Agamben, *Die kommende Gemeinschaft* (Merve Verlag) Published in English in 1993 under the title *The Coming Community* and issued just this year in German, this small book by Italy's most prominent contemporary philosopher offers a challenging reflection on a modus vivendi that accepts the fact that one is foreign to oneself (*Uneigentlichkeit*). In essence, the coming human being lacks

self-mastery. As artists are often expected to be in control, to produce a lot, and to "deliver" on time, it seems advisable to consider *not* mastering the situation and *not* delivering, and to integrate this stance into one's production.

4 Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle Without a doubt, the most "artsy" movie I've seen in a long time—every shot more extreme than the last, self-consciously over the top, making fun of its excessive effects, sometimes even betraying its rudimentary Photoshop techniques. Most unforgettable is the beachfront face-off between Demi Moore and Cameron Diaz, a battle between two historical types—the lonely fighter of the '80s who wears red lipstick (Moore) versus the contemporary "team player" girls who wear lip gloss. Both options present problems: The lonely fighter tends to overestimate her exceptionality, while the team-girls conform too much to neoliberal calls for "networking" and "flexibility."

5 Cosima von Bonin (Galerie Neu, Berlin) Entering the exhibition space, one found a sculpture consisting of two swinging doors that opened onto a kind of tiny, claustrophobic changing room often found in boutiques. This temporary construction commented not only on the boutique-like situation of many galleries but also on this space in particular, with its bright lights and shiny floor. When paintings are presented here, they tend to evaporate; not so with von Bonin's huge fabric works, which proved that an artist can pursue her own idiosyncratic language even under the glare of commerce.

6 Madonna, *American Life* (Warner Brothers) Possibly Madonna's most underestimated record. The German critics who called it boring overlooked at least three great songs: "Hollywood," "Mother and Father," and "I'm So Stupid," which experiments with neo-punk gestures. When Madonna sings "I," she makes it sound as annoying as egocentrism really is. Sure, she pulled the anti-Bush video from the MTV playlist at the last minute, and her make-over machine occasionally goes into overdrive, as with her recent Deitch Projects show or her

children's book. But my sympathy for Madonna is steadfast.

7 Heimo Zobernig (K21 Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen, Düsseldorf) Abandoning chronology, the third installment (after Vienna and Basel) of the Austrian artist's midcareer retrospective was the most successful. As always, Zobernig used what he found: in this case a set of wooden constructions left in the space from a previous Rodney Graham exhibition, which served as mounts for Zobernig's geometric paintings. Some elements of Zobernig's former installations were rearranged, others reconstructed—always in a playful way that signaled how different it all could have been.

8 Dogville No filmmaker since Hitchcock has illuminated his leading actress so well—Lars von Trier's Nicole Kidman is constantly aglow. With its Brechtian setup, *Dogville* is formally ambitious, visually exciting, and wonderfully scripted: a complex investigation into the fatal consequences of absolute devotion.

9 Apartment (Berlin) At the Prada and Gucci palaces on Berlin's Kudamm and Friedrichstrasse, you rarely see any customers. The reason is simple: Few Berliners can afford Prada or Gucci. Apartment, a boutique that reopened last summer in a new space in Berlin-Mitte, takes a different approach. From the outside, it looks like all the neighboring empty storefronts. There's no sign: Only a few designer names written on a white wall give it away. For fashionistas with a taste for the laid-back, this basement grotto is the place to be (if you can find it, that is).

10 Miss Kittin (Amnesia, Ibiza, Aug. 18) Invited by German techno veteran Sven Väth to his weekly "Cocoon Club," Geneva DJ Miss Kittin spun a set that was wide-ranging, precisely conceived, and infinitely surprising. Switching smoothly between different genres—electronica, techno, and Chicago house—and occasionally singing herself, Miss Kittin kept us dancing euphorically late into the night. □

Martin Herbert

A regular contributor to *Artforum*, Martin Herbert is a writer and critic based in Tunbridge Wells, Kent. He is currently researching the changing status and iconographic properties of artists' signatures. Photo: Rosalind Furness.

1. **Oliver Payne and Nick Relph, *Gentlemen*, 2003**, still from a color video, 25 minutes. 2. **Jane and Louise Wilson, *A Free and Anonymous Monument*, 2003**, installation view, BALTIC, Gateshead, England, 2003. Photo: Jerry Hardman-Jones. 3. **Martin Westwood, *Pressed Flower*, 2003**, acrylic on newsprint, vinyl stickers, and pins in walnut frame, 39 x 52". 4. **Milena Dragičević, *Reconstruction Isn't Easy*, 2002**, oil on linen, 47 1/4 x 63 3/4". 5. **Conrad Shawcross, *The Nervous Systems*, 2002**, installation view, Entwistle, London, 2003. 6. **Elmar Ludwig, *Butlin's Ayr, Lounge Bar and Indoor Heated Pool (Ground Level)*, ca. 1970**, color photograph. 7. **Ed Ruscha, *Ed Ruscha Says Goodbye to College Joys*, 1966**, offset lithograph, 10 1/2 x 10 1/2". Published as an advertisement in *Artforum*, January 1967. 8. **Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, *Exotourisme*, 2002**, still from a video and sound installation. From the Bienal de Valencia, 2003. 9. Top: **Hans Op de Beeck, *My Brother's Gardens*, 2003**, still from an animated video, 35 minutes. Bottom: **Janet Cardiff, *Forty Part Motet*, 2001**, installation view, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, 2003. 10. **Damien Hirst, *Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, 1994-2003***, installation view, White Cube, London. Photo: Harry Chambers.

1 Oliver Payne and Nick Relph, *Gentlemen* (Tate Britain, London) “You ain’t even impressed no more, you’re used to it,” raps Marshall Mathers. It’s getting that way with Payne and Relph, who predictably stomped their moribund neighbors in this year’s Tate Triennial Exhibition of Contemporary British Art. So, reality check. They may have bitten much style from Mark Leckey, Harmony Korine, and Charles Baudelaire, but *Gentlemen*, 2003—drifting footage of decrepit London toilets, sportive pigeons, and shimmering glitter, frosted with Morse-code bleeps and a voice-over that’s the bitterest, campiest bitch slap of default shallowness you’re likely to hear any time soon—was another instance of Payne and Relph saying, in effect, “It’s not like that, it’s like this,” and being absolutely correct.

2 Jane and Louise Wilson, *A Free and Anonymous Monument* (BALTIC, Gateshead, England) An almost comically effective deployment of video’s kinesthetic potential: Shown in a series of exploded chambers formed by projection screens hung horizontally and vertically, the Wilsons’ footage of decrepit modernist relics like Victor Pasmore’s Apollo Pavilion (1963–70); a North Sea oil rig; and gleaming, space-age silicon-chip factories wasn’t exactly there to be looked at. What mattered was the artists’ constant Steadicam panning and tracking over these man-made environments so that pasts and futures—specifically those of the Northeast of England—moved in your peripheral vision like the pistons of some giant, inexorable machine.

3 Martin Westwood (The Approach, London) The subjects of Westwood’s collages (suited-up gents shaking hands, drones shuffling maple leaves on glass-topped tables, and unlikely frissons between men and shop girls) could almost have been pulled from corporate brochures. His aesthetic, though, is something else: Figures are complexly spray-painted, via stencils, onto layers of paper, themselves X-Acto-knifed into explosive, overlapping floral designs and held onto bulletin boards by pretty sprays of colorful map pins. There’s a latent critique of big business in this fragile facture, but Westwood seems interested mostly in reflecting romance’s potential to

manifest itself, like dandelions bursting through cracked pavements, in the unlikeliest places.

4 Milena Dragičević, *Reconstruction Isn't Easy* (IBID Projects, London) There’s probably a straightforward reason why Dragičević painted this chalky, almost illustrational image of a blond accordionist (chiseled chin, Alice band, lascivious glint in the eye) who suggests Rutger Hauer in drag and whose enigmatic presence is reflected in a mirror: something to do with Eastern European folk traditions gone schizoid under capitalism, perhaps. But if you know, don’t tell me—I’d prefer Mrs. Hauer to continue disturbing my dreams.

5 Conrad Shawcross (Entwistle, London) When not driving around London in a Ford Capri fitted with external hooks for catching airborne souls, this class-of-'01 Slade MFA makes works such as those in his extraordinarily confident debut: Including a room-filling loom that slowly created a length of multicolored yarn twisted into the form of a double helix (the slow generation of DNA’s form was intended, according to the artist, to represent the shape of time), “The Nervous Systems” heralded the arrival of a geek-art wunderkind who lacks the embarrassment gene.

6 “Our True Intent Is All for Your Delight: The John Hinde Butlin’s Photographs” (Photographers’ Gallery, London) These photographs, taken by commercial photographers (the Dublin-based John Hinde Studio) in the 1960s and ’70s to be turned into gaudy postcards publicizing Butlin’s, the UK’s best-known holiday camp, were here blown up to gallery scale at the behest of photographer Martin Parr and clearly revealed the cracks in the forced-entertainment center’s shiny facade: Views of parents gulping down martinis in the bar while miserable nurses chased their feral offspring around the rumpus room said it all. Wallow in kitsch decor and then progress to the black heart of these images for a swift erasure of any lingering nostalgia for repressed Old Blighty.

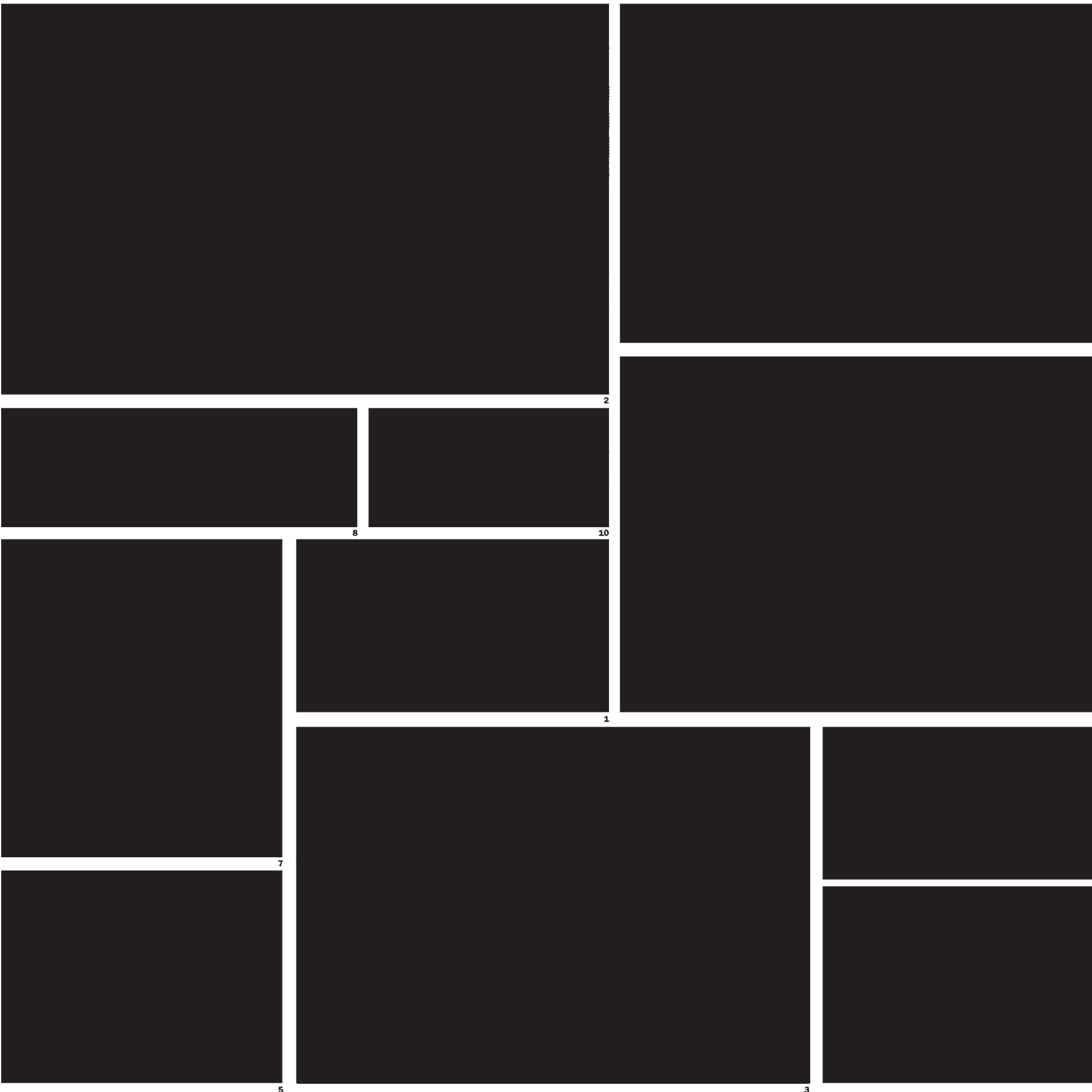
7 “Extra Art” (ICA, London) Subtitled “A Survey of Artists’ Ephemera” and mostly comprising lovingly preserved private-view cards and

mail art from 1960 to 1999, Steven Leiber’s pet project wasn’t just an oblique retrospect of all our yesterdays; its model of transubstantiation was also a damn good excuse for me not to clear out my loft: Post-“Extra Art,” hapless hoarders were suddenly *archivists*. Don’t touch that trunk!

8 Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster Name any biennale and, if Gonzalez-Foerster is in it, you know you’re guaranteed at least one oasis of ambient intelligence. At Lyon and Valencia this year, her enveloping installations—computer-generated flash-forwards into a world of stuttering pinprick lights, butterfly-flutter electronica, and abstract shapes arcing across boundless space—appeared just when the jostling for attention of so many strident practices was melting my brain and, for all their posthuman caveats, went down like crushed-ice margaritas. If I was supposed to be thinking about relational aesthetics, I can only apologize.

9 Janet Cardiff, *Forty Part Motet* (Whitechapel Art Gallery, London) and **Hans Op de Beeck, *My Brother's Gardens*** (Hales Gallery, London) Typical. You wait years for *one* artwork that acts as a handmaiden to Thomas Tallis’s lapidary sixteenth-century chorale *Spem in Alium*—and then two come along in short succession. Cardiff’s widely shown piece from 2001 (which finally arrived in London) enclosed the viewer/listener within a magic circle of loudspeakers, each dedicated to one chorister, and conjured an uncanny, spectral ensemble; Belgian melancholic Op de Beeck used the same music to elevate the animated centerpiece—130 cross-fading drawings featuring ornamental gardens—of his opiated but aching 2003 video *My Brother's Gardens*. Each was uniquely deliquescent, although the English composer’s shade might well query the billing.

10 Damien Hirst (White Cube, London) Solely for the art-megastar fringe benefits: Private view like a free festival; the first instance I’ve seen (though maybe I don’t get out enough) of a commercial gallery selling *posters* of the show; and a sign outside a bar around the corner from White Cube asking, “Got a Damien Thirst?” □



Bruce Hainley

Los Angeles-based *Artforum* contributing editor Bruce Hainley teaches in the masters of fine arts program at Art Center College of Design, Pasadena, CA. *Art—A Sex Book*, his collaboration with John Waters, was published by Thames & Hudson in October.

1. **Philip Guston, *Untitled (Head)*, 1980**, acrylic and ink on paper, 20 x 30".
2. **Larry Clark, *"Tiffany . . . ooooooh you're cute!" (Spread of Tiffany for CHEAP DATE)*, 2002**, color photograph, 13 x 19½".
3. **Maureen Gallace, *Lake House*, 2002**, oil on linen, 10 x 10".
4. **The cast of *The O.C.*, 2003**.
5. **Lisa Lapinski and Catherine Sullivan, *Speech Model from "The Flies"*, 2003**. Installation view, Galerie Mezzanin, Vienna.
6. **Katie Grinnan, *Jackpot Guitar (detail)*, 2003**, mixed media, 9" x 11" x 12" x 4".
7. Left: **Tomma Abts, *Obbe*, 2003**, acrylic and oil on canvas, 15 x 18½". Right: **Mamie Holst, *Landscape Before Dying (Fated #2)*, 2003**, acrylic on canvas, 23 x 23".
8. **Frederick Seidel, *The Cosmos Trilogy*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2003).
9. **Outkast, *"Hey Ya!"*, 2003**, still from a music video by Bryan Barber.
10. Left: **Sherrie Levine, *Repetition and Difference*, 2002**, black glass, 6½ x 3½ x 2½"; cast bronze, 6½ x 3½ x 2½". Right: **John Tremblay, *Wizards of Krylon*, 2002**, acrylic and paint pen on canvas, 66 x 88".

Philip Guston (San Francisco Museum of Modern Art) A lot of what got me excited this year annoyed many. Most. Almost everyone. (E.g., Liz Phair's *Liz Phair*, which is a totally great CD and, not taking away any of its heart, I'd argue, a conceptual project that posits: What songs should today's pop stars sing? Imagine sappy John Mayer crooning Phair's "H.W.C.") But let me start with something unimpeachably killer: the Guston retrospective, elegantly, brilliantly curated by Michael Auping (of the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, where the show originated)—thorough but not tiring, and organized to reveal a heretofore almost unthinkable career-long continuity. Some critics wondered how Guston would rank against the heavy hitters (Pollock, Rothko, de Kooning, etc.). They found out: Unfathomably sad, joyous, ugly, and rapturous, Guston's as good as it gets.

Larry Clark, *punk Picasso* (AKA Editions in association with Roth Horowitz) Yikes, the Luhring Augustine show took such a beating. Why? Was it because Clark displayed too large a range of emotions, drives, and desires—from braggadocio, self-centeredness, and suicidal, drug-induced derangement to intense, pseudoexploitative voyeurism, rank humor, and a willingness to be wrong, tendered with, well, flashes of love (i.e., family values)—for aesthetic comfort? Fuck, that's in the job description of any artist worth his or her salt. One of the first texts in his astounding and fittingly dark, American book, on which much of the show was based, puts it this way, paraphrasing William Blake: "Better to strangle the infant in the crib than nurse unacted desires." Clark has been and remains one of the few artists to explore what such a radical idea might look like. The result's not pretty or safe or easy or kind, but then culture isn't Sunday school.

Maureen Gallace (Dallas Museum of Art; 303 Gallery, New York; Maureen Paley Interim Art, London) So much contemporary painting looks silly compared with Gallace's. In her first museum survey and two of the most bracing gallery shows of the year, she provided moody, heartbreaking wonder, as if Morandi and Bill

Owens had collaborated to make works freaked with psychic turmoil but even more with solace.

The *O.C.* (Fox) Ryan Atwood (beefy, sleepy-eyed Benjamin McKenzie), the kid from the wrong side of the tracks, is taken home by public defender Sandy Cohen (Peter Gallagher in the role of his career) to live in an ocean-view mansion built by Cohen's real-estate tycoon wife, Kirsten (Kelly Rowan). Ryan gets to live in the pool house and have an adorable, wise-cracking, slim-hipped, skateboarding brother, Seth (fetching Adam Brody). I won't even get into the quasi-incestuous homoerotics of it all; I can only hope it continues to live up to its Douglas Sirk-on-ecstasy promise.

Lisa Lapinski (Galerie Mezzanin, Vienna; Richard Telles Fine Art, Los Angeles) The Vienna show was billed as a collaboration between sculptor Lapinski and fawned-over video artist Catherine Sullivan (whose ersatz Brechtianism is in dire need of help from Allan Carr, if he can be summoned from his shallow grave, or at least from Wade Robson), but it was more like a two-person show. Lapinski's work highlighted that she's the one who's generous with her brilliance, providing new thought about what sculpture might be. Vienna was merely the warm-up for her LA solo return engagement. Like some distant relative of Wittgenstein, Hélio Oiticica, and a less metallic Cady Noland, Lapinski arranges objects sometimes made of plaster, resin, wood, and glass, along with glitter and silk screens (not to mention tautologies and diagrammatic portraiture), which baffle and then—happily, melancholically—move one to tears.

Katie Grinnan (ACME, Los Angeles; The Project, Los Angeles) Trippy, haunted, and weird, with photography as its fundament, Grinnan's second solo show pushed her concerns of photographic and actual spatiality to richer, trickier ends. She then went on to take the prize in a lovely group show, curated by Katie Brennan, at the Project, with a huge, wacky sculptural affair that used a guitar as its inspiration and became something cyclonic, a white vortex where sound shaped space.

Tomma Abts (The Wrong Gallery, New York) and Mamie Holst (Feature Inc., New York) Knockouts. I marvel at Abts's paintings' sculptural subtlety and dazzling play of color; it's super to see a single picture hanging in New York's most inescapable gallery. Holst gazed into the void in black, gray, and white paint on boxy canvases. I'm convinced Abts and Holst explore the same vortices and quietudes and appear so different only because of lineage, as though the former had studied with Anni Albers and the latter with Forrest Bess.

Frederick Seidel, *The Cosmos Trilogy* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) It would be too easy to call him our Dante, although certainly this trilogy amounts to his *Divine Comedy*, but run backward, ending in hell. He's one of the greatest poets working anywhere—his *Cosmos* is as delicately virulent, brutal, and cinematically prepossessing as Gaspar Noé's *Irreversible*, but *in writing*.

Outkast, "Hey Ya!" (video by Bryan Barber) Note the video by Barber for Andre 3000's first single, "Hey Ya!," particularly the lawn jockey-attired backup trio, the Love Haters, played, like everyone else in the Beatles-on-Ed Sullivan-inspired band, by Dre himself. Need I even mention how much smarter Barber's work is compared with most art video, how it offers a potent reminder that an acknowledgment and a critique of history don't have to preclude glee, which is the unadulterated mood and sound of this entire glorious spectacle?

John Tremblay (Paula Cooper Gallery, New York) and Sherrie Levine (Paula Cooper Gallery; Skarstedt Fine Art, New York) Tremblay's "squircles" of silver and fluorescent colors hum beautifully; it's as if Steve Reich made pop songs with paint. Levine showed her great big "Knot" paintings and a suite of shiny skulls, in addition to an eye-popping survey of early paintings uptown at Skarstedt. But it was her four sculptures in brassy bronze, crystal, and black glass that thrilled me most: a Disneyish dwarf—Happy?—not quite the same four times, the two pairs called *Avant-Garde and Kitsch* and *Repetition and Difference*. Well, exactly. □

TOPTEN 2004

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TOP TEN

Banks Violette

Banks Violette is a Brooklyn-based artist. His work will be on view this spring in the 2004 Whitney Biennial and at Team Gallery, New York.

1 THEODOR KITTELSEN Little known outside his native Norway (except to fans of some of the more delinquent Norwegian bands that constantly recirculate his work on their album covers), Kittelsen (1857–1914) blended Germanic pictorial romanticism with the near psychedelia of English illustrator Arthur Rackham. Of particular note is his 1896 book *The Black Death*, which stitches together the historical event of the plague and folklore, its visuals sliding around some uneasy place between the innocence of children’s book illustration and the sublime austerity of Caspar David Friedrich. Really great, really weird stuff—and hard to find. I’ve been trying to locate a catalogue of Kittelsen’s work with zero luck, so if anyone out there has a lead, please help.

2 THE NO TEXTS 1979–2003 (Abaton Book Company, 2003) A perfect analogue to Steven Parrino’s practice, this collection of the artist’s texts rambles, breaks, and re-forms with the same discipline evinced in his work. Jerking from Beat-poetry cadence to song lyrics and quotes culled from art criticism, Parrino points to the disaster at the center of his project. Featured at the book release were girls dressed like vampires; try to find a copy where the all-black pages in the center of the book have fang marks.

3 DARKTHRONE, HATE THEM (Moonfog, 2003) Not many people are fans of Kabuki-painted Vikings shrieking about the grim North, but Darkthrone veers far enough into the weird to make them worth listening to. While most Black Metal is collapsing under elaborate orchestration and unfortunate ideological positions, Darkthrone still manages to give snow a sound track. This CD has every quality that made the genre so fantastic in the first place: static voices, wasp-in-a-bottle guitars, and drums that deny anything resembling rhythm.

4 ROBERT SMITHSON: LEARNING FROM NEW JERSEY AND ELSEWHERE (MIT Press, 2002) Art historian Ann Morris Reynolds reads Smithson’s

practice not from a neutral institutional remove but instead through the lens of the social/cultural events of his time; in the end, Smithson comes out more relevant than ever. One hopes this will be just the first of many Smithson titles to be released in conjunction with curator Eugenie Tsai’s retrospective, which, when it finally travels to the Whitney, should go far toward healing the heartbreak of not having received the Eva Hesse retrospective.

5 THE DEVIL IN THE WHITE CITY: MURDER, MAGIC, AND MADNESS AT THE FAIR THAT CHANGED AMERICA (Crown Publishers, 2003) In 1893 the Chicago World’s Fair, an unprecedented spectacle directed by architect Daniel Hudson Burnham, opened to the public. At the same moment, one Henry H. Holmes began advertising rooms in a hotel he had built close to the fairgrounds. But Holmes wasn’t interested in making a profit; he used the fair as a lure and a cover, murdering young women guests in his “murder palace.” Author Erik Larson renders a fascinating account of public and private fantasy in architectural terms: On one hand there’s the template on which Disney was built (Walt’s dad worked for the fair), and on the other, a parasitic, pathological, though equally grand ambition.

6 SUE DE BEER, THE DARK HEARTS, 2003 Anyone familiar with de Beer’s work will watch her latest video with a certain anticipation that at any moment the narrative is going to take a terrible turn. But here de Beer leaves her usual darkness behind to consider a more everyday kind of horror: adolescent awkwardness on the occasion of the first kiss. With her claustrophobic mapping of the details of teen consumerism—spiked belts, Hello Kitty radios—and an ambience provided by videogame sound tracks and B-movie stage sets, de Beer avoids critical sterility in favor of a weirdly poignant take on the whole sweaty-palmed event.

7 PEARSON’S TEXAS BBQ, JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS While true North Carolina-style barbecue is impossible to find in New York, Pearson’s (despite its name) does a fair imitation. And the neighborhood’s polyglot cosmopolitanism (the three-block walk from the 7 train takes you past Korean evangelical ministries and Bollywood theaters) is a perfect reminder of the regional specificity of a good pork shoulder.

8 RETURN OF ’ZINE CULTURE Sure, websites offer speed and economy, but there’s no replacement for material evidence when it comes to other people’s enthusiasms. While Kinko’s samizdat seems bound to nostalgia, some new efforts dodge the “remember when” bullet. Brian Sholis’s *Why We Should Talk About ___*, love letters to artists he thinks should be better recognized; Adam Putnam’s *Into the Abyss*, essays and art relating to sex and landscape; Trinie Dalton’s *Touch of Class*, an LSD-inflected ode to unicorns; and Casey McKinney’s teen travelogue *Mall Punk* are all worth tracking down.

9 JAMES ROSENQUIST, HORIZON HOME SWEET HOME, 1970/2003 Rosenquist’s room-size environment of near-monochrome paintings, Mylar, and dry-ice fog, originally made in 1970 and recreated in Chelsea (under the auspices of Robert Miller Gallery, New York, and Bernard Jacobson Gallery, London) to accompany the Guggenheim’s retrospective, took Stella’s implied theatricality and accelerated it to hysterical dimension and pitch. Imagine the Rothko Chapel reworked as a secular wallow in pure affect.



10 GERTRUDE M. JONES An obituary published in *The Times-Picayune* on October 2, 2003: “Word has been received that Gertrude M. Jones, 81, passed away on August 25, 2003, under the loving care of the nursing aides of Heritage Manor of Mandeville, Louisiana. She was a native of Lebanon, KY. She was a retired Vice President of Georgia International Life Insurance Company of Atlanta, GA. Her husband, Warren K. Jones predeceased her. Two daughters survive her: Dawn Hunt and her live-in boyfriend, Roland, of Mandeville, LA; and Melba Kovalak and her husband, Drew Kovalak, of Woodbury, MN. Three sisters, four grandchildren and three great grandchildren, also survive her. Funeral services were held in Louisville, KY. Memorial gifts may be made to any organization that seeks the removal of President George Bush from office.” I miss her already. □

Clockwise from left: Theodor Kittlesen, *Fattigmannen* (Tired Man), 1894-95. From *The Black Death*, 1986. Darkthrone (Nocturno Culto and Fenriz) in Norway, 2003. James Rosenquist, *Horizon Home Sweet Home*, 1970/2003. Installation view Robert Miller Gallery Temporary Annex, New York, 2003. Photo of Banks Violette: Aissa Bennett.

TOP TEN

Kori Newkirk

The work of Los Angeles–based artist Kori Newkirk can be seen in solo shows at the Fabric Workshop and Museum, Philadelphia (through mid-February) and the Museum of Contemporary Art Cleveland (opening February 27).

1 SKID ROW ADJACENT I’ve inhabited the same old-school live/work space in downtown LA since 1997. The neighborhood feels like a real city: grandmotherly prostitutes, bustling drug trade, supersize homeless population, and long-forgotten beautiful buildings—all right in the shadow of cultural landmarks like the new Walt Disney Concert Hall and moCA. Lately things are changing. Classic “artist lofts” are popping up all over the place, offering such traditional artist trappings as satellite TV, high-speed Internet connections, rooftop pools, and exposed brick! All priced way above and beyond the wallets of most artists I know. What a feeling to know that while what I do is of no great importance to the general population, how I live is. Kind of nice to be so invisible and so desired at the same time.

2 DEMETER FRAGRANCES Sometimes smelling good is important to me. Demeter Fragrance Library—known for its “cutting edge” scents ranging from the normal, like Rose, to the more interesting Crust of Bread, Funeral Home, and Riding Crop—has come to my rescue more than once. My lifestyle choice has been addressed as well. I’m stocked up on Turpentine and Saw Dust, so now I can not only look like an artist but smell like one, too.

3 CHANTAL AKERMAN I don’t see a lot of films, and when I do, I always feel there are better ways to spend time in a dark room. But I’m really looking forward to the upcoming Chantal Akerman retrospective put on by REDCAT and the UCLA Film

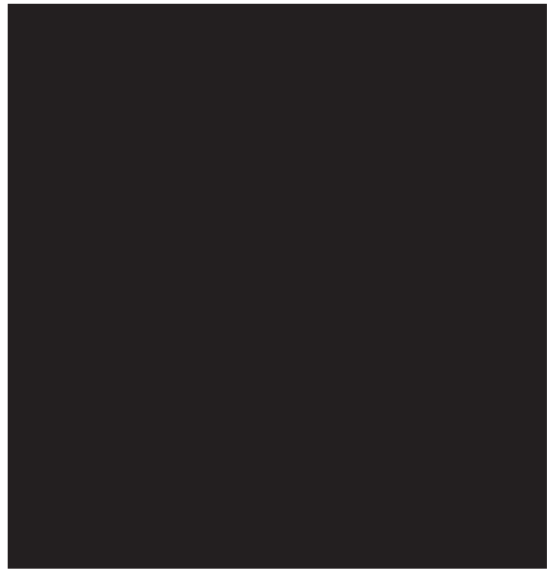
and Television Archive next month. Her *From the Other Side* (2002), shown at Documenta 11, had me captivated as soon as I walked into the room.

4 “RUNNING (DYING TO LIVE)” Forget about milk shakes (sorry, Kelis) and such nonsense, this single from the *Tupac: Resurrection* sound track, which brings together my East Coast foundations with my West Coast adopted home, has me groovin’. A stroke of genius by the producer (Eminem) to bring two holy ghosts (Tupac and Notorious B.I.G.) together on one track. With the sped-up sample of “Dying to Live” by Edgar Winters (representing the father), Em steps up as the son in this almost (un)holy lineup.

5 SCULPTURE OF THE PEOPLE I don’t always like the idea of People, but I sometimes like what they can do. For the past few years a friend and I have been taking informal tours of the local Big Box stores around holiday time. Our goal is to check out the aisles of seasonal merchandise, not to buy anything, of course, but to see the remnants of shoppers’ feeding frenzies and how they’re displayed, or rather exhibited: nothing on the shelves, everything on the floor. Formally and conceptually very strong, this is some of the best scatter art on earth.

6 TRIO Who really has time to tape everything you want to see on TV, much less watch it? Thanks to the historical and hysterical cable channel TRIO (“Pop, Culture, TV”), I don’t have to regret missing a thing. Best recent rebroadcasts: the 1984 Miss America pageant, probably the last one I really watched—big hair, really bad musical numbers, Gary Collins singing, and, of course, the notorious advent of Vanessa Williams—and *The PJ’s*, the underrated and brilliant animated show that melds foam and poverty into a twenty-two-minute slice of government cheese. Well worth my monthly bill.

7 BELT IT OUT Since my mouth seems to work faster than my brain at times, I’m a big fan of non-verbal communication. I often rely on my favorite accessory of the moment: a name belt buckle. I don’t have my name on there, but I am able to project what I’m thinking or feeling while keeping my pants up. (Imagination being limited only by the size of your waist.) Currently I wear one that simply states MEAN; that’s because the ANGRY one cracked.



I also like to sport BROKE and PAID, dependent on the situation at hand.

8 AMERICAN IDOL I’ve been tone-deaf since elementary school; there’s no shame in my game, but my singing is best left to the confines of home and car—with the windows rolled up tight. So as we gear up for the third season of *American Idol* on Fox, my weeknights are spoken for as I sit and watch others reach for *their* dreams. The best part



is the audition, for the sheer bravado and audacity that these singing and dancing kids display. There are no Winter Olympics this year, and Michael Jackson is boring, so where else can we see bodies and ambitions so delectably betray their owners?

9 AUGUSTO DI STEFANO The paintings of Augusto Di Stefano fill me with painting envy. His delicate AbEx moments floating on expansive fields of color are lonely, desolate, and stunning. Take a trip to his native Texas, outside of which his work is rarely seen, and see for yourself. They get me every time.

10 CASHMERE JOCKSTRAPS Nuff said.

Clockwise from top right: Belt buckles from the artist’s personal collection. Augusto Di Stefano, *Untitled (Adaption)* (detail), 2002, oil on canvas, 108 x 84” Vanessa Williams and Gary Collins at the Miss America Pageant, Atlantic City NJ, 1984. Chantal Akerman, *From the Other Side* (2002). Installation view, Documenta 11, Kassel 2002. Photo: Arendt/artdoc.de. Dirt, from the Demo Fragrance Library.

TOP TEN

Trisha Donnelly

Trisha Donnelly is a California-based artist. Her solo show at Casey Kaplan, New York, will open this fall.

1 DAAN VAN GOLDEN After seeing this Dutch artist’s work for the first time at last year’s Lyon Biennale I got totally wonderlost. So when I found the museum bookstore (and the planet), I immediately bought a catalogue, which included his work from the ’60s to today. At once dignified and psychedelic, van Golden’s paintings are often based on minute photographic forms and classical textiles. In one, he takes a snowy, pixelated outline (derived from multiple Xeroxes of the photo of a parakeet that Matisse used in his late collages) and cradles it in sky blue. Photographs of his daughter between the ages of one and eighteen are lovingly portrayed, curiously layered documents of youth. Within every photograph there is a quiet oddity, and out of each painting grows a form—elaborate and strangely pure of insistence.* Though difficult to locate (van Golden doesn’t show in the US because he has an aversion to shipping—perfect), the more I see of van Golden’s work, the more radical it becomes.

2 ON A TUESDAY* Read Knut Hamsun’s apologia, *On Overgrown Paths*. Then watch the new DVD release of the 1966 Japanese film *The Pornographers*.

3 MINIATURE MAGAZINES Small magazines are so lovely. It looks as if the reader grew after buying one. If *Teen Vogue* is smaller, does that mean that teenage girls are bigger? Taller? Are they rapidly growing to an infinite and disorderly size? I think *The Economist* should be next.

4 THE LIVES OF MEN Shannon Ebner’s *MLK, Double-Horizon*, 2003, is a photograph of a giant, white cutout number “74” (the age Martin Luther King Jr. would have been last year) set on a hilltop against an expanse of California sky. Jason Dodge’s *The Disappearance of Samuel Paley*, 2003 (a sculpture in honor of a park that is in honor of a man named Samuel Paley), comprising thin aluminum rods hung

from ceiling to floor, breaks surrounding walls into slivers to make hairline fractures in space. Each of these works suggests a parallel-universe reincarnation: one of a man who today exists for us most fully as an idea; the other of a monument to an idea of a man.

5 IL FANTASTICO VIAGGIO DEL “BAGAROSSO” MARK Goblin (the Italian rock group who scored most of Dario Argento’s films) recorded this epiphany of an album in 1978. Until the recent US rerelease, it could only be found abroad—and for quite a price. Massimo Morante’s vocals, hung over winding staircases of organ and electric guitar, fluctuate between a seductive gothic whisper and a “this is when the confetti explosions go off behind me” scream. The album’s plot could easily be misinterpreted as the transformation of a young

man—Mark—into a space bug, but, Goblin (in hindsight, of course) claim this is their “just say no to drugs” album.

6 IN THE GLOAMING Adam Putnam’s “Magic Lantern” series (on view last month at Artists Space in New York) reminds me of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu’s 1851 tale “The Familiar,” in which a man is tormented by a delphic paranormal character that he alone can sense in seemingly empty streets, empty rooms, and dark corners. Le Fanu uses merely a shadow of a presence, lightly drawn and nebulous, to haunt the main character into cataleptic death. With his “Magic Lanterns” Putnam reverses

Le Fanu’s sleight of hand: The looming presence takes the form of an empty room. In his odd, architecturally detailed projections, spaces quiver unnervingly with the movement of the silent candlelight that fuels them.

7 BRUNO SERRALONGUE, CORÉE (KOREA), 2001 Fantastical, sad, at times funny, this piece recounts the story of three Korean auto workers who trek from Korea to France and Switzerland to extradite their embezzling fugitive boss. Consisting of found and gathered texts and interviews and corresponding photographs (which Serralongue slightly tweaks)—all assembled by the artist in Korea and France from 1982 to 2001—

Corée shifts gracefully into and out of literature, speculation, and documentary, vastly expanding the idea of the modern chronicle.

8 “MILKY WHITE WAY” Glory falls down from the stars in the Trumpeteers’ version of this joyful deathbed song.* Recorded in 1947 by the radio-era southern black gospel group; now digitally remastered for the encyclopedic *Goodbye, Babylon* box set (Dust-to-Digital, 2003). I push play. I listen. I rewind then repeat. Then repeat. Then repeat.

9 “MULTIPLIED ENJOYMENT OF THE MOMENT” That’s the intention of Michael S. Riedel and Dennis Loesch, directors of Oskar-von-Miller Strasse 16, who have taken blatant piracy and appropriation for a short walk. Oskar is a space not far from the Portikus gallery in Frankfurt; for four years, Riedel and Loesch have been re-creating Portikus’s exhibitions, transforming the knockoff into a one-of. (Jim Isermann’s white-dotted floors at Portikus became Oskar’s “Isermann” floor scattered with white balloons. . . . On another occasion, the pair sent two men to stand very close behind Gilbert & George and echo their gestures for the entire evening of the artists’ opening.) Riedel and Loesch also staged a Who* concert where, while playing a Who record, they merely stood onstage with their instruments, starting into space. They prefer the Lambretta to the Vespa. If you know what that means you’ll know what they mean.**



10 SPIRIT LOST AND FOUND When the Mars rover lost contact with ground control, it broke the hearts of hundreds of scientists. I like to think that the *Spirit* found its way into a crevice somewhere on that vast, dry planet. Inside: Sturtevant’s Stella *La Paloma* and, leaning softly against the cavern wall, John McCracken’s* sculpture *Mars*. *Spirit* wasn’t lost; it just didn’t want to leave that weirding place, so it shut its radio off. □

* See page 202.

Clockwise from top: Goblin, *Il fantastico viaggio del “bagarosso” Mark*, 1978. Michael S. Riedel and Dennis Loesch, *Jim Isermann*, 2000. Installation view, Oskar-von-Miller Strasse 16, Frankfurt, 2000. Photo: Alina V. Grumiller. Daan van Golden, *Study HM*, 2003, oil on canvas, 74¼x 47¼”.

Kelley Walker

New York–based artist Kelley Walker’s work can be seen in a two-person show with Wade Guyton at Midway Contemporary Art, St. Paul, MN, next month.

1 POWER, CORRUPTION & LIES Peter Saville’s cover of New Order’s 1983 album is a tailored design of austere juxtaposition(s). Both modern and assertive, Saville’s style relies on his investment in strategies developed by Constructivists, Situationists, and other avant-gardes. Here and elsewhere, he employs these conventions commercially for the sake of visual pleasure while deflating their suspect utopian impulses, achieving an unprecedented degree of dissemination and influence.

2 THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, 2003 Commercial director Marcus Nispel’s debut film, a contemporary remake of the cult classic directed by Tobe Hooper in 1974, feels perfect. Nispel sets his version in 1974 and uses the same cinematographer to create a pure, pleasurable, and nostalgic celluloid surface. Terrifying and exhausting.

3 SETH PRICE, DISPERSION (2003) Price’s eccentrically designed and illustrated treatise on media, distribution, and the future status of the work of art is both precise and open-ended. Taking up examples that range from Marcel Broodthaers and Dan Graham to Linux, Alexander Kluge, and the Daniel Pearl video, Price forges a complex and prophetic art history, even as he appropriates and recasts the traditional roles of writer and designer. “Suppose an artist were to release the work directly into a system that depends on reproduction and distribution for its sustenance, a model that encourages contamination, borrowing, stealing, and horizontal blur? The art system usually corrals errant works, but how could it recoup thousands of freely circulating paperbacks?”—Seth Price

4 JOSH SMITH Smith’s first New York solo show, at Volume, the Chelsea book-art gallery, consisted of many staple-bound books and a few paintings. Hand-generated spontaneous gestures, graphics, and most often the name “Josh Smith” are inverted via Xeroxing and converted into a mediated equivalent. Far from the pervasive psychedelia du jour, Smith’s compulsively photocopied, self-archiving, processed and degraded drawings anthologize a black-and-white, conceptual psychedelic experience.

5 YEAR Founded by artists Ellie Ga, Bryan Savitz, and Meredyth Sparks, this six-month-old temporary project space at 88 Front Street in DUMBO offers a space for experimentation and is open to proposals from artists and curators alike. This spring, look for shows of work by Ian Burns, Nate Lowman, and Jenny Vogel. July will bring a “monthlong art orgy,” according to Sparks: The intrepid trio are inviting as many artists as possible to join in “collaborative experimentation” during what’s tentatively slated to be their final month.

6 CONTINUOUS PROJECT In just one year this newly formed collective has reprinted the first issues of Willoughby Sharp and Liza Bear’s *Avalanche* (1970), Monika Sprüth’s *Eau de Cologne* (1985), and, especially perverse, Muammar Qaddafi’s collected parables, *Escape to Hell*, the first in their “Dictator Series.” They’re also reviving the Dutch newsletter *Art & Project Bulletin*, now with new projects by contemporary artists and writers. This is not simply retro fascination: Continuous Project transport whole historical documents, inverting time, funneling the past into the present via facsimile.

7 ROBERT WATTS Unique in his exploration of art’s relation to commodity, Watts (1923–88) moved comfortably between Fluxus, Conceptual, and Pop practice, fueling a diverse and inventive body of work. Little has been written about his oeuvre, but *Experiments in the Everyday: Allan Kaprow and Robert Watts—Events, Objects, Documents*, edited by Benjamin H.D. Buchloh and Judith F. Rodenbeck and produced in 1999 to accompany an exhibition of the same title, offers something of a mini-retrospective. Works included: three wooden boxes/caskets in the shape of the stuffed animals they contain (*For Alice*, 1965), a Plexiglas pyramid housing six autographed baseballs (*Signature Baseballs*, 1968–71), and Lichtenstein’s signature in neon (*R.F. Lichtenstein Signature*, 1975).

8



9 KEITH MAYERSON, “HAMLET 1999” A cycle of some one hundred paintings and drawings, Mayerson’s Shakespearean science fiction stars a small stable of actors—Keanu Reeves and River Phoenix, among others—who represent what the artist refers to as the “new Hollywood masculinity.” These males are seduced rather than seducers, ball catchers instead of pitchers. Using murky, hallucinogenic colors and shifting resolutions, Mayerson actualizes a catholic range of painterly techniques. The synesthetic portraits, landscapes, and abstractions of “Hamlet 1999” evoke a stained-glass environment, an optical and intimate space devoid of cynicism and of pastiche.

10 THE DREAMERS Bernardo Bertolucci’s latest effort finds a beautiful productivity in the student riots of May 1968. Bringing together three cinephiles—Matthew, an American exchange student who is dodging the Vietnam War, and

French twins Isabelle and Theo—Bertolucci relies on filmic cultural clichés to describe his characters and events: Matthew slips into a James Dean persona, while the twins exhume their own French cinematic counterparts. Left alone in the twins’ parents’ apartment, the cinephiles engage in narcissism, debauchery, and philosophical condemnation of authority. Insulated from the struggle developing outside, they are suddenly jolted when a paving stone thrown by a protester in the street crashes through the apartment window, bringing the turmoil inside. Bertolucci interposes documentary footage of the uprising, creating an intricately layered fiction that ends by locating the theater itself as a site of violence and disaster: As the camera is placed in the very heart of the protest, the screen fills with overturned cars, assault police in riot gear, and exploding Molotov cocktails. Completely unapologetic and deeply illuminating of the difficulty the ‘60s pose for cultural interpretation. □

Clockwise from top right: **Keith Mayerson, Neo, 2003**, oil on linen, 14 x 34”. **Cover of Continuous Project #3: Escape to Hell, 2004.** **Robert Watts, Chrome Swiss Cheese, 1964**, chrome, 3 x 6 x ½”. **New Order, Power, Corruption & Lies, 1983.** Cover design by Peter Saville.

Miranda July

Los Angeles–based artist, writer, and performer Miranda July is currently making a feature film set for release next year. Her multimedia project Learning to Love You More is included in the 2004 Whitney Biennial and is ongoing at learningtoloveyoumore.com.

1 SKY DANCERS It took a lot of Web searching to discover their official name: Sky Dancers (not to be confused with the flying doll of the same name, recalled for lacerating children’s faces). What I’m talking about are those huge, air-filled promotional figures whose arms wave above their heads like they’re eternally tormented spirits. Their desperate, needy flailing either infuriates me or moves me to tears depending on how I’m feeling about us, the people of Los Angeles, whose souls I’m sure these are.

2 THE GIRLS GUITAR CLUB Mary Lynn Rajsclub (*Punch-Drunk Love*, the TV show 24) and Karen Kilgariff (*Mr. Show*) are the Girls Guitar Club, a “band” that is also a live comedy act and also a movie (dir. Ruben Fleischer) you can watch at www.ruben.fm/ggc.html. If your demographic doesn’t precisely overlap with mine, then you might not think this loving parody of girl empowerment is as incredibly hilarious as I do, and I really do. Mary Lynn Rajsclub should be in everything.



3 WWW.GROUPHUG.US A random sampling from this disturbingly addictive confessional website: “Everyone thinks I’ve been a vegetarian for the past 8 years, but I’m not. In fact I really love meat and can’t get enough of it.” “I peed in my very expensive, silk pants yesterday, so I just splashed some talc powder on the crotch and am wearing them again today.” “I like to refrain from holding on to the handholds on the subway, then when a sharp curve or bump comes I pretend to lose my balance and fall into somebody else. . . . I know this is weird, but I crave physical contact.”

4 SOME GUY’S HOMEMADE BARBELL This is my favorite piece of public art in LA. It’s sitting right there in his front yard, so anyone can walk by and see it. I guess he filled two buckets with cement and then stuck a metal rod between them. Sometimes I see something I want but can’t afford, and I think: *Maybe I could make it.* But this guy really did.

5 THE ART OF KHAELA MARICICH Like most of those artists living in the low-rent town of Olympia, Washington, Khaela makes more art for her friends than for selling (my current favorite is her pink-paper “Yeah” streamer)—but her performances and CDs (*Bonus Album, The Concussive Caress* [K Records]) have that same radiant intimacy. When she’s standing on a stage in front of hundreds of people, I’m always surprised to hear her asking the same profound question that she asked me on the phone the night before—only now there’s a really good beat with it and everyone’s dancing, which is a better answer than I can ever come up with.

6 THE TEENAGE READER OF ARTFORUM Yes you, as you stand in the bookstore reading this entire issue so you don’t have to pay eight dollars, or perhaps you will buy it, because the magazine itself is evidence of a future life, one where you have your own coffee table to place such a magazine on. And you can’t help noticing that much of the art, whether nostalgic or rebellious, seems to be about you, the teenager, and now, adolescence. Which gives you a kind of meta-teen feeling about yourself, as if you were eating your own firm tail.

7 BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL SLANG DICTIONARY (North Atlantic Books) Last year students at Berkeley High put together this book of slang used by African Americans, Chicanos, Jews, and fans of sports, movies, punk, hip-hop, and drugs over the last fifty years (with an emphasis on now). It’s a terrific read and reminds us to use suffixes such as -ass, which “adds emphasis to an adjective.” As in, This is a good-ass biennial. Let’s try using *jankity* in a sentence: “*jankity* (JAN-ki-tee) *adj.*, (Also: janky, janked, jankity-ass, jankity-assed) In bad shape, broken, old.” My jankity-ass G4 doesn’t even have a superdrive. (*Etym.* African American.)

8 CLEAR CUT PRESS The Clear Cut Future anthology (the first volume of an eight-book series) made me a little lonesome for the Northwest, my old home. Robert Adams’s photographs of clear cuts and the Office of Soft Architecture’s essay on *Rubus armeniacus* (the blackberry bush) reminded me that it was somehow easier to understand where I was, geographically speaking, when I was living in Portland. (Once there was the intention of going for a walk; now there is not even that.) These smooth little books of new research and popular literature are designed by Tae Won Yu, edited by Matthew Stadler (the novelist and literary editor of *Nest*), and published by Richard Jensen (of Sub Pop and Up Records fame).

9 EMMA HEDDITCH This London-based artist works in all media, with other people and alone (see the full range at www.andiwilldo.net), but my favorite thing she’s ever done is a drawing she made one jet-lagged night in America. I found it by her pillow in the morning.



10 JOHN CAMERON MITCHELL, “THE SEX FILM PROJECT” First Mitchell (*Hedwig and the Angry Inch*) did a nationwide search to find great actors who were willing and able to have real sex on camera, then he workshopped with them (in the style of Mike Leigh) to create a narrative structure that aims to be as funny and moving as any of the great movies about relationships (he admires *The Heartbreak Kid* and *Stardust Memories*)—but filled with emotionally complex sex. He shoots the movie this summer, so we can expect it next year. But in the meantime, I would like to salute Mitchell’s adherence to his own reality in the face of a deeply censorial industry at the heart of a country gnarled with sexual fear. □

Spiral from top right: **Homemade barbell, Los Angeles, 2004.** **Emma Hedditch, Untitled, 2002**, ballpoint pen, 8½ x 11”. **Ruben Fleischer, The Girls Guitar Club, 2001**, still from a color DV film, 13 minutes 28 seconds. Mary Lynn (Mary Lynn Rajsclub) and Karen (Karen Kilgariff). **Sky Dancers.** Photo: Hot Alternatives Balloon Co. **Khaela Maricich, Yeah (detail), 2004**, paper and tinfoil, 7” x 6”. Photo of Miranda July: Todd Warnock.

Lucy McKenzie

The work of Glasgow-based artist Lucy McKenzie can be seen in solo exhibitions at Cabinet, London, through July, and at the ICA Boston this fall.

1 DEATHWATCH Bertrand Tavernier's depressing projection of tomorrow's world gathered an international all-star cast in manky Glasgow in 1980—long before its cappuccino facelift. Released on DVD last year as *La Mort en direct*, the film is marked by a Gaelic, philosophical tone set in sharp relief against the stodgy socialist backdrop of Scotland at that time. Tavernier's prescience of reality TV is what's immediately striking, but so is his canny identification of a Glaswegian sensibility. Those familiar with Alasdair Gray's 1981 novel *Lanark* will note the similarity to Unthank, the Glasgow-inspired fictional fantasy town in which the municipal buildings have been sold to private developers and mass entertainment masks cultural, economic, and emotional impoverishment.

2 VARIANT (www.variant.randomstate.org) Glasgow is neither a microcosm nor an outpost of the general art world but has an idiosyncratic community and history of its own. *Variant*, a free magazine and Web archive founded in 1996, represents a subgroup of that community: the critical Left. While its stance is often familiar, the magazine continues to produce fiercely independent writing on pertinent inequities such as the privatization of the benefits system in the UK and the discontinuation of the visual arts program at the city's Tramway space. Using the narrative of its own persistent funding problems to address the constraints of cultural red tape under New Labour, *Variant* exposes the diminished freedom of other art magazines, which in comparison occupy what can only be described as a service industry.

3 MEMORIAL OF THE GOOD OLD TIME, 1987 Martin Kippenberger's preposterous life-size inflatable skip is an uninviting black hole in which celebratory good vibes can be safely disposed of. It was a key work in the recent "*Nach Kippenberger*" at the

Van Abbemuseum in Eindhoven, in which it embodied his work's fundamental resistance to simplification. There is just no way into this thing; its monumental status highlights Kippenberger's refusal to be marbled.

4 DENIM AND ANDREAS DORAU Completely unconnected—except through their affinity for equally high-pitched pop psychosis—are the musicians Denim and Andreas Dorau. Denim's mastermind, Lawrence, crawled out from underneath the "Mary Chain debris" of the '80s and his cult band Felt with a novelty sound that he was sure would take him to the top of the charts. (It didn't.) Dorau was a teenage New Wave star of the early '80s whose trajectory never hit the intended angle. For both of these geniuses, lack of mainstream success seems to be a creative catalyst: Reacting to their perceived failure, they went beyond the point of no return and in the mid-'90s made noxiously perky, invisibly avant-garde synth pop. Recommended: Denim's *Novelty Rock* (EMI, 1997) and Dorau's *Neu!* (Motor Music, 1994).

5 PEYTON'S COPPOLA Ads for Marc Jacobs's perfume Marc feature a painting by Elizabeth Peyton of Sofia Coppola. No three-way collaboration could illustrate and consolidate the New York "quality intelligent alternative" more succinctly. Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore also model for Marc Jacobs in magazine ads, aligning what they stand for with Spring/Summer 2004. This reminds us that the enemy is not merely conservatism but complacency, which includes collusion in production that has no interest in disrupting predominant conditions and merely reverts to type.

6 BERNHARD WILLHELM In the past we have winced at grown men in romper suits. The Belgian designer's essayist approach is rife with Peter York's *Babytime* (in which the style commentator proposes that adults' dressing like children is an abstraction of repudiated social responsibility, the infantilist embracing

of capitalism that bridged hippies to yuppies), but last season he took a more palatable sidestep: skirts and coats fringed with embroidered reproductions of the Bayeux Tapestry and underwear featuring faux Normans and Anglo-Saxons.

7 VÉRONIQUE BRANQUINHO Another designer hailing from Belgium, Branquinho has developed a niche market by reenergizing a very specific European cliché: the solitary female intellectual representing an antiquated ideal of creativity, out of step with the times but redeemable for being somewhat of an endangered species. Branquinho has provided this lonely creature with ascetic items like cassocks and thermals to get her through the Warsaw winter practicing her cor anglais. Just like the heroines of her compatriot Chantal Akerman, women in Branquinho's clothes are empowered through a subtle, underdetermined parody of the feminine archetype.

8 PHILIP TAAFFE INTERVIEWS Reading Taaffe's commentaries on his own work, it's shocking to realize that all those tearful or turned-on moments in front of the paintings were evoked in you with such known intent on his part. I usually presume the specific effect of an artwork emits from one's personal interpretation or some kind of unavoidable but nevertheless poignant misunderstanding. In the case of Taaffe, though, his realistic and imaginative identification with the viewer creates this short distance between him, the painting, and you.

9 PHILIP LARKIN, LOVE AND DEATH IN HULL This documentary, directed by Ian Macmillan and aired last year on Britain's Channel 4, delicately presents the innate humor and self-thwarting neurosis of the dour poet. Dowdy misanthropes torturing each other, alcoholism, life painted in the limited color palette of British Leyland Motors: If J.G. Ballard's *Crash* had been made into a film in its own epoch, its sensibility could perhaps have felt something like this.

10 BRUSSELS The seeming chaos of the Belgian state, the fuzziness of its property laws, its unrivaled musical heritage, and more make this city exceptional. The men, with their wee feet and big heads, are as endearingly misshapen as the Scots, though better dressed. They seem to favor erotic comic books and dart covert glances in your direction on the street. An overarching sense of latency, of desires kept private, permeates all creative life; Brussels has a genuine subterranea. □

Clockwise from far left: Bertrand Tavernier, *Deathwatch*, 1980, still from a color film in 35 mm, 128 minutes. Martin Kippenberger, *Memorial of the Good Old Time*, 1987, rubber, wood, and vacuum cleaner, 6' x 12'4" x 8½". Véronique Branquinho, *Autumn/Winter 2003/2004* collection. Photo: Etienne Tordoir. Elizabeth Peyton, *Sofia*, 2003, watercolor on paper, 30 x 22".

Choire Sicha

Choire Sicha is editorial director of Gawker Media and writes frequently for the *New York Observer* and the *New York Times*.

1 ELIOT SHEPARD Since Nan Goldin, bless her, murdered the snapshot a while back, surely someone's gotta resuscitate it—and Eliot Shepard is the best snapshot photographer you've never heard of. Until this year, when he was included in two group shows, his work could be found only on his website, www.slower.net. Of the 1,500-plus photographs there, probably two-thirds of them are freakishly, outrageously good—diaristic, classic, and unclassifiable. There's a good chance 2005 will be the year of the photo-blogger, as more of them make their way to gallery walls. Chief among the other great soon-to-be-discovereds: Mike Epstein of satanslaundromat.com.

2 BECKY "BELLWETHER" SMITH This summer, the Williamsburg chick-that-could took a hot-shit space on Tenth Avenue that should bring some much-needed Brooklyn-style schwang to the Chelsea hood. Does the overhyped, overpriced, soon-to-crash bubble of boy galleries make you gag some days? Oh my God, me, too! Will Smith cast aside her hipster B-burg roots and overtake them all to become the next big-bucks David Zwirner? Let's hope!

3 MIDWEST HOTNESS X 3 Craig Doty is a sick little pervert with a freshly minted BFA and a two-person show at Chicago's 1R Gallery under his belt. His 2002 series "Chiefed" includes pictures of passed-out jocks with obscenities like I ♥ COCK CHUGGING scrawled on their faces. And poor eponymous *Craig*: He fell down the steps while sneaking out of his suburban house, shattering his beer

bottle and probably his teeth, too. Very John Hughes meets John Waters meets John Lydon. Chicago documentarian Cecilia Cornejo's *I Wonder What You Will Remember of September* is a cutting look back at the events of another September 11: Chile's 1973 coup. Finally, Cranbrook Academy of Art, class of '04 (and my former intern): Tom Costa is the trailer park's answer to figurative/symbolist painters like Thomas Woodruff and Frank Moore. White boys in overalls pushing their vans out of the mud under a psychedelic sky: utterly snacky, super-drugged-out, carry-action painting.

4 DEBORAH GRANT I first saw Grant's work when she was in residence at the Studio Museum in Harlem last year. Her fucked-up shaped panels are filled with cartoons, time lines, iconography, text, politics, rage, hilarity, and madness. Think Sue Williams with Jane Hammond's OCD after a troubled adolescence of *MAD* magazines.

5 TEAM SPIRIT When art dealers get together there's always a *Heathers* vibe going on. Still, the New Art Dealers Alliance (NADA), which launched its art fair alongside last winter's Art Basel Miami Beach, may be the contemporary-art world's best hope for a dignified, DIY art-fair future. (Of course, people probably said the same about an adorable little fair in the Gramercy Park Hotel once upon a time, and look how that mess turned out!) At NADA Miami, collectors were stoked, and dealers (full disclosure: I was one of 'em, as a partner, with Nick Debs, in Debs & Co.) cooperated, introducing everyone around like it was a dorm-room kegger. Likewise, though with much higher stakes, the political action committee Downtown for Democracy (D4D) is revolutionizing the way we work together, rousing arts communities to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars toward one goal: regime change in the US. D4D is a nonstop fund-raising machine, so go to their damn benefits. Could it be any more futile to stay home making paintings if Bush & Co. get reelected?

6 BETH RUDIN DEWOODY I once saw mega-collector DeWoody walk into a totally bonkers show of hundreds of drawings and, in maybe two minutes, pick out what were arguably the three best works there. It was like watching a Benzedrine-enhanced race-car driver perfectly round the turns. Is she animatronic? And where does she put all these damn drawings? Call it collecting, collectabulating, acquivating, whatever: DeWoody's working in her very own art form.

7 DAWN MCCARTHY Remember that awesome Amy Globus video shown last winter at Gorney Bravin + Lee, with two octopuses sucking their way through some weird see-through aquarium tubing while Emmylou Harris and Neil Young sang "Wrecking Ball"? That's sort of what McCarthy, the voice behind Oakland-based Appalachian/folk/goth duo Faun Fables, feels like—spooky, psychedelic, sexy, overpowering: a little bit Polish chanteuse Ewa Demarczyk and a little bit Renaissance Faire.

8 PAUL FORD The sexy-voiced NPR commentator also has a website full of his writings, www.ftrain.com. In both media, he's a dry comedian, an extroverted navel-gazer, and a nonabusive pleasure in this age of literary self-absorption.

9 HILTON KRAMER/CHARLIE FINCH DEATH BATTLE We live in crappy times for art criticism. Remember when Peter Schjeldahl used to write about art by nondead people? Nowadays we're left with bitter dinosaurs like the *New York Observer*'s Hilton Kramer. Maybe dreamy *Art in America* editor Betsy Baker could play Auntie Entity and lock Kramer in her own personal Thunderdome with Artnet.com's resident crackpot Charlie Finch: two men enter, one man leaves. The smart money is, as always, on Charlie "Mad Max" Finch.

10 THE NEW CAMP Nineteen sixty-four was a long time ago, and Susan Sontag's "Notes on 'Camp'" is out of date. But there's a new camp, and it's kinky! A scant few examples: the faux-political, surface-serious art of Alexis Rockman and Damian Loeb; the arch criticism of Wayne Koestenbaum and Daniel Mendelsohn; the over-the-top films of Michael Tolkin; and the shock rock of Marilyn Manson. Then, in revival, there's the Southwest architecture of Mary Colter, the genius, über-bitchy novels of Thomas Bernhard—and, ironically, Sontag herself. □

Clockwise from top right: Faun Fables, *Family Album* (Drag City, 2004). NADA Art Fair Miami, 2003. Eliot Shepard, *Untitled (DSC_3433.jpg)*, 2004, color photograph, 15 x 10". Cecilia Cornejo, *I Wonder What You Will Remember of September*, 2004, still from a mini-DVD and Super-8 film, 26 minutes 31 seconds.

Alix Lambert

Alix Lambert, a multimedia artist based in New York and Los Angeles, was recently seen performing at New York's P.S. 122 with the theater company the Civilians in *Nobody's Lunch*.

1 THE ETERNALS This Chicago-based trio blends a cornucopia of samples, synthesizers, bass, drums, and vocals into a futuristic sound that comes tumbling at you. Their new album, *Rawar Style*, gives nods to the Clash, African Head Charge, Capleton, and Sun Ra, among others. Despite the hybrid, the final product is sheer originality. Past, present, and future coexist as something Eternal.

2 PERSONS OF INTEREST Of the more than five thousand people questioned after September 11, an untold number were Muslims arrested on American soil for minor immigration violations (or more often for no legal reason at all) and then detained in secret while the government tried to link them to terrorist activity. Filmed in 2002, Alison Maclean and Tobias Perse's documentary presents twelve interviews with former "special interest" detainees. The subject is heartrending, and *Persons* has a unique formal strategy to match: Shot from a fixed vantage point in a cell-like room built for the production, the film doesn't hide the sometimes awkward interactions between filmmaker and subject that usually get edited out. The bumbling questions, even the condescension in the directors' voices (most evident when they try to cajole an interviewee into removing his baseball cap to suit their lighting), strangely amplify the urgency of these testimonies.

3 ELAD LASSRY Lassry is fascinated with the canyons of LA, where he takes provocative and affecting portraits of rarely dressed and often dirty young men, who happen to be artists. The canyons themselves are neatly manicured in some areas and wildly overgrown in others—a terrain that seems to speak of both availability and limits. Replaying the '70s genres of Earth and body art, Lassry's subjects appear distinctly self-conscious and uncomfortable. Bohemianism ain't what it used to be.

4 DESTINO After a 1937 trip to Hollywood, Salvador Dalí wrote to André Breton that he had met the "three great American surrealists"—the Marx Brothers, Cecil B. DeMille, and Walt Disney. This seven-minute cartoon, a collaboration between Dalí and Disney, is amazing because it's just that: a collaboration between Dalí and Disney. Started in 1946, the project was deemed a money loser and abandoned after eight months, only to be rescued and completed last year by Disney animators in Paris. Watching a Disneyesque ballerina traipse through a melting Dalí landscape, I was struck by the thought that little kids—with their unblinking acceptance of talking crickets and fairy-tale endings—make the best surrealists.

5 JORGE LUIS ALVAREZ PUPO, TRANCE Sweat, darkness, fire, men at night, visions, the spirit world: Cuban photographer Jorge Luis Alvarez Pupo's black-and-white photographs, published in 2003 by Perceval Press, have an elusive, shadowy feeling befitting their subject matter—the religious rites of voodoo and Santeria. Pupo bears passionate witness to the intensity of spiritual life in his native country with the simple release of the camera's shutter.

6 ALEX DONUTS What cracks me up about Alex Donuts is that it's not called Alex's Donuts. Also a sign over the cash register says, "We don't accept twenties unless they're for Mary's tip jar." Sandwiched between an alley and a dry cleaner in a strip mall near the corner of Franklin and Argyle, this is the place for the best chocolate glazed in LA.

7 UNDER THE BANNER OF HEAVEN: A STORY OF VIOLENT FAITH In a time when people are increasingly turning to religion for answers (witness the Republican National Convention, where I spent four days taking pictures—yikes!), Jon Krakauer's book about the Mormon Church offers a riveting perspec-

tive on our nation. Krakauer weaves a history of the fastest-growing American-born religion with the horrific account of two fundamentalist Mormon brothers who murdered their sister-in-law and her baby in 1984—ostensibly on God's orders. What *The Executioner's Song* was for the '80s, *Under the Banner of Heaven* is for our time. The two books form a dark portrait of America and the relative nature of piety.

8 "BEFORE THE END (THE LAST PAINTING SHOW)" Curated by painter Olivier Mosset, this show at the Swiss Institute in New York last month revolved around the idea that many conceptual artists were once abstract painters producing minimal, often monochromatic work. It wasn't the blank surfaces of these "last paintings" that attracted me, though, but the feeling of nostalgia they inspired. Standing in the gallery I thought of all the "last times" in my life that I'd registered too late. I kiss a friend goodbye on the street corner after spending the afternoon together watching bad movies, and it's not until much later that I think, "Wow, that was the last time I ever saw him."

9 END OF THE CENTURY: THE STORY OF THE RAMONES First Joey, then Dee Dee, now Johnny. Within a few short years we've suffered the untimely deaths of all but one of the original Ramones. Jim Fields and Michael Gramaglia's documentary chronicles the story of one of the most influential bands never to make the Top 40. Johnny had this to say: "It's a very dark movie. It's accurate. It left me disturbed." Coming from the man (a Republican!) who once pleaded, "Gimme gimme shock treatment," that's really saying something. *End of the Century* also features the final interview with another recently deceased punk luminary, the Clash's Joe Strummer. The Ramones said it themselves: "The bubble's going to explode. Probably never live to get old."

10 BACON A shout-out not to the artist, nor the actor, but to something from the abattoir. □

Clockwise from top right: Salvador Dalí's *Destino*, Dir. Dominique Monfery, 2003, still from a color digital video transferred to 35 mm film, 7 minutes. Jim Fields and Michael Gramaglia, *End of the Century: The Story of the Ramones*, 2003, still from a color digital video transferred to 35 mm film, 110 minutes. Johnny Ramone, Joey Ramone, and Dee Dee Ramone. Alex Donuts, Los Angeles, 2004. Photo: Russell Bates. Alison Maclean and Tobias Perse, *Persons of Interest*, 2004, still from a color digital video transferred to 35 mm film, 63 minutes. Photo of Alix Lambert: Elad Lassry.

BEST OF 2004 >>> FILM

JOHN WATERS

1. *Tarnation* (Jonathan Caouette) The best movie of the year. A scarily original underground documentary about a boy (the director) who saves his own life with a video camera. A truly sensational debut.

2. *Baadasssss!* (Mario Van Peebles) Not since *Ed Wood* has there been a film that captures the “making of a movie” with such a first-hand knowledge and love of showmanship.

3. *The Mother* (Roger Michell) A recently widowed grandmother turns horny and has a secret affair with her daughter’s much younger, loutish boyfriend. Gerontophilia never seemed so exciting.

4. *Bad Education* (Pedro Almodóvar) Even the Catholic Church and child abuse can be joyous in Almodóvar’s hands. Isn’t Pedro simply the greatest director in the world?

5. *The Brown Bunny* (Vincent Gallo) All that beautiful scenery behind the bug-splattered windshield is sheer genius. I wish I’d seen the longer version.

6. *The Dreamers* (Bernardo Bertolucci) Everybody always looks sexy in a left-wing riot. Maybe they’re even sexier when they stay home instead and have threesomes. Especially with a sound track this great.

7. *Kill Bill, Volume 2* (Quentin Tarantino) Being buried alive with Uma and Quentin was the thrill ride of the season. Coolest end-credits of the decade.

8. *The Saddest Music in the World* (Guy Maddin) A maddeningly arty musical that will haunt your memory, even if you hated the movie. Maddin puts the capital A in Auteur.

9. *Before Sunset* (Richard Linklater) Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy walk around Paris and talk. That’s it. The only romantic comedy I’ve ever loved.

10. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (Michel Gondry) Jim Carrey used to look like Tex Watson’s mug shot, but in this film he’s the handsomest man in Hollywood. Most *Artforum* readers will want to have sex with him. ☐

John Waters just released *A John Waters Christmas* on New Line Records.

FILM <<< BEST OF 2004

AMY TAUBIN

1. *Before Sunset* (Richard Linklater) Fragile, passionate, exquisitely wrought, Linklater’s modern epistemology of love is a perfect movie.

2. *The Big Red One* (Samuel Fuller) The posthumous restoration of Fuller’s semiautobiographical World War II picture is “termite art,” but on an epic scale.

3. *Infernal Affairs trilogy* (Andrew Lau and Alan Mak) An identity-blasted Hong Kong cops-and-gangsters saga that combines the glamour and moral conundrums of Jean-Pierre Melville’s *policiers* with the tragic weight of *The Godfather*.

4. *A Talking Picture* (Manoel de Oliveira) Angry and despairing, it’s one of those great late works in which the artist puts aside ego and aesthetic concerns because he has nothing left to lose.

5. *Primer* (Shane Carruth) The most exciting first feature by a US director since Richard Kelly’s similarly time-warped *Donnie Darko*.

6. *Cowards Bend the Knee* (Guy Maddin) Hockey players and hairdressers, silent comedy and shadow-drenched ’30s horror flicks collide in a deliriously creepy castration fantasy.

7. *Café Lumière* (Hou Hsiao-hsien) HHH pays tribute to Ozu in a wondrously radiant film that, rather than mimicking the master, finds the ways he might have been compelled by the face and pace of contemporary Tokyo.

8. *Fahrenheit 9/11* (Michael Moore) Apparently it changed Hollywood’s attitude toward documentaries more than it did voters’ minds. Either way, it’s one for the history books.

9. *Arna’s Children* (Juliano Mer Khamis and Danniell Danniell) Khamis’s mother, a former Zionist, organized a Palestinian children’s theater troupe in Jenin. After her death, he seeks out her pupils. A despairing, completely partisan film.

10. *Metallica: Some Kind of Monster* (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky) Four angry metalheads in the equivalent of marriage counseling is a template for a generation recognizing that remaining an adolescent when you turn forty is a problem. ☐

Amy Taubin is a contributing editor of *Film Comment* and *Sight and Sound*.

BEST OF 2004 >>> FILM

JAMES QUANDT

1. *The World* (Jia Zhang-ke) Baudrillard goes to Beijing. In Jia's sad, encompassing vision of the new China, all is fake, forgery, or facsimile—except the desire to escape.

2. *Notre Musique* (Jean-Luc Godard) Godard's Dantean triptych spills us into the abyss of the last century and suggests we will live forever with its slaughterous legacy.

3. *10e Chambre, Instants d'audiences* (Raymond Depardon) The French photographer turns the proceedings of a Paris courtroom into a Balzacian fresco; funny and flinch-making.

4. *Rheinmetall/Victoria 8* (Rodney Graham) A massive, clattery, '50s Italian projector produces soundless imagery of another vintage machine: a '30s German typewriter on whose keyboard sifts and settles a fine white powder. Flour? Crematoria residuum? The ashes of time? In any case, a slow snow of oblivion.

5. *Café Lumière* (Hou Hsiao-hsien) Ironically, as Ozu's influence on Hou moves from inadvertent to blatant in this lovely homage, it also becomes more oblique, assimilated.

6. *Tropical Malady* (Apichatpong Weerasethakul) A Thai gay animist fable paralleling two love stories in which the hunter and the hunted yearn for mergence.

7. *Vento di terra* (Vincenzo Marra) A modest, moving Neapolitan update on *Rocco and His Brothers*; the accumulation of misfortune and grief would be too much to bear were it not for the film's clenched precision.

8. *La Blessure* (Nicolas Klotz) This bruising, lucid portrait of African immigrants in Paris is truly *bouleversant*.

9. *The Big Red One* (Samuel Fuller) Fuller's butchered swan song, lovingly reconstructed by Richard Schickel, now finds its antiheroic twin in Nicholas Ray's recently restored *Bitter Victory*.

10. *Trilogy: The Weeping Meadow* (Theo Angelopoulos) The Greek master's best film in over a decade returns to the brumous, bloody terrain and Brechtian mode of *The Travelling Players*. □

James Quandt is senior programmer at Cinematheque Ontario in Toronto.

FILM <<< BEST OF 2004

CHRISSIE ILES

1. *Five* (Abbas Kiarostami) The contemplative stillness of Kiarostami's five-part masterpiece reveals the rhythms of the Caspian seashore through slowly observed details.

2. *Notre Musique* (Jean-Luc Godard) In Godard's divine tragedy, Paradise is guarded by the US Marines: Empire knows no bounds.

3. () (Morgan Fisher) () frees insert shots from classic Hollywood movies from their marginalized role as the connective tissue of cinematic narrative and promotes them to an egalitarian conceptual role.

4. *Michelangelo Eye to Eye* (Michelangelo Antonioni) The director stands in front of his namesake's statue of *Moses*. As if confronting his own and our mortality, his gaze onto Michelangelo's mastery recalls our own cinematic gaze onto his.

5. *Not Yet* (Jim O'Rourke) O'Rourke's first film deconstructs panning shots from *Blow Out*, layering electronic tones and film loops into a harmonic composition of gradual abstraction.

6. *The Uncles* (Tacita Dean) Fragments of remembered experience become indivisible from the elusive past of cinema.

7. *Going Upriver: The Long War of John Kerry* (George Butler) A clear rebuttal to the distortions of Kerry's war record in Vietnam, Butler's documentary was a beacon in the otherwise murky preelection political mire.

8. *Memory Bucket* (Jeremy Deller) An outsider's portrait of Texas, seen through the other end of the telescope. Highly charged locations intercut with bats flocking out of a cave at sunset proffer a jolting contrast between the natural beauty of America's Lone Star State and its reputation as the red heartland.

9. *Top Spot* (Tracey Emin) The British artist interviews six teenage girls whose stories echo aspects of her own traumatic youth in Margate, a seedy seaside town in the south of England.

10. *Luke* (Bruce Conner) A reworking of Super-8 footage the filmmaker shot in 1967, Conner's study of a day on the set of *Cool Hand Luke* shows cast and crew both in front of and behind the camera. □

Chrissie Iles is a curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

FILM << BEST OF 2004

JONATHAN ROMNEY

1. *Innocence* (Lucile Hadzihalilovic) The debut discovery of the year—an eerie, hermetic world inhabited by prepubescent girls, with echoes of Buñuel, Balthus, Borowczyk, and Angela Carter, yet totally, audaciously original.

2. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (Michel Gondry) Who would have thought that Alain Resnais would be reincarnated in the byzantine convolutions of a Franco-American essay in romantic slapstick?

3. *Goodbye Dragon Inn* (Tsai Ming-liang) A beautiful, tender, farcical farewell to cinema from a Taiwanese melancholic with a peerless eye for elegant perspectives and rain-dripping interiors.

4. *5 x 2* (François Ozon) French cinema's eternal enfant terrible turned compellingly adult with his anatomy of a marriage, as harrowing as any domestic drama outside Bergman.

5. *The Consequences of Love* (Paolo Sorrentino) A Mafia intrigue with a difference, as if shot by Antonioni and scripted by Pirandello. Lead actor Toni Servillo's glacial way with a lifted eyebrow could disconcert John Malkovich.

6. *Five* (Abbas Kiarostami) Five single-take essays in lyrical minimalism, of a sort that might seem routine in gallery video but that worked like a small, silent bomb in the context of Cannes.

7. *Tarnation* (Jonathan Caouette) Reality cinema as gruelling therapy, Caouette's "my crazy family" confessional is painful viewing but a moving, sometimes weirdly entertaining tour de force. You only pray that it doesn't start a trend.

8. *Aaltra* (Gustave Kervern and Benoît Delépine) The best fun I've had in the cinema all year? This gloriously malicious Belgian disability road comedy. See it to believe it.

9. *The Incredibles* (Brad Bird) Further proof that the only consistent aesthetic research in Hollywood comes from the Pixar studio. An exhilarating workout for the eyes.

10. *Collateral* (Michael Mann) A routine genre outing that leapt to another plane thanks to Mann's pioneering use of high-definition video, resulting in a luminous essay on Los Angeles. □

Jonathan Romney is a film critic for the *Independent on Sunday* and author of *Atom Egoyan* (BFI Publications, 2003).

BEST OF 2004 >> MUSIC

CHRISTOPH COX

1. Various Artists, *Radio Java* (Sublime Frequencies) From the teeming airwaves of Indonesia's largest island comes this frantic and mind-blowing collage of gamelan-driven pop, saccharine jingles, muezzin calls, histrionic film dialogue, DJ banter, Javanese punk rock, and other gems, compiled by Sun City Girls' Alan Bishop.

2. Sachiko M/Toshimaru Nakamura/Otomo Yoshihide, *Good Morning Good Night* (Erstwhile) The reigning triumvirate of Japanese experimental improvisation presents its sublimely understated aesthetic of emptiness by way of no-record turntable, no-input mixing board, and pure sine-wave oscillator.

3. Christian Marclay, *DJ Trio* (Asphodel) The father of art turntablism mixes it up with some of his most adventurous offspring: Toshio Kajiwara, DJ Olive, Eric M., and Marina Rosenfeld. Marclay's hyperreferentiality is beautifully complemented by the compelling abstractions of the younger DJs.

4. Radian, *Juxtaposition* (Thrill Jockey) Vienna, these days, is a hothouse for hybrids of post-rock, electronica, and improv. This trio is one of the city's most magnificent specimens. Crisp grooves ground the crackling fuzz of electricity.

5. Black Dice, *Creature Comforts* (DFA) A beguiling mess of a record in which wobbly guitars get blasted by analog belches, effects-laden goofs, haunted-house psychedelia, and wayward noises of all sorts.

6. Various Artists, *Haunted Weather* (Staubgold) A superb survey of international sound

art and experimental music today compiled by peerless critic and curator David Toop to accompany his new book of the same name.

7. DJ/rupture vs. Mutamassik, *Shotgun Wedding Vol. I: The Bidoun Sessions* (Violent Turd) Thrilling funk-filled mixes by two of the world's most expansive selectors. German dancehall and French hip-hop flow under, over, and alongside Algerian rai and Egyptian sa'aidi in this sonic celebration of the Afro-Arab diaspora.

8. Noël Akchoté/Roland Auzet/Luc Ferrari, *Impro-Micro-Acoustique* (Blue Chopsticks) Seventy-two-year-old *musique concrète* pioneer Ferrari makes his first foray into free improvisation alongside two stellar young French players. The result is a delightful assemblage of squeaks, thuds, plucks, and whispers that Ferrari aptly calls "new, real-time *concrète*."

9. Tape, *Milieu* (Häpna) This Swedish trio unveils a pastoral landscape in which the acoustic and the electronic, lyricism and noise perfectly cohabit. Like dragonflies in a summer field, digital bits and concrete noises buzz around lilting lap steel, harmonica, and banjo.

10. Sir Richard Bishop, *Improvika* (Locust) Elegant, virtuoso acoustic guitar improvisations that mine myriad traditions (Indian ragas, Moorish arabesques, flamenco flourishes) but remain searchingly original and experimental. An astonishing collection that places Bishop in the lineage of John Fahey, Leo Kottke, and Derek Bailey. □

Christoph Cox is associate professor of philosophy at Hampshire College and co-editor of *Audio Culture: Readings in Modern Music* (Continuum, 2004).

MUSIC <<< BEST OF 2004

free103point9's studio during "NoRNC," Brooklyn, August 2004. Photo: T

MARINA ROSENFELD

1. Don Cherry, *Eternal Now* (Sonet Grammfon) This magnificent, joy-filled LP from 1973 resurfaced like magic in my life early last year. With rhythms ranging from Gnawan to minimalist, it is my most important record of 2004. I played it nonstop for weeks to my pregnant belly, believing that everything was going to be OK after all.

2. John Zorn, Mike Patton, and Ikue Mori, *Hemophiliac: 50th Birthday Celebration Volume Six* (Tzadik) Stunning live at New York's Tonic last September, the fearless interminglings of these three very different improvisers are just as good on CD.

3. Jose Maceda Filipino composer Maceda died in May at age eighty-seven. His ghostly, maximal compositions added bamboo instruments and the murmurs of crickets to post-modern orchestral textures, evoking a hypnotic calm.

4. free103point9's round-the-clock "NoRNC" live Internet radio coverage Dedicated to the gamut of "transmission arts," free103point9's collaborative coverage of the Republican National Convention, undertaken with other activist groups such as the August Sound Coalition, was a critical reference point for artists and other citizens during the otherwise disheartening week Bush and company descended on New York.

5. Radio/Guitar, *Thrum* (Table of the Elements) Visual artists/musicians Peggy Ahwesh

and Barbara Ess's throbbing vinyl composition. Beautiful.

6. Youssou N'Dour, *Egypt* (Nonesuch) Senegalese star N'Dour's work of praise for Muslim liberalism is polished, shimmery pop.

7. Andy Hayleck, *Various Recordings Involving Ice* (Heresee) These delicate field recordings made in snowy places ("frozen reservoir, ice buckling, occasional wind . . .") brought the quiet and the cold.

8. Rammellzee, *Bi-Conicals of Rammellzee* (Gomma) Party music for deranged times from the *Wild Style* veteran. Disturbing—and best heard loud.

9. Jon Appleton, *Appleton Syntonic Menagerie 2* (Phonomena Audio Arts & Multiples) Two decades of allusive sounds—vocal, synthetic, concrete, and just plain other—from an elusive artist.

10. Carly Ptak and Chiara Giovando, *Dark Fare/Music from the Congress Theater* (Talon) Gutteral, underground music video/audio by artists on the hunt for analog magic. □

Marina Rosenfeld, founder and director of the seventeen-woman electric-guitar-and-nail-polish-bottle Sheer Frost Orchestra, is a composer, turntablist, and artist based in New York.

Zeca Pagodinho, Sao Paulo, 2003.

BEST OF 2004 >>> MUSIC

ARTO LINDSAY

1. Zeca Pagodinho, *Ao Vivo* (Universal Music) This live CD was not only number one in Brazil but also the best new record released in recent memory anywhere in the world. Nobody phrases like this singer, who is just as hard-swinging and breathtakingly free as the heretofore unmatched João Gilberto—though at the opposite end of the gentility spectrum.

2. Moacir Santos, *Coisas* (Universal International) Rereleased for the first time since it came out in 1965, this CD of big-band music by the arranger and composer from Pernambuco is as deep as Antonio Carlos Jobim and far rootsier. Rich charts and earthiness that no big band has achieved since make for a unique record.

3. Jamie Lidell/Matthew Herbert The most exciting performance style I caught this year was live sampling. The abandoned technology was revived by Supercollider's Lidell and by Herbert in his "Radio Boy" show. Screaming, cooing, clicking, and groaning into a chain of cheap devices, building and looping a track from scratch in front of an audience, then vocalizing like a soul singer from Georgia over the top of it all, Lidell isn't groundbreaking, just the most exciting thing you will ever see and hear.

4. Nuruddin Farah, *Maps* (Arcade Publishing) Farah's new novel, about the return of an exiled professor to a Somalia struggling to reconstitute itself as a country after being torn apart by civil war, was the book I most wanted to read in 2004. And I was not disappointed. Mixing an unpretentious narrative style with truly confusing bits of folk wisdom, this is a great book about things one doesn't read about in the papers. Books are second only to movie dialogue as a favorite place to lift lyrics.

5. and 6. Best live shows—both in Brazil: **Nação Zumbi** from Pernambuco and **Liars** from New York.

7. Audiences in Brazil and Naples. The audience is always at least half of the show.

8. José Eduardo Agualusa, *O Ano em que Zumbi tomou o Rio* (BookRing) A novel about the occupation of Rio by gangs from the hillside favelas aided by ex-combatants from the war in Angola. Way too prophetic. It's not available in English yet, and I wonder how long that will take. Can one vote on what needs to be translated? Play a benefit?

9. Hair Stylistics The new band created by Masaya Nakahara after he finally declared Violent Onsen Geisha over. I haven't heard the new recording, *Custom Cock Confused Death* (Daisy World Disc), but it will almost certainly be worthy of my top ten.

10. Domenico+2 This trio switches names and leaders for each record: The first was Moreno+2 and the third will be Kassim+2. They blend all manner of Brazilian styles with noise and electronica. This volume is the most interestingly produced recording I've heard since *Fantasma* by Cornelius. On that record, Keigo Oyamada discovered digital silence for all of us. Here, Domenico shows the world what you can do with digital editing and a little patience, with several crews taking apart and reassembling the same piece of music and then blending their efforts to provide an experience that belies its labor-intensive genesis. □

Arto Lindsay is a musician who lives in New York and Brazil. His latest record is *Salt*, available on Righteous Babe Records.

MUSIC <<< BEST OF 2004

JOHANNA FATEMAN

1. Kiki and Herb (Royal Albert Hall, London) Finally a venue grand enough to showcase the hallucinatory architecture of this duo's masterful, genre-spanning medleys. Kiki and Herb—looking fantastic—delivered their coup de grâce (“Total Eclipse of the Heart”) to a confounded audience waiting patiently for headline act the Scissor Sisters.

2. White Magic, *Through the Sun Door* (Drag City) Mira Bilotte's voice is beautiful and the production is trippy. Perfect songs for feeling sad—or spending the night alone in a haunted house.

3. Tracy & the Plastics, *Culture for Pigeon* (Troubleman Unlimited) Those already addicted to Wynne Greenwood's cable-access, Candyland-style feminist audio/video projects will welcome the stepped-up production values of this recording, while new listeners will find the vocal intimacy of *Culture for Pigeon* the perfect introduction to her conceptual world.

4. Lesbians on Ecstasy (Art in General, New York) To celebrate the release of feminist art journal *LTTR*'s third issue, the charismatic, Montreal-based LoE performed their DIY techno reworkings of classic tunes by mainstream lesbian artists such as k.d. lang and Tracy Chapman to throngs of cultural producers in this sweaty nonprofit venue. Their debut album is out now on Alien8 Recordings.

5. Hot Chip, *Coming On Strong* (Moshi Moshi Records) A couple songs on this record sound like lost Wham! demos, but with shaky, deadpan vocals and rich, analog-emulating synths. A five-keyboard, front-of-stage lineup makes their live shows all the more impressive.

6. Gravy Train!!!!, *Hello Doctor* (Kill Rock Stars) The pansexually hedonistic electro-punk rockism of Gravy Train!!!! became super meaningful to me the night I could hear echoes of their chaotic set while I shook hands with Gloria Steinem during a lunar eclipse.

7. Les Georges Leningrad, *Sur les traces de Black Eskimo* (Alien8 Recordings) Les Georges's noisy grooves have been refined since they debuted their pirate/caveman art rock with *Deux Hot Dogs Moutarde Chou*. This record is catchier and more danceable but still menacing and cool.

8. Usher (Saturday Night Live) The idiosyncrasy of Usher's ultrapop virtuosity won't me over during his solo dance break in *Yeah*, performed with Ludacris on SNL. It can't be easy to shine within such a totally sanitized format.

9. Missy Elliott's celebrity playlist (Apple iTunes Store) I'm into celebrity playlists in general as a newly evolving form of public speech, but I have to admit Missy's is one of the few totally listenable ones available on iTunes. A mix of old school hip-hop and contemporary rap that presents, in her words, “some of the hottest songs on the sickest beats ever. Holla!!!!”

10. E.S.G. (Metropolis, Montreal) With an all-female lineup spanning two generations, E.S.G. is an enduring live phenomenon. When the shaker came in loud, everybody started screaming. *Legendary!* ☐

Johanna Fateman is a member of the New York-based feminist electronic punk band Le Tigre. Their new album, *This Island*, is out now on Strummer/Universal.

MUSIC <<< BEST OF 2004

DENNIS COOPER

1. Destroyer, *Your Blues* (Merge Sounds) Sounds like a young Leonard Cohen on lots of Ecstasy.

2. A.C. Newman, *The Slow Wonder* (Matador Records) Newman, (most of) the brains behind the spookily catchy, detail-obsessed New Pornographers, pares down his sound without losing an iota of the band's sociopathic genius.

3. Animal Collective, *Sung Tongs* (Fat Cat) Spin this primo example of corrosive post-psychedelia, then see the band blow it open live.

4. Guided by Voices, *Half Smiles of the Decomposed* (Matador Records) The final album by my favorite—and, coincidentally, the greatest—rock band of all time.

5. Dissociatives, *Dissociatives* (EMI International) It's really sad that singer/songwriter Daniel Johns's artistic baby steps (on Silverchair's multiplatinum *Frogstomp*) stigmatized him as a grunge lightweight. To ignore him would be to dismiss a top-notch adventurer.

6. Xiu Xiu, *Fabulous Muscles* (5 Rue Christine) This might be the best CD ever recorded by an openly gay man.

7. Prosaics, *Aghast Agape* (Dim Mak Records) A lot of new bands have banged their heads on the oeuvres of Joy Division and early Cure, but this deep, smart trio is the only band that's ricocheted.

8. Wolf Eyes, *Burned Mind* (Sub Pop) Their heady, hellish ruckus is gorgeous and scenic yet not the least bit touristy.

9. Graham Coxon, *Happiness in Magazines* (EMI/Parlophone) It turns out that unsung ex-Blur member Coxon is the guy who made their early albums so charming, while over-rated extant member Damon Albarn is the one who made them a little too snarky and stiff.

10. The Arcade Fire, *Funeral* (Merge Records) Yet more proof that, music-wise, Canada is the new England. This Montreal-based band smushes glam theatricality, space-rock dis-tension, and ABBA-worthy hooks into sensational amalgams. ☐

Dennis Cooper is a contributing editor of *Artforum*. His seventh novel, *The Sluts*, is published this month by Void Books.

ALISON M. GINGERAS DAVID RIMANELLI MATTHEW HIGGS LYNNE COOKE
DANIEL BIRNBAUM JACK BANKOWSKY BRUCE HAINLEY THELMA GOLDEN PAUL SCHIMMEL
TOM VANDERBILT PAMELA M. LEE HAMZA WALKER ROBERT ROSENBLUM

An-My Lê, 29 Palms: Infantry Platoon (Retreat), 2003-2004,
black-and-white photograph, 26 x 37 1/2".

BEST OF 2004

13 CRITICS
AND
CURATORS
LOOK
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YEAR
IN ART

Alison M. Gingeras

Alison M. Gingeras is an independent curator and writer based in Paris and New York. She is currently working with a team of curators on a solo show by Daniel Buren opening at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, in March 2005.

1. **Jonathan Horowitz, Official Portrait of George Bush Available Free From the White House Hung Upside Down, 2001**, framed color photograph, 12¼ x 10¼". 2. **View of "Pawel Althamer," Bonnefanten Museum, Maastricht, 2004**. Photo: Paul Mellaart. 3. **Richard Prince, Untitled, 1983**, color photograph, 27 x 40". 4. **Martin Kippenberger, Untitled, 1981**, acrylic on canvas, 94½ x 118". © Estate of Martin Kippenberger, Cologne. 5. **Guy Bourdin, untitled, ca. 1978**, color photograph. © Guy Bourdin Estate, 2004. 6. **Franz West, Laube, 2002**. Installation view, Lincoln Center, New York, 2004. Photo: Tom Powell. 7. **Anthony Burdin performing as Showroom Kook, The Electrowerkz, London, 2004**. 8. **Portrait of husband and wife on their wedding day (detail), ca. 1890**. From Geoffrey Batchen, *Forget Me Not: Photography and Remembrance* (Van Gogh Museum and Princeton Architectural Press, 2004). 9. **Andreas Gursky, Rimini, 2003**, color photograph, 117 x 81½". Illustration from "The Super Paradigm" by Jerry Saltz. 10. **Bruce Nauman, Raw Materials, 2004**. Installation view, Tate Modern, London.

1 Jonathan Horowitz's *Art Engagé*

The world has changed since Sartre coined the notion of *l'art engagé*, but a constellation of Horowitz works from the past few years offers the most convincing and poignant incarnation of "engaged" art today. A few examples: a glittery *Rainbow American Flag for Jasper in the Style of the Artist's Boyfriend*; *Official Portrait of George W. Bush Available for Free from the White House Hung Upside Down*; *talking without thinking (in the state of George W. Bush c. 1980, i.e., drunk and coked-up)*; *Portrait of Chrissie Hynde (I Hope the Muslims Win)*. And then there are the Minimalist Plexiglas "Contribution Cubes" (think Hans Haacke's *Condensation Cube* [1962–65] with a money slot), which sport the logos of organizations such as the Democratic National Committee and Greenpeace. These works maintain an incredibly satisfying balance of visual force and deeply relevant yet humorous content, without the demagogic trappings that make most of today's self-styled political art rather unbearable. Given the devastating results of the American election, Horowitz's presence is all the more crucial.

2 Pawel Althamer

(Bonnefanten Museum, Maastricht) While "Drunk vs. Stoned" at Gavin Brown's Enterprise at Passerby in New York was one of the best group show titles (and concepts) of 2004, it would have been a better subtitle for Althamer's solo exhibition in Maastricht. He prepared his show *in situ* with the help of his two teenage sons and their friends—a motley crew of troubled youth from Warsaw's housing projects—who took advantage of Holland's liberal social mores to create several works while both drunk and stoned. Angry, utterly vulgar, brutally funny graffiti covered the walls of some of the galleries, along with other, more "conventional," works. The writing on the walls by these young New Europeans was celebrated and fetishized by the bourgeois patrons of one of Holland's most pristine museums. A perfect encapsulation of the recently expanded European Union.

3 Richard Prince's Gender Studies

Flipping through the twin artist's books *Women* (Regen Projects, Los Angeles) and *Man* (Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zurich) should provide an

instant cure for anyone still suffering from a bad case of the politically correct '90s.

4 "Nach Kippenberger"

(Van Abbe-museum, Eindhoven) Even for the Kippenberger aficionado, this well-curated retrospective delivered rarities, surprises, and an eclectic orgy of delights. Focusing on the architectural tropes in his oeuvre, the show included major installations such as *Spiderman Atelier, 1996*, *Memorial of the Good Old Time, 1987*, and the 1985 series of sculptures and paintings "Rest Homes for Mothers," as well as an almost exhaustive presentation of Kippenberger's infamous self-promoting/self-mocking exhibition posters. As artist Lucy McKenzie concludes in her superb catalogue contribution, "[Kippenberger] shows that letting dissidence have dissonance is as powerful as anything overtly political."

5 Guy Bourdin

(Galerie Nationale du Jeu de Paume, Paris) Many people are familiar with Bourdin's oeuvre without even knowing it. This show proves that a recent flurry of high-profile rip-offs—such as Madonna and Jean-Baptiste Mondino's obvious plagiarist for her "Hollywood" video—have not succeeded in banalizing the significance of this maverick (fashion) photographer. This show and accompanying catalogue (with an outstanding essay by Rosetta Brooks) give Bourdin his posthumous due as a master of composition, a luscious colorist, a social iconoclast, and an accomplished shoe fetishist.

6 Franz West: Scatological Humor as Public Sculpture

(Public Art Fund at Lincoln Center, New York) Made of roughly welded aluminum and painted in an eclectic palette of yellow, pink, blue, and green, West's gang of seven monumental sculptures served as a perfect foil for the modernist austerity of Philip Johnson's New York State Theater. Viewers of all ages were beckoned to crawl, lounge, and perch on these lumpy, intestine-shaped objects. A crowd-pleaser with polymorphous punch.

7 Anthony Burdin

(Frieze Art Fair Music Program, London) Far from the wheeling and dealing of Regent's Park, Showroom Kook (aka

Burdin) delivered the most riveting live show in recent memory. His "voodoo vocals"—Burdin's term for his practice of singing over his own pre-recorded songs—entranced the crowd with his striking voice, psychedelic instrumentals, and autistic stage presence. Not to be confused with run-of-the-mill karaoke, Burdin channels the acute social observations and sense of alienation that animate his visual practice into his stage act.

8 "Forget Me Not: Photography and Remembrance"

(Van Gogh Museum, Amsterdam) Curated by Geoffrey Batchen, this exhibition (along with its scholarly publication) presented a fascinating and meticulous selection of embellished photographic objects from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that have until now escaped mainstream photographic history. Scouring attics, flea markets, historical society archives, and junk shops around the world, Batchen has thrown light on various vernacular practices—weaving the hair of departed loved ones into the frames of their pictures—that enhance the emotional and mnemonic power of ordinary photographs. These beautiful objects bear witness to the age-old struggle to spare photography's subjects from oblivion. Thinking outside the box, Batchen once again combines an innovative curatorial practice with a provocative brand of art-historical writing.

9 Jerry Saltz, "The Super Paradigm"

(*The Village Voice*, Sept. 10, 2004) Sometimes Saltz really hits the nail on the head. *We are* living in the era of a "super paradigm." So-called termite art, new figuration, neo-abstraction, the political, the apolitical, the lo-fi, and the overproduced happily coexist and are "equally" considered. Saltz is right to bemoan the promiscuous consensus that reigns supreme (even if he is guilty of perpetuating it), and his musings raise some important questions: Where are the *auteurs* when we need some critical and curatorial conviction? Who's afraid of *gravitas*? Was it fear of breaking consensus that made the last crop of international biennales a string of duds?

10 Bruce Nauman, Raw Materials

(Tate Modern, London) The anti-*Weather Project*. □

David Rimaneli

Artforum contributing editor David Rimaneli teaches art history at New York University. He has organized a number of exhibitions, including, most recently, "Women Beware Women," at Deitch Projects, New York, in 2003. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

1. **Howard Hodgkin, *Double Portrait, 2000–2003***, oil on wood, 42½ x 48½". 2. **View of "A Minimal Future? Art as Object, 1958–1968,"** Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 2004. From left: Patricia Johanson, *Minor Keith*, 1967; Ronald Bladen, *Three Elements*, 1965. 3. **Karlheinz Weinberger, *Blues, 1968***, color photograph, 18½ x 12". 4. **Alex Bag, *Coven Services—Demo Reel, 2004***. Installation view, Elizabeth Dee Gallery, New York, 2004. 5. **Martin Honert, *Fata Morgana (Mirage), 1996***. Installation view, Matthew Marks, New York, 2004. 6. **Anthony Minghella, *Cold Mountain, 2003***, still from a color film in 35 mm, 152 minutes. Ada Monroe (Nicole Kidman). 7. **Rachel Mason, *Kissing President Bush, 2004***, plaster, 72 x 42 x 48". 8. **Max Klinger, *Pissing Death, ca. 1880***, oil on canvas, 37½ x 17½". 9. **Danzig Baldaev et al., *Russian Criminal Tattoo Encyclopedia*** (Steidl, 2004). 10. **Jacques Derrida, 2001**. © Joel Robine, Getty Images.

1 Howard Hodgkin (Gagosian Gallery, New York) We're so far removed from the temper of Abstract Expressionism that the possibility of making gestural abstractions that are convincing seems unlikely, and writing about them, impossible. In any case, Hodgkin's pictures don't feel terribly AbEx. He says the content of *Double Portrait*, 2000–2003, is "the end of a friendship." I don't have any idea what this means, but I can't forget the angry upset orange seeping out of the interior panel onto the surrounding, ornately carved frame.

2 "A Minimal Future? Art as Object 1958–1968" (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) and **"Beyond Geometry: Experiments in Form 1940s–70s"** (Los Angeles County Museum of Art) Two brilliant LA exhibitions, demonstrating by contrast that New York's modern/contemporary art museums continue, overall, to churn out uninspired, even lousy shows (but maybe the future augurs well, given the goodly number of new appointments at the Whitney and MoMA). Curated by Ann Goldstein, "A Minimal Future?" received some harsh critiques, occasionally pointed but often petty. I thought it was a terrific survey, one that actually benefited from the sheer oddity of some its inclusions—for example, Lawrence Weiner's not-so-great paintings, which looked like parodies of Minimalist practice. Lynn Zelevansky's show read like the obverse of Goldstein's: Foregoing concision, "Beyond Geometry" spanned liberally over three decades and twenty-odd countries. Great grids: Max Bill's *One Black to Eight Whites*, 1956; François Morellet's *o°90°*; *Switching with Four Interfering Rhythms*, 1965; Lygia Pape's *Box of Cockroaches*, 1967.

3 Karlheinz Weinberger (Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery, New York) Weinberger's best pictures date from the early to mid-'60s: images of teenage motorcycle hooliganism with an Alpine twist. The girls favor beyond-blown-out bouffants and Tyrolean patterns; the boys like oversize Elvis or swastika belt buckles. Very inventive, the way these guys truss up the crotches of their jeans. And this in Zurich?

4 Alex Bag (Elizabeth Dee Gallery, New York) She belongs on the Top Ten every year, whatever she does.

5 Martin Honert (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York) There's something indescribable about this show, but I kept thinking, "It's real art, not the usual substitute." I laughed a lot, especially as I admired *Santa Claus*, 2002, *Knight's Battle*, 2003, and *Ghosts*, 2002, exclaiming repeatedly, "Look, it's Germany!" Honert based these sculptures closely on drawings he had done as a child, but Santa's helper Ruprecht appears in both the childhood "original" and the grown-up sculpture rather like a demonic apparition above St. Nick's shoulder, brandishing a pitchfork. Perhaps this accounts for my initial misapprehension of the figure as a Ku Klux Klansman in weird, gilt disco robes; his goodie bag looks creepy, too.

6 Cold Mountain and Dogville In Anthony Minghella's film adaptation of the Brice Marden paintings—oh, wait, it's a Civil War melodrama, sorry—Nicole Kidman radiates beauty, sublimity, tragedy; Baz Luhrmann should direct her in *Phèdre*. In *Dogville*, Lars von Trier drags her through the dirt for just shy of three hours, but she gets even in the end. How Europe sees America.

7 Rachel Mason, *Kissing President Bush* (Yale School of Art 2004 MFA Sculpture Exhibition, New Haven, CT/Parlour Projects, Brooklyn) I asked Mason about her larger-than-life plaster sculpture depicting herself and our president sucking face: "What is it about George W that makes you feel hot?" Mason: "He is a wildly passionate man who consumes my will. My love for him is deep and frightening. The more he hurts me the more I love him. But he's also just so silly and fun-loving and yet he's even God-fearing in the old-fashioned sense. I love how his hair is always slightly tousled and his adorably awkward chuckle when he stammers for words. His wild and uncontrollable emotions are so exciting, but it even scares me a little, and you have to admit, he's just so mysterious!"

8 "Comic Grotesque: Wit and Mockery in German Art, 1870–1940" (Neue Galerie Museum for German and Austrian Art, New York) Independent curator Pamela Kort organized an exhibition stunningly replete with deranged, hideous, hilarious, cruel art: Hail Germania! So many treasures, but three examples should suffice in this context: Max Klinger's divine *Pissing Death*, ca. 1880; Hannah Höch's photomontage butchery *Newlywed Peasants*, 1931; and John Heartfield's *Oh Christmas Tree in Germany, How Crooked Are Your Branches!*, 1934 (a desiccated *Tannenbaum* contorts itself into a swastika). Make invidious comparisons between this show's aesthetic dementia praecox and the slack tedium of SITE Santa Fe's "Disparities and Deformations: Our Grotesque" (the latter's curator, Robert Storr, contributes an essay to the catalogue—can't wait for Venice!). Up though February 14, and a must-see.

9 Russian Criminal Tattoo Encyclopedia (Steidl) Don't let *W* magazine deceive you: The new Russia's not *all* Cy Twombly at the Hermitage. Russian prison guard Danzig Baldaev's compendium of underworld body art was the best book of the year. Sick, I'm telling you, really fucked up. Worth noting in connection with the burgeoning fashion for Boris Mikhailov's photographs of post-Glasnost misery: I saw an exhibition of his work at the ICA Boston, and I swear some of his desperately forlorn models sported tattoos straight from Baldaev's encyclopedia (or very close variations).

10 The New York Times obituary of Jacques Derrida "Jacques Derrida, Abstruse Theorist, Dies at 74": So begins Jonathan Kandell's revoltingly stupid hatchet job on the late philosopher. It's genuinely shocking how debased the cultural standards at the *Times* have become. You don't have to be a "Derridean" to feel contemptuous of such *merde*. Speaking of which, who is Jonathan Kandell anyway? Too bad Piero Manzoni's not around: He could *can* Kandell. □

Matthew Higgs

Matthew Higgs is the director and chief curator at White Columns, New York, and a regular contributor to *Artforum*.

1. **Roger Ballen, *Head Inside Shirt*, 2001**, black-and-white photograph, 14 x 14 1/2".
2. **View of "Andy Warhol's Time Capsules," Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, 2004**. © 2004 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.
3. **Bruce Nauman, *One Hundred Live and Die*, 1985**, (work from which text was borrowed for *Raw Materials*) neon tubing with clear glass tubing on metal monolith, 9' 10" x 11' x 21". © ARS, NY/DACS, London, 2003.
4. **View of "Power, Corruption, and Lies," Roth Horowitz, New York, 2004**.
5. **Lee Lozano, *Untitled (Tool)*, 1964**, graphite on paper, 8 1/2 x 10 3/4".
6. **View of "Indigestible Correctness I," Participant Inc., New York, 2004**. Photo: John Berens.
7. **View of "Thrown: Influences and Intentions of West Coast Ceramics," Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, 2004**. Photo: Howard Ursuliak.
8. **Sean Landers and Jason Meadows, *Football Duck*, 2004**, bronze and Plexiglas, 57 x 20 x 20".
9. **Mel Bochner, *Test piece for Continuous/Dis/Continuous*, 1971-72**.
10. **Mark Leckey, *Made in Heaven*, 2004**, still from a color film in 16 mm, 20-minute loop.

1 Roger Ballen (Berkeley Art Museum, Berkeley, CA) Prior to seeing this eye-opening survey (organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego), I'd given almost no thought to Ballen's creepy, surreal-ish photographs. Since seeing it I've thought of little else. There's a lot to be wary of (and possibly even dislike) in Ballen's work: e.g., the apparent "manipulation" of his seemingly disenfranchised South African subjects (collaborators?) or the way he makes poverty appear somehow theatrical, poetic even. Yet Ballen is such a profoundly strange artist that I'm willing to forgive him (almost) anything.

2 "Andy Warhol's Time Capsules" (Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh) Surveying the contents of a mere eighteen of Warhol's some six hundred "time capsules" was, frankly, overwhelming. Among the hundreds of gems Warhol squirreled away in these boxes (on view through January 2) were Clark Gable's shoes, the drafts of Warhol's 1964 "resignation" letter to his then-dealer Eleanor Ward, and the detritus of his mother's sad, byzantine Catholic existence. Simultaneously a portrait of the artist and of the times he lived through—and created—Warhol's time capsules may well be the greatest nonart-works of the twentieth century.

3 Bruce Nauman, *Raw Materials* (Tate Modern, London) *Raw Materials* saw Nauman plundering his own extensive back catalogue of text(ual) works to create an anxious "greatest hits" sound installation throughout Tate Modern's forbidding Turbine Hall (where it remains on view until March 28). From *Work Work* through *100 Live and Die* to *No No No No—New Museum/Walter and Get Out of My Mind*, *Get Out of This Room*, Nauman's orderly cacophony came across as a paranoid riposte to the trippy spectacle of Olafur Eliasson's previous Turbine Hall crowd-pleaser, *The Weather Project*, 2003.

4 "Power, Corruption and Lies" (Roth Horowitz, New York) Preempting the summer's rash of overliteral-minded anti-Bush exhibitions, Adam McEwen and Neville Wakefield's modest—and slyly political—group show was a curatorial gem. Thirty-six artists, including Lutz Bacher, Wallace Berman, Jeremy Deller, Öyvind Fahlström, Scott King, Nate Lowman, Aleksandra Mir, and Cady Noland, wrestled with what the curators charmingly described as "the smell of putrefaction that tends to curl around the shoulders of power."

5 "Lee Lozano, Drawn from Life: 1961-1971" (P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York) P.S. 1 was, hands down, my space of the year: Everything I saw there looked great. None more so than director Alanna Heiss and curatorial advisor Bob Nickas's revealing survey of the eclectic (and eccentric) work of Lee Lozano (1930-1999). The epithet "maverick" was custom-made for Lozano, whose sometimes bad-tempered and often caustically funny art left this viewer wishing he'd had the opportunity to meet her.

6 "Indigestible Correctness I & II" (Participant Inc. and Kenny Schachter/ROVE, New York) Lutz Bacher, Brian Degraw, Jimmy DeSana, Isa Genzken, Richard Kern, Kembra Pfahler, Francis Picabia, Richard Prince, and Christopher Wool headed up the very savvy cast of Rita Ackermann and Lizzi Bougatsos's angular and angsty two-part group show that made me wonder, "Why can't museums organize shows like this?"

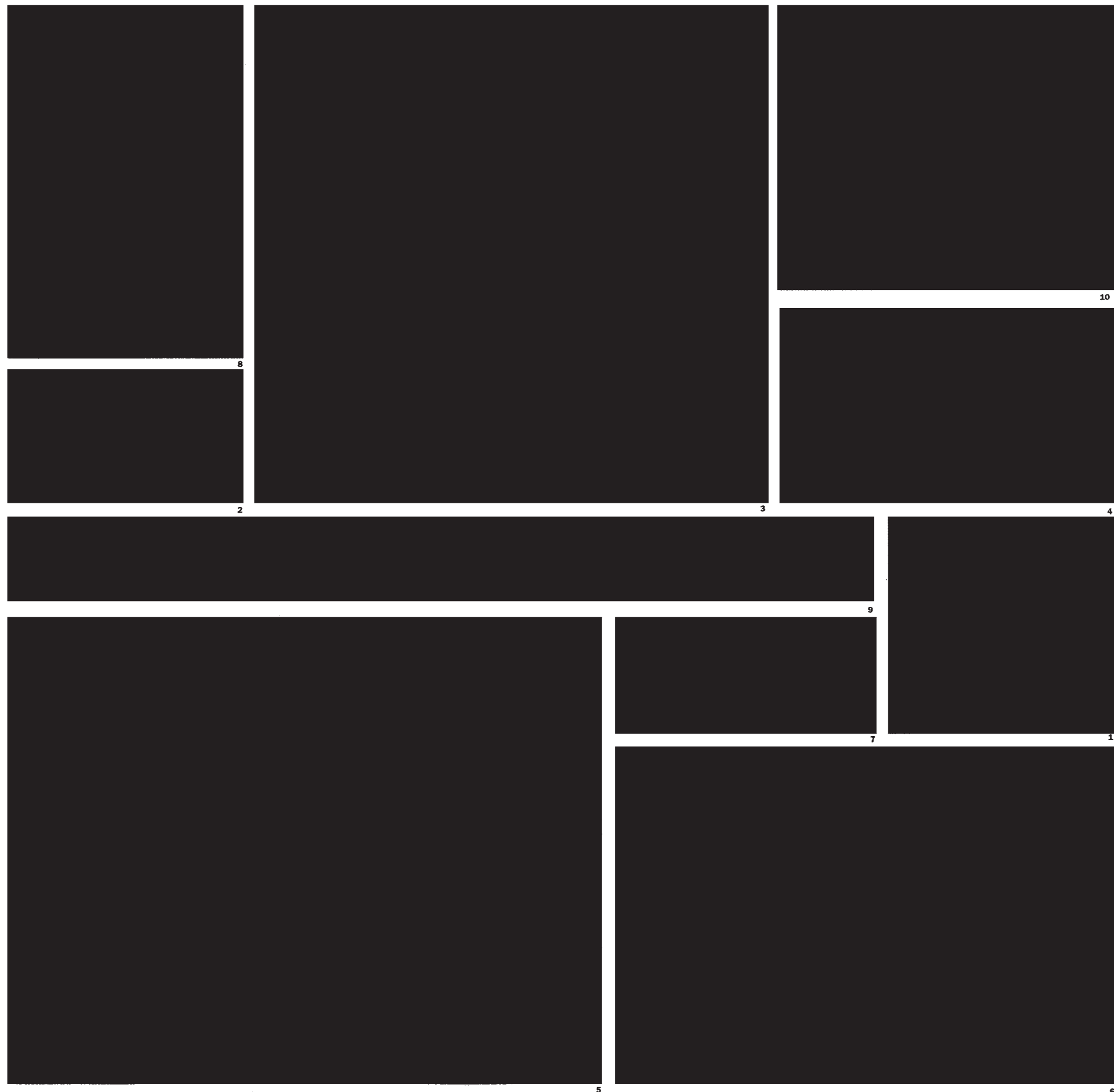
7 "Thrown: Influences and Intentions of West Coast Ceramics" (Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, University of British Columbia, Vancouver) The influence of the visionary British studio potter Bernard Leach on a generation of West Coast Canadian potters in the '60s and '70s might not sound like a recipe for one of the most compelling exhibitions of the year; but in the hands of curators Lee Plested, Scott Watson, and Charmian Johnson this exquisite (and beautifully installed) material positively sang. Watson's inspired programming

at the Belkin has always taken unexpected (and unprecedented) turns, and "Thrown" gently amplified his idiosyncratic vision.

8 "The Thought That Counts" (Sister, Los Angeles) LA-based sculptor Jason Meadows blurred the lines between curation and collaboration in this wonderfully odd project in which he created pedestals, plinths, bases, props, or supports for existing and newly commissioned sculptures by friends and peers like Liz Larner, Evan Holloway, Sean Landers, and Liz Craft. Seen together, the resultant "hybrids" (for want of a better term) displayed a joyous harmony born of confused and multiple authorship.

9 "Beyond Geometry: Experiments in Form, 1940s-70s" (Los Angeles County Museum of Art) LACMA curator Lynn Zelevansky's "Beyond Geometry" was an often subjective (global) romp through all things process, serially, and geometrically inclined: a (very) capacious church that found room for, among many others, Josef Albers, Blinky Palermo, Mel Bochner, and Karen Carson's (unknown-to-me) kinky cotton-duck-and-zipper "painting." Claustrophobically installed—in a good way—and full of illuminating diversions (Franz Eberhard Walther finally getting some kind of dues), "Beyond Geometry" was, despite its boring title, Tinseltown's summer sleeper.

10 Mark Leckey, "Septic Tank" (Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York) Leckey's one-room apartment in London's West End—the cramped laboratory from which he works his increasingly weird cultural alchemy—has taken center stage in much of his recent production. "Septic Tank" free-associated among a peculiar cast of characters, including the late Patrick Procktor, Jacob Epstein, Graham Greene, actor Phil Daniels, Little Richard (a "religious icon," according to Leckey), and Jeff Koons. Simultaneously melancholic and celebratory, Leckey's recent brand of bed-sit conceptualism perfectly mirrors our increasingly unsettled times. □



Lynne Cooke

Lynne Cooke has been the curator at Dia Art Foundation since 1991. She also writes and teaches on contemporary art. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

1. **Francis Alÿs, *VW Beetle*, 2004.** Performance view, Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, 2004. Photo: Joachin Ali Altschäffel.
2. **Pierre Huyghe, *Working Title*, 2004.** Production still. Photo: Michael Vahrenwald.
3. **Bryan Crockett, *Pinkie*, 2001,** cultured marble, 20 1/2 x 12 1/4 x 18".
4. **OMA/LMN, *Seattle Public Library*, 2004.** © Philippe Ruault.
5. **Bruce Nauman, *Raw Materials*, 2004.** Installation view, Tate Modern, London.
6. **Anri Sala, *Dammi i colori (Give Me the Colors)*, 2003,** still from a color video transferred to DVD, 15 minutes 24 seconds.
7. **Catherine Sullivan, *Ice Floes of Franz Joseph Land*, 2004.** Performance view, Angel Orensanz Foundation, New York.
8. **Diana Thater, *Delphine*, 1999–2000.** Installation view, Kunsthalle Bremen, 2004.
9. **Mark Wallinger, *Sleeper*, 2004.** Performance view, Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin. Photo: Angela Berling.
10. **View of "*Vivienne Westwood*,"** Victoria & Albert Museum, London, 2004.

1 Francis Alÿs (Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg/Martin-Gropius-Bau, Berlin) In a pair of slyly understated solo shows of works old and new, Alÿs parses preoccupations as poetic as they are political. In these disarmingly simple installations that depend on a self-reflexive, quasi-curatorial mode now completely integral to his practice, he draws deeply on his immediate milieu for his ostensible subjects. Yet he never gets mired in the merely local, nor does he succumb to the fecklessness of the self-styled nomadic artist.

2 Pierre Huyghe's Harvard Project (Sert Gallery, Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts, Harvard University Art Museums, Cambridge, MA) The French artist's wryly haunting puppet play is set in a miniature theater, an ultratemporary "blob" extruded from the bowels of Le Corbusier's still-underregarded Carpenter Center. In a series of abbreviated scenes, Huyghe's marionette show reprises the predicament of an artist/architect "genius" alternately commissioned and repulsed by the institutional patron, to poignantly memorable effect. Like others of Huyghe's ambitious yet transient "events," it will be edited into a film and presented in situ.

3 Mike Kelley, "The Uncanny" (Tate Liverpool) This caustic reworking of a project Kelley had realized in the Netherlands a decade earlier eviscerated the prurience at the heart of British culture by amassing a vast array of works from sources as apparently diverse as the routinely vilified Nicholas Treadwell stable, the ever-visible YBAs, and collections of nineteenth-century medical models. By juxtaposing this disturbingly homogeneous ensemble with the "Harems," his personal collections of trash, trivia, and treasures, Kelley adroitly refused an omniscient position in favor of sparring mano a mano.

4 Rem Koolhaas, Seattle Public Library More style than substance, *Content* (Taschen), the Dutch architect's restless compendium of theoretical and journalistic sound bites, was an enervated recapitulation of OMA's

trajectory to date, lacking the galvanizing energy and crystalline vision that fueled his earlier publications. In marked contrast, the remarkable Seattle library, following close on the heels of the student center for Chicago's IIT campus, finally allowed Koolhaas to realize his ambitions at an appropriate scale and in the public domain. And his brilliant Casa da Música in Porto now nears completion as well. Once again, Koolhaas moves far ahead of the field. But whatever happened to his many museum projects?

5 Bruce Nauman, *Raw Materials* (Tate Modern, London) "You may not want to be here"—the provisional quantifier in one of Nauman's spoken texts—acknowledges that the experience will prove far from seductive or exalting. Yet rather than threatening (despite *Get Out of My Mind*, *Get Out of This Room*), Nauman here sardonically withholds (*Thank You Thank You*) in a brilliant intervention that undermines most of the previous, highly theatrical forays in the Tate's cavernous Turbine Hall by turping up the volume. And he throws the onus back on the viewer: *Work Work*.

6 Anri Sala (Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris/ARC) The Albanian-born artist's first large(r)-scale museum show, in ARC's temporary ecclesiastical quarters, was characteristically low-key and elliptical, resistant to heavy theorizing yet undeniably charged. Sala's tersely abbreviated narratives make exegesis seem clumsy, almost beside the point. Given his ability to choose the visually telling moment/incident/idea that, like an onion, can be peeled apart without revealing a kernel or core, an ensemble of his works resists the dulling, deadening effect that typifies shows devoted exclusively to projected work.

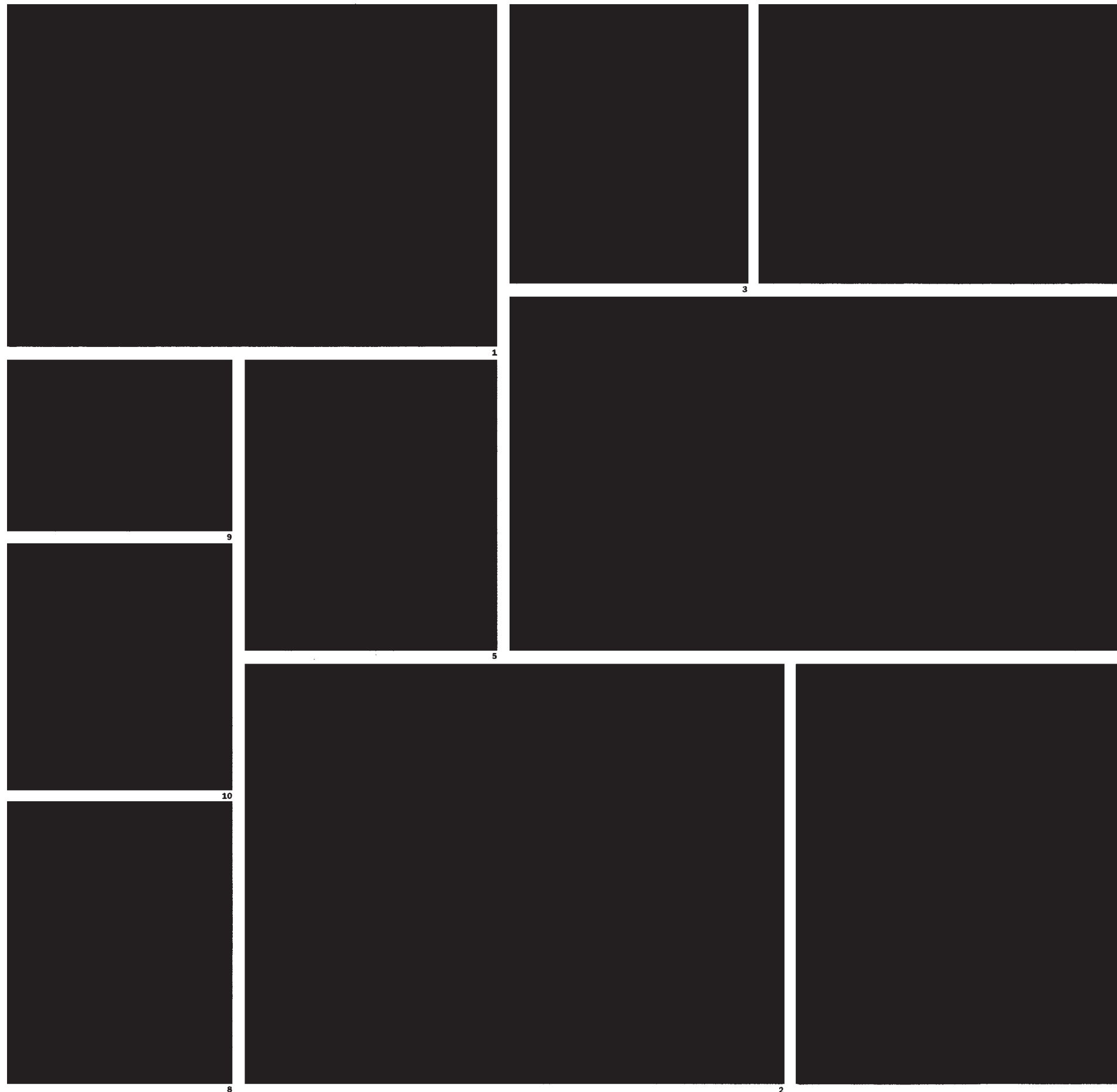
7 Catherine Sullivan, *Ice Floes of Franz Joseph Land* (Angel Orensanz Foundation, New York, Apr. 10) In yoking performance to video installation, Sullivan's practice betrays the studied artifice, breadth of reference, and complex visual/verbal layering that are hallmarks of James Coleman's art, for example. The manic, anarchic, and absurd, how-

ever, relentlessly destabilize her world, reflecting a vision ever prey to disruption, chaos, and anomie. Tightly choreographed, kaleidoscopically structured, this cryptic performance remains indelible.

8 "Diana Thater: Keep the Faith!" (Museum für Gegenwartskunst Siegen/Kunsthalle Bremen, Germany) Spread across two museums, of very different types and scale in different regions of Germany, Thater's retrospective beautifully and deftly responded to the particulars of site and sequencing in a subtle redefining of key works for their new environs. Her rousing, admonishing title attests to the consistency of purpose, the clarity of vision, and the rigor of a pursuit that leaves her somewhere far out on her own.

9 Mark Wallinger, *Sleeper* (Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin) Dressed in a well-worn bear suit, the British artist undertook a week of nocturnal ramblings through the luminous empty expanses of Mies van der Rohe's Neue Nationalgalerie, still the most glorious space in this city of untrammled new construction. Given the site's proximity to the historic Zoo and the Tiergarten (which formerly abutted the Wall), Wallinger's absurd peregrinations in the guise of Berlin's heraldic emblem spoke to the singularly complex intersection of nature, culture, and politics in the German capital over much of the last century.

10 Vivienne Westwood (Victoria & Albert Museum, London) Irrepressible, erratic, Westwood's protean inventiveness has been purloined and refined by more polished and certified fashion designers for decades. The V&A's spirited retrospective, together with the recent revised edition of Jane Mulvagh's fascinating if unsparing 1998 biography, *Vivienne Westwood: An Unfashionable Life* (Harper-Collins), demonstrates, albeit somewhat belatedly, that Westwood deserves to be far more than a maverick local legend. □



Daniel Birnbaum

Artforum contributing editor Daniel Birnbaum is director of the Städelschule art academy in Frankfurt, cofounded its new institute for art criticism, and heads its Portikus gallery. Photo: Ulf Lundin.

1. Louise Lawler, *Salon Hodler, 1992-93*, color photograph, 49½ x 58½".
2. Sturtevant, *Gonzalez-Torres Untitled (Go-Go Dancing), 1995*, mixed media, dimensions variable.
3. Michael S. Riedel, *NOSNHO... .., 2004*. Installation view, Galerie Michael Neff, Frankfurt, 2004. Photo: Wolfgang Günzel.
5. Ayşe Erkmen, *Durchnässt (Soaked), 2004*. Installation view, Schirn Kunsthalle, Frankfurt, 2004. Photo: Norbert Miguletz.
6. Pan Sonic, *Berlin, 2004*. Photo: Anne Hämäläinen.
7. Philippe Parreno, *The Boy from Mars, 2003*, still from a color film in 35 mm transferred to high definition video, 10 minutes 39 seconds.
8. View of Anselm Kiefer's towers, *Hangar Bicocca, Milan, 2004*.
9. Friedrich Jürgenson archiving taped paranormal voices, ca. 1960s. © Carl Michael von Hausswolff.
10. Alfred Hitchcock, *Psycho, 1960*, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 109 minutes. Marion Crane (Janet Leigh).

1 “Louise Lawler and Others” (Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Basel) Says Lawler in the catalogue accompanying this splendid exhibition organized by Philipp Kaiser, “Art is always a collaboration with what came before you and what comes after you.” Somewhere in between the *before* and the *after*, something seems to emerge that we want to call the *present*. Theorists have questioned whether there is such a thing, and Lawler’s art could easily be read as a confirmation of a philosophy of difference claiming delay and displacement as more original than immediacy. And yet the clashes in Lawler’s work—sometimes subtle, sometimes violent (and often funny)—no doubt create radiant sparks of an ever-new *Now*.

2 “Sturtevant: The Brutal Truth” (Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt) Clement Greenberg once expressed his doubts that humor could ever play a major role in art. Too bad he couldn’t have lived to witness the confusion produced by two go-go dancers (one black, the other white) performing in Frankfurt’s modern art museum during the opening of “The Brutal Truth”—one dancing according to Felix Gonzalez-Torres’s “original” instructions, the other to those of Sturtevant (which couldn’t have been *too* different). As John Waters says in the catalogue, “Cutting out all the stuff that doesn’t matter. Down to the bone. [T]hat is what I admire about Sturtevant’s work: no messing around. Very brutal.” MMK director Udo Kittelmann and curator Mario Kramer devoted all of their galleries to this brutality, thus staging Sturtevant’s largest exhibition to date and the year’s most daring curatorial experiment.

3 Michael S. Riedel Repetition, replication, displacement. This German artist is giving rise to a quasi world of distorted mirror-images and new takes on things that we already know, or so we thought. The white flower he placed on Sturtevant’s table at the opening of “The Brutal Truth” seemed to me an original. Otherwise, everything has been doubled. Riedel offers us a twin universe: The artist himself exists in different versions.

4 About Café (Bangkok) This café/gallery/library has managed to attract many of today’s most interesting artists, not just locally but from around the world. I spent a number of great July afternoons in the cool and pleasant reading room. Downstairs they were installing a piece by Daniel Buren.

5 Ayşe Erkmen (Schirn Kunsthalle, Frankfurt) Erkmen moves things around, provides a new context for things. Over the years she’s recontextualized statues, ships, and animals. This time it was something rather formless: a muddy landscape of puddles, dirty water, and irregularly distributed islands. You could jump from one to another, but your boots would get soaked through anyway and you might even have got stuck. This is an everyday experience in many places in the world, but not at the heart of Europe’s financial capital. Thank you!

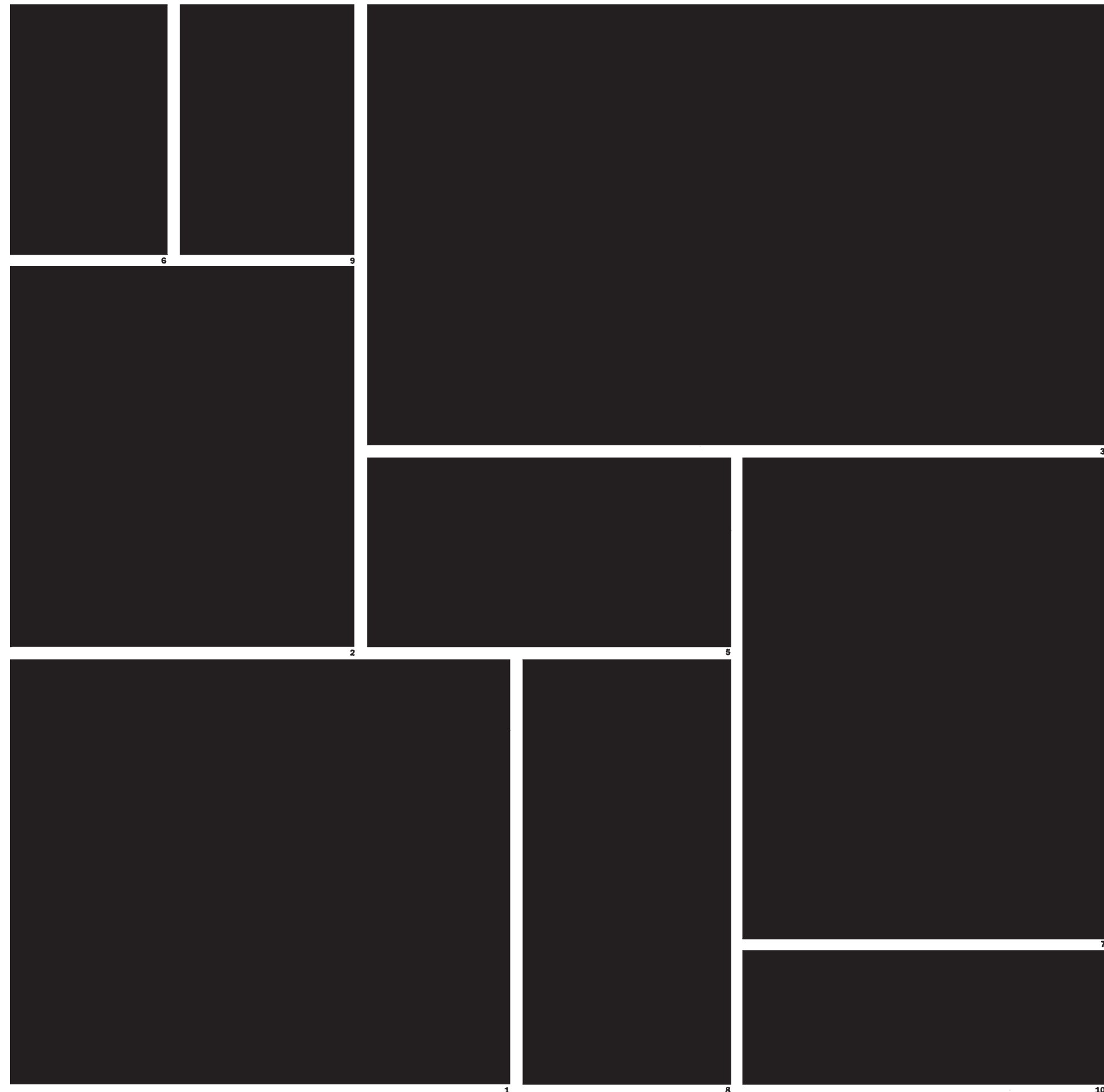
6 Pan Sonic The electronic duo’s new box set, *Kesto (234:4:4)*, is their magnum opus and sure to go down as a milestone in the history of electronic music. It goes without saying that nearly 235 minutes of sound means lots of listening. The tracks I’ve heard so far are frightening and sublime.

7 Philippe Parreno Having at this point published essays on most of the key artists of his generation—Pierre Huyghe, Olafur Eliasson, Jorge Pardo, Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Doug Aitken, Liam Gillick, even Björk—Philippe Parreno can no longer be thought of as the *covert* center of today’s discourse on art. I’ve always felt that in his own art we get a glimpse of the future, not only because of such science fiction-like titles as *The Boy from Mars, 2003*, but because he shows things I’ve never seen before. In a recent essay on Anri Sala, Parreno writes of a film that doesn’t exist but that somehow emerges in the creative critic’s mind: “This is a film that Anri will never make but that he projected in my head. I dated it 2010.” Then follows the most horrifying story. Parreno has seen the future.

8 Towers Not since Vladimir Tatlin’s times have artists been so keen on building towers. Anselm Kiefer is back with a vengeance as the builder of monumental, otherworldly palaces in Milan; Rirkrit Tiravanija has constructed a strictly antimonumental wooden tower in the bombastic “Hall of Honor” in Munich’s Haus der Kunst. Younger artists like Michael Beutler and Tomas Saraceno are building vertically all over the globe: in Germany, Italy, Argentina, and Russia. In Saraceno’s case, the architecture is heavenly in a literal sense. With lighter-than-air technology, he will soon make structures that fly (he says).

9 “Phonorama” (Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie, Karlsruhe) The day I read about the death of Jacques Derrida, the first thinker to discuss the full implications of phonocentrism in Western metaphysics, I happened to see this massive, fascinating exhibition (organized by cultural historian Brigitte Felderer) subtitled “A Cultural History of the Voice as a Medium.” Works by Valie Export and Joseph Beuys, for example, are juxtaposed with bizarre machines—scientific and occult instruments by figures like Friedrich Jürgenson, who communicated with the dead via radio, and Wolfgang von Kempelen, who in 1790 constructed an impressive machine to simulate human speech. Death really *does* have a voice.

10 Second Deaths Beginning with his 1981 essay “The Deaths of Roland Barthes,” Derrida, whose philosophy always forwarded a critique of a certain Metaphysics of Life, brought the genre of the obituary to new speculative heights. His remarkable essays occasioned by the deaths of Deleuze, Foucault, Althusser, Levinas, Gadamer, and many others, evolved a novel kind of writing about finitude, a kind of thanatography, which somehow seemed to anticipate his own demise. Now that Derrida’s death has happened, it seems a repetition, just as with Janet Leigh, who had already died so violently that it left a mark on several generations of artists. Reading her recent obituary in the *International Herald Tribune*, I can only think of Derrida and Douglas Gordon. A strange thing, this second death. □



Jack Bankowsky

Jack Bankowsky is editor at large of *Artforum* and was guest editor of the magazine's October special issue "This is Today: Pop After Pop."

1. Anthony Burdin, *Frieze Art Fair booth created for Maccarone Inc., London, 2004*. 2. Pierre Huyghe, *Streamside Day, 2003*, production still. 3. Los Super Elegantes, *Tunga's House Bar: A Group of Kids Sitting Around Talking About the End of the World, 2004*. Performance view, Whitney Museum of American Art at Altria, New York, 2004. Tunga's Mother (Ellen Taylor). 4. Xavier Veilhan, *The Photorealist Project, 2003*. Interior view. 5. Jennifer Bolande, *Green Towel Sequence #1, 2004*, color photograph, 36 x 26". 6. Rachel Harrison, *Marilyn with Wall (detail), 2004*, mixed-media sculpture, 11' 4" x 10' x 4' 2". 7. Ed Ruscha, *Joe's Plymouth, 1960*, black-and-white photograph, 14 x 6". 8. Brian Calvin, *Broad Daylight, 2004*, acrylic on mylar, 16 x 16". 9. Mathew Cerletty, *The Left Handed Compliment, 2004*, oil on canvas, 72 x 54". 10. Charles Ray's *Tractor* in fabrication, August 2004.

1 Anthony Burdin "Recording artist" Burdin is no stranger to the multicity tour, but the twist is, he never gets out of his car. Forget about three nights at the Beacon Theater: Burdin pops in a favorite CD, sings over the tracks (or over himself, singing over the tracks), and records the results—all the while filming his roadie's progress out the window with a handheld camera. I duly kicked myself for missing his unscheduled late-night performance at the Frieze Art Fair, but an audience with the artist in Michele Maccarone's darkened and dead-bolted booth (nothing like a closed door to whet first-in-my-museum-group appetites!) revealed the live act to be but half the show. What I discovered was a multifaceted play on recording-art conventions (drawings, tapes, annotated album covers) and a trove of "music videos" as real-rock potent as they are MTV impervious. "Mostly," Burdin explains, "I concentrate on my driving."

2 Pierre Huyghe, "Streamside Day Follies" (Dia:Chelsea, New York) *Streamside Day*, 2003, Huyghe's film-within-an-installation, was winding down its Dia run when the ball dropped on 2003, but its performative daredevilism cast a long shadow across the year ahead. Orchestrated (and filmed) by the artist to mark the opening of Streamside Knolls, a planned suburban tract carved from the forest in Fishkill, New York, the awkward festivities could have come off as merely patronizing, an easy send-up of middle-class values. Instead, Huyghe manages a tricky poise: The proceedings are neither parodic nor protective. What gets "performed" under the pressure of Huyghe's low-key intervention are the primitive sputterings of human communication—and community. In Huyghe's framing, this newly minted "utopia" is less drearily familiar than strange and estranging.

3 Los Super Elegantes (Whitney Museum of American Art at Altria, New York) I've been trumpeting this conceptual duo—*cum*-cabaret act all year, but this is a "best of," so I come out again for these globe-trotting emissaries of trash in translation and their refreshing brand of cross-cultural misprision that made *Tunga's House Bar* the theatrical sleeper of 2004.

In Latin America, Tunga is something of a scared cow, so to make the venerated vanguardist the subject of a full-length, if low-budget, drama is as kinky as it sounds. The bohemian paterfamilias apparently runs a louche salon in a Rio suburb where international truffle hogs can be found nose to the coffee table 24/7. Here the demiurge implodes at his own birthday party as his pious mother does the dishes, all the while wistfully bemoaning her lapsed calling as a theorist of Tropicalia. Talk about a surprise vantage on the touchy elisions of imperialist modernism!

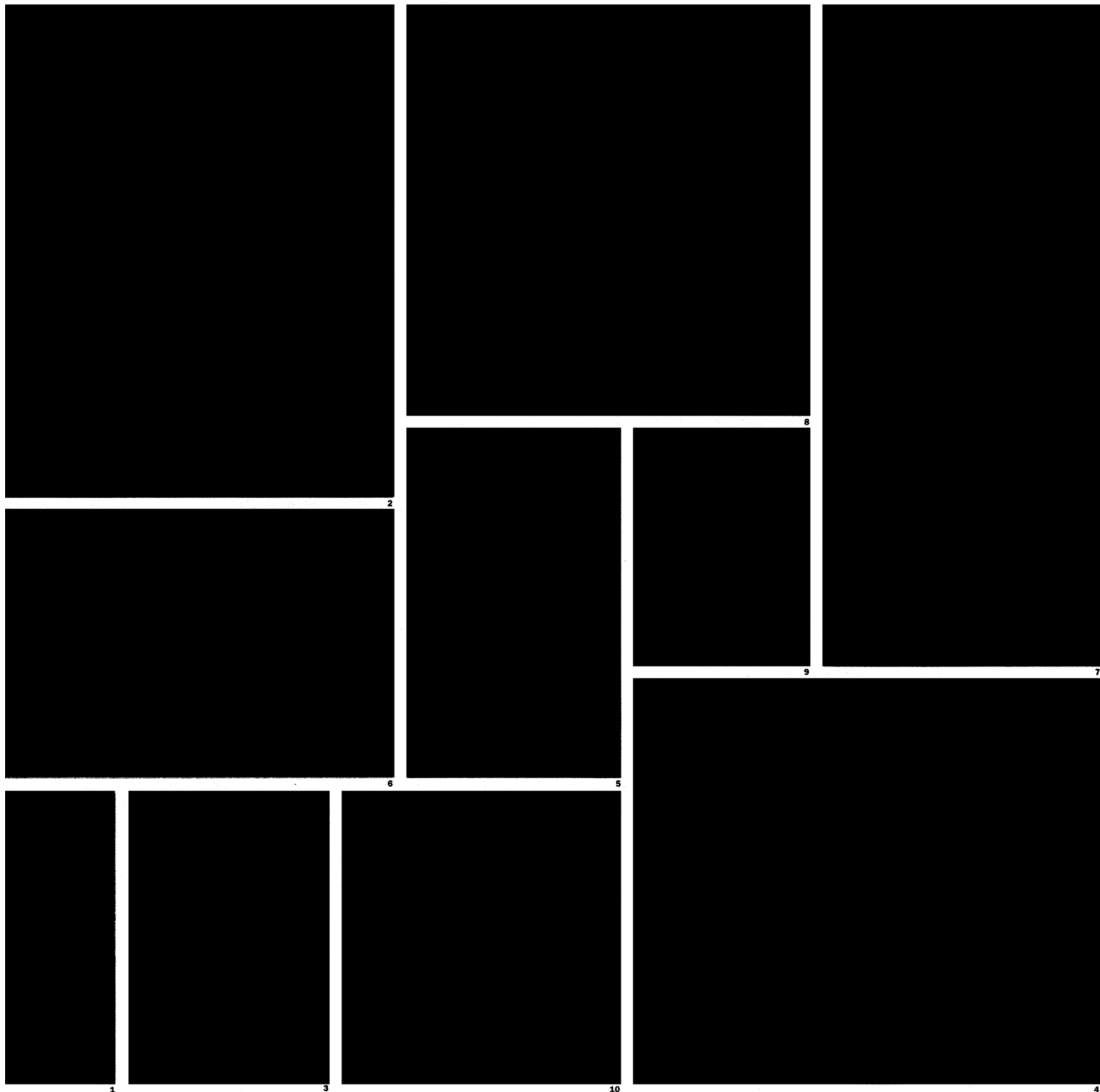
4 Photorealism Revised Can it merely be a perfume of the outré that lends Photorealism such allure these days? I'm not being coy; I don't fully understand the pull. For this reason, I thank Xavier Veilhan for erecting a pavilion (a work of art in its own right) dedicated to pondering this revisionist mystery at New York's National Academy Museum. Preternaturally aglow against an all-black interior, canvases by Robert Bechtle, Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, et al. look as proud on their perch between painting and photography as Franz Gertsch's monumental images of Patti Smith did early this year at Gagosian.

5 and 6 Jennifer Bolande and Rachel Harrison (Alexander and Bonin, New York/Greene Naftali, New York) When Harrison's tiny photos of a tubby Liz Taylor embedded in a cement bunker showed up at the 2002 Whitney Biennial, I thought Eureka!—but I also thought Jennifer Bolande. Like Harrison, Bolande is not a photographer per se, but photography plays a big part in her "sculpture." A master gambit of the 1980s, the photo as object has long been central to Bolande's art, and yet her multifaceted miniaturism was somewhat sidelined by that decade's more single-minded examinations of art in the age of photography. Sometimes it takes a new talent to teach us how to appreciate an older one, to rescue a difficult voice from the simplifications of period identity. I would not risk reducing either artist by this anxious equation, were it not for a pair of stellar shows this year that let them speak eloquently for themselves.

7 Ed Ruscha (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) When your art is all about economy, greatness accrues a little at a time—which is to say, each time you hit your target. The virtue of Ruscha's twin surveys of drawings and photographs (organized by Margit Rowell and Sylvia Wolf, respectively) is that they showed this artist hitting his mark virtually every time, from those period-perfect epigrams to early experiments with the camera like *Joe's Plymouth*, a 1960 photo of a photo on a stick that looks as fresh today as, well, a Rachel Harrison or a Jennifer Bolande.

8 and 9 Brian Calvin and Mathew Cerletty (Anton Kern Gallery, New York/Rivington Arms, New York) You know when you say, "It's good for what it is"? For me, Vincent Fecteau and Nancy Shaver are "good for for what they are" (both are runners-up here for modest but remarkable shows at Feature, Inc.). And what about Richard Tuttle? But now I'm getting confused . . . aren't these artists just plain good? Calvin, often called the slacker Alex Katz (also good for what he is), makes paintings that are formally inventive, subtly observed, and gorgeously painted, too, in a low-key kind of way. In "Alter Ego," his second New York solo, Cerletty looked as strong as he did in his 2003 debut. This time we found him doting on a single model until the doctor/dandy's likeness virtually vibrates with craft—and libido. In one painting the willowy physician's lips are impastoed pink in a jarring departure from the rest of the facture. It's as if the artist just wanted to see what would happen to his muse (and his painting) if he dared it. The art of Calvin and Cerletty is "good for what it is," and I bet it's a good deal better than that.

10 Charles Ray (Hamburger Bahnhof, Berlin) A new work by Charles Ray is inevitably an event. If the unveiling of his life-size, cast aluminum *Tractor*, 2004, was overshadowed by the controversy surrounding the opening of the Flick Collection, a lengthy tour of the sculpture ensures viewers a chance to savor its calibrated contradictions. Aren't you sick of artists glorifying farm machinery? Exactly. Leave it to Ray to start way strange—and make it stranger. □



Bruce Hainley

Los Angeles-based *Artforum* contributing editor Bruce Hainley teaches in the masters of art criticism and theory program at Art Center College of Design, Pasadena, CA. *Art—A Sex Book*, his collaboration with John Waters, was published by Thames & Hudson late last year.

1. View of "Sturtevant: The Brutal Truth," Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt, 2004. 2. Vincent Fecteau, *Untitled*, 2003, papier-mâché, and acrylic, 10 1/4 x 13 x 14". 3. Still from the HBO series *Entourage*. Turtle (Jerry Ferrara), Drama (Kevin Dillon), Vince (Adrian Grenier), and Eric (Kevin Connolly). 4. Lee Lozano, *Slide*, 1965, oil on canvas, 6 x 14". 6. Michael Airington in *A Night with Paul Lynde*, Ultra Suede, Los Angeles, 2004. 7. Frank Stella, *The Quadrant*, 1987–88, mixed media on etched magnesium, 92 1/4 x 82 1/4 x 49 1/4". © Frank Stella/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 8. Douglas Crase, *Both: A Portrait in Two Parts*, (Pantheon, 2004). 9. Giorgio Morandi, *Natura Morta (Still Life)*, 1980, watercolor and pencil on paper, 9 1/2 x 13". 10. Patrick Hill, *Ann Arbor Is a Mother*, 2003–2004, wood, canvas, wallpaper, dye, glue, and glass, 37 1/4 x 37 x 33".

1 "Sturtevant: The Brutal Truth"

(Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt) Removing even the permanent collection, intrepid MMK director Udo Kittelmann and in-house curator Mario Kramer turned over the entire museum to Elaine Sturtevant, giving gorgeous space to more than 140 dazzling works, many seen for the first time in this exhibition, on view through January 30. Part of the instant fun is that at first glance it looks like a weird but really great group show; of course it's not that at all. Complicated, maddening, exhilarating, the brutal truth repeated throughout is her project's undeniable greatness. Thought as power is beauty.

2 Tomma Abts and Vincent Fecteau

(Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven) Such a brilliant combo. Curator Phillip van den Bossche had the perspicacity to trust the artists, impeccably providing each a solo room and each a room where one curated things—often rescued from deep storage (Har Sanders, Erik Pape)—to illuminate the other. Their choices brought out hitherto unseeable mutual connections—in fact, the two artists ended up collaborating on their curated rooms—and showed just how dopey much curating's slavishness to "proper" art history is.

3 Entourage (HBO)

I mean, it's *Sex and the City* for guys. Bawdy, jacked with Hollywood verismo courtesy of coproducer Mark Wahlberg et al., the program lets Debi Mazar strut her brash stuff and Jeremy Piven smarm his way to TV greatness, while Adrian Grenier and crew cruise the Sunset Strip for our pleasure. Mazar and Piven, respectively cast as a kick-ass PR rep and shark agent to Grenier's up-and-coming, straight-from-Queens-with-his-boys movie star, prove the high-school drama-arts chestnut true: There really are no small roles.

4 Lee Lozano

(P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York) Nasty, lewd, and brilliant, Lozano threw up so much of what the art world force-fed. Curators Bob Nickas and Alanna Heiss, P.S. 1's director, gave the woman *time* (which is space) so that the ferocity of her work could be paid heed. As with Sturtevant, the history books get rewritten from here.

5 Trisha Donnelly

(Carnegie International, Pittsburgh; Casey Kaplan, New York) Understanding the burden of the performer and wanting to escape becoming the dog-and-pony show the art world adores, Donnelly, unannounced to and undocumented for anyone, slipped into caterer's penguin uniform and served the fancy-pants guests at the Carnegie International's gala opening dinner. Could there be a more clarifying (if unconscious) homage to Mierle Laderman Ukeles's washing the steps of the museum? Donnelly's second solo show, at Casey Kaplan, continued her burrowing pursuits.

6 The Return of Scary, Glamorous Fags: "OMNI: A Celebration of Klaus Nomi's 60th Birthday"

(New Langton Arts, San Francisco) and *A Night with Paul Lynde* (Ultra Suede, Los Angeles) Having already produced a killer Klaus Nomi 'zine (*Apocalypse Then*) and postered their city with the hypnotic diva in full-on tuxedo-from-Mars regalia, Berlin-based collective PP (artists D-L Alvarez and Gwenael Rattke) staged Alvarez and Kevin Killian's play *Total Eclipse*, showed rare concert films and memorabilia, and then discoed the night away. PP's intervention—stealth political action—recalls a time when fags were weird, fanged, and, well, not for kids. Slier, Paul Lynde often seemed to be *for* kids, the ur-PeeWee Herman. Having purchased, for a depressingly low sum, a box of Lynde paraphernalia on eBay, *A Night with Paul Lynde* star Michael Airington completed the one-man cabaret act Lynde never got around to. Boozy, cruisey, and vicious, Lynde let his zingers fly, channeling a snarling flamboyance into America's living room. Wanting somehow, somewhere, to acknowledge the recent passing of a great cook, I'll let Lynde have the last words: When *Hollywood Squares* host Peter Marshall asked, "According to the French chef Julia Child, how much is a pinch?" the Center Square wagged, "Just enough to turn her on."

7 Frank Stella

(San Francisco Museum of Modern Art) Curator of painting and sculpture Janet Bishop, together with curatorial associate Jill Dawsey, took eight great Stellas—*Shoubeegi*, 1978, wows in enamel and *glitter(!)*—cleanly

hung them, and provided a brief, cogent essay (by Dawsey). There's no way a gonzo retrospective in some enough-already Gehry building could have been better. Oh, and, Art Fans, Stella's career alone complicates any neat history of the '60s (see also picks number one and number four).

8 Douglas Crase, Both: A Portrait in Two Parts

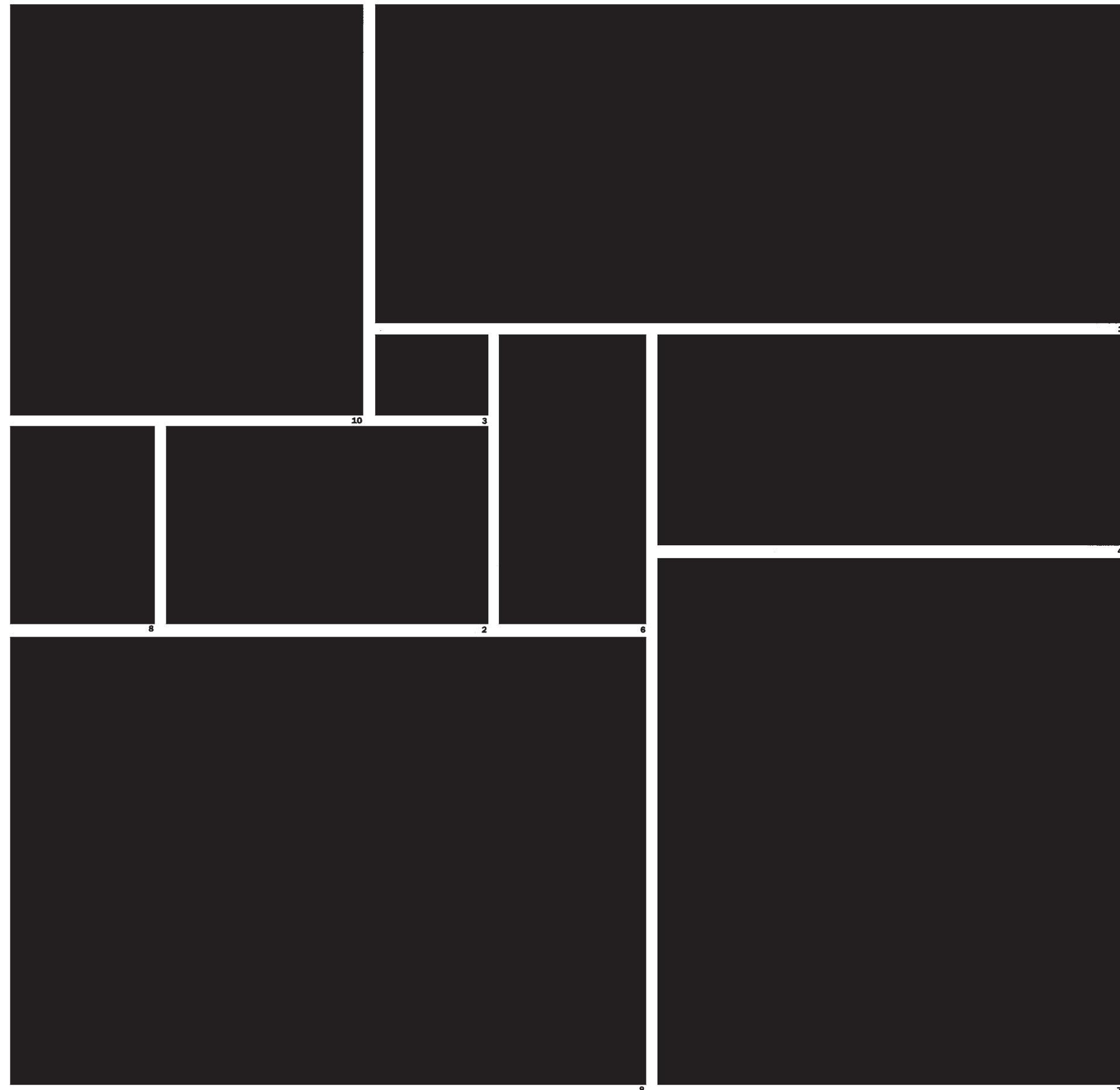
(Pantheon) and *George W.S. Trow, The Harvard Black Rock Forest* (University of Iowa Press) In a year when an environmentalist won the Nobel Peace Prize, two illuminating meditations on America and the land through differing moral negotiations of the personal. Crase's dual biography of botanists extraordinaire, Rupert Barnaby and Dwight Ripley (their passion—and expertise—was legumes), provides proof of both men's artistic gifts, their behind-the-scenes bankrolling of much of the 1950s New York art scene, and the loving complexity of their fifty-year relationship. Trow's 1984 *New Yorker* essay, in book form for the first time, traces the history of specific forests, American silviculture, and man's increasingly attenuated relation to that land.

9 Giorgio Morandi

(Lucas Schoormans Gallery, New York) Intense. A disarming negotiation of the abstractions of the real, ostensibly in the form of still lifes of boxes, cups, and vases. No wonder Robert Irwin called the Italian master the only great European Abstract Expressionist. Six ravishing oil paintings, a drawing, and a truly mind-boggling watercolor—endlessly generous, endlessly mysterious.

10 Patrick Hill

(David Kordansky Gallery, Los Angeles) The dude might have begun using Venice boardwalk affect (wood scraps, tie-dyed denim, glass, ribbon)—not to vouchsafe his sincerity (how most "craft" is deployed today) but unpacking it to limn where such affect came from (Allan Kaprow, feminist art, Mike Kelley)—but he finds a way to shoot the tube of such materials to ride to gleaming elegance and, um, soul. The sculptures depend on glass's reflection showing what isn't there as there. □



Thelma Golden

Thelma Golden is deputy director for exhibitions and programs at the Studio Museum in Harlem, where she is currently working on an exhibition of Chris Ofili's watercolors. She also recently organized a retrospective of the fashion designer Patrick Kelly for the Brooklyn Museum. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

1. Interior of Dover Street Market, London, 2004.
2. Rudolf Stingel, *Plan B*, 2004. Installation view, Grand Central Terminal, New York. Photo: Tom Powel.
3. View of "Robert Smithson," Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 2004. Robert Smithson, *Mirage No. 1*, 1967. © Estate of Robert Smithson/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY.
4. View of "African American Artists in Los Angeles, A Survey Exhibition: Fade (1990-2003)," University Fine Arts Gallery at California State University, Los Angeles. Photo: Joshua White.
5. Vanessa Beecroft, *VB54*, 2004. Performance view, Terminal 5, John F. Kennedy International Airport, New York, 2004.
6. David Hammons, *2004 Dak'Art Sheep Raffle*. Performance view, Dak'Art Biennale, Dakar, Senegal, 2004.
7. On Kawara, *July 20, 1969*, acrylic on canvas, 61 x 89".
8. Senga Nengudi, *Inside/Outside*, 1977, nylon mesh, rubber, and foam, 60 x 24".
9. View of "Dangerous Liaisons: Fashion and Furniture in the 18th Century," Costume Institute, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, 2004.
10. Tom Ford after presenting his last Gucci men's collection, Milan, 2004. Photo: AP/Antonio Calanni.

1 Dover Street Market (London) The recent frenzied spate of museum building has seen unfortunate comparisons made between these cultural institutions and shopping malls. But I love malls the way I love museums. Comme des Garçons founder Rei Kawakubo's Dover Street Market is rightly being described as the ultimate mall. Everything she thinks you should want is spread out over six floors. It is the most sublime, sensual shopping experience, carefully curated to include an Azzedine Alaïa boutique, a dozen Comme lines, and Terry de Havilland shoes. Dover Street is not the perfect mall; it is actually the perfect museum.

2 Rudolf Stingel, *Plan B* (Grand Central Terminal, New York) and **Janet Cardiff, *Her Long Black Hair*** (Central Park, New York) The best public art reconnects us to the city, jolting us out of our habitual relationship to place. This year, two projects revived my interest in sites that I have loved, but in sentimental, clichéd ways. In July, Stingel's 27,000-square-foot carpet, *Plan B*, facilitated by the Art Production Fund, MTA Arts for Transit, and Creative Time, invigorated Grand Central in a way that the station's restoration never did. And Cardiff's audio-walk project for the Public Art Fund, *Her Long Black Hair*, allowed for a different route into the treasures of Central Park.

3 The Double Album Outkast's marvelous CD *Speakerboxxx/The Love Below* got me wondering about exhibition equivalents of the double album. Ann Goldstein's exceptional "A Minimal Future? Art as Object 1958-1968," at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, and Lynn Zelevansky's "Beyond Geometry: Experiments in Form 1940s-70s," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, revised the script about significant movements and practices for both the specialist field and the general public. Eugenie Tsai and Connie Butler's incomparable Robert Smithson retrospective (also at MoCA) continued LA's remarkable run of serious, superior exhibitions.

4 "Fade (1990-2003)" (Luckman Gallery/University Fine Arts Gallery at

California State University, Los Angeles) My favorite scene in *The Shawshank Redemption* sees Tim Robbins escaping from prison by swimming through a sewer pipe, emerging from the sludge into freedom. There have been a number of exhibitions this year that similarly cut through the muck of identity politics. Most notable was Malik Gaines's "Fade," the first installment of a yearlong, three-part project designed to excavate the recent history of African-American artists in Los Angeles. Here, Gaines brilliantly navigates the inside/outside, mainstream/margin politics that still haunt discussions of cultural specificity.

5 Vanessa Beecroft, *VB54* ("Terminal 5," John F. Kennedy International Airport, New York) Ten years ago I organized an exhibition about images of black masculinity. Until recently, I never considered a companion show about black women; the idea seemed futile, because I spend so much time being enraged/intrigued by the use of black women's bodies in popular culture (the credit-card swipe through a woman's ass in Nelly's video *Tip Drill* is the current target of my fury). Hearing about Beecroft's performance in the short-lived "Terminal 5" exhibition—and then seeing "unauthorized" images of the work's near-naked African-American women covered with black makeup and wearing silver ankle chains—made me realize this is a subject I cannot continue to ignore.

6 David Hammons, *2004 Dak'Art Sheep Raffle* (Dakar, Senegal) Oprah Winfrey began the nineteenth season of her extraordinary show by giving new cars to an entire studio audience. The host, as is her way, discussed the possibility of winning the car in terms of personal transformation. The result was classic Oprah: a crescendo of screams and tears, at once totally real and completely fake. What Oprah attempted with her scripted extravaganza was actually achieved in the simple, brilliant highlight of Dak'Art, the Biennial of Contemporary African Art. As his "official" contribution to the biennial, Hammons organized a weeklong sheep raffle, giving away two real sheep at a different Dakar intersection each day to winners who (without

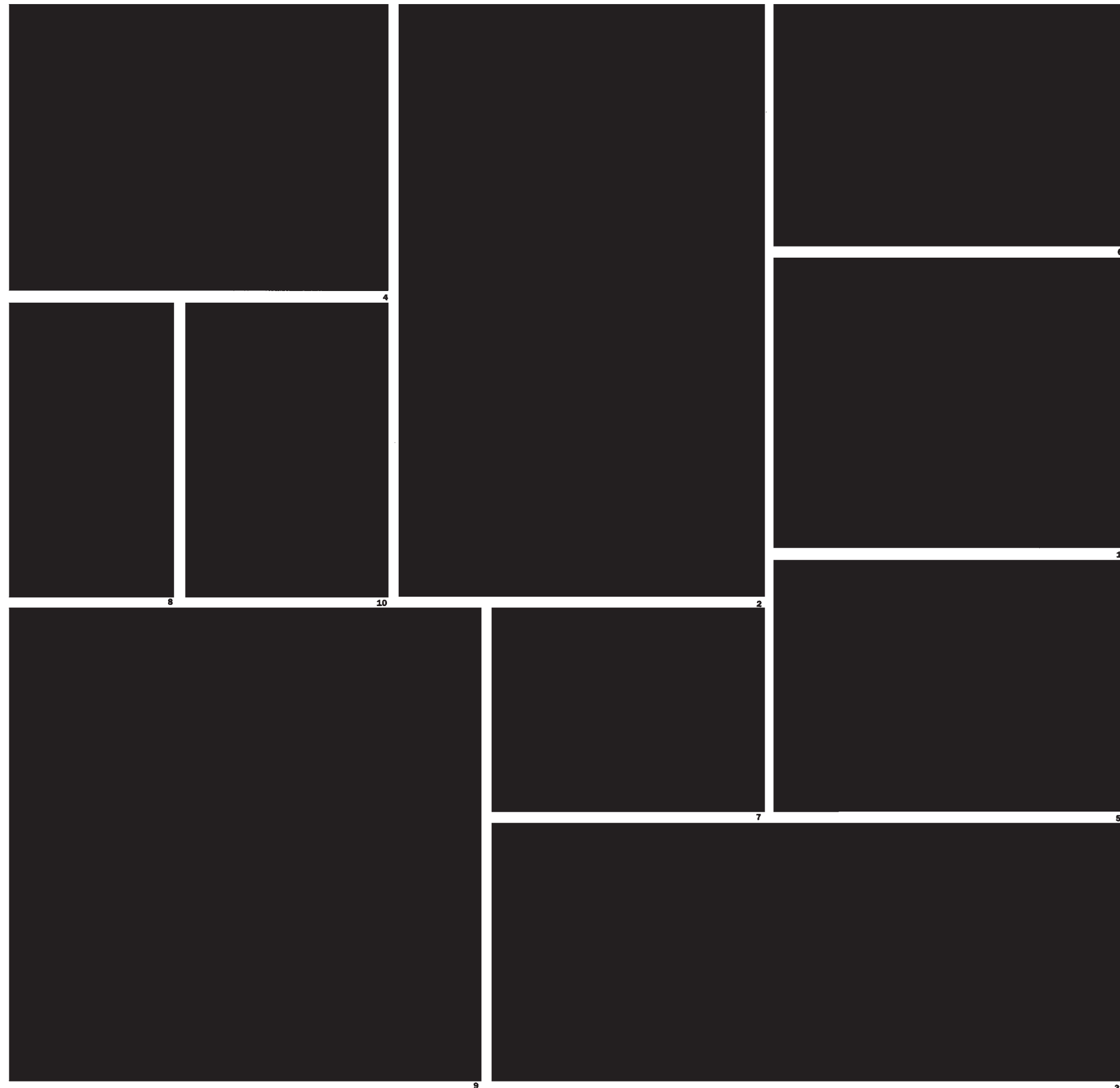
a teleprompter) burst into exaltation at their unexpected but much-needed good fortune.

7 On Kawara, "Paintings of 40 Years" (David Zwirner, New York) After a summer of deadening political conventions, accelerating campaign coverage, and the ongoing documentation of the war, I began to feel the ill effects of living in a media-saturated world. Overwhelmed and depressed, I went into the Kawara show. A beautifully installed retrospective, it provided an amazing opportunity to view the influential work of this mysterious artist. Among these paintings, I felt time both compress and stretch out.

8 Senga Nengudi A conceptual sculptor who emerged in the 1970s, Nengudi has recently had a welcome and necessary revival, capped this year by her inclusion in the Carnegie International. Nengudi was a critical part of the generation of the black avant-garde in New York who exhibited at Linda Goode Bryant's seminal space, Just Above Midtown. But when many of her early works were damaged or destroyed, she abruptly departed. Working ever since in Colorado, Nengudi has taken up the re-creation of her early pieces as a critical part of her project. I am thrilled she is back in the conversation that her work helped create.

9 "Dangerous Liaisons: Fashion and Furniture in the 18th Century" (Costume Institute, Metropolitan Museum of Art) This ingenious investigation of eighteenth-century dress and its link with the day's furniture and decorative arts showed the erotic possibilities of period costume and the seductive potential of contemporaneous rooms. Most amazing was the use of mannequins in outrageous mise-en-scènes. Organized by Harold Koda and Andrew Bolton with their colleagues from the Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts, it was a paragon of museum presentation.

10 Tom Ford The designer's beautifully timed, masterfully choreographed and graceful exit. There's a curatorial career metaphor in there somewhere. □



Paul Schimmel

Paul Schimmel is chief curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, where he is currently organizing the exhibitions "Robert Rauschenberg: Combines" and "Ecstasy: In and About Altered States."

1. **El Greco, *The Opening of the Fifth Seal (The Vision of Saint John)*, 1608–14**, oil on canvas, 82½ x 76".
2. **View of "Jeff Koons: Highlights of 25 Years," C & M Arts, New York, 2004**. Photo: Tom Powel.
3. **Chris Burden, *Curved Bridge*, 2003**. Installation view, Gagosian Gallery, Beverly Hills, 2004.
4. **Paul McCarthy, *Sushi Drawing*, 1993–2003**, pencil on paper placemat, 11 x 17".
5. **View of "Inochi," Blum & Poe, Los Angeles, 2004**. Takashi Murakami, *Inochi*, 2004.
6. **Lee Bontecou, *Untitled*, 1961**, welded steel, canvas, wire, and velvet, 56 x 39½ x 21¼".
7. **Dieter Roth, *Garten-skulptur (Garden Sculpture)*, 1968–96**, mixed media, dimensions variable.
8. **Arshile Gorky, *Anatomical Blackboard*, 1943**, graphite and crayon on paper, 20¼ x 27¾". © 2003 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.
9. **Jennifer Pastor, *The Perfect Ride*, 2004**. Installation view, Regen Projects, Los Angeles, 2004.
10. **Gordon Matta-Clark, *Bingo*, 1974**. Installation view, David Zwirner, New York, 2004. © Estate of Gordon Matta-Clark/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

1 El Greco (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York) At a time when we expect so much from artists at such a young age, David Davies's El Greco exhibition told us a great deal about what we lack—the sustained nurturing of an artist throughout his entire career. After a long and awkward developmental period, El Greco finally came into his own in his late forties. Today we appreciate him not for his god-given talent or his facility with paint but because, like Cézanne, he created an electrifying and magical language that is arguably more relevant now than it was in his own day.

2 "Jeff Koons: Highlights of 25 Years" (C & M Arts, New York) Go figure. It took a large-scale, secondary-market exhibition for Koons to get the flat-out recognition of the *New York Times*, which he has deserved since the early '80s. Rigorously selected and wide-ranging in scope, this quarter-century survey proved to the final doubters that Koons is among the virtuosos of our times.

3 "Chris Burden: Bridges and Bullets" (Gagosian Gallery, Beverly Hills) The largest exhibition ever of new work by one of LA's most influential artists was for me dominated by the abstract, thirty-two-foot-long *Curved Bridge*, 2003, made of over ten thousand parts. Unlike the other works in the exhibition, this one was not based on a real bridge but instead provided a metaphorical bridge between Burden's performances, installations, and sculptures of the late '60s and early '70s and his recent interest in models, engineering, and architecture. Just high enough to walk under, *Curved Bridge's* simple, minimalist structure spanned the entirety of the gallery, and its graceful curve resembled a human figure with its back arched.

4 "Paul McCarthy: Brain Box Dream Box" (Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven) This exhibition provided much-needed insight into the most consistent and overlooked aspect of McCarthy's oeuvre: drawing. Beginning with extraordinarily prophetic works of the late '60s and continuing to this day, drawing, notes, scribbles, studies, and large-scale presentation draw-

ings have been an essential part of McCarthy's work. This exhibition treated us to a selection that—when placed in the context of major installations including *Tokyo Santa, Santa's Trees*, 1996/1999, and *Piccadilly Circus*, 2003—resembled diary entries.

5 Takashi Murakami, "Inochi" (Blum & Poe, Los Angeles) Just when the art world thought Murakami had thrown it all away for commercial irrelevance, he returned with the most delicate, poetic, and deeply moving work of his entire career. *Inochi*, 2004, is an installation comprising a life-size sculpture of an alien boy—part science fiction, part self-portrait—as well as photographs and a video of the figure in various situations such as a school classroom. Intensely personal and uncomfortably revealing, *Inochi*, meaning "life," shows us the breathtaking range and ambition of an artist who is doing his best work yet.

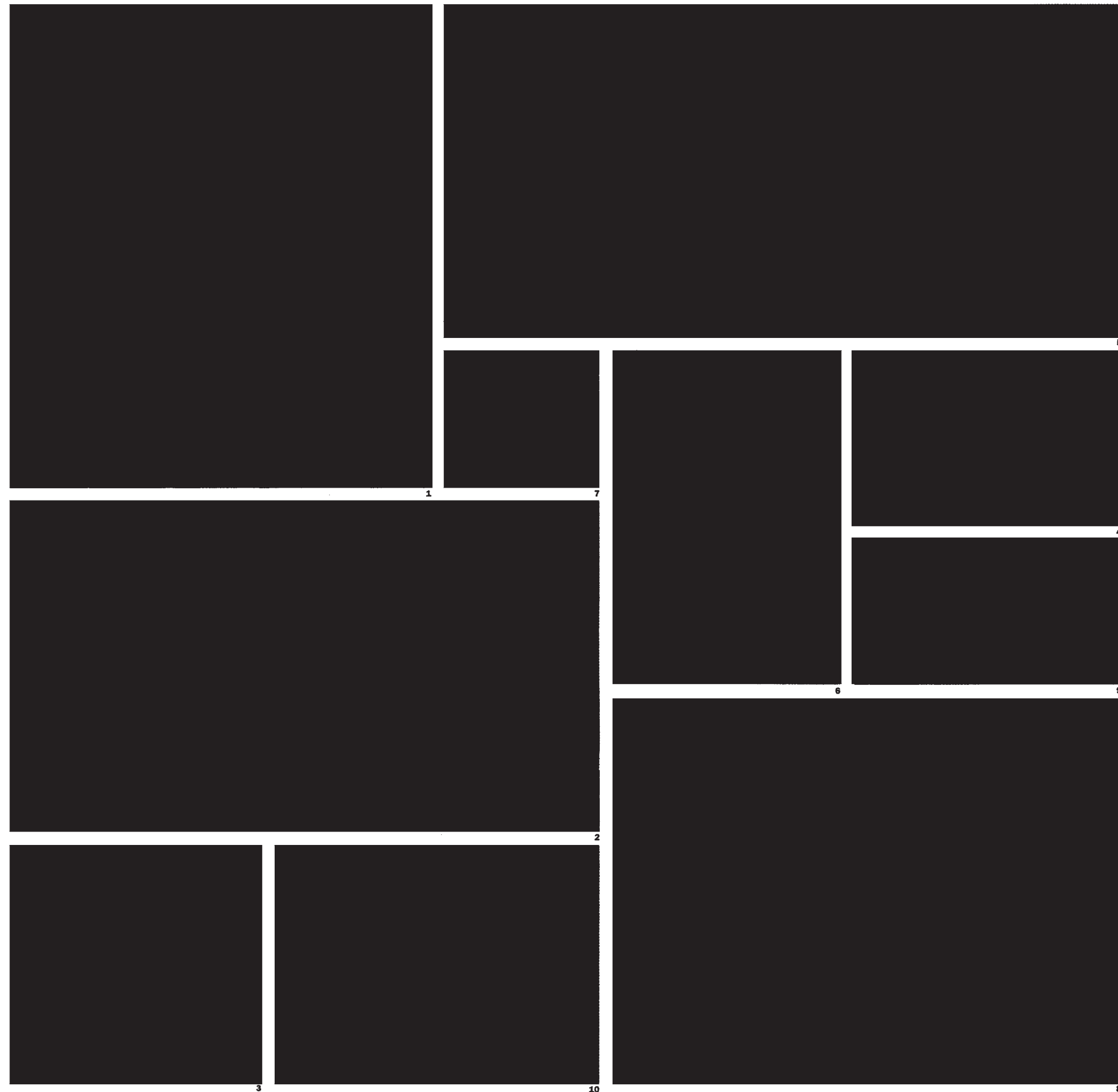
6 Lee Bontecou (Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago) When Elizabeth Smith kicked open the door for Bontecou scholars with her Focus Series exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, in 1993, the impact was immediate and palpable. It seemed apparent—even to the reticent artist herself—that the time was ripe for a major reappraisal. Smith's recent Bontecou show, organized in association with Ann Philbin of the UCLA Hammer Museum, fulfilled that promise by bringing to light significant work from a thirty-year period during which the artist worked in relative isolation. Bontecou's indifference (at best) to the art world made for a revelatory retrospective that not only examined older iconic works but also more recent lyrical surprises.

7 Dieter Roth (Museum of Modern Art and P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York) Not unlike the Bontecou exhibition, "Roth Time: A Dieter Roth Retrospective" offered breathtaking insight into an artist long known but little understood. Originally organized by Basel's Schaulager, the show provided a sprawling, nonhierarchical take on Roth's increasingly influential practice, which extends Rauschenberg's intermingling of art and life and life and art.

8 "Arshile Gorky: A Retrospective of Drawing" (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) For many, Janie C. Lee and Melvin P. Lader's retrospective of Gorky's drawings was too much of a good thing. But for those of us passionate about the artist's charged and evocative works on paper, the opportunity to see the largest appraisal of them to date was immensely satisfying. I can think of no other midcentury American artist (with the possible exception of de Kooning) for whom drawing was so central. The works' virtuosity, as well as their highly subjective nature, made this one of the year's most fascinating and challenging exhibitions in terms of sheer intensity.

9 "Jennifer Pastor: The Perfect Ride" (Regen Projects, Los Angeles) A long time coming, "The Perfect Ride" was worth the wait. The show consisted of one work with three elements: the "ride," a projected line-drawing animation of a bull ride; the "ear," a sculpture of the inner ear emphasizing the ear's role in connecting the outer world and the inner workings of the brain; and, most magnificently, the "dam." Unfortunately the "dam" was exhibited for the first time in the Italian pavilion during the 2003 Venice Biennale without the film or the sculpture, and got lost. However, Regen Projects brought all three works together as intended, revealing the unique internal logic of Pastor's project.

10 "Gordon Matta-Clark: Bingo" (David Zwirner, New York) This exhibition affirmed yet again that Matta-Clark merits another retrospective. (The last one was organized by the MCA Chicago over 20 years ago.) Along with Robert Smithson, Matta-Clark is arguably one of the most influential artists to cross the boundaries of sculpture, installation, and performance—all with a sense of social and political responsibility. Working at a time when many other activists believed they could and would change the world, his vision not only made us aware of the urban ecology, but in fact turned its blight into art. □



Tom Vanderbilt

New York-based writer Tom Vanderbilt is the author, most recently, of *Survival City: Adventures Among the Ruins of Atomic America* (Princeton Architectural Press, 2002).

1. Tadao Ando and Tatsuo Miyajima, *Iced Time Tunnel*, 2004. Installation view, "The Snow Show," Rovaniemi, Finland, 2004. Photo: Jeffrey Debany.
2. View of "Building the Unthinkable," Apex Art, New York, 2004. From left: Dominic McGill, *Model for a Deathwish Generation*, 2002; Andreas Magdanz, *Präsidialamt Bauwerk Ost/Ost, Plan Nr. 22*, 2002.
3. An-My Lê, *29 Palms: Mechanized Assault*, 2003–2004, black-and-white photograph, 26 x 37 1/2".
4. Clifford Ross, *Mountain I*, 2004, color photograph, 5' 11 1/2" x 10' 10".
5. Model of Leonardo da Vinci's design for a cart.
6. Corinne May Botz, photograph of the "Dark Bathroom" from *The Nutshell Studies of Unexplained Death* (Monacelli Press, 2004).
7. Mike and Doug Starn, *Structure of Thought 6*, 2001–2004, inkjet prints on varnished papers, 12' 7 1/2" x 7' 7".
8. Tom Sachs, *Untitled (Jetway Intervention)*, 2004. Installation view, "Terminal 5," New York, 2004. Photo: Dean Kaufman.
9. Rackstraw Downes, *Water-Flow Monitoring Installation on the Rio Grande near Presidio, TX, (Part 1), Facing South, the Gauge Shelter, 1:30PM*, 2002–2003, oil on canvas, 28 1/2 x 42".
10. Jane and Louise Wilson, *Erewhon (Shell Shock Hospital)*, 2004, color photograph, 71 x 71".

1 **"The Snow Show"** (Kemi and Rovaniemi, Finland) I would have used any excuse to visit the Finnish Lapland town of Rovaniemi, where Alvar Aalto's stunning municipal buildings stand, but "The Snow Show," curated by Lance Fung there and in Kemi, provided architecture of an even more native variety—ice and snow structures by Zaha Hadid, Tadao Ando, and others, their medium harvested from local lakes and engineered by Finnish master ice-builder Seppo Mäkinen. Part Fitzgeraldian winter carnival, part Smithsonesque exercise in entropic dissipation, the whimsy and beauty of these glacial constructions was enough to melt your heart.

2 **"Building the Unthinkable"** (Apex Art, New York) The "Doomsday Clock" of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* sits at seven minutes to midnight—back to where it was at the dawn of the cold war. Curator Christian Stayner probed the clear and present dangers with a show that reached back with a strange kind of nuclear nostalgia to a time when we were symmetrically paired against the only enemy that mattered. The show was dominated physically and metaphorically by Dominic McGill's *Model for a Deathwish Generation*, 2002, a simmering diorama of Bikini Atoll set between the two hulking hemispheres of a hydrogen device, as abominable and Ozymandian as The Bomb itself.

3 **An-My Lê, "29 Palms"** (Murray Guy, New York) America's live-fire landscape, captured in sober, large-format elegance. US troops mobilize in a rocky expanse that could be Tora Bora but is actually two hours from LA. This is mock war, but interspersed with the occasional poignant *punctum*: One soldier puts an embracing arm on another during an exercise; a cross rises from the desert floor; armored cavalry regiments move through a panorama worthy of William Henry Jackson. The brevity of the battle for Iraq suggests the worth of this verisimilitude in military terms, though the ensuing calamity demonstrates the real-world limits to war games.

4 **Clifford Ross, *Mountain I*** (Sonnabend Gallery, New York) Can a photograph ever satisfy our memory of sight? Unable

to fully document the image of a Colorado mountain as he remembered it, Ross constructed a back-to-the-future hybrid device out of cannibalized Fairchild Instruments aerial cameras to take this ultra-high-res picture, in the process bringing an exhilarating, unprecedented level of clarity and depth to landscape photography.

5 **"Leonardo's Automobile"** (Museo Leonardiano, Vinci, Italy) This exhibition presented the first compelling model of da Vinci's so-called "car," sketched in the *Codex Atlanticus* and long a mystery to scholars. Acting on a new theory by American robotics designer Mark Rosheim, an Italian team realized a working model of what is now thought to be a premodern robot designed for court amusement, centuries ahead of the automatons of Jacques de Vaucanson and Wolfgang von Kempelen.

6 ***The Nutshell Studies of Unexplained Death*** (Monacelli Press) "I looked in through the glass, saw some blood and ran home and called the police," reports Sarah Abbott, doll-size resident of the miniaturized forensic-evidence world of criminal investigator Frances Glessner Lee. For years, these 1940s crime-scene tableaux (decidedly not doll-houses) have beguiled visitors to the Medical Examiner's Office in Baltimore. Now, photographer Corinne May Botz brings Lee's exactly rendered interiors of scale-model death into an unsettling new light; suffused with color and shadow, and stripped of context that would reveal their true dimensions, these scenarios, crafted to help police investigators find "truth in a nutshell," take on an outsize pathos.

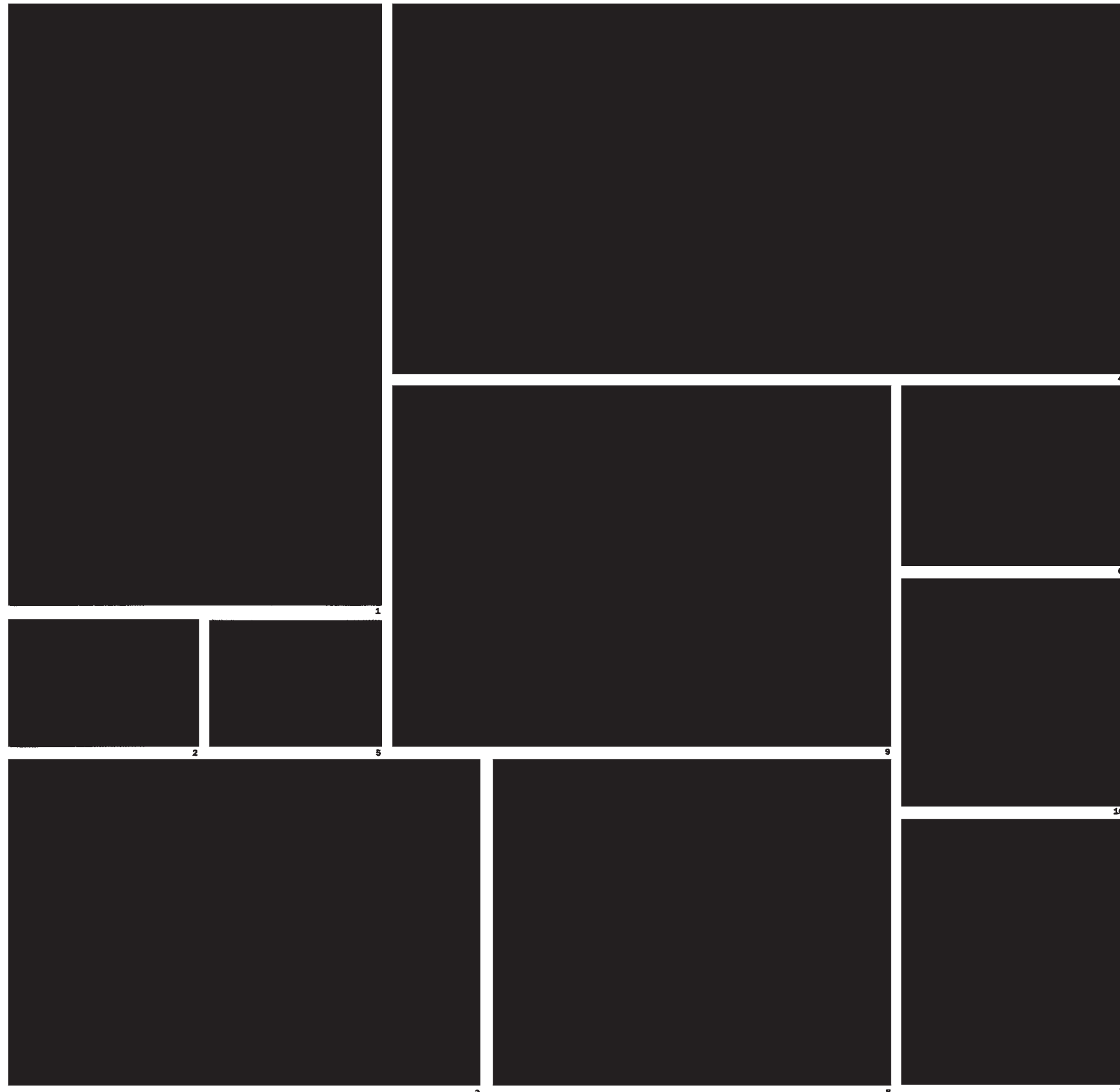
7 **Mike and Doug Starn, "Gravity of Light"** (Färgfabriken Kunsthalle, Stockholm) The Starn brothers place a sun at the center of their own artistic universe: A looming carbon-arc lamp, sizzling and snapping, some relic of Victorian science, searingly illuminates a room ringed with works exploring the meanings of light and darkness. There are photographs of moths that seem printed on moth wings, a representation of the blind Chinese monk Ganjin (whose temple is opened, to the light, once a

year), and the dendritic outlines of leaves and trees that are turning black, to carbon, returning to the source of the light.

8 **"Terminal 5"** (John F. Kennedy International Airport, New York) "Today my favorite kind of atmosphere is the airport atmosphere," Andy Warhol once declared. And yet, air travel is often a blind spot for artists; as marine painting was central to the art of seagoing seventeenth-century Holland, so one would expect contemporary art to be rife with images of air travel, the agent of today's globalization. "Terminal 5," Rachel K. Ward's doomed exhibit in the Eero Saarinen-designed terminal, had looked to arrest this deficiency (Ryoji Ikeda's sound-and-light spectacle was the most winning entry), giving viewers one last time to meander through this graying, unmediated monument to the future before it's occupied by new owner JetBlue. The supreme irony here is that the Port Authority, never completely loyal to the idea of saving the landmark, closed the show in order to protect the building.

9 **Rackstraw Downes** (Betty Cunningham Gallery, New York) Downes's work here is brilliant realism for an all-seeing age that has forgotten how to look. Probing into silent, interstitial spaces and freeing our eyes from the tyranny of the decisive moment, Downes reinvigorates the tactile pleasures of sight. Consider his rugged Winslow Homer landscapes denuded by man, as in the paintings of a Rio Grande water-flow monitoring station, the dry riverbed engraved with ATV tracks, awaiting nature's eternal return.

10 **Jane and Louise Wilson, *Erewhon*** (303 Gallery, New York) The Wilson twins again interrogate mute sites of power, this time a decaying sanatorium in New Zealand that serves as monument to that country's statist therapeutic culture in the period after World War I. The filmed spaces are charged with a haunting Kubrickian stillness, and an air of prescient unease pervades the room as one wanders among the screens, which seem more like flickering walls of repressed memory. □



Pamela M. Lee

Pamela M. Lee is associate professor of art history at Stanford University. She is the author, most recently, of *Chronophobia: On Time in the Art of the 1960s*, which was published in spring 2004 by MIT Press.

1. View of "A Minimal Future? Art as Object, 1958–1968," Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 2004. From left: Craig Kauffman, *Untitled*, 1968; John McCracken, *Red Slab in Two Parts*, 1966; John McCracken, *Right Down*, 1967; Craig Kauffman, *Untitled*, 1965.
2. Lee Bontecou, *Untitled*, 1963, graphite and soot on paper, 10 x 13".
3. View of "The Way We Work," Southern Exposure, San Francisco, 2004.
4. Michael Graves & Associates, Shanghai Gallery of Art, 2001.
5. Deerhoof performing at The Echo, San Francisco, 2004. John Dieterich, Greg Saunier, Satomi Matsuzaki, and Chris Cohen. Photo: Ben Clark.
6. Robert Smithson, *Gravel Mirrors with Cracks and Dust*, 1968, twelve mirrors and gravel, 3 x 18 x 3". © Estate of Robert Smithson/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY.
7. Gillo Pontecorvo, *The Battle of Algiers*, 1965, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 117 minutes.
8. Jon Stewart, Ben Karlin, and David Javerbaum, *America (THE BOOK): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction* (Warner Books, 2004).
9. Ant Farm, *Plastic Businessman meets Space Cowboy*, 1969. T.L. Morey, Chip Lord, Charles Coffman, Doug Michels, Ben Holmes. Performance view.
10. Bruce Nauman in the Turbine Hall, Tate Modern, London, 2004.

1 "A Minimal Future? Art as Object, 1958–1968" (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) With massive, awe-inspiring cubes by the likes of such stalwarts as Tony Smith and Donald Judd, Ann Goldstein's expansive exhibition of Minimalist sculpture and painting gave new meaning to the museum "blockbuster." Yet who knew how funny, lush, and downright weird much of this supposedly austere work really is, as in the extraterrestrial-meets-surfer aesthetics of John McCracken's gorgeous vermilion plinths?

2 **The Bontecou Effect** This year saw a spate of important retrospectives by women artists (Lee Bontecou, Yvonne Rainer, Joan Jonas) who came of age in the '60s and early '70s. Great news for all of us. But widespread response to Bontecou's traveling exhibition, however positive, highlighted a troubling phenomenon I call the "Bontecou Effect": when a female artist "of a certain age" is considered by the art world to be missing in action—even though she's been plugging away in her studio for decades—and interest in her work is resuscitated only by a force of institutional grace. This is the reality that women artists of her generation face.

3 "The Way We Work" (Southern Exposure, San Francisco) The group show has of late evolved into the "group" group show, as in the case of this provocative exhibition of international collectives curated by Courtney Fink and Kristen Evangelista. Indeed, this evolution has been accompanied by a change in the very nature of collectivity in art. Art historians often associate collectivism with the self-assured polemics of the avant-garde—Futurism, Constructivism, and Surrealism. But artists' renewed efforts to collaborate today, whether by deploying the radio or the Internet, the archive (as in work here by United Net-Works) or the lowly placemat (Red76), represent a real paradigm shift. The new projects communicate less artistic certainty than a precarious desire for connection in these dangerous days with what some might call the multitude.

4 **Shanghai, Capital of the Twenty-first Century** On a recent trip to Shanghai, I learned that the reality of a "globalized" art world lies not so much with the specific achievements of artists, nor their international renown, as with the startling range of venues available for doing business. As befits its reputation as the new global megalopolis, the city turns out both glamour and grunge in equal measure, its economic ladder spanning the range of capitalist endeavor. From the luxe, Michael Graves–designed Shanghai Gallery of Art to the gritty spaces and studios at Suzhou Creek, one thing is clear: Consumer choice is the leitmotif of a free-market art world, whether in China or Chelsea.

5 **Deerhoof** Art rock: an oxymoron for the ages. Enter the Bay Area's Deerhoof, the best argument for the genre. In this year's concept album *Milk Man* (Kill Rock Stars/5 Rue Christine), a twisted narrative about milk deliveries and missing children, all the tropes of angular, art school/experimental music were in place. Live, singer/bassist Satomi Matsuzaki performs with plush toys shaped like fruit and sings about pandas. But when the band starts rocking—especially the brilliantly frenetic drummer Greg Saunier—it is your body, not your sense of aesthetics, that embraces that old rock 'n' roll truism: Fuck art, let's dance.

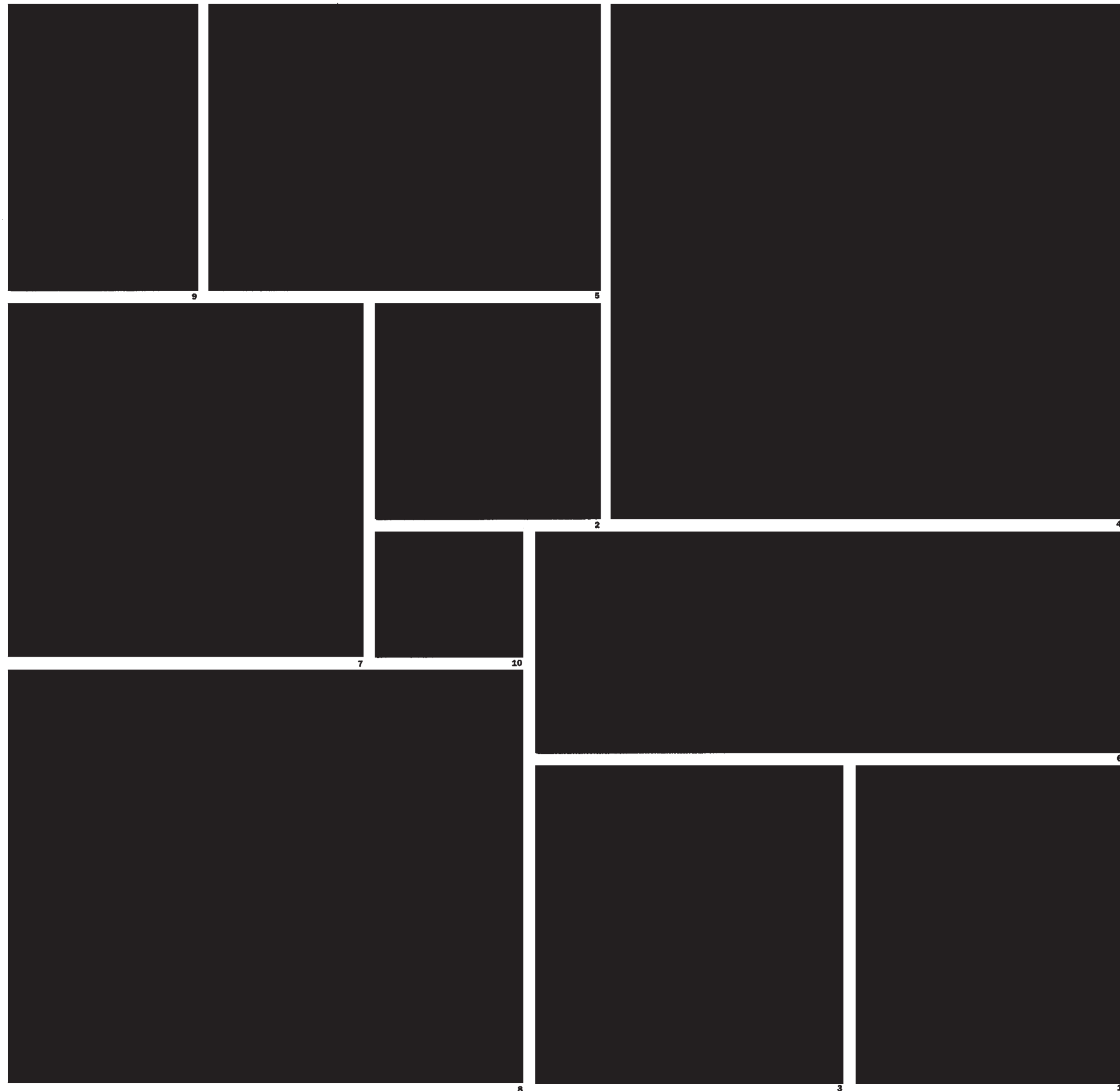
6 **The Smithsonian Juggernaut** He was everywhere this year—patron saint to a younger generation of crystal-obsessed artists at the Whitney Biennial; object of art historians' archaeological fascination in a perpetual landslide of books; and subject of a landmark traveling retrospective organized by Eugenie Tsai and Connie Butler. Not bad for an artist whose most famous work, *Spiral Jetty*, 1970, has been seen in the flesh by a mere handful of visitors, relatively speaking. Today's Smithsonian, however, is decidedly less monumental than his Earthworks might suggest. The shattered mirrors and distorted perspectives of his mid-'60s sculptures are apt reflections of our own cracked sensibilities—our collective struggle to make sense of a progressively fractured view of the present.

7 **The Battle of Algiers** It says something about the vicious-circle logic of our times that this year's best statement on war, Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers*, was made in 1965. This fictionalized account of the Algerian resistance, rereleased in a newly restored print, draws a timeless portrait of uprising and occupation. *Fahrenheit 9/11* may have made for better box office, but *Algiers* speaks with more profound historical gravitas to the long-range effects of the "war on terror."

8 **The Daily Show with Jon Stewart** (Comedy Central) That a TV comedy show could win a Peabody Award for its coverage of the 2000 presidential election speaks as much to the contemptible state of news media as it does to the spot-on satire of the show's writers. And Stewart's take on politics only got better this time. (Or worse, depending on how you look at it.)

9 "Ant Farm 1968–1978" (Berkeley Art Museum) Curated by Constance Lewallen and Steve Seid, this year's retrospective of Ant Farm, the Bay Area's experimental architecture and video collective, perfectly illustrated just how short is the distance traveled between media utopia and dystopia. From sly performances and videos such as *The Eternal Frame*, 1975—their parodic restaging of the Zapruder footage—to loopy proposals for communing with dolphins, Ant Farm walked the line between the ecstasy of communication and the lurking dangers of the control society. We're still walking with them.

10 **Bruce Nauman, Raw Materials** (Tate Modern, London) We've come to expect monumentality from the Tate's Unilever Series: Think Olafur Eliasson's vast, eternal dawn or Louise Bourgeois's monstrous arachnids. Hence the great surprise (perhaps relief) of Nauman's aural collage, on view through March 28, which draws from his archive of noise to produce a haunting, cacophonous echo chamber in the museum's gargantuan space. In a world dominated by visual spectacle, Nauman's soundscape reminds us of its creepy, whispering underbelly: a material void no less insidious for all its apparent emptiness. □



Hamza Walker

Hamza Walker is associate curator at the Renaissance Society at the University of Chicago and the recipient of the Walter Hopps Award for Curatorial Achievement.

1. **Pierre Huyghe, *L'Expédition Scintillante Acte 2 (Sparkling Expedition Act 2)*, 2002**, mixed media, 78 1/2 x 74 1/2 x 61". 2. **Albert Ayler, *Holy Ghost*** (Revenant Records, 2004). Photo: Noel Waggener. 3. **View of "Christine Tarkowski," mn gallery, Chicago, 2004**. 4. **Kim Fisher, *Carbon, 10*, 2004**, oil on linen, 29 x 29". 5. **Rodney Graham, *Rheinmetall/Victoria 8*, 2003**. Installation view, Donald Young Gallery, Chicago, 2003. Photo: Tom Van Eynde. 6. **View of "Albert Oehlen," Luhring Augustine, New York, 2004**. From left: Albert Oehlen, *Stuck (Piece)*, 2003; Albert Oehlen, *Absteigende Heisse Strahlen (Descending Hot Rays)*, 2003; Albert Oehlen, *Geigenbau (Violin Making)*, 2003. 7. **Charles Burns, *Black Hole No. 1*** (Kitchen Sink Press, 1995). 8. **Lee Bontecou, *Untitled*, 1970**, vacuum-formed plastic, 30 x 57 x 21". 9. **Catherine Sullivan, *Ice Floes of Franz Joseph Land*, 2004**, still from a black-and-white video, 20 minutes. 10. **Ikue Mori, Arto Lindsay, and Robin Crutchfield of *DNA*, 1981**. Photo: Tom Warren.

1 **"Sons et Lumières"** (Centre Pompidou, Paris) Breaking the mold of hackneyed exhibitions addressing parallels between visual art and music (think of the tired example of painting and classical music—or worse, jazz), this exceptional show, curated by Sophie Duplaix and Marcella Lista and on view through January 3, instead examines relationships between light and sound. Broad? Yes. But generous enough to survey the whole of the twentieth century—from František Kupka to Pierre Huyghe—proposing it as a period of open-ended experimentation rather than ever-narrowing medium specificity.

2 **Albert Ayler, *Holy Ghost*** (Revenant Records) Released the first week of October, this nine-CD treasure trove of previously unissued and rare recordings by legendary free-jazz saxophonist Albert Ayler was the perfect antidote to Halloween's spiritual bankruptcy. The haunting transcendence of Ayler's music aside, his career is rightfully the stuff of myth, from his travels throughout Europe to his mysterious death by drowning in 1970 at the age of thirty-four. At times I mistook my stereo for a Ouiji board.

3 **Christine Tarkowski, "proposals for indestructible living"** (mn gallery + studio, Chicago) Under the reign of Daley II, Chicago has undergone a dramatic renovation, culminating this summer with the opening of Millennium Park, which features a flashy bandshell and bridge by Frank Gehry. By instead paying tribute to the sorrowful postwar housing vernacular that stretches for miles along the city's north- and southwest corridors, Tarkowski's metal bas-reliefs, cast from distressed vinyl siding of the type found on any Chicago bungalow, are a reminder of just how much of this town is immune to hoopla.

4 **Kim Fisher** (Shane Campbell, Chicago) An initial encounter with Fisher's paintings left me uncertain as to whether I was dealing with a wild card or a crazy diamond. I now see it was the latter, which I can only bid to shine on. Fisher has concentrated the wacky energy of her previous body of work into smaller, shaped canvases where

geometric abstraction as an allegory of modernism (a proposition indebted to Peter Halley) crystallizes into unabashed jewels.

5 **Rodney Graham, *Rheinmetall/Victoria 8*** (Donald Young Gallery, Chicago) Designed to extend a narrative fragment indefinitely, Graham's cinematic works often induce in me the uncanny sense that I am trapped in a particular chapter of modernity running as a film loop. This of course is their strength. *Rheinmetall/Victoria 8* has the feel of a requiem cut from the same anachronistic cloth Graham has been weaving for the past fifteen years. As the dust or snow settled on the pristine vintage typewriter, I didn't feel as though my soul was being released so much as gently rested.

6 **Albert Oehlen** (Luhring Augustine Gallery, New York) Having staked out a middle ground for painting, Oehlen can be counted on to deliver a batch of canvases every few years with neither justification nor excuses. Designations like good, bad, or ugly are secondary to their simply being paintings whose quality, for what it's worth, is allowed to ebb and flow. In this instance, the surf was up.

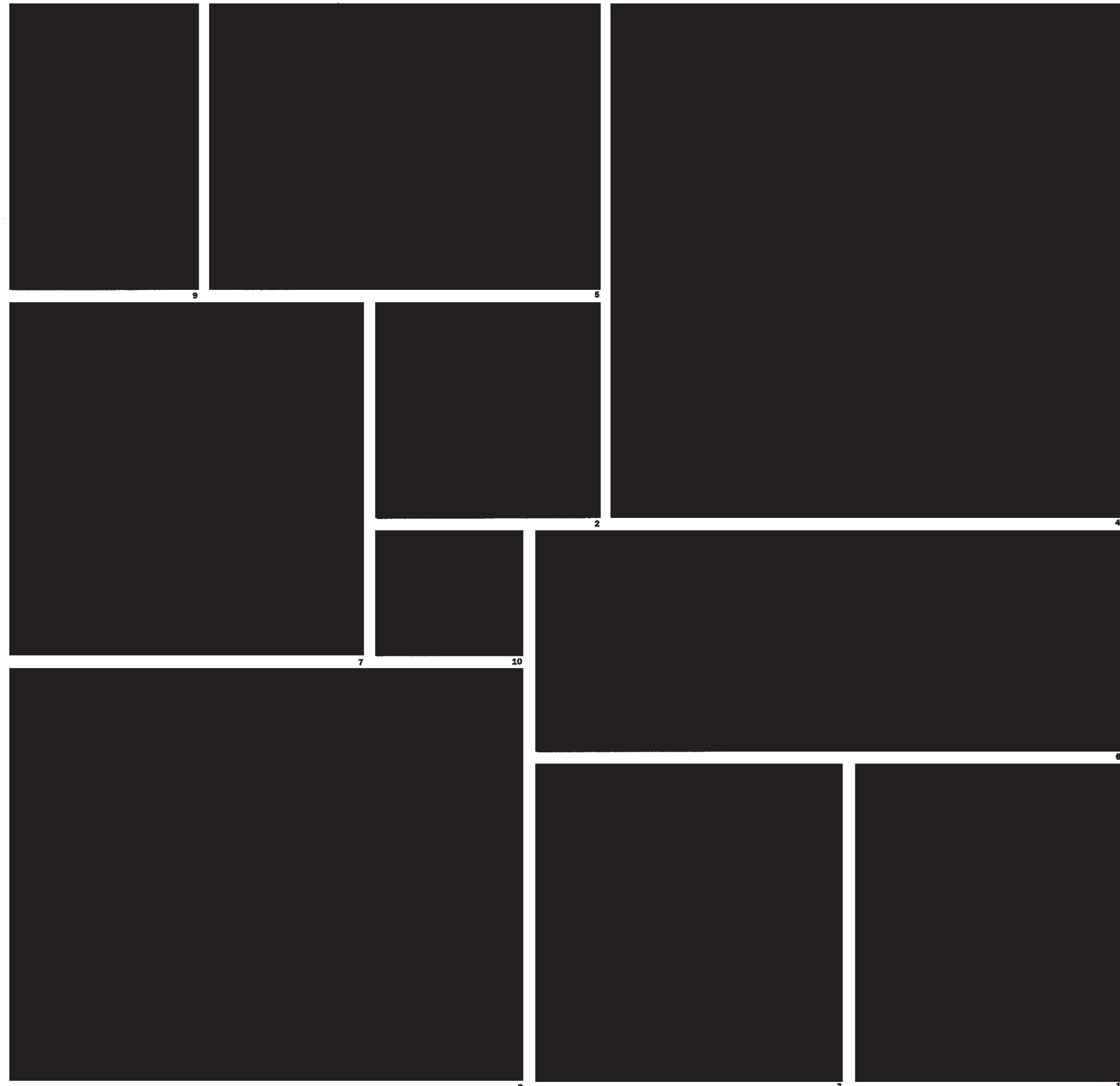
7 **Charles Burns, *Black Hole*** (Fantagraphics Books) Burns's ability to hit the proverbial psychosexual nail on the head made the inclusion of pages from his magnum opus, the twelve-issue comic-book series *Black Hole*, a must in Robert Storr's investigation of "the grotesque" in this year's SITE Santa Fe Biennial. With a noirish sensibility that harks back to the golden age of the horror genre and a story line following a group of plague-ridden teenagers in '70s Seattle, this staunchly black-and-white glossy never fails to tap into those libidinally based fears commonly known as the willies. As its last installment is released this month, I can finally praise this macabre gem as a whole, or hole, as the case may be.

8 **Lee Bontecou** (Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago) Unlike, say, Paul Thek, Bontecou was not overlooked as much as she was frozen in time. If the permanent collection

at the Art Institute of Chicago is any indication, then Bontecou's metal-and-fabric reliefs never wholly disappeared from sight. In the context of that installation, her works have a constant funk factor, meaning they are as funky now as they were in the '60s, making them truly unruly period pieces. But seeing these signature sculptures contextualized within her oeuvre in this retrospective, curated by Elizabeth Smith of MCA Chicago with Ann Philbin of the UCLA Hammer Museum, one could make sense of a broader trajectory that incorporated naive ecological motifs à la Jacques Cousteau, entirely apart from either strictly feminist or formalist concerns.

9 **Catherine Sullivan, *Ice Floes of Franz Joseph Land*** (S.W.A.P. Polish Army Veteran's Association, Chicago, Apr. 2) This freaky slag-heap of performance-cum-escapade had no choice but to be grueling for audience and actors alike, given its nested source material—*Two Captains*, the 1939 novel by Soviet writer Veniamin Kaverin, which in turn served as the basis for *Nord-Ost*, the play being staged when Chechen rebels took an entire Moscow theater audience hostage in 2002. For Sullivan's detractors who simultaneously decry the lack of politics in contemporary art, the only words I have are, "This ain't no party, this ain't no disco."

10 **DNA, *DNA on DNA*** (No More Records) As a young punk in Baltimore in the early '80s, I was weaned on the righteousness of DC's Dischord label. In contrast, the bands coming out of New York were a seriously dark brew whose fans always struck us as creepy if not outright violent. Seminal No Wave bands like Mars and DNA didn't answer to ideology. Thank God! As a result, I have been spared a sense of nostalgia when listening to this thirty-two-track compilation representing DNA's total output. As for band members Arto Lindsay and Ikue Mori, beautiful buds made for beautiful blossoms. It's in the genes, so to speak. □



Robert Rosenblum

Artforum contributing editor Robert Rosenblum is professor of fine art at New York University and a curator at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. Photo: Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.

1. **Andy Warhol, *Airborne. We Kill for Peace (pos)*, 1985–86**, synthetic polymer paint on canvas, 50 x 68". © 2004 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.
2. **Andy Warhol, *Self-Portrait*, 1986**, synthetic polymer paint and silkscreen ink on canvas, 80 x 80". © 2004 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.
3. **Joan Miro, *Tête (Head)*, 1927**, oil on canvas, 76¼ x 51¼". © CNAC/Mnam Dist. RMN à Successio Miró/Adago, Paris, 2004.
4. **View of "Willem de Kooning: A Centennial Exhibition," Gagosian Gallery, New York, 2004**. From left: *Black Friday*, 1948; *The Moraine*, 1947; *Composition*, 1955. © The Willem de Kooning Foundation/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.
5. **Francis Bacon, *Portrait of Michel Leiris*, 1976**, oil on canvas, 13¼ x 11¼".
6. **View of "Donald Judd," Tate Modern, London, 2004**. From left: Donald Judd, *Untitled*, 1987; Donald Judd, *Untitled*, 1989–90. © 2004 Judd Foundation/Licensed by VAGA, New York/DACS, London.
7. **André Callet, *Gala with Shoe Hat by Elsa Schiaparelli and Salvador Dalí*, 1938**, black-and-white photograph, 8 x 11¼". Gala-Salvador Dalí Foundation (Figueres).
8. **Karel Funk, *Untitled (Blue Hood)*, 2002**, acrylic on panel, 16 x 16".
9. **Michael Craig-Martin, *Reconstructing Seurat (orange)*, 2004**, acrylic on aluminum panel, 73¼ x 110¼".
10. **Vivienne Westwood, *Blue Platform Shoes*, 1993**.

1 "Andy Warhol: The Late Work"

(Kunstmuseum Liechtenstein, Vaduz) In a year that honored our pantheon of twentieth-century deities (see below), two Warhol shows soared high. Organized by Mark Francis and Jean-Hubert Martin for Museum Kunst Palast, Düsseldorf, "The Late Work" buried stale prejudices that favor '60s over '70s and '80s Warhol by offering an eye-popping spectacle of little-known work, including mural-size crosses and knives, replays of Pollock's drip paintings as tangled yarn, and takes on Arp's and Kelly's organic contours as the flattened profiles of a dozen supermarket eggs. These fresh vistas should soon prompt new excavations into Late Warhol-land.

2 "Andy Warhol: Self-Portraits"

(Kunstmuseum St. Gallen, Switzerland) Like Picasso's ever-expanding universe, Warhol's can constantly be seen from new angles, in this case through the lens of self-portraiture. As evidenced in Dietmar Elger's show, Warhol subjected this abiding theme to an overwhelming range of variations, from intimate photographs to wallpaper murals that completely undo the concept of self-portraiture with decorative assembly-line repetition. The psychological spectrum is no less broad, with its constant shifting from total concealment to shrill revelation—both guises, of course, being theatrical deceptions.

3 "Joan Miró: La Naissance Du Monde"

(Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris) Another Miró show? We all know he's great, but curator Agnès de la Beaumelle's exhibition, concentrating on the 1920s, resurrected his tonic genius even for those familiar with it for decades. Seeing him move from Cubist earth to Surrealist skies as he soared like a bird across ethereal expanses of color was like watching a supersonic takeoff. An old love reborn.

4 Willem de Kooning

(Gagosian Gallery, New York) A similar story. In this career-long anthology, perfectly selected by David Whitney for the artist's centennial, the ubiquitously venerated master was suddenly brought back to life. Beginning at the end, the show moved from the supernal late works, with their triumph of weight-

less spirit over juicy flesh, back down memory lane, passing one muse after another—Hamptons flatlands, the Long Island Expressway, urban floozies, ancient myth—through half a century of works bursting with the fertility of genius. From gritty head-on collisions of black and white to caught-in-the-act explosions of rainbow color, de Kooning's *perpetuum mobile* continues to astonish.

5 "Francis Bacon and the Tradition of Art"

(Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna) Just as de Kooning can evoke the ghosts of the old masters, especially Hals and Rembrandt, so too can another rebel, Bacon. Here, he is revived by curator Barbara Steffens as a tradition-soaked painter who kept drawing on Titian, Velázquez, Ingres, and Van Gogh. This august company looked especially at home in the venerable corridors of the Kunsthistorisches Museum, which provided a perfect genealogical setting for a painter who may now be the ultimate heir to museum-worthy traditions.

6 Donald Judd

(Tate Modern, London) Another refresher course from our historic canon, Nicholas Serota's Judd retrospective had the effect of a full-career Mondrian show, making an artist synonymous with Minimalism look maximal in complexity and variety. Judd's infatuation with the exquisite nuance of synthetic colors added even more contradictory layers to his puritan core. In a way, he represents his generation's update on Rothko's own paradoxical mixture of the monastic and the epicurean, moving from the ivory tower to the carpenter's shop and the factory.

7 "Dalí and Mass Culture"

(Caixa Forum, Barcelona) This year marked not only de Kooning's centennial but Dalí's, too, and the Spaniard loomed just as large. If right-thinking art people scorned Dalí's love of publicity stunts, much as they thought his art pandered to a low-brow audience, this major aspect of his career was enthusiastically explored here. Like time travel through twentieth-century pop culture, the spectacular installation offered a trip that covered the Dream of Venus Pavilion at the 1939 New York World's Fair, clips from *Spellbound*, projects for Disney films, and TV ads, not to mention luxury

merchandise, like his eerie jewelry that often usurped the role of Catholic relics. Appropriately the show concluded with the master's joining up with a younger publicity hound, Warhol. Purists may sneer, but Dalí gave us a preview of what's become commonplace commerce in the art world today.

8 Karel Funk

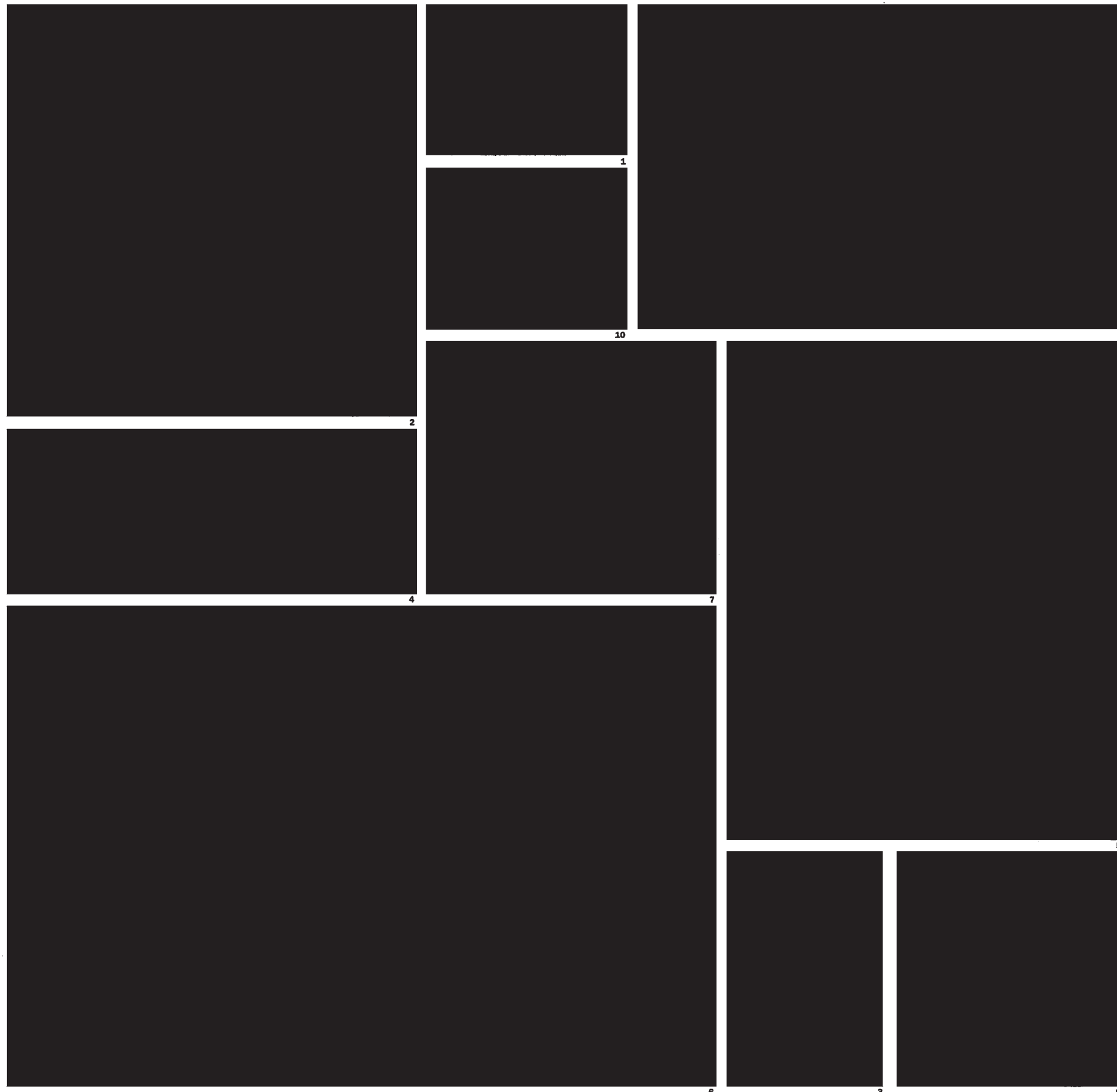
(303 Gallery, New York) An unforgettable miniature portrait gallery of eleven monkish aliens from the bleak world of North Face. These lonely survivors of a Manitoba winter are hidden presences, their faces to be guessed at beneath the protective gear of windbreakers and trucker hats. What we see most of are small patches of exposed skin and hair, rendered with a fanatical hyperrealism of stubble and pore that might make a Flemish primitive jealous.

9 "Michael Craig-Martin: Surfacing"

(Milton Keynes Gallery, Central Milton Keynes, UK) I confess I saw only the catalogue, not the show, but that was enough to celebrate the full-scale emergence of Craig-Martin as a spectacular muralist who can now command outdoor as well as indoor spaces. At Milton Keynes, he covered the pure rectangle of the gallery's facade with his signature mixture of psychedelic color—magenta clashing with turquoise—and a single utilitarian object: an outsize rendering of a metal filing-cabinet drawer. The effect, especially with the changing light of day, must be hallucinatory, a building transformed into a painting. The indoor murals, with their infinite proliferation of paper clips, lightbulbs, and cell phones, also dissolve reality. A big historical presence, Craig-Martin looms somewhere between Patrick Caulfield and Peter Halley.

10 Vivienne Westwood

(Victoria & Albert Museum, London) A breathtaking cornucopia of a delirious, postmodern imagination that not only ransacks centuries of historical costume but clothed the Sex Pistols, too. From punk to *dix-huitième siècle*, Westwood juggles both past and present with the same zeal for the outrageously over the top. And you could even see the very shoes that tripped up Naomi Campbell on the catwalk. □



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TOP TEN

Lizzi Bougatsos

Lizzi Bougatsos is the singer for Gang Gang Dance. She has curated several exhibitions, including the two-part “Indigestible Correctness” with Rita Ackermann at Participant Inc. and Kenny Schachter/Rove in 2004. She recently exhibited her artwork alongside Kim Gordon’s at Reena Spaulings Fine Art, New York.

1 ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Until recently, Sun City Girls were the band whose performances came closest to those of the Living Theater. Now Animal Collective—Avey Tare, Panda Bear, the Geologist, and the Deacon—take the cake. Tare wears a mask and crumples paper into a microphone, chanting and making sounds that leave one stranded in a muggy forest staring at the stars. The band have a childlike quality so endearing it melts your heart, and after a live show their complex melodies linger blissfully in the memory.



2 LINDER STERLING This artist and singer from the postpunk band Ludus will knock your pants off with her sardonic humor and charm. In 2004 she opened for Morrissey, who has claimed her as a source of both genius and damage, at a festival he curated in London. She has designed album covers for the Buzzcocks and Magazine as well as for her own Danger Came Smiling and the Visit, among others. Most recently she has exhibited her work in London and Prague. I have never seen Sterling live, but she has always been a badass, drumming with bloody tampons and wearing dresses made of meat to her own record-release parties, scaring the shit out of industry types. Her singing style is a huge inspiration.



3 JACK PIERSON A self-portrait of a gay man with a diva complex echoing entertainers of the past. I felt the tragedy of this Shakespearian exhibition (at Cheim & Read last winter) which included Greco-Roman-style statues, lipstick-stained Marlboros, and caked white face paint arranged in front of a dressing-room mirror. The gallery floor was a stage on which one walked as if in self-parody, while the installation had a home-decor vibe—what else should we have expected from a man with such impeccable taste?

4 JACK BREWER Brewer is the lead singer of Saccharine Trust, an amazing West Coast punk band. In March 2004 they played at the All Tomorrow’s Parties festival in England (Sonic Youth were the curators; I played with my old band Angelblood). Brewer gave a fierce set: He kept changing his clothes and taking his hat on and off to music that sounded like Pere Ubu’s album *The Modern Dance*. My bandmates and I fell in love with him instantly.

5 “FRANCIS PICABIA: SINGULIER IDÉAL” Viva the first Conceptual artist! This 2002–2003 exhibition at the Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris proved that Picabia, along with Duchamp and his small circle, were years ahead of their time in anticipating the future of art. My favorite pieces were his menus for the bourgeoisie showing waterskiing women basking in the privilege of their leisured lifestyles and *Le Veau d’or*, 1941–42, which pictures a gluttonous beast snarling at the defenseless horde.



6 IMMORAL TALES Walerian Borowczyk’s 1974 film has four parts, the first being “The Tide,” a Godardian story of teenage voyeurism. But he really outdoes himself with the third segment, which features Picasso’s daughter Paloma as a sixteenth-century countess bent on preserving her youth and vitality by bathing in the blood of virgins. Between these two we are treated to the most incredible sequence of images ever filmed. And though the sound track is classical, the effect is akin to that of the band Ulver’s symphonic black metal.

7 LUTZ BACHER, “SEX WITH STRANGERS” This 1986 series of appropriated and recaptioned porn images inspired me to curate exhibitions. Bacher’s works hit home on a profound psychological level and are so disturbing that one is rendered quite speechless. In 2004, the artist exhibited her brilliant “Jokes” series—in which, again, added text is used to subvert existing shots—at the now-closed American Fine Arts and paid tribute to the late, dear “Keith Richards of the Art World” Colin de Land with an exhibition at Participant Inc.



8 BRIAN DEGRAW A painter as well as a musician, DeGraw has a side project: He plays the piano, creating concertos that are airy but nonetheless carefully structured. He’s a composer comparable to Brian Eno, Aphex Twin, or perhaps a member of Brian Wilson’s orchestra—a divine classicist. Yet he never plays the piano unaccompanied in public, only with his band (and mine), Gang Gang Dance.

9 DONATELLA Seeing Mark Leckey’s band is like being at a Happy Mondays rave. This shit is good. Leckey’s sampling of music from the past, particularly female singers, is comparable to the brilliant MCs coming out of London right now (my favorite tracks of theirs are MIA’s “Galang Galang” and Lady Sovereign’s “Sad Ass Strippa”). I haven’t seen a band use samples with instruments live as effectively as Leckey’s in a long time.

10 MARLENE MCCARTY’S FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS I included these voyeuristic shots, taken when the artist was only sixteen, in “Violence the true way,” the exhibition I curated at Galerie Peter Kilchmann in Zurich in 2002. Documenting the bleak interiors of punk venues littered with leftover silver trimmings or covered in garbage or graffiti, McCarty’s images recall a musical genre long since commodified but retain a youthful intensity. □

Clockwise from far left: Magazine, *Real Life* (Virgin, 1978). Cover art by Linder Sterling. Jack Pierson, *Down? Tired? Depressed?*, 2003, charcoal wall drawing, dimensions variable. Lutz Bacher, *Sex with Strangers*, 1986, image, text, and ink on canvas, 7 x 10". Francis Picabia, *Nu (Ilstant) (Nude [reading])*, ca. 1942–43, oil on canvas, 41½ x 30".

Loren Goodman

Loren Goodman, whose *Famous Americans* (2003) was selected by W.S. Merwin for the Yale Series of Younger Poets, is currently a Ph.D. candidate in sociology at Kobe University in Japan, where he also trains professional boxers.

1 ERIC FENSLER'S "PSA" FILMS No encounter with imagination over the past year has given me more pleasure than Eric Fensler's twenty-five short videollages. Of these exuberant and inspiring reworkings of G.I. Joe public service announcements, my favorites include the Rasta sing-along, "Fire on Your Sleeve," and "Help Computer." Though supplanted on Fensler's own site by a cease-and-desist letter from the Hasbro legal department, you may find them on heavy.com and elsewhere.

2 KEN BROWN His correspondent art travels long distances, enlisting that ever-available collaborator, the postal service. Don't call him the Unabomber of Art—just count yourself lucky if you get an envelope from Germany, open it, and find one of Brown's delicately augmented and annotated photographs, a mini-frieze, or skillfully garbled letter. Then write him back. Looking forward to his June show, "Letters from Mr. Brown," at the Goetz Collection in Munich.

3 LON CHANGELY A former noisician and theremin devotee known mainly for his vast, compressed internal landscapes in the late '80s and early '90s, Changely has reemerged in the field of sculpture. As Angel Akuma, covering last year's Tokyo Midnight Art Extravaganza, writes: "This former leader of the Disappearance Movement that stole the show at the Roppongi Hills World Craft Fair in '95 has shifted to presence and the emotive. His verbal carving *The Pure Me* resembles nitroglycerin in its propensity to set off controlled explosions within the heart." I agree.

4 JOAN NELSON Five years in Japan has given new meaning to the paintings of Joan Nelson. Her steadfast foliage of solid wax on hard wood . . . bullet-train Hiroshige? New projects and inspirations: painting with illumination on layers of glass ("I saw one I liked at the Modern Museum, Dalí's, and wondered why no one ever pursued that"). The ocean floor (*Scientific American*): "lines, dots, sea worms . . . a fantasy direction . . . now back to something you can see, with neon colors." Portraits:



"It's fun—snapshots of people caught in some moment. People I miss and haven't seen for a while." Rumor has it a children's book is in the works. Artist-husband Don Powley's enormous abstractions are the secret find of 2005.

5 LISA ZERKOWITZ When I see one of Zerkowitz's elegant pieces, it strikes me that glass—like life—is a slowly moving liquid. Her welded, inked, steel panels hold kiln-formed and blown glass elements; in combination, the permanence of steel and ephemerality of glass form a third, magical, material presence. Luminous and translucent, these works involve children's games, plants, and

leaves from her travels. With her partner, equally apt glassmaker Boyd Sugiki, she inhabits a world wrapped around her art.

6 CHARLIE BIDWELL Ecstatic photographer, an artist of the air. *OK Cowboy, Pink, Cyclone, Pure, Stardust*. I think I'll have a flying dream. His *Chrysler Building* and *Empire State* pinnacles anchor the sky in clouds and night. In *Lincoln Memorial*, he "shoots" the president, seated, from behind an offstage pillar. With plenty of negative space and diagonal energy, Bidwell keeps his promise to show things "in a way that's rarely been seen before."

7 TAKASHI HIRAIDE: POST-CARDS TO DONALD EVANS (Tibor de Nagy Editions) My favorite book of 2004. Among other things, a poignant lesson in how to include yourself in the good company of those you admire. With trips to Tokyo, Iowa City, London, Lundy Island, and the Netherlands. Atmospheric suspension of the slowness of snow falling. "What you had started partly for fun became your

life." Brilliantly translated from the Japanese by Tomoyuki Iino.

8 VIRGIL MARTI You grow up in the Midwest, you think certain things are cool. Later, you learn they're not, and that makes you like them even more. Making candles in a milk carton at summer camp . . . Cut to: Marti's gorgeous and chunky *Ode on a Paul Smith Bag*. See yourself in the *Lotus Room* . . . I love the Mylar. The real feeling it gives you—sensational. My notes from last year's exhibition: "This painter and master printer has created an installation at Elizabeth Dee that surrounds you. You're in it, say, admiring *Landscape Wallpaper with Star Border & Shrooms & Flame Dado*, when you realize it's not just comfortable but sublimely elevating." Virgil Marti, vanguard of the new baroque.



9 VEERAPHOL NAKORNLUANG-PROMOTION With the waning of Ali, Tyson, and Roy Jones, is it possible that "the greatest" is now this diminutive boxer from Thailand? Five foot three, 118 pounds, Veeraphol—known as "Death Mask"—is one of the most impressive practitioners of body and performance art I've seen in the past five years. A continuum of physique, presence, behavior, and modesty that is stunningly human, he's defended the world title he captured in 1998 fourteen times. An American exhibition is long overdue.

10 JOE BRAINARD: I REMEMBER (Granary Books) This book is so good I can hardly describe it. Uniquely wholesome, it has the same thick, physical feeling of life as his Prell-bottle sculpture, admiration for *Nancy*, and repeated desire to start all over again. And why not? Call it honesty—pie, sun-filled arms, Oklahoma, or things as they are. A relaxed grace: something like reclining in the soft, huge upholstery of the world, of winning Wimbledon with lobs. Can't wait to read Ron Padgett's memoir (Coffee House Press, 2004). □

Clockwise from top: Joan Nelson, *Untitled* (#457) ("Influenced by a Distant View of Niagara", 1804. J. Merigot), 2000, oil and acrylic ink on wood, 30 x 30 x 2 1/2". Virgil Marti, *Landscape Wallpaper with Star Border & Shrooms & Flame Dado*, 2001. Installation view, Elizabeth Dee Gallery, New York, 2004. Charlie Bidwell, *Greyhound*, 2003, black-and-white photograph, 18 x 18". Ken Brown, *The One Plum Tree Left*, 2004, collage, 3 1/2 x 5 3/4".

Tomas Saraceno

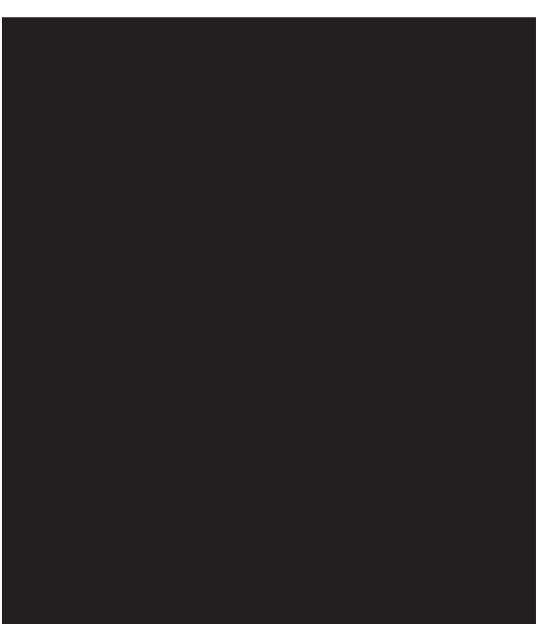
Berlin-based artist Tomas Saraceno is currently working on a site-specific project for the Villa Manin Centre for Contemporary Art in Passariano-Codroipo, Italy, and was recently awarded one of the first Cisneros Fontanals Art Foundation Fellowships. His work has been included in this year's inaugural Moscow Biennale and in the Venice Biennes for architecture (2002) and art (2003).

1 THE ANTI-TOP TEN Organisms feed on the flow of matter and energy from their environments to stay alive, and all organisms produce waste. But an ecosystem generates no net waste; one species's waste is another species's food. All living systems communicate within themselves and share resources across boundaries. You never know how energy is going to get recycled . . . what other worlds exist with value we can't yet comprehend . . . perceiving the imperceptible, the unexpected, the not-yet-named, possible only through a mechanical exercise . . . in a weightless space . . . far away in another galaxy . . . watching *True Stories* . . . "I've been trying to meet you."

2 DE-EDUCATION As Fernando Pessoa tells us, life is a long process to unlearn the learned. Take the eternal energy of the great artist Thomas Bayrle at Frankfurt's Städelschule and mix it in a cocktail with the Venice University Institute of Architecture: Together, these two centers of education (in my experience) paradoxically remain by far the best places to unlearn everything!

3 ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO STARDUST Lewis Mumford maintained that cities originated from the necropolis and therefore from a culture of the dead. Today, under the above slogan, memorial-spaceflight.com helps us send cremains into orbit. As for the living, how about a celestial investment, a plot on Venus or Mars? Welcome to moonestates.com: "Now For A Limited Time . . . There Are Over 1.1 Million Lunar Land Owners from 176 Countries Already!" This could be the best real-estate deal in the universe.

4 DEFYING GRAVITY Eco-systems achieve stability through the richness and complexity of their ecological webs. The



wider their biodiversity, the greater their resilience. In Paul Scheerbart's 1904 sci-fi novel *The Emperor of Utopia*, a party takes place in some twenty floating restaurants held aloft by large balloons. What a perfect scene for a gathering of Bruno Taut, Wenzel Hablik, Yona Friedman, R. Buckminster Fuller, Gyula Kosice, artist Gert Rietveld, aircraft designer Yuri Ishkov, winners of the Ansari X Prize, and everyone connected with *Leonardo* magazine. Perhaps they'd discuss the UFO sketches of Einar Thorsteinn or, more generally, their shared quest toward the outer spaces once deemed the domain only of God, now ruled by the laws of military radar.

5 GETTING ABSORBED At "Kafka" (Inc. Cyber Café) in Miami or "Shakespeare" (and Co. Bookshop) in Paris, you could fall asleep—lost between the books, dust, and coffee—and no one would find you for days. Like Sir John Soane's house in London or the Museo Xul Solar private library in Buenos Aires, these are places to blend in, disappear, and soak it all up.

6 PARTNERSHIP Life persists on the planet not by combat but by cooperation. Kenneth Snelson's geometric sculpture inspired R. Buckminster Fuller's tensegrity research, resulting in Snelson's tower at Park Sonsbeek in Arnhem, the Netherlands, which eventually collapsed in a windstorm. And so what? Art exists only when it fails, as Adorno tells us, but failure can't be our goal or nothing would get accomplished. That's why we need each other. Together, we will *Do It!*

7 STRATEGIES FOR SURVIVAL Change your environment, mutate yourself, reproduce, or wait until a better time, like animals when they hibernate . . . or shoot a movie without any film in the camera, like Jay Chung.

Chung's latest work, with Q Takeki Maeda, shares a sense of productive stasis with the films of Clemens von Wedemeyer, or with *Waiting for Godot*. With introspective delay, you can outlive the present.

8 PROGRESS Back when Gordon Matta-Clark bought his "microparcels"—impossibly small slivers of New York City real estate left over from the demarcation lines of other property—he said he was excited by their inaccessibility: "Everyone's notion of ownership is determined by the use factor." More than thirty years later comes architect Patricio Cuello and his "24 inches house" (seen at Bienal Miami + Beach, 2003), a possible use for the formerly useless.

9 NETWORKS Like the networks at all scales of nature, we find living systems nesting within other living systems and networks within networks. Their boundaries are not of separation but of identification . . . AlexisRochasHeidulf-GerngrossAndreasZybachNatalijaMiodragovic-MirjanaStojadinovicCiroNajlePeterCookClaudio-CaveriStefanoBoeriClaudioVeksteinBollinger-GrohmannFreiOttoOlafurEliassonDanielBirnbbaum-



MarkWigleyHansUlrichObristRirkritTiravanijaJuan-HerrerosTueGreenfortJeppeHeinMichaelBeutler-CatherineDavidCarolineEggelCristianeRekadeldes-KatzensteinDanielaSwarowksyLucaCerizza-ChristineBärnthaler.

10 REVOLUTION The tsunami that devastated Southeast Asia also modified the Earth's axis and shifted the North Pole about an inch. Daytime decreased by 2.68 microseconds, because the planet now spins slightly faster. But more subtle action, in fact everything we do, has the potential for global impact. As NASA's Dr. Benjamin Fong Chao says, "Any worldly event that involves the movement of mass affects the Earth's rotation, from seasonal weather down to driving a car." □

Clockwise from top: Bruno Taut, *Der Domstern*, 1918, ink on paper, 30 1/4 x 22". Patricio Cuello, *24-Inch Isometric Drawing*, 2004, ink on paper, 36 x 24". Jeppe Hein, *Moving Neon Cube*, 2004, neon tubes, transformers, and electrical equipment, 27 1/8 x 90 1/4 x 90 1/4". Sir John Soane's Museum, London. Photo: Martin Charles.

Josephine Meckseper

New York-based artist Josephine Meckseper will be included in the Lyon Biennial of Contemporary Art, opening in September. She is currently preparing for solo shows at GAVLAK, West Palm Beach; Elizabeth Dee Gallery, New York; and Spain's Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León.

1 “THE WORLD IS EVERYTHING THAT IS THE CASE” Viennese quantum physicist Anton Zeilinger recently managed to create and move matter using crystals and light photons, paving the way for what we once mocked as “beaming” on *Star Trek*. That Zeilinger claims to have found inspiration in the above proposition from Wittgenstein’s 1921 *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* reconfirms the continuing relevance of the philosopher’s quest to test the limits of existence, thought, and language, which anticipated the idea of multiple universes.

2 EMPTY salons, corridors, salons, doors, doors, salons, empty chairs, deep armchairs, stairs, steps, steps, one after another, glass objects, empty glasses, a dropped glass, a glass partition, letters, a lost letter, keys on rings, numbered door keys, 309, 307, 305, 303, chandeliers, more chandeliers, pearls, mirrors, corridors without a soul in sight in *Last Year at Marienbad* (1961), Alain Robbe-Grillet’s screenplay/*nouveau roman* take on Kierkegaard’s 1843 existentialist narrative *Repetition*.



3 LOUISE BOURGEOIS’S AND MARC CAMILLE CHAIMOWICZ’S USE OF MEMORY I’m thinking of Bourgeois’s 1993 piece *Cell (You Better Grow Up)*, which she once described as “a seven-by-seven-by-seven-foot cube, with mirrors reflecting many difficult realities, one worse than the next,” and of the walls in her house on Twentieth Street, decorated with faxes and invitation cards dating from at least the ’50s—faded but somehow still immediate. Chaimowicz

revisits his “things past” brilliantly in *Partial Eclipse*, 1980–2003, a 180-slide projection about the loss of experience, interiors, bodies, smells, and emotions, and more famously in his scatter installation *Celebration? Realife Revisited*, 1972/2000. Aside from using recollection and perfume bottles in their work, these two artists have in common family ties to mathematics and the textile industry.

4 ROBERTO OHRT’S PHANTOM AVANTGARDE Considering that Debord left us marveling at enigmatic phrases like “I will never give any explanations. Now you are all alone with our secrets,” it only seems fair that this impressive analysis of the Situationist International (to be published in English this fall by Lukas & Sternberg) devotes an entire chapter to the terminology of “situation,” which Ohrt—citing Hegel, Adorno, Kierkegaard, Sartre, and Heidegger—locates somewhere between ethics and skepticism. Meanwhile, the Hamburg-based Ohrt pursues his own clandestine operations: He runs the modest artist-book empire Silverbridge (with Paris-based artist Juli Susin), recently launched the magazine *Matière Premiere*, and is the brains behind the eighty-six-square-foot postcontemporary portable gallery Nomadenoase.

5 ISA GENZKEN’S SLOT MACHINE Casually left on the floor at David Zwirner earlier this year, this ready-made, ready-to-use vintage slot machine seemed out of place among the rest of Genzken’s work—highly crafted assemblages, low-relief wall pieces, and extraordinary sculptures made from toys and party supplies. The Berlin artist provided no further explanation, but the gallery kept a jar of change at the front desk for would-be gamblers.

6 PROMISE LAND This animated short about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict was the undisputed favorite among artists in the “nation” exhibit at the Frankfurter Kunstverein in 2003. Complete with an American reporter, three Palestinians (Omar the waiter, Achmed the suicide bomber, Ali the rioter), and three Israelis (Eitan the thug, Aaron the settler, Gaddy the soldier), this traditionally drawn cartoon tops *South Park* for crass humor. If only *it could* become a television series, amplifying animation’s status as one of the last refuges for political satire in the US. One hopes *Promise Land* creator Gili Dolev, a thirty-year-old former Israeli Army conscript, already has some offers.

7 YES TO ALL Seen recently in the form of a rainbow-colored neon sign at Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac in Paris, this seemingly affirmative slogan has become a recurring theme for Sylvie Fleury—a backhanded comment on a consumer culture in

which customization has become the only “alternative” to branding and mass production. I find Fleury’s ideas more relevant than ever, as we enter the Warhol-predicted era when “all department stores will become museums, and all museums will become department stores.” MoMA versus MoA (Minneapolis’s Mall of America) comes to mind, yet Fleury has already prescribed a metaphorical solution for our late-capitalist plight, having once staged a shop-window installation entitled *Tout doit disparaître* (Everything Must Go).

8 INTO THE STREETS True artistic revolution sometimes finds its ideal form not in the place of production, the museum, or the gallery but in the streets. For example: Valie Export’s *Tap and Touch Cinema*, 1968, in which the artist, a box attached to her naked chest, invited pedestrians in several European cities to “visit the cinema”; or when Daniel Buren, for his 1975 piece *Seven Ballets in Manhattan*, sent people into the street carrying his striped signs, as if to protest an abstract cause. More recently, Aleksandra Mir hid a sound system in a Copenhagen square that played prerecorded male wolf whistles (*Pick Up [Oh Baby!]*, 1997).

9 BIDOUN Conceptually indebted to Edward Said’s “case against” Orientalism, this new, high-gloss magazine rejects traditional Western misconceptions of the Middle East. Depicting Cairo “war panoramas” and featuring Arab underground chic, Iranian editor Lisa Farjam and her staff succeed in making sheiks look like rock stars, cities like Dubai and Beirut like places to be, and the rest of us like fools, stuck with our clichés.

10 NEW YORK’S BEST PERMANENT EXHIBITION At Laundrobot on East Sixth Street, owner Yuri Blarovich, in collaboration with Cooper Union student Robin Randisi, displays single socks found in his facility. Framed and hung over the washers and dryers, the display reminds me of the absurdly reductionist explanation of entropy (socks strewn about a room) I was given in high school, which still haunts me from time to time. □

Clockwise from top right: **Valie Export, Tap und Tastkino (Tap and Touch Cinema), 1968.** Performance view, Vienna. Photo: Werner Schultz. © Valie Export Archive. **Interior of Laundrobot, New York, 2005.** Photo: Aimée Scala. **Alain Resnais (screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet), Last Year at Marienbad, 1961,** still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 94 minutes. Woman (Delphine Seyrig). **View of “Isa Genzken,” David Zwirner, New York, 2005.** Left: Isa Genzken, *Slot Machine*, 2004. Right: Isa Genzken, *Eber*, 2004. Photo of Josephine Meckseper: Lena Gieseke.

Donald Urquhart

The work of London-based artist Donald Urquhart was recently included in the two-part group show “I Still Believe in Miracles” that opened last May at the Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. He was shortlisted for the 2005 Beck’s Futures prize earlier this year.

1 JAYNE COUNTY When Jayne County lets rip on a performance, she gives an unflagging 200%, and then some. She never fails to surprise and inspire. In March, I saw her first London gig in twelve years, and she was top of the range as usual, thrashing around, “bathing in the blood of rock ’n’ roll,” as she puts it. Her 1995 book, *Man Enough to Be a Woman*, traces her adventures through the New York of Warhol and Stonewall to the punk scene in Europe and back again. It should be compulsory reading on every school curriculum.

2 DAN PERJOVSCHI I came across Dan’s work only recently in Paris, and was immediately awestruck. Few artists make work that coaxes me into laughing out loud, but Dan can. At first glance, his cartoons look like men’s-room graffiti, but upon closer inspection, they are sophisticated social and political comments. He has the deft touch and fuzzy simplicity of James Thurber and, coming from me, that is as high as praise can go. I am gagging for a book to appear.



3 THOMAS KINKADE Top print-selling U.S. artist Thomas Kinkade (“Painter of Light”) paints the American dream deluxe in jaw-dropping color. Thankfully absent from his rustic scenes are poverty, hunger, disease, and horror—we get enough of that elsewhere. Here, American hometown life of the good old days is rendered painstakingly pretty, illu-

minated with a gaslight-and-sunset glow, and I believe you can even add customized highlighting (should you prefer) when you buy a print. Like Kathleen Turner’s character says in John Waters’s *Serial Mom*, “Life doesn’t have to be ugly.”

4 JUSTIN BOND Currently working on a master’s in scenography at Central St. Martins, London, Justin first came to my notice via his “Pantychrist” recordings (1999), which are bitter, drawling, paranoiac, sadistic, and raw—very uneasy listening indeed. But “Pantychrist” was a mere prelude to the birth of a bigger monster: Bond’s deranged, dead-on-her-feet, cabaret-chanson-chewing diva persona, Kiki. Gamely accompanied by her retarded pianist, Herb, she sings paeans to the triumph of delusion and determination over reality. Even quaint Christmas songs turn into soul-baring, chest-beating, hell-and-back death rattlers. There’s no “heart,” no sentiment, and no looking back. Bond is working on new characters. Be very afraid.

5 CHRISTIAN MARCLAY, VIRTUOSO, 2000 A twenty-five-foot-long accordion? Of all the curios that have ever been assembled for gallery shows (it recently appeared at the Barbican as part of the artist’s traveling retrospective), this one excites me the most. Can you play it? How? How many people does it take to hold and squeeze it? Do they get their fingers trapped? What does it sound like? I want it. My inner child needs it.

6 ANITA LOOS, GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (1925) Quicker and cuter than William Makepeace Thackeray’s ruthless siren Becky Sharp, Lorelei Lee doesn’t have to part with much to get men to part with their diamonds. Written in diary form, novelist Loos has fun with Lorelei’s dreadful spelling and wickedly sends up the ridiculous world of the extravagantly rich in the flapper era. The Marilyn Monroe/Jane Russell film version—camp and delicious as it is—doesn’t quite hit the same breathless pace or provide as many belly laughs as the book. Lorelei’s wiseacre pal Dorothy (played by Russell in the film) is one of the most psychologically healthy characters in modern fiction and is the subject of a sequel, *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* (1928). She carries an armadillo handbag with its tail clasped in its mouth. I once had a chance to buy one like it, but was afraid my parents wouldn’t understand.

7 MURIEL SPARK My favorite writers are all women: Loos, Dorothy Parker, Lillian Ross, Patti Smith, Edith Sitwell, Louise Brooks, Queen Elizabeth I, Jacqueline Susann—and my fellow Scot, Muriel Spark. Spark’s talents are too many and various to list succinctly. She writes with certainty, clarity, elegance, economy, wit, and grace. My favorites are the stories “The Seraph and the Zambezi” (1951) and “Bang-Bang You’re Dead (1982)” and the novels *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1961) and *Aiding and Abetting* (2000). I am in the middle of reading the recently released *All the Poems of Muriel Spark* (2004) and eagerly await the follow-up to the first part of her autobiography *Curriculum Vitae* (1992).

8 JOHN CASSAVETES, OPENING NIGHT (1977) In this harrowing metaphysical shocker, Cassavetes’s wife Gena Rowlands plays an actress suffering a Margo Channing-like age crisis during rehearsals for a play. She starts drinking. Backstage dramas take a supernatural turn when she believes she is being visited by a dead girl—a fan she saw killed in a road accident. Too much for most people, but I can’t watch it enough. My first short film, *L’Entr’acte* (due in October), is an homage of sorts to this incredible movie.

9 PEGGY LEE, MIRRORS (1975) Written by Leiber and Stoller, this classic album is all I would need on a desert island. Here, La Lee uses her incomparable voice to best effect on the grudging “Ready to Begin Again (Manya’s Song),” where she puts on her wig, false teeth, and a load of make-up and gets on with life. She is chilly and eerie on “Case of M. J.,” and she creaks the rafters with the bizarre “Professor Hauptmann’s Performing Dogs.” I’d like to think it’s what my drawings would sound like if they were pieces of music.

10 FLEISCHER BROTHERS CARTOONS Dark, quirky, and surreal, Fleischer Brothers cartoons have their own brand of humor. Songs like “Be Human” (1936, illustrated by a man whipping his dog mercilessly) and Betty Boop’s sexy ode to the garbageman in “Any Rags” (1932) are singularly Fleischer material. The nightmarish “Bimbo’s Initiation” (1931), where poor Bimbo the dog is hounded by evil men in hoods holding candles and chanting, “Wanna be a member?” is one of the scariest things I have ever seen. □

Clockwise from top left: **Jayne County performing at the Underworld, London, 2005.** Photo: Shaun Morris. **John Cassavetes, Opening Night, 1977,** still from a color film in 35 mm, 144 minutes. Myrtle Gordon (Gena Rowlands). **Three Fleischer Brothers characters.** (Betty Boop, Bimbo the dog, and Koko the clown). **Christian Marclay, Virtuoso, 2000,** altered accordion, approx. 25’ long. **Dan Perjovschi, My home, my car, my credit card, me, 2003,** black marker on pavement, dimensions variable.

Cathy Wilkes

Cathy Wilkes exhibited her installations of painting and sculpture last year at Galerie Giti Nourbakhsh, Berlin, and the Kunstverein Hamburg, and, more recently, at the Scottish pavilion at the Venice Biennale 2005. Her new film, commissioned for this month's Frieze Art Fair, will be included in the 2006 Berlin Biennial.

1 ALENKA ZUPANCIC, THE SHORTEST SHADOW: NIETZSCHE'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE TWO (SHORT CIRCUITS) (2003) Zupancic's work is mind expanding beyond the usual limits of a theoretical text. She examines the "event" as defined by Nietzsche, emphasizing the unorthodox way the philosopher used language—which would still be considered reckless today. The chapters on his concept of "midday" are amazing: When the sun is at its highest point, shadows move on top of objects, and this is the moment of "splitting"—when what is real and what is represented (the shadow) are indiscernible from one another. "Sobriety!" she affirms, is demanded by the subtleties of everyday thought.

2 WALTER SICKERT, LAZARUS BREAKS HIS FAST: SELF-PORTRAIT, 1927 In this fascinating work, the Camden Town Group painter portrays himself as Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead. A new morning after death! To paint this possibility with such intimacy must have come from the depths of Sickert's soul. Alone, Lazarus bends feebly over his spoon; he is just visible somewhere in a dry mixture of rubbed paint that affords the canvas a weird sensuousness. It is a painting of the inseparability of suffering from one's internal life and contemplation.

3 VALERIE WEBB AND VALERIE BETH WEBBER Valerie Webb used to play with Sunburned Hand of the Man and other bands. When I met her in 2003 outside a gig she was playing in Dundee, Scotland, she was also a research astronomer studying Mars. I found her to be inspiring company. Such was my enthusiasm for her and her albums *The Trickle Down Theory of Lord Knows What* (2003) and *Rare Wood* (2004) that when I came across *Dimly Lit Wildlife* (2003), a book of poems by Valerie Beth Webber, I immediately

ordered it. (Only to realize later that it wasn't the same person!) Webber has also published "c," "f," and "j" in an anthology titled *Playground Forcing Hearts Ensemble* (2003). Her poem "j" begins:

*sometimes I want to ask you
just what the fuck you think you're doing
in my bed
with your mouth suction-cupped around my cunt*

Two Valeries in my life where once there were none!

4 MARY KELLY, "DAILY SCHEDULES" FROM WOMEN AND WORK: A DOCUMENT ON THE DIVISION OF LABOUR IN INDUSTRY, 1973–75 Kelly listed the schedules of over 150 women who worked in a metal-box factory in South London. I have a photocopy of the schedule of twenty-one-year-old Joanna Martin, a mother and full-time shrink-wrap operator. The work is still radical today because it demonstrates the complex sexual divisions of labor in such a ruthlessly diagrammatic way.

5 JOAN COPJEC, IMAGINE THERE'S NO WOMAN: ETHICS AND SUBLIMATION (2002) This book faces the unbearable seriousness of ethics from the perspective of psychoanalysis. Copjec boldly discusses the idea of "grace" in Kant's *Religion Within the Limits of Reason Alone*. "The 'spiritual' gift of grace, then, does not lift us out

of our finite, bodily being," she writes, "but 'infinitizes' it, invades the body with a deregulating pleasure that awakens it from its corporeal torpor."

6 VALIE EXPORT, ACTION PANTS: GENITAL PANIC, 1969 Export cut the crotch out of her jeans and walked through the rows of a kinky cinema, taunting the audience to look at the "real thing."

7 ROBERT FRANK, BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, DECEMBER 25TH, 1979 A woman, naked, with her arm raised in an easy stretch looks straight at the camera. A TV is on; it glows but shows no picture. There is some other furniture, chairs and things, a lot of space around her and above the objects. The words scratched into the surface of the photograph read 4 AM MAKE LOVE TO ME, 4 AM MAKE LOVE TO ME. This is one of my favorite pictures, ever.

8 DAN SANDIN, FIVE-MINUTE ROMP THROUGH THE IP, 1973 Sandin's film looks like a mystical ceremony, revealing the possibilities offered by the new-media artist's invention: an analog computer optimized for processing video information. Sandin freely distributed the instructions on how to build his

Image Processor, so fervent was his desire that people use it to make art.

9 RACHEL ROSENTHAL, THE AROUSING (SHOCK, THUNDER), 1979 Rosenthal's smiling, ghostly visage fills the screen in this startling film; her eyes are black and unreflective which makes it weirder still. She describes her early life, her growth into consciousness, and the self-imposed violence of her effort to conform. Rosenthal recalls a story from her childhood of a boy who was "made to live in a sort of jug that distorted his features and his

limbs, and after several years he emerged as a laughing man, his expression always and under all circumstances a monstrous and horrifying grin."

10 THE VACUUM A brilliant, satirical, political, cultural, and, best of all, *free* paper published in Belfast by Factotum since 2003. Apart from the scholastic range and vitality of its contributors, I laugh out loud when I read it. I especially love Richard Kirkland's essay "The Erotics of Ulsterness" in the Sex issue, but I also love all the regular columns, particularly "Bloomer and Keogh Investigate" and "My Beef." As of press time, *The Vacuum* editors were taking the Belfast City Council to court, contesting its suspension of the paper's funding and demand for an apology for moral and religious offense. This is the first time that the freedom of speech article in the European Convention on Human Rights has been used to contest such decision making by a city council. Visit www.sorryday.com for more information on the case. □

From top: Dan Sandin, *Five-Minute Romp Through the IP, 1973*, stills from a black-and-white and color video, 6 minutes 30 seconds. Mary Kelly (with Margaret Harrison and Kay Hunt), *Women and Work: A Document on the Division of Labour in Industry (detail), 1973–75*, photocopy, 11 x 8½". Joanna Martin's daily schedule. Walter Sickert, *Lazarus Breaks His Fast: Self-Portrait, 1927*, oil on canvas, 30 x 25". Photo of Cathy Wilkes: Lauschmann.

David Adjaye

David Adjaye is a London-based architect. He is currently working on buildings for inIVA/Autograph and the Bernie Grant Centre, both in London, and for the Museum of Contemporary Art, Denver. In January, Whitechapel Art Gallery will host "David Adjaye: Making Public Buildings," the first exhibition focusing on his studio's work.

1 AI WEIWEI, HOUSE AND STUDIO, BEIJING In a Beijing suburb, amongst a series of factory complexes stands an extraordinary domestic structure designed in 1999 by artist Ai Weiwei. You first enter a large garden courtyard via a simple gate; once inside, there is no house to be seen, just a series of contemporary, Miesian yet distinctly Chinese-inspired gray brick walls that define the entry beyond which one would find side passages to a home and studio. You are instantly reminded of the *houtons* of traditional Beijing and fantastic Chinese gardens. (Here, a courtyard garden has a collection of Ai's sculptures.) When you cross the house's threshold, you are immediately brought into a large, double-height space with Ming-dynasty furniture that looks so modern you would think Donald Judd had designed it. The materials of the building are ordinary brick and concrete but, even though this sounds austere, the structure has the most intimate and accommodating ambience. A masterwork.

2 WANGECHI MUTU This past summer, Mutu's exhibition at the Miami Art Museum—her first museum solo—featured the full repertoire of her art production. At the entrance, one was confronted by the beautiful video piece *Amazing Grace*, 2005, a surreal narrative in which one sees a figure moving through a watery landscape. Behind this projection were her trademark suspended bottles, whose excreted deposits of red wine mixed with salt water pooled on the gallery floor, as well as her amazing portraits and drawings of spheres. Such work invariably elicits a range of emotions, from uneasiness to romance, making Mutu an artist to watch.

3 HINZERT MUSEUM AND DOCUMENT CENTRE, GERMANY In the middle of an old German agricultural landscape, a strange new creature has been placed: Nikolaus Hirsch's Document Centre, which opens next month. This extraordinary project's goal was to make an inherently structural

building wherein what you see is what you get. Cor-Ten steel triangles welded together create a structural, tapering, vaulted space to house the museum, which focuses on the history of the Hinzert concentration camp. While the building gives a sense of this tragic past, it also looks to the future by powering its electricity and air conditioning through an intelligent set of environmental systems.

4 JONATHAN MEESE If you get a chance to see Jonathan Meese perform, don't miss it. I caught his performance in Cheonan, South Korea, at the Arario Gallery, where Meese baffled and delighted Korean art lovers with his improvisatory painting and shamanlike monologue deconstructing history, philosophy, and religion.

5 "PETER DOIG: STUDIOFILMCLUB," KUNSTHALLE ZÜRICH This fall, the film club Doig launched in Port of Spain, Trinidad, in 2003 was transported to Switzerland—a must-see that not only featured exquisite oil-on-paper drawings by the artist of his favorite film posters but also screenings of films selected with his friend Che Lovelace. Isaac Julien's *BaadAsssss Cinema* (2002) and a 1990 episode of a Caribbean talk show featuring musician Lord Kitchener, the Soca King, were among the highlights.



6 FREENESS VOL. 1 Chris Ofili's foundation, ICEBOX, launched its first CD featuring musicians of African, Caribbean, and Asian descent by throwing a rave that was *the* place to be in London on September 13, 2005. The art world and the

cool-music set converged at Cargo nightclub to hear extraordinary acts that made it clear how diverse music making is in Britain and how little of it makes it to mainstream listeners. Can't wait for the second volume. For more information visit www.freeness.co.uk.

7 SAUL DIBB, BULLET BOY (2004) Directed by Dibb and produced by Marc Boothe and Ruth Caleb, *Bullet Boy* is a fictional film that gets to the gritty heart of inner-city gun culture without glamorizing it. This film portrays North and South London in exquisite detail, capturing the nuances of interpersonal relationships and family life in black Britain. Make sure you add this one to your DVD collection.

8 DARELL WAYNE FIELDS, ARCHITECTURE IN BLACK (2000) This book by Fields, published by London's Athlone Press, is a detective-like analysis of the hijacking of architectural history by a European sensibility whose racism resulted in the exclusion of black culture—which, of course, is the mother of the arts (i.e., Egypt). Focusing on the semiotics of architectural terms, the study begins to address the damage, recasting a history that has ignored the contributions of black architects.

9 ISAAC JULIEN, FANTÔME CREOLE, 2005 A pioneer of the multiple-projection installation, Isaac Julien has directed a complex and mesmerizing new video entitled *Fantôme Creole*, which debuted at the Centre Pompidou in Paris this summer. This film is rich in historical and political meaning, exploring the impact of location—both cultural and physical—to resounding effect. It is both cold and warm, past and present, a critique and celebration. Let's hope he turns his attention to making a longer work: Another feature film from this auteur (his last feature, *Young Soul Rebels*, came out in 1991) is long overdue.

10 "ROBERT SMITHSON," WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART This essential show charted Smithson's pioneering work in sculpture, Land art, and entropic architecture. The installations of mirror and earth are powerful, as is the documentation of *Spiral Jetty*, 1970, an extraordinary accomplishment that is now visible again. Smithson's floating island, which circled Manhattan for one week during the show, reminds us of the power of nature and our relationship to it—de-architecturalizing architecture by disregarding rules about foundation, stability, and permanence. □

Clockwise from top: Nikolaus Hirsch, *Hinzert Museum and Document Centre, 2005*, Germany. Saul Dibb, *Bullet Boy, 2004*, still from a color film in 16 mm, 89 minutes. View of "Peter Doig: StudioFilmClub," *Kunsthalles Zürich, 2005*. Jonathan Meese, *Jonathan Meese Ist Mutter Parzival (Jonathan Meese Is Mother Parsifal), 2005*. Performance view, Staatsoper Unter den Linden, Berlin, 2005. Photo: Jirka Jansch.

John Waters

“JOHN WATERS PRESENTS MOVIES THAT WILL CORRUPT YOU” PREMIERES ON THE HERE! NETWORK ON FEBRUARY 3, 2006.



From left: 1. **Gus Van Sant, *Last Days*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 97 minutes. Blake (Michael Pitt). 2. **Todd Solondz, *Palindromes*, 2004**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 100 minutes. Mark Weiner (Matthew Faber) and “Judah” Aviva Victor (Valerie Shusterov). 7. **Paul Provenza, *The Aristocrats*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 89 minutes. Fred Willard. 4. **Werner Herzog, *Grizzly Man*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 103 minutes. Timothy Treadwell.

1 LAST DAYS (GUS VAN SANT) How does Gus get away with making films this great? So arty, so sexy, so mad-deningly cool that I’m jealous. Michael Pitt is better at being Kurt Cobain than Kurt was.

2 PALINDROMES (TODD SOLONDZ) Todd makes the perfect abortion movie: kind, scary, fair, and with amazing musical numbers! Come on over to Broadway, Mr. Solondz—we could use you.

3 A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE (DAVID CRONENBERG) Maria Bello is the best actress of the year, and for once you believe a scene in which the leading lady vomits from being shocked.

4 GRIZZLY MAN (WERNER HERZOG) Timothy Treadwell is the Richard Simmons of the real-life grizzly set, and

who ever would have expected Werner Herzog to be the voice of reason?

5 SARABAND (INGMAR BERGMAN) When elegant, stunning Liv Ullman counts the seconds of a minute in real screen time, it’s more thrilling than any action movie. No Botox for this beauty; she looks fresher than all of Hollywood’s top female stars put together.

6 MYSTERIOUS SKIN (GREGG ARAKI) The best movie about pedophilia ever made. If you missed this one, you’re stupid.

7 THE ARISTOCRATS (PAUL PROVENZA) Will make you want to rush from the theater and shout out dirty words to strangers. I laffed ‘til I cried, and I *hate* jokes.

8 BROKEN FLOWERS (JIM JARMUSCH) Even more beautiful than Alexis Dziena’s bush are the slow, exquisite shots of Bill Murray driving. Whatever the exact opposite of carsick is—that’s what this movie made me.

9 HEAD ON (FATIH AKIN) A *David and Lisa* for the criminally insane moviegoer. You’ll feel like dating an alcoholic after seeing this Turkish/German love story from hell.

10 2046 (WONG KAR-WAI) How can a film that slightly lets you down be so great? No actress wears eye makeup better than Gong Li.

Amy Taubin

AMY TAUBIN IS A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *FILM COMMENT* AND *SIGHT AND SOUND*.



From left: 2. **Wong Kar-wai, *2046*, 2004**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 130 minutes. Bai Ling (Zhang Ziyi). 9. **Robinson Devor, *Police Beat*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 90 minutes. Z (Pape Sidy Niang). 7. **Martin Scorsese, *No Direction Home: Bob Dylan*, 2005**, still from a color digital video, 201 minutes. Bob Dylan. 3. **Lucrecia Martel, *The Holy Girl*, 2004**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 106 minutes. Josefina (Julieta Zylberberg) and Amalia (María Alché). 1. **David Cronenberg, *A History of Violence*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 96 minutes. Edie Stall (Maria Bello).

1 A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE (DAVID CRONENBERG) The perfect American family, the perfect American small town—how could they *not* be a hallucination? In this wide-angle version of *Spider*, the insanity is institutional, implicating us all.

2 2046 (WONG KAR-WAI) Dense, sprawling, intoxicatingly erotic in its images, sounds, and rhythms, Wong’s magnum opus is a cautionary tale in which obsessive love is inseparable from the aesthetics of its representation.

3 THE HOLY GIRL (LUCRECIA MARTEL) This Argentinean filmmaker remakes film language to reflect the interaction of mind and senses in a coming-of-age narrative about a Catholic schoolgirl’s compounding of the sacred and the profane.

4 THE INTRUDER (CLAIRE DENIS) An epic poem by one of cinema’s most adventurous poets about an adventurer betrayed, physically and metaphorically, by his own heart.

5 BLUE MOVIE (ANDY WARHOL) Seen for the first time since 1968, it’s ethereal hardcore—and very witty. Viva proves that she deserved her “superstar” designation.

6 LAST DAYS (GUS VAN SANT) This Kurt/not Kurt biopic is an act of mourning; it’s also the ultimate junkie movie. Looping through time and space, it delivers déjà vu every ten minutes.

7 NO DIRECTION HOME (MARTIN SCORSESE) The director and his subject—Bob Dylan—never crossed paths when they lived blocks from each other in the ‘60s, but their virtual meeting in this exquisitely edited documen-

tary unleashes our collective cultural unconscious.

8 FUNNY HA HA (ANDREW BUJALSKI) Often compared to Cassavetes, this twenty-six-year-old 16-mm fetishist is also the Rohmer of post-college malaise.

9 POLICE BEAT (ROBINSON DEVOR) A character study and a cityscape movie, it merges inside and outside in a stranger-in-a-strange-land narrative about a West African immigrant working as a bicycle cop in Seattle.

10 ROBERT BEAVERS and OWEN LAND RETROSPECTIVES (WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, NEW YORK) These back-to-back Whitney shows demonstrated the range not only of each of these polar-opposite filmmakers but also of the project best known as the “New American Cinema.”

James Quandt

SENIOR PROGRAMMER AT THE CINEMATHEQUE ONTARIO IN TORONTO, JAMES QUANDT ORGANIZED THE CURRENT TRAVELING RETROSPECTIVE OF THE FILMS OF MIKIO NARUSE.



From left: 1. **Cristi Puiu, *The Death of Mr. Lazarescu*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 150 minutes. Lazarescu Dante Remus (Ion Fiscuteanu). 6. **Peter Tscherkassky, *Instructions for a Light and Sound Machine*, 2005**, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 17 minutes. 4. **T. J. Wilcox, *Garland #4*, 2005**, still from a color film in 16 mm, 8 minutes 33 seconds. 8. **Phillippe Faucon, *La Trahison (The Betrayal)*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 80 minutes.

1 THE DEATH OF MR. LAZARESCU (CRISTI PUIU) Olfactory cinema—one can verily smell the film’s sodden protagonist—and a miracle of observational empathy. In our diminished culture, the title probably qualifies as a spoiler, but the inevitability of Mr. Lazarescu’s demise does nothing to lessen the surprise of his squalid Dantean odyssey toward death.

2 THREE TIMES (HOU HSIAO-HSIEN) Conscious summa or inadvertent sampler of Hou’s career, his triptych of love stories opens rapturously and ends attenuated; no one in contemporary cinema comes closer to Vermeer’s interiors with his pellucid lighting and composed domestic space.

3 THE SUN (ALEXANDER SOKUROV) The Russian director’s “Men of Power” trilogy concludes with a hushed, troubling portrait of Hirohito—a *Götterdämmerung* made literal by spectral lighting and fungal color. Issei Ogata’s scarily

endearing rendition of the emperor, his lips restively testing the air with carplike twitches, is beyond uncanny.

4 GARLANDS (T. J. WILCOX; METRO PICTURES) and **5 PALAST (TACITA DEAN; 51ST VENICE BIENNALE)** In contrast to Matthew Barney’s *Drawing Restraint 9*—a bloated voyage into *japonisme*, whale fat, and cockleshell backpacks—these two works are touchingly modest, truly romantic in their rendering of the end of things. The imminent obsolescence of their small-gauge formats adds melancholic force to their respective portraits of futile acts, foreshortened lives, and imperiled sites.

6 INSTRUCTIONS FOR A LIGHT AND SOUND MACHINE (PETER TSCHERKASSKY) Eli Wallach seems condemned to run forever through a graveyard in Tscherkassky’s nightmarishly looping, self-consuming attempt (in the filmmaker’s words) to “turn a Roman western [*The Good, The Bad and the Ugly*] into a Greek tragedy.”

7 MOMENTS CHOISIS (JEAN-LUC GODARD) Selecting favorite moments from his monumental *Histoire(s) du cinéma*, Godard leaves out all the joy and juice—the soaring tribute to Italian Neorealism, especially—but what remains is morosely affecting.

8 LA TRAHISON (PHILIPPE FAUCON) A terse, ambiguous, immensely intelligent portrait of *harkis* during the Algerian war.

9 LAST DAYS (GUS VAN SANT) and **10 GRIZZLY MAN (WERNER HERZOG)** Odd, if not peas-in-a-pod, twins: In each a blond, druggy fuck-up first finds Eden and then finds death—man-child innocents destroyed by their own ingenuousness. The first is all mumble and meander, the second irritatingly voluble, but the flashes of early Errol Morris Americana-grotesque in both films seal their strange confraternity.

Chrissie Iles

THE ANNE AND JOEL EHRENKRANZ CURATOR OF CONTEMPORARY ART AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, NEW YORK, CHRISSIE ILES IS CO-ORGANIZING THE MUSEUM’S 2006 BIENNIAL.



From left: 4. **Phillippe Parreno and Rirkrit Tiravanija, *Stories Are Propaganda*, 2005**, still from a color video, 8 minutes 29 seconds. 1. **Marina Abramović, *Balkan Erotic Epic (Men with Erections in National Costume)*, 2005**, production still. 7. **Francis Alÿs, *Guards*, 2004**, stills from a color video, 30 minutes. 3. **Fred Kelemen, *Fallen*, 2005**, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 90 minutes.

1 “DESTRICTED” For this series of short films, Marina Abramović, Matthew Barney, Marco Brambilla, Larry Clark, Mike Figgis, Sam Taylor-Wood, and Gaspar Noé have—or soon will have—created (at the behest of Neville Wakefield, Mel Agace, and Andrew Hale) some of the sexiest moments in recent cinema. Strictly for adults.

2 AUA AUA (DOROTHY IANNONE) Living in Germany since the late ’60s, expatriate Dorothy Iannone has created a voluptuous, libertarian, and unashamedly erotic body of work. A film (from 1972) framed within a large, hand-painted box sculpture, *Aua Aua* celebrates life with her lover Dieter Roth.

3 FALLEN (FRED KELEMEN) Kelemen’s searing camera follows the existential crisis of a man tortured by his failure to stop a woman jumping from a bridge and his journey through the city of Riga, retracing her life.

4 STORIES ARE PROPAGANDA (PHILIPPE PARRENO AND RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA) An anxious poem of what-ifs and do-you-remember-whens, this love letter to the recent past describes our world as it rapidly recedes into a fading collective memory.

5 DREAMING OF THE DREAM OF THE DREAM (JORDAN WOLFSON) Wolfson’s silent collage of water sequences from classic cartoons exists in one print only. When the print wears out, the film ceases to exist.

6 PEDESTRIAN CINEMA (BERNADETTE CORPORATION) In this yearlong project in Berlin, Bernadette Corporation questions the role of cinema, articulating it as an ongoing action incorporating projection, screen, wall, objects, street, and time.

7 GUARDS (FRANCIS ALÿS) As part of his Artangel project “7 Walks,” Alÿs’s film tracks sixty-four Coldstream Guards walking through the Square Mile of London.

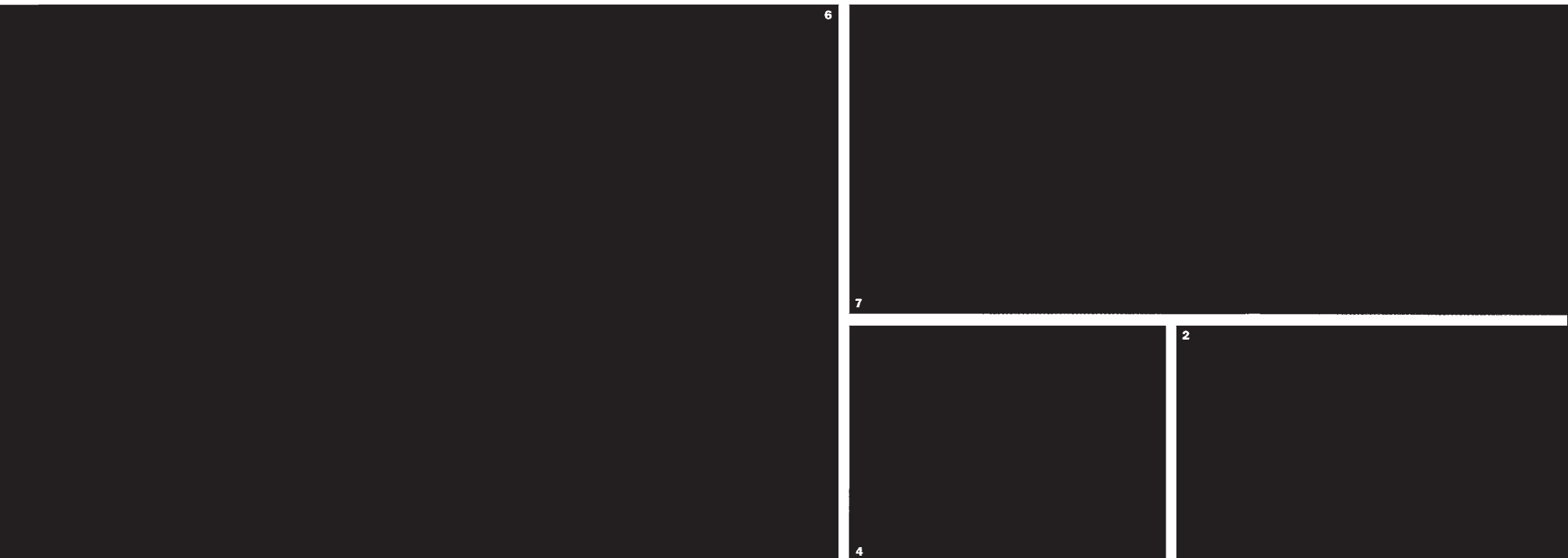
8 BURN (OR, THE 2ND LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS) (BRADLEY EROS) A vertical section of found footage of a stripper melts as Eros burns the film before our eyes, to the sound of Scorsese taxi driver Travis Bickle describing the “filthy mass” of pimps, prostitutes, and hoodlums who pour into New York’s streets at night.

9 WINTER SOLDIER (WINTERFILM COLLECTIVE) Veterans recount their experiences in Vietnam in this searing 1972 film rereleased this year.

10 EXCAVATING TAYLOR MEAD (WILLIAM KIRKLEY) A documentary portrait of the life of Warhol film star, poet extraordinaire, and national treasure Taylor Mead.

Isaac Julien

LONDON-BASED ARTIST AND FILMMAKER ISAAC JULIEN'S INSTALLATION *TRUE NORTH* IS CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, MIAMI.



From left: 6. **Jim Jarmusch, *Broken Flowers*, 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 106 minutes. Sun Green (Pell James) and Don Johnston (Bill Murray). 7. **Lucile Hadzihalilovic, *Innocence*, 2004**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 115 minutes. 4. **Stan Douglas, *Inconsolable Memories*, 2005**, still from two synchronized, asymmetrical film-loop projections; black-and-white film in 16 mm, 15 permutations with a common period of 5 minutes 39 seconds. 2. **Hubert Sauper, *Darwin's Nightmare*, 2004**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 107 minutes.

1 BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN (ANG LEE) A cowboy movie with a twist, Lee's tour de force is even better than the short story it's based on. Queer cinema has finally grown up and become a truly mainstream affair.

2 DARWIN'S NIGHTMARE (HUBERT SAUPER) An anti-globalization documentary shot like a horror film set in an Africa where "cannibal" fish with enormous teeth are traded for guns on planes flown by Russians. Frantz Fanon would have loved this homage to the wretched of the earth.

3 LAST DAYS (GUS VAN SANT) Art cinema and moving-image art came another step closer together with this fragmented narrative that deconstructs cinematic time.

4 INCONSOLABLE MEMORIES (STAN DOUGLAS) This clever reworking of Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's *Memories of Underdevelopment* pays homage to the 1968 Cuban

film classic, recasting its protagonists as contemporary characters in a political allegory that retains its sense of mystery.

5 MOOLAADÉ (OUSMANE SEMBENE) The father of African cinema remains impressive in this most persuasive exposé of female circumcision. Nothing short of a masterpiece.

6 BROKEN FLOWERS (JIM JARMUSCH) Jim is back with a laid-back, classic Jarmusch mood piece. Cool direction elicited a superbly understated performance from Bill Murray and a neat cameo by Tilda Swinton (in a black wig, no less).

7 INNOCENCE (LUCILE HADZIHILIOVIC) In this strange and wonderful fairy tale about prepubescent girls coming of age, a water fountain grows into what could only be described as a towering cum shot!

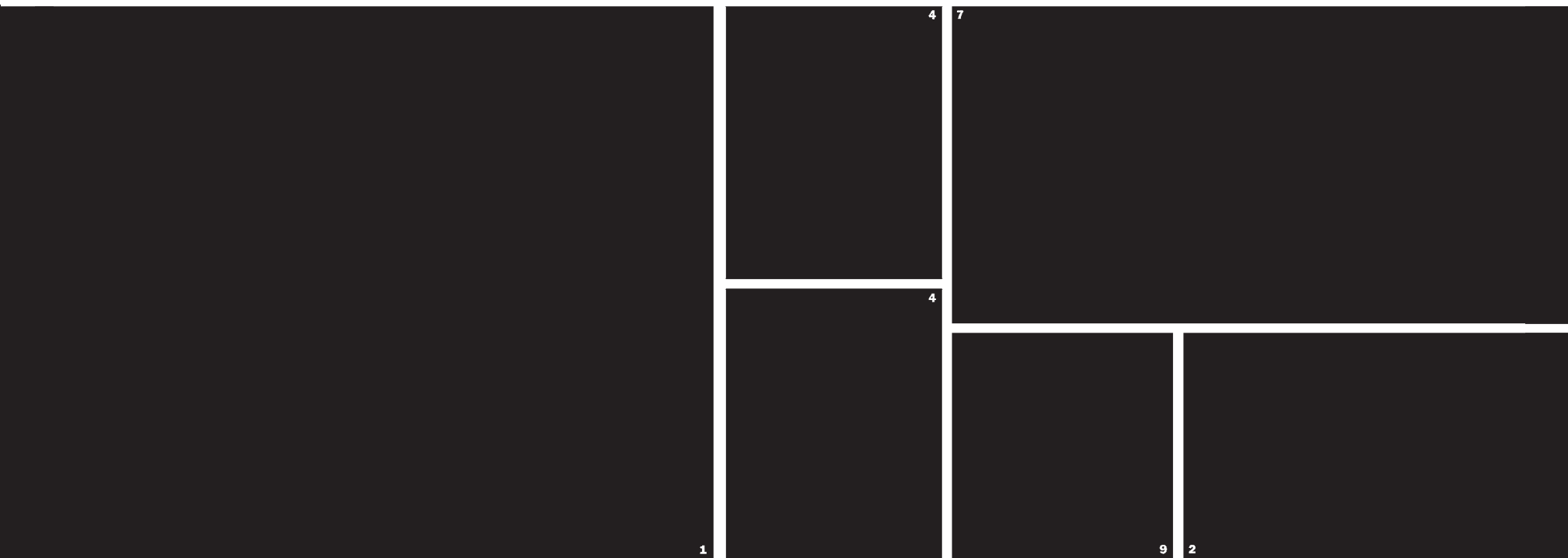
8 NON-SPECIFIC THREAT (WILLIE DOHERTY) A high point of the 51st Venice Biennale, Doherty's compelling video literally revolves around a bald young white man chanting a hymn about the internal alienation of the (northern Irish) psyche.

9 FRAMMENTI ELLETRICI 1-2-3-4 (ELECTRIC FRAGMENTS 1-2-3-4) (YERVANT GIANIKIAN AND ANGELA RICCI LUCCHI) Playing off one another on four screens at once, these forgotten fragments of archival footage, slowed down hypnotically and tinted red, orange, blue, and green, choreograph enchanting encounters between European and "Other" personal histories.

10 THREE TIMES (HOU HSIAO-HSIEN) With Hou's focus on filmic duration, mise-en-scène becomes everything, leaving narrative in the lurch.

Dennis Cooper

A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*, DENNIS COOPER PUBLISHED *GOD, JR.*, HIS EIGHTH NOVEL, IN JULY (BLACK CAT, 2005).



From left: 1. **The New Pornographers, 2005**. 4. **Jamie Stewart (top) and Caralee McElroy (bottom) of Xiu Xiu, 2005**. 7. **Lightning Bolt, 2005**. 9. **Cover art for Wolf Parade's *Apologies to the Queen Mary* (Sub Pop, 2005)**. 2. **Gustav Ejstes of Dungen in the studio, 2005**.

1 THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS, TWIN CINEMA (MATA-DOR) I'm not so giddily in love with these Vancouver-based indie rock perfectionists that I couldn't have used this space to write a long, rational essay about them titled something like "God Not Dead?"

2 DUNGEN, TA DET LUGNT (KEMADO) For some reason, in Sweden it's OK to take the passing of '60s psychedelia very personally.

3 SUNNO))), BLACK ONE (SOUTHERN LORD) Apparently, one way to renew rock is to keep charring its fundamentals until it falls into that category by default.

4 XIU XIU, LA FORET (5 RUE CHRISTINE) People who say singer Jamie Stewart's hysteria is grating and his

songs sound like bad performance art deserve a world where the thousandth variation on Neutral Milk Hotel's *In the Aeroplane Over the Sea* (1998) is named record of the year.

5 DEERHOOF, THE RUNNERS FOUR (KILL ROCK STARS) Someone somewhere called them the post-9/11 Jefferson Airplane, which pretty much nails it.

6 BENJAMIN BIOLAY, A L'ORIGINE (EMI INT'L) In France, this very cute young grouch with severe love problems but no other obvious reason to complain is considered the new Serge Gainsbourg.

7 LIGHTNING BOLT, HYPERMAGIC MOUNTAIN (LOAD RECORDS) Ideally, bands should head somewhere. But

the status quo will do when the choice to stand still is the result of such tremendous indecision.

8 CARIBOU, THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS (LEAF) As a live act, they blow minds more charmingly than most. Their albums are weirdly slight, but "Yeti" is the utopian single of the year.

9 WOLF PARADE, APOLOGIES TO THE QUEEN MARY (SUB POP) This latest attempt to pick Brian Eno's brains and The Beatles' pockets comes courtesy of the third Canadian band on my list. What is going on up there?

10 FOUR TET, EVERYTHING ECSTATIC (DOMINO) Surprisingly intelligent niceness.

Stephen Vitiello

STEPHEN VITIELLO IS A SOUND AND MEDIA ARTIST AND A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF KINETIC IMAGING AT VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY.



From left: 4. **Chris Watson recording wind, Los Gemelos, Galápagos, 2005.** Photo: Joe Stevens. 1. **Steve Roden, 2005.** Performance view, "In Resonance" sound-art exhibition, On the Boards, Seattle, WA, 2005. Photo: Matt McCarty. 2. **Cover art for Andrew Deutsch's The Sun (and/Oar, 2005).** 6. **View of the Vietnam Moratorium, Sheep's Meadow, New York, 1969.** Photo: AP/J. Spencer Jones.

1 STEVE RODEN (ON THE BOARDS, SEATTLE, WA) As much as I enjoyed Roden's CD *Transmissions (voices of objects and skies)* (Fresno Metropolitan Museum/New Plastic Music), there was something even more satisfying about watching him build loops in a live setting—not to mention observing his strange habit of singing to a table. (Roden told me, "I sing 'into the table' because I can't bear the thought of singing and looking at people . . . it's my disappearing act!")

2 ANDREW DEUTSCH, THE SUN (AND/OAR) A CD consisting of five long tracks in which the sounds of ocean waves were filtered through digital processors. There's an ambient quality to Deutsch's richly textured work (he describes each piece as having no beginning or end) but not one that easily settles into a backdrop.

3 A TROVE OF ARCHIVAL PERFORMANCES BY CHARLOTTE MOORMAN (UBUWEB AT WWW.UBU.COM) I helped to gather these, but that doesn't seem sufficient reason to exclude them from my list. The pieces by Terry Jennings and Toshi Ichiyanaagi are particularly musical, in contrast to the perhaps more familiar visually oriented performances featuring Charlotte as the "topless cellist."

4 CHRIS WATSON, NORTH BY NORTH WEST (BBC RADIO 4) Watson, a former member of the British experimental music group Cabaret Voltaire, is also a master of location recording. *North by North West* (archived at www.bbc.co.uk/radio4/progs/listenagain.shtml) is a gathering of his haunting recordings of wind sounds from the British coastline and elsewhere. Watson's *The Galapagos Islands*—an audio diary of recordings on the famed archipelago, available at <http://bulletin.touchmusic.org.uk/touchradio>—is equally evocative.

5 ALARM WILL SOUND, ACOUSTICA: ALARM WILL SOUND PERFORMS APHEX TWIN (CANTALOUPE MUSIC) A friend told me that he was morally opposed to this recording. I remember having that discomfort hearing string groups play Jimi Hendrix, but Aphex Twin seems much more suited to such transformations.

6 TONY CONRAD, BRYANT PARK MORATORIUM RALLY (1969) (TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS) A fascinating, newly released archival document. This aural chronicle of an anti-Vietnam War rally taking place throughout the US, taped by Conrad from his midtown Manhattan apartment using one microphone pointed out of the window overlooking the rally and a second pointed at a television

broadcasting live commentary, offers a unique, subjective view of a particular time and place.

7 GITHEAD, PROFILE (SWIM) Well crafted and carefully manipulated pop songs created by Colin Newman (of Wire), Robin Rimbaud (aka Scanner), Malka Spigel, and Max Franken. It's amazing to hear Rimbaud become an unlikely rock god.

8 BOARDS OF CANADA, THE CAMPFIRE HEADPHASE (WARP RECORDS) Fully enjoyable and the best of what they do—even if they never go beyond their instantly recognizable take on pastoral electronica. Perfect headphones music.

9 CLIMAX GOLDEN TWINS, HIGHLY BRED AND SWEETLY TEMPERED (NORTH EAST INDIE) Smart twists and turns from this Seattle-based avant-garde pop duo, mixing found sound collage with guitar-laden melody.

10 RICHARD THOMPSON, GRIZZLY MAN ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK (COOKING VINYL) Guitar (by Jim O'Rourke) that's amazing in every way, with cello surprises from Danielle De Gruttola, created to accompany Werner Herzog's extraordinary "true story of a life gone wild."

1 MÄRZ, WIR SIND HIER (KARAOKE KALK) Berliners Ekkehard Ehlers and Albrecht Kunze produce a record of lush pop informed by their roots in electronic minimalism revealing, along the way, the link between lap steels and laptops.

2 SUSAN HOWE & DAVID GRUBBS, THIEFTH (BLUE CHOPSTICKS) A lovely collaboration between sonic experimentalist David Grubbs and poet Susan Howe. Howe's paratactic evocations of Henry David Thoreau's and Herman Melville's New England are enveloped, sliced, and stuttered by Grubbs's acoustic and electronic composition.

3 CHRISTOF MIGONE, CHRISTOF MIGONE—SOUND VOICE PERFORM (ERRANT BODIES PRESS WITH GROUND FAULT RECORDINGS) A splendid survey of audio work by this Canadian artist. In the spirit of Antonin Artaud, Dada, Fluxus, and sound poetry, Migone playfully and insightfully explores the sonics of bodily orifices and surfaces.

4 THE RELAY PROJECT (WWW.THERELAYPROJECT.COM) The first issue of this marvelous new semiannual Brooklyn-based audio magazine, edited by Rebecca Gates and Lucy Raven, features a chat with retired sideshow performers, a pathetic found love letter, goofy improvised poems, and interviews with Alvin Lucier and Merce Cunningham.

5 MIMEO, LIFTING CONCRETE LIGHTLY (SERPENTINE GALLERY) The best release yet by this supergroup of electronic improvisers, this three-CD set documents a thoroughly engaging 2003 performance at London's Serpentine Gallery. Using all manner of equipment, MIMEO (Music in Movement Electronic Orchestra) weave a dense tapestry of digital noise, analog sweeps, stray melodies, vocal chatter, and radio static.

6 DJ ATARI, REASONER PODCAST 2: REASONABLE BAILE FUNK (HTTP://REASONER.EXPERIENCETHIS.ORG/ARCHIVES/309) Born in the shantytowns of Rio de Janeiro, Baile funk revives the joyfully combative spirit of early hip-hop. This wicked collection richly showcases its samba-soaked beats, rudimentary samples of '80s pop, and lyrics that square the rounded contours of Brazilian Portuguese.

Christoph Cox

CHRISTOPH COX IS PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE AND COEDITOR OF *AUDIO CULTURE: READINGS IN MODERN MUSIC* (CONTINUUM, 2004).



From left: 1. **März, Cologne, 2004.** Photo: Alfred Janssen. 7. **Cover art for The Lappetites' Before the libretto** (Quecksilber, 2005). 2. **Susan Howe and David Grubbs, Cork, Ireland, 2005.** Photo: Rebecca Quaytman. 5. **MIMEO, Lifting Concrete Lightly, 2004.** Performance view, Serpentine Gallery, 2003. 8. **A member of Konono No. 1, 2005.**

7 THE LAPPETITES, BEFORE THE LIBRETTO (QUECK-SILBER) A stunning debut by this international, cross-generational quartet of female lappoppers, led by Kaffe Matthews. By turns ferociously noisy and superbly delicate.

8 KONONO NO. 1, CONGOTRONICS (CRAMMED) Congolese trance music sung through megaphones and played with scrap percussion and thumb pianos amplified by salvaged auto parts. Astonishing.

9 LIGHTNING BOLT, HYPERMAGIC MOUNTAIN (LOAD RECORDS) With the barest of means, this bass-and-drums duo from Providence spills forth everything anyone ever wanted from punk rock and heavy metal: speed, power, manic energy, and bliss.

10 VLADISLAV DELAY, THE FOUR QUARTERS (HUUME) Electronica is a wasteland these days, but on this disc, Finnish producer Vladislav Delay wanders through the wreckage building lovely assemblages with shards of rumbling bass, stretches of mangled beats, and snip-pets of tattered melody.

Susie Ibarra

NEW YORK–BASED PERCUSSIONIST AND COMPOSER SUSIE IBARRA PERFORMS JAZZ, AVANT-GARDE, AND SOUTHEAST ASIAN GONG MUSIC. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)



From left: 5. David LaChapelle, *Rize*, 2005, still from a color film in 35 mm, 86 minutes. Lili C and Tight Eyez. 1. View of the Shariff Kabunsuan Festival, Cotabato City, Mindanao, Philippines, 2005. 7. John Zorn writing music, New York, 2004. Photo: John Zorn. 9. Martha Graham Dance Company, *Cave of the Heart*, 2005. Performance view, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, 2005. Photo: Dion Ogust.

1 SHARIFF KABUNSUAN FESTIVAL (COTABATO CITY, MINDANAO, PHILIPPINES) An annual kulintang music and dance festival that celebrates the local introduction of Islam and promotes peace and tolerance among tribes and religions. Each village involved also participates in a Boat Parade, drifting down the Rio Grande waving sumptuous colored flags.

2 LOBOC CHILDREN'S CHOIR WITH MUSICAL DIRECTOR MRS. ALMA FERNANDO-TALDO (LOBOC, BOHOL, PHILIPPINES) This small-town choir, based on an island in the Visayas cluster, was established in 1980. It's since performed a traditional choral repertoire—including both religious and secular songs—in the Philippines, Shanghai, Hangzhou, Hong Kong, and Barcelona. When I attended a rehearsal in January, the choir sang around me in a circle. It was angelic.

3 THE KALANDUYAN FAMILY PERFORMING TRADITIONAL MAGUINDANAON KULINTANG GONG MUSIC (COTABATO CITY, MINDANAO, PHILIPPINES) I've been making my own field recordings of music performed by the family of my kulintang teacher, Danongan Kalanduyan, but other documentation is accessible at www.kulintang.com. Each person in the community has his or her own song—

about gathering, courting, harvesting, or healing—and their renditions regularly prompt the participation of other community members.

4 CHILDREN'S PIN PEAT GONG ENSEMBLE PERFORMING FOR THE CAMBODIAN KING OF BUDDHIST MONKS (WAT THMEY MONASTERY, THE KILLING FIELDS, SIEM REAP, CAMBODIA) In January, the ensemble performed next to a giant glass shrine containing the bones and skulls of Khmer Rouge victims. A genuinely moving experience.

5 RIZE, ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK (FORSTER BROTHERS ENTERTAINMENT) David LaChapelle's movie is a compelling documentary about the culture of Krumping and Clowning, dance forms born of struggle in Watts, Los Angeles. Their African origins are clearly visible and the jazzlike improvisational language on display is highly developed. The sound track, full of hip-hop grooves and laidback and driving rhythms, is entrancing.

6 AMADOU & MARIAM, DIMANCHE A BAMAKO (NONESUCH) A great recording by this Malian couple, who met in the local school for the blind. Their musical background is Malian blues, but this record (produced by Mano Chao) is perfect world-beat pop.

7 JOHN ZORN, "NECRONOMICON" (TZADIK) This beautiful piece for string quartet, from Zorn's album *Magick* (2004), is one of my absolute favorites, expressing beauty, tension, refinement, chaos, and soul.

8 TANIA LEÓN, MOMENTUM, TUMBAO, AND MISTICA (WATERWORKS PERFORMANCE SERIES, AARON DAVIS HALL, CITY COLLEGE, NEW YORK) Cuban composer and conductor León shared a part of herself through this September's concert of works in progress for piano, revealing inspirations that include Tito Puente and Celia Cruz, and a heritage melding both African and Spanish cultures.

9 MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY, CAVE OF THE HEART (SUMMERSCAPE, BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY) With breathtaking set design by Isamu Noguchi and music by Samuel Barber, this July performance represented a powerful collaborative vision.

10 FRED FRITH & CAMEL ZEKRI, GUITAR DUET (NANCY, FRANCE) At an experimental music festival in Nancy in May, Frith and Zekri performed an incredible concert—organic and soulful—that mixed Algerian folk with experimental improvisation.

Debra Singer

DEBRA SINGER IS THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR AND CHIEF CURATOR OF THE KITCHEN IN NEW YORK.



From left: 8. Cover art for Devendra Banhart's *Cripple Crow* (XL Recordings, 2005). 10. Cover art for M.I.A.'s *Arular* (XL Recordings, 2005). 4. Kathleen Hanna and J. D. Samson of *Le Tigre*, 2003. 6. View of "Eye & Ear Controlled," *Anthology Film Archives*, New York. Tony Conrad playing the "head violin." 1. Cover art for Antony and the Johnsons' *I Am a Bird Now* (Secretly Canadian, 2005). Photo: Peter Hujar.

1 ANTONY AND THE JOHNSONS, I AM A BIRD NOW (SECRETLY CANADIAN) These gorgeously crafted ballads about longing and loneliness, desire and pain perfectly combine Antony Hegarty's ethereal, soulful voice with his highly original, touching lyrics.

2 BARR, BEYOND REINFORCED JEWEL CASE (SRC) The raw, idiosyncratic energy of Barr's (aka Brendan Fowler's) declarative performance style completely won me over. His personal, political, and humorous songs are part inspirational stories, part positive manifestos.

3 KONONO NO. 1, CONGOTRONICS 1 (CRAMMED) This incredible band from Kinshasa, founded more than twenty-five years ago, generates a thrilling jangle of furious polyrhythms and electronic grooves. Drawing on traditional Bazombo trance music, it centers on the sounds of multiple likembés (thumb pianos) distorted by a jerry-rigged amplification system and combined with percussive instruments and lyrics chanted through megaphones.

4 LE TIGRE, THIS ISLAND (UNIVERSAL) Two thousand and five was a breakout year for this feminist electronic punk band, as the renegade trio—armed with hi-fi produc-

tion values—successfully invaded the coveted territory of mainstream radio and television. Their brand of intelligently rebellious, in-your-face charm is music—fused with expressionistic politics—at its best.

5 VIJAY IYER, REIMAGINING (SAVOY JAZZ) This stunning record reveals an extraordinary synergy among the musicians as they meld traditions of American jazz with South Indian classical music and a hint of Erik Satie.

6 "EYE & EAR CONTROLLED" (ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, NEW YORK) An outstanding film and music series, curated by artists Andrew Lampert and Jim O'Rourke, that focused on collaborative efforts integrating avant-garde music and experimental film, highlighting works by, among many others, Tony Conrad, Mauricio Kagel, Takehisa Kosugi, Charlemagne Palestine, and Terry Riley.

7 ALVA NOTO + RYUICHI SAKAMOTO, INSEN (RASTER NOTEN) The combination of Ryuichi Sakamoto's piano recordings and Alva Noto's (aka Carsten Nicolai's) digital manipulations adds up to a beautifully hypnotic, ambient recording filled with delicately calibrated tonal

progressions, pulsing staccato phrases, and shimmering sonic harmonies.

8 DEVENDRA BANHART, CRIPPLE CROW (XL RECORDINGS) This golden boy of the dubiously dubbed "freak-folk" scene makes a distinctive impression here, suggesting that this charismatic singer-songwriter is refining his talents by moving in new directions.

9 THE STONE (NEW YORK) Last spring, composer and saxophonist John Zorn opened this nonprofit music venue in Manhattan's East Village. Single-minded in its pursuit of serious experimentation, it lacks even the usual money-making prerequisite: a bar.

10 M.I.A., ARULAR (XL RECORDINGS) Who knows if M.I.A. (aka Maya Arulpragasam) is the real deal or an opportunistic flash-in-the-pan? Either way, I loved her kick-ass, girl-power rap style and exuberant blend of inventive hip-hop rhythms, DIY electronica, and global musical influences. If all pop music was this smart and this much fun, the world would be a better place.

ROBERT STORR, ALISON M. GINGERAS, ANN GOLDSTEIN, MARTIN HERBERT, THELMA GOLDEN, JOHN KELSEY,
ROBERT ROSENBLUM, ISABELLE GRAW, MATTHEW HIGGS, DANIEL BIRNBAUM, JACK BANKOWSKY.

Best Of 2005

11 CRITICS AND CURATORS LOOK AT THE NEW YEAR IN ART

Paul McCarthy, *Flowers*, 2005. Installation view exterior Haus der Kunst.

Robert Storr

AN ARTIST, CRITIC, AND CURATOR, ROBERT STORR RECENTLY ORGANIZED A RETROSPECTIVE OF THE ART OF ELIZABETH MURRAY CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK. HE IS NOW AT WORK DIRECTING THE 2007 VENICE BIENNALE.

1 “ACCUMULATED VISION, BARRY LE VA” (INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, PHILADELPHIA) For me, the past year’s most awaited, most revealing, and most beautifully executed exhibition was this miniretrospective organized by Ingrid Schaffner (who deserves her own high ranking on some roster for the string of exhibitions she has curated over the years). Le Va is one of those ground-and-wall-and-glass-breaking characters whose reputation had for too many years hung tenuously on grainy *Artforum* photos (nostalgically recycled by Matthew Antezzo) and a few verbal generalizations. But the work itself is varied, complex, emotional, and visual. Alas, the pitiful state of current museum programming meant that this exhibition, initiated by a gifted curator and a small, risk-taking institution, couldn’t find an additional venue or a larger audience. Shame on every big museum in every big city.

2 “SLIDESHOW” (BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART) Why didn’t anybody think of devoting an exhibition to the slide as an art form before, especially now that Kodak has ceased producing the projectors and will soon curtail its film stock? Fortunately, Darsie Alexander did have the idea and gathered together an impressive array of pieces by Marcel Broodthaers, James Melchert, Nan Goldin, Jack Smith, James Coleman, and many more. Full disclosure: I wrote an essay for the project, and in that spirit of advocacy (and my Le Va entry above) would like to use this occasion to ask the director of the Brooklyn Museum why his increasingly art-averse institution dropped “SlideShow” from its 2005 schedule, shortchanging the public out of one of the most innovative theme shows in recent memory.

3 JEFF WALL (SCHAULAGER, MÜNCHENSTEIN/BASEL) This exhibition took place in the fastness of Switzerland and was seen mostly by Basel locals and international art nomads. An elegantly designed catalogue raisonné accompanied, but the show itself—mounted in its one-of-a-kind contemporary art–storage-and-display facility—was a coolly taxonomic study of Wall’s deceptively consistent photo-fictions. Highlighting the thematic and theatrical unevenness of Wall’s output made his broader enterprise seem less critic-friendly and more the work of a shrewd but genuinely restless sensibility that encompasses still life, landscape, the grotesque, and faux documentary vignettes of alienation and “otherness.” Presently photography is permitted the illusionistic naturalism denied genre

painting, and Wall is the point man for recuperation of lapsed prerogatives. The next step should be to investigate his inverted traditionalism and its remarkable appeal among the ostensibly antihistoricist theory crowd.

4 ROBERT SMITHSON (LOS ANGELES MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART) All credit goes to Eugenie Tsai (aided by Connie Butler) for having brought this long-standing project to completion. It eclipsed Robert Hobbs’s less textured version of Smithson at the Whitney twenty-three years ago, and not only raises fascinating questions (most of them concerning Smithson’s ambivalent, quasi-Pop eroticism and religiosity) but also leaves behind one indelibly romantic image: a skinny man/boy in a white shirt retracing on foot the umbilicus he wound into a lake that mirrors the sun like a flashing supernova.

5 ISTANBUL BIENNIAL Organized by Vasif Kortun and Charles Esche, this biennial was a lesson in how to make the most of a physically stunning, culturally textured city and a small budget. It is impossible to cover everything but special mention must go to Hala Elkoussy’s haunting video of life on the outskirts of Cairo, *Peripheral Stories*, 2005; Dan Perjovschi’s stream-of-bad-consciousness mural cartoons; and videast Halil Altindere’s whimsical disruptions of everyday urban life, which include volleyball teams playing in the streets for the duration of a red traffic light and demonstrators carrying a banner through the crowds that reads DOWN WITH THE PEOPLE. Up with art that is wholly in the present-imperfect tense.

6 JÖRG IMMENDORFF (NEUE NATIONALGALERIE, BERLIN) Perennial political Puck of the German art scene, Immendorff never succumbed to ’80s temptations of premature Old Masterism—he’s too scrappy for that—which makes his protean production and saturnalian remodeling of Mies’s modernist temple to art an invigorating anti-apotheosis, poignantly accented by his losing battle with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS).

7 MARTIN KIPPENBERGER Just as Immendorff keeps kicking up a fuss, Kippenberger did not go gently into the night either, and though not long gone he is due for an American retrospective, something we were reminded of by various shows in New York at Gagosian, Luhring Augustine, and the Nyehaus gallery (curated by scene-

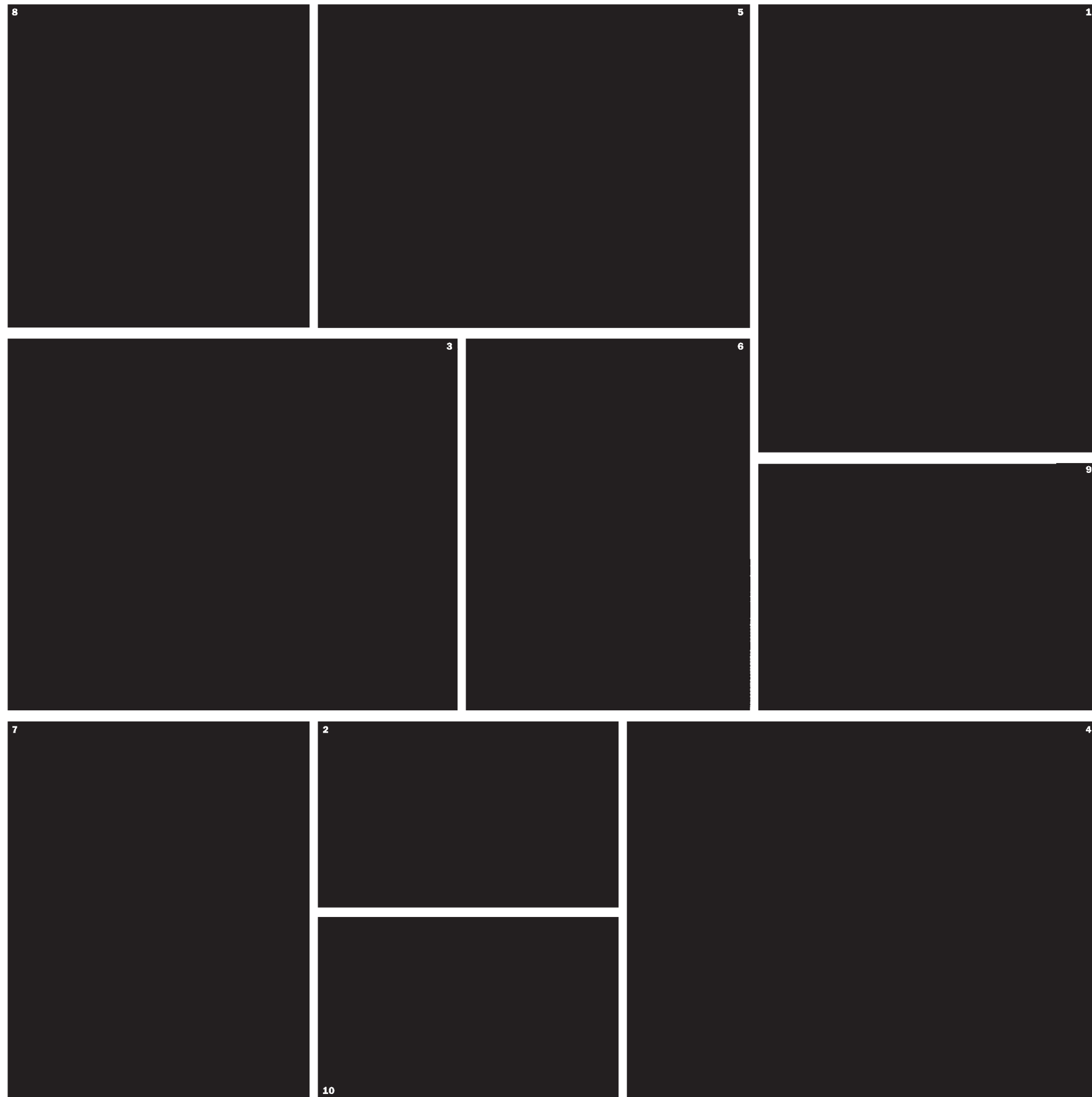
maker Tim Nye). Boozy neo-Dada, Conceptualism on Ritalin, whatever Kippenberger was up to or down on, he was living and dying proof that—as he famously said—“You can’t do dumb if you are dumb.”

8 BRUCE NAUMAN Sneak peeks and missed chances: During intermittent visits to Nauman’s studio I have been lucky to watch the gestation of several works that I was nevertheless unable to see in their final form. These include *One Hundred Fish Fountain*, 2005—just exhibited at Donald Young in Chicago, the piece actually consists of only ninety-seven fish cast in bronze, plus several fiberglass heads unnervingly recycled from earlier works—as well as *Raw Materials*, whose cries and whispers filled the Tate’s Turbine Hall through the beginning of 2005. This piece effectively shifted from sight to sound, silence to unsilence, turning the panoramic video semivoid of *Mapping the Studio (Fat Chance John Cage)*, 2001, into a vast echo chamber that amplified the urgent intimacies first heard in Nauman’s 1968 sound piece *Get Out of My Mind, Get Out of This Room*. The fact is that people can’t leave, nor can the artist escape the cluttered work space from which a steady but wholly unpredictable flow of ideas just keeps on coming. (As to what’s on Nauman’s mind, belated thanks to Janet Kraynak for *Please Pay Attention Please: Bruce Nauman’s Words* [MIT Press, 2003].)

9 KALUP LINZY Linzy has the stylish charm of Cab Calloway and the gleeful offensiveness of John Waters. “A star is born,” wrote Holland Cotter in the *New York Times* when reviewing this performance artist and videast’s wildly un-PC funk satire of a soap opera titled *All My Churen*, 2003, shown this year at the Studio Museum in Harlem. Surely there’s more to come, but anyone who thinks racial and sexual lampoon is out of season need not attend.

10 VASCO ARAÚJO For me, the black-box discovery of Venice was Araújo’s video *The Girl of the Golden West*, 2004, a riff on the eponymous ’30s film (based on the same play as Puccini’s *La Fanciulla del West* [1910]). In the Spanish artist’s retelling, the on-camera narrator—an African-American woman who worked at the Texas art school where Araújo was an artist-in-residence—talks a weary, exegetical “blues” about Puccini’s lyric vision of an America at war with Mexico, as we are now with other “others” elsewhere in the world. □

1. Barry Le Va, *Shots from the End of a Glass Line, 1969–70/2005*, glass, metal pipe, and bullets. Installation view, Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, 2005. Photo: Aaron Igler. 2. Jan Dibbets, *Land/Sea, 1971*, slide projection. Installation view. 3. Jeff Wall, *Milk, 1984*, color transparency on light box, 72½ x 89½". 4. Robert Smithson, *Mirror with Crushed Shells (Sanibel Island)*, 1969, three mirrors, sand, and shells from Sanibel Island, Florida, each mirror 36 x 36". © Estate of Robert Smithson/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. 5. Hatice Gülerüz, *Strange Intimacies, 2005*, still from a color video, 18 minutes. From the Istanbul Biennial. 6. Jörg Immendorff, *Letztes Selbstportrait I—das Bild ruft (Last self-portrait)*, 1998, oil on canvas, 12' 10½" x 9' 10½". 7. Martin Kippenberger, *Untitled, 1992*, oil on canvas, 70'¾ x 59". 8. Bruce Nauman, *One Hundred Fish Fountain (detail)*, 2005, cast bronze, 8 x 25 x 28'. 9. Kalup Linzy, *Da Young and Da Mess, 2005*, still from a color video, 17 minutes 30 seconds. 10. Vasco Araújo, *The Girl of the Golden West, 2004*, still from a color video, 18 minutes 43 seconds. Esther Kyle.



Alison M. Gingeras

ALISON M. GINGERAS IS AN ADJUNCT CURATOR AT THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK, AND A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR TO *ARTFORUM*.

1 PAUL MCCARTHY, “LALA LAND PARODY PARADISE” (HAUS DER KUNST, MUNICH) After years of intensive toil in his Pasadena studio, McCarthy delivered an epoch-making exhibition based on his two pet obsessions: pirates and cowboys. All the signature McCarthy elements were present, and then some: monumental installations-*cum*-film sets (the pirate ship, the houseboat), the conflation of historical trauma and kitsch Americana (US cavalry troops channeling the SS), live bacchanalian performance (a parade featuring horse-drawn covered wagons and a lederhosen-clad Bavarian oompah band), and mind-boggling storyboard drawings, as well as a series of new autonomous sculptures (standouts included an anatomically correct mechanical pig). This show was spectacular not only in the scale of its execution and ambition, but also in the dense layering of conceptual conceits, which allowed viewers to get something of a unified-field view of McCarthy’s brilliantly crazy cultural critique.

2 KAREN KILIMNIK’S DOUBLE FEATURE (FONDAZIONE BEVILACQUA LA MASA, VENICE; HISTORISCHES MUSEUM BASEL, HAUS ZUM KIRSCHGARTEN) Together, these two solo shows amounted to the year’s most riveting antiblockbuster. Frequently pigeonholed as a pop-culture groupie and overshadowed in that category by some of her more market-friendly peers (Elizabeth Peyton et al.), Kilimnik, these exhibitions cannily proved, is one of our most subtle yet authoritative commentators on class envy and collective enslavement to celebrity culture. Harnessing the pungent aura of nostalgia that permeated the shows’ antique, jewel-box venues, she filled the galleries and period rooms with delicate paintings, nearly imperceptible sculptures, and deliciously poetic sound installations. In an age of ever-increasing production values and gargantuan scale, Kilimnik’s faux-naive gestures remind us that critical import and aesthetic magic sometimes come in more modest guises.

3 ARTUR ZMIJEWSKI, *REPETITION* (POLISH PAVILION, 51ST VENICE BIENNALE) Zmijewski’s documentary video, for which he restaged the infamous 1971 Stanford Prison Experiment, was perhaps the darkest—and most timely—work of art I experienced this year. More than just an exploration of the pathological effects of power, Zmijewski’s film conjured the specters of Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo

Bay while unflinchingly confronting a host of thorny issues: What does “political art” look like, or mean—and is it even an appropriate term—when every trace of redemptive humanism is extracted from the mix? Is exploitation a valid artistic strategy? How do we reconcile standard ethical conventions with our appetites for violence and drama? Look to Zmijewski in 2006 for answers to these questions and more.

4 TAKASHI MURAKAMI AS CURATOR (“LITTLE BOY: THE ARTS OF JAPAN’S EXPLODING SUBCULTURE,” JAPAN SOCIETY, NEW YORK) No matter how you feel about Murakami’s seductive-yet-virulent oeuvre, he is undeniably one hell of a curator. This exhibition-as-manifesto was one of the most meticulously installed, thoroughly researched shows of the year. The final installment of his Superflat exhibition trilogy, “Little Boy” forcefully corrected the popular misperception that Murakami and his coterie are mere neo-Pop spin-offs. By demonstrating connections between Japanese society’s preoccupation with cuteness (*kawaii*) and its deeply unresolved attitude toward the traumas of World War II, Murakami convincingly differentiates his engagement with pop and subcultural iconography from that of his American counterparts.

5 CHRISTOPH BÜCHEL Whether draping prayer rugs that celebrate 9/11 all over a beat-up car with Afghan plates (*Fliegender Händler [Traveling Salesman]*, 2005) or staging the forensic investigation of an exploded bus in the pristine galleries of the Kunsthalle Basel (*Hole*, 2005), Büchel demands maximum (physical, emotional, conceptual) engagement from his audience. Messy, unnervingly humorous, and politically scathing, his ever-ambitious environmental installations provide apt metaphors for our turbulent times.

6 URS FISCHER, *JET SET LADY* (FONDAZIONE NICOLA TRUSSARDI, MILAN) In the magnificent hall of the Istituto dei Ciechi (Institute for the Blind), Fischer presented one of the most spectacular single artworks of the year. Simultaneously beautiful and ugly, mammoth and intimate, *Jet Set Lady* is a three-dimensional map of the artist’s mind: an iron tree, thirty feet tall, its trunk and branches abloom with over two thousand high-res color scans of drawings, prints, and paintings Fischer made

over the past five years. A tour de force from one of the most consistently convincing artists of the thirty-something generation.

7 GELITIN, *RABBIT* (ARTESINA, ITALY) Plopping a giant stuffed rabbit on top of a hill in the picturesque region of Piemonte, the madcap Austrian performance collective managed to add an unlikely stop to the Must-See-Land-Art itinerary. With tufts of hay (to nourish local sheep) poking through its pink yarn skin, their big bunny looks like a creepy toy knitted by a gang of Goliath-size grand-mas. Neatly scoffing at the high seriousness of *Spiral Jetty* or *Lightning Field*, Gelitin takes another irreverent jab at another macho art-historical genre. Like other great in situ works, *Rabbit* has designs on posterity: It will be left in place until 2025.

8 “THE PERFECT MEDIUM: PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE OCCULT” (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK) This extremely pleasurable, even revelatory show gathers an array of late nineteenth- through early twentieth-century prints, *cartes de visite*, and other image-documents purporting to depict all manner of supernatural phenomena, from mystical apparitions to ectoplasmic auras. Like a good Ouija board session at a slumber party, the exhibition coaxes viewers into shelving their skepticism, inviting them to indulge in photography’s capacity to spin marvelously seductive fictions as well as attest to cold hard facts.

9 “BEYOND PAINTING: BURRI, FONTANA, MANZONI” (TATE MODERN, LONDON) This modest exhibition dedicated to the titular Italian postwar triumvirate seemed a perfectly timed history lesson, charting a counternarrative in the midst of the current art market’s amnesiac love affair with all things painted. Whether slashing the canvas, burning it, or soaking it with unorthodox materials (e.g. kaolin), each of these three artists infused his oeuvre with equal doses of anarchy and aestheticism to a degree seldom seen since the late 1950s. Italian neo-avant-garde incursions against painterly convention have never looked so pertinent.

10 CHRISTO AND JEANNE-CLAUDE, *THE GATES* (CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK) They’re gone, but far from forgotten! □

1. Paul McCarthy, “LaLa Land Parody Paradise,” 2005. Performance view, Haus der Kunst, Munich. 2. Karen Kilimnik, *me - stole Martha - Paul’s dog - Primrose hill, Regent’s Park, London, 1965, 2004*, oil on canvas, 24 x 20”. 3. Artur Zmijewski, *Repetition*, 2005, still from a digital video, 39 minutes. 4. Kitahara Collection of vintage Japanese toys, 1960s–’70s. Installation view, Japan Society, New York, 2005. From “Little Boy: The Arts of Japan’s Exploding Subculture.” Photo: Sheldon Collins. 5. Christoph Büchel, *Hole*, 2005. Installation view, Kunsthalle Basel, 2005. Photo: Christoph Büchel. 6. Urs Fischer, *Jet Set Lady*, 2005, iron, wood, two thousand framed drawings, and twenty-four neon lights, 23’ x 23’ x 29’ 6”. 7. Gelitin, *Rabbit*, 2005-. Installation view, Artesina, Italy. 8. Albert von Schrenck-Notzing, *The Medium Eva C. with a Materialization on Her Head and a Luminous Apparition between Her Hands*, 1912, black-and-white photograph, 9½ x 7”. From: “The Perfect Medium Photography and the Occult.” 9. Piero Manzoni, *Achrome*, 1962, stones and kaolin on canvas, 39¾ x 31½”. From “Beyond Painting: Burri, Fontana, Manzoni.” 10. Christo and Jeanne-Claude, *The Gates*, 1979–2005, New York. Photo: Ben Rosengart.

Ann Goldstein

ANN GOLDSTEIN IS SENIOR CURATOR AT THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, LOS ANGELES, WHERE SHE IS CURRENTLY ORGANIZING THE FIRST AMERICAN RETROSPECTIVE OF THE WORK OF MARTIN KIPPENBERGER, OPENING OCTOBER 2006.

1 MICHAEL ASHER (ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO) For the Art Institute of Chicago’s 73rd American Exhibition, in 1979, Asher relocated a twentieth-century bronze cast of Jean-Antoine Houdon’s eighteenth-century statue of George Washington from the museum’s exterior to the eighteenth-century galleries. Twenty-six years later, at the invitation of James Rondeau, with Anne Rorimer as guest curator, Asher relocated it again, this time from the mayor’s office back to the AIC’s eighteenth-century galleries. By placing the work within its seemingly appropriate context, he has quietly shaken up the house. The statue is an institutional misfit: The museum is its custodian, but it is not in the collection; rooted in the eighteenth century, it is a twentieth-century copy. Rondeau has also reinstalled key works by Daniel Buren, John Knight, Hanne Darboven, Fred Sandback, and others which, like Asher’s earlier project, were acquired or first exhibited during Rorimer’s tenure and are a tribute to the former curator’s exceptional vision.

2 “MoMA IN HAMBURG” (KUNSTVEREIN HAMBURG) In 2004, crowds lined up to see “MoMA in Berlin” at the Neue Nationalgalerie. In 2005, Louise Lawler brought the new MoMA to Hamburg with just two images of its interior that were produced as posters shown on the gallery walls and throughout Hamburg. Lawler’s posters played with the marketing campaign for Berlin, conflating advertising and art, and making what was visible inside and outside the institution *almost* exactly the same.

3 GAYLEN GERBER (DANIEL HUG GALLERY, LOS ANGELES) Gerber’s “backdrop” painting was by far the largest work in this exhibition—a huge stretched canvas that occupied an entire wall—and yet it was almost invisible. Initially painted gray, then white to match the gallery walls, it served as the ground for a painting by Remy Zaugg, which was hung directly on top of it; together they comprise *Backdrop/Not Here*, 1990–95. With this piece, together with two of his “supports” for works by Adrian Schiess and B. Wurtz, Gerber challenged not only the hierarchy of figure and ground but the stakes of individual identity.

4 MATT MULLICAN, “LEARNING FROM THAT PERSON’S WORK” (MUSEUM LUDWIG, COLOGNE) Winding through Mullican’s intimate labyrinth of suspended bedsheets

covered with works on paper, the spectator was immersed in the products of the artist’s extraordinary performances done while under hypnosis. One was, walking amid the soft walls, arrested by videos of “that person” (the distinctive personality that appears during Mullican’s trance state) engaged in the most mundane activities. Watching Mullican (or rather, that person) eat breakfast or slowly examine the entire contents of his studio was at once captivating and profoundly affecting.

5 ALBERT OEHLER (THOMAS AMMANN FINE ART, ZURICH) This selection of Oehlen’s abstract paintings and drawings since the late ’80s was an important occasion to examine a core aspect of his practice. With fragments of figurative imagery embedded in the layered passages of paint, these works are just on the cusp of representation. Oehlen’s paintings are not simply struggling with the problems and weight of their history, nor are they bound by its guiding principles. They are boldly and brilliantly unethical. And Oehlen’s current exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Miami, not only examines this facet of his output but offers a timely opportunity to reconsider the oeuvre of one of the most significant artists working today.

6 ISA GENZKEN (DAVID ZWIRNER, NEW YORK) Genzken’s ongoing confrontation with the conflicting and fragmented states of reality—both physical and psychological—has been fundamental to her extraordinary and influential practice since the 1970s. For her first major solo exhibition in New York in several years, her uncanny assemblages combining old and new consumer goods constituted one of the most striking and compelling reflections on war, death, obsolescence, and ruin—in essence, on the fragility of contemporary culture.

7 JOHN BALDESSARI AND LAWRENCE WEINER IN LOS ANGELES While it was my misfortune to miss Baldessari’s landmark two-museum retrospective in Vienna and Graz this year, he did save one of his best exhibitions for home. At Margo Leavin Gallery, he returned to the basics, pairing a single, black-and-white photograph of a person’s face with a single word, and their bold simplicity was absolutely stunning. Opening the same day at Regen Projects was new work by Weiner, whose ongoing engagement with

simultaneity and nonhierarchy has been at the core of one of the most significant and generative practices of our time. Two friends, two colleagues, two indelible figures—and both at the top of their game.

8 JEROEN DE RIJKE AND WILLEM DE ROOIJ, MANDARIN DUCKS I was unable to see it in Venice, but, knowing the work, I was disappointed not to see greater mention of de Rijke and de Rooij’s extraordinary film in the Biennale reviews. A melodramatic construction of light and flesh and objects interacting in a stark interior, *Mandarin Ducks* is both visually ravishing and appalling. It is one of the most blunt and unforgettable representations of xenophobia and the insidious brutality that permeates people’s treatment of each other.

9 MARTIN KIPPENBERGER IN NEW YORK Three concurrent gallery exhibitions each focused on an aspect of Martin Kippenberger’s work: a remarkable gathering of the early “Dear Painter” series at Gagosian; a look at aspects of the “Metro Net” and “Museum of Modern Art Syros” projects at Nyehaus; and a heartfelt assembly of outstanding self-portraits at Luhring Augustine. Considered together, these independently organized exhibitions were a minisurvey of sorts, and reinforced my determination to foster a greater understanding of the complexity and contradictions of Kippenberger’s production.

10 RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITIONS AND BOOKS Each a model of curatorial empathy with the artists and their work, the retrospective exhibitions of Stanley Brouwn (Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, The Netherlands), Georg Herold (Kunstverein Hanover), George Herms (Santa Monica Museum of Art), Richard Tuttle (San Francisco Museum of Modern Art), and Jeff Wall (Schaulager Basel) were truly inspiring. Finally, our library of artists’ writings was greatly enhanced by the collected texts of Carl Andre, Andrea Fraser, and Lawrence Weiner; and in his *Alien Hybrid Creatures*, Michael Krebber has assembled a visual syllabus to talk about dandyism—and an index to his elusive practice. □

1. View of “Focus: Michael Asher,” Art Institute of Chicago, 2005. 2. View of “MoMA in Hamburg,” Kunstverein Hamburg, 2005. 3. Gaylen Gerber with Adrian Schless, *Support/Window/Sunset #2, 2003*, oil, acrylic enamel, and foam on canvas, 19¼ x 25¼”. 4. View of “Learning from That Person’s Work,” Museum Ludwig, Cologne, 2005. 5. Albert Oehlen, *Peon, 1996*, oil on canvas, 75½ x 75½”. 6. Isa Genzken, *Tatoo, 2004*, photograph on foil, mirror foil, adhesive tape, lacquer, and aluminum, 47¼ x 31¼”. 7. John Baldessari, *Prima Facie: Sunshiny, 2005*, archival digital print mounted on Sintra, acrylic on canvas, each 68 x 55”. 8. Jeroen de Rijke and Willem de Rooij, *Mandarin Ducks, 2005*, still from a color film in 16 mm, 36 minutes. 9. Martin Kippenberger, *Martin, Ab in die Ecke und Scheim Dich (Martin, Stand in the Corner and Shame on You), 1989*, polyester, cigarettes, polyurethane, leather, wood, cotton, and wool, 69 x 31¼ x 15¼”. 10. Richard Tuttle, *Monkey’s Recovery for a Darkened Room, 6, 1983*, wood, wire, acrylic, mat board, string, and cloth, 40 x 20½ x 12½”.

Martin Herbert

MARTIN HERBERT IS A WRITER AND CRITIC BASED IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT, ENGLAND. HE IS THE AUTHOR, MOST RECENTLY, OF CATALOGUE ESSAYS ON OLAF BREUNING AND BARNABY FURNAS, AND IS A CONTRIBUTOR TO *VITAMIN D: NEW PERSPECTIVES IN DRAWING* (PHAIDON, 2005).

1 “AN ASIDE” (CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE, LONDON) Making a virtue of the ballooning art world’s deleterious impact on its own epistemology—i.e., no one can get a fix on the whole picture anymore—Tacita Dean’s superb curatorial venture foreswore holistic mastery in favor of a journey through the artist’s own cloud of unknowing. Chance meetings with art and artists (plus several Sebaldian coincidences) guided the collection of this daisy chain of works by, among others, Lothar Baumgarten, Paul Nash, Sharon Lockhart, Joseph Beuys, and Fischli & Weiss. An endeavor few “professional” curators would have risked, “An Aside” benefited hugely from Dean’s eye for marvelous obscurities and offbeat affinities while arguing convincingly for faith in serendipity.

2 DARREN ALMOND (K21 KUNSTSAMMLUNG, DÜSSELDORF) Almond’s constellation of photography, film, and sculpture doesn’t easily communicate its breadth and interdependence in smaller commercial shows. This attentively installed midcareer retrospective, though—drawing into its orbit polar exploration, global warming, trains, clocks, the Holocaust, the history of photography, and Almond’s grandmother nostalgically watching ballroom dancers—repeatedly hit a high elegiac note, making the world (and the artist’s place within it) seem small and inestimably precious. As happens all too rarely, I was flooded.

3 SASKIA OLDE WOLBERS (SOUTH LONDON GALLERY, LONDON) Olde Wolbers makes one short film a year (the model environments she builds as miniature sets are seriously labor-intensive) and won Beck’s Futures in 2004, so expectations were high for *Trailer* (2005). A loamy, digressive excursion across duplicitous surfaces—zonked footage depicts a liquefying jungle and a faded cinema while, in voice-over, a man recounts his discovery that he’s the bastard product of an illicit old-Hollywood tryst—it cleared the bar and then some, authenticating Olde Wolbers as a fabulist in a class (and, quite possibly, world) of her own.

4 GUY BEN-NER (ISRAEL PAVILION, 51ST VENICE BIENNALE) An unlikely bouillabaisse of Nauman, Wegman, Chaplin, and Daniel Defoe, Ben-Ner’s video *Treehouse Kit*, 2005, follows a Robinson Crusoe–like figure—the

artist, in shorts and fake beard—stranded in a room, comically permuting flat-packed furniture into and out of the form of a tree (also on exhibition). Tension and tenderness ripple beneath the witty carapace, as this handy-man’s determined ingenuity feels inseparable from the New York–based Israeli artist’s own status as an immigrant househusband trying to build a new life for his two kids. The latter previously dispensed charm all over Ben-Ner’s reworkings of silent movies; here they’re conspicuously absent, but one senses their presence just outside the frame.

5 “FACES IN THE CROWD” (WHITECHAPEL GALLERY, LONDON) I expected to hate this, since the mandate for inclusion seemed to be any work depicting people in modern times. The selection encompassed Manet’s *Masked Ball at the Opera*, 1873, Chantal Akerman’s *D’Est*, 1993, a Warhol *Jackie*, 1964, and works by Grosz, Beckmann, McCarthy, Duchamp, and innumerable others. But, crucially, its catholic profusion split the thesis into coteries and subsets so fast that one soon gave up on it and simply wandered, an indoor boulevardier, ticking off (and often luxuriating in) brilliances both newfound and familiar.

6 “FOLK ARCHIVE: CONTEMPORARY POPULAR ART FROM THE UK” (BARBICAN, LONDON) Britain’s first folk-art exhibition in half a century, and it took Jeremy Deller’s post-Turner prestige (and help from cocurator Alan Kane) to achieve it. Packed with evidence (including artifacts, documentary video, and photographs) of unpretentious people doing unpredictable things—parading around in a suit made of burrs, offering a funeral service in which the hearse is a motorcycle sidecar, affectionately painting champion pipe-smokers—with scant regard for the world’s opinion, “Folk Archive” was a bounteous miscellany that suggested the contemporary art scene as viewed through the looking glass.

7 RAPHAEL MONTAÑEZ ORTIZ (BLOOMBERG SPACE, LONDON) In his abyssal 1985 piece *What Is This?*—the highlight of “The Mind Is a Horse (Part 2),” the latest in an occasional series of video compendiums lassoed together by Bloomberg’s curators—“Destructivist” artist Ortiz toggles agonizingly between frames of an old movie, stretching a few seconds of black-and-white celluloid (a girl rolling

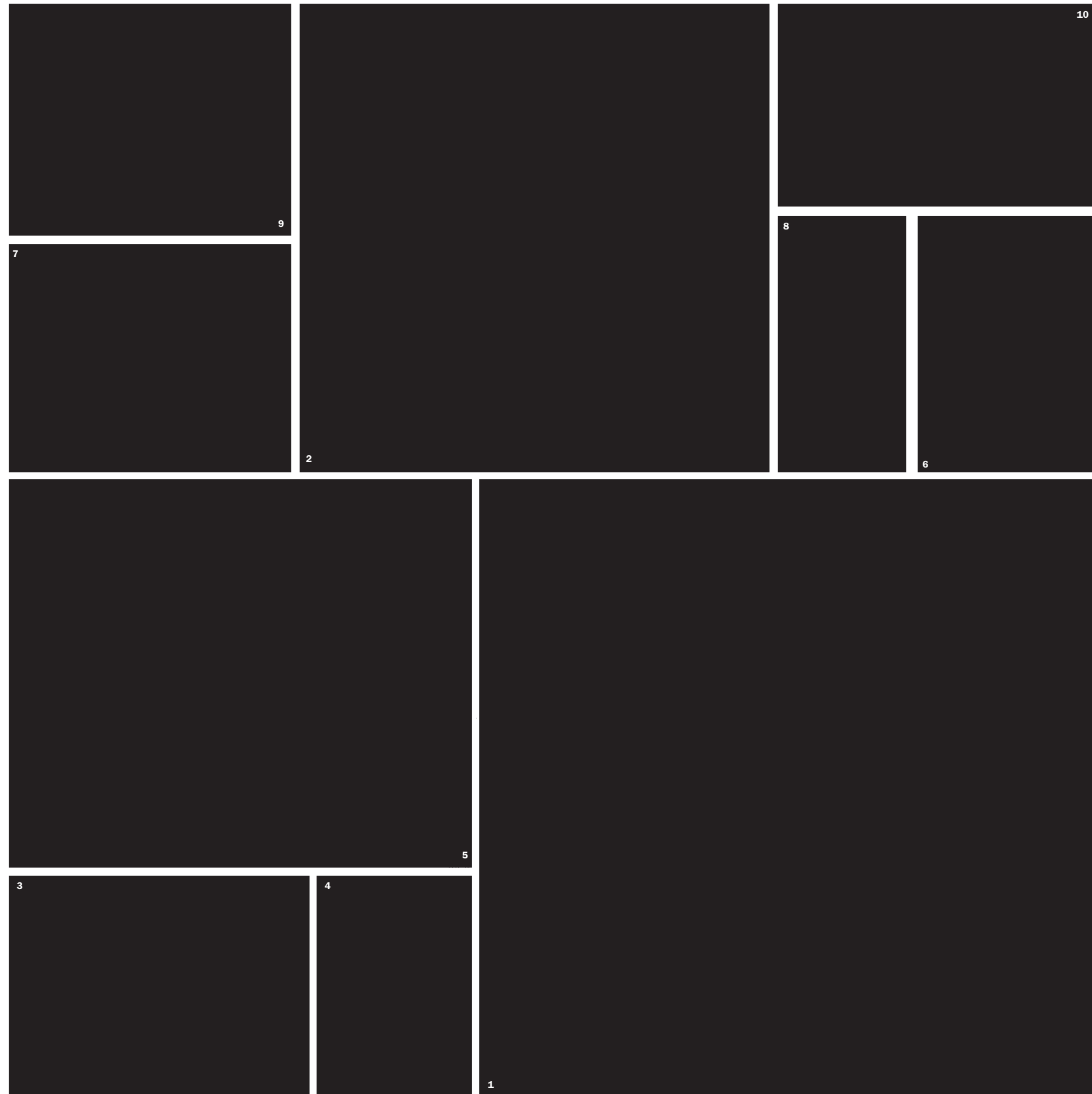
an unexploded bomb off a table, to her parents’ horror) into nine minutes of stuttering Freudian psychodrama. Video may be more “real” nowadays, but rarely is it this visceral.

8 FANTÔMAS, SUSPENDED ANIMATION (IPECAC, 2005) 1. Load up on coffee and/or sugar. 2. Slip album four by Mike Patton’s avant-metal supergroup out of its gorgeous, info-rich, Yoshitomo Nara–designed calendar for April 2005, each day of the month spotlighting a different angry kid. 3. Get pummelled by thirty one-minute-long tracks demonstrating that speed metal and Carl Stalling’s onomatopoeic Warner Bros.–cartoon music reinforce each other’s aesthetics beautifully, each style yoking bionic musicianship to mindless violence in order to divert the energetic overspill of kids and kidults. *Suspended Animation* is funnier (and heavier) than a boulder landing on Wile E. Coyote; unsurprisingly, my three-year-old daughter loves it too.

9 ETTORE SPALLETTI (HENRY MOORE INSTITUTE, LEEDS, UK) But we are complex beings, and after our conceptual rock we demand blissful, Minimalist painting/sculpture hybrids, painted in brow-soothing grays and Mediterranean azures. Again, it’s a mood thing. The spikes in this show’s cardiograph appear unpromising: a sly tonal modulation; a variance of angles in two paintings that tilt away from the wall; disporting natural light darkening and haloing curved surfaces. And yet—such is the recalibration of attention that Spalletti’s exquisitely judged, indeterminacy-assisted art creates—each felt fleetingly epochal.

10 INTERNATIONAL BIENNALE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, PRAGUE In which the National Gallery of Prague, having ousted the *Flash Art*–organized biennial it hosted in 2003, mounted its own grand show. Chaotically hung (video projections in daylit spaces, anyone?), heavily seasoned with bad-to-indifferent local artists, but emphatically *not* designed in Italy, IBCA was a brilliant burlesque of the nationalist underpinnings and image-politicking of a hypertrophied biennial structure wherein your city’s expo doesn’t need to be any good—it just needs to exist and be homegrown. (This was satire, wasn’t it?) □

1. Eileen Agar, *Rocks Ploumanach, Brittany, France, 1936*, cropped postcard, 3⅞ x 3 ⅞". From “An Aside.” 2. Darren Almond, *Flatford, 2000*, color photograph. From the series “The British Isles,” 1999–2004. 3. Saskia Olde Wolbers, *Trailer, 2005*, still from a color video, 10 minutes. 4. Guy Ben-Ner, *Treehouse Kit, 2005*, wooden furniture, carpet, video projection, 26’ 3” x 26’ 3” x 19’ 8¼”. 5. Edouard Manet, *Le Bal masqué à l’Opéra (Masked Ball at the Opera), 1873*, oil on canvas, 38⅝ x 28¾”. From “Faces in the Crowd.” 6. Jeremy Deller and Alan Kane, *Snowdrop the Mechanical Elephant, 2004*, color photograph. From “Folk Archive: Contemporary Popular Art from the UK.” 7. Raphael Montañez Ortiz, *What Is This?, 1985*, video projection, 9 minutes. From “The Mind Is a Horse (Part 2).” 8. Album art for Fantômas, *Suspended Animation* (Ipecac, 2005). Illustration: Yoshitomo Nara. 9. View of “Ettore Spalletti,” Henry Moore Institute, Leeds, 2005. Photo: Gareth Spence. 10. Simon Biggs, *Halo, 1998*, still from interactive video installation. From the International Biennale of Contemporary Art, Prague.



Thelma Golden

THE DIRECTOR AND CHIEF CURATOR AT THE STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, NEW YORK, THELMA GOLDEN MOST RECENTLY ORGANIZED “FREQUENCY,” A SURVEY OF WORK BY EMERGENT BLACK ARTISTS, WITH CHRISTINE Y. KIM.

1 **THE AUDIENCE AT “BASQUIAT”** (BROOKLYN MUSEUM) I had an irrepressible desire to channel the enthusiasm of a Borscht Belt emcee as I walked through the Jean-Michel Basquiat retrospective. The audience embodied all of the clichés inherent to any conversation about “attracting a wider cross section of the public.” Except that the “we are the world” crowd was real, not some marketing consultant’s demographic fantasy. The turnout for “Basquiat” was truly multigenerational, genuinely multicultural, and completely engaged. That is what made the museum feel so astoundingly alive.

2 **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT, “IN WORD ONLY”** (CHEIM & READ, NEW YORK) The energy coursing through the rooms of “Basquiat” emanated not just from the huge, reverent crowds (whose murmurs and hums made for an incredible sound track) but from the paintings themselves. Clearly, one exhibition alone could not capture the complexity of Basquiat’s work, making “In Word Only” a crucial complement. Exquisitely selected and thematically rich, this show presented Basquiat’s text-based art in the form of paintings, drawings, and notebooks. In bluesman phrases and concrete poem fragments, we could see and feel Basquiat through his visual whispers and shouts.

3 **STAN DOUGLAS, *INCONSOLABLE MEMORIES*** There were many interesting moments at the 51st Venice Biennale (Olafur Eliasson, Hussein Chalayan, Kiki Smith, Zwelethu Mthethwa, and William Kentridge), and some refreshing moments (Francesco Vezzoli), but the most rewarding moment for me was Douglas’s dazzling film, featured in “The Experience of Art,” María de Corral’s exhibition in the Italian pavilion. Douglas uses repetition to great effect in order to tell a powerful story of loss and despair that takes place in the era of the Marie! Boat Lift, when thousands of Cubans fled the country. Awash in melancholy, *Inconsolable Memories* hovers beautifully between fiction and reality.

4 **ROBERT GOBER** (MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY, NEW YORK) In the Reagan Era, there was so much bad in the world to react to that “political art” seemed a necessity, and Gober’s exhibition reminded me of how much this moment is really the ’80s all over again. What’s more, if

the idea of “political art” is in need of revision some twenty years later, then this show was a step in the right direction. Gober configured the gallery into a chapel, within which one could contemplate his ongoing cogent investigation of childhood, sexuality, and transcendence through a brilliant mélange of object and image, memory and fact. As they say in the black church: “Can somebody say ‘Amen’?”

5 **YOHJI YAMAMOTO “JUSTE DES VÊTEMENTS”** (“JUST CLOTHES,” MUSÉE DE LA MODE ET DU TEXTILE, PARIS) Yamamoto has always been one of the most compelling shape-shifters working in contemporary fashion design, his rejection of tradition having long ago assured his status as the avant-garde of the avant-garde. This career-spanning exhibition, done in collaboration with the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, presented an exhaustive look at his process and production. Ingeniously split between two sections that form a call and response between a survey and a revealing look at the designer’s influences, “*Juste des vêtements*” provided an intriguing model for a retrospective, both looking back and looking forward through an artist’s work.

6 **“SAFE: DESIGN TAKES ON RISK”** (MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK) We all fear something—and especially at this moment, when acts and events that would have only recently been unimaginable are frighteningly common. With this timely look at attempts to create a sense of safety, curator Paola Antonelli’s exhibition has the converse effect of highlighting our fears. Antonelli continually organizes shows that probe our responses to the world around us. “Safe” brilliantly encompasses social science and psychology in its presentation of indispensable designer solutions for all sorts of calamities: large and small, real and imagined.

7 **BIG GROUP EXHIBITIONS** I love *Consumer Reports* because while I can’t research every existing cappuccino maker, I am thrilled to benefit from the knowledge of someone who has. For this reason, I applaud my colleagues who curate big group exhibitions. It is a thankless task, because we viewers find it hard to consider the selections at hand rather than the selections we

would (but did not) make. I respect P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center’s curatorial team for supporting this city’s local art scene with “Greater New York 2005.” I loved the big mess of it, the highs and the lows. Similarly, I am grateful to the curators at the Hayward Gallery in London for “Africa Remix,” a flawed but important survey that sought to define contemporary African art across continents and aesthetic practices.

8 **THE ’60S AND ’70S** Several exhibitions this year made up an interesting and compelling coda to the proliferation of surveys focusing on artists from the ’60s and ’70s. First and foremost was “The Whole World Is Rotten: Free Radicals and the Gold Coast Slave Castles of Paa Jones” with its Ghanaian fantasy coffins at Jack Shainman Gallery in New York. At the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London, “Back to Black: Art, Cinema and the Radical Imaginary” plotted a new visual and physical geography for Black Power. And I cannot forget the courtroom drawings of Malcolm X by Tracy Sugarman in “Malcolm X: A Search for Truth” at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture in Harlem, New York.

9 **JULIE MEHRETU** (PROJECTILE, NEW YORK) A lot has been said this past year about Julie Mehretu’s work. Its importance has been both debated and acclaimed. In the midst of all this, or perhaps in spite of it, her show of drawings at the Projectile gallery was a tour de force. Though her genius has always been acknowledged, it was particularly rewarding to see it made official when Julie received a MacArthur “genius grant” this past September.

10 **KANYE WEST** In the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina I was glued to the television, trying to digest the latest news, and felt truly angered by how quickly celebrity-filled telethons could be organized while aid for the victims proved to be so mystifyingly elusive. But during the haze of overproduced live “coverage,” I was surprised, humored, and even proud of West’s unscripted moment. Sure, he really didn’t say anything that many were not already feeling. And sure, I wish it had come out of Condi’s mouth instead. But as illustrated by Luc Tuymans’s stunning painting *The Secretary of State*, 2005, her mouth remains resolutely shut. □

1. View of “Basquiat,” Brooklyn Museum, New York, 2005. 2. Jean-Michel Basquiat, page from *Untitled Sketch Book (Andy Warhol)*, 1983, sketchbook, 39 pages, 18 x 14½ x ¾”. From “In Word Only.” 3. Stan Douglas, *Inconsolable Memories*, 2005, still from two synchronized, asymmetrical film-loop projections; black-and-white film in 16 mm, 15 permutations with a common period of 5 minutes 39 seconds. 4. Robert Gober, *Untitled (detail)*, 2004–2005, bronze, cement, re-creation of American robin, and water, 112¼ x 39½ x 41”. 5. View of Yohji Yamamoto, “Correspondences,” Galleria d’Arte Moderna, Palazzo Pitti, Florence, 2005. Photo: Alessandro Ciampi. 6. Deborah Adler and Klaus Rosburg, *Target ClearRx prescription system*, 2004, polyethylene terephthalate, 2¼ x 4 x 1½”. Photo: Target. From “Safe: Design Takes on Risk.” 7. Nate Lowman, *Krystle*, 2005, color photograph, 51⅝ x 71⅝”. From “Greater New York 2005.” 8. Roberto Visani, *Automatic Weapon*, 2004, wood, 46 x 30 x 11”. From “The Whole World Is Rotten: Free Radicals and the Gold Coast Slave Castles of Paa Jones.” 9. Julie Mehretu, *Untitled*, 2005, watercolor on paper, 22 x 30”. 10. Luc Tuymans, *The Secretary of State*, 2005, oil on canvas, 17¼ x 24¼ x 1½”. PHOTO (GOLDEN): TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

John Kelsey

A NEW YORK-BASED ARTIST AND WRITER, JOHN KELSEY IS A MEMBER OF BERNADETTE CORPORATION AND CODIRECTOR OF REENA SPAULINGS, NEW YORK.

1 HURRICANE KATRINA Ask Stockhausen. As if timed for the opening of the Whitney’s Robert Smithson retrospective, this was arguably less a natural disaster than a case of Land art gone horribly wrong. An environmental and political tragedy of Spielbergian proportions, Katrina produced images of the sort of “naked life” we’d previously only identified with non-sites like Iraq. The drowned ghetto, the shooting of homeless looters, the police suicides, the forced evacuations, the superdomes filled with refugees—these are visions we can only try to erase. For some reason it was impossible not to imagine the hurricane as a terrorist act. And I guess it was—Made in USA.

2 RIOT THE BAR (BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NY) A sort of antimonument to the Stonewall riots of 1969, *RIOT THE BAR* was a nightly drinking party and chaotic program of music, dancing, bonfires, talks, games, etc., culminating in the bar being auctioned off and then promptly destroyed in a nearby field. This week-long collaboration between Bard summer MFA students and faculty was conceived and “choreographed” by performance artist Ei Arakawa, who was inspired by his memory of a failed gay pride march in Tokyo and subsequent encounter with the banality of official gay culture in New York. Nothing remains but the zine Arakawa assembled to document the event: “It took some years to realize that WE ARE EVERYWHERE. Aren’t you tired of this motto? Yes, you are . . . welcome to RIOT THE BAR.”

3 POOR THEATER The Wooster Group’s *Poor Theater* appropriated, cunningly travestied, and thereby exorcized various demons that have long possessed its director: Jerzy Grotowski’s legendary experimental theater in Poland, avant-garde choreographer William Forsythe, Max Ernst, and Hollywood westerns. Involving fewer pyrotechnics than usual, the Group accomplished its magic with little more than bodies and language. Absorbing and then suddenly discarding Grotowski’s hard-core physical exercises, alternating between Polish and English, playing back the tape-recorded commen-

tary of a disappointed theater critic, launching into delirious danced monologues, and finally disappearing under the floorboards, *Poor Theater* was stripped-down for speed and as astonishing as anything Liz LeCompte and company have ever done.

4 THE READYMADE ARTIST How should we measure our distance from the avant-garde role models we learned about in school? How can we begin to treat the subjective whateverness of the contemporary artist? Coined by the Paris-based art collective Claire Fontaine, the term “readymade artist” seems perfectly adjusted to a situation where something like the “artist’s life” no longer seems possible. No longer prophetic or revolutionary but professional and post-everything, we have no influence over the cultural apparatus that employs us, still less over its political function. Overexposed, inflated, instrumentalized beyond recognition, imposters in our own styles, miraculously outlasting our own purpose, as readymade artists we can begin to surpass our shared incompetence only by confronting the fact that contemporary art is no longer destined to act directly on reality.

5 MY LIFE IN CIA: A CHRONICLE OF 1973 (DALKEY ARCHIVE PRESS) Harry Mathews’s new novel is based on true events from his life in Paris during the year 1973, when he joined the experimental literary group Oulipo and unwittingly earned a reputation as an undercover CIA agent. Rather than deny his “true” profession (his repeated denials only made others more suspicious), Mathews decided to assume this new identity and play it to the hilt. All authors are imposters anyway. Mathews reinvents the memoir and himself by applying the language games he invented (with fellow Oulipians Georges Perec and Raymond Queneau) both to his experience of everyday life and to its recollection. *My Life in CIA* is a manual for escaping bourgeois literature through bourgeois literature, an autobiographical thriller packed with “evasive tactics,” paranoia, fine wines, and false bottoms.

6 GALERIE MEERRETTICH (BERLIN) Artist Josef Strau curates this tiny glass “pavilion” (or giant vitrine) near Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz in Berlin. It is always there and almost always closed (except for openings). I was there one night in June for a live rooftop performance: Paulina Olowaska and two friends used their bodies to spell out poems by Strau and others.

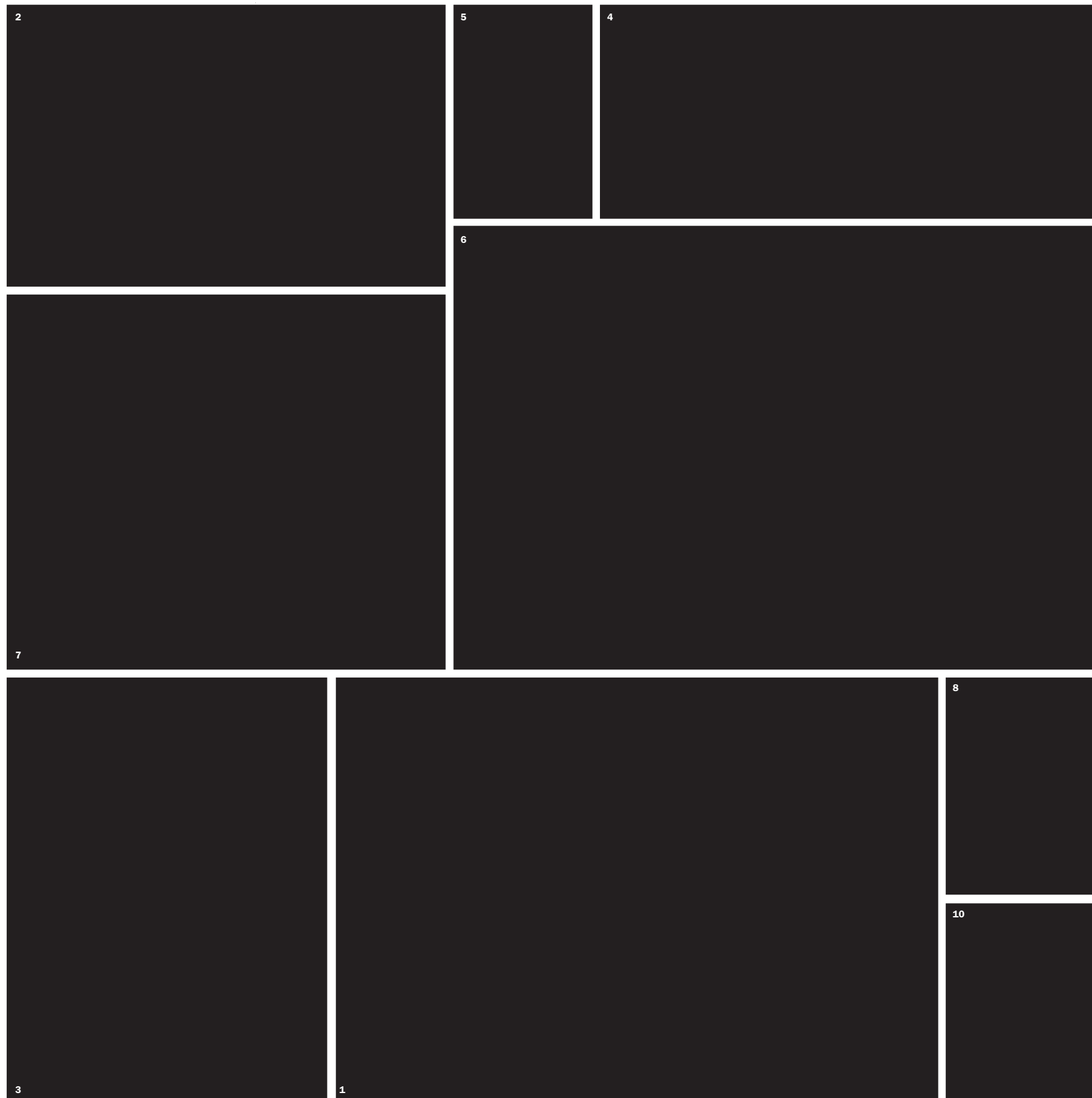
7 “JACQUELINE HUMPHRIES: BLACK LIGHT PAINTINGS” (NYEHAUS, NEW YORK) The most memorable painting show in New York this year was Humphries’s tripped-out, daringly queasy exhibition of “Black Light Paintings” and painted light boxes. Her plugged-in works literally heated up the darkened rooms like ovens and melted down the boundary between painterly abstraction and sweaty nightclub decor.

8 THE ACCIDENT OF ART (SEMIOTEXT(E)) The latest in a series of dialogues between Sylvère Lotringer and Paul Virilio that began with *Pure War* in 1983, *The Accident of Art* attempts to diagnose the crisis of aesthetics in the age of the cruise missile and the implant. Known for his extreme theories on speed and disappearance, Virilio claims that if contemporary art continues to deny the missing ground beneath its feet it will soon be past the point of producing anything worthwhile. Lotringer believes the crash has already happened, saying that art’s proliferating market is nothing but camouflage for its own postmortem condition. Virilio replies that an accident is not the same as the end of art: There’s still hope if art can live up to its own catastrophic destiny.

9 WAR OF THE WORLDS 9/11 revisited as multimillion-dollar B movie, embodied by unstoppable acting-machine Tom Cruise.

10 COCAINE KATE
Destroy your favorite celebrity with a cell phone. ☐

1. **Satellite view of Hurricane Katrina, August 29, 2005.** 2. **View of RIOT THE BAR, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY, 2005.** 3. **The Wooster Group, Poor Theater, 2005.** Performance view, The Performing Garage, New York, 2005. Photo: Paula Court. 5. **Harry Mathews, My Life in CIA: A Chronicle of 1973** (Dalkey Archive Press, 2005). 6. **Paulina Olowaska, Alphabet, 2005.** Performance view, Galerie Meerrrettich, Berlin, 2005. 7. **Jacqueline Humphries, Clockwork Lemon, 2005,** mixed media, 72 x 84”. 8. **Sylvère Lotringer and Paul Virilio, The Accident of Art** (Semiotext(e), 2005). 9. **Steven Spielberg, War of the Worlds, 2005,** still from a color film in 35 mm, 116 minutes. 10. **Cover of The Daily Mirror, September 15, 2005.** Kate Moss.



Robert Rosenblum

A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*, ROBERT ROSENBLUM IS CURRENTLY WORKING ON AN EXHIBITION PROVISIONALLY TITLED "CITIZENS AND KINGS: PORTRAITURE IN THE AGE OF DAVID AND GOYA," OPENING OCTOBER 2006 AT THE GRAND PALAIS IN PARIS.

1 "MATISSE: THE FABRIC OF DREAMS—HIS ART AND HIS TEXTILES" (ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, LONDON; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK) Instead of kneeling again at Matisse's shrine, curator Ann Dumas thoroughly resurrected him. The master's "working library"—a half century's ragbag accumulation of flea-market cotton prints, couture gowns, Romanian blouses, North African hangings, and more—was excavated from family trunks and displayed beside the works that incorporated their patterns and textures into landscapes for a new vision of Paradise. Seeing the alchemy that turned rags into riches was to rediscover Matisse's genius.

2 "JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID: EMPIRE TO EXILE" (J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM, LOS ANGELES; CLARK ART INSTITUTE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MA) In another show that offered a fresh take on a familiar deity, we were finally treated to a full-scale display of David's late work, which, like that of Picasso's final decades, has traditionally been relegated to the "decline and fall" category. Philippe Bordes, curator and author of the magisterial catalogue, followed the artist's path from chief propagandist for Napoleon's imperial glory to his last inglorious years as an exiled regicide in Brussels, where he continued to paint portraits and grand themes from antiquity, but with a twist. His deadpan, truthful rendering of the faces and clothing of the bourgeoisie announces a new language of realism that foreshadows a lineage running from Daguerre to Chuck Close.

3 FRANK STELLA (PAUL KASMIN GALLERY, NEW YORK) Kingpin of '60s painting, Stella apparently lives on his own distant planet today, so often is he overlooked by younger generations who think of him merely as history. But his latest work may shock (just as those long-ago black stripes once did) with its extreme, three-dimensional chaos. Like thunderbolts hurled by Jupiter, these tangles of twisted metal armature hit the walls and floors with a speed and a fury that at first defy comprehension. But, as always, Stella's iron fist controls this apparent madness.

4 "ANDY WARHOL: PORTRAITS" (TONY SHAFRAZI GALLERY, NEW YORK) This stunningly installed 1970s' who's who was a trip down memory lane, a vast anthology of legendary faces including those of Leo Castelli and Joseph Beuys. But apart from the nostalgic pleasures of

thumbing through a vintage yearbook, there was the tonic confirmation of Warhol's genius not only in his infinite variations of color versus noncolor, oil paint versus silk screen, but in his plumbing the psychological depths (and skimming the shallows) of his celebrity sitters.

5 "EAST VILLAGE USA" (NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, NEW YORK) Another rewarding voyage to the New York art-world equivalent of an archaeological site, "East Village USA" was an energetic blast from the past, combining '80s video, graffiti, photography, and pigment. Curated by Dan Cameron, who himself was part of this brew, the selection rushed us back to the feisty birth pangs of Youthquake galleries (open on Sundays for art-world strollers) that nurtured a fresh generation of then-unknown artists who would later become household names. Jeff Koons, Jenny Holzer, Laurie Simmons—the list kept (and keeps) going.

6 "SURREALISM USA" (NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM, NEW YORK) For any museum that wants to do more than intone the catechism of twentieth-century art, curator Isabelle Dervaux's show should be the model of adventurous research. American Surrealism was often deemed a quaint and embarrassing digression from modern art's main highways, useful only as an academic segue to the AbEx generation. But here was a full-scale reincarnation of a long-buried, midcentury world where artists would paint dreamscapes in photographic detail that unveiled all sorts of social and sexual anxieties. What a pleasure to see work by unfamiliar artists such as Alexandre Hogue and Kay Sage. We should check our storerooms more often.

7 "RICHARD PETTIBONE: A RETROSPECTIVE" (INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, PHILADELPHIA) Having started some forty years ago and still going full-speed ahead, Pettibone has finally been given the career-spanning overview he deserves. Elegantly presented by curators Ian Bery and Michael Duncan, he emerged as an indispensable artist who, along with his contemporary Sturtevant, launched the obsession for replicating works by the hottest art stars: Warhol, Mondrian, even Ingres. Pettibone's riffs on these classics are uniquely his, reduced as they are to a Lilliputian scale with such

exquisite craftsmanship and carpentry that they might all be packed up in a Duchampian valise to be opened later by younger copycats such as Sherrie Levine and Mike Bidlo.

8 MARC QUINN, ALISON LAPPER PREGNANT (TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON) Asked to place a temporary sculpture on Trafalgar Square's empty Fourth Plinth, Quinn chose to counter Britain's military heroes with a nearly-twelve-foot-tall naked woman carved from white marble—a portrait of Alison Lapper, herself an artist. She is not only eight months pregnant, but deformed due to a chromosomal defect that robbed her of arms and stunted her legs. A startling transgression for public sculpture, she presides here, seated, with grave dignity as a new kind of earth mother forcing us to rethink our ingrained prejudices about human beings who don't measure up to the macho standards of Lord Nelson, who, standing, still reigns aloft on a megacolumn. (Incidentally, he, too, was missing an arm.)

9 THE L-WORD This ultrahip Showtime soap—now in its third season—immerses us in a Sapphic community of LA professionals whose problems with adultery, sperm banks, divorce, and commitment are compounded by their obsessions with torrid sex, gorgeous bodies, trendy hairdos, and stylish clothes. Catherine Opie's Garden of Eden this is not, but these melodramas are becoming so seductive and glamorous that a mainstream audience might finally prefer them to the heterosexual ardors of *Desperate Housewives*.

10 ZANDRA RHODES Originating with the San Diego Opera, Rhodes's sets and costumes for *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* (*Pearl Fishers*, 1863) recently landed on the New York City Opera stage, where they reinvigorated Georges Bizet's classic with a wacky and dazzling interpretation of outdated Orientalism. Rhodes brought the opera's mythical vision of Ceylon to life with a fresh mixture of old and new. The saffron, turquoise, and scarlet Indian-style costumes played well against flat, cartoonlike bobbing waves, palm trees, and a shorthand design for Hindu architecture that might have been attributed to Keith Haring. A total delight. □

1. **Henri Matisse, *Pansies*, 1903**, oil on paper mounted on panel, 19¼ x 17¾". © 2005 Succession H. Matisse, Paris/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 2. **View of "Jacques-Louis David: Empire to Exile," J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles, 2005**. Background: Jacques-Louis David, *Sappho, Phaon, and Cupid*, 1809. 3. **Frank Stella, *djaok*, 2004**, stainless steel tubing and carbon fiber, 11' 8" x 14' 8" x 14' 7". Photo: Steven Sloman. © 2005 Frank Stella/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 4. **View of "Andy Warhol: Portraits," Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York, 2005**. 5. **Jean-Michel Basquiat, *Famous Negro Athletes #4*, 1981**, crayon on paper, 24 x 18". From "East Village USA." 6. **Kay Sage, *I Saw Three Ctiles*, 1944**, oil on canvas, 35¼ x 27¾". From "Surrealism USA." 7. **View of "Richard Pettibone: A Retrospective," Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, 2005**. 8. **Marc Quinn, *Allison Lapper Pregnant*, 2005**, marble, 11' 7¾" x 5' 11⅝" x 8' 6⅜". 9. **The L-Word, 2004–**, still from a TV show on Showtime. Alice Dieszecki (Leisha Haley) and Dana Fairbanks (Erin Daniels). 10. **Georges Bizet, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* (Pearl Fishers), 1863**, in a production directed by Andrew Sinclair, 2004. Performance view, San Diego Opera. Léila (Isabel Bayrakdarian). Photo: Ken Howard. PHOTO (ROSENBLUM): TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

Isabelle Graw

BERLIN-BASED CRITIC ISABELLE GRAW IS THE PUBLISHER OF *TEXTE ZUR KUNST* AND A PROFESSOR OF ART THEORY AND ART HISTORY AT THE KUNSTHOCHSCHULE STÄDELSCHULE IN FRANKFURT. SHE IS CURRENTLY WORKING ON A BOOK ABOUT THE STRUCTURAL RELATIONS BETWEEN ART, FASHION, AND THE MARKET.

1 JAN TIMME (GALERIE CHRISTIAN NAGEL, BERLIN) At first glance, this was a not-so-spectacular show in the tradition of the empty gallery, à la Yves Klein. But on closer inspection it packed quite a punch. A tile placed high on the wall bore the ambiguous inscription “*Carrer qui no passa*”—a phrase taken from a street sign on the island of Minorca that can be understood to mean “dead end” but could also be translated as “There’s no moving on here.” With this apparent acknowledgment of the dubious viability of simply “moving on” in one’s art career, Timme rejected the rampant careerism abounding in the art world. But at the same time he produced a limited edition (four bar stools with the definition of the word *fall* etched on brass plaques under their seats), as if to admit that there’s no escape from the logic of the market after all.

2 DAMIEN HIRST (GAGOSIAN GALLERY, NEW YORK) This show, too, seemed to want to disappoint. But it is precisely the artist’s up-front declaration of bankruptcy that I think holds potential. Hirst’s Photorealist paintings illustrated the subject of illness—pills, syringes, hospital hallways—but exuded heartlessness rather than pathos. These pictures don’t believe in themselves, and furthermore, they show an utter lack of orientation—a refusal to align themselves with any intelligible conceptual or aesthetic program—that seems appropriate in the face of questionable current models like the provo artist or corporate artist.

3 RETORT, AFFLICTED POWERS: CAPITAL AND SPECTACLE IN A NEW AGE OF WAR (VERSO) An impressive initiative undertaken by four members of the Bay Area collective Retort who refuse to resign themselves to the rule of what they call “military neoliberalism,” *Afflicted Powers* provides historical context and conceptual tools in an effort to help us understand political realities post-9/11. The authors—Iain Boal, T. J. Clark, Joseph Matthews, and Michael Watts—explicate the perfidious collaborations of spectacle culture, capital, and “permanent war”; their book is essential reading for anyone who insists on holding on to the notion of social engagement.

4 DANIEL BUREN (SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK) Daniel Buren’s gigantic mirrored installation, *Around the Corner*, 2000–2005, stirred up some controversy. Had he committed himself to the decorative once and for all? And if so, could his work still claim to be criti-

cal? If you take critique to mean “the articulation of objections,” then the answer to the latter question is no; but if being critical means challenging conditions by literally holding up a mirror to them, then what we have here is indeed critique. Buren’s mirrors, like those in a department store, carried out a performative function: They allowed visitors to see and, more importantly, to be seen. By emphasizing the boutique-like character of the museum and pushing the analogy between shopping and art-viewing, Buren’s monumental gesture provocatively took up the ramifications of the transformation of public space into corporate space.

5 GWEN STEFANI, LOVE. ANGEL. MUSIC. BABY. (INTERSCOPE RECORDS) In tune with Stefani’s platinum blond-diva persona, *Love. Angel. Music. Baby.* has an over-the-top, operetta-like quality, by turns hysterical, opulent, and grotesque. Signal aspects of consumer culture—hypochondria, preoccupation with beauty and celebrity, the fixation on romance as a weapon against anxiety and anomie—are condensed and integrated within it. You can’t escape capitalism’s spectacular phase—at best, you can only relate to it. Stefani’s music makes this an almost appealing proposition.

6 “JOSHUA REYNOLDS: THE CREATION OF CELEBRITY” (TATE BRITAIN, LONDON) Joshua Reynolds was a celebrity painter *avant la lettre*. While edifying in its historicization of a modern phenomenon, this exhibition was most instructive in its recapitulation of a decidedly contemporary phenomenon. Foregrounding the identities of Reynolds’s society sitters, the wall texts and catalogue put the focus squarely on personalities, with hardly a thought for painting as such. This reductiveness is itself illuminating, symptomatic as it is of a situation in which art is becoming more and more like a subject, and artists more and more like objects.

7 GEORGE MICHAEL: A DIFFERENT STORY (AEGEAN FILMS) Whereas pop stars who document their own lives usually seem bent on mythologizing themselves, Michael tells his story without glossing anything over—his sexuality, his politics, or his contractual battles with Sony. I would go so far as to say that the film qualifies him as a practitioner of institutional critique, one who examines the constraints and possibilities that confront artists in the music business in an entertainingly self-reflexive way.

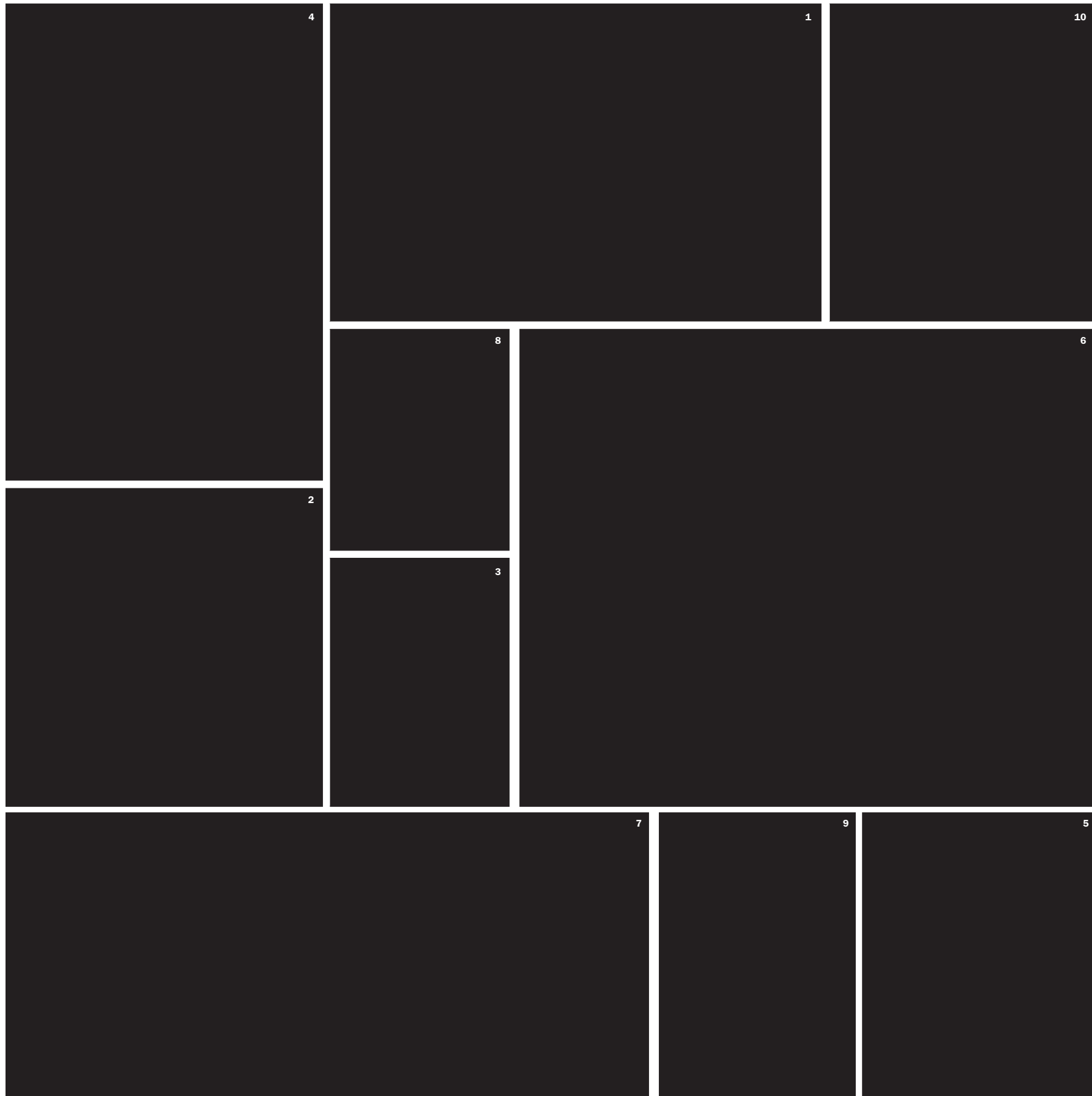
8 ROSEMARIE TROCKEL (MUSEUM LUDWIG, COLOGNE) The title of this midcareer retrospective—“Post-Menopause”—suggested a return to biological essentialism, but what viewers found was a combination of self-criticism and self-empowerment. Discernment was the key word: The judicious selection and intelligent non-chronological arrangement made the work look fresh. Most impressive was a large room usually reserved for the art world’s alpha males, a Hall of Heroes that Trockel took over with her famous knitted paintings. It was Trockel who established knitting as a valid painterly practice and arguably paved the way for the rehabilitation of the crafty and feminine, but here we finally got to enjoy her whole textile repertoire, installed so as to produce surprising diachronic constellations.

9 MICHAEL KREBBER (WIENER SECESSION) This exhibition did justice to Krebber’s reputation as a master of delay, postponement, and deprivation, in that the artist seemed to have put most of his energy into designing the pictures’ frames, as if to remind a public interested in neo-formalist immanence that context is still everything. Krebber continues to display a knack for ruthlessly if wittily quashing viewers’ hopes for sensitive painterly gestures, and even for gestures of negation, which he shows to be just another established aesthetic routine.

10 JÖRG IMMENDORFF (NEUE NATIONALGALERIE, BERLIN) At a moment when Germany’s parliamentary coalition of socialists and environmentalists had to face the prospect of Mrs. Merkel becoming chancellor, Immendorff let everyone know which side he was on. His entire retrospective was steeped in red—the red not only of the Social Democrats but of Mao’s Red Book and the Soviet flag. The ambitious installation design featured lots of little red hutlike structures connected by red carpet pathways, while the paintings themselves demonstrated their continuing topicality—especially those from the 1972–73 series “*Das zu tun, was zu tun ist*” (To Do What Needs to Be Done), which suggest the internal struggles of an artist trying to reconcile political engagement with a naked desire for fame. Art and politics can be brought together after all. □

Translated from German by Brian Currid and Wilhelm Werthern.

1. View of Jan Timme, “Untitled,” Galerie Christian Nagel, Berlin, 2005. 2. Damien Hirst, *Football Violence, Man with Cut Face, 2004–2005*, oil on canvas, 36 x 36”. 3. Retort, *Afflicted Powers: Capital and Spectacle in a New Age of War* (Verso, 2005). 4. View of “The Eye of the Storm: Works in situ by Daniel Buren,” Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, 2005. 5. Publicity photo of Gwen Stefani, 2005. 6. Joshua Reynolds, *The Ladies Waldegrave, 1780–81*, oil on canvas, 56½ x 66½”. 7. Southan Morris, *George Michael: A Different Story*, still from a color film, 93 minutes. 8. Rosemarie Trockel, *Untitled, 2001*, acrylic on paper, 19-½ x 16½”. 9. *Sea Anemone, Die Produzentin and Michael Höpfel*, from “Michael Krebber,” Wiener Secession, 2005. 10. Jörg Immendorff, *Untitled, 2005*, oil on canvas, 55½ x 47½”.



Matthew Higgs

A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO *ARTFORUM*, MATTHEW HIGGS IS THE DIRECTOR AND CHIEF CURATOR AT WHITE COLUMNS, NEW YORK.

1 “ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG: HOARFROSTS” (GUILD HALL, EAST HAMPTON, NY) The saddest summer show ever? Given that institutions tend to roll out holiday favorites or crowd pleasers for the summer season, the Guild Hall’s decision to exhibit Rauschenberg’s little known, rarely seen, and profoundly melancholic “Hoarfrost” series was a bold gesture. Hanging like “ghosts” in the air-conditioned chill of the museum’s elegant rooms, the 1974–75 “Hoarfrosts”—unstretched fabric “paintings” constructed from layers of transparent, translucent, and opaque materials—were so aesthetically subdued that they barely registered on the eye, but somehow, miraculously, they left a nagging, indefinable impression that persists to this day.

2 ROBERT BECHTLE (SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART) This retrospective, brilliantly organized by SF MoMA’s Janet Bishop, was, at least to my non-American eyes, a complete revelation. Almost Proustian in its downbeatness, Bechtle’s work seems to have been devoted to recording his personal discomfort with the world around him. From the emotionally strained paintings of the 1960s and ’70s (often derived from family snapshots) to the deserted streets depicted in recent paintings of his San Francisco neighborhood, Bechtle’s reclusive art describes a psychogeography profoundly at odds with the socially progressive, utopian narratives typically associated with his northern Californian home.

3 LUCAS SAMARAS: PHOTOFLOCKS (IMOVIES) AND PHOTOFICTIONS (A TO Z) (PACEWILDENSTEIN, NEW YORK) Like Bechtle, Lucas Samaras focuses on issues close to home: namely, himself. *PhotoFlocks (iMovies)*, 2004–2005—sixty short, digitally generated “movies,” each “starring” Samaras—was his first engagement with the moving image since his appositely titled 1969 film *Self* (made with Kim Levin). The installation itself was, like Samaras’s entire project, a radical gesture. The movies, and an additional four thousand digital photographic images—*PhotoFictions (A to Z)*, 2004–2005—were displayed on thirty-five Apple workstations, which allowed the viewer to independently navigate the works on screen and transformed the vast gallery space into a surrogate “classroom” dedicated to the study of its sole subject: Lucas Samaras.

4 RITA ACKERMANN, “COLLAGE 1993–2005” (ANDREA ROSEN GALLERY, NEW YORK) Overheard on West Twenty-fourth Street outside Rita Ackermann’s exhibition: WOMAN: “What’s in there?” MAN: “Junky collages.” “Junky” aesthetics or not, this wonderfully focused exhibition barely scratched the surface, only hinting at the larger ambition of this mercurial artist’s kaleidoscopic output (which embraces art, music, writing, fashion, and curatorial projects). Ackermann remains defiantly against the grain and ahead of the curve. A thorough survey of her work would allow us all an opportunity to catch up.

5 ISA GENZKEN (DAVID ZWIRNER, NEW YORK) It is hard not to imagine Isa Genzken’s recent works—precariously assembled from just about anything: action figures, furniture, plastic flowers, sections of an aircraft fuselage, umbrellas, adhesive tape, paint—literally falling apart. This built-in sense of imminent collapse lends the work a genuine sense of foreboding, and, with the “one-armed bandit” that sat mysteriously on the gallery’s floor, Genzken seems to suggest that art, like life, is ultimately a gamble.

6 PETER HUJAR, “NIGHT” (MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY, NEW YORK) American audiences appear to have an insatiable appetite for looking at photographs of other Americans. This past year, New York alone saw substantial shows from noted “people watchers” such as Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, William Eggleston, Larry Clark, and Bill Owens. More provocative, though, was an exhibition of mostly never-before-seen nocturnal photographs by Peter Hujar (1934–1987). Invariably positioned somewhere between Arbus and Robert Mapplethorpe, Hujar is, for me, the more compelling (and ultimately more complicated) artist. A perfectionist who trained his lens on an imperfect world, Hujar deserves greater acknowledgment for his extraordinary vision. (I’m sure that curator Bob Nickas’s current Hujar survey at New York’s P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center will go some distance in rectifying this situation.)

7 KAY ROSEN (GRAY KAPERNEKAS GALLERY, NEW YORK) Though she has been showing for nearly thirty years Kay Rosen is constantly pegged as one of the art world’s “best kept secrets” (a sobriquet I’m not sure she would

necessarily appreciate). Someday I hope to see a space the size of Dia:Beacon filled with her sly, brainy, poetic works, but in the meantime I’ll have to make do with her recent exquisite exhibition at this small and highly promising new gallery in Chelsea.

8 ROBERT BARDO, “ANOTHER DAY” (ALEXANDER AND BONIN, NEW YORK) Seemingly effortless, as if conjured from almost nothing—a smear of paint here, a blob of paint there—Robert Bardo’s deceptively ambitious recent paintings, like all great art, encouraged me to think of other artists: such as René Daniëls, Thomas Nozkowski, Raoul de Keyser, and Mary Heilmann (whose own solo show at New York’s 303 Gallery was another 2005 gem).

9 “LOG CABIN” (ARTISTS SPACE, NEW YORK) “Log Cabin” was a wildly ambitious if occasionally unfocused group show that stood out primarily as a brave attempt, by curator Jeffrey Uslip, to stake out some original (curatorial) territory, seeking as it did—according to the press release—to “examine the impact of neoconservatism on queer representations in America.” The fact that “Log Cabin” wasn’t entirely successful in articulating this condition might be a cause for concern, but I’m convinced that as a *provocation*, the exhibition—which I’ve already heard colloquially referred to as the “Gay Show” and which featured contributions from more than thirty artists including Cass Bird, AA Bronson, K8 Hardy, Jonathan Horowitz, Monica Majoli, Dean Sameshima, Scott Treleaven, and Kelley Walker—might, with the advantage of hindsight, be considered a landmark event in years to come.

10 JONATHAN HOROWITZ, “THE NEW COMMUNISM” (GAVIN BROWN’S ENTERPRISE, NEW YORK) Horowitz’s “New Communism” succeeded in its stated aim of spreading “a light dusting of style” on the tired arena of American party politics. A new design for the Stars and Stripes; a memorial sculpture of the World Trade Center created from stacks of recycled newspapers; the artist’s ecofriendly Prius placed on a pedestal (with a SUPPORT THEIR TROOPS sticker attached); and dealer Gavin Brown’s promise to personally answer all calls to the gallery for the show’s duration combined to create some of the sassiest and most satisfying political art in recent memory. □

1. Robert Rauschenberg, *Untitled (Hoarfrost)*, 1974, solvent transfer on fabric with paper bags, fabric collage, 46½ x 36½". 2. Robert Bechtle, *Alameda Gran Torino*, 1974, oil on canvas, 48 x 69". 3. View of “PhotoFlocks (iMovies) and PhotoFictions (A to Z),” PaceWildenstein, New York, 2005. 4. Rita Ackermann, *Untitled (King Ubu series IV)*, 1996, collage on paper, 18 x 24". 5. Isa Genzken, *Bouquet*, 2004, plastic, wood, lacquer, mirror foil, and glass, 102¾ x 45¼ x 51¾". 6. Peter Hujar, *Woolworth Building*, 1976, black-and-white photograph, 14¾ x 14¾". 7. Kay Rosen, *Blurred*, 2004, colored pencil on paper, 15 x 30". 8. Robert Bardo, *daybreak*, 2004, oil on canvas, 22 x 28". 9. Cass Bird, *I Look Like My Daddy*, 2004, color photograph. From “Log Cabin.” 10. Jonathan Horowitz, *New American Flag Made in China*, 2005, nylon, 40 x 60".

Daniel Birnbaum

A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*, DANIEL BIRNBAUM IS RECTOR OF FRANKFURT'S STÄDELSCHULE AND DIRECTOR OF ITS PORTIKUS GALLERY. HE IS ALSO A COCURATOR OF "UNCERTAIN STATES OF AMERICA," CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT ASTRUP FEARNLEY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN OSLO, NORWAY.

1 RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA With a traveling retrospective hosted by three major institutions in Europe—the Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen in Rotterdam, Serpentine Gallery in London, and Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris—and a key work (made in collaboration with Philippe Parreno) at the Lyon Biennale, Tiravanija had, in a way, his biggest year yet. The artist's midcareer survey, titled "A Retrospective (Tomorrow Is Another Fine Day)," took a different form at each of its three venues. For the kickoff at the Boijmans, Tiravanija displayed no objects, just empty plywood simulacra of gallery spaces in which he has temporarily set up house. Walking through, audiences listened to sound tracks, including one scripted by science-fiction writer Bruce Sterling: "Imagine living in an art gallery. No, don't even try. That's unimaginable." A conventional exhibition would have been impossible, logic has it, since Tiravanija's "work" exists only as hearsay. "Like an insane person he builds replicas of rooms and apartments that have been in his life," Gavin Brown wrote some years ago, in what is still one of the better accounts of the artist's practice, for the catalogue *Supermarket*. So what does one take away from a Tiravanija show? Not even the rice and curry remain. "Ultimately," says Brown, "it is Rirkrit's melancholia."

2 ALBRECHT DÜRER'S MELENCOLIA I, 1514 As long as we're on the subject: In his seminal essay "Mourning and Melancholia," Sigmund Freud writes that the melancholic suffers from an oral fixation. Appropriately enough, curator Jean Clair's massive exhibition at the Galeries Nationales du Grand Palais in Paris, "Melancholy," seems to suffer from hyperphagia in its attempt to devour the entire history of Western creativity in one huge, sad bite. But who could ever complain about such luxurious overabundance? Among the myriad contemporary works is Ron Mueck's famous depressed giant, who lurks in the very last corner of the show. But it is Dürer's tiny print on the theme that makes a visit worthwhile and which raises more questions (about art, time, bodily fluids, and the occult) than an entire volume of any art magazine could cover.

3 THE LAND, 1998 If one is to praise Tiravanija, then one must praise his collaborators. Kamin Lertchaiprasert's decidedly nonmelancholic agriculture/art/architecture pro-

ject in the small village of Sanpatong in northern Thailand, created with Tiravanija, expanded this year with the completion of Swedish composer Carl Michael von Hausswolff's curious-looking building. Shaped like a star, the wooden structure is an homage to esoteric scientist Friedrich Jürgensen (who claimed to communicate with the dead via radio). Von Hausswolff plans to stage concerts in this strange auditorium with other electronic musicians, both dead and alive.

4 "MOMENTUM 5: PAUL CHAN" (BOSTON INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART) The Hong Kong-born artist's continuing cycle *1st Light* [sic] promises to be one of the major art projects of this decade. In spite of its theological overtones (the typographically playful title refers to the Rapture), there is nothing pretentious about the black silhouettes projected onto the gallery floor. All kinds of objects tumble through space: eyeglasses, human beings, even a train. Everything is falling, but where it will all end up, no one knows.

5 TRISHA DONNELLY (KÖLNISCHER KUNSTVEREIN) The ponderous illusions of solidity and the nonexistence of things are this artist's materials, someone once said to me. And I agree.

6 "BERLIN BEAUTIES" (GAGOSIAN GALLERY, BERLIN; BERLIN BIENNALE). With its titillating drawings by Dorothy Iannone, the amusing invitation to this show (which I initially considered a hoax) by itself would have warranted a spot on this list. But the exhibition being announced turned out to be a carefully organized display of works by the late Dieter Roth and two of his oldest friends—Iannone and Emmet Williams—and an auspicious beginning for the Berlin Biennale, taking place six months prior to its official opening in an uncharacteristically modest (and therefore clearly fake) "Gagosian" gallery. The legal status of this already infamous action by Maurizio & Co. is still uncertain.

7 ECHOES OF SZEEMANN I happened upon Harald Szeemann's "Visionary Belgium" at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels just a few weeks after the legendary curator's demise. All the great Belgian artists were there—

René Magritte, Marcel Broodthaers, James Ensor, and Panamarenko—to say nothing of all kinds of other mystifying things I've never heard of. The eminence's American counterpart, Walter Hopps, who also passed away this year, no doubt would have called this Szeemann's posthumous "One More Once" (after Count Basie's cueing phrase for his band to replay a passage when closing a concert). But recently, in Berlin, I stumbled on a One More Twice—another show initiated by Szeemann celebrating soccer and art in the Martin-Gropius-Bau: "*Rundlederwelten*," ("Round Leather Worlds"). Romanian artist Serge Spitzer, one of Szeemann's favorites, has a masterpiece here: A soccer ball rolls back and forth on a moving table, but somehow never falls off. It's like a Brancusi for the robotic age.

8 TOMAS SARACENO Recent interest in obsolescent media has made art using new technology less fashionable, but Saraceno's work in Paris and elsewhere in Europe provides proof that it is possible to express an original, utopian spirit if one takes advantage of technological breakthroughs. For example, the artist uses the incredibly buoyant Aerogel for his "lighter-than-air technology" that can theoretically take us beyond the clouds. Saraceno dreams of taking people—even buildings—airborne, and who can argue with that? You never know, he might just show us how to fly.

9 I'VE HEARD ABOUT . . . (A FLAT, FAT, GROWING URBAN EXPERIMENT) Published by Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris in conjunction with an exhibition on the architectural group R&Sie, this catalogue was rumored to become legible only in near-freezing temperatures. If you're bored with the cult of the obsolete (which lately seems to dominate theoretical discourse) you will be happy to participate in this flat, fat plan for a new city whose "fabrication cannot be delegated to a political power that would deny its exchange procedures and design its contours in advance." No melancholia or nostalgia here. It has finally arrived: the future.

10 MATTHEW BRANNON His posters are the wittiest and most elegant things I've come across this year. My favorite: *The Disappointed Critic*, 2004. I take it very personally. □

1. View of "Rirkrit Tiravanija: A Retrospective (Tomorrow Is Another Fine Day)," 2004–2005, Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam, 2004. 2. Albrecht Dürer, *Melencolia I (Melancholy I)*, 1514, etching, 9½ x 7½". 3. Exterior view of construction of house designed by Carl Michael von Hausswolff at The Land, Sanpatong, Thailand, 2005. 4. Paul Chan, *1st Light* [sic], 2005–, still from a color video, 14 minutes. From the series "Lights Cycle," 2005–. 5. Trisha Donnelly, *Untitled*, 2005, pencil on colored paper, 26 X 20". 6. Invitation card for "Berlin Beauties," Berlin, 2005. Illustration: Dorothy Iannone. 7. Serge Spitzer, *Global Culture, 2004–2005*, mechanized table, leather ball, 39¾ x 102¾ x 63". 8. Tomas Saraceno, *Untitled*, 2005, mixed media, dimensions variable. 9. View of "I've Heard About . . . (a flat, fat, growing urban experiment)," Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, Paris, 2005. 10. Matthew Brannon, *The Disappointed Critic*, 2004, Letterpress on paper, 24 x 18".

Jack Bankowsky

JACK BANKOWSKY IS A CRITIC AND EDITOR AT LARGE OF *ARTFORUM*.

1 RICHARD PRINCE Healthy contrariness all but dictates that the self-respecting critic pass over Prince this year—save for a higher call to rescue a bumper crop of cross-pollinating projects from a distracting (if overdue) spike in the artist’s market. Consider the sublime sellout at Gagosian Beverly Hills (scratch the surface of these Rothkoesque ciphers and discover the customized—and cashed!—checks below the oil and angst). Consider, too, the self-anthologizing miniretrospective at Barbara Gladstone in New York concurrent with the artist’s reprise of his near-mythical 1983 *Spiritual America*, featuring a very grown-up Ms. Shields shot by trashmeister Sauto D’Orazio. Consider a practice in which muscle cars are impossibly elegant post-Minimal sculptures; a tract-style house “up behind the Catskills” enters the collection of the Guggenheim; and the rumor of a library in a town house in sleepy Rensselaerville becomes a chef d’oeuvre. Now, and at peril of blowing the shape-shifter’s cover, connect the dots: A year of infrathin feints and ice-cool understatement begins to look a lot like the *gesamtkunstwerk* of our period.

2 JEFF WALL (SCHAULAGER, MÜNCHENSTEIN/BASEL; TATE MODERN, LONDON) Proclaiming Jeff Wall one of the greats of our time is a bit like nominating French food as a world-class cuisine. Still, as I boarded a plane to celebrate the opening of his two-stop retrospective, I wondered if the reputation of this longtime favorite artist would survive the full-dress occasion. The answer, on viewing the superabundant Basel hang and, a few months later, Sheena Wagstaff’s taut and temperate London view, was an unqualified yes. So what’s new? To start, the mysterious masterwork *Trần Đức Vân*, 1988. Unless my memory was playing tricks on me, two male figures at the picture’s periphery had turned into a blond woman. And what about *An Eviction*, 1988/2004, formerly *Eviction Struggle*, 1988? This early icon was literally teeming with fresh life. Pardon the hyperbole, but you have to love a guy who would work back into the *Mona Lisa* to get the smile right!

3 THE NEW WALKER When the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis named Herzog & de Meuron the architects of its recently completed expansion, I worried that the flavor-of-the-month stars would leave the museum with crumbs. But instead of overextended, a surfeit of big-deal projects

found the hugely in-demand architects not only limber but confident enough to do just—and only—what the occasion demanded. From the fancy fretwork covering the air returns to the dark brick floors nodding to Edward Larabee Barnes’s original exterior, so much of the building is genuinely witty, if not inspired—and the opening installation was a gem to match the setting. With minimonographs for key contemporaries and a drop-dead gallery of Minimalist masterworks, the dynamic duo of director Kathy Halbreich and chief curator Richard Flood hit a collaboration-capping home run.

4 SETH PRICE (“GREATER NEW YORK 2005,” P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, NEW YORK) You’ve got to hand it to those bellwether brave hearts behind “Greater New York” who dragged their butts to every loft in Williamsburg so we didn’t have to. I owe more news to their worn-out soles than I’d care to admit. The news, alas, was not always good, but one belated discovery was: Seth Price. After twenty rooms of trying to find something to love, I turned the corner on a suite of golden bomber jackets that needed no excuses. What can I say? Better late than leather.

5 BOB DYLAN, CHRONICLES VOLUME ONE (SIMON & SCHUSTER) Speaking of better. Advance page proofs squeaked this title onto pop professionals’ 2004 best-of lists, but 2005 was the year the bard’s distinctive diction and inspired malapropisms became a staple of art-party chatter and studio-visit confession. The artist as self-mythologizer is hardly new, but at a moment when the elaborated persona can seem the only adequate artistic response to our celebrity culture, the folkways of the authentically inauthentic vagabond are both muse and tonic.

6 ART FAIR ART (GALERIE KLOSTERFELDE, FRIEZE ART FAIR, LONDON) As the self-appointed apologist of the last big thing, I feel it my duty to keep the record up to date. This fall at the Frieze Art Fair, the artist duo Michael Elmgreen and Ingar Dragset staged a pair of adjacent, identically stocked booths for Berlin dealer Martin Klosterfelde, complete with twin towheads—one, by necessity, a doppelgänger. The telltale giveaway? Klosterfelde the imposter had plenty of time to chat with the critics; a sidelong glance at a passing checkbook would have made the illusion seamless. What do artists know about commerce anyway?

7 SPIRITUAL AMERICAN (WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, NEW YORK) Does it require a rocket scientist to visit the vaults of our most august institutions and offer up a hang that beats a day-sale preview at Philips? Recent data suggest as much. Whatever the case, curator Donna de Salvo’s second-floor installation of the Whitney’s permanent collection did the museum proud. De Salvo pulled it off with a couple of inspired moves—bridging two galleries with a Carl Andre floor piece; bathing Richard Prince’s rephotographed prepubescent Brooke Shields in the Times Square glow of a 1977 Dan Flavin—and a disciplined instinct for how much is just enough. Bonus points: sneaking in a nifty Ad Reinhardt diagram spoofing anxiety and influence in the age of American artistic triumphalism—and this in the curator’s first show in her new post at the Whitney Museum of *American Art*.

8 ANTHONY BURDIN (MACCARONE INC., NEW YORK) I know, I know. I’ve been thumping the pulpit for this artist all year, but, at the risk of suffocating the demonic demiurge with my critical affections, I have to say that Burdin’s brand new video, *Dual Vision Dope Mix/Restoration Editing Project*, 2005, quite simply—pun intended—rocked. For this piece, Burdin brought his squalid road show to a Whole Foods parking lot. Note to Yve-Alain Bois and Rosalind Krauss: Charge up your PCs; the last—and best—chapter of the *Informe* remains to be written.

9 PAUL MCCARTHY (HAUS DER KUNST, MUNICH; WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY, LONDON) My dad’s creepier than your dad, but no one’s dad tops Anthony Burdin’s. I am talking, of course, about Paul McCarthy, Burdin’s artistic precursor and one-time mentor, whose fetid patrimony was honored this year in a maniacally unhinged two-stop survey. The exhibition debuted a three-ring swashbuckler, “Caribbean Pirates,” improbably made with McCarthy’s real-life son Damon (yikes!); but then nervous laughter has always been the fitting response to this artist’s paeon to derelict daddies from the White House to the North Pole. “Santa Claus is coming to town . . .”

10 REENA SPAULINGS Move over, Marian; bag it, Babs. As the new first lady of the gallery world, Reena rules! And “she” writes pretty good too. □

1. Richard Prince, *Untitled (check painting) #11, 1999–2004*, acrylic on canvas, 60 x 58". 2a. Jeff Wall, *Trần Đức Vân, 1988*, transparency in light box, 114¼ x 90¼". 2b. Jeff Wall, *Trần Đức Vân, 1988/2003*, transparency in light box, 113¼ x 89¾". 3. *View of the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN, 2004*. 4. Seth Price, *24-7 What Should I Wear Today, 2005*, high-impact polystyrene, 51 x 36". 5. Andy Warhol and Bob Dylan at The Factory, New York, 1966. Photo: Nat Finkelstein. 6. *View of Galerie Klosterfelde double booth at the Frieze Art Fair, London, 2005*. Photo: Brian Sholis. 8. Anthony Burdin, *Scum Guitar Track/Anthony's Revenge Satellite Clone Concert, 2005*, still from a color video installation accompanying performance. Photo: Brian Sholis. 9. Paul McCarthy and Damon McCarthy, *Pirate Party (detail), 2005*, still from a four-channel color video installation, 1 hour 32 minutes. 10. *Exterior view of Reena Spaulings Fine Arts, New York, 2004*. On view: "Robert Smithson." PHOTO (BANKOWSKY): TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

TOPTEN 2006

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TOP TEN



Paola Pivi

Paola Pivi recently moved from London to the Italian Alps, where she is preparing for solo shows at Galerie Emmanuel Perrotin in Miami and Paris this spring.

1 ALEKSANDRA MIR, *LIVING AND LOVING NOS. 1, 2, AND 3, 2002/2004/2006* Commissioned by Polly Staple, Mir's and Staple's series of illustrated biographies represent the language of art at its best. A tale of an art-school security guard, *The Biography of Donald Cappy* (No. 1) was followed by *The Biography of Zoe Stillpass* (No. 2), in which a girl's life is narrated by her parents, the collectors Andy and Karen Stillpass. No. 3, Mir says, tells the life story of a young art student from Tennessee. His move to New York will coincide with the book's launch at White Columns in June. What a way to arrive.

2 JARED DIAMOND, *GUNS, GERMS, AND STEEL, W.W. NORTON COMPANY, 1997* Subtitled (in the British edition) *A Short History of Everybody for the Last 13,000 Years*, this book won the Pulitzer Prize in 1998; *now* it should be distributed in primary schools. It explores the question, Why do whites have most of the power? openly, without prejudice, through analysis that remarkably avoids cultural burdens.

3 DIEGO PERRONE, *TOTÒ NUDO E LA FUSIONE DELLA CAMPANA* (TOTÒ NAKED AND THE CASTING OF THE BELL) The works in this show, curated by Francesco Bonami and presented early last year at Turin's Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, were incredibly sad and dramatic, but the quality of the art made the exhibition happy and vital. The main piece was a weird, strangely realistic digital animation representing Totò (the famous Italian comedian of the mid-twentieth century) getting naked in the woods and doing a *capriola*, or somersault. I adore the combination of art and comedians—they are closer to one another than we think.

4 ELMGREEN & DRAGSET, *SAME SAME BUT DIFFERENT, 2005* What kind of piece is better to produce after other artists than one about doubling? (Elmgreen & Dragset's homage could be to Maurizio Cattelan's copy of Carsten Höller's show at an adjacent gallery in Paris in 1997, for instance.) At the 2005 Frieze Art Fair the impish duo created a double of their gallery's booth just next door, even commissioning double paintings from Matthew Antezzo. A dead ringer for the gallerist Martin Klosterfelde manned the facsimile space, speaking with a German accent and wearing a wig (which was for sale) made from Martin's real hair. Klosterfelde noted that many people didn't even notice there were two identical booths. One collector purchased a work from the real Martin, then, returning the next day

to pay, tried to hand the money to a completely clueless fake Martin.

5 ANDREAS SLOMINSKI, *WO SIND DIE SKIER? (WHERE ARE THE SKIS?), 2000* Slominski makes many fantastic pieces using skis. In his 2000 solo show at Jablonka Galerie in Cologne he showed two ski pieces, each asking the same basic question. In the first, two tiled roofs support long gutters that descend toward the floor, and must, we assume, hold the skis. The other is made of three large neon letters, *f, j, and j*, with two skis clearly visible behind the transparent surfaces of the two letter *Js*. Slominski's jokes are always sly; when they involve skis, they're out-and-out slippery.

6 JAPANATHER, "CLAUDIA'S SYMPTOMS" A standout on the album *Dump the Body in Rikki Lake* (Menlo Park Recordings, 2003), this song is my favorite by Japanther, a New York-based band whose music conveys what I would call springing life.

7 MAURIZIO PECORARO An Italian designer who works with materials in a very smiling way, decorating a blouse with gemstones made from chiffon, for instance. In his clothes, the woman is always a playful princess and never a constricted slave, always-respected as a thinking human being.

8 AMAL DORAI, "TIME TRAVELER CONVENTION" In a courtyard at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at 10 PM on May 7, 2005, MIT student Amal Dorai held the "first and only Time Traveler Convention at MIT." As he observed on his website (<http://web.mit.edu/adorai/timetraveler/>): "Technically, you would only need one time traveler convention. Time

travelers from all eras could meet at a specific place at a specific time, and they could make as many repeat visits

as they wanted." Amal got his idea from *Cat and Girl*, a comic strip that noted how sometimes you come across a group of people wearing such bizarre clothes you could be at a time travelers' gathering. While no actual time travelers visited (as far as Amal could tell), it's possible that any who tried couldn't get in—the event drew an overflow crowd of students. I e-mailed with Amal after the fact and was surprised to find him sounding skeptical about time travel. Perhaps a time traveler would only bother to visit a believer.

9 GELITIN, *LES INNOCENTS AUX PIEDS SALES (THE INNOCENTS WITH DIRTY FEET)* Performance is my favorite form of art because it is both sculptural and alive. This performance, at Galerie Emmanuel Perrotin in Paris last February, was also absolutely hilarious. The four-man Austrian collective—wearing their version of French court dresses, wigs, and makeup—turned their upside-down bodies into popping bottles of champagne and their most intimate body parts into lottery-ticket repositories. (The prize for those whose names were drawn was

to be guillotined on stage.) A violinist and cellist accompanied from behind the audience, enveloping them in the act and seeming a bit shocked. It was very, very *Parisienne*.

10 IDITAROD, THE LAST GREAT RACE A sled-dog race held every March in Alaska, the Iditarod crosses rural territory and frozen ocean from Anchorage to Nome on a trail more than one thousand miles long. Last year I followed the event and discovered that it isn't a sport; it's a way of life, complete with an elaborate code of ethics. Just one of the race's rules: If a musher comes across an angry moose and needs to kill it (moose can be deadly), he or she must stop racing and gut the animal, while any approaching musher must stop and wait until the gutting is done. □

Clockwise from top: Japanther performing at Tonic, New York, 2004. View of the annual Iditarod, Alaska, 2005. View of the motorized couch in action as part of the "Time Traveler Convention," Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA, 2005. Diego Perrone, *Totò Nudo (Totò Naked)*, 2005, still from a color video, 4 minutes 30 seconds.

Matt Keegan

Matt Keegan recently arranged two exhibitions and a series of events titled "Etc." at Andrew Kreps Gallery in New York. The third issue of *North Drive Press*, an annual collection of printed material and art multiples that he edits with Sara Greenberger Rafferty, will be released in May. Keegan's work is currently featured in "Shape Shifters" at China Art Objects Galleries in Los Angeles and will be shown in "Supports," opening this month at Roger Björkholmen Galleri in Stockholm.

1 A FIA BACKSTRÖM PRODUCTION Since 2003 Fia Backström has created exhibitions as artworks (and vice versa), with every part of the show—from the invitation card to the installation—designed to make viewers aware of their own viewing. The "productions" (six in Backström's own home) have lasted anywhere from one night to one month, exploring a range of topics from socialism to being blonde. Most recently, "Herd Instinct 360°," a series of gatherings at Andrew Kreps Gallery, drew connections between Warhol's Factory and religious and corporate cults.

2 CHAMPION FINE ART Run by artist Drew Heitzler and dancer Flora Wiegmann, the recently closed Champion Fine Art had two locations (first in Brooklyn, then in Los Angeles) and hosted twenty-one artist-curated exhibitions, each accompanied by a catalogue published by the curator in an edition of one hundred. With participants including Josh Smith, Carol Bove, and Walead Beshty, the series had quite an impressive run. If you missed out, stay tuned for *Zero*, a book documenting the project (scheduled to appear later this year), and for Champion's next incarnation—a bar in Los Angeles.

3 ROBOT, IN PERSON, SOAP_LAND RECORDS Artists John Miller and Takuji Kogo (as the band Robot) are currently working on this CD, which features bizarre (though surprisingly listenable) songs based on personals taken from Lavalife and other dating services that sell the chance to find your soul mate—by age, income, sexual preference, and hobbies. Some of the subjects have modest needs, like the gentleman who wants "a girl who can play bass guitar. Well, OK, I just want a girl. Bass guitar, you can learn it really easy." Pop at its best.

4 HURRAY, NICOLE KLAGSBRUN GALLERY For their show at Nicole Klagsbrun, Hurray—a band composed of artists who recently began to

make artworks together—presented film and audio recordings of their performance at Oliver Kamm 5BE Gallery. The installation required visitors to start the two tracks manually on separate machines. In addition, due to the type of film used, the projection showed only a dark room with flickering lights. The inevitable disjunction between auditory and visual showed that such artworks can sometimes be out of sync with reality, opening up new spaces for what may be considered a successful archival record.

5 BAS JAN ADER, ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES Organized by Jay Sanders for PERFORMA05, this screening of Bas Jan Ader's films—including *I'm Too Sad to Tell You* (1971) and *Fall II, Amsterdam* (1970)—offered a rare opportunity to see the artist's familiar stills in moving form. The program also featured Rene Daalder's documentary on the artist, titled *Here Is Always Somewhere Else* (2005), which made me see the importance of archiving one's peers and lovers and, of course, oneself.

6 ADAM PUTNAM'S "PASSING TIME" LECTURES Adam Putnam, with help from Tracy Williams, Ltd., recently organized this informal lecture series, featuring presentations by him and other artists. Some gave traditional talks, like Jesse Bransford, who spoke on the construction of memory; others opted for a looser interpretation of the format, like Lorenzo de los Angeles III, who presented a mind-boggling light show. The series resulted in a collector-worthy publication on each presentation and additional talks in institutions as far afield as Oslo.

7 NEW DOCUMENTS Leslie Hewitt eschews high production values to develop a more economic approach to imagemaking, taking pictures of photographs, books, magazines, and pieces of paper arranged on wood or carpeted floors. The results capture both the casualness of a snapshot and the formal construction of a sculpture. Hewitt seems part of a more general trend of photographers,

including Shannon Ebner, Michael Queenland, and Eileen Quinlan, who make pictures that contain a sense of intimacy though they have the power and presence of something more monumental.

8 JOAN DIDION, THE YEAR OF MAGICAL THINKING, KNOPF, 2005 Published this past fall, Joan Didion's *Year of Magical Thinking* offers a personal investigation of death and mourning in an incredibly generous and honest manner. Using structural and linguistic repetition and quotations from other literary sources (like portions of an etiquette manual outlining "proper" approaches to mourning), Didion has written a reflection on the very possibility of communicating loss through words.

9 DOWNTOWN FOR DEMOCRACY If the idea of grassroots action in New York seems idealistic (if not impossible) to you, then consider Downtown for Democracy. Already known for its successful fund-raising events for the Kerry campaign in 2004, D4D is shifting its focus from the national to the local with a "Take Back New York" campaign. D4D writes that "just as the current Right Wing Revolution began at the local level in the Texas of the 1970s, so America's next progressive resurgence will begin right here in New York."

10 TEACHING Another grassroots action: This past semester, I taught a basic drawing class at Columbia University. The students, mainly freshmen, possessed neither a vast understanding of materials nor a storehouse of art-historical knowledge, which pushed them to solve problems in a more immediate manner, making impressive works in original ways. To witness their progress was truly humbling. □

From top: View of "Herd Instinct 360°," Andrew Kreps Gallery, New York, 2005. Bas Jan Ader, *Broken Fall (Geometric)*, 1971, still from a black-and-white film in 16 mm, 1 minute 54 seconds. © Bas Jan Ader Estate. Leslie Hewitt, *riffs on real time (6 of 10)*, 2002–2005, color photograph, 24 x 30". From the series "riffs on real time," 2002–2005. Matt Keegan's Columbia University art class, New York, 2005.

Brendan Fowler

Last October Brendan Fowler, known as BARR in his spoken performance project, played at The Kitchen and released an album on SRC titled *Beyond Reinforced Jewel Case*, which he is currently promoting on a tour across the United States and Canada. He also edits, with Ed Templeton and Aaron Rose, the art magazine *ANPQuarterly*, and in July will curate and participate in a group show and performance series at David Kordansky Gallery in Los Angeles. PHOTO: ED TEMPLETON

1 LUCKY DRAGONS Under the name Lucky Dragons, Luke Fischbeck creates ecstatic music that completely transcends genres. My attempts to describe what his music actually *sounds* like always fall short of the magic he is making. I guess you could say it sounds like—ecstatic magic. Challenging stereotypes that electronic music is cold and sterile, Fischbeck's live show, though conducted via computers, is a truly great celebration of the human spirit, giving real hope for the techno-future our society is racing toward.

2 LIVE FILMING FOR WYNNE GREENWOOD AND K8 HARDY'S NEW REPORT: MORNING EDITION, 2005, REENA SPAULINGS FINE ART So there we were, a "live studio audience," watching Greenwood and Hardy film a "live and breaking news broadcast" with cameras strapped to their bodies and aimed at their genitals and breasts. Playing anchors Henry Stein-Acker-Hill and Henry Irigaray, respectively, they spent forty-five minutes stepping over each other's lines, reiterating and remixing what amounted to about four or five statements. I have been consistently impressed by both artists' work, but that afternoon I found myself crying actual tears of joy as I watched them redefine the possibilities of language in art by totally tapping into never-enacted patterns of verbiage.

3 CHRIS JOHANSON Chris Johanson has been showing overtly political, genuinely provocative, and incredibly generous sculptures, installations, and narrative and conceptual paintings for about ten years. It was largely his influence that drew me into the art world, and he is basically my hero to this day.

4 OOGA BOOGA AND ANYTHING STORES Wendy Yao's Ooga Booga is the go-to store in Los Angeles's Chinatown for artists, collectors, and curators looking for the most exciting books, records, clothing, ephemera, and art editions of any given moment. Located in Manhattan's Chinatown, Aaron Bondaroff's new shop aNYthing can be considered the

East Coast equivalent. The two camps are converging spiritually as we speak and the rainbow connecting them will help guide the disaffected "now generation" in middle America to the coasts.

5 DREAMLAND ARTIST CLUB What began in 2003 as artist Steve Powers's personal project to repaint every dilapidated sign in Coney Island became an ongoing and ever-growing group effort called the Dreamland Artist Club when Creative Time joined him the following year. Handpainted signage is a dying art in this country and the decorated surfaces in Coney would have been replaced by new machine-fabricated signs if this crew hadn't called on a diverse cast of artists, making it possible to toss dimes under the work of Toland Grinnell or gaze at a Rita Ackermann mural while riding the Wonder Wheel. With new artists each summer, the project is continually exciting and invigorating, just like summers should be.

6 EMILY ROYSDON With Ulrike Müller, Ginger Brooks Takahashi, and K8 Hardy, Emily Roysdon edits the queer, feminist journal *LTTR*. On her own she is a radical and inspiring conceptual artist. Her most recent project, "Strategic Form," 2006, is a series of stunning photographs of an endurance-based performance in which her close associates were positioned in shaky pyramid formations that mirrored the hierarchical structures of both traditional patriarchies and revolutionary cells.

7 KATHY GRAYSON, DEITCH PROJECTS GALLERY DIRECTOR As convenient as it might seem for an artist to praise a gallery director, I honestly have no ulterior motives in acknowledging the impressive efforts of Kathy Grayson, who has organized many exciting shows and projects with young artists like Dash Snow, Ry Fyan, Jim Drain, Ara Peterson, and Matt Leines—while still in her mid-twenties herself. Grayson has only championed three stinkers to date, and even *they* are doing incredibly well, much thanks due to her initial pushes.

8 OLIVER PAYNE AND NICK RELPH, COMMA, PREGNANT PAUSE, 2004 I finally had the chance to see this extraordinary work, which was commissioned by the 2004–2005 Carnegie International, when it was shown this past summer at China Art Objects Galleries in Los Angeles. Featuring humanoid cell phones, a Jar Jar Binks character, and a range of references from Edvard Munch to Pokémon, this video successfully portrayed the chaos of my generation's pop-cultural life through a contemporary art lens and affirmed for me that these two are making some of the most engaging art around about growing up in today's Western world.

9 KRISTIN BAKER, "FALL OUT," ACME, LOS ANGELES Long before I began working in text and performance, I considered painting psychologically challenging pictures of deconstructed cars. Baker makes paintings similar to what I had envisioned but, with a brilliant palette and sensibility for texture and composition, hers are much more exciting than I could have ever hoped for my own.

10 THE SMELL For the past eight years, the Smell—an all-ages alternative venue in downtown Los Angeles—has played home base to the city's beyond-thriving, young, experimental art and music scenes. It has hosted all the great out of towners as well: Xiu Xiu, Deerhoof, Japanther, Lightning Bolt, Animal Collective (and countless other bands that we can all agree on), have stopped by for a night or four. We are in an amazing cultural moment, and the Smell is LA's loud affirmation that underground music still saves lives. □

From top: Emily Roysdon, *Strategic Form (1 of 12)*, 2006, color photograph, 27 x 27". From the series "Strategic Form," 2006. Chris Johanson, *Untitled*, 2001, ink on paper, 8 x 10". Kathy Grayson, Terrence Koh, and Dash Snow at the opening of "Live Through This," celebrating the publication of the book *Live Through This: New York in the Year 2005*, Newton Building, Miami, 2005. Photo: Hikari Yokoyama. Oliver Payne and Nick Relph, *Comma, Pregnant Pause*, 2004, still from a color video, 27 minutes.

Olivia Plender

Olivia Plender is a London-based artist and coeditor of *Untitled* magazine. Her work was recently featured in “Le Voyage Intérieur: Paris-London” at Espace EDF Electra in Paris and currently appears in the Tate Triennial at Tate Britain in London. She has been short-listed for the Beck’s Futures 2006 award, and her book, *A Stellar Key to the Summerland*, will be published by Book Works later this year.

1 NICK LAESSING’S “FREE ENERGY” RESEARCH Berlin- and London-based artist Nick Laessing is currently searching for that holy grail of science: the perpetual motion machine. The quest has led him to Switzerland (where a religious cult claimed success), to scientific conferences, and finally to his own studio—where he constructed a model on an existing patent. Chronically underfunded, research into free energy is the preserve of autodidacts and scientists on the margins, recalling the ideological endeavors of “cranks” like Buckminster Fuller and nineteenth-century amateur scientists, who made significant discoveries (like electricity) before the scientific community closed ranks against outsiders.

2 KLAUS WEBER, UNFOLDING CUL-DE-SAC, 2004 I saw this wry work, a wooden hut on a large patch of Tarmac, at London’s Cubitt gallery in 2004. The shed housed research material about an unlikely tool for subversion called the “sidewalk mushroom”—an edible fungus strong enough to grow through concrete, as proved by this exhibition, which saw a new crop push through the rock-solid Tarmac daily.

3 EL BASILISCO, BUENOS AIRES Last year I participated in this remarkable residency program, established just after the economic crisis in Argentina by three exceptional artists: Esteban Alvarez, Cristina Schiavi, and Tamara Stuby. Though small in scale and located in Alvarez’s and Stuby’s unfashionable suburb Avellaneda, El Basilisco has had an impact worldwide as a successful artist-run space functioning outside established channels.

4 PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED In the 1960s Öyvind Fahlström envisaged a network through which artworks could be made and bought inexpensively as multiples, much like records or comics. The Publish and Be Damned fair in London—started two years ago by curators Kit Hammonds and Emily Pethick, and now run by Sarah McCrory—

would make Fahlström proud. Providing a means to exchange independently produced material, the fair has featured everything from Pablo Bronstein’s photocopied reprint of Horace Walpole’s *Castle of Otranto* to records from the label Difficult Fun.

5 MONITOR Many important British film directors—like John Schlesinger, Karel Reisz, and the notorious Ken Russell—started their careers making documentaries for *Monitor*, the BBC’s original arts program that ran through the mid-’60s. Russell pushed the boundaries of the documentary form with his biopics of artists, writers, and composers—including *The Debussy Film* (1965), about a director making a film on the French Impressionist composer.

6 I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW), 1967 This film, made with its companion, *I Am Curious (Blue)* (1968), by Swedish director Vilgot Sjöman, combines real interviews, newsreel footage, and fantasy sequences to form a reflexive work that, like Russell’s BBC films, switches between documentary and fiction. The young heroine Lena divides her time between sexual experimentation and political fact-finding, interviewing people on the streets of Stockholm about class, gender, and the validity of nonviolent protest. The narrative frame, however, is frequently shattered when we see the “real” Lena along with director and crew.

7 KIBBO KIFT FOUNDATION The Kibbo Kift was a youth movement—*cum*—British cult started by an artist named John Hargrave—a onetime Boy Scout Commissioner who found Scouts leader Robert Baden-Powell too right-wing. In the 1920s the troupe elevated camping to a spiritual activity involving elaborate costumes—one part futurist to two parts Robin Hood—and even had an exhibition at London’s Whitechapel Gallery. After evolving into a paramilitary group (the Green Shirts) and a political party in the 1930s, however, the movement’s popularity dwindled and the

group dissolved. Established by Hargrave in 1977, the foundation preserves the extensive regalia and documentation from this (sometimes unpalatable) episode in British history.

8 WWW.SOCIETYOFCONTROL.COM Stephan Dillemath’s great website contains detailed information on his projects, essays, and collaborations, including a large photographic archive from his research into many nineteenth- and early twentieth-century living experiments, like Germany’s New Age *Lebensreform* movement, the long-lasting utopian Oneida Community in the United States, and the Monte Verità commune in Switzerland.

9 THE WATTS CHAPEL, COMPTON, SURREY, UK Towering on a hill above a cemetery in the English countryside, this peculiar, cylindrical red-brick chapel, completed in 1904, is a strange relic from the Victorian age. Designed by amateur architect Mary Watts, wife of the Symbolist painter George Frederic Watts, it is an unusual mix of Arts and Crafts, Celtic, and Romanesque styles, with an interior completely covered in handpainted murals that border on the psychedelic.

10 SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN Modern Spiritualism started in 1848 in the United States, but spread to British shores shortly afterward. Because many early Spiritualists were from Quaker backgrounds, the movement, which focuses on contacting the dead, aligned itself with Protestant nonconformism and social causes like the cooperative movement and antislavery. At SAGB services today (6:00 PM every Sunday in London’s Belgrave Square), you can have your own session with a Spiritualist medium—most likely to hear your dead grandmother tell you it’s time to buy new curtains. □

From top: A gathering of the Kibbo Kift tribes near High Wycombe, UK, ca. 1922. Jan Adriaans, *Lifted*, 2005. Installation view, El Basilisco, Buenos Aires. Vilgot Sjöman, *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, 1967, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 121 minutes. Lena Nyman. Klaus Weber, *Unfolding Cul-De-Sac*, 2004. Installation view, Cubitt, London. Archival image from www.societyofcontrol.com.



Friedrich Kunath

Friedrich Kunath lives and works in Cologne. His solo exhibition “I Have Always Been Here Before” opened in March at Blum & Poe in Los Angeles. His work may also be seen in New York at Andrea Rosen Gallery and in Cologne at BQ, where his next show is planned for January 2007.

1 ANDREW KERR This Glaswegian artist previously made sculptures that, in their crudity and rawness, clearly displayed the process of their own creation (and the artist’s intensive search for the meaning behind them). Recently, however, Kerr has turned to painting, even while maintaining his artistic approach: His canvases, like his sculptures, follow no consistent praxis, seeming instead to be made for the sake of learning and of working through the fear of making. This is the major struggle, I believe, of most artists, and here results in something truly fantastic: a real painting.

2 SILVER JEWS After fourteen years making music, the Silver Jews, led by poet-singer David Berman, went on tour for the first time, starting on March 10 at the 40 Watt Club in Athens, GA. I had never previously been in an audience that was as nervous as the band performing, but our worries were unwarranted—what transpired was the most heartfelt concert I have ever seen. When David’s wife, Cassie, in a song about addiction, mused, “If it gets really, really bad / if it ever gets really, really bad,” and he responded, “Let’s not kid ourselves / it gets really, really bad,” we realized that their call-and-responses would be the first we could all relate to.

3 ANDREAS SCHULZE, ICH KAUFE NICHTS (I BUY NOTHING), 2004 This painting—depicting objects arranged on a flea-market table to spell out the words of its own title—was the only one in Schulze’s 2004 exhibition at Galerie Sprüth Magers in Cologne. Large, glowing, floor-lamp sculptures made with colorful fabrics stood like spectators in front of the picture, shedding light on the artist’s statement, which, in a commercial-gallery context, seemed blunt and antagonistic. Eventually donated by Schulze to Cologne’s Museum Ludwig, the work followed a course appropriate to its message.

4 THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY (1995) This has to be one of the saddest movies of all

time; thinking about it now leaves me speechless and numb.

5 HIGHLAND GARDENS HOTEL, LOS ANGELES Nestled in the Hollywood Hills, this cozy and charmingly aged hotel feels like your home away from home. Old, worn-out brown carpets, faded paint on the roofs, lush gardens, and en suite kitchens comfortably take you back to 1969, when you could have spied Joni Mitchell beating David Crosby at Ping-Pong by the pool. To quote David Berman again, “It was like I caught Hollywood sleeping / sleep without the dream.”

6 MARCEL BROODTHAERS, INTERVIEW WITH A CAT In 1970, in his roving conceptual museum, then located in a basement in Düsseldorf, Broodthaers interviewed a cat about such esoteric topics as visual and market trends in contemporary art. Thirty-three years later, I went to an animal shelter to take home my own feline, whom I now know as Harald.

7 WILLIAM N. COPLEY, PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DEALER Published in German by Walther König in 1998, this book is a romantic account of earlier days in art dealing. It tells the story of a layman (Copley) opening a gallery in Beverly Hills in 1947, driven by genuine curiosity and a steady will. During the six-month life of his project, Copley made only two sales. Success is perhaps relative, however: “The great thing about having a gallery is living in rooms with pictures,” Copley explains. “Pictures go through the skin by osmosis. Eyes have nothing to do with it.” Such power is easy to imagine, since his space featured a lineup—Max Ernst, René Magritte, Joseph Cornell—that today seems unreal.

8 GEORGE BRECHT, “EVENTS: A HETEROSPECTIVE” I must have visited this gift of a show, at Cologne’s Museum Ludwig, at least four times. It is rare to enter an exhibition with little expectation and immediately

realize you are seeing something of historical importance. Throughout his career, Brecht has introduced many incredible innovations that, for another artist, would suffice for a life’s work. Most significant is his ability to leave his works open to chance, resulting here in an exhibition space that appeared cluttered, though the show’s conceptual foundation remained intact. The exhibition in every way faithfully reflected the artist’s attitude toward his own work; the highly detailed catalogue likewise reflected the exhibition.

9 JOHN PHILLIPS, JOHN, THE WOLF KING OF L.A., 1970 After having fronted the Mamas and the Papas throughout the ’60s, Phillips released his first solo record, a concept album based loosely on the wild Malibu/Topanga Canyon scene of the time. These country-tinged tunes, often crafted like short stories set to music, have a beachy feel that stays with you long after the record ends. Permeating the music is a feeling of dissipation and lassitude, a melancholy that suggests the musician foresaw his imminent decline.

10 WALTHER KÖNIG BOOK-SHOP, COLOGNE Given the book industry’s waning under the pressures of mass-media culture, I have to again acknowledge Walther König, whose store—which holds a matchless stock of publications on art, architecture, photography, and the like—continues to be a necessary stop for visitors to Cologne. For me, as an artist living in Cologne, it’s even more than a store—it’s my daily library. An ever-changing supply of words and images, König’s shop is like school without the obligations, with shelves bearing the weight of centuries of labor by artists and intellectuals. □

From top: Andreas Schulze, *Ich Kaufe Nichts (I Buy Nothing)*, 2004, acrylic on canvas, diptych, each panel 78 3/4 x 86 3/4". Friedrich Kunath’s cat, Harald, Cologne, 2005. John Phillips, *John, the Wolfking of L.A.*, (Dunhill, 1970). Clint Eastwood, *Bridges of Madison County*, 1995, still from a color film in 35 mm, 135 minutes. Robert Kincaid (Clint Eastwood). *The Silver Jews performing at the 40 Watt Club, Athens, GA, March 10, 2006.* Photo: Brian Farinas.

Monsieur Chat

Monsieur Chat—known in the US as, simply, (C)—is a French graffitist and founder of the artists' collective CHAT (Harmonious Community of Taciturn Artists). Since 1997, the group has painted its signature yellow cat on buildings throughout Europe and more recently New York, garnering coverage in numerous publications, including *Libération* and *Le Monde*. The phenomenon is the subject of French filmmaker Chris Marker's 2004 documentary, *Chats Perchés* (The Case of the Grinning Cat), which received its US premiere at New York's Tribeca Film Festival in April and will open across the country this fall.

1 FRENCH POST-GRAFFITI Personally, I don't really enjoy conventional art spaces. Gallerists tend to treat their artists as novelties at best, so I prefer art in the form of traces of human activity that I find while walking the streets. People have long used urban surfaces as canvases, but today's post-graffitists—most notably the French artists I single out here—utilize stencils, stickers, and other graphic modes to expand the nature of tagging. Culture shouldn't be a matter of education or abstract concepts—I appreciate the simple things.

2 CHRIS MARKER It seems appropriate that I mention Chris Marker, since he has made me his latest subject. But also because the inspiration goes both ways—I've been a fan of Marker's ever since I saw the 1962 classic *La Jetée*, his film about a man haunted by a violent image from his childhood (which turns out to be a prophetic vision of his own death), not to mention Terry Gilliam's *12 Monkeys* (1995), a postapocalyptic reimagining of Marker's movie.

3 KOURTRAJMIÉ This collective—founded in 1995 by directors Kim Chapiron and Romain Gavras—of some 130 young Parisian filmmakers and artists has recently put out a self-titled DVD compilation of short films. The group's collaborative efforts have led to some impressive exposure for its members, including Chapiron, whose debut feature, a horror flick titled *Sheitan*, was produced by Kourtrajmié and was shown in this year's Tribeca Film Festival.

4 SPACE INVADER The most well-known and most original of France's post-graffiti artists is probably Space Invader. He revolutionized street art with one basic tactic: He zeros in on the characters from the cult video game that inspired his alias and translates their pixels into tiled mosaics. Since 1998 he has unleashed approximately two thousand of these bitmapped

creatures across thirty-four cities around the world, and has hit everything from the Hollywood sign to the Julong public pier in Hong Kong.

5 ALÉXONE A French-born, Brussels-based graffitist, illustrator, and artist, Aléxone has an inimitable style that is always full of humor, whether he is working on city walls or on canvases. In addition to his letter-based tags—created under the name Oedipe and looking like the work of well-known abstract painters—Aléxone makes murals of comically grotesque humans and animals engaging in such bizarre activities as fighting jam-packed in a wrestling ring or riding what look like inflatable horses.

6 IN SITU: UN PANORAMA DE L'ART URBAIN DE 1975 À NOS JOURS Edited by Stéphanie Lemoine and Julien Terral (and having yet to appear in English), *In Situ* provides a history of the Parisian street-art scene. The book discusses the different techniques and locations taggers have used over the past few decades and features individual sections on the most infamous offenders. Interspersed throughout are nearly two hundred pictures, as well as interviews with gallery owners, heads of subway security, and thirty-five artists—including me—making the book a comprehensive sociological study of a group that usually works best undercover.

7 KRSN AND AKROE These two artists often work together, but each has his own style: KRSN creates characters that are ironic, minimal, and rendered primarily in muted colors. Akroe, on the other hand, prefers bright, psychedelic forms, as you can see in his latest works—large, aluminum cones (meant to represent the jet spray from a paint can) covered in colorful spirals, each sculpture rotating like a barbershop pole. In May the duo released a book, *Liltrip Polychrome*, which comprises forty-eight postcards

of paintings they made while traveling throughout Europe.

8 BIRDY NAM NAM This crew of turntablists (Crazy B, DJ Pone, DJ Need, and Little Mike) won "Best Team" at the DMC World DJ Championships in 2002, but didn't release its first album, which is self-titled, until last October. The music brings back the jazzy sound of early hip-hop, though it far surpasses anything that's come before. Made using only vinyl records, turntables, and a multi-track recorder, the songs prove the group's technical prowess.

9 GALERIJA 10M² With a ground floor measuring just 2.7 by 2.7 meters and an even smaller mezzanine, this art space in Sarajevo poses a real constraint to the artists asked to exhibit in it. The shows focus on newcomers from the Balkan region, but have also featured artists—French photographer Luc Delahaye and Danish performance artist Uwe Max Jensen, to name a couple—from other parts of the world. The openings are pretty laid-back, but always draw a motley mix of people, including the occasional diplomat or ambassador.

10 WALL Since it opened in Orléans in 2003, this space has hosted fifteen exhibitions, featuring work by, among others, Aléxone, KRSN, and Akroe. The gallery staff—a collective of sorts—also puts out *Update*, a free magazine distributed by hand. Of particular note is the "free-style" section in which artists showcase their latest works. That, and the music pages in which a lot of great bands from independent labels are introduced, keeps readers totally updated. □

From top: View of "Happy New Year," 2005–2006, Galerija 10m², Sarajevo. Photo: Pierre Courtin. Kim Chapiron, Paris, 2005. Aléxone's painting *Saint ma clou*, 2005, shown on a rooftop in Paris, 2006. Akroe, *Jet-Ballet*, 2006. Installation view, Wall, Orléans. Photo: Akroe. A mosaic by Space Invader, Paris, 2006. Photo: Denis Gradel.

Matias Faldbakken

Matias Faldbakken is an Oslo-based artist and author who often writes under the pseudonym Abu Rasul. This month, his play, *Cold Product*, will be published under his own name by Kagge Forlag, and he will participate in the Norwegian Sculpture Biennial at Oslo's Vigeland Museum. His work will also be included in the forty-seventh installment of the October Salon, an annual exhibition of international art in Belgrade. PHOTO: MARTE GARMANN JOHNSEN

1 BENJAMIN PÉRET INSULTING A PRIEST I don't know much about the circumstances surrounding this image, which appeared in *La Révolution surréaliste* in 1926. But as a photo-document and a caption, it embodies most of what I find interesting in art production—or in anything else, for that matter. First, there's the action that produces the image, not vice versa. There's insult; there's fun. There's antagonism toward authority and resorting to violence or mockery. There's self-defense and the suggestion of revenge—sweet, sweet revenge.

2 MEL BOCHNER, MINIMAL ART—THE MOVIE, 1966 To negate the spectacular is a well-known artistic impulse, but to spectacularize negation is something else altogether. And this small text piece by Bochner does just that. Names from the most money-driven cultural industry (Hollywood) are listed on notebook paper alongside the stars of Bochner's own ambitious scene (Minimalism), serving as the cast list for a hypothetical film. The work establishes a comedic bridge between these two extremes of the spectacular and defines the rules for much art production to come.

3 TORCH ENLIGHTENMENT Before his death in 1993, Øystein Aarseth (Euronymous in the "black metal" band Mayhem) had planned to switch from electric to torchlights in Helvete (Hell), his record shop in Oslo. A good idea, but it was actually lifted from Stine Westad, aka Nød (Need). In the late '80s, Westad held regular meetings in her basement, distributing her self-published zine, *Sorg* (Sorrow), and selling her DIY T-shirts. She served moonshine, covered everything in black trash bags, and lit the dank cellar with, you guessed it—torches. A great way to enlighten a dark scene.

4 BENTLEY CONTINENTAL R Advertisements typically seek to elide that sense of when accumulating and spending money surpasses being just a goal, becoming squandering

and unethical instead. But it's always funny when a business throws its hands up to say, "What the hell," and just tells it like it is. Since the idea of pure capital has that glow of the unethical, a company that unapologetically makes unrestrained spending its selling point becomes almost subversive. Take the 1992 slogan for the Bentley Continental R: "Two cars for the price of four."

5 EMORY DOUGLAS In the late '60s, Emory Douglas—minister of culture in the Black Panther Party and graphic designer of the *Black Panther* newspaper—began to print drawings of pigs with the badge numbers of certain corrupt cops. He later dressed the swine in full uniforms and stood them up on their back hooves. Douglas claims that these images spawned the "pig" epithet, which eventually led to the police force's attempt to reappropriate the name as a self-congratulatory acronym: PIG (Pride, Integrity, Guts).

6 HEARTS OF DARKNESS: A FILMMAKER'S APOCALYPSE This 1991 documentary about the making of *Apocalypse Now* is the perfect film to watch when feeling overwhelmed by one's own cultural drudgery. In the middle of the Philippine jungle, Francis Ford Coppola navigated a set of disasters: an incomplete script; a spent budget; a typhoon; Martin Sheen's heart condition; Marlon Brando's near ignorance of the script (despite his million-dollar-a-week price tag); and Dennis Hopper wasted on, well, probably everything.

7 MICHAELA MEISE, UNTITLED (STAR CHILD), 2004 I saw this work in Johann König's booth at LISTE 04 in Basel and thought: If you want to interrogate pop-cultural icons and clichés and reinvestigate the twentieth-century infatuation with form, then this might be the way to do it. A purple minimalist sculpture with a photograph of KISS's Paul Stanley painting his trademark star around his eye, it illustrates the arithmetic equation:

old x old = new. And, by singling out "shock rock" and Minimalism (both forward thinking for their times), it also illustrates Ad Reinhardt's notion that artists define themselves negatively against their predecessors.

8 A SEASON IN HELL One of my favorite texts, Arthur Rimbaud's *Season in Hell* is currently being made into a film by Finnish filmmaker Matti Räsänen. Judging from the script and the snippets of raw footage I've seen, Räsänen has taken extraordinary liberties in his interpretation. Picture Werner Herzog's *Aguirre, The Wrath of God* as a splatter movie set in Helsinki, with those little monkeys in the last scene replaced by bearded sixty-year-old alcoholics.

9 LARS HERTERVIG (1830–1902) While not well known outside Norway, Lars Hertervig's contribution to painting is considerable. Having been stricken with mental illness while studying in Düsseldorf, Hertervig returned to his native Stavanger region in 1865 and lived in poverty for the remainder of his life. Although he could no longer afford oil and canvas, Hertervig painted with watercolors on wrapping paper, tobacco paper, and pieces of cloth, demonstrating his particular brand of "subjective" landscape painting with a weird religious/hallucinatory style that anticipated Surrealism.

10 COLIN POWELL'S "HOME RUN" On October 16, 2003, a grinning Colin Powell, then United States secretary of state, adopts a baseball stance following a unanimous approval of a policy on the rebuilding of Iraq. The photograph brings it all together: power, politics, violence, and entertainment. Hard facts. But even harder when the players pitch fiction. □

From top: Drawing by Emory Douglas published on the back page of the *Black Panther* (February 2, 1969). Courtesy the Center for the Study of Political Graphics. Illustration from *La Révolution surréaliste #8* (December 1926). Lars Hertervig, *Waldsee, 1865*, oil on canvas, 18 1/2 x 25 1/4". Colin Powell outside the State Department, Washington, DC, October 16, 2003. Photo: AP/Steven J. Boitano.

Aleksandra Mir

Last December, Polish-born Swedish national Aleksandra Mir moved to Palermo, Italy, from New York, where she had lived and worked since 1989, to study Sicilian cooking, printing methods, and stained glass traditions. This month, *Artforum* asked Mir to share a selection of her findings in a special Top Ten based on her experiences on the island.

1 BIKER CHICKS Couples on scooters and motorbikes make up a significant part of Sicilian traffic, the girl typically sitting behind her boyfriend, romantically clutching his waist. But a young Palermitana is just as likely to ride her own set of wheels. Lean, outstretched arms and the sensual forward tilt of a woman's pelvis arching over a heavy motorcycle in acceleration make for a physical embodiment of power and grace that eclipses all feminist theory.

2 CAPONATA This antipasto is a staple of Sicilian cuisine. After sampling it throughout Palermo, my assistant, Daniela Lo Re, and I ultimately named the one served at the Trattoria del Bersagliere the best, hands down. The smoky taste of eggplant gently mingles with the flavors of onions, tomatoes, capers, and other fresh ingredients, which combine to form a firm, burgundy-green mush that is just so right. A crew of rowdy local men often occupies the front of the restaurant, so to avoid being disturbed while we gorge ourselves on this fine delicacy, we opt for the least desirable table—the one in the back by the toilets.

3 ALBERTO BURRI, CRETTO, 1985–89 In 1968 an earthquake shook the idyllic village of Gibellina, burying four hundred citizens under rubble and leaving ten thousand homeless. In 1985, proto-*arte povera* artist Alberto Burri, commissioned to build a memorial for the site, poured concrete over the nearly twenty-acre footprint of the village, covering the streets and building up five-foot slabs over the ruined quarters between. This new, neutral-colored landscape serves as both a solemn memorial and a playful labyrinth for visitors to fill with the echo of new laughter.

4 A RIVER UNDER THE FLOOR When Francesco de Marco and Vincenzo Spatola transformed their ground-floor squat into the Laboratorio Stalkernoiser—a studio for electronic music, video art, cybernetics, electro-

mechanical installations, and parties—they discovered a river flowing underneath the concrete floor. Studying old maps of the neighborhood, the city center of Vucciria, they identified the stream of water as the Papireto, which represented the outer city limit of Palermo when it was founded. Now covered with a sheet of glass and lit dramatically, the rushing water becomes a hypnotic feature with the ability to stop night revelers in their tracks.

5 LETTERPRESS The brothers who run the Tipografia Fradella Paolo di Angelo Scalia print shop in Palermo produce business cards and letterhead with thickly embossed text by manually assembling lead fonts designed in the 1940s and pressing each sheet of paper on a century-old Heidelberg press. Although computers now play an equal part in their business, the brothers are the third and probably last generation of their family still committed to the printed word as Gutenberg originally conceived it.

6 ENHANCED FRESCOES The 1906 frescoes in the dining room of the Palermo palazzo owned by the Planeta family of winemakers depict decorative subjects—flower garlands, cherubs, girls on clouds—in the Sicilian Liberty Style. It is more the strange rubbery form adhered to the ceiling, though, that provokes inquiry. Daughter Chiara Planeta once explained that it is actually a ball of a sticky plasticine marketed as “Pongo” that she and her brother tossed up there around 1975. Since no one has ever bothered to get it down, it is now, like the frescoes, a unique family heirloom.

7 LABORATORIO SACCARDI This brat pack of young artists—Marco Barone, Giuseppe Borgia, Vincenzo Profeta, and Tothi Folisi, all born in the late '70s—works collectively under the name Laboratorio Saccardi. A prolific group, they quickly churn out volumes of hilarious faux-naïve paintings with one-liners commenting on local folklore of all sorts—the church, the mob, even their own parents. They have also painted

five ironic interpretations of Picasso's *Guernica*, in case anybody has forgotten what *that's* all about.

8 TUNA LIBERATION FRONT The ancient Mediterranean culture of *tonmaras* (tuna fisheries) and the *mattanza* (the ritualized massacre of tuna) spawned its own intricate system of social organization and performance involving singing and prayer. By the 1980s, the Japanese had begun to station their tankers off the Sicilian coast, outbuying even the Sicilians themselves. Some see the cropping up of trendy sushi bars in Palermo as a way to question the assumed Japanese-ness of sushi and as a round-about way for Sicilians to reclaim their own tuna. Palermo's Tuna Liberation Front, a loose-knit group of friends, furthers the cause by organizing homemade sushi dinner parties and planning a Miss Tuna competition. Stay tuna'd.

9 WORLDLY POSSESSIONS One Saturday afternoon, I took the bus down via Libertà for some luxury window-shopping and, just outside the Chanel store, I spotted a nun my age crossing the street carrying a Frette bag. What else does she have that I don't?

10 FAMILIAR NAMES Capo d'Orlando, a charming seaside resort in Sicily, has been claimed at different points by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Saracens. According to legend, the name was given by Charlemagne in honor of his paladin, Orlando (Roland). Today, however, the invasion of frolicking tourists is more in line with the other Orlando—Orlando, Florida, the home of Disney World. And located an hour away in a dreary suburb of Bagheria, a small toy shop named Disneylandino is just the best proof ever of culture's endless mutability. □

From top: A 1906 fresco by atelier Gregoriotti, Palazzo Planeta, Palermo, Italy, 2006. Laboratorio Saccardi, *Super Dio*, 2005, acrylic on canvas, 11 1/4 x 7". Disneylandino shop, near Bagheria, Italy. Photo: Aleksandra Mir. Mural of the *mattanza* in La Playa restaurant, Favignana, Italy, 2006. Alberto Burri, *Cretto*, 1985–89, Gibellina, Italy. Photo: Monique Prieto.



Fia Backström

Fia Backström is a New York-based artist whose work has recently been included in “Bring the War Home” at Elizabeth Dee Gallery in New York and “Minotaur Blood” at Fortescue Avenue in London. She will participate in the exhibition “Looking Back,” opening this month at New York's White Columns, and in the winter will contribute to the “United Nations Plaza” seminar program in Berlin. She has had texts published in *Pacemaker* and *North Drive Press*.

1 A TRAFFIC LIGHT—bright green, yellow, and red; a confusing go-wait-stop message—was the logo for Karl Holmqvist's understated installation at Stockholm's Marabouparken last spring. In his most recent book, *I on a Lion in Zion*, “cut-up” text (à la Gysin and Burroughs) is layered on a black-and-white Op-art pattern. A flimsy pavilion made from the book's pages housed televisions that transmitted the artist reading the text in his drowsy monotone. Graphics and words interacted in unexpected ways. Why not? One of his works, a wine-bottle label, reads: GIVE POETRY A TRY!

2 THE COCA-COLA RED in Sister Corita Kent's 1967 serigraph *things go better with* serves as a background for activist quotations and for the work's title—a once-ubiquitous slogan of the beverage corporation. Between the early '50s and the mid-'80s, Kent was a nun, an activist, and a print artist working with appropriated language and imagery, selling her art cheap, en masse. Her work has been left primarily outside of the commercial-gallery world. A new book by artist Julie Ault titled *Come Alive! The Spirited Art of Sister Corita* focuses on Kent's work from the '60s.

3 THE CHEAP GRAY needle-punch carpeting used in many art fairs is used in countless ways—hanging shapelessly ceiling-to-floor; highlighting administrative structures—in the interiors designed by Uglycute for various cultural institutions. This Stockholm-based group turns the concept of good taste upside-down through its exhibitions, workshops, and magazine, *Katsenjammer*.

4 PROPAGANDA RED-AND-BLACK sets the type in artist Julieta Aranda's newspaper publications. *Popular Geometry*, done in collaboration with Anton Vidokle, is an ongoing, accruing collection of reprinted texts about the public sculpture of each area in which it has been released (Istanbul; Limerick, Ireland; Mexico City; Ljubljana, Slovenia)—a distributable kind of site-specificity. Aranda is currently collecting

printing-press errors from copies of this and other papers, pointing at temporary ruptures in the chain of distribution where the failed mass-reproduced can generate value as unique one-offs.

5 THE BLUE-AND-WHITE Nivea logo was absent from “*Ultra Peau: un voyage sensoriel*” at Paris's Palais de Tokyo last spring. But a smell reminiscent of the skin cream hit the olfactory membranes as one entered the show, which was conceived by the company. An exhibition design that clumsily revealed its own construction and a slideshow—part art project, part documentary on Nivea's working conditions—showed both an understanding of the site's relational-aesthetics traditions and a self-reflective critical mode. A good start for the corporation-as-artist, shifting territory of activity around for all.

6 A PUTATIVE RED BRIGADES member wrote, under the pen name “Giorgio,” *Memoirs of an Italian Terrorist*, a book that removes a lot of the mystique and glamour surrounding his profession by recounting the daily chores of a serious terrorist. The sadness of a lost social life, the endless monotonous research and detailed preparations, and the vacuous feeling produced when one's cause feeds into the hands of an adversary are conveyed in a brutally honest voice that hides identity behind a mask of words.

7 THE ROTUND WHITE Moomintrolls in Tove Jansson's children's story *The Book About Moomin, Mymble and Little My* inhabit one of the most melancholic worlds in literature. Richly saturated drawings, handwritten text, and die-cut pages all contribute to the exhilaratingly psychedelic quest to recover Little My, a creature who is not all that cute, nor particularly sweet. The lonely, wild characters comprise an anarchic society in all its complexity.

8 THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT is in its advanced stages in the 1973 sci-fi movie *Soylent Green*. Set in 2022, the film features a detective who sweats

his way profusely through his investigation of Soylent, the government-rationed food substance used to feed the ever-growing population. Scenes of mass protests with civilians in Prada-like uniforms and of euthanasia clinics that show stock footage of the long-forgotten natural world to clients on their deathbeds lend to the film's morbidly efficient, corporate interpretation of recycling.

9 THE TRUE COLORS of Microsoft are shown in Bill Gates's autobiography, *The Road Ahead*. Gates's software empire began, in part, with insights he made while observing the battle between Beta and VHS formats—best quality lost to best business strategy. He went on to appropriate Apple's use of windows for its operating system, creating his own version: Windows. Gates focused on manipulating the digital interfaces in all our faces, recognizing that formats—Coca-Cola red, screen ratio, letter size—shape our use of the world and are never a given.

10 KODAK YELLOW appeared in many of the gorgeous dye-transfer prints in Christopher Williams's show at David Zwirner Gallery in New York last spring. Repeated visual elements and mug shots of outdated products, like an Eastern European version of a Hasselblad, the first camera on the moon, inspired semantic slippages that worked the minds of meaning-hungry viewers. For this exhibition, the Hasselblad's signature square format was realized only when one of Williams's rectangular images was cropped for an ad in this square magazine—*Artforum*. □

From top: Advertisement for Christopher Williams's exhibition “For Example: Dix-Huit Leçons Sur La Société Industrielle (Revision 4)” at David Zwirner Gallery, *Artforum* (January 2006). Richard Fleischer, *Soylent Green*, 1973, still from a color film in 35 mm, 97 minutes. Detective Robert Thorn (Charlton Heston). Front page of Julieta Aranda and Anton Vidokle's *Popular Geometry*, “Mexico City Edition” (2004). Illustration from Tove Jansson's *Hur gick det sen? Boken om Mymblan, Mumintrölet och Lilla My* (Then What Happened? The Book About Moomin, Mymble and Little My) (1952). Sister Corita Kent, *things go better with*, 1967, silk screen on paper, 23 x 35". © Corita Art Center, Immaculate Heart Community.



John Waters

Amy Taubin

A DATE WITH JOHN WATERS (NEW LINE RECORDS) WILL BE RELEASED ON VALENTINE'S DAY 2007.

A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF FILM COMMENT AND SIGHT & SOUND, AMY TAUBIN IS THE AUTHOR OF TAXI DRIVER (BFI, 2000).

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1 *United 93* (Paul Greengrass) The best movie in the last five years. No cheap shots in this one! I have friends who would watch a snuff film, yet they refuse to see this great action picture—I don't get why.

2 *Jackass Number Two* (Jeff Tremaine) Playing on more than three thousand screens, *Jackass 2* was the number-one-grossing movie in America on its opening weekend—and the male stars eat shit and drink horse semen for real. They're nude a lot, too. If this isn't cultural terrorism, I don't know what is.

3 *The Last King of Scotland* (Kevin Macdonald) Forest Whitaker tops the performance of Joseph Olita in 1981's *Rise and Fall of Idi Amin*, one of my all-time favorite trash masterpieces.

4 *Shortbus* (John Cameron Mitchell) When was the last time the star of a film rimmed someone, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and walked away with his dignity? A touching, lovely movie that I hope gets turned into a Broadway musical.

5 *The Departed* (Martin Scorsese) The best-acted film of the year from America's coolest director. The final shot is beyond perfection.

2. Jeff Tremaine, *Jackass Number Two*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 95 minutes. Johnny Knoxville. 4. John Cameron Mitchell, *Shortbus*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 101 minutes. Sophia (Sook-Yin Lee). 7. Spike Lee, *Inside Man*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 129 minutes. From left: Steve (Carlos Andrés Gómez), Stevie (Kim Director), and Dalton Russell (Clive Owen). 8. Bobcat Goldthwait, *Sleeping Dogs Lie*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 87 minutes. Amy (Melinda Page Hamilton) and Ed (Colby French). 9. Matthew Porterfield, *Hamilton*, 2006, color film in 16 mm, 65 minutes. Production still. Kelly (Jasmine Bazinet-Phillips).

6 *Sherrybaby* (Laurie Collyer) Maggie Gyllenhaal plays an ex-convict drug addict (the kind I see in Baltimore every day), and the film is so depressing and great that I wish I could see it with an all-female prison audience.

7 *Inside Man* (Spike Lee) Handsome bank-robbing outfits—so chic, so scary, so fashionably conformist.

8 *Sleeping Dogs Lie* (Bobcat Goldthwait) A feminist tale of a girl who once blew her dog and mistakenly tells her boyfriend. Now *there's* a high-concept romantic comedy.

9 *Hamilton* (Matthew Porterfield) A tiny, minimalist art film from Baltimore that made it to New York and is astonishing in its simple beauty, amazing performances, and hypnotic pace. The real thing.

10 *Marie Antoinette* (Sofia Coppola) Sofia Coppola is Karen Kilimnik!

1 *Army of Shadows* (Jean-Pierre Melville) Made in 1968 but never before released in the United States, this austere, tragic thriller about a French Resistance cell is Melville's masterpiece.

2 *Southland Tales* (Richard Kelly) A sprawling piece of pop surrealism about the End Days in Los Angeles, unfurled with tenderness and pizzazz by the director of *Donnie Darko*, it may never again be seen in the two-and-a-half-hour version shown at Cannes.

3 *Inland Empire* (David Lynch) If Richard Kelly finds his brand of surrealism surfing the digiscape, David Lynch burrows deep into the rabbit hole of his own unconscious for a similarly hallucinatory but darker and dirtier vision of Hollywood hell.

4 *When the Levees Broke* (Spike Lee) Subtitled *A Requiem in Four Acts*, Lee's Hurricane Katrina documentary is at once epic and intimate, analytic and emotive. Made for HBO and already released on DVD, it deserves to be seen on the big screen.

5 *Shoot the Messenger* (Ngozi Onwurah) The collaboration of three black, British talents—director Onwurah, writer Sharon Foster, and actor David Oyelowo—pays off in a fearless, flamboyantly theatrical social satire about black identity and self-hatred.

6 *Old Joy* (Kelly Reichardt) A fragile, exquisitely detailed journey-into-nature film about what we've lost.

1. Jean-Pierre Melville, *Army of Shadows*, 1968, still from a color film in 35 mm, 145 minutes. Philippe Gerbier (Lino Ventura) and Commander of the Camp (Alain Mottet). 2. Richard Kelly, *Southland Tales*, 2006, color film in 35 mm, 160 minutes. Production still. Krysta Now (Sarah Michelle Gellar) and Boxer Santaros (Dwayne Johnson). 5. Ngozi Onwurah, *Shoot the Messenger*, 2006, still from a color video, 90 minutes. Joseph Pascale (David Oyelowo). 6. Kelly Reichardt, *Old Joy*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm transferred from digital video, 76 minutes. 7. Bong Joon-ho, *The Host*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 119 minutes. From left: Park Hie-bong (Byeon Hie-bong), Park Kang-du (Song Kang-ho), and Park Nam-il (Park Hae-il).

7 *The Host* (Bong Joon-ho) Anti-American allegories abound in Korea's biggest box-office and critical success. A giant, people-eating, mutant tadpole wreaks havoc in Seoul's working-class (read: expendable) neighborhoods.

8 *Ideas of Order in Cinque Terre* (Ken Kobland; 2005) and *Liberté et Patrie* (Jean-Luc Godard and Anne-Marie Miéville; 2002) Two ravishingly beautiful short films shot and distributed digitally, both of which made their New York debuts this year (at the Tribeca and New York film festivals, respectively).

9 *Mutual Recognition* (Andrew Bujalski) Bujalski's second feature is as precisely tuned to the speech, manners, and mores of his post-BA, middle-class peers as was his 2002 debut, *Funny Ha Ha*.

10 *Fast Food Nation* (Richard Linklater) Adapted from Eric Schlosser's investigative best seller, this is the most confrontational, populist, politically necessary American fiction film of the year.

JAMES QUANDT, SENIOR PROGRAMMER AT CINEMATHEQUE ONTARIO IN TORONTO, CO-ORGANIZED THE RETROSPECTIVE OF ROBERTO ROSSELLINI'S FILMS CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK.

James Quandt

Barbara London

BARBARA LONDON IS ASSOCIATE CURATOR IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MEDIA AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK.



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2. Apichatpong Weerasethakul, *Syndromes and a Century*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 105 minutes. Dentist Ple (Arkanae Cherkam) and Sakda (Sakda Kaewbuadee). 3. Jia Zhang-ke, *Still Life*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm transferred from digital video, 108 minutes. Shen Hong (Zhao Tao). 4. Tacita Dean, *Kodak*, 2006, still from a black-and-white and color film in 16 mm, 44 minutes. 8. Tsai Ming-liang, *I Don't Want to Sleep Alone*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 115 minutes. Rawang (Norman Atun) and Hsiao-Kang (Lee Kang-shong). 10. Matthias Müller and Christoph Girardet, *Kristall*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 15 minutes.

1 *Colossal Youth* (Pedro Costa)

An *arte povera* epic, the final film in Costa's "Vanda" trilogy portrays the abandoned inhabitants of Lisbon's suburban slums, achieving grandeur with minimal means.

2 *Syndromes and a Century* (Apichatpong Weerasethakul) Another serene enigma from the master of Thai tales of transmutation. The film's title, combining the somatic and the temporal, reflects the director's twin preoccupations.

3 *Still Life* (Jia Zhang-ke) Jia, poet of displacement in the new China, returns to the tone of his early feature *Xiao Wu* (The Pickpocket, 1997) in this melancholy portrait of two people searching for a past that has been washed away.

4 *Kodak* (Tacita Dean) Dean's meta-lament about the imminent demise of her medium shows just what we'll miss when celluloid cedes to digital: images so precise, sumptuous, and palpable, they already look like relics of irretrievable beauty.

5 *Army of Shadows* (Jean-Pierre Melville; 1968) Melville's clenched existential thriller about the French Resistance, finally released in North America, treats torture and stoicism with the same steely detachment.

6 *Bamako* (Abderrahmane Sissako) Sissako goes Gore one better with a Brechtian lecture about the impoverishment of Africa by neoliberal economic policies. The proportion of polemics to poetry may be too high for some, but Sissako's screed is full of grace notes, delicate observation, plangent pageantry.

7 *Magic Mirror* (Manoel de Oliveira) Richer and funnier, if less concise, than de Oliveira's current critical hit *Belle toujours*, this study in spiritual pride features an obtuse heroine who could be sister to Buñuel's Viridiana in her misplaced piety.

8 *I Don't Want to Sleep Alone* (Tsai Ming-liang) Back on home ground, both literally (the film is set in Malaysia, where the Taiwanese director was born) and figuratively (romantic longing and loss in an urban landscape of choking smoke and fetid water). *The Raft of the Medusa*—on-a-mattress ending is either meretricious or a knockout.

9 *Woman on the Beach* (Hong Sang-soo) Less complex than many of Hong's twice-told tales of male callowness and self-absorption, but the Korean director's sense of social abasement has never been sharper.

10 *Kristall* (Matthias Müller and Christoph Girardet) This Lacanian nightmare montage from classic cinema images of mirrors shattered, cracked, or smashed may not have the haunting power of Warren Sonbert's 1966 *Hall of Mirrors*, but its anxious-making melodrama gives every looking glass a glistening potential for terror.



8

1 *Tekkō kinkreet* (Michael Arias; Studio 4°C) In this feature-length anime, a raven ominously soars across Tokyo's vast skies before diving down to saunter along the streets of a ramshackle old neighborhood, where good and evil mesmerizingly play out to the tune of progress.

2 *The Road to Mount Weather* (Cliff Evans; Location One, New York) With a pinch of Hieronymus Bosch and another of William S. Burroughs, Evans's three-channel video installation brilliantly portrays twenty-first-century phobias in this up-to-the-minute version of purgatory.

3 *Digital Video Effect: "Editions"* (Seth Price) Sampling his own limited-edition media work, which is itself composed of snippets of images grabbed from the Web and from other artists' videos, Price wittily questions the meaning of originality and collectibility in a "modestly" priced, roiling ten-minute video that should last through the ages.



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4 *8 BIT* (Marcin Ramocki and Justin Strawhand) A first feature that is part rockumentary, part art exposé, and part culture-critical investigation, *8 BIT* cleverly ties together 1980s phenomena of the demo scene, chip-tune music, and artists using "machinima" and modified computer games.

5 *The Music of Regret* (Laurie Simmons) Derring-do by a veteran artist perhaps best known for her uncanny photographs of dolls, *The Music of Regret* brings Simmons's characters to life in an unforgettable three-act minimusical.

6 *No Snow on the Broken Bridge* (Yang Fudong; Marian Goodman Gallery, New York) Hovering between classical Chinese brush-and-ink painting and Shanghai cinema of the '20s, Fudong's enveloping eight-screen landscape, populated by angst-ridden youth, springs eternal.

1. Michael Arias, *Tekkō kinkreet*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 110 minutes. 3. Seth Price, *Digital Video Effect: "Editions,"* 2006, still from a color video, 10 minutes. 4. Marcin Ramocki and Justin Strawhand, *8 BIT*, 2006, still from a black-and-white and color video, 86 minutes. Cory Arcangel. 5. Laurie Simmons, *The Music of Regret*, 2005–2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 40 minutes. 8. Michel Gondry, *The Science of Sleep*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 105 minutes. Stéphane (Gael García Bernal) and Stéphanie (Charlotte Gainsbourg).

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9 *Shan Pipe Band Learns the Star Spangled Banner* (Bani Abidi; Singapore Biennale) In Abidi's two-channel video, a Lahore, Pakistan-based brass pipe band tries—through agonizingly diligent practice—to master the American national anthem, which they play in a jarring final performance while dressed in wool tartan uniforms under a sweltering sun.

10 *Remembering Arthur* (Martin Lavut) Subject matter triumphs in this feature-length documentary on the brilliantly original Canadian experimental filmmaker Arthur Lipsett, who has long deserved recognition for his innovations.

JONATHAN ROMNEY IS A FILM CRITIC FOR THE *INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY* AND A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *SIGHT & SOUND*.

Jonathan Romney

MATMOS IS DREW DANIEL AND M. C. SCHMIDT. THEY MAKE ELECTRONIC MUSIC AND LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE SCHMIDT TEACHES VIDEO ART AT THE SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE. THEIR MOST RECENT RECORDING, *THE ROSE HAS TEETH IN THE MOUTH OF A BEAST*, WAS RELEASED IN 2006 BY MATADOR RECORDS.

Matmos

1. Nuri Bilge Ceylan, *Climates*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm transferred from digital video, 97 minutes. Isa (Nuri Bilge Ceylan).
 3. Paolo Sorrentino, *The Family Friend*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 110 minutes. Geremia (Giacomo Rizzo).
 5. Martin Scorsese, *The Departed*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 152 minutes. Frank Costello (Jack Nicholson) and Billy Costigan (Leonardo DiCaprio).
 6. Sofia Coppola, *Marie Antoinette*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 123 minutes. Marie Antoinette (Kirsten Dunst).
 7. Guillermo del Toro, *Pan's Labyrinth*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 112 minutes. Ofelia (Ivanna Baquero) and Pale Man (Doug Jones).

2. Alex Vivian, aka Always, 2006. Photo: Jack Mannix.
 3. Brightblack Morning Light, northern California, 2006. Photo: Thomas Campbell.
 4. Emperor performing at the Key Club, Los Angeles, 2006. Photo: Jose Marquez.
 6. Janine Rostron, aka Planningtorock, Berlin, 2006. Photo: Tina Winkhaus.

1 *Climates* (Nuri Bilge Ceylan) A tender, painful, scabrously witty account of separation, especially discomfiting as it stars the director and his wife. High-definition photography provides a pitiless scrutiny of faces and landscapes alike.

2 *Les Signes* (Eugène Green) At thirty minutes, this vignette about a missing fisherman is a marvel of suggestive concision: a parable of perception that's as close as cinema comes to a Mallarmé sonnet.

3 *The Family Friend* (Paolo Sorrentino) Part farce, part Jacobean drama, this tale of provincial Italian lowlife is a fireworks display of formal invention: After the Zen-like chic of *The Consequences of Love* (2004), Sorrentino recasts himself as a punk Fellini.

4 *Sehnsucht* (Valeska Grisebach) Minor-key cinema par excellence, this sensitive treatment of a mundane theme—a small-town love triangle—achieves a Flaubertian complexity.

5 *The Departed* (Martin Scorsese) Scorsese lets his hair down at last: a brisk, boisterously cynical cops-and-robbers movie that crackles with lapidary invective.

6 *Marie Antoinette* (Sofia Coppola) Uneven, precious, a wallow in sumptuous vacancy? Coppola's costume folly may be all of these, yet it's also an affecting, melancholic exploration of the inside of a gilded bubble. Ophüls for shopaholic youth.

7 *Pan's Labyrinth* (Guillermo del Toro) A dazzlingly risky undertaking: Tolkienesque whimsy embedded in the brutal reality of Fascist Spain. Anything but a children's film.

8 *It's Winter* (Rafi Pitts) Swaggering malcontent arrives in small town, causes trouble, romances widow, meets his just deserts: the nearest Iranian cinema comes to a Jim Thompson thriller.

9 *Gardens in Autumn* (Otar Iosseliani) A rambling satirical frieze of folly, political power, and the call of the dolce vita, from the veteran Georgian provocateur.

10 *Colossal Youth* (Pedro Costa) The militantly uncompromising Portuguese director composes a stylized, ferociously austere essay on people and architecture, with a visual style seemingly etched in charcoal and chalk.

1 Scott Walker, *The Drift* (4AD) Harsh, aesthetically conservative times call for strong medicine, and Walker's ghostly, epic return to the studio offers a thick and sticky ichor indeed. Demanding and "untimely" in the best possible way.

2 Always, *Cruising and Gross Bodily Odour* (Chapter Music) This Australian one-man band's percussive chanting (with delay effects) on fun topics like bear pride and toilet sex will get you off in a hurry.

3 Brightblack Morning Light, *Brightblack Morning Light* (Matador Records) A psychedelic riverside tepee that binds together solid planks of harmony singing, Rhodes piano lines, and shuffling drums. Dreamy and drop-dead funky, this is great American music.

4 Comebacks This was the year in which we saw Nurse with Wound in San Francisco, Emperor in Los Angeles, and Os Mutantes in Chicago, living legends of noise, black metal, and psych, respectively. Each of them played with total conviction and fearsome stamina.

5 Kurt Weisman, *More Is More* (Mad Monk Records) Weisman's solo seven-inch is a portable vortex of helium-voiced psych-folk laced with deeply disorienting electronic editing. Super fucked up and great.

6 Planningtorock, *Have It All* (Chicks on Speed) Boasting Brecht/Weill-esque arrangements largely built from her multi-tracked voice, Janine Rostron's songs are gravelly, brave, and sparse yet huge in a way that could call up a Laurie Anderson/Jennifer Herrema mind meld—except that she is doing her own thing.

7 Wasteland, *All Versus All* (Transparent) Frosty sheets of digital noise stretched taut across a fathoms-deep dubstep skeleton—this is face-melting, industrial-strength sound design from London's DJ Scud and New York's I-Sound. The cure for timid electronic music.

8 The Creel Pone reissue label Pieter Christophssen and Keith Fullerton Whitman's cottage industry rereleases ultraobscure musique concrète and electronic oddities from the '60s in teensy handmade editions. This Wunderkammer of bygone freak-outs awaits the curious.

9 YouTube YouTube sidled up and ruined all productive activity forever by making it possible to snack endlessly on analog-synth demonstration videos, that James Brown/Prince/MJ '80s superjam footage, last night's Deerhoof show, you name it.

10 Zeena Parkins, *Necklace* (Tzadik) Long associated with howling distortion on her trademark electric harp, Parkins offers a pair of poised, ravishing string quartets and new pieces for acoustic harp, demonstrating her considerable compositional firepower.

Christina Kubisch

CHRISTINA KUBISCH, AN ARTIST WORKING WITH SOUND AND LIGHT, HAS EXHIBITED RECENTLY AT THE KITCHEN, NEW YORK; IKON GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM, UK; AND IN THE SOUND FOREST FESTIVAL IN RIGA, LATVIA. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

1 **Eliane Radigue, *Naldjorlank*** The first entirely acoustic composition by the pioneer of electroacoustic music, whose work explores the sonorities of the cello in complex and surprising ways. This piece was created in collaboration with Charles Curtis, who also performed it at Berlin's Interface festival.

2 **Maryanne Amacher, *Gravity—Music for Sound Joined Rooms Series*** A ninety-minute installation in the form of a "sound screening" made for the tower of a former baroque church in the center of Berlin (now Singuhr-Hörgalerie in Parochial, a gallery for sound art), whose architecture allows for fascinating acoustic choreography.

3 **Keiji Haino, performance at Sound Forest festival, Riga, Latvia** It took Haino three hours to complete his sound check, but it was worth the wait: His long gray hair and theatrical vitality make his performances a treat for the ears and the eyes.

4 **Sons of God, *Swedenborg*, Stockholm New Music Festival, Sweden** Leif Elggren and Kent Tankred, aka Sons of God, filled a former factory space with the noise of clashing metal plates in a tense two-hour performance inspired by Emanuel Swedenborg's 1758 theological treatise, *Heaven and Hell*.

5 **Steve Roden, *Lines & Spaces*** Two self-released, one-sided LPs that can be listened to individually or simultaneously. Roden's musical compositions, guided by simple concepts and made with basic materials, are equal in quality to his painting and sculpture, in which he combines the conceptual and the intuitive.

6 **Folke Rabe and Jan Bark, *Argh!* (Kning Disk)** A retrospective of the Swedish artists and musicians' pioneering work from the early 1960s to the present. Their music effortlessly combines the electroacoustic and the all-out trashy.

7 **John Cage, *18 Microtonal Ragas: Solo 58*, performed by Amelia Cuni and musicians at Festival März Musik, Berlin** The first performances of all eighteen ragas from Cage's *Song Books*, 1970. Amelia Cuni, an Italian-born singer trained in India, fused the operation of chance with classical Indian composition structures in a highly complex performance integrating voice, electronics, and instrumentation.

8 **Jonathan Coleclough & Murmer, *Husk* (Integrated Circuit Records)** Are they artificial or natural? Analog or digital? Coleclough's recordings of the natural environment are masterfully produced, evoking mysterious abandoned buildings or walks through a forest at dusk.

9 **Shinji Aoyama, *Eli, Eli, Lema Sabachthani?* (My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?), 2005**, still from a color film in 35 mm, 11.7 minutes. Hana (Aoi Miyazaki).

10 **Marc Behrens and Paulo Raposo, *Hades* (AND/OAR)** Behrens draws on his background in product design to create compositions that are far removed from Frankfurt's click-'n'-cut aesthetic—his second collaboration with Paulo Raposo is based on recordings made on ferries and on harbor quays.

WENDY FONAROW IS A LOS ANGELES-BASED ANTHROPOLOGIST SPECIALIZING IN LIVE MUSIC PERFORMANCE. SHE IS THE AUTHOR OF *EMPIRE OF DIRT: THE AESTHETICS AND RITUALS OF BRITISH INDIE MUSIC* (WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2006).

Wendy Fonarow

1 **Peter, Bjorn, and John, *Writer's Block* (Wichita Recordings)** "Young Folks" is the feel-good hit of the year. Listening to it brings the same thrill as dancing with your friends without a care in the world. Their sweet style recalls Belle & Sebastian at their very best.

2 **Arctic Monkeys, *Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not* (Domino Records)** Every ten years or so, England produces a band that unites the nation. Arctic Monkeys articulately portray the gritty underbelly of a city center with the manic energy of a piss-up. On "Fake Tales of San Francisco," Alex Turner sings in a vernacular dialect with such a love of language that you want to feel the words in your mouth. Chant along with the rest of us.

3 **The Blood Arm, *Lie Lover Lie* (City Rockers)** One of my friends described this album as the *Blonde on Blonde* of contemporary alternative pop music, and I agree. Nathaniel Fregoso's lyrics are detailed personal snapshots of small moments and hidden desires. The Blood Arm's bold garage sound demands your attention. This album captures the real Los Angeles sound—dark soul and unbridled energy.

4 **Mogwai, *Mr. Beast* (Matador Records)** I'll always love this band for kicking a member out for talking during an Arab Strap show. That attitude lies deep within *Mr. Beast*. Uncompromising nerve is met with the nuanced expressions that come from hard-earned experience. You find Mogwai's signature use of progressively rising white noise cut with moments of near silence, and then, on a song like "Acid Food," you are suddenly embedded in an electronica-tinged country landscape that sounds the way only guys from Glasgow can make it.

5 **Rodrigo y Gabriela, *Rodrigo y Gabriela* (ATO Records)** Classical acoustic guitar meets a thrash-metal sensibility, from two maestros whose talents are staggering.

6 **Eagles of Death Metal, *Death by Sexy* (Downtown)** This album is infused with libidinal tension and electricity. It viscerally recalls those moments when you need sex so bad that you can't breathe. In "I Gotta Feeling (Just Nineteen)" the singer taunts his lover about the guy she's been seeing by saying, "You know I'm everything that he's just not." If I could choose my death, it would be by sexy, but these guys would make you beg for it.

7 **Mojave 3, *Puzzles Like You* (4AD)** Joyous renditions of Mojave's alt-country sound. Neil Halstead channels nature in his fingertips. Perfect for Sunday mornings of any season.

8 **Youth Group, *Casino Twilight Dogs* (Epitaph)** Bright and lush, Youth Group update the shoe-gazing sound. This album is packed full of immediately catchy songs.

9 **Larrikin Love, *The Freedom Spark* (Wea/Infectious)** Imagine an Irish Ron Weasley singing Smiths lyrics over reggae beats, and you'll have new rave favorites Larrikin Love. At the Reading Festival the singer's mom came onstage to play the spoons while teenagers threw glow sticks at one another. The album has that same youthful exuberance.

10 **Cold War Kids, *Robbers and Cowards* (Downtown)** Intoxicating songs that feel like they were recorded in an abandoned warehouse. Cold War Kids try to fill the emptiness with a series of elegant instrumentations, raw lyrics, and unpredictable sounds that inspire both dread and anticipation.

Kode9

KODE9, AKA STEVE GOODMAN, IS A LONDON-BASED DJ, PRODUCER, AND HEAD OF THE HYPERDUB LABEL. HE RUNS THE SONIC CULTURE MASTERS PROGRAM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EAST LONDON AND IS CURRENTLY WRITING A BOOK ON SONIC WARFARE.

Iain Forsyth & Jane Pollard

IAIN FORSYTH AND JANE POLLARD ARE ARTISTS BASED IN LONDON. THEIR RECENT PROJECTS HAVE INCLUDED THE PERFORMANCE AND INSTALLATION *SILENT SOUND* FOR THE LIVERPOOL BIENNIAL 2006.



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2. Shafiq from SA-RA, 2006. Photo: Timothy Saccenti. 3. Skream DJing, SubDub, Leeds, UK, 2006. Photo: Shaun Bloodworth. 5. The Bug at DMZ, Third Base, London, 2005. Photo: Georgina Cook. 9. Flying Lotus, San Francisco, 2006. Photo: Theo Jemison. 10. Junior Boys, 2006. Photo: Timothy Saccenti.

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1. Jason Pierce performing Daniel Johnston's "Devil Town," The Barbican, London, 2006. Photo: Rachel Lipsitz. 3. Nikki Sudden and band publicity photo for *Treasure Island* (Secretly Canadian, 2004). 4. Cover art for *Smog's Rock Bottom Riser* (Domino Records/Drag City Records, 2006). 6. Cat Power, "Lived in Bars," 2006, still from the video for the song (Matador Records, 2006). 9. Liars performing, 2005. Photo: Steve Gullick.

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1 Burial, "Distant Lights," from *Burial* (Hyperdub) The track that made me realize that Burial was truly in the zone. A melancholy, washed-out, twilight tune—the smoldering, husky yearning of a woman alone in a submerged city. Razor-sharp percussion that slices and dices your heart, then soothes it with a tidal wave of bass.

2 SA-RA Creative Partners, "Hollywood" (Sony BMG/Epic) Someone once said that Detroit techno is Kraftwerk stuck in a lift with George Clinton, but the description better fits the oozing R & B of SA-RA. Spine-tingling cosmic soul. "Motherfuckin' Hollywood," indeed.

3 Skream, "Midnight Request Line" (Tempa) Dubstep's key Technicolor track of 2006 (originally released in late '05) and the tune that catapulted the sound onto minimal techno's dance floors via DJ Ricardo Villalobos and into grime mosh pits via Roll Deep Crew. A fluttering, sub-bass-driven synth anthem that makes most dubstep, before and after, seem gray by comparison.

4 Mala, "Left Leg Out" (DMZ) With its driving Rhodes riff and fractured rhythms, this is a reminder of dubstep's roots in upbeat, asymmetrical skank, a contrast with the low-frequency black hole it is more often said to inhabit.

5 The Bug featuring Flowdan, "Jah War" (Ninja Tune) The Bug (aka Kevin Martin), purveyor of the finest mashed-up dancehall, meets Flowdan of grime's Roll Deep Crew in a clash of the titans.

6 Loefah, "Ruffage"/"Mud" (DMZ) Dubstep's master of sparse half-step comes with his signature sound: bulldozer sub-bass and a snare like a smack to the face.

7 Ladybug featuring Warrior Queen, "Dem a Bom We" (Soul Jazz) An angry response to the July 2005 terrorist bombings in London. Warrior Queen takes no prisoners here, while Ladybug lays the foundation with an uncharacteristically delicate harp-laced dancehall rhythm.

8 D1, "Bamboo" (Tempa) If you held Ryuichi Sakamoto hostage in a South London studio for six months, this might be one of the outcomes, achieving a dub orientalism that avoids sounding contrived.

9 Flying Lotus, "Pet Monster Shotgun," from *1983* (Plug Research) A mutant slice of squelchy synthetic hip-hop from the emerging Los Angeles producer's first album. The beats chitter like insects, synths scream like mating calls, and the buzzing bass glistens and oozes like juicy, infectious love funk.

10 Junior Boys, "So This Is Goodbye," from *So This Is Goodbye* (Domino Records) With its lush synths and arpeggios, the title track off the second album by this Canadian duo suggests Simple Minds circa *New Gold Dream* seen through a rain-streaked window.

1 Jason Pierce, "Devil Town," performed at screening of *The Devil and Daniel Johnston*, The Barbican, London Deceptively slight when heard in the context of Daniel Johnston's album 1990, "Devil Town" was in Pierce's performance rolled into a version of Spiritualized's "Lord Let It Rain On Me," unearthing the song's fragile majesty.

2 J. Tillman, "Jesse's Not a Sleeper," from *Documented: 2006 Tour EP* (Keep Recordings) With few exceptions, we obsess about individual songs rather than entire albums. We came to Tillman via Damien Jurado and were so entranced by this vast country power ballad that we played nothing else for a month.

3 Nikki Sudden, "Green Shield Stamps," performed at 12 Bar Club, London A new song from Sudden's album *The Truth Doesn't Matter*. He performed it in public for the first time at what turned out to be his final UK show. An enduring presence in our lives, Nikki was without doubt the last bandit.

4 Smog, "Rock Bottom Riser," from *Rock Bottom Riser* (Domino Records/Drag City Records) Our turntable was unusually folk-tinged this year. We stumbled onto this title track on a free cover-mounted CD, which led us to trawl through Bill Callahan's past eighteen years of recordings in just a few weeks.

5 Richard Thompson, "Mingulay Boat Song," from Hal Willner's *Rogue's Gallery: Pirate Ballads, Sea Songs, & Chanteys* (Anti) A haunting sea song about the island of Mingulay in the Outer Hebrides, which has been uninhabited since 1912.

6 Cat Power, "Lived in Bars," video directed by Robert Gordon, from *The Greatest* (Matador Records) This standout from the colossal new album was made truly extraordinary by Gordon's video, which features the Memphis Rhythm Band and a cameo by William Eggleston. This was the year that Chan Marshall stepped up to the mic.

7 John Cale, "Pablo Picasso," performed at the Garage, London After a blistering two-hour set and encore, Cale unexpectedly returned to the stage to tear through a visceral version of one of Jonathan Richman's most Velvets-influenced songs.

8 Devastations, "Take You Home," from *Coal* (Beggars Banquet) A collision of most of our favorite artists that doesn't sound like a poor imitation of any of them. It's an equation that shouldn't work, but with this band it does.

9 Liars, "The Other Side of Mt. Heart Attack," from *Drum's Not Dead* (Mute) The perfect close to a mesmerizing album.

10 Wild Billy Childish and the Friends of the Buff Medway Fanciers Association, "John the Revelator," performed at Dirty Water Club, London A riotous rendition, with Childish accompanied only by the stomping feet of a few hundred people crammed into the last ever Buff Medway gig.

Best of 2006

EVERY DECEMBER, *ARTFORUM* INVITES A BROAD SPECTRUM OF ARTISTS, CRITICS, AND CURATORS TO REVISIT THE YEAR IN ART. IN THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW, ELEVEN CONTRIBUTORS CHOOSE THEIR TOP TEN HIGHLIGHTS AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, FIVE OTHERS ZERO IN FOR CLOSE-UPS ON SINGLE SHOWS THAT, FOR THEM, ROSE ABOVE THE OTHERS IN 2006.

Daniel Birnbaum
Chrissie Iles
Thomas Crow
David Rimanelli
Jessica Morgan
Lynne Cooke
Mike Kelley
Elizabeth Schambelan
Francesco Bonami
Carol Armstrong
Thomas Lawson
Alison M. Gingeras
Bruce Hainley
Okwui Enwezor
Rita Kersting
Yve-Alain Bois

Robert Rauschenberg, *Charlene* (detail), 1954, oil, charcoal, paper, fabric, newspaper, wood, plastic, mirror, and metal on four Homasote panels mounted on wood with electric light. 89 x 112 x 3 1/2".

Daniel Birnbaum

A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*, DANIEL BIRNBAUM IS RECTOR OF FRANKFURT'S STÄDELSCHULE AND DIRECTOR OF ITS PORTIKUS GALLERY. HE IS ALSO A COCURATOR OF "UNCERTAIN STATES OF AMERICA," CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE HAFNARHUS, REYKJAVÍK ART MUSEUM, ICELAND.

1 Cerith Wyn Evans (*Institute of Contemporary Arts, London; Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris*) This year belonged to Wyn Evans, unparalleled collector of striking references and creator of spaces that convey a sense of total weightlessness. In the presence of his art, you begin to think that the sky is thin as paper (as one work's title states) and that if you shot a hole in it, everything you believed to be solid would be exposed as a fabrication. A dilettante par excellence, Wyn Evans often takes literary and historical texts and images as his starting point—among them works by Gian Lorenzo Bernini, Pierre Klossowski, and John Cage—and uses light and space to reconfigure their presence in the world. Plants, fireworks, LEDs, mirrors, and slides are brought together to produce emptiness and beauty. The adventurous journeys Wyn Evans invites you on are pure joy, even when you end up face-to-face with a frightening headless figure representing pure desire—as in *Acéphale*, 2001. I'm grateful to the ICA London for staging "take my eyes and through them see you," and full of admiration for Suzanne Pagé, who for almost two decades ran an extraordinary program at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, where one of her last shows was the Wyn Evans exhibition "... in which something happens all over again for the very first time."

2 "The Vicious Circle" (*Whitechapel Art Gallery, London*) This show, organized by Sarah Wilson, was installed as a cabinet of curiosities, focusing on affinities between Pierre Klossowski and Hans Bellmer, and featuring their extended family, including Brassai, André Masson, and the incomparable Unica Zürn. There was a lot of reading to be done: One could get lost in Nietzschean speculation or in the erotic

labyrinths of the Marquis de Sade, but in the end the artists' most riveting objects and images—for example, Bellmer's 1934 *Die Puppe* (The Doll) which was on view in the Whitechapel's concurrent Bellmer survey—remained as inscrutable as they had been before one knew what the artists might have read beforehand.

3 "Dada" (*Centre Pompidou, Paris*) Organized by Leah Dickerman of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, and Laurent Le Bon of the Pompidou, this was the richest, most extraordinary historical exhibition I'd seen in years. Sometimes when shows are so dense, one thinks it would be better to read a book on the subject instead, but here I wished for one or two more days to spend in the Pompidou's mazelike display.

4 Wade Guyton, "Color, Power & Style" (*Kunstverein in Hamburg*) "The real problem," writes Scott Rothkopf in this year's best-looking German exhibition catalogue (Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König), "is not so much saying there's no such thing as an original image, but knowing full well that it's not a very original thing to say." That an entire generation of artists from Europe as well as the US shares Guyton's strategies of appropriation should perhaps make us look closer at the images themselves rather than go on about strategies of citation. As Rothkopf writes, Guyton's work reflects his being "late not just to modernism's party, but to postmodernism's, too"—but we shouldn't forget that arriving late can create great liberty: In this show, curated by Yilmaz Dziewior, I was struck by how the evidence of production mistakes and technical accidents in Guyton's works makes them not only retro-chic but also tremendously visu-

ally extravagant. They are explosive; they are on fire.

5 Michael S. Riedel, *Tirala* (*Schlebrügge.Editor*) Riedel would probably agree with artist Seth Price's claim that "sampling is not concerned with repetition. Its purpose is the creation of new, discrete events. Each reproduction is an original and a new beginning." Riedel has created many such new, discrete things that look a lot like objects or situations we already know. Parties are repeated, publications are duplicated, entire shows happen again. *Tirala* presents documentation of the artist's own work in the same square format as the publication you are holding in your hands—playing on the idea of "an internationally known art journal" (to quote the Schlebrügge catalogue) as a hefty signifier of legitimacy. The obesity of today's art market has an unmistakable weight.

6 Carl Michael von Hausswolff Both von Hausswolff's music and his artistic interventions are incredibly reduced, yet his sound interventions and audio recordings—such as this year's *Topophonic Models* (Feld)—leave me convinced that no other artist today can create an atmosphere so threatening, at least not without actually resorting to violence. In recent years, von Hausswolff has flooded old architectural structures in Eastern Europe in an ominous red light, among them the Kaliningrad Zoo (*Red Zoo [Kaliningrad 2006]*) and an imposing old building in Croatia (*Red Empty [Rijeka 2006]*). These works are like real-life trailers for a sublime horror movie.

7 Yang Fudong, *Seven Intellectuals in Bamboo Forest: Part 3* The third part of Yang's ongoing (and wonder-

fully titled) cinematic cycle is the best work I've seen from the nation that will take over the art world next year—and the rest of the world soon thereafter.

8 Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, *Parc Central* This collection of films from cities across the globe provides further evidence of Gonzalez-Foerster's unmistakable sense of urban ambience and tropical melancholia. In a conversation between the artist and Jacques Rancière published in *Art Press*, the philosopher, reflecting on the dialogue between East and West in her work, observes, "What is interesting is what they over there have done with what they borrowed from us here. You don't get that here, maybe because we have the idea that there are no more journeys left." That may be the case, but after seeing Gonzalez-Foerster's films I want to go places: Rio de Janeiro, Brasília, Taipei, and of course Japan, though I'm not sure if her Japan really exists or whether it's a semiotic fantasy after Roland Barthes.

9 Jacques Rancière, *The Politics of Aesthetics* (paperback) (Continuum) I get depressed whenever I think about what horrible taste "major" philosophers tend to have when it comes to art. I've been to Jacques Derrida's house, and I have listened to Jürgen Habermas talk about the avant-garde: How sad. And then comes Rancière, whose *Politics of Aesthetics* reads like an elegant theorization of the most advanced French art of the last decade. What a relief!

10 "Fischli & Weiss: Questions & Flowers. A Retrospective" (*Tate Modern, London*) "It is a tale / Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury / Signifying nothing." □

1. Cerith Wyn Evans, *And if I don't meet you no more in this world / Then I'll, I'll meet you in the next one / And don't be late, don't be late*, 2006, negative neon, 15¼ x 94½". 2. Pierre Klossowski, *Diane et Actéon*, 1990, polychrome synthetic resin and acrylic on fabric, 96½ x 51¼ x 27¾". 3. Hannah Höch, *The Beautiful Girl*, 1919, photo montage and collage, 13¾ x 11¼". 4. Spread from Wade Guyton's *Color, Power & Style* (Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, 2006). Photo: Billy Jim. 5. Michael S. Riedel, *Tirala*, 2006, printer's ink on paper, 10½ x 10½". 6. Carl Michael von Hausswolff, *Red Empty* (*Rijeka 2006*), theater spotlights, red gel filters, and autofaders. Installation view, Museum for Modern and Contemporary

Art, Rijeka, Croatia. 8. Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, *Parc Central*, 2006, still from a color video, 50 minutes. 9. Jacques Rancière, *The Politics of Aesthetics* (Continuum, 2006). 10. Peter Fischli and David Weiss, *Natural Grace* (detail), 1984–85, color photograph, 16 x 12". From the series "Stillier Nachmittag" (Quiet Afternoon), 1984–85.



Chrissie Iles

CHRISSIE ILES, ANNE AND JOEL EHRENKRANZ CURATOR OF CONTEMPORARY ART AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART IN NEW YORK, CO-ORGANIZED THE 2004 AND 2006 WHITNEY BIENNIALS AND IS CURRENTLY PREPARING A SHOW OF ARTISTS' FILMS MADE FOR THE CINEMA.

1 “**The Secret Public: The Last Days of the British Underground 1978-88**” (Kunstverein München) History will prove that the artists in this intelligent show—among them Michael Clark, Derek Jarman, Stuart Marshall, Neil Bartlett, Stephen Willats, and Richard Hamilton—were the UK’s hidden cultural force and the last generation to be defined by themselves rather than by the market. They are rarely mentioned in “official” accounts of contemporary British art, but this exhibition (organized by Stefan Kalmár, Michael Bracewell, and Ian White) made it clear that they were the real heart of British culture in that era.

2 **The Wrong Gallery** For their Berlin Biennial, Maurizio Cattelan, Massimiliano Gioni, and Ali Subotnick (aka The Wrong Gallery) abandoned the tired curatorial thesis model for an intimate, experiential theater of the absurd that took place in venues including apartments, a cemetery, a former school, disused stables, and the street. And the work they organized for the Frieze Art Fair—a version of Gino de Dominicis’s 1972 Venice Biennale performance, *The Second Solution of Immortality: The Universe Is Immobile*, in which a man with Down syndrome sat on a chair and contemplated a ball, a stone, and an imaginary cube—raised serious questions about both the original piece and the problems of re-presenting historical performances.

3 **Stuart Comer at Tate Modern and Ian White at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London** Consistently superb film curating by Comer and White has ensured that film occupies center stage on the British contemporary art scene. This year, veterans such as Norman

McLaren, Charles Atlas, Stuart Marshall, and James Benning were programmed alongside German independent director Fred Kelemen, a documentary of a performance by the band Throbbing Gristle, and a film series celebrating *BUTT Magazine*. Long live the subversive dark space of the cinema!

4 “**Fast and Loose (My Dead Gallery)**” (Fieldgate Gallery, London) This show, organized by the Centre of Attention, dealt with now-defunct alternative spaces that came and went in London from the 1950s to the 1990s. Held in a warehouse in the East End, “Fast and loose” was an important work of archaeology, bringing forgotten spaces such as 2B Butler’s Wharf, B2, Gallery House, and workfortheeyetodo back into focus. These spaces nurtured an alternative practice that has remained largely invisible due to its ephemerality, yet they were enormously important for the development of artists such as Derek Jarman, Peter Doig, Anthony McCall, Stuart Brisley, David Medalla, Yoko Ono, and the Neo-Naturalists.

5 “**Jürgen Klauke: Works from the Early '70s**” (Ritter/Zamet, London) Klauke’s staged photographs and performances were pioneering in their questioning of the body and gender roles, and made breakthroughs in the use of photography as art. This jewel of an exhibition underscored Klauke’s historical importance and reminded us that in the 1970s camp existed in art as well as behind the microphone.

6 **Douglas Gordon and Philippe Parreno, Zidane, A 21st Century Portrait** To watch this film on a gigantic screen installed on the pitch of the Basel soccer stadium (designed by

Herzog & de Meuron)—during the World Cup—was to experience site-specificity perfected. Succumbing to art-world ADD, many viewers left before the dramatic climax of the lengthy film, which captured Zidane being carded—prefiguring his red-card head-butt drama in the final match a few weeks later, and turning the incident into a case of life imitating art imitating life.

7 “**Allan Kaprow: Art as Life**” (Haus der Kunst, Munich) This long overdue survey of one of the key figures in American art (co-organized by the Haus der Kunst’s Stephanie Rosenthal and Eva Meyer Hermann at the Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven) should be applauded for its attempt to create an alternative exhibition model based on Kaprow’s insistence on impermanence. Environments were re-created by local students working with artists Magdalena Jetelová, Hermann Pitz, and Stefan Römer, and iconic happenings, from *Household*, 1964, to *Eighteen Happenings in Six Parts*, 1959, were reenacted to create a living exhibition that unfolds across time.

8 “**Polke-Bernstein-Amber**” (Michael Werner Gallery, New York) Installed as a “modern *Wunderkammer*,” a hitherto unseen group of Sigmar Polke paintings was shown together with a selection of Renaissance and Baroque amber objects. This intimate, scholarly show, curated by Gordon Veneklasen at a gallery that kept the flame of German art burning in New York during the many years when virtually no one else was taking notice, revealed much about Polke’s thinking and about the material and mystical importance of amber for his work.

9 **Cerith Wyn Evans, “take my eyes and through them see you”** (Institute of Contemporary Arts, London) Organized by Jens Hoffmann and Rob Bowman, this show stood out for its subtlety of form. For the first time that anyone can remember, The Mall—the grand avenue in front of the ICA, along which all royal processions pass—was visible from the otherwise empty ground floor gallery. With this simple action the ICA’s space seemed to breathe again, as if no longer hunkering down against the forces of pomp and splendor. In the upstairs galleries, venetian blinds opened and closed, sending out fragments of literary texts as Morse code signals, and the work that lent its title to the show, a projected loop of exposed black 16-mm film, shifted our eyes from the dust on the windows to the accumulated dust on the projector gate.

10 “**Mel Bochner: Language, 1966-2006 (Art Institute of Chicago) and 0 to 9: The Complete Magazine, 1967-1969, edited by Vito Acconci and Bernadette Mayer (Ugly Duckling Presse)** Two important moments in Conceptual art finally got their due this year. James Rondeau’s concise, beautifully installed survey of Mel Bochner’s language works included many rarely seen pieces and revealed the depth of his contribution to American art. And Acconci and Mayer’s self-published magazine, *0 to 9*, is accessible again, all its mimeographed issues republished in a single doorstep volume. On a wildly unlikely group of contributors, Lord Herbert of Chisbury, Novalis, and Hans Christian Andersen rub shoulders with Lee Lozano, Morton Feldman, and John Giorno, among many others. □

1. Linder Sterling, *Untitled*, 1977, photomontage, 12 1/4 x 9 1/4". 2. The Wrong Gallery's re-creation of Gino de Dominicis's 1972 performance *The Second Solution of Immortality: The Universe Is Immobile*, Frieze Art Fair, London, 2006. 3. Stuart Marshall, *Pedagogue*, 1988, still from a color video, 10 minutes. 4. View of "Fast and Loose (My Dead Gallery),"

2006, Fieldgate Gallery, London. 5. Invitation for "Jürgen Klauke: Works from the Early '70s," Ritter/Zamet, London, 2006. 6. Spectators at a screening of Douglas Gordon and Philippe Parreno's *Zidane, A 21st Century Portrait*, 2006, St. Jakob Stadium, Basel, June 15, 2006. Photo: Georgios Kefalas. 7. Students reenacting Allan Kaprow's

Household, 1964, as part of the exhibition "Allan Kaprow: Art as Life," Haus der Kunst, Munich, 2006. 8. Sigmar Polke, *Untitled*, 2006, artificial resin on polyester fiber, 46 x 54". 9. Cerith Wyn Evans, *Décor*, 2006, removed wall, dimensions variable. 10. Mel Bochner, *Money/Obscene*, 2006, oil on velvet, 74 x 47".

David Rimanelli

ARTFORUM CONTRIBUTING EDITOR DAVID RIMANELLI TEACHES ART HISTORY AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY. HE HAS ORGANIZED NUMEROUS EXHIBITIONS, INCLUDING, MOST RECENTLY, "SURVIVOR," AT BORTOLAMI DAYAN IN NEW YORK.

1 **Matthew Barney** (Museum of Modern Art, New York; Gladstone Gallery, New York) With *Drawing Restraint 9*, which made its New York debut at MoMA last March, the artist tendered yet another astonishing film, proving he wasn't about to relax after the *Cremaster*-cycle shebang; the Gladstone exhibition was his best "object-art" show in New York in years. But even in the absence of such stellar accomplishments, I would crown Barney with yet another diadem simply because I am sick to death of listening to know-nothing creeps trash him, their "critiques" rank with the fetor of invidium and sour grapes. Matthew Barney did something incredible in art since 1990. What have you ever done?

2 **Mike Kelley** (Gagosian Gallery, New York) "Day Is Done" engorged (I use the word advisedly) Gagosian's vast Chelsea space. The exhibition was hectoring and bullying and so *much fun*: a three-Advil show, but proferring misery of a kind that invited repeat visits. "Day Is Done" felt quite disagreeable overall—further testament to Kelley's position as one of the few truly inevitable artists of our time. Making my way through the forest of installations and videos, I assented to the spectacle completely, foregoing critical distance. Yeah, this is alienation, fun, contempt, socialization, cruelty; it's lousy life—get used to it, stupid.

3 **Park Chan-wook**, *Lady Vengeance* The final, supernal installment in South Korean director Park Chan-wook's "revenge trilogy" is possibly the best film I've seen in the last five years. I'm a relative newcomer to Asian Extreme cinephilia, but in recent years I've become convinced

that the best films in the world are made in (pardon me) the Orient—Hollywood and Europe seem pitiful by comparison. Less extravagantly violent than Park's *Sympathy for Mr. Vengeance* (2002) and *Old Boy* (2003)—the first two films in the trilogy—*Lady Vengeance* remains acutely itchy with suffering and disgust.

4 **Hanna Liden** (Rivington Arms, New York) American Apparel meets the northern European sublime: The results are synergistically effervescent, smart, snide, and gorgeous. In this top-drawer successor to her debut exhibition at Rivington Arms in 2004, Liden suavely manipulates her already signature imagery, preparing the stage for another startling act. She is fated to do great things in the coming years.

5 **Nate Lowman** (Maccarone Inc., New York) Bang-bang, you're dead. Lowman has a flawless sensibility when it comes to the detritus—I mean, the substance—of contemporary American existence: celebrity and criminality, madness and glamour, Tom Cruise and Linda Tripp. I defer to rap artiste Shyne for a partial summation: "Money, cars, guns, hoes / Sniff some blow and I'm good to go."

6 **Brice Marden** (Museum of Modern Art, New York) This retrospective is the best exhibition MoMA has mounted since it reopened in 2004—a hopeful sign for those of us who met the museum's new building (and its lackluster initial programming) with heavy hearts. I know many people, smart and dumb, who exhale boredom whenever Marden's name comes up, but curator Gary Garrels's comprehensive selection of paintings and drawings

at MoMA demonstrates that the naysayers simply haven't paid much attention to the range and intelligence of these preponderantly gorgeous works. I lingered especially amid examples of the artist's "Grove Group" paintings (1972–76) and the two *huge* multi-panel works that debuted here. The former series suspires a becalmed pastoral, whereas the latest canvases shiver with a febrile, nervous, utterly *contemporary* attitude.

7 **Adam McEwan** (Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery, New York) McEwan made large-scale abstract paintings wherein gobs of chewing gum float by like Twomblyesque doodads, although each work bears the name of a German city firebombed during World War II—Dresden, Hamburg, Berlin, etc. The chewing-gum patches obliquely refer to aerial photographs of the devastation. Yet this ostensibly attenuated connection throws one back upon one's own quotidian environment. I never particularly noticed chewing gum on the pavements of New York before. Now I can't avoid seeing it, and the effect is stealthily unnerving.

8 **Tony Oursler** (Metro Pictures, New York) Oursler's Metro show took its title, "Thought Forms," from a 1901 tome by two influential leaders of the Theosophical Society, Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. Through some manner of psychic divination, they visualized images, often quite abstract, that represented emotions; they then commissioned artists to realize their visions. Oursler proposed a sort of prehistory of Conceptual art, locating it not in Boolean algebra, Wittgenstein, or like highbrow inspirations, but rather in the kookiness of spirit phenomena.

(Theosophy worked for Mondrian and Kandinsky.)

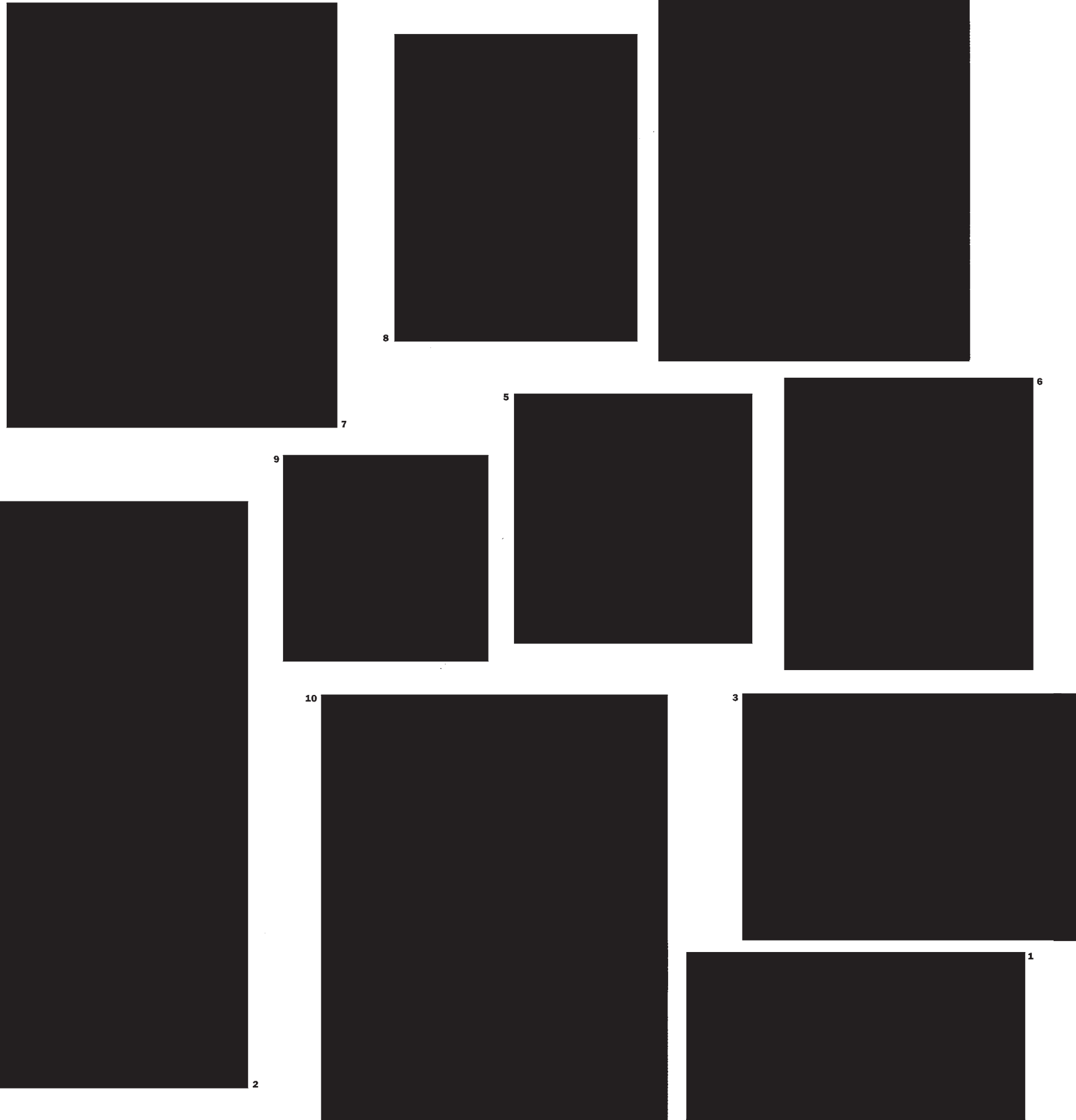
9 **Sayn-Wittgenstein Collection: Photographs by Princess Marianne Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn (teNeues)** Princess Marianne, a descendant of the Empress Maria Theresa (Marie Antoinette's mom) sure gets around. The subjects of her photographs—some 240 of which, taken between the (glorious) summer of '38 and 2005 are brought together in this volume—bear names that recall European history from the Crusades through the Third Reich: Habsburg, Alba, Fürstenberg, Metternich, Bismarck Ribbentrop, et al. Then for social swing there's Dalí, Warhol, Saint Laurent, Jackie O., Vivienne Westwood, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Iman. A genius picture from 1954 depicts two of the photographer's *young* children: Yvonne swigs Dry Sack from the bottle while Alexander smokes a cigarette. Sayn-Wittgenstein is *one* artist I'd love to meet.

10 **Christopher Williams** (David Zwirner, New York) Years ago, before I had any notion of what Williams's photographs were "about," I was entranced by their stunning precision and beauty. He knows how to make a smashing picture—one that sustains a visual intensity that draws you into the elaborate, almost baroque conceptual snares he sets up within and between images. There's an unexpected tenderness in Williams's practice no less compelling than his cunning intellectual stratagems—a love for the medium, even if he identifies himself as a conceptual artist using photography rather than as a photographer. □

1. **Matthew Barney**, *The Occidental Guest*, 2006. Installation view, Gladstone Gallery, New York. Photo: David Regen. 2. **Mike Kelley**, *Heartthrob Split*, 2005, mixed media with video projection and photographs. Installation view, 2006. 3. **Park Chan-wook**, *Lady Vengeance*, 2005, still from a color film in 35 mm, 112 minutes. Lee Geum-ja (Lee Young-ae). 4. **Hanna Liden**, *Hairface (Self Portrait)*, 2006, color photograph, 25¼ x 22". 5. **Nate Lowman**, *Oops Maxima*

(*Peach*), 2005, silk screen on canvas, 30 x 30". 6. **Brice Marden**, *Lethykos (for Tonto)*, 1976, oil and beeswax on canvas, four panels, overall 84 x 72". 7. **Adam McEwan**, *Dresden (Phosphorbrandbombe)*, 2006, phosphorescent paint and chewing gum on canvas, 90 x 70". 8. **Tony Oursler**, *Nix*, 2006, fiberglass sculpture, Harmon Kardon HS100 5.1 sound system, Sony XGA VPL-PX41 projector, Sony VPL-CZ70 projector, Sanyo PLC-XU48 projector, three DVD players, six DVDs, and

three master tapes. Installation view. 9. **Princess Marianne Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn**, *Majorca. Yvonne and Alexander Sayn-Wittgenstein on board Bartholomé March's yacht, 1954*, black-and-white photograph. 10. **Christopher Williams**, *Tropical House (Prototype)*, *Sun shutters, Produced at the workshops of Jean Prouvé Maxéville, 1949–51, Airlifted to Brazzaville in 1951. Shipped back to Maxéville in 1999, Los Angeles, October 4, 2005*, color photograph, 20 x 24".



Jessica Morgan

JESSICA MORGAN IS CURATOR OF CONTEMPORARY ART AT TATE MODERN IN LONDON. SHE COMMISSIONED THE CURRENT UNILEVER SERIES INSTALLATION, *TEST SITE*, BY CARSTEN HÖLLER, AND IS ORGANIZING "THE WORLD AS A STAGE," A GROUP SHOW OPENING IN OCTOBER 2007.

1 **Mario Ybarra Jr.** ("Uncertain States of America: American Art in the 3rd Millennium," Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art, Oslo/Serpentine Gallery, London/Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, NY) Ybarra excelled in his double contribution to this otherwise confused exhibition. In Oslo and at Bard he presented *Dance to the Beat of a Different Drum Machine*, 2005, a vast assemblage of flyers and mix tapes collected in the early 1990s by his friend DJ Haven Perez, as well as interviews with participants in the West Coast rave scene. Ybarra's eye for subcultures' design aesthetics was also apparent in London, in his collaboration with Karla Diaz, *The Peacock Doesn't See Its Own Ass/Let's Twitch Again: Operation Bird Watching in London*—a nonconformist ornithologists' club situated appropriately in the park setting of the Serpentine Gallery. Both installations reinterpreted the role of the enthusiast, drawing astute parallels with the history of museological presentation while teasing out the political and cultural import of subcultures, social groups, and their material effects.

2 **Stéphanie Moisdon**, "L'École de Stéphanie" ("La Force de l'Art," Grand Palais, Paris) A French cross between the Whitney Biennial and the Tate Triennial (with a heavy dose of art-fair aesthetic), "La Force de l'Art" was without doubt the most unnecessary large-scale exhibition I saw last year. Of the show's many curators, Moisdon was one of the few who managed to salvage some self-respect, by intelligently presenting no art at all but instead establishing The School of Stéphanie, an active pedagogical environment with a daily talk program, as a pendant to the exhibition itself.

3 **Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster** (São Paulo Bienal, Brazil) So much of the legend-

ary French artist Gonzalez-Foerster's work in Europe has replicated aspects of the architecture, attitudes, and life of Brazil, her adopted home, but in São Paulo she intervened directly upon the city's iconic Oscar Niemeyer building by proliferating the large white columns that characterize its structure. In this masterful work, titled *Double Terrain de Jeu* (*Pavillon-Marquise*) (Double Playground [Pavilion-Marquise]), the artist's "fake" additions and the originals become confused in a forest of signs.

4 **Christopher Williams** (Whitney Biennial, New York) Providing a moment of quiet in the maelstrom of the Whitney Biennial, Williams somehow managed to get away with installing just five carefully choreographed photographs in a gallery devoted exclusively to his work. The clarity of the artist's intention was brought into sharp focus by the neighboring installation, in which an identical space contained no fewer than twenty-two images by Robert Gober placed cheek to cheek.

5 **Tino Sehgal** (Tate Triennial, London) In an otherwise fairly desiccated show of British art, Sehgal's *This Is Propaganda* offered an unexpected and elegantly intelligent pleasure. The work, consisting of the title sung by a female gallery attendant, was separate from the main exhibition in one of Tate Britain's collection galleries occupied by three female, nude Victorian sculptures. Sehgal's addition of a fourth figure reflected astutely on issues ranging from the aesthetics of nineteenth-century art, the didacticism of museum display, and the role of the triennial itself. And, of course, the piece acted out self-promotion for its own presence.

6 **Pawel Althamer** (Berlin Biennial) The Berlin Biennial was initially hard to

fault: easily accessible and smartly installed, few achingly bad works, a cheeky poke at the art establishment in the run-up to the show, and an apparently sincere pathos expressed by its theme, "Of Mice and Men." But the concept and locations of the show drew so heavily on Berlin's past that they risked turning Auguststrasse into the Hollywood sign of the Holocaust and gave one the uncanny sense of being in a vast film set. Few artworks peeked behind this facade to contemplate the very real political problems the city currently faces. Althamer's *Fairy Tale*, however, was an exception. By donating his exhibition fee to a Turkish immigrant facing deportation at age eighteen (despite having lived in Berlin since he was one), Althamer attempted to bring about a drastic change in fortune for one occupant of the city.

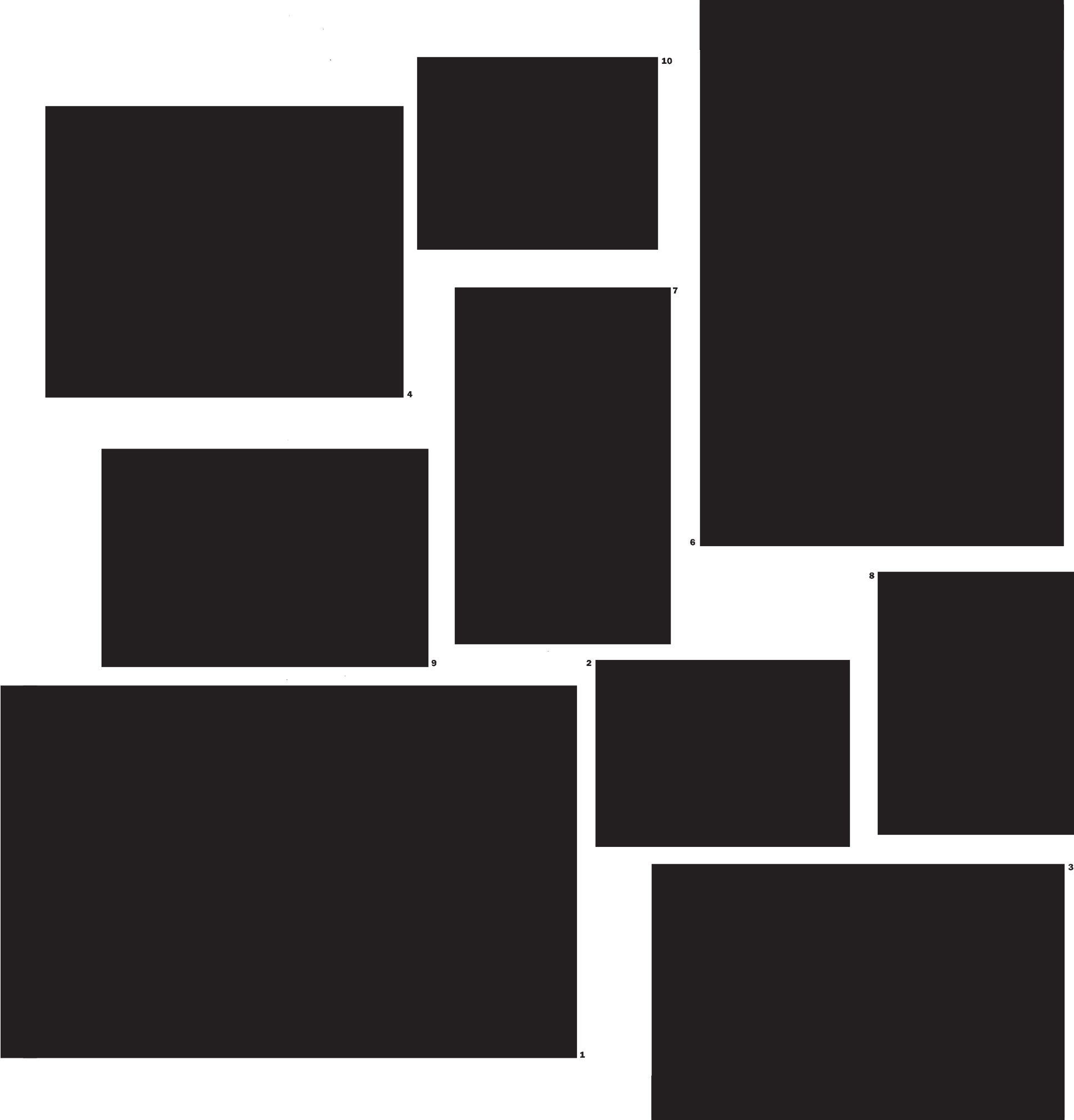
7 **Zhang Dali** (Gwangju Biennale, South Korea) Zhang's research into Chinese photographs from the past sixty years explores the doctoring of imagery for political or didactic purposes. At the Gwangju Biennale, his *A Second History* consisted of publicly distributed images of political and military events and propaganda materials displayed together with their original, unretouched versions, exposing the extent of theatrical staging in the public presentation of dogma. An extraordinary ongoing archive of material, the work—on a massive scale, like Gerhard Richter's *Atlas*—suggests a lifetime's obsessive research.

8 **Annette Kelm** ("Stipendium," Kunstverein in Hamburg) Kelm's photographs stood out as of lasting importance in this show packed with promising emerging German artists. Moving constantly between the isolated, densely referential object, the constructed or found sculptural form, and the directed pose, Kelm

has, in a few short years, produced a striking body of work. The images presented in Hamburg, taken by the artist in Los Angeles in 2005, could be seen as an observation or diary of place, but each one was also a sculptural arrangement. Kelm's selection, in *Untitled*, 2005, of a 1950s-style cotton bag advertising a steamboat called *American Queen* suggests a Christopher Williams-like set of associations—from Hollywood fabrication to Hawaiian kitsch, from the colonial American South to modern transportation.

9 **Simryn Gill** (Singapore Biennale) Carefully avoiding the pitfalls of most public art, Gill's work for the otherwise disappointing Singapore Biennale consisted simply of an artist-authored *Guide to the Murals at Tanjong Pagar Railway Station, Singapore*. The station, which in a peculiar historical twist has remained Malaysian territory despite the establishment of an independent Singapore in 1965, contains several murals depicting the racial segregation of Malay society. Gill's guide, available only at a newspaper stall inside the station, includes an outline of the history of the station and a detailed description of the murals, investigating along the way the complex history of Singapore and its neighbors.

10 **Doris Salcedo** (Turin Triennial, Italy) This was another of the past year's rambling and confused exhibitions with one extraordinary contribution. Salcedo's *Abyss* consisted of an immaculate extension of the brick ceiling of the Castello di Rivoli so that it appeared to have descended like a heavy cloud over the walls of the room. Though a typically labor-intensive work by the artist, it looked as if it had somehow accumulated over time, growing organically and unnoticed. □



1. Mario Ybarra Jr. and Karla Diaz, *The Peacock Doesn't See Its Own Ass/Let's Twitch Again: Operation Bird Watching in London*, 2006. Installation view, Serpentine Gallery, London. 2. Claude Closky giving the lesson "Tableau noir," Grand Palais, Paris, June 23, 2006. 3. Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, *Double Terrain de Jeu* (*Pavillon-Marquise*) (Double Playground [Pavillon-Marquise]), 2006. Installation view, Pavilhão Cicillo Matarazzo, São Paulo.

4. Christopher Williams, *Rollerstacker, R-136MR, Manufacturer: The Kaynar Company, Los Angeles, CA, 90054. Date of production: 1975. Vancouver, BC, April 6, 2005 (NR. 1, 2 & 3), 2005* (detail), triptych, color photographs, each 16 x 20". 6. Pawel Althamer, *Fairy Tale* (detail), 2006. Installation view, Pferdeställe des Postfuhrams (Post Office Stables), Auguststrasse, Berlin.

7. Zhang Dali, *A Second History—China History Photography Archive* (detail), 2005–2006, 120 color photographs, each 44 x 23 3/4". 8. Annette Kelm, *Untitled*, 2005, color photograph, 39 3/4 x 31 1/2". 9. Simryn Gill, *A Guide to the Murals at Tanjong Pagar Railway Station, Singapore*, 2006, thirty-six-page booklet, ink on paper, 5 7/8 x 8 1/4". 10. Doris Salcedo, *Abyss*, 2005, brick, cement, steel, and epoxy resin. Installation view, Castello di Rivoli Museo d'Arte Contemporanea, Turin, Italy.

Mike Kelley

MIKE KELLEY IS A LOS ANGELES-BASED ARTIST. HIS WORK HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF NUMEROUS EXHIBITIONS, INCLUDING "PROFONDEURS VERTES," 2006, A SPECIAL PROJECT FOR THE LOUVRE, PARIS, AND "DAY IS DONE," 2005, A SCULPTURE-AND-VIDEO INSTALLATION AT GAGOSIAN GALLERY, NEW YORK.

1 "The Perfect Medium: Photography of the Occult" (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York) This exhibition—co-organized by the Met and the Maison Européenne de la Photographie, Paris, where the show was first on view—was a great introduction to those unfamiliar with spiritualist photography, a branch of photographic history that has been neglected until recently. I'm a sucker for ectoplasm, and this show proved that "fake photography" is nothing new. (The show closed on New Year's Eve 2005, and even got mentioned by one critic here last December, but I'm including it anyway.)

2 "Hans Bellmer: *Anatomie du désir*" (Centre Pompidou, Paris) Most recent Bellmer shows have focused on his photography, but this spectacular exhibition (organized by Agnès de la Beaumelle and Alain Sayag) featured a fantastic selection of his drawings as well. For me, one of the treats was the inclusion of his collection of belle époque hand-tinted postcards of female models and entertainers, which obviously served as examples for the coloration of his own photographs.

3 "Francis Picabia: Drawings" (Michael Werner Gallery, New York) A museum-quality selection of Picabia's ridiculous and whimsical drawings. He is one of the few artists who can pull off "doodle art." Many try, and many fail.

4 Matt Mullican, "Five Suitcases of Love, Truth, Work and Beauty" (Christine Burgin Gallery, New York) Mullican, through a kind of channeled alter ego, sought to spread the word: "Love is number one, Truth is for everyone, Work is hard and important, Beauty is everywhere." This was accomplished through myriad drawings in which various found texts were hand-copied in a strange, goopy calligraphy. Mullican, as usual, produced something both impenetrable and mesmerizing.

5 Monica Bonvicini, "Not for You" (The Shops on Lake Avenue, Pasadena, CA/West of Rome, Inc.) In this, West of Rome's second site-specific project in the Los Angeles area, Bonvicini took over an out-of-business retail store in a functioning shopping mall—the perfect place for her mean-spirited, gender-conscious attacks on modernist architecture. Her exhibition was a perfect marriage of artwork and site.

6 Roscoe Mitchel and Joseph Jarman (Ford Amphitheatre, Los Angeles) An outstanding concert by the Art Ensemble of Chicago co-founders, produced by the Society for the Activation of Social Space through Art and Sound (SASSAS). Mitchell's saxophone solos, in particular, blew me away. The man's a genius. Hey, please send SASSAS some money—this organization is struggling to keep serious experimental music alive in Los Angeles and needs your support (www.sassas.org, P.O. Box 411453, Los Angeles, CA 90041).

7 Cameron Jamie (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis) Jamie's film *Kranky Klaus*, 2002–2003, documenting the brutal Krampus year-end rituals in rural Austria, was one of the highlights of the last Whitney Biennial. This year Americans also had a chance to see a large survey—organized by Philippe Vergne—of installations, photographs, and films by the recently transplanted artist (he now lives in Paris). Lately, Jamie has been touring his short films with live musical accompaniment provided by sludge-metal drone-masters the Melvins and Japanese guitar improviser Keiji Haino. Don't miss them.

8 Pere Ubu (Royce Hall, University of California, Los Angeles) While I'm on the subject of live sound tracks, Pere Ubu—the seminal art band, originally hailing from Cleveland—provided a live underscore for Roger Corman's dreary science-fiction B-movie *X: The Man with the X-Ray Eyes* (1963) in a Halloween-linked concert at Royce. The band's stew of dark psychedelia provided an interesting, and sometimes humorous, counterpoint to the film, with Les Baxter's original music score peeping through on occasion. Afterward the group performed a set of new material, sung by leader David Thomas, one of rock's true originals. His odd stage persona is a mix of lumbering thug and German Expressionist dancer. Ubu's new music, in contrast to its earlier output, is brutally intense, verging on heavy metal.

9 Tony Oursler, "Spaced" (Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles) Oursler's sculptures, consisting of video projected onto biomorphic forms, are increasingly baroque. The works in this exhibition incorporated iconography related to space exploration. Projections of scrambled human features mixed with stars, fire, liquid, and coronas of light spilled and flickered onto the walls behind the sculptures like cosmic halos. The pieces included sounds of deep space recorded by NASA, in addition to Oursler's own sound poetry. I had a hard time maintaining.

10 "Undercover Surrealism: Picasso, Miró, Masson and the Vision of Georges Bataille" (Hayward Gallery, London) This exhibition, organized by Dawn Ades, Fiona Bradley, and Simon Baker, focused on the interests of French philosopher Bataille, whose version of Surrealism was far more encompassing and far less repressed than that of his rival André Breton. The title of the show spotlighted the names of modernist darlings, but the works of the artists not mentioned (including Jacques-André Boiffard, Dalí, and Bellmer) came across as more relevant today. Bataille did not distinguish between fine art and other forms of cultural production, such as material drawn from mass culture and "primitive" art. Aesthetic hierarchy was less important than the cultural meaning that could be gleaned from such material. □

1. Albert von Schrenck-Notzing, *Emission and Reabsorption of an Ectoplasmic Substance Through the Mouth of the Medium Stanisława P.*, 1913, black-and-white photograph, 8 3/4 x 7". 2. Hans Bellmer, *Le Dialogue du prêtre et du maribond* (The Priest and the Dying Man's Dialogue), 1946, pencil on paper, 9 1/4 x 8". 3. Francis Picabia, *Untitled* (7 drawings with annotations), ca. 1951, ink on paper, 10 3/4 x

7 1/2". 4. View of Matt Mullican, "Five Suitcases of Love, Truth, Work and Beauty," 2006. 5. View of Monica Bonvicini, "Not for You," 2006, The Shops on Lake Avenue, Pasadena, CA. 6. Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman performing, Ford Amphitheatre, Los Angeles, 2006. Photo: Wild Don Lewis. 7. Cameron Jamie, *Kranky Klaus*, 2002–2003, still from a color video, 26 minutes. 8. Movie poster for

Roger Corman's *X: The Man with the X-Ray Eyes* (1963). 9. Tony Oursler, *Spaced*, 2006, fiberglass sculpture, DVD, DVD player, Plus U7-132 XGA DLP digital projector, 50 x 67 x 26". 10. Salvador Dalí, *Baigneuses* (Female Bathers), 1928, oil, sand, and gravel on canvas, 20 1/2 x 28 3/4". © Salvador Dalí Foundation, DACS, London 2006 and photo © Salvador Dalí Museum, Inc.

Elizabeth Schambelan

ELIZABETH SCHAMBELAN IS AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF, AND FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR TO, *ARTFORUM*.

1 “Dada” (Museum of Modern Art, New York) “It often happens that the real tragedies of life occur in such an inartistic manner that they hurt us by their crude violence, their absolute incoherence, their absurd want of meaning, their entire lack of style.” Oscar Wilde’s aphorism, which came to mind as I wended my way through MoMA’s rendition of this sprawling bazaar of a traveling show (co-organized by the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC, and the Centre Pompidou, Paris), seems weirdly germane to the Dadaists. In their efforts to come to grips with “real tragedy”—World War I, modernity in general—they met reality on its own ground, pioneering the use of “inartistic” manners, ludic absurdities, and a pointed lack of style in the practice of art. Duchamp and Schwitters, of course, aren’t the whole story. With revelatory works by Hannah Höch and other lesser-knowns, this show, curated by the National Gallery’s Leah Dickerman with the Pompidou’s Laurent Le Bon (and coordinated at MoMA by Anne Umland), offered the inverse of a “great man” theory of Dada.

2 and 3 “Lee Lozano: Win first Don’t Last Win Last Don’t Care” (Kunsthalle Basel) and Dorothy Iannone (Whitney Biennial, New York) This year America got Dada, and Europe got Lozano—an even trade, maybe. Her combination of badass Conceptualism, painterly prowess, and mordantly erotic figuration, as glossed by curator and Kunsthalle Basel director Adam Szymczyk, looked particularly nonpareil in the Kunsthalle’s gracious chambers. Iannone’s psychedelic orgasmatron *I Was Thinking of You III*, 1975/2006, meanwhile, was one of the most truly transgressive works at Chrissie Iles and Philippe Vergne’s

biennial. While I didn’t see “Seek the Extremes . . . Dorothy Iannone. Lee Lozano” at the Kunsthalle Wien this past fall, Sabine Folie’s show seems an inspired pairing of two oeuvres whose increasing visibility is a happy development for contemporary art.

4 “Make Your Own Life: Artists In & Out of Cologne” (Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia) Curator Bennett Simpson’s exploration of the connections between the Cologne scene of the ’80s and ’90s and an international network of younger artists was a bit unresolved, thematically speaking. But the low-resolution premise was appropriate to the issues—of the artist as “self-performer,” of the “nonproductive attitude”—that the show provocatively and importantly engaged. The art looked great too.

5 Productive failure When I learned that curators Anton Vidokle and Tirdad Zolghadr had responded to the implosion of Manifesta 6 by putting together a conference called “Histories of Productive Failures,” I thought that here, maybe, was an organizing principle for what feels like a time of retrenchment. Certainly the notion of “productive failure” resonates with a lot of work on view in New York this year, from the pairing of Josh Smith’s literally nominal paintings (on toile, no less) and Gedi Sibony’s swaths of gray carpet at Harris Lieberman last spring, to Amy Granat’s deconstructed structuralist film at P.S. 1 in November (*Circle Jerk*, 2006). Group shows as diverse as Matthew Higgs’s “Dereconstruction” at Gladstone Gallery, Drew Heitzler’s “Bring the War Home” at Elizabeth Dee, and Katie Holten’s “Cluster” at Participant, Inc., were in some sense odes to the shambolic, while Rebecca

Warren’s neon-lit vitrine of studio detritus at the Frieze Art Fair in London suggested transatlantic affinities. Staging the global weltanschauung but not making a fetish of it, these curators and artists wrest compelling propositions from the vexations of their respective forms.

6 Artists in dark times In a letter published in this magazine last month, curator Chris Gilbert argued that we should be engaging in a “struggle that holds constantly in view the taking of power and is ready to apply violent force” to get it. When curators sound like latter-day Nechaevs, things are grave indeed. But, in addition to terminal vanguardism, the year offered other old-school models of engagement, namely Rosa Luxemburg, whose Hans Haacke-designed memorial was unveiled in Berlin, and Hannah Arendt, who was feted on the centenary of her birth. In *Men in Dark Times*, a collection of her essays published in 1968, Arendt cites Luxemburg as one of those figures whose work illuminates dark periods when “the public realm has been obscured and . . . people have ceased to ask any more of politics than that it show due consideration for their vital interests.” Among the living, two artists who persist in asking more of politics are Nancy Spero and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Both signed the “Drive Out the Bush Regime” petition circulated this year, joining a menagerie of notables that also included members of Congress, and, of course, Gore Vidal. Their practices (and Haacke’s, and others’) illuminate the public sphere.

7 Seth Price, *Untitled Film, Right* (Friedrich Petzel Gallery, New York) Price’s 16-mm film of a roiling ocean had a dire, mesmerizing presence. The footage, it turned out, was a “multiuse

video background” of the type used in news broadcasts. As melodramatic in its way as Max Beckmann’s 1912 *Sinking of the Titanic*—also a response, of a kind, to the pressures of mass media on art—it suggested a future for history painting, but without history or painting.

8 Kalup Linzy, *Conversations wit de Churen V: As da Art World Might Turn* (Taxter & Spengemann, New York) Like a belated sequel to Alex Bag’s scabrous art-school confidential *Fall 95*, this video charts the travails of a would-be art star, Katonya (played by the artist in his customary desultory drag), who must contend with deep insecurities and a bitchy gallerist. Linzy’s tweaked *telenovela* style seems exactly right for a critique of that ever-ascendant phenomenon, the emerging artist.

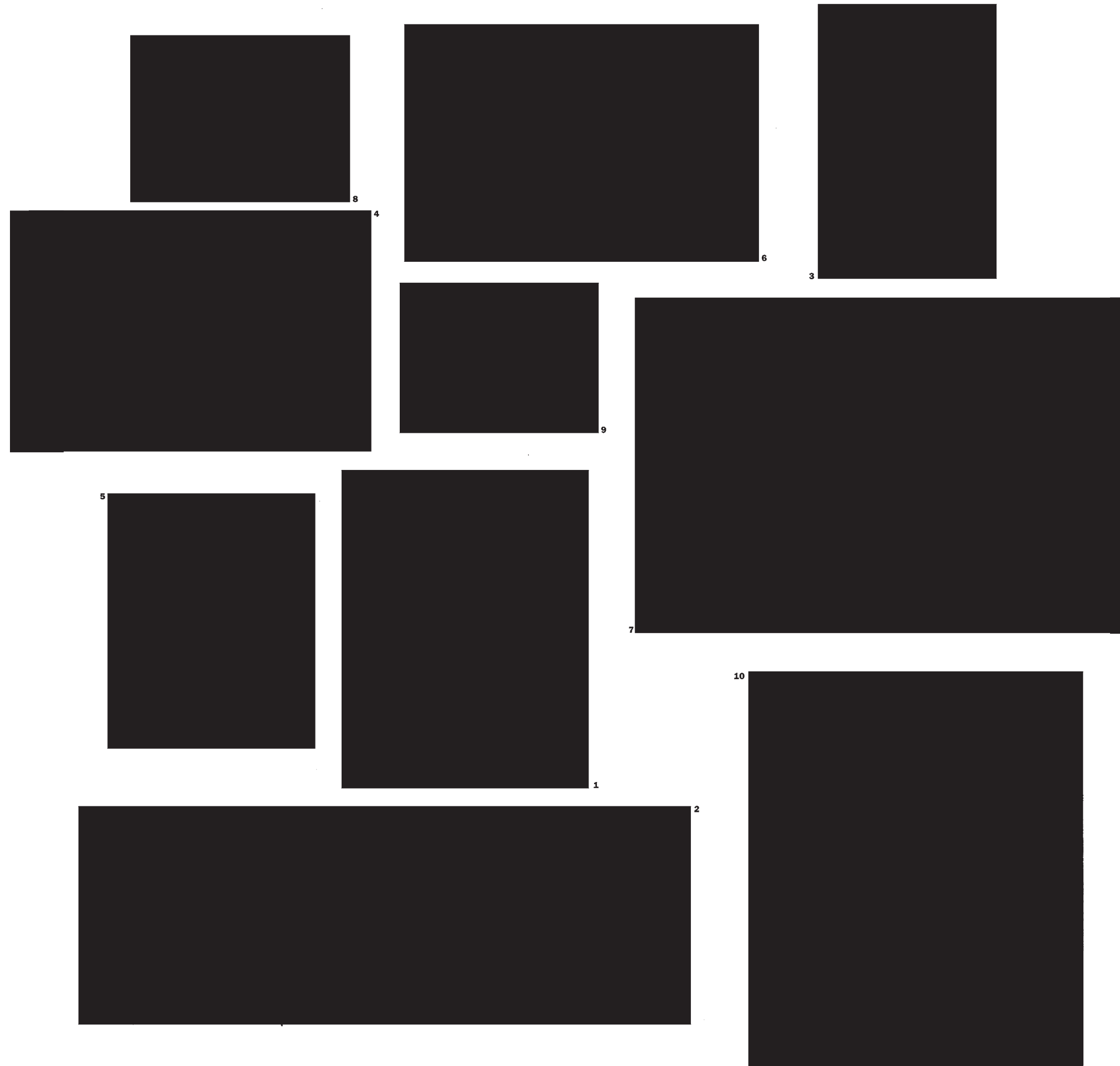
9 Political burlesque verité During the French Revolution, Parisians could buy obscene caricatures of aristocrats in the gardens of the Palais Royal. These days, thanks to video sharing, we don’t have to leave our cubicles to see regime loyalists looking vulgar and ridiculous. With omnipresent camcorders fixed on pols like George Allen and Katherine Harris, who needs Jacques-Louis David? Liberty, equality, YouTube!

10 Jeff Koon’s *Black Monday* On October 17, Koons, flanked by cultural-policy wonks, rang NASDAQ’s closing bell. Ostensibly, this was just an unintentionally hilarious commemoration of National Arts and Humanities Month. But consider this: The Black Monday stock market crash of 1987, which ushered in an art-market collapse, fell on October 19. Clearly, Koons’s ingenious performance was intended as a kind of occult anniversary celebration. 2007: The bell tolls for thee. □

1. Heinrich Hoerle, cover of the journal *Stupid*, November 1920 (Stupid Verlag, Cologne). 2. Lee Lozano, *Untitled*, 1964, diptych, oil on canvas, 5’ 6” x 16’. 3. Dorothy Iannone, *I Was Thinking of You III*, 1975/2006, archival video and painted box. Installation view, “Day for Night,” Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 2006.

4. View of “Make Your Own Life: Artists In & Out of Cologne,” 2006. Photo: Aaron Iglor. 5. Josh Smith, *Untitled* (4), 2006, acrylic on fabric, 60 x 48”. 6. Hannah Arendt in her home, New York, April 21, 1972. Photo: Tyrone Dukes/ New York Times Co./Getty Images. 7. Seth Price, *Untitled Film, Right*, 2006, still from a color film in 16 mm,

14 minutes. 8. Kalup Linzy, *Conversations wit de Churen V: As da Art World Might Turn*, 2006, still from a color video, 11 minutes 16 seconds. 9. Katherine Harris during a gun safety course at the Hallelujah Land Ranch in Pasco County, Florida, May 13, 2006. 10. Jeff Koons ringing the NASDAQ closing bell, New York, October 17, 2006.



Francesco Bonami

FRANCESCO BONAMI IS THE MANILOW SENIOR CURATOR AT LARGE AT THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART IN CHICAGO, WHERE HIS RETROSPECTIVE OF RUDOLF STINGEL'S WORK WILL OPEN NEXT MONTH. HE IS ALSO THE FOUNDER, WITH GIULIANO DA EMPOLI, OF WAC (WEAPONS FOR ART CONSTRUCTION), AN AGENCY FOR CULTURAL DIPLOMACY.

1 “Fischli & Weiss: *Flowers & Questions. A Retrospective*” (Tate Modern, London) “Is happiness looking for me in the wrong place?” Anyone who can come up with this searching formulation—as Fischli & Weiss did for their slide projection *Questions, 2002–2003*—deserves a Nobel Prize. These artists won’t get one, of course, because they are lazy: They ski, they hike, they go on extended holidays—they also seem to laugh more than the average artist—and in between they make their amazing art. What more could you want from life (other than to be either Fischli or Weiss yourself)? Their retrospective at Tate Modern, organized by Vicente Todolí and Kunsthaus Zürich’s Bice Curiger, is proof that happiness did find them; their work for the past three decades has been an exercise in the life well lived.

2 “Frederic Church, Winslow Homer, and Thomas Moran: *Tourism and the American Landscape*” (Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, New York) In a profound way, this small show, curated by Gail S. Davidson and Floramae McCarron-Cates, revealed the endless, incestuous relationship of the American subject to the untamable landscape—making it clear that the distance between these painters’ vision of nature and Al Gore’s *Inconvenient Truth* can be measured in light-years. It is not obvious just how we morphed from explorers into tourists, from desiring awe to requiring comfort. But, way ahead of Greenpeace and ecoterrorism, these painters made the case for nature—never knowing that their paintings would lead to maddening exploitation, as people took inspiration from their work to transform nature into the most successful marketing tool of the tourism industry, with unavoidable polluting effects.

3 Thomas Hirschhorn, “*Superficial Engagement*” (Gladstone Gallery, New

York) The best CliffsNotes to America’s macabre folly in Iraq. Maybe art can’t change the world, but Hirschhorn’s “*Superficial Engagement*” was proof that the world can change art. This brutal installation and gruesome tour de force—a rollicking heads-and-guts bouillabaisse—was a melancholy reflection on the power of art to understand and convey pain. Anybody looking for death as an existential concept here would have been disappointed: The images of suicide bombers and their victims make dying today seem a very superficial endeavor.

4 Oriana Fallaci A brilliant writer and interviewer of everyone from Federico Fellini to Henry Kissinger, Fallaci died in September without having accomplished her aim of becoming a Mediterranean Susan Sontag. Her final tantrums about fundamentalist Islam were both spectacular and sad. (Her best-selling 2002 book, *The Rage and the Pride* [Rizzoli], would have been better titled *Rage and Prejudice*.) Fallaci devoured her last meal of notoriety with a compulsive appetite, harboring a barely veiled resentment at being excluded from history, the very subject she had previously interrogated so aggressively. Still, her Garboesque attitude and her courage (which sometimes verged on foolhardiness) made her one of the icons of the twentieth century.

5 Etta Etrog’s studio near Bucharest, Romania When an interviewer once asked Leo Castelli how he could be sure there was not a great artist he was not aware of, hidden somewhere in the world, Castelli declared, “If such an artist is out there, we”—meaning the art world—“would know.” Perhaps, but I encountered Etrog’s work this year only by serendipity, when I opened a suspicious e-mail that contained a few JPEGs of her recent paintings—the most

remarkable representations of modern blandness. Each one featured a wall, a floor, one or two electrical outlets, and an electrical cable, plugged or unplugged, running out of the frame. François Jullien, a French expert on Chinese culture, has written, “The bland brings us to experience a world beyond.” Looking at Etrog’s canvases a few months later in her chilly studio, I experienced a world beyond the bad remake of the ’80s (with ten times the budget) that is art today. I experienced a certain pathetic, beautiful naïveté that has elsewhere gone missing in action.

6 Maureen Gallace (*The Art Institute of Chicago*) Organized by James Rondeau, this was one of the most important boring shows about painting ever. If Giorgio Morandi was a fascist, Gallace is a fetishist who practices onanism with light and shade in a mesmerizing way. I was scarred this year by a flurry of shows by bombastic, splashy, and orgasmic bad painters, so for me, seeing Gallace’s work was like locking myself in the bathroom after a party with a bunch of nymphomaniacs.

7 Piotr Uklański, *Summer Love* This “pierogi western” will make John Ford and Sergio Leone cringe and roll in their graves. The Polish quarry where most of the action takes place is not exactly Monument Valley or Almería, but the crude atmosphere of melancholic despair means *Summer Love* has a chance of becoming a cult film. The director also deserves credit for convincing Val Kilmer to play the role of a corpse for the entire movie and for requiring that two cherry tomatoes be placed in the actor’s eyes.

8 Herzog & de Meuron, “*Perception Restrained*” (Museum of Modern Art, New York) Aggressive and hostile for vertically challenged people, this exhibition featured slots high in the gallery

walls, through which one could see crowded samplings from MoMA’s collections of painting, sculpture, photography, and furniture, from several different periods, creating a condensed experience of how culture and art work in our heads today. It was kind of a vindictive move by the two architects (who were not chosen by MoMA in 1997 for its expansion)—a reminder to the museum that, like us, culture today belongs to a chaotic modernity and not to a minimalist one. If going to a museum is seen as a kind of airport-lounge experience, you have to accept that art can easily turn into “stuff,” meaning that viewers will experience mostly accumulation rather than sublimation.

9 Kim Christensen’s article “*Painter Said to Be Focus on FBI Probe*” (*Los Angeles Times*, August 29, 2006) This news story, about an alleged FBI probe into Thomas Kinkadee’s contractual arrangements with galleries, can be seen as an interesting parable of Balzacian proportions for an art market run amok. I would like to challenge Benjamin H. D. Buchloh to discuss the Kinkadee phenomenon in *October* without trashing him. Any young painter who needs to decide whether to become the next Gerhard Richter or the next Kinkadee should read Christensen’s article and look deeply into Kinkadee’s story and his “art.”

10 HOLA (Heather Flood and Jeffrey Inaba, with Jeffrey Johnson of SLAB) (*Los Angeles/New York*) The best post-Koolhaas architecture-and-urban-practices firm around: Slow, cool, Zen-ish, epicurean, and inspiring, HOLA clean up junk space using humor spray. They are constructing an environmentally friendly building in Costa Rica called the “Bong House,” and, if the City of Chicago hired them, they would un-loop the Loop to create what they call “Great Street”—the longest shopping strip in the world. □

1. View of “Fischli & Weiss: *Flowers & Questions. A Retrospective*,” 2006, Tate Modern, London. 2. Winslow Homer, *Girl Picking Apple Blossoms*, 1879, oil on canvas, 15¾ x 22¾”. 3. View of Thomas Hirschhorn, “*Superficial Engagement*,” 2006. 4. Oriana Fallaci, Mexico City, 1968 Photo: AP. 5. Etta Etrog, *cep/uncep/occident (plug/unplug/accident)*, 2005, homemade paint and acrylic on canvas, 30 x 40¼”. 6. Maureen Gallace, *Cape Cod October*, 2002, oil on panel, 11 x 14”. 7. Piotr Uklański, *Summer Love*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 93 minutes. The Stranger (Karel Roden). 8. View of Herzog & de Meuron, “*Perception Restrained*,” 2006. 9. HOLA (Heather Flood and Jeffrey Inaba, with Jeffrey Johnson of SLAB), *Bong House*, Nosara, Costa Rica, 2006–. Model.

Thomas Lawson

A LOS ANGELES-BASED ARTIST AND WRITER, THOMAS LAWSON IS DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF ART, CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF THE ARTS, AND AN EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL *AFTERALL*. AN EXHIBITION OF HIS PAINTINGS WILL OPEN NEXT SPRING AT LAXART, LOS ANGELES.

1 **Ian Hamilton Finlay, *Little Sparta* (Dunsyre, Scotland)** Finlay's death this spring was a profound loss. But his garden remains a thoughtfully poetic legacy continuing to flourish in the high moorland country of southern Scotland. You can get lost in the intricacies of a mind contemplating the riddles of civilization in this studiously unkempt riff on the idea of a labyrinth. It is a carefully choreographed space, with the planting and the paths weaving through it bringing fragments of sculpture and language into and out of view. One moment you are in an intimate place contemplating a verse by Ovid or a small stone model of a tank; the next you turn a corner and the vista opens to a wild landscape prefaced by rough-cut boulders on which *ORDER* and *DISORDER* are inscribed in a severe Roman typeface.

2 **Monique Prieto, "A Great Stink of Burning but No Smoke" (ACME, Los Angeles)** Intent on confronting the muteness of her earlier, nonrepresentational paintings, Prieto recently began using a weird, blocky, graffiti-inspired typeface to cram phrases from Samuel Pepys's diary into her paintings' frames—creating dramas of half-voiced anger, fear, and confusion that hover on the edge of the inarticulate. The clumped letters and words shout to be heard, and once deciphered remain strange, full of foreboding and threat.

3 **"Gustav Klimt: Five Paintings From the Collection of Ferdinand and Adele Bloch-Bauer" (Los Angeles County Museum of Art)** This aesthetically incandescent show created a delirious "what-if" moment: an imaginary permanent collection that would draw metaphoric links between Klimt's work and Los Angeles's early, Austrian-designed modernism, the weighty presence in the city of many intellectuals exiled from Nazism during the '30s and '40s, and, more recently, the light-filled sensuousness of Craig Kauffman and the decorative

loopiness of Laura Owens. The paintings themselves were stunning, revealing a viable alternative to any Picasso-led version of the path to modernist abstraction. Here Art Nouveau patterning and Orientalist borrowings, with a splash of medievalism, come together to create shimmering surfaces of rhythmic pattern and a web of cross-cultural reference.

4 **"Nothing is Neutral: Andrea Bowers" (Gallery at REDCAT, Los Angeles)** This show, organized by REDCAT director Eungie Joo, was anchored by *Letters to an Army of Three*, 2005, a video in which actors, artists, and writers of various ages, genders, and races sit in front of flower arrangements reminiscent of Dutch still lifes and read the desperate pleas of people seeking help with abortions for themselves or for their loved ones. These heartbreaking letters, written during the '60s and early '70s to California-based activist group Army of Three, were reproduced elsewhere in the gallery as fine-grained drawings and juxtaposed with period wrapping paper featuring kitsch-pop floral designs. The power of the installation, with its graphic punch and searing intimacy, was matched by the visceral power of the words, and both were intensified by the horrible realization that current progress is constantly under threat.

5 **Neil Young** I've spent a lot of time painting this year, and the sound track in my studio has been *Prairie Wind* (Reprise, 2005), Neil Young's best album in years, which was made even better by the release this year of Jonathan Demme's brilliantly simple concert film *Neil Young: Heart of Gold*. Demme's Ozu-inspired stationary camera reinforces the haunting grace Young achieves in the simplest repetitions and harmonies. Young's songs conjure a whole history of loss—of youth and innocence, of course, but also of a resonant folk tradition drowned by the relentless,

attention-deficit-producing fast cut of commercial culture.

6 **Samuel Beckett: *Eh Joe*, adapted by Atom Egoyan for the Gate Theatre, Dublin (Duke of York's Theatre, London)** In this performance of Beckett's 1965 television play *Eh Joe*, Michael Gambon appears alone on the stage, sharing the space with a huge screen that shows a close-up of his ravaged face in real time. In a series of nine movements the camera moves in ever tighter, while a female voice tells of the man's serial mistreatments of those who loved him. Gambon's face records each revelation with an unnerving precision. At thirty minutes, the piece is simple and short, cold and cruel.

7 **James Benning, *Casting a Glimpse* (work in progress)** One of the pleasures of working at CalArts is keeping up with the work of brilliant colleagues. I recently saw several reels of raw footage from Benning's current project, a reconsideration, from the vantage point of Benning's hard-bitten romanticism, of Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty*, 1970, through the lens of time. The finished work will consist of a series of one-minute stationary shots, edited from a year and a half of filming the monument in different seasons and at various water levels, revealing Smithson's project as both a melancholy testament to lost time and a still-breathing, ever-changing artwork.

8 **Rodney McMillian (Susanne Vielmetter, Los Angeles; "Ordinary Culture: Heikes/Helms/McMillian," Walker Art Center, Minneapolis)** Throughout his Vielmetter opening, McMillian repeatedly read Lyndon B. Johnson's "Great Society" speech from behind a podium, across from a big, blue, near-abstract painting with a crowd of crummy cardboard coffins scattered in front of it. In Doryun Chong's group show at the Walker, a video recording of this performance played in a

gallery featuring a dirty-looking vinyl floor mounted on the wall (still holding the shape of the room it once served) and black-swathed columns of paint cans. Separately and together, these shows provided an extended essay on the rhetoric of hope and redemption brought low by seemingly inevitable entropic loss.

9 **Joan Jonas, *The Shape, the Scent, the Feel of Things* (Dia:Beacon, Beacon, New York)** Jonas works like a gardener, cutting and pruning images and ideas over time to bring forth new growth each year. Last spring I saw a workshop version of this piece at Rosamund Felsen's gallery in Los Angeles, but I was hardly prepared for the grandeur of the finished work in Dia:Beacon's huge basement space, with its Egyptian columns and reverberant acoustics. Conceived around the art historian Aby Warburg's 1923 lecture bemoaning the loss of a space for spirituality in modern life, *The Shape* . . . offered a phantasmagoria of images and sound, using live performance, video feedback, and music. By collapsing space and time, as well as old-world and new-world cultures, into a hallucinatory garden of ideas and imagery, Jonas created an original space for the contemporary imagination, where devotion and reflection can exist without the trappings of institutional hierarchies.

10 **Farrow & Ball** This summer Susan and I repainted our flat in Edinburgh, and became devotees of the paint company Farrow & Ball. The colors, apparently developed for those interested in the accurate re-creation of Georgian, Victorian, and Edwardian country houses, are peculiarly subtle and very rich. They're evocatively named—"Mouse's Back," "Dead Salmon," "Book Room Red"—and satisfyingly dense, almost like the colors in early Brice Marden. And ecologically sound, too. □

1. View of the Wave Lawn at Little Sparta, Ian Hamilton Finlay's garden and grounds, Dunsyre, Scotland, 2006. Photo: Robin Gillanders. 2. Monique Prieto, *The Wind*, 2005, acrylic and oil on canvas, 84 x 72". 3. Gustav Klimt, *Adele Bloch-Bauer II*, 1912, oil on canvas, 74 3/4 x 47 1/4". 4. Andrea Bowers, *Letters to the Army of Three Displayed* (detail), 2005, installation consisting

of photocopies and wrapping paper, dimensions variable. Photo: Scott Groller. 5. Promotional poster for Jonathan Demme's film *Neil Young: Heart of Gold*, 2006. 6. Samuel Beckett's *Eh Joe*, 1965, in a production directed by Atom Egoyan, 2006. Performance view, Duke of York's Theatre, London. Joe (Michael Gambon). Photo: Anthony Woods. 7. James Benning, *Casting a*

Glimpse, 2006–, strip from an unfinished color film in 16 mm, approx. 90 minutes. 8. View of "Ordinary Culture: Heikes/Helms/McMillian," 2006, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. Rodney McMillian, *Untitled*, 2006. 9. Joan Jonas, *The Shape, the Scent, the Feel of Things*, 2005. Performance view, Dia:Beacon, Beacon, NY. Photo: Paula Court. 10. A can of Farrow & Ball paint.

Alison M. Gingeras

CURATOR OF THE FRANÇOIS PINAULT COLLECTION, ALISON M. GINGERAS IS PREPARING THE NEXT EXHIBITION AT PALAZZO GRASSI, VENICE, SCHEDULED FOR JUNE 2007.

1 Charles Ray's "A Four dimensional being writes poetry on a field with sculptures" (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York) An elegant exercise in distillation, this show was proof once again that artists are often superior curators. Ray condensed his analytic vision of sculpture—attuned specifically to how the medium defines and occupies "social space"—into four formally and conceptually disparate yet equally compelling works by four different artists. Alberto Giacometti's austere portrayal of the female form (*Standing Woman*, 1948), Mark di Suvero's monumental, precariously balanced assemblage of subway-inspired beams (*The A Train*, 1966), Edgar Tolson's disarmingly charming narration of the book of Genesis (*The Fall of Man*, 1969), and Jeff Wall's creepy two-dimensional mise-en-scène of middle-class Americana (*A ventriloquist at a birthday party in October 1947*, 1990) did not vie with one another; instead, the artworks quietly made the case for differing artistic strategies and preoccupations. Assembled by Ray under an intriguing title (quoting Giacometti), the combination of these four sculptures offered a rather revealing peek into this immensely important artist's mind.

2 Ashley Bickerton (Sonnabend Gallery, New York; Lehmann Maupin Gallery, New York) Bickerton is the most underestimated and overlooked artist of his generation, and this two-gallery overview last spring made the case for his full reinstatement on the art world's radar screen—and the urgent need for a full museum retrospective. His most recent works—painting/sculpture tableaux depicting *les tristes tropiques* and a series of self-exploitative portraits made in Bali—are as wonderfully toxic as the now classic-looking '80s icons, his faux-high-tech contraptions and his "abstract" logo paintings. Like his

unconventional career choices, Bickerton's anthropological art forces us down an angry, politically incorrect path.

3 David Hammons "Whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger" could be David Hammons's motto for 2006, a year that saw both an unauthorized retrospective of his work made up of photocopies at the naughty Triple Candie arts center and a secondary-market show at Zwirner & Wirth (both in New York) made against the artist's wishes. These illicit yet highly rewarding attempts to conjure this elusive artist underscored how great work can resist even the most dubious of contexts—not to mention how hungry we all are for a real Hammons show.

4 John Currin (Gagosian Gallery, New York) While writing an essay for Currin's latest monograph, out this month from Rizzoli and Gagosian, it became clear to me from studio visits with the artist that he has gone full tilt for his much-anticipated Gagosian debut. The signature cheesecake nude imagery has given way to full-fledged porno—painted, naturally, in Currin's masterful Mannerist style. Perhaps this is a brilliant visual response to the gang of moralists who publicly pelted Currin for "selling out"? In addition to the pleasures of the flesh, Currin delivers quieter yet equally disconcerting images of figures reading books (*2070*, 2005, is a standout) and a gem of a still life with china tableware (*Heritage Hall*, 2003–2006).

5 "Lucio Fontana: Venice/New York" (Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice) This neo-avant-garde master's *Tale of Two Cities* is chock-full of seductive materiality and metaphysical ambition. In two previously little-known groups of *Concetti spaziali* from the early '60s, Fontana captured the majesty of Venice through a Byzantine series of works—

complete with Murano glass-studded canvases and liberal use of gold and silver pigments—while he invoked the towering architectural presence of New York using slashed sheets of gleaming copper. Organized by Luca Massimo Barbero, this was a bijou of an exhibition.

6 "Yves Klein: Corps, couleur, Immatériel" (Centre Pompidou, Paris) What stand out in this Klein retrospective, organized by Camille Morineau, are not the "pure" art objects but all that is "impure"—the tuxedo-clad musicians, the naked ladies, the gold leaf thrown into the Seine, the Rosicrucian regalia, the judo poses, the leap into the void, etc. While his IKB monochromes, fire paintings, and grand anthropometries are as gorgeous as ever, it is the orchestration of Klein's persona that seems most significant today. This show confirms Klein's place as the undisputed godfather of Eurotrash.

7 "Voyage(s) en utopie, Jean-Luc Godard, 1946-2006: à la recherche d'un théorème perdu" (Centre Pompidou, Paris) JLG avoided the trap of translating his cinematic oeuvre into video-installation art by addressing the problem head-on. The perennial *soixante-huitard* served up a glorious, deliberately unsatisfying mess: A scatter art-like installation punctuated with snippets of video montages from the history of cinema came off as deliberately shoddy and unfinished. As the official press release glued to the wall at the show's entrance cited "creative, technical, and financial problems" in realizing the show (with the words *technical* and *financial* crossed out by Godard), it was no secret from the get-go that the auteur was actively thwarting the attempt to institutionalize his work. Not many artists would indulge in such an open celebration of the impossible—nor would they dare to fire the exhibition curator!

8 Mike Kelley, "Day is Done" (Gagosian Gallery, New York) A cusp pick from the last months of 2005, Kelley has cast a long shadow into 2006. This Coney Island-like constellation of sculptural installations—*cum*—stage sets and video projections pushed Kelley's ongoing investigations of adolescent angst, repressed desire, and subcultural milieux to a crescendo of complexity. Inspired by photographs of freaky after-school antics culled from high school yearbooks, his thirty-one *Extracurricular Activity Projective Reconstructions* created a darkly entertaining portrait of our collective unconscious.

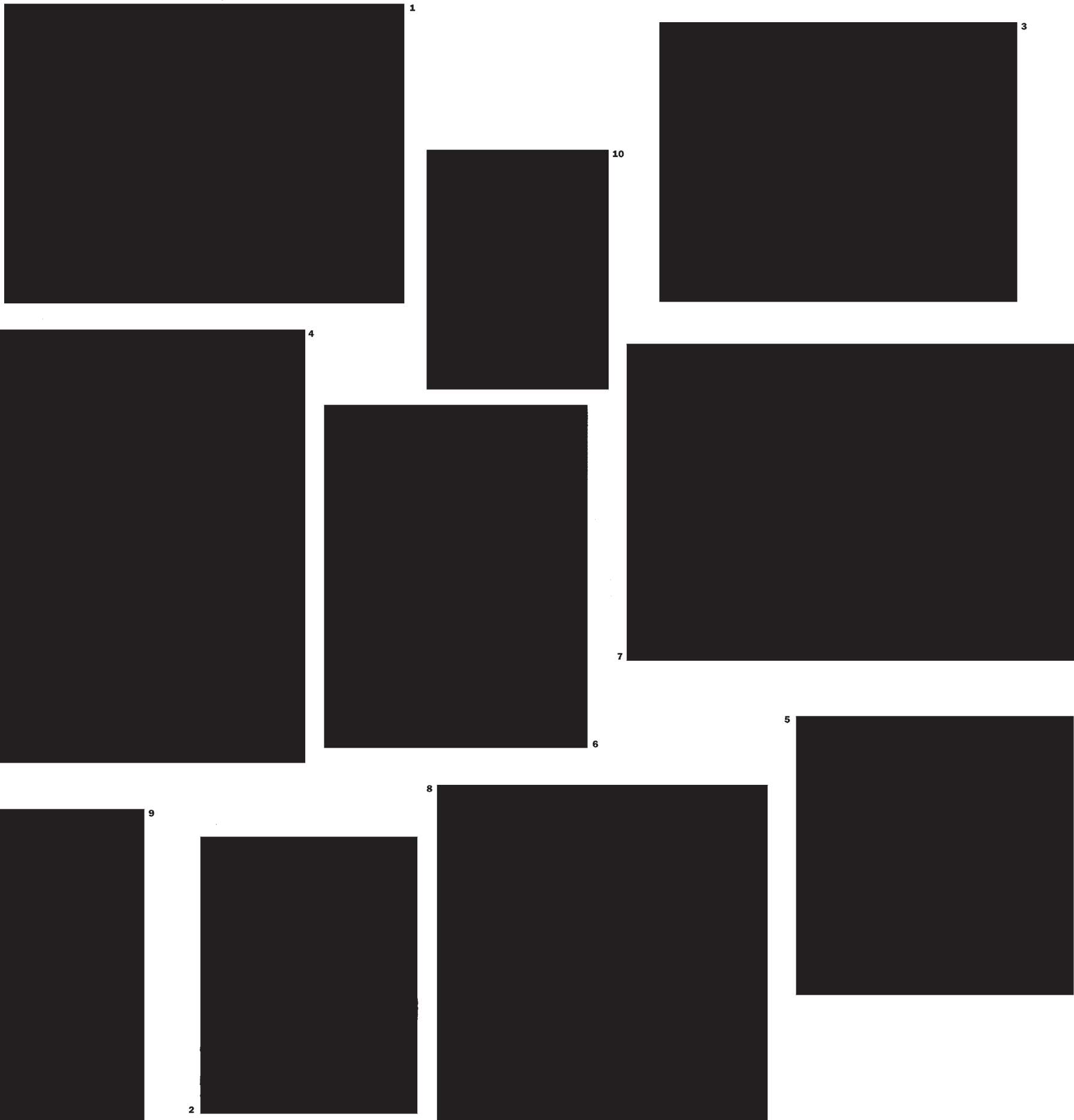
9 Sophie Calle When Sophie Calle placed a classified ad in the daily newspaper *Libération* this past June seeking a curator for her show in the French Pavilion at the 2007 Venice Biennale, it was a brilliant gesture consistent with her playful, irreverent oeuvre. But the real stroke of genius came when she chose her rigorous compatriot Daniel Buren from among the "approximately two hundred candidates." No matter the end result, Sophie's Choice is perhaps one of her best conceptual works to date.

10 Collecting Contemporary, Adam Lindermann (Taschen) If the '90s were about the figure of the Curator, our current zeitgeist is focused on the cult of the Collector. Lindemann managed to get all the major art-world players from Charles Saatchi and Baroness Marion Lambert to Barbara Gladstone and Glenn Lowry, to weigh in on art and commerce. More a trashy confessional than a how-to, this juicy tome is tantamount to art porn. Amid all the cheap thrills and egomania, there are some sociological pearls to be gleaned from these gossip tales of flipping famous artworks, secondary-market speculation, and rivalry among artists and dealers. □

1. View of "A four dimensional being writes poetry on a field with sculptures: an exhibition curated by the artist Charles Ray," 2006. 2. Ashley Bickerton, *Green Reflecting Head Sam No. 2*, 2006, printed paper with steel pins, 49 x 39". 3. View of "David Hammons: The Unauthorized Retrospective," 2006, Triple Candie, New York. 4. John Currin, *2070*, 2005.

oil on linen, 36 x 28". 5. Lucio Fontana, *Concetto spaziale, Il cielo di Venezia* (Spatial Concept, The Sky of Venice), 1961, oil on canvas, 59 1/4 x 59 1/4". 6. Yves Klein, *Untitled monogold (MG 17)*, 1960, gold leaf on board, 78 3/4 x 60 1/4". From *Blue monochrome, monogold, and monopink* "triptych," 1960.

7. View of "Voyage(s) en utopie, Jean-Luc Godard, 1946-2006: à la recherche d'un théorème perdu," 2006, Centre Pompidou, Paris. 8. Mike Kelley, *Devil's Door*, 2005, mixed media with video projection and photographs. Installation view, 2006. 9. Classified ad placed by Sophie Calle in *Libération*, June 16, 2006. 10. Cover of Adam Lindemann's *Collecting Contemporary* (Taschen, 2006).



Okwui Enwezor

OKWUI ENWEZOR IS DEAN OF ACADEMIC AFFAIRS AND SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE; ADJUNCT CURATOR AT THE INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, NEW YORK; AND ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THE 2ND INTERNATIONAL BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART OF SEVILLE, CURRENTLY ON VIEW.

1 **Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, *Half of a Yellow Sun* (Knopf)** The last few years have seen an explosion of new postcolonial writing by sophisticated, confident young African writers. Adichie is a Nigerian writer justly lauded for her lucid, well-crafted novels. *Half of a Yellow Sun* uses the genre of historical fiction to unfold and illuminate the anguish of fratricide and social disintegration brought about by Nigeria's civil war during the 1960s. Adichie's first novel, *Purple Hibiscus* (2003), made her a writer to watch; this book establishes her as a contemporary talent comparable to Zadie Smith, Kiran Desai, Monica Ali, or Chris Abani.

2 **Luc Tuymans, *Alarm* (Belgium)** Long-simmering xenophobia has swept across Europe, bringing once-shunned anti-immigrant extremist parties into the mainstream. As Vlaams Belang, the far-right party of Belgium's northern Flanders region appeared on the verge of making large gains in local elections, Tuymans and others organized *Alarm*, a tour de force of political and social protest and a work of moral courage. The simple yet powerful premise was for cultural institutions across Belgium to turn on their fire alarms and evacuate their buildings at 3 PM on October 5 for fifteen minutes. One week later Vlaams Belang polled strongly in the election but failed to take control of Antwerp. Perhaps the alarm bells will ring louder for the fire next time.

3 **"Tropicália: A Revolution in Brazilian Culture" (Bronx Museum of the Arts, New York)** This show debuted in Chicago last year at the Museum of Contemporary Art, then made stops in London and Berlin—but it arrived in New York this past fall as fresh as ever. "Tropicália" is curator Carlos Basualdo's elegant essay on Brazil's revolutionary creative period of the late 1960s, when avant-garde artists such as Hélio Oiticica, Lygia Clark, Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil, and Lygia Pape, among many others, actively worked on the politics of

form in music, visual art, design, architecture, and radical subjectivity. Basualdo extends the exhibition's logic of horizontality by mixing and integrating different artistic genres in order to relay the democracy of its content.

4 **"Fischli & Weiss: Flowers & Questions. A Retrospective" (Tate Modern, London)** Since the 1970s this Swiss duo has created an oeuvre of strangely coherent heterogeneity. Tate Modern's retrospective, organized by Vicente Todolí and Bice Curiger, brings together sculpture, film, video, and photography. Filling the institution's capacious galleries, the exhibition explores questions of time, travel, consumerism, and mythology in works deploying humor and irony within rigorous conceptual premises, in veritable Fischli & Weiss fashion.

5 **Keith Olbermann's "Worst Person in the World," *Countdown with Keith Olbermann* (MSNBC)** In this season of partisan extremism, Olbermann uses satirical commentary to excoriate the excesses of the dumb political Right—in particular, baleful gasbags such as Fox News Channel's Bill O'Reilly and radio talk-show host Rush Limbaugh. Many news shows have been complicit in shoring up the disastrous power of the Republican Party. Olbermann's "Worst Person in the World" segment manages at least to provide good comic relief.

6 **"Robert Rauschenberg: Combines" (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York)** Organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, in association with the Met (and curated by MoCA's Paul Schimmel), this exhibition of Rauschenberg's highly inventive collage and mixed-media work from the 1950s and early '60s was one of the best shows in recent memory. In piece after piece it became clear that Rauschenberg is not merely contemporary art's poet of obsolescence but a figure whose creative influence—particularly regarding

installation-art practices—is yet to be properly absorbed. He remains a pioneer.

7 **"David Hammons: The Unauthorized Retrospective" (Triple Candle, New York)** Hammons is legendary for his style of public refusal, reticence, and shallow distance from conventional art-world celebration. One might view this absence as a carefully staged form of visibility, understanding Hammons's stance as its own performance, a form of asceticism that stokes an ever-greater desire for his rare exhibitions. The recent "retrospective" of his work at Triple Candle provided a case in point: When Hammons declined an invitation to show at the nonprofit space, the directors went ahead and held a Hammons show anyway, making photocopy bootlegs of his work. Compare this to his appearance two years ago in the Dak'Art Biennale of Contemporary African Art (in a section curated by Salah M. Hassan and Cheryl Finley). His weeklong sheep raffle, accompanied by music and dancing in the streets of Dakar, proved a radical mastery of public space and social reciprocity. *Tombola du Mouton* was easily one of the most memorable works of contemporary art I have witnessed.

8 **4th Berlin Biennial for Contemporary Art, "Of Mice and Men" (When the trio who brought us the Wrong Gallery—Maurizio Cattelan, Ali Subotnick, and Massimiliano Gioni—were asked to organize the fourth installment of the Berlin Biennial, there was no shortage of detractors who thought the exhibition would fall victim to Cattelan's penchant for calculated practical jokes. They were wrong. "Of Mice and Men" was a serious enterprise: focused, beautifully installed, and dazzling in its settings in desolate, crumbling apartments and an abandoned Jewish school on the potholed, charmingly decrepit Auguststrasse. The curators guided viewers through spaces haunted by history, turning the exhibition into a tour of the bleak landscape that is Europe's**

current state of mind. They proved that biennials are still places where curatorial intelligence and experimentation can reside.

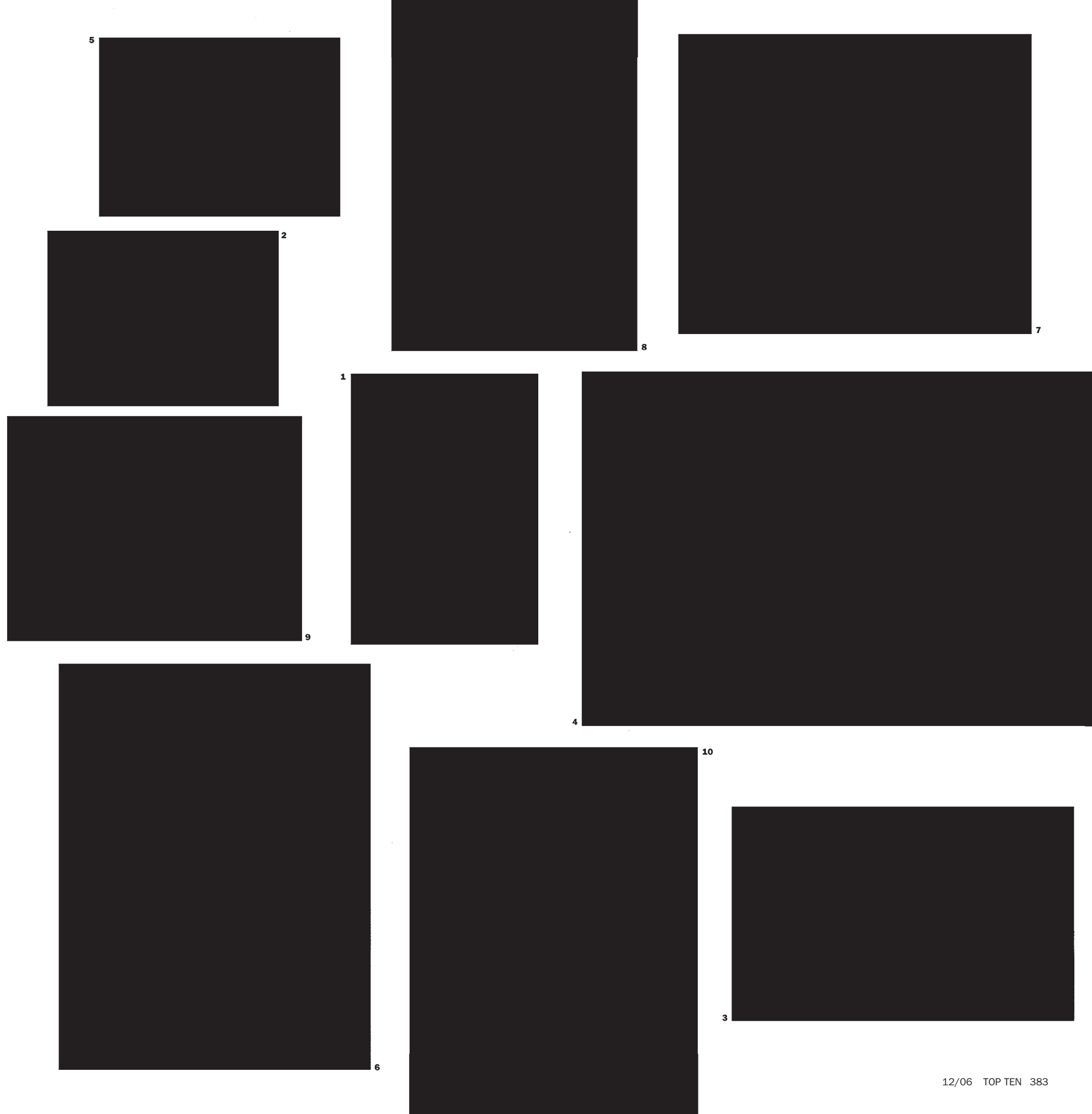
9 **Emergency Biennale in Chechnya** Using the creative flexibility of the biennial format to convey Chechnya's anational condition, curator and critic Evelyne Jouanno has taken a Duchampian approach, mounting exhibitions in multiple cities using nothing more than a few suitcases. Last year, in the biennial's first incarnation, the work of more than sixty artists was displayed at Paris's Palais du Tokyo, while Jouanno shipped duplicates of the art as well as new works in valises to other venues. This ever-changing exhibition—carving out an itinerary of transitory, endless, transformative solidarity and empathy, and providing a substitute for the perennial aid package—will finally be brought together in the ravaged city of Grozny, Chechnya, in 2007. Peace permitting.

10 **The United Nations General Assembly (New York)** For pure political theater, no stage in the world rivals the ritualistic annual meeting of the world's heads of state and their coteries of diplomatic mandarins. With global affairs inflamed and in tatters, the political masters of the universe (Bush, Blair) use the stage to sing their Cassandra songs, while the opposition (Chávez, Ahmadinejad) wail their own arias of resistance to the suffocating imperium of America. The General Assembly remains a unique arena of global politics. Who can forget the dashing, nattily attired Yasser Arafat cloaked in revolutionary chic in his 1974 performance? Or the Hollywood-ready Fidel Castro in 1960? Or Nikita Khrushchev banging his shoe on the lectern? This year brought us Bush on Iraq (again) and Chávez's excoriation of American hyperpower. All this is nimbly presided over by the secretary-general-cum-ringmaster. No irony. Only a proper sense of occasion, with, of course, a stiff upper lip. □

1. Cover of Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's *Half of a Yellow Sun* (Knopf, 2006). 2. Luc Tuymans and others during *Alarm*, outside the Museum van Hedendaagse Kunst Antwerpen, Antwerp, Belgium, October 5, 2006. 3. View of "Tropicália: A Revolution in Brazilian Culture," 2006, Bronx Museum of the Arts, New York. 4. Peter Fischli and David Weiss, *Der rechte Weg* (The Right Way), 1983, still from a color film in 16 mm, 55 minutes.

5. *Countdown with Keith Olbermann*, 2001–, still from a television show on MSNBC. Bill O'Reilly. 6. Robert Rauschenberg, *Hymnal*, 1955, oil, paper, fabric, printed paper, printed reproductions, and wood on fabric with telephone directory, metal bolt, and string, 64 x 49 1/2 x 7 1/4". 7. Photocopy of a reproduction of David Hammons, *Higher Goals*, 1986. From "David Hammons: The Unauthorized Retrospective," Triple Candle,

New York, 2006. 8. Exterior view of a residential building at Auguststrasse 23, a site of the 4th Berlin Biennial for Contemporary Art, 2006. 9. View of Emergency Biennale in Chechnya, 2005–, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, 2005. 10. Venezuelan president Hugo Chávez addressing the 61st session of the United Nations General Assembly at UN headquarters, New York, September 20, 2006. Photo: AP/Julie Jacobson.



Rita Kersting

RITA KERSTING WAS UNTIL RECENTLY DIRECTOR OF THE KUNSTVEREIN FÜR DIE RHEINLANDE UND WESTFALEN, DÜSSELDORF, AND IS A MEMBER OF THE PURCHASING COMMISSION FOR THE GERMAN NATIONAL COLLECTION OF CONTEMPORARY ART.

1 Thomas Hirschhorn: *Altar for Ingeborg Bachmann* (Alexanderplatz subway station, Berlin) Hirschhorn used the vocabulary of street memorials—cuddly toys, candles, and collages of photographs and texts—to create this secular altar dedicated to the Austrian writer Ingeborg Bachmann, who died in Rome in 1973. The incredible power of this work lay in its combination of reflection, personal affection, and Pop gesture. Initially wondering if someone had passed away in the station, people started reading Bachmann’s subtle, philosophical poems, quotations from which were included in the work, along with her books themselves. Death is Bachmann’s central theme, and Hirschhorn took it up with bravura, interrupting people’s journeys to take them where they had not intended to go.

2 Tacita Dean, “Analogue” (Schaulager, Basel) Much of Dean’s work from the past fifteen years portrays processes of disintegration or disappearance. Her works confront us with brief, cosmic moments, such as the solar eclipse in *Banewl*, 1999, or with vestigial traces of the past in the present—the setting sun in the West reflected and refracted in East Berlin’s Palace of the Republic, or an old man limping through a vast modernist villa. Appropriately, Dean’s latest work, *Kodak*, 2006, portrays the end of film itself, documenting the final days of celluloid production at Kodak’s last European plant, in Chalon-sur-Saône, France. Dean calls the film manufacturing process “a journey of overwhelming beauty.” Now it is about to disappear forever.

3 Alexandra Leykauf and Lisa Oppenheim (Foam Fotografiemuseum, Amsterdam) Oppenheim’s “Damaged” series consists of prints made from broken and deteriorating glass negatives in the archives of the *Chicago Daily News*. Bearing abstract traces of the original images, the photographs are presented together with their original captions. The temporal aspects of photography are central to Oppenheim’s

work, which was shown together with that of Leykauf, who focuses on the medium’s suppression of depth. In her “Hotel des Grottes” series, for example, caves are visible only as patches of black. These two young artists—born in 1975 and 1976, respectively—use found images to investigate the underpinnings of visibility. They explore the conventions of reception and turn photography into a kind of shadow play.

4 John Stezaker (The Approach, London) Long a prominent figure in the London art world, Stezaker combined different times, genres, and atmospheres in his delicate new collages. In his portrait series “Marriage,” 2006, the artist splices together masculine and feminine into single figures in a tender yet uncanny way, while in “Love,” 2006, he conveys a kind of frightening ecstasy by doubling his subjects’ eyes. Effective and rich both in their overt narratives and theoretical implications, such works provide yet more evidence of Stezaker’s affections for Surrealism, Expressionism, film, architecture, philosophy, cognitive psychology, and literature.

5 Isa Genzken (Wiener Secession) Wheelchairs, walkers, and folding chairs were scattered around the gallery, resembling grotesque figures in a hellish beach scene. Some were intensely decorated with consumer goods, like fetishes; some were left sober and functional; on others, scary dolls with big sunglasses sat in the shade of bright beach umbrellas. During the heat of last summer, this exhibition (organized by Annette Freudenberger) sent a chill down your spine and made you feel lonely. But Genzken’s vision, though terrifying, is full of beauty. Her new work was a breathtaking surprise, the next stage in her magnificent, painterly sculpture.

6 Monika Baer (Bonnenfantenmuseum, Maastricht, The Netherlands) This retrospective, organized by the museum’s Alexander van Grevenstein in collaboration

with Bernhart Schwenk and Gail Kirkpatrick, confirmed the power and unusual nature of Baer’s work. For the first time, it was possible to see her seemingly disparate oeuvre in one location: her “Mozart Series,” 1996–97—early paintings of a Rococo theater stage with string puppets; her white pictures, sparingly painted with strange portraits and sometimes cut open; and her new, dreamlike landscapes. In her virtuoso paintings and collages, Baer creates timeless and placeless scenes, in which bodies and narratives are fragmented elements existing in their own entirely imaginary pictorial realm furnished with references from the history of painting.

7 “Lothar Baumgarten: Imago Mundi” (Museum Kurhaus Kleve, Germany) This extensive retrospective included Baumgarten’s wonderful series of photographs from South America, “Montaigne,” 1977–85; the installation *Imago Mundi*, 2002–2004, which brilliantly demonstrated the artist’s lifelong concern with colonialism, color, and photography; and a more recent work, *Fragment, Brazil*, 2005, which is centered around slides of paintings of fantastic Brazilian birds by a seventeenth-century Dutch artist. A pioneer in handling issues of cultural identity and migration, Baumgarten uses his immense knowledge and material skill to make beautiful, rich work.

8 Tino Sehgal, *The Kiss* (Berlin Biennial) Following detailed instructions from Sehgal, a couple lay down and began to kiss on the floor of the mirrored hall of Berlin’s Ballhaus Mitte. The piece referenced other depictions of kisses, from those of Auguste Rodin (heartfelt devotion) to those of Jeff Koons (theatrical spectacle). Intimacy and artificiality blended into each other imperceptibly. Sehgal’s works annoy many people who deem themselves the guardians of institutional critique, but his art not only reflects upon location, history, and the conventions of the art world, it breathes new

life into these issues in a completely liberating way.

9 Martin Kippenberger (K21, Düsseldorf) This show opened with *The Happy End of Franz Kafka’s “Amerika,”* 1994, a piece as inquisitive and ambitious as it is despairing—even after having been scaled down for K21 from its original huge and devastating installation in Rotterdam. Much of the exhibition—organized by Tate Modern’s Jessica Morgan and Doris Krystoff at K21—investigated Kippenberger’s delegation of painting to others, an idea still unacceptable in Düsseldorf, where the art academy holds sway even today. His antimetaphysical tendency was most explicit in *Heavy Burschi* (Heavy Guy), 1991, a collection of destroyed paintings in a dumpster, surrounded by photographs of the paintings in wooden frames (in the enormous format favored in the city). The show’s final works—unforgettable self-portraits, in which Kippenberger wears only underpants—were especially poignant, at once brave and melancholy.

10 Joseph Beuys, *Block Beuys* (Hessisches Landesmuseum, Darmstadt, Germany) In 1970 Beuys installed his own work in seven galleries of this museum, creating the *Block Beuys*. He revised its composition several times, but since his death in 1986 it has been kept exactly as it was. It is both frozen in time and a time bomb. The galleries, whose walls are covered in jute, contain many works from 1949 to 1970, including major early endeavors such as *Szene aus der Hirschjagd* (Scene from a Deer Hunt), 1961, *Grauballeman* (Gray Bog Man), 1952, and *Jungfrau* (Virgin), 1961, as well as many other sculptures and objects, mostly in vitrines. The installation is now at risk because the museum, whose commitment to the *Block Beuys* has varied drastically over the years, is about to be renovated. The future of this physically and spiritually dense legacy is not yet clear, but one must hope that it will be preserved unchanged. □

1. Thomas Hirschhorn, *Altar for Ingeborg Bachmann*, 1998/2006. Installation view, Alexanderplatz subway station, Berlin, 2006.
2. Tacita Dean, *Boots*, 2003, three color films in 16 mm (English version, French version, German version), each 20 minutes. Production still. 3a. Alexandra Leykauf, *Luitpoldpark*, 2003, color photograph, 27 ¼ x 47 ¼". From the series “The Fold,” 2003–2006.

3b. Lisa Oppenheim, *Jet I*, 2006, collage on photograph, 12 ¼ x 18 ¾". 4. John Stezaker, *Marriage IX*, 2006, collage, 11 ½ x 9".
5. View of “Isa Genzken,” 2006, Wiener Secession, Vienna. 6. Monika Baer, *Ohne Titel (der schlag)* (Untitled [the blow]), 2004–2005, watercolor, ink, and oil on canvas, 110 ¼ x 84 ¾". 7. View of “Lothar Baumgarten: *Imago Mundi*,” 2006, Museum Kurhaus Kleve,

Germany. Foreground: *The Origin of Table Manners*, 1971. Background: *Fragment, Brazil*, 2005. © VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2006.
9. Martin Kippenberger, *7. Preis (7th Prize)*, 1987, oil on canvas, 70 ¾ x 59 ½". 10. Joseph Beuys, *Block Beuys*, 1970–86. Installation view, Hessisches Landesmuseum, Darmstadt, Germany. Photo: Wolfgang Fuhrmanek. Translated from German by Jane Brodie.

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TOP TEN

Eileen Quinlan

New York-based artist Eileen Quinlan had her first solo exhibition at Sutton Lane in London this past September, is currently working on a project with Cheyney Thompson and Lucy McKenzie for the Arnolfini in Bristol, UK, opening in July, and will have a show at Miguel Abreu Gallery in New York in the fall of 2007.

1 SCORCHED EARTH Conceived around my kitchen table by Gareth James, Sam Lewitt, and my husband, Cheyney Thompson, *Scorched Earth (SE)* is a magazine about drawing's place in theory and practice, which has employed several strategies of engagement, including talks and exhibitions, although it has yet be published. *SE* kicked off with a lecture by Scott Lyall, and, for the duration of its office's one-year lease on Ludlow Street, coaxed me out of bed on a dozen Sunday afternoons. Who knew the lowly doodle could inspire such spirited discourse on musicology, radical activism, and cultural theory? Expect the publication of all twelve issues at once, sometime this year.

2 UNITED ARTISTS, LTD. Founded in 2005 by artists Meghan Gerety and Michael Phelan, United Artists, Ltd. (UAL), organizes three-person exhibitions in a reclaimed gas station in Marfa, Texas. UAL's dual mission is to bring new art to the area and to provide a site for meaningful exchange between people whose engagement is usually confined to banter at openings and after-parties. Having participated this past summer with Anne Collier and Peter Coffin, I can say that UAL is a gift. Best of all, what happens in Marfa stays in Marfa.

3 WIERD COMPILATION Pieter Schoolwerth's magnum opus is a three-LP compilation of musical acts that intersected with his famed and temporarily defunct Brooklyn party *Wierd [sic]*. Martial Canterel, Epee Du Bois, Three to Forgotten, Xeno and Oaklander, Sleep Museum, and Tobias Bernstrup have kept me company through many a darkroom night shift. Provisionally classified as minimal synth, goth, or industrial, these bands defy simple characterization. In today's music world, that's very rare.

4 GRAPHIC NOTATION A type of musical score that eschews traditional notes and scales for graphics that resemble waveforms and cryptic texts, graphic notation challenges

not only the established iconography of music but also how it is read. "The graphic score," as my friend composer and cellist Alex Waterman puts it, "relocates compositional autonomy and transforms it into a social act of reading, composing, and interpreting." The only way to "get" graphic notation is to experience it, with eyes and ears, so don't miss Waterman's program of events on the subject at The Kitchen in New York this September.

5 HARMON Trained as a sculptor, Andrew Harmon cut his designer's teeth while working for fashion mavericks—*cum*—craft addicts Susan Cianciolo and Miguel Adrover. An expert tailor, Harmon can piece together a fierce, sleek suit one moment and a flowing, romantic wedding dress the next. His spring/summer 2007 collection is his best to date, most directly reflecting Harmon's own style with its layered sensibility, unexpected details like attached scarves, and unisex appeal.

6 CONCRETE PHOTOGRAPHY This 2005 essay collection is the first book I know of that takes a serious look at a genre that has been with us nearly as long as the photographic medium itself. Concrete photographs should not be understood as abstractions trafficking in transformed representations of the "real world." Rather, they are works that refer only to themselves. I would not describe my own pictures as concrete (they're, more accurately, abstract), but I am interested in photographs that resist storytelling and don't pose as illustrations. The standouts here include František Drtíkol, Kilian Breier, and Liz Deschenes.

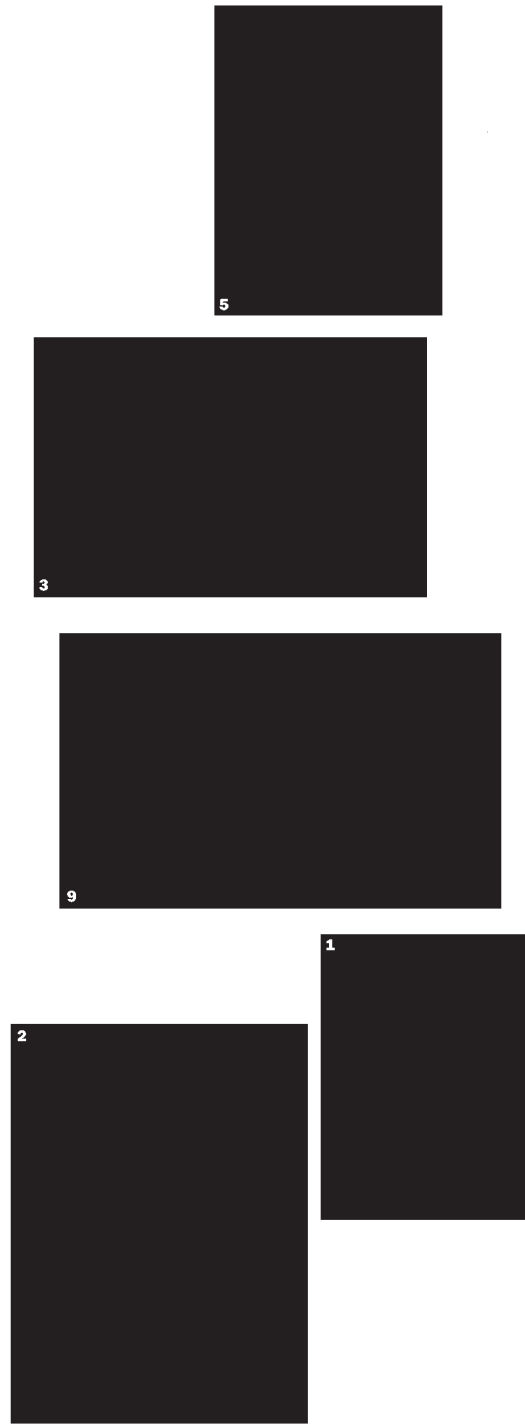
7 CENTURY OF THE SELF In this BBC documentary series, Adam Curtis investigates how consumer society, the self-help movement, and contemporary politics have all put Sigmund Freud's theories of the unconscious into action. Over four episodes that span the invention of public relations by Edward Bernays—who first aligned consumer products with unconscious desires—to the Me Genera-

tion, Curtis draws shocking conclusions that suggest mass conspiracy. Seemingly sensational but difficult to refute, *Century of the Self* is nothing short of a revelation.

8 THE WIRE The best show on TV, if not the best show ever, HBO's *The Wire* renders most television unwatchable. Masquerading as a crime drama, the series casts Baltimore as its main character and tells the city's story through multiple perspectives—including those of drug-dealing kids on the corner, the police brass, and the mayor himself. The show's creator, David Simon, claims that his purpose is to demonstrate how institutions affect and compromise individuals. *The Wire* has changed the way I look at everything from political ads to people on the street.

9 ANDY WARHOL'S SHADOWS I first laid eyes on this 1978 work, referred to by Warhol as "disco decor," at Dia:Beacon, where it is installed as part of the permanent collection. Resembling a filmstrip, the work comprises 102 colorful paintings hung in serial fashion. Warhol claimed that his subject was glimpsed in the corner of his studio, but it was later disclosed to be the result of a carefully lit maquette. Either way, *Shadows* makes claims for the transcendence of art while slyly remaining close to the ground.

10 ORDEAL BY HUNGER Published in 1936, this book is George R. Stewart's account of the ill-fated Donner Party, who sought western passage in the 1840s but instead, having become trapped in the frozen Sierra Nevada Mountains, found only unimaginable horror. Often condemned for its descent into murder and cannibalism, the Donner Party is shown in a more generous light here. Incorporating letters and diary entries in the text, Stewart portrays the pioneers as ordinary people under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances. The lessons of the Donner tragedy—the price of the American dream and the limits of our civility—remain just as relevant a century and a half later. □



From top: Two outfits from Harmon's spring/summer 2007 collection. *Wierd Compilation* band Blacklist performing at the Annex, New York, December 2, 2006. Photo: Naomi Ramirez. Andy Warhol, *Shadows*, 1978, acrylic silk-screened and handpainted on 102 canvases. Installation view, Dia:Beacon, New York. Photo: Bill Jacobson. Jutta Koether performing as Lee Williams at the *Scorched Earth* office, January 29, 2006. Matthew Brannon, exhibition poster for United Artists, Ltd., 2006.

Katy Moran

Last October, Katy Moran had her first solo exhibition at Modern Art in London, where she is based, and she is currently participating in group shows at Gagosian Gallery in New York; Mead Gallery in Warwick, UK; Engholm Engelhorn Galerie in Vienna; and Vamiali's Gallery in Athens.

1 NOAH'S ARK WHALEBONE Last year, I visited the American Folk Art Museum in New York, and one work, featured in a grouping of prisoners' art from the permanent collection, stood out from the rest—a nineteenth-century sculpture of Noah's Ark carved out of whalebone. It might sound like a seaside gift-shop knickknack, but I couldn't get it out of my mind. Although the artist, living in such grim conditions, did not expect his art to ever be exhibited, the work was beautifully rendered in almost obsessive detail. Such attention to quality, however, may have been a necessity—the prisoners made these pieces to barter for food.

2 FRANZ HALS This Dutch baroque painter captured detail like no other: the features of his sitters' visages, the ruffs they were wearing. Looking closely at his many paintings in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, I was impressed by the speed and economy of his brushstrokes, something I aspire to in my own work. By virtue of skill and disposition, it seems, he did not have to pore over his subjects and paint as meticulously as his peers. He was a brilliant technician and could capture every area of light and shadow in a fold with, say, four judicious strokes.

3 KIT WILLIAMS, MASQUERADE An illustrated book and a treasure hunt for children, *Masquerade* (1979) held clues to the location of an eighteen-carat golden hare buried somewhere in Britain. I loved *Masquerade* as a child—the richness of pictorial detail, the depth of Williams's imagination. Williams began his adult life in the navy, and then spent the next decade working in factories and developing his painting style before he was asked to illustrate a children's book. Three and a half years later, *Masquerade* was published to great acclaim.

4 URBINO, MARCHE REGION, ITALY I visited Urbino on a university exchange and, overnight, went

from living on the most burgled street in Leeds to residing in a Renaissance paradise. There it became clear to me that Italians can appreciate the beauty in an ancient, distressed building; they recognize that decay can add to the luster of a place. I was struck by the anachronisms of daily life in Urbino, like an Italian sports car parked outside a medieval church or a pair of designer jeans drying on the line in a five-hundred-year-old courtyard. Occasionally, to save money on shopping, I would pick, wash, and eat the rocket that grew in the cracks of the town's crumbling walls.

5 LISA MILROY I empathize with Milroy's love of paint, which takes precedence in her work above all else. Her canvases feature ephemera like shoes, lightbulbs, tires, and shirts, but all of them are so emptied of meaning and treated in the same evenhanded manner that they are made utterly abstract. Everything is subjugated to the act of painting.

6 NORMAN ROCKWELL I love paintings that manage to combine comfort and warmth with a sense of awful kitsch sentimentality, and Norman Rockwell, a great storyteller and formal master, is exemplary in this respect. Tapping into the American nostalgia for a time that was kinder and simpler, his idealistic and innocent paintings are good only insofar as they're bad, like those terrible, tasteless paintings that you can't take your eyes off in a cheap hotel's lobby.

7 KENSAL RISE, NW10 This tatty little strip of London is my home. We're close enough to Notting Hill to walk to the carnival, but, thankfully, we don't have to share our streets with members of the Conservative Party elite. There's a great new delicatessen that looks like the top of an air-traffic control tower, and there's also Paradise by Way of Kensal Green, a pub whose name comes from the closing line of G. K. Chesterton's 1914 poem "The

Rolling English Road": "For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen / Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green" (referring to the nearby Kensal Green Cemetery).

8 RINGLEADER OF THE TORMENTORS I grew up in Manchester. I have walked the same wet streets of Stretford once trod by a teenage Morrissey, the artist who would one day write "The More You Ignore Me the Closer I Get" (my favorite song of his). I saw him perform at the Palladium in London last year. There was some serious devotion in the front row: One girl sobbed from beginning to end and still managed to sing every word.

9 FRANCIS BACON ON NONILLUSTRATIONAL FORMS Bacon's analysis of nonillustrative painting remains a guide for my own method of working and for the type of art I seek to create. As he once said in an interview with David Sylvester, "An illustrational form tells you through the intelligence immediately what the form is about, whereas a non-illustrational form works first upon sensation and then slowly leaks back into the fact."

10 MY M.A. People think that artists make their work in their spare time. They don't. Art is like any other career in that it requires complete commitment, a lifetime of improvement and refinement. The pity is that such time is often afforded to young artists today only when they're in college, as I experienced when awarded a place at the Royal College of Art in London. There I was surrounded by talented, original people who challenged me to improve. □

From top: **Kensal Green Cemetery, London, 2006.** Photo: Ian Goulden. **Artist unknown, title unknown (Noah's Ark), ca. 1790–1814,** bone and wood with iron, pigment, paper, and nails, 8 ½ x 14 x 9 ¼". **Franz Hals, Portrait of a woman, possibly Sara Wolphaerts van Diemen, ca. 1630–35,** oil on canvas, 31 ½ x 26 ¼". **Lisa Milroy, Ugliness, 2004,** oil on canvas, 80 x 65". **Morrissey performing at the Palladium, London, 2006.** Photo: Natalie Hartard.

Rae Armantrout

Rae Armantrout is a poet and professor of writing and literature at the University of California in San Diego, whose poems have recently appeared in *The Nation* and *The Oxford Book of American Poetry*. Her eighth book of poems, *Next Life*, was published by Wesleyan University Press in January 2007, and she is currently working on a new book titled *Versed*.

1 RONSILLIMAN.BLOGSPOT.COM Silliman's Blog receives about 1,300 hits per day—surprising for a site that deals mainly with contemporary poetry. Silliman's daily entries are fiercely intelligent, fiercely opinionated, and dauntingly thorough. The site includes lively comments by readers who often disagree with the blogger's views, and also pages for Silliman's own poetry, including *Tjanting*, a dazzling long poem structured according to the Fibonacci number system.

2 EMILY DICKINSON Her name is famous, but I wonder how many people really read the poems. They are uncanny. Dickinson questions God (in both senses of that phrase) and stares down death, yet, despite the seriousness of the subjects, she is never solemn. Lately I've been especially struck by her poem #1259 (in the Thomas H. Johnson edition) as a description of aesthetic experience, or art itself. This is the "wind" she invokes that

with itself did cold engage

...

Like Separation's Swell
Restored in Arctic Confidence
To the Invisible—

3 LEE SMOLIN, THE TROUBLE WITH PHYSICS (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, 2006) Smolin, who has previously written enthusiastically about string theory, in this latest book suggests that it may be something of a mathematical fad. My enthusiasm for Smolin's writing has nothing to do with this thesis. I like it because of sentences like this: "Recall the wave/particle duality of quantum mechanics which asserts that there is a wave associated with every particle. The reverse is also true: There is a particle associated with every wave, including a particle associated with the sound wave traveling through metal. It is called a phonon." These images boggle my mind, and that, as Frank O'Hara once said, "is when refreshment arrives."

4 FRANCIS PONGE My favorite collection of the work of this French poet is *Things*, translated

by Cid Corman (Grossman Publishers, Inc., 1971). It contains (mostly) prose poems with titles such as "The Piece of Meat," "The Oyster," and "The Notebook of the Pine Woods." Ponge is a sort of naturalist. His poems are scientifically precise and full of accurate observation, yet they are also fanciful, subtly metaphorical, and eccentric. There is no poet remotely like him.

5 SANS SOLEIL (1982) This film by Chris Marker is like good poetry. The female narrator tells us what a man has written her about his travels in Japan and Africa. The images and the words, sometimes directly correlated, sometimes not, show that Marker is deeply in love with the strangeness of *all* human ceremonies and customs. We're shown a Japanese ceremony for the souls of broken dolls, which are piled up and burned after the narrator speaks about "the poignancy of things." A dignified couple say a prayer for the soul of their missing cat at a temple filled with kitschy ceramic cats. We're also shown people gawking at the exotic treasures in "The Vatican Exhibition" at a Sogo department store in Tokyo. Despite the fact that the film deals with the distances between people, there is absolutely no irony. This is *Lost in Translation* without the comic flippancy.

6 BOB PERELMAN, IFLIFE (ROOF BOOKS, 2006) Perelman's brilliant new book begins with what may be the best poem to date opposing the invasion of Iraq. It's called "Against Shock and Awe." This prose poem is a funny, grim, scathing analysis of the justifications for the conduct of the war. Here are a few lines: "Deeper rationale: It's an adult world. Shock and Awe is adult political theatre for a world audience. To reach an audience that big you have to project."

7 THE ROLLING STONES, "GIMME SHELTER" I'm still crazy about this 1969 song. I know I'm not alone here. It was featured in Martin Scorsese's recent film *The Departed*. The Stones have taken considerable flak in the press

recently, apparently for committing the sin of growing old in public. So I just want to say that the opening bars of this song, with an eerie falsetto floating over an ominous ratchet noise, still give me chills. They give me a sense of what the old philosophers meant by "the sublime."

8 LYDIA DAVIS In a wry yet friendly and practical voice, Davis's stories tell us about the impossibility of being innocent. Her collection *Samuel Johnson Is Indignant* (McSweeney's Books, 2001) is full of double takes, those she experiences and those she makes us experience. You know how if you stare at any one word too long it begins to look quite strange? Well, Davis puts language in general, relationships in particular, and life itself under that sort of scrutiny.

9 CONJUNCTIONS Edited by Bradford Morrow, *Conjunctions* is a weighty journal with high production values. Almost every issue mixes "experimental" fiction with poetry of the same stripe. And the journal flourishes. Having just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, *Conjunctions* shows that such editorial choices don't have to spell disaster.

10 FANNY HOWE, "O'CLOCK" This poem delights me every time I read it because of the visceral pleasure Howe takes in the natural world. Lines like the following are truly joyful:

Hive-sized creams are on the chestnut tree
alive for—and with—bees—boughs
of copper beech give birds a ride

I think Howe has just about the best ear of any poet writing. She is also philosophically and politically provocative. □

From top: Emily Dickinson, ca. 1886. Lydia Davis, *Samuel Johnson Is Indignant* (McSweeney's Books, 2001). Lee Smolin, *The Trouble with Physics: The Rise of String Theory, the Fall of a Science, and What Comes Next* (Houghton Mifflin, 2006). Chris Marker, *Sans Soleil, 1982*, still from a color film in 35 mm, 100 minutes. Mick Jagger at the premiere of *The Departed*, New York, September 26, 2006. Photo: AP/Stephen Chernin.

Kay Rosen

Based in Gary, Indiana, Kay Rosen recently had a solo exhibition at Yvon Lambert in New York, and this fall her work will be included in multiple group exhibitions, including “Sign Language” at the Des Moines Art Center. She is one of the artists illustrating Four Corners Books’s upcoming series of new editions of literary works. A collection of her writings will be published by Sara Ranchose Publishing in May.

1 ALLEN RUPPERSBERG, *THE NEW FIVE FOOT SHELF: MEMOIR/NOVEL/INDEX, 2004* Commissioned by the Dia Art Foundation, this web version of Ruppertsberg’s 2001 installation *The New Five Foot Shelf* comprises fifty electronic “volumes” of texts written by the artist, plus close-up photographs of the cluttered SoHo studio he used from 1986 to 2001. Ruppertsberg describes the project as “the rearrangement of Everything. A collection of notes, letters, quotes, photos, words, works, texts, books, ideas, stories, poems, etc. A personal reference library.” One feels a little voyeuristic engaging with the site, peeking in on and mentally reassembling the artist’s personal collection of texts and his work space.

2 GEORGES PEREC, *LIFE: A USER’S MANUAL (1978)* As viewers must visually piece together Ruppertsberg’s crowded studio through an assortment of images, so readers of this novel must compose, using details gradually released over the course of the book, the narratives of the residents of a large apartment building in Paris. The story, therefore, is structured as a puzzle (and puzzles are, in fact, central to the plot). The novel reads almost like nonfiction because its descriptions are so excruciatingly detailed that they seem like the kind of thing that is almost impossible to fabricate.

3 KENNETH GOLDSMITH, *AMERICAN TRILOGY* Published by Make Now Press, this series by poet Kenneth Goldsmith comprises *The Weather* (2005), a year’s worth of daily one-minute New York City weather reports; *Traffic* (2007), traffic reports from the same radio station on the worst traffic day of the year; and the forthcoming *Sports* (January 2008). Divorced from their original sources and uses and presented as novels, these found materials, of the type that we consume and dispose of daily, become surprisingly romantic and dramatic.

4 AN INCONVENIENT TRUTH (2006) As a member of eight environmental organizations, I thought I knew

everything about global warming—but Al Gore’s film was a true revelation. While laying out his well-researched case, Gore shows a gift for narrative that rivals that of such mesmerizing scientist-storytellers as Carl Sagan. And the movie’s Oscar win couldn’t come at a better time: As I write this, the *New York Times* and *Der Spiegel* report that global warming is occurring at an even faster rate, and is inflicting worse damage, than previously predicted.

5 STEVE REICH, *WRITINGS ABOUT MUSIC (1974)* In the essays in this small yet inspiring collection, Reich writes about his own music and performances, including the seminal *It’s Gonna Rain*, 1965, in which two recordings of the same apocalyptic speech by a street preacher are played simultaneously, gradually shifting in and out of sync with each other due to technological inconsistencies between the two recorders. The book is, inadvertently, a chronicle of the ’60s and ’70s, since, in writing about his music, Reich necessarily discusses the groundbreaking composers, dancers, musicians, and works of that time.

6 JOËLLE TUERLINCKX AND ARTURO HERRERA Tuerlinckx’s exhibition “Drawing Inventory” (2006), at the Drawing Center in New York, which consisted of workstations that displayed various materials indexing measurements of the space, and Herrera’s show “Separated, but Nevertheless Together” (2005) at the DAAD Galerie in Berlin, which featured rooms meticulously painted with “leaking” red stripes, might, on first look, appear to be very dissimilar. But despite their distinct visual vocabularies and artistic processes, these two artists rely on one underlying concern for their projects—the site-specific conditions residing in the architecture of their exhibition spaces.

7 PAUL ELLIMAN’S FOUND FONT Since 1989, London-based designer Paul Elliman has collected hundreds of letter-shaped industrial scraps. Always adding to his collection—part of which was recently shown in the exhibition “Accidental Collectors” at

the Aram Gallery in London—Elliman is working toward generating a “found” font that would allow one to write a text without having to use the same character twice, a uniqueness that is precisely contrary to what a font traditionally is.

8 THE SUBURBAN Artists Michelle Grabner and Brad Killam founded this gem of an art space in 1999 behind their house in Oak Park, Illinois. Since then, it has attracted thousands of visitors who have come to see projects by nearly one hundred artists from all over the world, including Matthew Higgs, Kevin Wolff, and Luc Tuymans. It has developed considerable cachet, being one of, if not *the*, most interesting spaces in the Chicago area, arguably due to its distance from the market and to the hosts’ hands-off approach and their curatorial acuity.

9 HA HA Serious subjects presented humorously have always delivered more punch for me than serious subjects presented seriously, perhaps because the joke is unexpected. And the more *slapstick* the better. Richard Jackson’s sculptures of army generals as ducks, the works in Cary Leibowitz’s show “I Love Warhol Piss Paintings,” and Kathe Burkhart’s confrontational canvases of Elizabeth Taylor are all examples of art I’ve recently seen that effectively sheathes tough subjects in humor.

10 NORTHWEST INDIANA COALITION AGAINST THE IRAQ WAR I am proud to participate in this grassroots organization that has been actively protesting the Iraq War through various actions since 2005. One of our most visible accomplishments is a billboard that has been up for nine months on I-90 between Chicago and Gary, which confronts thousands of drivers each day with the message OUT OF IRAQ. □

From top: Arturo Herrera, *Untitled, 2005*, acrylic on wall. Installation view, DAAD Galerie, Berlin. Photo: Jens Zuhe. Exterior of The Suburban, Oak Park, IL, 2007. Characters from Paul Elliman’s found font. Davis Guggenheim, *An Inconvenient Truth, 2006*, still from a color film in 35 mm, 100 minutes. Al Gore. Allen Ruppertsberg, *The New Five Foot Shelf: Memoir/Novel/Index (detail), 2004*, web project.

Chip Lord

Chip Lord was cofounder, with Doug Michels, of Ant Farm, the subject of a major retrospective organized in 2004 by the Berkeley Art Museum and of upcoming exhibitions at the Fonds Régional d’Art Contemporain Centre in Orléans, France, and the Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture in New York. A survey of Lord’s single-channel video works was held at the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía in Madrid in March 2005. He is a professor in the film and digital media department at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

1 LIVING WITH WAR (2006) Neil Young’s protest album is a heartfelt, humanist howl grounded in three-chord rock, but it goes deeper than the music. The special-edition CD includes a DVD with ten music videos that sample news footage and Bush sound bites, plus a documentary for each song. Young rolled out the album’s most biting track, “Let’s Impeach the President,” on tour last summer to mixed reviews, which are posted on his website along with music, videos, and links to more than a thousand other protest songs.

2 VICTORY GARDENS 2007+ In the recent SECA Art Award show at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Amy Franceschini displayed clever combines of gardening tools (the “shovelpogo,” the “bikebarrow”). Also on view were graphically striking posters, seed packets, and maps for the real action—planting parties the artist organizes to grow backyard “victory gardens,” à la World War II, but for the age of global warming and Slow Food.

3 CAROLYN BURKE, LEE MILLER: A LIFE (KNOPF, 2005) What makes Lee Miller’s story fascinating is her peripatetic (and sexual) drive—a *Vogue* cover model in 1927 at age twenty, she went to Paris two years later, where she announced herself to Dadaist Man Ray as his student (but quickly became his muse and lover); she returned to New York to set up her own photo studio (1932), impulsively married Aziz Eloui Bey and moved to Cairo (1934), and “vacationed” in Paris with the Surrealists (1937). Serving as a war correspondent/photographer for British *Vogue*, Miller covered the liberation of Paris, the march into Germany, and the liberation of the death camp at Dachau. She even dropped by Hitler’s Munich home, where David E. Scherman photographed her in *der Führer’s* tub.

4 GORDON MATTA-CLARK, FRESHKILL, 1972 This Super 8 film, currently on view in the artist’s retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York,

has a great sense of mise-en-scène. The protagonist is a GMC Panel truck—a precursor of today’s ubiquitous SUVs—whose tragic end involves a truly startling moment of impact. The sly title is both literal (Fresh Kills being the Staten Island landfill where the film was shot) and figurative. In 2007, *Freshkill* is still fresh!

5 ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES: THE AIRPORT PICTURES OF GARRY WINOGRAND (CHARLES RIVERS PUBLISHING CO., 2004) I’ve been shooting, er . . . I mean, *photographing* in airports for the past few years, and Garry Winogrand’s 1960s and ’70s airport shots provide inspiration, showing the photographer’s great eye for the details of human behavior. Back then, people showed incredible openness to having their pictures taken, a lightness of being that is not possible in today’s airport-cities, in which anyone with a camera falls under suspicion.

6 NAM JUNE PAIK: LESSONS FROM THE VIDEO MASTER, 2006 Skip Blumberg is a master of on-the-street video recording—largely due to his ability to engage his subjects from behind the camera. In this video, he engages artists Yoko Ono, Carolee Schneemann, Beryl Korot, Bill Viola, and others at the funeral of Nam June Paik. A fitting tribute to Nam June in his own medium.

7 THE NEW WORLD (2005) Terrence Malick’s latest film does what cinema can do so well but seldom does: transport the viewer through time and space to a different world. But Malick doesn’t just take us to the place (Jamestown, 1607)—he finds unique visual and poetic ways to tell the story. We hear Captain John Smith (Colin Farrell) thinking: “To love her in the wild, forget the name of Smith. I should tell her. Tell her what? It was just a dream. I am now awake.”

8 ELIZABETH DILLER For years, I’ve marveled at how Diller Scofidio + Renfro’s practice blurs the boundaries between architecture,

installation, sculpture, and media. So I was thrilled to learn that Elizabeth Diller would be speaking at UC, Santa Cruz, this past March. When designing the new Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, she said, the firm felt that the debate about the ideal role of architecture for the museum (that of protagonist or that of background player) was too reductive. Rather, she explained, “the museum should aspire to expose the public to issues through and about space, just as the museum aspires to expose the public to issues through and about art.” Bold ideas, lovely metaphors, and beautiful visuals made this talk a delight.

9 DE YOUNG MUSEUM Designed by Herzog & de Meuron, the De Young welcomes the community—both the café, with its terrace overlooking the sculpture garden, and the torqued tower, with its unexpected views of San Francisco, are situated outside the ticketed galleries. The building is an elegant “big box” with the outdoors slicing deeply into its center, bringing natural light and Walter Hood’s amazing landscape design into the lobby. It’s the city’s first great twenty-first-century building.

10 THE CLOCK OF THE LONG NOW (BASIC BOOKS, 1999) In this insightful book, published before climate change was widely discussed, Stewart Brand asks: “How do we make long-term thinking automatic and common instead of difficult and rare?” In response, he proposes the Clock of the Long Now, named by Brian Eno and designed by W. Daniel Hillis. The clock, to be built into a mountain in eastern Nevada, will rival James Turrell’s Roden Crater—and will have an intended life span of ten thousand years. □

From top: Gordon Matta-Clark, *FreshKill, 1972*, still from a color film in Super 8 mm, 12 minutes 48 seconds. © 2007 The Estate of Gordon Matta-Clark/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. Terrence Malick, *The New World, 2005*, still from a color film in 35 mm, 150 minutes. Lee Miller in Hitler’s bathtub, Munich, April 30, 1945. Photo: David E. Scherman. © Lee Miller Archives. Herzog & de Meuron, De Young Museum, 2005, San Francisco. Photo: Mark Darley. Amy Franceschini, *VG2007+ Public Seed Bank, 2007*, wood, glass, paper, rubber, thread, and seeds, 10½ x 7½ x 2”.

Paulina Olowska

This past winter, Polish-born, Berlin-based artist Paulina Olowska had a solo exhibition at Metro Pictures Gallery in New York. She currently has a show at the Portikus in Frankfurt, which will close in July, and a joint exhibition with Lucy McKenzie at Sammlung Goetz in Munich through August.



1 OLD NEONS, WARSAW In the 1960s the Polish government approved a plan to make the country's gray industrial cities more enchanting by commissioning colorful neon art. At that time, everything in Poland was done with a grand gesture, so Warsaw alone by the mid-'70s had as many as three thousand neon signs—from small designs on kiosk storefronts to monumental works covering immense new architecture. Unlike the day's advertising-driven designs in Western Europe and the United States, these Polish neons seem to have been steeped in Stepanova-like abstraction and the shapes, zigzags, and swirls of Op art. Most of them are gone now, but those remaining stand proud.

2 VOLKER SCHLÖNDORFF, STRAJK—DIE HELDIN VON DANZIG (2007) The director of my favorite films, *The Tin Drum* (1979) and *Swann in Love* (1984), returns to Gdańsk to take on events surrounding the Lenin Shipyard workers' demonstrations of the early 1980s. The protagonist is loosely based on Anna Walentynowicz, a crane operator and union leader (less celebrated than Lech Walesa but equally important) who protested against the management's corruption and mistreatment of employees by editing and distributing an antiestablishmentarian zine. Her subsequent dismissal from the shipyard inspired the avalanche of workers' strikes that ultimately led to the founding of Solidarity. The film is a haunting exposé of the poverty of 1970s and '80s Poland.

3 EDWARD KRASIŃSKI Best known for his blue-tape installations, Krasiński is one of the main figures of Conceptual art in Poland—a position made clear with his retrospective at the Generali Foundation in Vienna last year, which comprised a theatrical arrangement of performative objects, along with photographs of the artist staging himself in front of his work. Those who seek the clearest sense of this neo-avant-garde sculptor, painter, and performer must, however, visit Krasiński's studio in Warsaw. Both a meeting place for artists and critics and a performance and exhibition space, the studio opens this October as a museum and research center, courtesy of the Foksal Gallery Foundation.

4 NO BRA Based in London, No Bra makes true avant-garde, soulful, hard-edged electronic music, with lyrics and melodies composed, produced, and performed primarily by chanteuse Susanne Oberbeck. Topless and statuesque, with her lemon-yellow stilettos and hair past her waist, Oberbeck sings in a deep, melancholy voice. Lyrics include "Tissue in the road, knickers on your doorstep"; "Don't tell me that I'm beautiful, I'm gonna kill you for it"; and "You make me feel like a woman, you make me feel dead."

5 PAULINE BOTY Boty was a 1960s British artist who was in love with pop and had no problem with her femininity. Many of her paintings and collages have a dreamlike quality and depict her darlings Jean-Paul Belmondo, Monica Vitti, and Marilyn Monroe. Others strongly critique the male-dominated establishment. Indeed, Boty never received the same attention as her male colleagues, including Peter Blake and Richard Hamilton, mostly because of her playful way of handling images and the provocative manner in which she represented herself.

6 MUSICA GENERA Founded in 2001 by musicians Robert Piotrowicz and Anna Zaradny, this laboratory of sound, based in Szczecin, Poland, is dedicated to presenting contemporary experimental and improvised music. In addition to releasing hard-on-the-ear but immensely gratifying sounds, the duo organizes an annual festival that has featured such renowned musicians as Christian Fennesz, Jazzkammer, Tony Buck, and Daniel Menche. Equally stellar talent will be performing this year.

7 PROJECT ROUTE W-Z (WWW.ZJAROCINA.PL) This month, after a long period of censorship, the first of thirty-five albums of material from Jarocin, the legendary independent-music festival in Poland, will finally be available. Jarocin was organized by a small group of new-wave and punk enthusiasts and brought together some four hundred fans in its first edition in 1980. By 1985 the crowd had reached twenty thousand, making Jarocin the biggest festival of its kind in Central Europe. Released by Polish label In My Eyes, the Project Route W-Z albums, with original cover designs by contemporary artists like Zbigniew Libera and Wilhelm Sasnal, will bring the festival's forgotten gems to the public.

8 BONNIE CAMPLIN, SPECIAL AFFLICTIONS BY ROY HARRYHOZEN, 2006 This 35-mm short film is based on the 1974 British horror film *The Mutations* and constitutes a brilliantly deadpan meditation on the damaging effects of suppressing emotion. An homage to Ray Harryhausen, a creator of animated special effects, the film features four characters, each of whom carries a special affliction—the heroine, Lady Silba, is a crudely animated silver statue who periodically and unwillingly gets stuck in melancholy poses; John Prolong is too slow; Fox is immobile and contains his anima in a bell jar; Scratch the Hat is as jittery as an '80s "scratch" record. I love the whole look of the film—Victorian artifice meets science fiction.

9 MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY Located in Warsaw's infamous Palace of Culture (originally the Joseph Stalin Palace of Culture and Science) and filled with beautiful handpainted signs and faded modernist posters, this institution remains frozen in the year it opened: 1955. Among the museum's dusty rooms—which are devoted to absurd themes like forestry, metallurgy, and ensorcelled sounds (whatever *that* means)—are two oddities I especially enjoy: the Technology of Electronic Computation section, which features midcentury Russian and Polish computers and devices that look like props from *Solaris*, and a *tableau vivant* of mining uniforms that is reminiscent of a cheap Kraftwerk set.

10 VOGUE MENTHOL SUPERSLIMS British-American tobacco, lightly perfumed. The first cigarette I ever smoked was a Vogue, and they still keep me company in my studio and aid in social situations. Their elegant, slim look and sublime taste do not help one entertain the thought of quitting. (They do, however, help one entertain the thought of owning a fur coat.) They've recently become available in a pink orchid-emblazoned special-edition pack. But don't try to call them a ladies' cigarette—plenty of blokes smoke 'em too. □

Top: Susanne Oberbeck performing, *Macbeth*, London, 2006. Photo: Rebecca Thomas. Bottom: Interior of Edward Krasiński's studio, Warsaw, 2004. Photo: Aneta Grzeszykowska and Jan Smaga.

From top: Interior of the Museum of Technology, Warsaw, 2007. Photo: Paulina Olowska. Bonnie Camplin, *Special Afflictions by Roy Harryhozen*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm, 5 minutes. Pauline Boty, *The Only Blonde in the World*, 1963, oil on canvas, 48 1/4 x 60 1/4". © Estate of Pauline Boty.

Alison Knowles

Alison Knowles makes performances, books, poems, and visual artworks. This past July, she performed at Miguel Abreu Gallery in New York as part of "Agapê," an exhibition on musical notation curated by Alex Waterman. She is a founding member of the Fluxus group.



1 ARTIST ORGANIZED ART (WWW.ARTISTORGANIZEDART.ORG) In 2003, Joshua Selman started this website, which grew into a nonprofit organization. The group supports and coordinates artist-organized events and interventions, continuing the legacy of the International Artists' Museum that Emmett Williams and Ryszard Wasko founded in Poland in 1990. The members of AOA have traveled all over, including Israel and Cardiff, to help create spaces in which art can occur. I like it because it functions outside the commercial art market and benefits artists rather than curators and institutions.

2 ORCHARD STREET, NEW YORK The cluster of small art spaces around Orchard Street (Orchard, Dexter Sinister, Miguel Abreu Gallery) feels like an independent scene, not like the one in the 1960s, but its own thing; one that combines new media with old. In nearby Cake Shop, one can still find edgy music on seven-inch vinyl, such as the new album by Messages (Taketo Shimada and Tres Warren), who make irregular and intensely energetic music unlike anything you'd hear in a club. In July, at Miguel Abreu, I saw San Diego cellist Charles Curtis and Alex Waterman perform pieces by Eliane Radigue and Christian Wolff. The performance was spellbinding and minimal; the dimension of the music let us feel the presence of audience and space, without dominating either.

3 A MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL I met some friends in Cologne and heard this joke: A tourist looking at the Cologne Cathedral said, "What a shame that they built the cathedral so close to the railroad station!" Later in the day, on my way to the public radio station Westdeutscher Rundfunk Köln (whose wonderful program *Studio Akustische Kunst* was then directed by Klaus Schöning), I crossed a street against the light and was stopped by a policeman on the other side. I replied in French. After several moments spent staring at each other blankly, he let me go.

4 FOOD ART John Cage was a great macrobiotic cook, and we enjoyed cooking together. To include space and silence in art is not easy; perhaps he developed his expertise in the kitchen. Food became serious art in the '60s, a new genre coming from everyday life; and it persists today. (I think of Rirkrit Tiravanija's live food events, such as the ones he produced at David Zwirner this past spring.) That first decade, Daniel Spoerri hung used lunch trays on the walls in his famous Düsseldorf restaurant and Ay-O performed "Identical Lunch," my event score involving New York's ubiquitous tuna-fish sandwich, at one of George Maciunas's New Year's celebrations. Gordon Matta-Clark's Food restaurant opened on Prince Street in the early '70s. In the '80s, Emily Harvey would host banquets for her artists' birthdays in the private section of her Broadway gallery space—a worthy substitute for bad wine and city water. The French Conceptualist Jean Dupuy once made mayonnaise there, sitting on a turning platform and releasing the oil, drip by drip. Delicious!

5 MUSÉE DES MOULAGES D'ART ANTIQUE Curated by Bertrand Clavez, a French Maciunas scholar, the most recent exhibition of my "Time Samples"—found objects embedded in paper with titles on attached tickets—took place this past summer at the University of Lyon's Musée des Moulages d'Art Antique, a stadium-size space that houses full-size plaster casts of famous European statues. Twenty students helped me arrange the "Time Samples" on long tables, and we produced a concert of new and vintage Fluxus "events" amid Etruscan and Roman statuary. If you make it there, try cycling down the hill to the Carrés Pégase, a small residential hotel in which I was the sole visitor, though local residents, retirees, and the occasional lawyer or doctor would appear for breakfast.

6 MARCEL BROODTHAERS Having used what he had at hand to make his art—for instance, eggshells and mussels—Broodthaers is one of my heroes. Mussels and eggs are cheap and common fare in Brussels. Broodthaers drank wine at a bar in town called Mort Subite, which translates "sudden death." The work of this man, who was desperately poor in his lifetime, is now well represented in the local museum of modern art.

7 CONCRETE POETRY The best source for this genre, which marries words and typography, thus providing an important bridge to visual art, is *Anthology of Concrete Poetry* (Something Else Press, 1967) by Emmett Williams, who began making prints, paintings, and performances with concrete poetry in the '50s. Jackson Mac Low formed concrete poems as a grid on which one could move in any direction. Mary Ellen Solt broke down the names of flowers into visual word-bouquets. These poets have all died in the past few years, but their important contributions have led us to poetry that need not even sit on the page. During a recent evening at the Drawing Center in New York, curated by Lytle Shaw, participants performed poems using objects, instruments, and audience participation.

8 NAM JUNE PAIK, TATE MODERN I recently stayed in Peckham, a working-class and culturally diverse neighborhood in London, with Benedict O'Looney, an artist, architect, and co-organizer of the 2006 London Architecture Biennale. In the mornings, we would eat breakfast under the wisteria vine in his garden, and then he would take me on a guided tour of the city. Walking into Tate Modern's side entrance one afternoon, we stumbled upon a Nam June Paik video tribute. The showing inspired me to recall the Fluxus performance pieces I did with Paik in 1962, feeling delighted that he was my friend and that he was being so honored there.

9 SKULPTUR PROJEKTE MÜNSTER This exhibition was initiated by Kasper König and Klaus Bussmann thirty years ago and has occurred every ten years since. We need actions outside galleries and concert halls, so I appreciate this show, which features sculptures in outdoor locations around the city, like Michael Asher's *Caravan, 1977–*, which has found new sites within Münster for all four installments. I look forward to visiting for the first time this October.

10 NIGHTTIME READING On my bedside table is a range of literature that I read while drifting toward sleep: Thoreau's diaries and essays; Morton Feldman's descriptions of painters and composers of the '50s and '60s (*Give My Regards to Eighth Street*); Benjamin H. D. Buchloh's big book of essays (*Neo-Avantgarde and Culture Industry*); stories by Jorge Luis Borges; and the early works of Gabriel García Márquez. In terms of new research on Fluxus, I enjoy Hannah Higgins's *Fluxus Experience* and Julia Robinson's catalogue essay in *George Brecht: Events: A Heterospective*. And to all a good night. □

From top: Marcel Broodthaers, *Moules sauce blanche* (Mussels with White Sauce), 1967, oil and shellac on mussel shells and metal, 19 1/2 x 15 1/2 x 13". © Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/SABAM, Brussels. Nam June Paik, *Analogue Assemblage*, 2000, still from a color video, 2 minutes 8 seconds. © Electronic Arts Intermix, New York. Two concrete poems by Mary Ellen Solt. Left: "Forsythia," 1966. Right: "Geranium," 1966.

Top: John Cage picking mushrooms, 1967. Photo: © William Gedney Collection, Duke University. Bottom: Alex Waterman performing at the opening of "Agapê," Miguel Abreu Gallery, New York, June 3, 2007.

Rosalind Nashashibi

Rosalind Nashashibi represents Scotland in the Fifty-second Venice Biennale. She is currently participating in the third installment of the Contour Biennial for Video Art in Mechelen, Belgium; has a solo exhibition at Berkeley Art Museum in California; and is artist in residence at the International Artists Studio Program in Sweden (Stockholm). She and Lucy Skaer work collaboratively under the name Nashashibi/Skaer.



1 DIE ARTISTEN IN DER ZIRKUSKUPPEL: RATLOS (ARTISTS UNDER THE BIG TOP: PERPLEXED) (1968) In this film by Alexander Kluge, protagonist Leni Peickert plans to build a new type of circus that will flout convention by presenting beasts in their authentic states. The narrator claims, “Faced with the inhuman situation, the [circus] artists can only increase the degree of difficulty in their work.” Leni is as eccentric as her father, a trapeze artist killed in the ring who longed for the impossible—to see elephants float in the air under the big top, for example. Having secured funding, she goes so far as to buy an elephant, but despite this bold step her plans go awry. The audience is not yet ready for change. Leni is a fierce character who tirelessly attempts to tackle problems that are likely insurmountable. I’d like to see her appear in future films—she still has a job to do.

2 FINAL SCENES OF TOUTE UNE NUIT (ALL NIGHT LONG) (1982) AND BEAU TRAVAIL (GOOD WORK) (1999) The last scene of Chantal Akerman’s *Toute une nuit* shows a doomed couple dancing together, awkwardly, in an apartment in the early morning as the sound of car horns outside blends with music from the radio. During the end credits of Claire Denis’s *Beau travail*, the main character dances wildly in an empty nightclub. Both films communicate predominantly through gestures and looks rather than through dialogue or plot. And, like plays within plays, their final scenes encapsulate the whole work in a single physical activity so satisfying and complete, it’s stunning.

3 MATISSE’S CHASUBLES The last room of the 2005 exhibition “Matisse: The Fabric of Dreams—His Art and His Textiles,” at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, housed two chasuble maquettes made by Matisse for his total work of art, the Chapel of the Rosary in Vence, France. They look almost like magicians’ cloaks or large paper butterflies with fantastic patterns and shapes. I loved them as charged objects and as costume.

4 MARCEL BROODTHAERS, A VOYAGE ON THE NORTH SEA (1973–74) This silent four-minute 16-mm film is structured like a book featuring an amateur painting of a ship and photographs of sailing boats. Some of the “pages” of the film are identical to one another, and some are superclose shots of brushstrokes. But to describe the work as being about the picture plane is to ignore the facts, the ships, the pages, the way the work insists that you look repeatedly at the same clichéd images until they lose their ordinariness. The brilliant thing is that the film is so simple, and yet it holds on to its mystery.

5 TROPICAL MALADY (2004) I first saw *Tropical Malady* in an ordinary cinema that did not bill it as an art film, so I wasn’t expecting to be particularly challenged. Director Apichatpong Weerasethakul addresses unanswerable questions—about spirituality, lust, and fear—and splits the film into two halves (one realistic, the other mythical and fantastical), a move that opens up the film to failure, though you find yourself staying with it the whole way through. Like *A Voyage on the North Sea*, *Tropical Malady* taps into things we recognize and respond to without understanding rationally. It made me think it was possible for filmmakers to do exactly what they want, even outside the safely permissive zone of the art gallery.

6 CASA LUIS BARRAGÁN, TACUBAYA, MEXICO, 1948 Every element of this house is elegant and beautiful, but I especially like the enormous lectern in Barragán’s living room, which displays the architect’s favorite books, left open at significant pages, and his own magazine collages, one of which is, fascinatingly, an homage to Iman, former supermodel and current wife of David Bowie. It seems to me that amid all the aesthetic perfection Barragán also thought about his own pleasure. Some bedrooms look like little more than monastic cells, perfect for playing out sadomasochistic fantasies. I love the house because it’s a bit too personal for such rigorous architecture.

7 FORD TRANSIT (2002) This film by Hany Abu-Assad was shot in one of the thousands of former Israeli military vans now used by Palestinians as collective taxis between checkpoints in the occupied territories. The vehicles are crucial for everyday movement and, ironically, for dodging the military controls. By staging his film inside one of these white vans, Abu-Assad creates a theater in which Palestinian society, occupation, and daily life are played out in miniature. Scenes that seem real are actually scripted, which apparently annoyed some audiences, but to me that is what is great about the film—it shows things more succinctly and truthfully than a fly-on-the-wall or vérité approach could do. And it’s funny. Abu-Assad is extremely sharp and shows the absurdity inherent in very serious situations.

8 CLEMENS VON WEDEMEYER, VON GEGENÜBER (FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE) (2007) I just saw this film at Skulptur Projekte Münster. It’s shot entirely with a camera strapped to the artist, so the viewer is sandwiched between what Wedemeyer confronts and his consciousness of it, as if we get to see his surroundings before he has had the chance to process them. And it’s film, not video, so you don’t get bogged down in surveillance or documentary issues. As in *Ford Transit*, the action is both scripted and candid, but in Wedemeyer’s film the viewer is denied safe distance. You feel the artist’s mental state, as if you are right there with him.

9 EGYPTIAN POP: ANGHAM, “SEDI WE SALAK” (I WANT TO CONNECT WITH YOU), AND AMR DIAB, “WALA ALA BALOH” (SHE HAS NO CLUE) Angham’s voice is beautiful and clear. My friend Hassan Khan told me Amr Diab is the Ricky Martin of Egypt—so basically my taste is that of an Egyptian eight-year-old. He does make me wince at times, particularly during his embarrassing rap sequences. In any case, I love these songs. The music is an intoxicating, over-the-top sugar rush of traditional Arabic sound and Eurotrash.

10 KATE DAVIS I like Kate Davis’s work partly because it leaves space for me to project my thoughts onto it. *The Participator*, 2004, is my favorite, a beautiful surrealist sculpture representing a woman. The work is strange and tough, but also sexy and playful. Her approach is uncompromising and undidactic—in sum, feminine. In her installation *Waiting in 1972; What About 2007? (1a-d)*, 2007, glazed ceramic batons stick out of hollowed-out television sets, perhaps serving as a call to reverse the hypnotic effects of TV. I like the intervention of her unique handmade objects, which supplant the bland and dumbing messages of television, bursting out of the sets like parasites. □

Above: Alexander Kluge, *Die Artisten in der Zirkuskuppel: Ratlos (Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed)*, 1968, still from a color and black-and-white film in 35 mm, 104 minutes. Right: Henri Matisse, maquette for red chasuble (front) designed for the Chapel of the Rosary, 1950–52, gouache on paper cutout, 52½ x 78¼". © Succession Henri Matisse/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/ADAGP, Paris.

From top: Kate Davis, *Waiting in 1972; What About 2007? (1a-d)* (detail), 2007, pencil on paper, ceramic batons, and televisions, dimensions variable. Hany Abu-Assad, *Ford Transit*, 2002, still from a color film in 16 mm, 80 minutes. Amr Diab performing during the World Music Awards, Monaco, 2002. Photo: Reuters/Eric Gaillard.

Paweł Althamer

This past year Paweł Althamer had solo exhibitions at Fondazione Nicola Trussardi in Milan and Galerie Neugerriemschneider in Berlin, and he participated in Skulptur Projekte Münster. He lives and works in Warsaw.



1 THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY STADIUM IN WARSAW Built in 1955 as a sports facility, this structure first served as the primary venue for Communist festivities and exemplifies the outstanding architecture executed to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Polish People's Republic, when the city hosted the Fifth World Festival of Youth and Students. During the emerging capitalist economy at the century's end, however, the stadium, by then dilapidated, was converted into a bazaar and soon became one of the largest in the world. Teeming with life, it now features an exceptional mix of black-market and pirated goods and sellers ranging from illegal immigrants to small-business tycoons from post-Soviet countries, Vietnam, and Africa. But soon, the government's "revitalization" efforts will return the stadium to its original athletic function—so that it may hold the upcoming football championship, Euro 2012—thus bringing an end to this vibrant microcosm of Central European life after the cold war.

2 FAMILY ALLOTMENTS These small gardens, which originated during the Communist era, can be found in every Polish city: plots of land created to provide safe havens for the country's workers, giving them the opportunity to farm in their downtime and to participate in a miniature community and neighborhood model. Now, showing a marked shift from state to private ownership, the parcels are freely traded; in fact, I recently bought one myself for when my family and I wish to escape the city.

3 OSKAR HANSEN (1922–2005) The recent death of Oskar Hansen—student of architect and furniture designer Pierre Jeanneret, member of Team 10 (an architecture collective formed in the 1950s that focuses on questions of modernization and consumer society), and long-term lecturer at the Warsaw Academy of Fine Arts—marked the end of an era. His utopian projects were based on his "open form" concept, which advocated architecture as an open-ended process. Though most of his works remain unrealized, ideas such as his comprehensive solution to overpopulation (to him the most pressing of the "great number" problems, or those inherent to modernism), which called for the construction of linear cities with alternating "servicing" and "serviced" zones, have been recently reassessed in academic journals. I had the opportunity to work with him on his last exhibition, "Warsaw Dream," and to visit the incredible house he designed and built for himself and his wife, Zofia (in Szumin, near Warsaw)—one of the handful of projects that was actually completed. I think of him often.

4 WARSAW MUSEUM OF MODERN ART I was on the jury to choose the architect of this new museum, and I'm happy to say that the project I voted for, by Christian Kerez, not only won but also sparked a debate on the very role and character of cultural institutions in Poland. With modest, light architecture and an undulating roof, Kerez's structure—which will be erected in the immediate vicinity of both the city's most visible landmark, the Palace of Culture and Science (a gift from Stalin), and a large complex of shopping malls from the '60s—seems to be a slick, minimalist solution to the problem of reconciling art with surroundings that are already imbued with meaning. I'm convinced that Joanna Mytkowska, the museum's new director and a friend of mine, will manage to make equally brilliant exhibitions inside the building.

5 WYSOWA Although its glory days have long passed, Wysowa—a tiny, sequestered spa with only seven hundred inhabitants in the Ropa river valley in southeastern Poland—has never been a star on the map of resorts. A pump room in a large park, two restaurants, and a mixture of rural architecture with a handful of spa buildings all make for a remote refuge with a magical aura and a pace of life that is restful but never too laid-back.

6 HUTSUL TAPESTRIES Woven in the Ukrainian city of Kosiv by Hutsuls, a group of highlanders in the Carpathian Mountains, these geometrically patterned carpets have amazingly found their way into trading stalls along Warsaw's "high street," Nowy Świat, and are a fascinating trace of a remote culture. Made from wool and hemp fiber, the tapestries feature a colorful blend of elements characteristic of the different migratory tribes that make up the Kosiv populace.

7 NOWOLIPIE GROUP For the past thirteen years, I have held weekly sculpture workshops in a community center in Muranów, a neighborhood of Warsaw, with a group of patients suffering from multiple sclerosis. Together we have developed more than a few artworks, and we have a number of ideas concerning collaboration in general. Two years ago we made a series of sculptures of Doppeldecker planes, and now we are preparing to fly a real one.

8 KAMPINOS FOREST This large complex of marshy woodlands located some twenty miles west of Warsaw is a place of much inspiration for me. I often walk in the forest at night, and it has provided the setting for some of my works, from a project that featured a video of me disappearing naked into the woods to a piece realized with Grzegorz Kowalski, my Academy of Fine Arts professor, which recorded our experience on LSD. In the center of the forest there is a cemetery built to commemorate more than two thousand Polish and Jewish victims of the Second World War.

9 KOSMA On April 14, 2007, Kosma Adam Althamer was born.

10 MAREK SIEPRAWSKI (1968–) Sieprawski is a Polish prose writer whose *Miasteczko z Ludzką Twarzą* (Little Town with a Human Face) (Lampa i Iskra Boża, 2002) tells the tale of a community that renounced the everyday troubles of capitalist economy and liberal democracy and made a nostalgic return to the all-too-recent past of the ancien régime. As this book shows, the work of memory is selective, and dreams can easily turn into nightmares. □

From top: Vendor at Tenth Anniversary Stadium bazaar, Warsaw, 1997. Photo: Magnum/Richard Kalvar. Interior of Oskar Hansen's house, Szumin, Poland. Photo: Jan Smaga and Aneta Grzeszykowska. Family allotment garden, Skwierzyna, Poland, 2007. Photo: Simon Haines.

From top: Paweł Althamer (front row, right) with Nowolipie Group, Warsaw, 2007. Photo: Paweł Althamer. Palmiry cemetery, Kampinos Forest, 2006. Photo: Renata and Marek Kosinki. Identification card for Kosma Adam Althamer.

John Waters

THE BROADWAY MUSICAL BASED ON JOHN WATERS'S CRY-BABY OPENS IN MARCH 2008. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)



1. Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino, *Grindhouse*, 2007, still from a color film in 35 mm, 191 minutes. From the *Death Proof* segment, directed by Tarantino. 6. Guy Maddin, *Brand Upon the Brain!*, 2006, still from a black-and-white film in Super 8 mm, 95 minutes. 10. Todd Haynes, *I'm Not There*, 2007, color film in 35 mm, 135 minutes. Production still. Bob Dylan/Jude (Cate Blanchett).



1 *Grindhouse* (Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino) The coolest high-concept art film of the year. A faux exploitation double feature from hell with coming attractions in between for films you'd kill to see if they were real. I could feel the ghost rats from Baltimore theaters past brushing up against my legs as I watched.

2 *Before I Forget* (Jacques Nolot) This negative movie about an HIV-positive man is brave, funny, gaily incorrect, and smart as a whip. The best feel-bad gay movie ever made.

3 *Away from Her* (Sarah Polley) Julie Christie deserves an Oscar for this wonderfully terrifying story of falling in love the second time around on Alzheimer's. What does a husband do when his wife forgets she is in love with him and hooks up with somebody else who can't remember either?

4 *Zoo* (Robinson Devor) They fuck horses, don't they? No, the horses fuck them! Jaw-dropping, sympathetic documentary about the appalling true-crime story of the so-called Enumclaw Horse-Sex Incident.

5 *Lust, Caution* (Ang Lee) At first, I thought it was the only film to be rated NC-17 for excessive cigarette smoking, but I soon realized it was a really sexy movie for adults. The best underarm-hair shot of the decade.

6 *Brand Upon the Brain!* (Guy Maddin) He may be the most original auteur working these days. Nuts. Defiantly uncommercial. Hilarious. Give the man more grants and prizes.

7 *An American Crime* (Tommy O'Haver) The sad but true story of Gertrude Baniszewski, brilliantly told. When Gertie, the scariest foster mother in the world, encourages her own hateful children and their mutant neighborhood chums to carve I AM A PROSTITUTE AND PROUD OF IT on their teenage girl victim's stomach, you know you're on the outer edges of entertainment but somehow glad to be along for the horrifying ride.

8 *I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With* (Jeff Garlin) A terrific tiny little movie that is a masterpiece of munching, melancholy, and the "magic of self-loathing."

9 *Flanders* (Bruno Dumont) A relentlessly punishing and depressing slow-paced French film about mud, barnyard animals, bad sex, and ugly war. The worst date movie of the year made me happy, happy, happy!

10 *I'm Not There* (Todd Haynes) A suggestion of a biography whose million little fractions add up to one knockout of a movie. The exact opposite of *Ray*! □

Amy Taubin

A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *FILM COMMENT* AND *SIGHT & SOUND*, AMY TAUBIN IS THE AUTHOR OF *TAXI DRIVER* (BFI, 2000).



2. Gus Van Sant, *Paranoid Park*, 2007, still from a color film in 35 mm, 90 minutes. Alex (Gabe Nevins). 4. Ken Jacobs, *Razzle Dazzle: The Lost World*, still from a color video, 92 minutes. 9. Richard Kelly, *Southland Tales*, 2007, still from a color film in 35 mm, 160 minutes. Dion Element (Wood Harris) and Dream (Amy Poehler).

1 *Zodiac* (David Fincher) Empirical knowledge—and its limits—recorded in codes, once analog, now digital, is the underlying concern of Fincher's splendidly bleak and brainy investigative drama based on the search for the killer who symbolized the death of the Summer of Love.

2 *Paranoid Park* (Gus Van Sant) Like the skateboarding kids who are its subject, this rapturously beautiful film is thrilling for its balance of precision and spontaneity.

3 *Eastern Promises* (David Cronenberg) Complicated morality, homoeroticized violence, terrifying tribalism, and masterfully theatrical filmmaking. Viggo Mortensen is charismatic, inscrutable, and wickedly funny. The Russian bathhouse fight scene is already a classic.

4 *Razzle Dazzle: The Lost World* (Ken Jacobs) As in his landmark *Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son* (1969), Jacobs savors and worries a silent film scrap into feature length, here translated to video from celluloid via digital pyrotechnics.

5 *No End in Sight* (Charles Ferguson) The smartest, best-organized, most infuriating documentary charting of almost everything that has gone wrong in Iraq.

6 *Terror's Advocate* (Barbet Schroeder) Examining the life of Jacques Vergès, the monster who defended Klaus Barbie, this documentary traces connections between European, Middle Eastern, and North African terrorism of the extreme Left and Right. As always, follow the money.

7 *Dance Party USA* (Aaron Katz) High school kids in Portland, Oregon, hook up in tenderly lit, intimately framed low-end DV. Katz's follow-up, *Quiet City*—the two films were just released as a double DVD set—is even lovelier to look at though not as astringent.

8 *Michael Clayton* (Tony Gilroy) I didn't think Hollywood could still make a muckraking thriller this smart, skillful, and entertaining. First-rate work from screenwriter-turned-director Gilroy and actors George Clooney and the amazing Tilda Swinton.

9 *Southland Tales* (Richard Kelly) I just had to reprise this alt-reality vision of Revelations played out in Venice, California. Last year, I put the Cannes version, which Kelly now admits was a work in progress, in second place. The official US release is tighter, the CGIs spiffier, and history has all but caught up to Kelly's near-future narrative.

10 *Blade Runner* (Ridley Scott) and *Killer of Sheep* (Charles Burnett) Both directors use digital technology to tease out superior DVD versions of their already classic movies (from 1982 and 1977, respectively). Scott's allegedly final "director's cut" is definitive proof that Deckard is a replicant. □

James Quandt

JAMES QUANDT, SENIOR PROGRAMMER AT CINEMATHEQUE ONTARIO IN TORONTO, IS CURRENTLY PREPARING A RETROSPECTIVE OF JAPANESE NEW WAVE MASTER NAGISA OSHIMA.



3. Cristian Mungiu, *4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days*, 2007, still from a color film in 35 mm, 113 minutes. Otilia (Anamaria Marinca). 4. Jia Zhang-ke, *Useless*, 2007, still from a color HD video, 80 minutes. 6. Victor Erice, *La Morte rouge*, 2006, still from a color video, 33 minutes.

1 *These Encounters of Theirs* (Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet) Straub-Huillet's final feature, a declamatory pastoral about gods and mortals, has a grandeur and passion that make Huillet's death last year all the more grievous.

2 *Pour vos beaux yeux* (Henri Storck) The eyes have it in Storck's 1929 ocular minimasterpiece, lost for four decades and now beautifully restored by the Cinémathèque Française.

3 *4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days* (Cristian Mungiu) Already the subject of critical backlash, Mungiu's grim Palme d'Or winner at Cannes treats abortion less as an issue than as a pretext to explore the distortion of everyday life by a totalitarian regime.

4 *Useless* (Jia Zhang-ke) Jia confirms his status as the bard of the new China in this devastating inquiry into fashion design and expendable humanity, sartorial metaphor giving way to tropes of disposability, oblivion, burial.

5 *Tarahi V* (Haris Epaminonda) Epaminonda's eerie Scriabin-scored collages taken from Cypriot television and Greek movies from the 1960s provided, along with Tsai Ming-liang's *It's a Dream*, the filmic highlight of this year's Venice Biennale.

6 *La Morte rouge* (Victor Erice) The Arvo Pärt music aside, few recent films are as eloquent or plangent as Erice's half-hour elegy for the cinema, Spain, and his own life and career.

7 *Fengming, A Chinese Memoir* (Wang Bing) Speak, memory: For three hours, a woman recounts heart-bruising tales of political internment in Maoist China—a telephone call, a lighting cue, and a pee break rupturing the film's implacable sense of fixity.

8 *Les Amours d'Astrée et de Céladon* (Eric Rohmer) It's tempting to treat Rohmer's fête champêtre, in which shepherdesses, druids, and nymphs disport in fifth-century Gaul, as barmy divertissement, but the film is in its way as devout as Bresson's *Lancelot du Lac*, deadly serious about faith, fidelity, and forgiveness.

9 *Alexandra* (Alexander Sokurov) Forming a diptych with Sokurov's recent *Elegy of Life* and reviving the lunar landscape of his early *Days of the Eclipse*, *Alexandra* bears into gorgeous generality, the Chechen war left vague and emblematic even as babushka/grande dame Galina Vishnevskaya broods over the damage it has done to the Russian soul.

10 *At Sea* (Peter Hutton) Surprisingly narrative and less lovely than his black-and-white Hudson River films, Hutton's latest aqueous silent is nevertheless exquisitely attentive to light, accidental pattern, and meteorological effect. □

Chrissie Iles

CHRISSIE ILES IS ANNE AND JOEL EHRENKRANZ CURATOR OF CONTEMPORARY ART AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART IN NEW YORK.

1 *Persepolis* (Marjane Satrapi and Vincent Paronnaud) This brave black-and-white animated narrative feature adapts Satrapi's graphic novels about her life as a rebellious young woman in revolutionary Iran and as an expat in Vienna.

2 *Prater* (Ulrike Ottinger) The story of the Prater, the oldest amusement park in the world, known as the "desire machine," told in a dreamlike sequence of surreal illusions, through the eyes of, among others, Josef von Sternberg.

3 *Tigertail* (Dara Friedman) A poetic short film with the texture of a home movie: children, a garden, fragments of tribal music recorded by Brian Jones in Morocco.

4 *Control* (Anton Corbijn) The short life of Joy Division's lead singer, Ian Curtis, as he descends into despair. Corbijn's stark black-and-white cinematography renders Macclesfield, UK, as grim as Warsaw, while the legendary young singer disintegrates under the pressure of success and the twinned afflictions of epilepsy and depression.

5 *Alexandra* (Alexander Sokurov) A Russian woman travels to Chechnya to see her grandson, a soldier in the Russian army. Sokurov wrote the role for eighty-one-year-old opera diva and actress Galina Vishnevskaya, who experienced the Leningrad blockade and communicates the universal trauma of war.

6 *Frownland* (Ronald Bronstein) A searing portrait of a dysfunctional young man desperately attempting to negotiate life in the city—and failing.

7 *Observando el Cielo* (Jeanne Liotta) An exquisite study of the starry sky at night. Velvety in texture, existential in the distance of the stars from Earth.

8 *Quartet* (Nicky Hamlyn) A room is filmed in twenty still shots, each containing elements of the points of view in the previous and following shots. The first part of the film is in color and strictly ordered; the second is black and white, and a more open interpretation of the schema of the first. A pure, structuralist analysis of space.

1 Marjane Satrapi and Vincent Paronnaud, *Persepolis*, 2007, still from a black-and-white and color animated film in 35 mm, 95 minutes.
5 Alexander Sokurov, *Alexandra*, 2007, still from a color film in 35 mm, 90 minutes.
10 Béla Tarr, *The Man from London*, 2007, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 132 minutes.

9 *Moviola with "3 Minutes of Painting on 6 Minutes of Film"* (Karin Schneider and Amy Granat) In this conceptual collaboration, a 16-mm film made by Granat of Le Corbusier's Villa Savoye was drawn on and handpainted by Schneider and Granat, then projected from a transparent wall onto a painting by Schneider of a Moviola film-editing machine. A new negative was struck from the print to include the scratches made on it by the projector during the film's screenings on opening night. Schneider and Granat's breakdown of authorship creates a visceral osmosis—between the artists, and between film and painting.

10 *The Man from London* (Béla Tarr) An adaptation of a Georges Simenon novel by the acclaimed Hungarian director. The film noir cinematography by Fred Kelemen and the slow pace with which this unresolved tale of murder unfolds situate it somewhere between *The Third Man* and Andy Warhol's *Empire*. □

T. J. Wilcox

T. J. WILCOX IS A NEW YORK-BASED ARTIST WHOSE MOST RECENT EXHIBITION WAS AT METRO PICTURES IN NEW YORK THIS PAST SEPTEMBER.

1 *Black Book* (Paul Verhoeven) Resolutely suspicious of war stories told by victors and persistently hopeless—a fine parable for these dark days.

2 *The Darjeeling Limited* (Wes Anderson) An unusual road movie, unconcerned with destination (or resolve), that revels in the details of its characters' individual journeys (taken together) with exquisite baggage in tow.

3 *Planet Earth* (British Broadcasting Corporation) Essential viewing, this BBC series, recently released on DVD, contains the most compelling and spectacular nature footage ever committed to film. We fall into this at my house, sputtering and gesturing wildly at the TV screen (regardless of whether drugs are involved).

4 *La Vie en rose* (Olivier Dahan) I rolled my eyes like the rest of you at the suggestion of an Edith Piaf biopic—but it's one of the best I've seen, ennobled by a superb performance by Marion Cotillard.

5 *Superbad* (Greg Mottola) A very funny and cringingly accurate musing on high school anxiety, complete with a drunken boy-on-boy "love" scene. What's not to like?

6 *The Sarah Silverman Program* (Comedy Central) From the woman who made Paris Hilton cry (the night before her incarceration). I think Silverman gets away with murder—and I love to watch.

7 *Blades of Glory* (Will Speck and Josh Gordon) Watch it for the costumes alone! This movie made me gag—often with laughter.

8 *Eastern Promises* (David Cronenberg) Cronenberg has said, "I'm not interested in the mechanics of the mob . . . but [in] criminality and people who live in a state of perpetual transgression—that is interesting to me." Some of you may agree.

9 *Control* (Anton Corbijn) The songs of Joy Division, to which this film pays tribute, seized me at an impressionable age. *Control* is (at least) a beautiful-looking tribute to its sound track, and Ian Curtis's music has lost none of its enigmatic power.

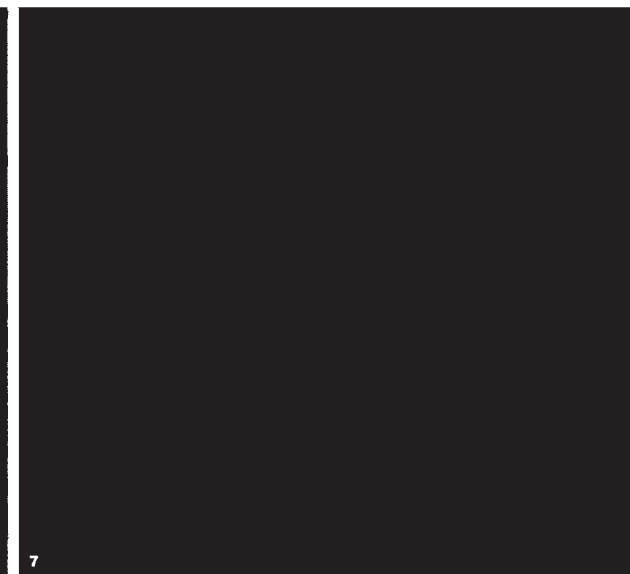
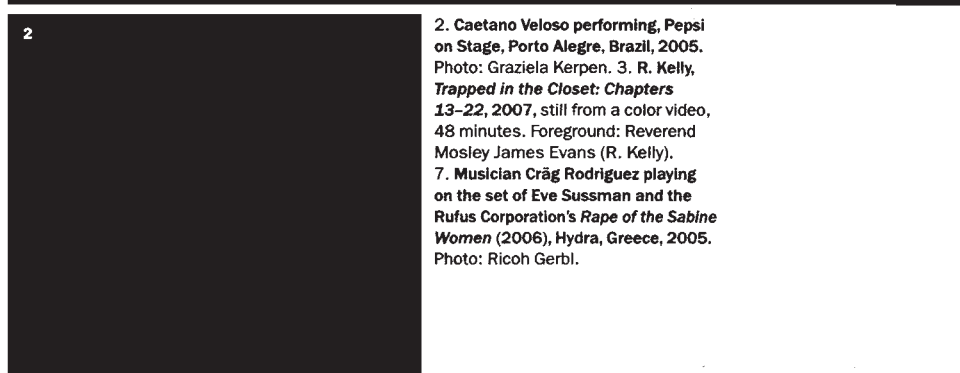
10 *Sicko* (Michael Moore) Our health care system isn't working. If this movie helps ignite a dialogue that will improve the situation, bravo. And while we're at it, let's impeach the president. □

DAVID BYRNE IS AN ARTIST AND MUSICIAN. *ARBORETUM*, A COLLECTION OF HIS TREE DRAWINGS, WAS PUBLISHED BY MCSWEENEY'S IN 2006. HE IS CURRENTLY EXHIBITING AT HEMPHILL FINE ARTS IN WASHINGTON, DC.

David Byrne

Marissa Nadler

MARISSA NADLER IS A MUSICIAN AND ARTIST BASED IN BOSTON. HER MOST RECENT ALBUM, *SONGS III: BIRD ON THE WATER*, WAS RELEASED THIS YEAR ON KEMADO RECORDS.



1 **White Hats, *Niobe* (Tomlab)** This "group" is actually just Yvonne Cornelius, a young woman who lives in Cologne and combines gentle electronic tracks with layered and manipulated vocals.

2 **Caetano Veloso, *Cé* (Nonesuch)** Veloso's divorce album. His previous few records were lush and romantic, but personal events prompted a shift in style. With the help of his son Moreno and friend Pedro Sá, Veloso has found a sparse, postrock beauty in which strange yet simple rock instrumentation is juxtaposed with softly seething vocals.

3 **R. Kelly, *Trapped in the Closet* (Jive)** Part two (chapters 13–22) came out on DVD recently. *This* is what should be on Broadway—a slightly silly, but perfectly constructed, daytime drama in song. A kooky bit of dramatized epic poetry that laughs at its own blatant outrageousness—but not too much.

4 **Arcade Fire, *Neon Bible* (Merge)** Holy shit, these guys went from supporting me at the Hollywood Bowl to headlining their own show there in just two years! Well, they are one of the few "rock" acts that seem sincere, ambitious, and happy to be making music. "My Body Is a Cage" is a great song, even if I think the lyrics are all backward.

5 ***Flight of the Conchords* (HBO)** Similar in some ways to the British comedy program *Mighty Boosh*, though not quite as far-out or surreal. This was a musical stand-up act that got expanded for television, so the duo of Jermaine Clement and Bret McKenzie had time to hone and polish their already hilarious songs.

6 ***Romance & Cigarettes* John Turturro's** uproarious musical movie set in Queens begins where British TV series *Pennies From Heaven* left off. In *Pennies*, the characters lip-synched to 1930s songs, making explicit the way that pop tunes are often the sound tracks of our lives. In Turturro's movie, the actors' voices can be heard as well, singing along with Tom Jones as the neighbors chime in and garbagemen dance.

7 **Jonathan Bepler's scores** When I recently saw Eve Sussman and the Rufus Corporation's video *Rape of the Sabine Women*, 2006, and Matthew Barney's filmic collaboration with Arto Lindsay, *De Lama Lámina* (From Mud, a Blade), 2004, Bepler's scores and sound design stole both shows. In each case, Bepler realized the common but challenging ambition of making ordinary sounds, speech, and environmental noises into music.

8 **Vampire Weekend** This band assemble a crazy mash-up of African guitar lines and to-the-point NYC lyrics and melodies. They are working on an album now for XL Recordings, due in January 2008.

9 **The Blow, *Paper Television* (K. Records)** The Blow, which formerly comprised Khaela Maricich and Jona Bechtolt (both collaborated on *Paper Television*; Bechtolt has since left), play supercatchy songs that deal bluntly with what life really feels like while avoiding almost all the clichés. Their live performances mix Ellen DeGeneres and Miranda July with some crazy shape-throwing.

10 **Young@Heart Chorus** An amazing choir from Northampton, Massachusetts, whose youngest member is seventy-two. I recently brought them to New York for my "How New Yorkers Ride Bikes" event at Town Hall (they sang Queen's "Bicycle Race," of course). The next day, at the Paris Bar, they did their own show of songs by the Flaming Lips, Sonic Youth, and others—all of which seemed to take on completely new meanings. □

1 **Jesse Sykes and the Sweet Hereafter, *Like, Love, Lust & the Open Halls of the Soul* (Barsuk)** Seattle's Jesse Sykes, a fellow Rhode Island School of Design alum, penned my favorite song this year, "The Air Is Thin." Anchored by Sykes's weathered, creepy, and completely breathtaking voice, her new album is sure to become a modern classic.

2 **James Blackshaw, *The Cloud of Unknowing* (Tompkins Square)** A gorgeous instrumental guitar record from this strapping twenty-six-year-old Englishman. For those who like John Fahey but want something more lush and ethereal.

3 **Martha Wainwright at the Dunkin' Donuts Newport Folk Festival, Rhode Island** The mostly conventional—and unfortunately named—Newport festival is not typically my cup of tea, but free tickets let me hear a member of the folk royal family this past summer. The polite crowd didn't know what to make of Wainwright, since her voice isn't necessarily pretty—it's raw and intense. Her performance made up for the whole day, where mediocrity abounded.

4 **Sibylle Baier, *Colour Green* (Orange Twin)** This was technically out in 2006 but discovered by me in 2007, so I am counting it. The acoustic songs of *Colour Green*, unearthed more than thirty years after they were recorded, feature Baier's haunting voice and observational poetry. Discovered in a basement, dusted off, and given new life and ears, these tunes stand the test of time.

5 **Marlee Sioux, *Faces in the Rocks* (Grass Roots Record Company)** Sioux's strange stream of lyrics and beautiful voice make this a record worth your hard-earned money.

6 **Beirut, *The Flying Club Cup* (Ba Da Bing)** An eclectic collection of songs from the very young and talented Brooklyn-based octet whose sounds make traveling seem as easy as playing a CD.

7 **Andrew Bird, *Armchair Apocrypha* (Fat Possum)** In the song "Imitosis," Bird sings that everyone is basically alone. I relate to this sentiment, and it's rare to hear something so disconsolate being expressed in an indie-pop chorus. He's also a killer violin player—a refreshing alternative to all the troubadouring guitar boys these days.

8 **Tegan and Sara, *The Con* (Sire)** I have a soft spot for girl-led pop-rock outfits, having grown up on bands such as Belly and Mazzy Star. Tegan and Sara are the new Throwing Muses. Their tunes are catchy and fun, but go deeper than the standard pop fare.

9 **The Bird and the Bee, *The Bird and the Bee* (Blue Note)** The MySpace profile of this band—whose music is reminiscent of Astrud Gilberto's bossa nova magic—proclaims their sound as a "futuristic 1960's American film set in Brazil." I love their rhythmic sensibility and delicate, whispery vocals.

6. Beirut, Brooklyn, New York, 2007. Photo: Cari Scharff. **7.** Andrew Bird with Ian Schneller's Janus Horn, Specimen Products, Chicago, 2006. Photo: Cameron Wittig. **8.** Tegan and Sara with coproducer Chris Walla from Death Cab for Cutie at Walla's studio, Portland, OR, 2007. Photo: Autumn de Wilde. **10.** Neko Case, Tucson, 2004. Photo: Victoria Renard.

10 **Neko Case & Her Boyfriends, *Furnace Room Lullaby* (Anti-)** One of my favorite records of all time has been reissued this year. Case is one hell of a singer, and she has a powerful stage presence. I'm happy to hear that her earlier albums are being reissued by Anti-, since some of her best work can be found on those recordings. □

Alex Waterman

ALEX WATERMAN IS A WRITER AND MUSICIAN. IN 2007, HE CURATED "AGAPĒ" AT MIGUEL ABREU GALLERY AND COCURATED "BETWEEN THOUGHT AND SOUND: GRAPHIC NOTATION IN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC" AT THE KITCHEN, BOTH IN NEW YORK.

Julian House

JULIAN HOUSE IS A LONDON-BASED DESIGNER/MOVING-IMAGE DIRECTOR. HE IS A COFOUNDER OF THE GHOST BOX LABEL AND RECORDS UNDER THE NAME THE FOCUS GROUP, WHOSE NEW ALBUM, *WE ARE ALL PAN'S PEOPLE*, WAS RELEASED THIS YEAR.



8

3. Cover art for Alasdair Gray's *Some Gray Stuff* (Decemberism, 2007).
6. Ensemble rehearsing Christopher Fox's *Brief Musical Tribute to Harold Pinter, After the Manner of His Later Work* (2006–2007) for Rational Rec's monthly event *New Rational Music*, Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, London, 2007. 8. Charles Curtis performing during "Agapĕ," Miguel Abreu Gallery, New York, 2007.



3

1 Robert Ashley, *Concrete*, La MaMa E.T.C., New York This year's appearance of Ashley's autobiographical opera was a departure in more ways than one. The superb cast sang the stories of people from his past. Ashley's work continues to transport us to another plane of the American experience.

2 Walter Marchetti, *Utopia andata e ritorno* (Alga Marghen, 2006) This year's summer monsoon season in New York would have felt incomplete without this timelessly fresh record by Marchetti. The first CD fuses recordings of a piano recital and a rainstorm; the second features the same piece replayed backward. As the heat and irritation rose, I would take a musical journey away and back again.

3 Alasdair Gray, *Some Gray Stuff* (Decemberism) A treasure of an album by the Scottish poet and author of the epic Glaswegian novel *Lanark: A Life in Four Books*. Gray here reads from selected stories and poems, his voice a resonant tenor, his wit piercing but humane.

4 David Tudor, *Rainforest IV*, performed by Composers Inside Electronics, The Kitchen, New York A two-day program of performance and installation in September included this continually evolving work by Tudor. The players included some of his old collaborators and some new faces, including Phil Edelstein, John Driscoll, Stephen Vitiello, and Matt Rogalsky. Interaction between audience and musicians was often marked by conversation and laughter, making for a playful and spirited event.

5 Anthony Coleman The past year belonged to one of the hardest-working men in New York show business, whose work possesses an extraordinary intimacy and urgency. Coleman's latest orchestral and ensemble pieces, which he performed around New York this past year, is music that shakes and seduces.

6 New Rational Music, Rational Rec, Bethnal Green Working Men's Club, London This monthly event, curated by Russell Martin, Matthew Shlomowitz, and Cecilia Wee, highlights avant-garde and experimental music but also features readings, performances, and a fair amount of booze. The name comes from Rational Recreation, a late-nineteenth-century attempt to civilize the English working class via Working Men's Clubs.

7 Issue Project Room, The Old American Can Factory, Brooklyn, New York Suzanne Fiol wanted to make a space for music, performance, and readings in a spirit of love and commitment, and created one of the warmest and best-sounding venues in New York.

8 Charles Curtis Curtis is one of the great cellists, and his performances of Morton Feldman, Alvin Lucier, and La Monte Young's music have been among my favorites. This summer I included him in "Agapĕ" at Miguel Abreu Gallery in New York—he performed Eliane Radigue's solo cello piece, *Naldjorlak*, and completely transported the room.

9 Thomas Meadowcroft, *Ezra Jack Plot* One of the Berlin-based Australian composer's finest ensemble works received its New York premiere at Carnegie Hall in November. Written for Kammerensemble Neue Musik Berlin, Meadowcroft's piece is closely and cleverly linked to a sequence of video stills showing illustrations from Ezra Jack Keats's children's book *The Snowy Day*.

10 Lovely Music (www.lovely.com) Where else can you one-stop-shop for recordings by Eliane Radigue, Alvin Lucier, Annea Lockwood, and many others? Almost all of my top ten most-listened-to discs of the past year were put out by Mimi Johnson's label. □

1 Daphne Oram, *Oramics* (Paradigm) Music created by one of the founders of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop—a spellbinding mixture of bright sci-fi television ads, ominous tape work for theater, and cobwebby electronic classical miniatures. I love the whir and clunk and sine whistle of these pieces. A backyard workshop vision of the future.

2 Panda Bear, *Person Pitch* (Paw Tracks) The Brian Wilson thing is only a small part of it for me; it's the whole ecstatic childlike vision and dreamlike slip and slide of these songs as they collapse in on themselves.

3 Tom Recchion, *Sweetly Doing Nothing* (Schoolmap) This begins in the world of pulp exotica before cutting free and dragging the listener into dark, echoing space, snagging on faded memories of late-night films.

4 *Now We Are Ten* (Trunk Records) Jonny Trunk's compilation of releases on his own label unearths some gems. Somehow, in Trunkworld, dreamy library music, diabolical Hammer Horror film scores, and 1970s English softcore porn make perfect sense together.

5 *The Good, the Bad & the Queen, The Good, the Bad & the Queen* (EMI) Simon Reynolds described this as "Waterloo Sunset in dub," and it does make me think of the Kinks' London sinking into the Thames, music-hall organs clogging up with mud. Brilliantly produced, each track seems to contain a premonition of the one that follows.

6 Saint Etienne and Paul Kelly, *This Is Tomorrow* A film and accompanying score commemorating the reopening of London's Royal Festival Hall, recently refurbished according to the original specifications. The film captures the spirit of the project, while the music evokes a mixture of British jazz documentary music, '70s library records, and '80s synthpop, generating a mood of melancholic optimism.

7 Jean Painlevé, *Science Is Fiction* (BFI Video) A DVD reissue of the films of the underwater filmmaker and Surrealist hero. Hallucinogenic imagery and great music, including my favorite piece by Pierre Henry, his music and effects for *The Love Life of the Octopus*. Reverb-drenched electronics and concrete sounds evoke bubbles and suckers.

8 The Green Man Festival, Brecon, UK Highlights of this charming event were Gruff Rhys's psychedelic-youth-theater-meets-local-TV live set and Voice of the Seven Woods's eastern folk psych.

9 Olivier Libaux, *Imbécile* (Discograph) A "chanson française" opera featuring a cast of famous French pop performers. Deceptively simple songs that feel like they've been lodged at the back of my mind all my life.

10 Various vinyl A highlight of my of year was excavating vinyl oddities like a strange music-for-schools EP by Johnny Dankworth titled *King Monkey*, *Electronia* by Farran and Vetter, and *Musique pour le futur* by Nino Nardini—perfect for sound-tracking drifting space capsules. □

Rachel Harrison, *Trees for the Forest*, 2007, pedestals, paint, anonymous paintings, fabric, CD-R discs, canned pineapple, plastic, tissue, Pearl River candy, electronics, poster, and international magazines. Installation view, Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zurich. Photo: A. Burger.

Best of 2007

Every December, *Artforum* invites a broad spectrum of artists, critics, and curators to revisit the year in art. In the pages that follow, twelve contributors choose their top ten highlights, while seven others zero in for close-ups of single exhibitions or projects that, for them, rose above the others in 2007.

BENJAMIN H. D. BUCHLOH

LYNNE COOKE

DANIEL BIRNBAUM

TACITA DEAN

OKWUI ENWEZOR

ANN GOLDSTEIN

DAVID RIMANELLI

JOHN KELSEY

CLAIRE BISHOP

JOHANNA BURTON

JESSICA MORGAN

MATTHEW HIGGS

CHARLES ESCHE

JACK BANKOWSKY

ALI SUBOTNICK

BRUCE HAINLEY

TOM VANDERBILT

MARTA KUZMA

LINDA NORDEN

Lynne Cooke

LYNNE COOKE IS CURATOR OF THE DIA ART FOUNDATION IN NEW YORK. THIS YEAR SHE ORGANIZED DIA:BEACON'S "HOMAGE TO [A] LIFE: AGNES MARTIN'S PAINTINGS 1990-2004," THE FIFTH AND FINAL INSTALLMENT IN A SERIES OF EXHIBITIONS DEVOTED TO THE ARTIST'S WORK, AND COCCURATED, WITH KYNASTON McSHINE, "RICHARD SERRA SCULPTURE: FORTY YEARS," WHICH OPENED AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NEW YORK THIS PAST JULY.

1 Mark Wallinger *State Britain* brilliantly exploited the fact that the galleries of Tate Britain are bisected by the legal boundary beyond which protesters are barred from approaching the British Houses of Parliament. Re-creating in painstaking facsimile a highly charged anti-Iraq War display, Wallinger's project echoed its prototype's challenge to Britain's role in a murderous enterprise, but also went further, questioning the tenability of the publicness of public (that is, state-funded) institutions. In *Zone*, his contribution to Skulptur Projekte Münster 07, Wallinger again tellingly addressed the role of boundaries, this time in relation to notions of exclusion and identity. Here, by drawing an almost invisible yet tangible circle around the inner city of this staunchly conservative Catholic town, he invoked self-imposed borders. The residue of ghettos demarcated by the pale and the *eruv* lingers in terms used in everyday speech; today, as these complementary projects intimate, it threatens to go beyond language to once again take the form of action.

2 Zoe Leonard, *Analogue* (Documenta 12, Kassel) Begun as a chronicle of the rapidly changing Lower East Side, where Leonard once had her studio, *Analogue*, 1998-2007, documents the demise of small, independently owned businesses by recording their disappearing storefront displays and facades festooned with signage. Focusing in on one of the mainstays of the neighborhood, the secondhand-clothing trade, she traced shipments of these recycled goods to their sales points in roadside stalls and markets in Uganda, where, as elsewhere in the third world, the sweatshops that first produced these garments may also be found. Emblematic of contemporary globalized markets, such trans-actions parallel on a small scale the traffic in multinational goods and brand names that forms another chapter in this rich ensemble of some four hundred images. What makes Leonard's project so impres-

sive is the way it addresses the complexities of its vast subject with often strikingly beautiful and affecting images while avoiding a reductive or nostalgic savoring of the aesthetics of decay and loss.

3 Steve McQueen, *Queen and Country* (Imperial War Museum, London) McQueen has proposed issuing a series of official postage stamps, each featuring one of the nearly two hundred British soldiers who have died to date in Iraq. While paying tribute to the deceased, his ongoing project reflects unavoidably on the validity of the war, on national identity, and on institutional structures of power. At the Imperial War Museum, the 120 stamps the artist has produced so far were displayed in a large oak case alongside *Gassed*, John Singer Sargent's epic masterpiece of 1919. Like McQueen, Sargent served as an official war artist. But whereas Sargent radically reworked the heroicizing idioms once thought proper to such a subject, McQueen deploys a more commonplace visual idiom—the head shot—to enter what he calls the “bloodstream” of the nation. Were his stamps to become the insignia of official mail, Britain's participation in the war might soon come to an end.

4 Ann Hamilton's *Tower project* (Oliver Ranch, Alexander Valley, CA) Offering spectacular views of the Sonoma Valley, Hamilton's concrete tower contains a double-helical staircase that winds from a dark pool filling its base to an open rooftop, the site for Meredith Monk's riveting performance *Songs of Ascension*. As Monk's glorious vocals reverberated up and down the circular structure, she and her company moved along one staircase and the audience the other, their constantly intertwining paths making unexpectedly intimate conjunctions.

5 Sadie Benning, “Suspended Animation” (Wexner Center for the Arts,

Columbus, OH) Projected as a dual-screen animation with musical sound track, *Play Pause*, 2006, was the smart and sassy centerpiece of Benning's first museum show, organized by Jennifer Lange. By interrupting conventional cinematic narrative with the more static sequencing typical of a slide show, Benning creates a singular visual form for a journey into a subculture whose pace and rhythm are defined primarily by the infectious sound track. Feigning naïveté, her childlike drawing style limpidly conjures the polymorphous social and sexual relationships that shape this milieu.

6 Merce Cunningham, “Glass House Event” (Philip Johnson Glass House, New Canaan, CT) On a gorgeous early summer afternoon, Cunningham's great company danced a reworked version of a piece originally presented at Johnson's seminal home in 1967. An idyllic venue, a magical event.

7 Thomas Schütte, “Fake/Function” (Henry Moore Institute, Leeds, UK) Schütte created his most memorable early work by engaging notions of painting as it related to the wall, exploiting variously its functional and decorative potential. Although “Fake/Function” (curated by Penelope Curtis) traced the artist's meandering route from pictorial ventures to display conventions, ending with his first architectural models in the early 1980s, its highlight was a reworking of an early wall piece for the institution's granite facade. A golden cascade of rings, this witty intervention glossed the mantle of gravitas that literally and figuratively enfolds both the institute and its august patron.

8 “A Rose Has No Teeth: Bruce Nauman in the 1960s” (Berkeley Art Museum, CA) While the protean richness of Nauman's early years has long been recognized, Constance Lewallen's well-researched survey of his time in the Bay

Area uncovered a number of overlooked treasures and teased out little-known forays, all inflected with the artist's signature deadpan humor and laconic inquiry. Conceived to contextualize this echt shape-shifter in his formative milieu, the show ultimately had the inverse effect, underlining his enduring ability to think outside the box.

9 “Gordon Matta-Clark: ‘You Are the Measure’” (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) Forgoing the usual focus on a few key monumental projects and their photographic offshoots in favor of a broader, less hierarchical study of Matta-Clark's multifarious activities, Elisabeth Sussman's timely retrospective brought out the insatiable restlessness at the heart of his practice. Perhaps somewhat inadvertently, it also revealed the degree to which, throughout his brief career, theoretical and critical architectural issues (and not just architectural form and urban sites) provided the fertile substrate for Matta-Clark's most significant ventures.

10 “Shandyism: Authorship as Genre” (Secession, Vienna) A rare gleam in a gloomy Viennese art scene reeling from the demise of the much-revered Generali Foundation, “Shandyism” proved one of those provoking, idiosyncratic shows that come from left field—and leave you wanting to respond with your own long-nurtured variant. Taking Laurence Sterne's *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* as its model, it riffed on the ways in which, in the words of curator Helmut Draxler, “Sterne uses the book as a medium for reflecting in his writing on the format of the printed page, on typography, on narrative form, the act of reading, and even his own success as an author.” In a canny if bewildering installation that played fast and loose with reference, correspondence, and allusion, Chuck Jones's 1953 animation *Duck Amuck* was the standout. □

1. Mark Wallinger, *State Britain*, 2007, mixed media. Installation view, Tate Britain, London. Photo: Sam Drake. 2. Zoe Leonard, *Analogue* (detail), 1998-2007, one of approx. 400 black-and-white and color photographs, each 11 x 11". 3. Steve McQueen, *Queen and Country* (detail), 2007-, ink and adhesive on paper. Image of Lance Corporal Benjamin Hyde is reproduced with the kind permission of his family. 4. Ann Hamilton's *Tower project*, 2003-2007, Oliver Ranch, Alexander Valley, CA, 2007. Photo: Lynne Hayes. 5. Sadie Benning, *Play Pause*, 2006, still from a black-and-white and color video, 29 minutes 22 seconds. 6. Merce Cunningham Dance Company performing “Glass House Event” at the Philip Johnson Glass House Inaugural Gala Picnic, New Canaan, CT, June 23, 2007. Photo: Steve Brosnahan. 7. Thomas Schütte, *Lager (Store)*, 1978, wooden board, paint, and varnish. Installation view, Henry Moore Institute, Leeds, UK, 2007. Photo: Jerry Hardman-Jones. 8. Bruce Nauman, *Cup Merging with Its Saucer*, 1965, unglazed ceramic with graphite, 2 x 5 1/2 x 6 1/2". © 2007 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 9. Gordon Matta-Clark, *Splitting 32*, 1975, five black-and-white photographs, cut and collaged, 40 3/4 x 30 3/4". © 2007 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 10. Max Bill's poster for the exhibition “Dokumentation über Marcel Duchamp,” Kunstgewerbemuseum, Zurich, 1960. Lino and colotype print on paper, 50 x 35 3/4". From “Shandyism: Authorship as Genre,” Secession, Vienna, 2007.

Daniel Birnbaum

DANIEL BIRNBAUM IS DIRECTOR OF FRANKFURT'S STÄDELSCHULE ART ACADEMY AND OF ITS PORTIKUS GALLERY. HE IS COEDITOR OF *TEACHING ART* (VERLAG WALTHER KÖNIG, 2007) AND IS THE CURATOR OF THE NEXT TURIN TRIENNIAL, "50 MOONS OF SATURN," WHICH WILL OPEN IN NOVEMBER 2008.

1 "André Cadere: *Peinture sans fin*" (Painting Without End) (Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, Germany) For years, artists I admire, like Gabriel Orozco and Saādane Afif, have told me about the work of Cadere (1934–1978), and here I finally had the chance to see it. This retrospective made clear that the Romanian-born, Paris-based artist was a huge pain in the neck—he would insert his signature striped "barres de bois rond" (bars of round wood) into any show he felt could use them, often uninvited. But he was nonetheless a great practitioner of a colorful new form of "peinture sans fin," which allowed for countless viewpoints and ways of exhibiting. Indeed, his Minimalist instruments of artistic intervention are the most delicate paintings I've seen this year. Two of them are exhibited together as *Portrait of Gilbert & George*, 1974. They're pretty similar, but it's their tiny differences that matter.

2 Blinky Palermo, "Palermo" (Kunsthalle Düsseldorf/Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Germany) The mythologies surrounding Palermo (1943–1977), perhaps the true genius of his generation of German painters (and there's some competition here), made it a bit difficult to really see his work during his time. But by now all of that has faded, leaving a truly remarkable oeuvre, as this comprehensive retrospective, organized by Ulrike Groos, Susanne Küper, and Vanessa Joan Müller, makes apparent. By placing colors in odd, unique combinations with one another, Palermo allows us to see many of them in ways no one had thought possible.

3 Olle Bærtling, "A Modern Classic" (Moderna Museet, Stockholm) and "Helldén + Bærtling" (Arkitekturmuseet, Stockholm) Bærtling (1911–1981)—the most extraordinary of the past century's utopian artists from Sweden—elaborated his cosmic ambitions in a high-strung manifesto, saying: "The painting becomes a part of the

universe, a sun, a power center broadcasting its poetic message. . . . Open formations of organized light irradiate at extreme velocities in unprecedented dimensions, infinite spaces of light travel with incredible swiftness to create the liberation of infinity." Keep in mind this was spoken not by a member of some ancient, sun-worshipping cult, but by a key artist working in the world's most developed welfare state. In 1960, Bærtling's first monumental commission, the lobby of the first skyscraper in Hötorget square in central Stockholm, designed in close collaboration with architect David Helldén, was built—a labyrinth of angular painted fields and mirrors. Bærtling was also planning a huge sculpture nearby, a project that, like his enormous TV tower for Abu Dhabi, was never realized. To accompany John Peter Nilsson's major Bærtling retrospective at the Moderna Museet, Martin Rörby has assembled a small show at the Arkitekturmuseet focusing on the collaborative efforts of the painter and the architect, the official designers of the "Swedish model," as the Social Democratic system is often known, who made the rest of Europe look north for a decade or so.

4 "Puss 1968–1973" (Nationalgalleriet, Stockholm) Artists Peter Hellsing and Bengt Jähnsson-Wennberg and critic Lars Bang Larsen, the leading expert on anything psychedelic, are responsible for this exhibition focused on a small magazine, *Puss*. Featuring countercultural overreactions to just about anything official and state-sanctioned, *Puss* is one of the most hilarious, satirical, and outrageous publications I've ever seen. Far from being a product of the Swedish model that the world marveled at, *Puss* was fun (so fun, in fact, that distributors refused to handle it due to its "tastelessness and vulgarity"). Öyvind Fahlström had a column in the magazine in which he featured articles rejected by more "official" publications. *Puss* ridiculed everyone, not only conser-

vatives but also the bohemian cultural elite, and even the hippies.

5 Atsuko Tanaka, *Electric Dress*, 1956/1986 What do I remember from the largely forgettable Grand Tour this summer? At least this: Tanaka's dress made of lightbulbs, shown at Documenta 12. I would have traveled all the way to Kassel to see this radiant beauty even if nothing else in the show had been worth the trip (which is pretty much how it was).

6 Paul Chan (Serpentine Gallery, London) Chan's whole series "The 7 Lights," 2005–2007, was shown here to be open-ended, even if complete. Each work was a projection—onto the floor, objects, or the walls—except for the most recent installment, *7th Light*, which, running counter to expectations, turned out to be a kind of script. Each work may be finished, then, but the cycle does not seem closed off, since the final part, rather than being a piece in itself, is a score promising something to arrive (or not) in the future.

7 Saādane Afif The infinitely light touch of Afif's own art came across in the section of the Biennale de Lyon that he put together with Valérie Chartrain—one of the seventeen artist-curated "sequences" of the exhibition and easily the most beautiful part of the entire show. The space, which was connected by a hallway constructed by Michael S. Riedel to a gallery showing films selected by Rirkrit Tiravanija, contained works by numerous artists, including Loris Gréaud, Stéphane Calais, and Claude Closky, who were related to either the Zoo Galerie in Nantes, France, or the magazine *Zéro Deux* (both of which fell under the direction of Patrice Joly). Each artist seemed to make perfect sense when considered in light of the melancholic ambience that characterizes Afif's practice.

8 Keren Cytter Wherever I go—Paris, Antwerp, Zurich, Moscow—I see a great

new film by this Israeli artist that sticks the viewer, in the words of Willem de Rooij, "somewhere in between Fassbinder, John Cassavetes, *South Park*, and *The Blair Witch Project*." In certain works, Cytter's protagonists seem to have lost control of their own "stories," as in *Dream Talk*, 2005, in which a group of friends mistake themselves for characters in a reality TV show. In the dense, rapid, looped video *The Victim*, 2006, five people gather around a table and one of them—the victim—is driven to the ultimate point of no return: suicide. The story pushes forward with great speed and shows there is no limit to Cytter's technical skill. Her films are humorous and psychologically riveting. Next time I travel, I'm sure I'll see another splendid piece. I can't wait.

9 Simon Dybbroe Møller, *Like Origami Gone Wrong* (JRP Ringier) Minimalism, formalism, and Conceptualism come alive and surprising new relationships emerge in this perfect catalogue for Dutch artist Dybbroe Møller's exhibition at Århus Kunstbygning in Denmark. "Retro-avant-garde" explorations can be a bit smart for my taste, but Dybbroe Møller's work is simply too good to be boring. Consider, as an indication of his many influences, the interview in which he discusses the first of Sol LeWitt's "Sentences on Conceptual Art"—"Conceptual artists are mystics rather than rationalists"—in relation to the work of August Strindberg, whose technique of exposing photographic paper directly to the night sky (to make "celestographs") Dybbroe Møller has employed in his own practice.

10 "Richard Prince: Spiritual America" (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York) It's getting late in America. And this retrospective, organized by Nancy Spector, showed Prince's notoriously slippery yet spellbinding paintings and photographs to be the perfect talismans for the final days of Empire. □

1. View of "André Cadere: *Peinture sans fin*" (Painting Without End), 2007–2008, Staatliche Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, Germany, 2007. From left: *Barre de bois rond* (A 85) (Bar of Round Wood [A 85]), 1975; *Barres de bois rond* (B 25, B 26) (Portrait Gilbert & George), 1974. 2. Blinky Palermo, *Blaue Scheibe und Stab* (Blue Disc and Stick), 1968, wood and blue tape, dimensions variable. 3. Olle Bærtling and David Helldén, *Hötorget*, Stockholm, ca. 1960. Photo: Hennied. 4. Cover of *Puss*, no. 2 (January 1968). 5. Atsuko Tanaka, *Electric Dress*, 1956/1986, mixed media. Installation view, Museum Fridericianum, Kassel, 2007. 6. Paul Chan, *Untitled (After Caravaggio)* (detail), 2003–2006, video projection. Installation view, Serpentine Gallery, London, 2007. 7. View of Saādane Afif and Valérie Chartrain's "Une promenade au zoo" (A Trip to the Zoo), 2007, Musée d'art contemporain, Lyon. 8. Keren Cytter, *The Victim*, 2006, still from a color video, 5 minutes. 9. Cover of Simon Dybbroe Møller's *Like Origami Gone Wrong* (JRP Ringier, 2007). 10. Richard Prince, *Point Courage*, 1989, fiberglass, wood, oil, and enamel, 60 1/2 x 56 1/4 x 4". PHOTO (BIRNBAUM): WOLFGANG TILLMANS

Okwui Enwezor

OKWUI ENWEZOR IS DEAN OF ACADEMIC AFFAIRS AND SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT AT SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE. HE IS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THE 7TH GWANGJU BIENNALE AND ADJUNCT CURATOR AT NEW YORK'S INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, WHERE HIS EXHIBITION "ARCHIVE FEVER: CONTEMPORARY ART BETWEEN DOCUMENT AND MONUMENT" OPENS IN JANUARY 2008.

1 Documenta 12 (Kassel) Roger M. Buergel and Ruth Noack's Documenta was a triumph of curatorial tricksterism, a low-wattage but relentlessly engaged act of unbuilding the structure of the megaexhibition. Via modes of archival archaism, the curators reconfigured a range of disparate practices in sometimes luminous installations. I still cannot get Kerry James Marshall's *Garden Party*, 2003, a large painting installed in a small space in the Neue Galerie, out of my head. Its effect, when I chanced upon it, was reminiscent of the feeling of encountering Velázquez's *Las Meninas*: It is as if when the visitor enters the room, all the figures in the painting turn in unison to greet him. That D12 was frustrating and enervating there is no doubt. That it was also provocative, rewarding, and important is becoming ever clearer in retrospect.

2 "Gordon Matta-Clark: 'You Are the Measure'" (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) Matta-Clark's greatness has been well rehearsed in a number of exhibitions over the last several years. Such posthumous surveys are sometimes numbing in their hagiographic piety, but not Elisabeth Sussman's recent Matta-Clark show. Her open-plan installation made visible the flow of meaning conjured by the artist as he acted upon the architectural decay of postwar tenements and industrial structures and the interstitial sites of anomie that he designated "fake estates."

3 "Hammons" (L&M Arts, New York) What Hammons, in collaboration with his wife, Chie Hammons, offered in the marmoreal galleries of L&M Arts was a kind of Sadean coup de théâtre, a tableau of fashion and cruelty. The stagecraft's principal element was a collection of slightly shopworn fur coats draped over battered vintage dress forms. From a shaved mink painted with

a thick smear of yellow acrylic to a sable sporting harrowing marks, as if sewn from the pelts of roadkill, all the garments showed signs of disrepair, alterations, and violence; but the stately bearing of the dramatically spotlighted pieces belied the strange, deathly aura emanating from them. I thought of Federico Garcia Lorca's line in *Ode to Walt Whitman*: "The rich give their mistresses small illuminated dying things. . . ." No one is better than Hammons at wresting poetry from obsolescence.

4 "Robert Gober: Work 1976-2007" (Schaulager, Basel) Gathered by Schaulager director Theodora Vischer, Gober's sprawling turns in Americana, neo-Surrealism, sexual repression, racial violence, religious ambivalence, domestic politics, and childhood trauma resulted in a retrospective that was both deadpan and enchanting—a quality underlined by a series of temporary rooms lit in a way that seemed to create echoes of some other time and place.

5 James Casebere (Sean Kelly Gallery, New York) It's not easy being a pioneer, especially when you make it look so easy. This show, one of the year's most accomplished, overlapped with the celebration, at the clinical emporium of modernism that is today's MOMA, of Jeff Wall's achievement, and reminded me of Casebere's own achievement. Viewing his recent images of Levantine interiors, I could not help but marvel at the realization that the artist has been making singularly compelling, psychologically charged photographs from nothing more than austere architectural models and artful lighting for thirty years now. His work is profoundly conceived around the architecture of absence and silence so as to ingeniously exploit the lugubrious sense of the uncanny such spaces provoke.

6 Steve McQueen (Venice Biennale and Renaissance Society, Chicago) Jointly con-

stituting McQueen's follow-up to the monumental *Western Deep/Carib's Leap*, 2002, the meditative new works *Unexploded* and *Gravesend*, both shown in Venice in the summer and in Chicago in the fall, are cinematic triumphs. To move from the eerily tremulous *Unexploded*, filmed in Basra, Iraq, to the epic *Gravesend*, filmed in the Congo, is a dazzling somatic and retinal experience, producing a sense of foreboding, poetic visual pleasure, and sonic disruption. Forcing a disquieting synoptic encounter with the shadowy world of coltan mining in Africa and the endless, mindless carnage in the erstwhile Mesopotamia, McQueen insists that the politics of the aesthetic and of the social are never mutually exclusive in the repertoire of a serious artist.

7 Chris Ofili (David Zwirner Gallery, New York) Ofili's first solo exhibition at Zwirner heralds a major shift in his singularly sensuous discourse on painting. The painting-cum-artifact-cum-object on which his earlier practice was moored has moved off its floor-bound elephant-dung pedestals, and with that repositioning, the artist has traded the horizontality of the flat ground on which the totemlike earlier paintings were enacted for the verticality of the wall and the inimitable seduction of the picture plane, related to painting's historical framing. However, this is not a backward step toward Greenbergian modernism; it is, rather, a nod to the insouciant African modernism of the 1960s. For all the Matisse-inflected structure and the *luxe, calme, and volupté* of these new works, it is in the paintings of the Nigerian Uche Okeke and the Zimbabwean Thomas Mukarobgwa that the secret of Ofili's new work lies.

8 "Take Your Time: Olafur Eliasson" (San Francisco Museum of Modern Art) Eliasson's penchant for grand gestures and spectacle can sometimes detract

from a full appreciation of the rigor he brings to his experiments with conditions of seeing. Oscillating between ineffable sculpture and material architecture, his works use four basic elements—light, color, space, and time—to investigate phenomenology and sensation and the complex relations of the gaze and the body. Tightly curated and thoughtfully installed by Madeleine Grynstejn, this midcareer survey revealed the deceptive simplicity of Eliasson's art without obscuring the rich profundity of his propositions.

9 10th International Istanbul Biennial My esteemed colleague Hou Hanru declined to make assertions about the future of the megaexhibition in organizing the Istanbul Biennial, instead using the occasion to propose a kind of exhibition-as-fugue. The approach was especially effective in the Atatürk Cultural Center, a modernist gem where fifteen artists' works, many considering the legacies of utopian architecture, were installed. The oneiric setting was perfect for meditating on the seeming twilight of the Turkish secular state.

10 Marcia Kure (Bravin Lee Programs, New York) In the quietude of June, when it seemed as if everyone had decamped to Europe, this young Nigerian artist made her remarkable New York solo debut. Kure's métier is drawing, and she draws with ease and authority using the brownish pigment of the kola nut. Here she showed a group of works titled "Vogue Series." But there is nothing remotely indebted to fashion in her solitary anthropomorphs, posed like sentinels from an era of repressed decorum, sometimes accompanied by allegorical beasts. Disporting themselves in explorations of violence, torture, feminine authority, and colonialism, Kure's figures are at once strange and familiar. □

1. Kerry James Marshall, *Garden Party*, 2003, acrylic and paper on canvas, 9 x 10'. 2. From Documenta 12. View of "Gordon Matta-Clark: 'You Are the Measure,'" 2007, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photo: Sheldon Collins. 3. View of "Hammons," 2007, L & M Arts, New York. Photo: Tom Powell. 4. View of "Robert Gober: Work 1976-2007," 2007, Schaulager, Basel. Foreground: *Prayers Are Answered*, 1980-81. Photo: Tom Bisig. 5. James Casebere, *Luxor #1*, 2007, color photograph, dimensions variable. 6. Steve McQueen, *Gravesend*, 2007, still from a color film in 35 mm transferred to video, 17 minutes 58 seconds. 7. Chris Ofili, *Rosary*, 2007, oil on canvas, 27 1/2 x 19 3/4". 8. Olafur Eliasson, *your mobile expectations: BMW H2R project*, 2007, mixed media. Installation view, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Photo: Ian Reeves. 9. Exterior of Atatürk Cultural Center, Istanbul, 2007. Photo: Serkan Taycan. 10. Marcia Kure, *006*, 2007, kola-nut pigment, watercolor, and pencil on paper, 15 x 11".

Ann Goldstein

ANN GOLDSTEIN IS SENIOR CURATOR AT THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, LOS ANGELES, WHERE SHE RECENTLY ORGANIZED "COSIMA VON BONIN: ROGER AND OUT" AND "ARTISTS' GIFTS: MICHAEL ASHER." SHE IS CURRENTLY ASSEMBLING THE FIRST US RETROSPECTIVE OF MARTIN KIPPENBERGER'S WORK, WHICH WILL OPEN AT MOCA IN SEPTEMBER 2008.

1 Rudolf Stingel (**Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago**) This is what a survey should be: the opportunity to enter the artist's practice on the artist's own terms. That can be a tall order for many American institutions, which must struggle to renegotiate a space between the needs of art and what they perceive to be the needs of their publics. In this exhibition, organized by Francesco Bonami, those publics could have their way with the silver-foiled atrium and could experience to the highest degree how an artist can collaborate with an institution, thus participating in the construction of his own history.

2 "A Rose Has No Teeth: Bruce Nauman in the 1960s" (**Berkeley Art Museum, CA**) Nauman's early achievements are hardly unknown, but Constance Lewallen's precise and impeccably researched exhibition offered a refreshing view of both familiar and only just discovered work from this defining period, forging new insights into the artist's remarkably prescient and still relevant practice and reinforcing the value of curatorial scholarship by showing us that we always have more to learn.

3 Kunsthalle Baden-Baden (**Germany**) Following a remarkable tenure as director of the Kunstverein Braunschweig in Germany, Karola Grässlin recently took the helm of this venerable institution to the south. For her first exhibition she reinvigorated the subject of Color Field painting by placing a few unlikely artists under its rubric, including Blinky Palermo, Stephen Prina, and Heimo Zobernig. And, as part of a buildingwide renovation, she commissioned Zobernig (in cooperation with architect Michael Wallraff) to redesign the staff offices, even giving up gallery space so that he could construct an

open workroom—complete with identical desks, steel cabinets, flat-screen monitors, and a no-personal-items-on-the-desk policy—where the workers are now placed on permanent display, visible from the museum lobby through glass doors.

4 "Mary Heilmann: To Be Someone" (**Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA**) Heilmann's first major US retrospective shouldn't be the eye-opener it is, though one might trace that impression to the fact that, unlike so many of her contemporaries who emerged in the 1960s, she went against the grain and moved from post-Minimal sculpture to painting. It was a distinctive turn justified by each work in this illuminating retrospective and by the sense of resistance and independence that permeates her work. Kudos to curator Elizabeth Armstrong for organizing this exhibition, which pays long-overdue tribute to one of the most distinguished careers in abstract painting.

5 "Model Martin Kippenberger: Utopia for Everyone" (**Kunsthaus Graz, Austria**) This elegant and focused exhibition—thoughtfully assembled by Daniel Baumann and Peter Pakesch, whose history with the artist goes back to Pakesch's days as a gallerist in Vienna, where the artist was based—dismisses with the prevailing emphasis on Kippenberger's self-portraits in order to examine his self-reflexivity and self-determination through other means. Emphasizing sculpture, the show features an exceptional assembly of Kippenberger's remarkably dysfunctional design objects from his "Peter" exhibitions of the late '80s, not the least of which is the artist's legendary *Modell Interconti*, 1987, a coffee-table construction with a gray Gerhard Richter painting for its top.

6 Lari Pittman (**Regen Projects II, Los Angeles**) Pittman's new work is completely authored by hand, the artist having shifted from using mediated imagery, as he did in paintings from recent years, to relying upon his own technical facility. The subjects in this body of work—gourds, acrobatic figures, cacti, fried eggs—are fully in keeping with the unique visual lexicon that has characterized the artist's exuberant, all-over compositions for more than twenty years, while the new paintings are also distinguished by their subtle shifts of color and application. In his reflection on the overall continuum of his practice, Pittman has produced a particularly resonant and stunning body of work.

7 Rachel Harrison, "If I Did It" (**Greene Naftali Gallery, New York**) and "Voyage of the Beagle" (**Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zurich**) Harrison's *Rainer Werner Fassbinder*, 2007, the horrific Janus-faced sculpture featured in both exhibitions, still haunts me. The lithe female mannequin replete with purple bicycle shorts and a rubber Dick Cheney mask on the back of her head is—like titling the Greene Naftali show after O. J. Simpson's "hypothetical" confession—the perfect example of Harrison's diving into the abyss of our cultural psychosis in order to embed social critique in the very conception of sculptural practice.

8 Charline von Heyl (**Galerie Gisela Capitain, Cologne**) Von Heyl's paintings are prickly and contradictory, ravishing and unsightly, and always conceptually complex. Zigzags and black sawtooth lines command these compositions, combining a tough graphic punch with the palpable gesture of a dry, scratchy brush. It is no simple task to make truly difficult abstract painting, and she does it with total aplomb.

9 David Askeveld (**The Mandrake, Los Angeles**) A screening of Askeveld's loose, unscripted, documentary-style video *John Todd and His Songs*, 1977, at the Mandrake brought renewed attention to one of our most complex, mystifying, and underrecognized first-generation Conceptual artists, whose groundbreaking video work hovers between fact and fiction, embracing the subjective and the parapsychological. Organized by Catherine Taft, this was one of the many special guest-curated evenings at the space, which as a bar and as a casual spot for readings, exhibitions, and screenings has given our centerless city a long-needed meeting place.

10 Generali Foundation (**Vienna**) As demonstrated by its striking summer exhibition, titled simply "Collection," the Generali Foundation has assembled one of the most extraordinary collections of Conceptual art from the '60s to the present. Sabine Breitwieser, a Generali staffer since its founding in 1988 and artistic and managing director since 1991, has created the Generali's exemplary exhibition and collecting program. Indeed, under her direction the foundation purchased the work of many artists—Robert Barry, Valie Export, Andrea Fraser, Dan Graham, Edward Krasinski, David Lamelas, Dorit Margreiter, Mathias Poledna, Florian Pumhösl, and Allan Sekula, among others—such that the collection attained a coherence and level of scholarship that are the envy of most museums. Yet recent announcements that the collection will merge with the BAWAG Foundation and that Breitwieser will resign remind us that Generali is, after all, a corporate collection. Unfortunately, we now have great cause for concern for the future of both merging institutions. □

1. View of "Rudolf Stingel," 2007, Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. Center: *Untitled*, 1998. Background: *Untitled*, 2007. 2. Bruce Nauman, *A Rose Has No Teeth (Lead Tree Plaque)*, 1966, lead plaque, 7½ x 8 x 2¼". © 2007 Bruce Nauman/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 3. Interior of Kunsthalle Baden-Baden's offices designed by Helmo Zobernig and Michael Wallraff, Kunsthalle Baden-Baden, Germany, 2007. Photo: Dirk Altenkirch. 4. Mary Heilmann, *Lovejoy Jr.*, 2004, oil on canvas, 40 x 32". 5. Martin Kippenberger, *The Modern House of Believing or Not*, 1985, oil and silicone on canvas, 72¾ x 90½". 6. Lari Pittman, *Untitled*, 2007, acrylic, Cel-Vinyl, and sprayed lacquer on canvas mounted on wood, 102 x 86". 7. Rachel Harrison, *Rainer Werner Fassbinder*, 2007, mannequin, latex Dick Cheney mask, biodegradable cornstarch peanuts, Flo-Pak regular and heavy-duty peanuts, eyeglasses, and athletic wear. Installation view, Greene Naftali Gallery, New York. 8. Charline von Heyl, *Pleisir Noir*, 2007, oil on canvas, 81½ x 78". 10. Dan Graham, *New Design for Shaving Videos*, 1995, mixed media. Installation view, Generali Foundation, Vienna, 2007. From "Collection." Photo: Werner Kaligofsky.

John Kelsey

JOHN KELSEY IS A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*. HE IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE COLLECTIVE BERNADETTE CORPORATION AND COFOUNDER OF REENA SPAULINGS FINE ART IN NEW YORK. HIS TEXT "SCULPTURE IN AN ABANDONED FIELD" WAS INCLUDED IN THE CATALOGUE FOR RACHEL HARRISON'S EXHIBITION "IF I DID IT" AT GREENE NAFTALI IN NEW YORK IN 2007. *EINE PINOT GRIGIO, BITTE*, A SCREENPLAY BY BERNADETTE CORPORATION, WAS PUBLISHED THIS YEAR BY STERNBERG PRESS.

1 *Décor: A Conquest* by Marcel Broodthaers, 1975/2007 *Seminal, groundbreaking, and important* are words typically used to describe this two-room artwork by Belgian ex-poet Broodthaers, which was presented for the first time in New York this past summer at Michael Werner Gallery. Dust off the nineteenth-century cannons and stuffed python, unpack the twentieth-century pistols and patio furniture, and see what Mike Kelley was talking about in 1995, when he called Broodthaers's approach "hokey and obvious," yet admirable in its way of being so "sincere and insincere at the same time." The work is like a movie set propped with ready-made stand-ins for Europe's modern colonial history. Decades before "installation art" became a household term, *Décor*—an early, more playful instance of institutional critique—went quaintly and deviously to war. The uptown display coincided with a downtown screening, organized by White Columns, of the artist's strange short films at Anthology Film Archives.

2 *Grindhouse* Written, produced, and directed by Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino, this B-movie double feature is interrupted by trailers for other fictional productions, gaps representing missing reels, and fake print damage. The first part, Rodriguez's *Planet Terror*, is a schlock zombie apocalypse. The second is Tarantino's excellent hot-rod picture, *Death Proof*, a narrative that is also split in two—like a highway, the A and B sides of a record, or a brain. Two ensembles of actresses (including Rosario Dawson, Vanessa Ferlito, and the stuntwoman Zoë Bell, playing herself) eat up the screen as the film veers between Rohmer-esque conversation and bursts of bodily violence,

cut to upbeat songs like "Hold Tight" by Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich.

3 *Relax It's Only a Bad Cosima von Bonin Show* The catalogue accompanying Merlin Carpenter's exhibition at Galerie Bleich-Rossi in Vienna is one of the most anarchically devised artist's books in print. Portraits of the artist posing with blank canvases in a hellish art-supply store, slick ads for Mercedes-Benz bicycles (which have appeared as readymades in other Carpenter shows), painters' easels and paintings of easels, and texts by Carpenter and his sister appear in separate, brochurelike sections with brutally mismatched formats, barely bound by a flimsy white thread. Designed by Non-Format, the book prefers not to come together around its subject.

4 I.U.D. Minimal, pounding, contagious noise-music made by two women—Lizzi Bougatsos (of Gang Gang Dance) and Sadie Laska—on two drum kits and two microphones. *Dead Womb*, seven inches of vinyl, was released in September on the Social Registry label and was celebrated with shows at Brooklyn venues Studio B and Glasslands.

5 *Ode to the Man Who Kneels* Following his *End of Reality*, 2006, a play constructed around a series of monologues and brawls, Richard Maxwell's new musical is a western set in a town called Grid that deals out strange, stripped-down violence and "basic," even stranger language and songs. Characters are killed, but they don't stop singing. *Ode* was presented at the Performing Garage in New York in early November with a cast of Jim Fletcher, Anna Kohler, Emily Cass McDonnell, Greg Mehrten, and Brian Mendes, and with Mike Iveson on piano and Maxwell on guitar.

6 *Freelance Stenographer* A sort of antihappening by Seth Price and Kelley Walker was produced on-site at The Kitchen on April 2. It began with a projected video comprising footage of a semfictional New York dance-pop group named the Economist (Cory Arcangel, Emily Sundblad, and Stefan Tcherepnin) at work in the studio, video material from The Kitchen's own archive (a restaged Oskar Schlemmer performance), an appropriated documentary in progress about the interactive cyber-community Second Life, shots of New York skylines, and rudimentary digital effects—and was followed by a Q&A with the artists. Everything was recorded in real time by a professional stenographer whose transcription was photocopied and distributed as an instant document of its own making. The "event" was a self-recording machine instantly filed away in the no time it took to translate live into archive.

7 *Dot Dot Dot*, Issue 14 ("S as in SStenographer"), Summer 2007 This issue of *Dot Dot Dot*, a journal published by Dexter Sinister, appropriates a rejected cover design for *Cabinet* magazine. Inside is an interview with former Revolver publisher Christoph Keller, who discusses dilettantism, distillation, and his current farm life while serving homemade schnapps to the editors from bottles of his own design. Other highlights deal with modern histories of book design, Richard Hamilton's *Collected Words*, and the "aesthetics of distribution."

8 *Evas Arche und der Feminist* During their Sunday-night gatherings at Passerby in New York, hosts Pati Hertling, an art-restitution lawyer, and her collaborator, artist Marlous Borm, serve homemade soup and bottled beer

while their friends eat, exhibit, drink, and perform. For Sunday #8, which was given over to artist Kerstin Brätsch, they covered the exhibition "New York Is Dead" with sheets of black protective plastic before opening Eva's doors to a musical act by Ronnie Bass, Jeremy Eilers, and Nic Xedro; Allison Katz and Georgia Sagri (accompanied by Brätsch); and DJ Antek Walczak.

9 "77 Testicular Imprints" To make the works in his exhibition at Roth Gallery in New York, Nicolás Guagnini used oil paint and his own balls for a brush, marking and citing a series of archival documents (including an early, typewritten Dan Graham poem and personal stationery recovered from Hitler's bunker). A brute, faux-macho gesture of signing and appropriation, but also a critical operation undermining the notions of property, inclusion, and value. The "imprints" are smart and stupid like Broodthaers's recurring, museological eagles, and as elegant in their conception—until you start noticing the pubic hairs stuck in the paint.

10 *The Artwork Caught by the Tail: Francis Picabia and Dada in Paris* George Baker's book, published by MIT Press, is the first in English dealing specifically with Picabia's Dada work in Paris and is a serious rethinking of the readymade (the other, *Picabian* one) based on a study of the artist's singularly multifarious practice. Once, before an audience of friends, Picabia broke open an alarm clock and used its parts as paintbrushes. He also cut a hole in a sheet of paper and called it *Jeune Fille*. Baker's book has a shiny golden cover with a reproduction of Picabia's *Natures Mortes*, 1920—a "portrait" consisting of a crucified stuffed monkey surrounded by the names of famous Impressionists. □

1. Marcel Broodthaers, *Décor: A Conquest* by Marcel Broodthaers, 1975/2007, mixed media. Installation view, Galerie de France, Paris, 2007. Photo: Patrick Müller. © 2007 Estate of Marcel Broodthaers/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/SABAM, Brussels. 2. Poster for fictitious movie *Death Proof* from Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino's *Grindhouse* (2007). 3. Merlin Carpenter's artist's book/catalogue for his exhibition "Relax It's Only a Bad Cosima von Bonin Show," 2007, Galerie Bleich-Rossi, Vienna. 4. Photocollage of members of I.U.D., 2007. 5. Richard Maxwell, *Ode to the Man Who Kneels*, 2007. Performance view, Bollwerk International Festival, Fribourg, Switzerland, 2007. 6. Seth Price and Kelley Walker, *Freelance Stenographer*, 2007, still from a color video, 33 minutes 6 seconds. 7. Cover of *Dot Dot Dot*, no. 14 (Summer 2007). 8. Documentary photograph of Evas Arche und der Feminist #8 at Gavin Brown's Enterprise at Passerby, New York, 2007. 9. Nicolás Guagnini, *77 Testicular Imprints* (detail), 2007, one of seventy-seven oil paintings on paper, dimensions variable. 10. Cover of George Baker's *Artwork Caught by the Tail: Francis Picabia and Dada in Paris* (MIT Press, 2007).

Claire Bishop

CLAIRE BISHOP IS ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ART HISTORY AT WARWICK UNIVERSITY AND VISITING PROFESSOR IN THE CURATING CONTEMPORARY ART DEPARTMENT AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART, LONDON. SHE IS WRITING A BOOK ON THE HISTORY AND POLITICS OF SPECTATORSHIP IN SOCIALLY COLLABORATIVE ART.

1 Steve McQueen, *Queen and Country* (Central Library, Manchester, UK) Ninety-eight sheets of postage stamps, each bearing the image of a British soldier who died in Iraq, are arrayed on racks in an austere, coffinlike wooden display case. Because the photographs were donated by the families of the deceased, many are painfully intimate. These amateur domestic portraits are compressed into stamps—small slivers of public space—poignantly overlaid with the silhouette of the monarch in whose name they died. Installed in the Great Hall of the library, its rotunda encircled with glorious maxims about knowledge, *Queen and Country* stood as crushing proof of a nation's inability to heed these exhortations to higher civic virtues.

2 Dematerialized Münster The most emblematic projects of this decade's edition of the Skulptur Projekte reinvented Land art as a journey we could all take (Paweł Althamer's meandering footpath *Ścieżka* [Path]) and as an appropriated, collective social system (*Speak to the Earth and It Will Tell You*, Jeremy Deller's framing of the town's communal gardens, with their idiosyncratic huts). Both works offered enchanted escapes from the tick-it-off bike tour and invited you to relish the present rather than consume an object.

3 Aleksandra Mir, *Newsroom 1986–2000* (Mary Boone Gallery, New York) Drawing can be so boring; how do you bring it up to date? Enconcing herself in Mary Boone's Chelsea gallery with boxes of black felt-tip pens, a team of assistants, and the covers of fourteen years' worth of New York's fin-de-millennium tabloids, Mir turned an outmoded studio discipline into an office job under public scrutiny. Exuberant drawings of the front pages were churned out at the same rate as the dailies themselves. This closed loop

of mass-media production, popular subject matter, and collective authorship generated one of Mir's best projects in years, demystifying the studio while disinterring the outmoded obsessions of the just-past.

4 Two postcards in Documenta 12 (Kassel) Documenta had many flaws, but it was never boring. Its most esoteric dimension was a meditation on the conventions of exhibition display, with each venue alluding to a different century and its conditions of spectatorship. The clues were spread sparsely. My favorite was a pair of postcards in a vitrine near the lavatories in the Neue Galerie: Johann Heinrich Tischbein's 1783 painting of the Fridericianum, Europe's first public museum, next to Édouard Manet's *Exposition Universelle de 1867*, the painting so brilliantly described by T. J. Clark as marking the emergence of spectacle in mid-nineteenth-century Paris. This tiny, metareflexive gesture rightly positioned Documenta as conflicted heir to those dual impulses of exhibition culture: public patrimony and touristic consumption.

5 Christoph Schlingensiefel, *Parsifal* (Festspielhaus, Bayreuth, Germany) Cult film director Schlingensiefel staged his final take on the Wagnerian epic this past summer. The production was a layered mesh of live action, painted slogans, and projected film, the last providing close-ups of, and oblique counternarratives to, the operatic diegesis. With a revolving stage to destabilize the performance space, and the artist's "family" of disabled lay-actors to disrupt the singers' seamless professionalism, the production also featured references to Beuys, Dürer, and refugee camps. The closing scene—a vast projection of accelerated footage of a decaying rabbit—provided a

devastatingly antitranscendent climax to the Grail myth. When I left the Festspielhaus (Prince Ludwig's theater for Wagner and home of the original *Gesamtkunstwerk*), a violent storm had ravaged the town, leaving the roads strewn with toppled trees. A cosmic standing ovation!

6 "Robert Gober: Work 1976–2007" (Schaulager, Basel) This magnificent exhibition revealed the full force of Gober's precision and intelligence, and featured works I never thought I'd see: his untitled 1992 Dia installation—with forested walls, running water, and prison windows—and "The Meat Wagon," 2005, his curated display of his own work (hairy cheese included) alongside objects from the Menil Collection. Sustained thinking, uneasy forms: shiver-inducing.

7 Artur Żmijewski The video *Them*, documenting Żmijewski's social experiment in which members of four disparate ideological groups engage in a combative painting workshop, was a highlight of Documenta. It followed on from "Selected Works," a corrosive series of video portraits at the Neuer Berliner Kunstverein. Each portrait condenses twenty-four hours in a different worker's life to fifteen minutes, immersing you in the banality of low-paid daily labor and the mess of human physicality. Żmijewski's visual acuity is supported by an unflinching intellectual courage in interviews and writings, as seen in his provocative essay "The Applied Social Arts," a plea for more overtly politicized artistic positions in the former Eastern Bloc, published this year in *Krytyka Polityczna*.

8 Jérôme Bel One summer afternoon I went to London's Live Art Development Agency to watch video documentation of the Parisian choreographer's works. I was

smitten. Bel manages to create dances that involve barely any dancing, to distance himself from the medium's fate as entertainment and still be entertaining, and to import issues of appropriation, authorship, and spectacle while deftly avoiding didacticism. All this plus self-deprecation, humor, pathos, and pop music: total exhilaration.

9 Hélio Oiticica, "The Body of Color" (Tate Modern, London) Two highlights here: first, the experience of moving from a room of Oiticica's intensely hued *bóildes* (fireballs) to the overwhelming yellow ambit of the *Grande Núcleo*, 1960–66; the saturated austerity of these suspended planes hovering over pale gray stones was so quietly forceful I was paralyzed. Second, Ivan Cardoso's 1979 film *HO* contained riveting footage, including Oiticica dancing in a plastic *parangolé* and shiny tight green trousers decorated with pink lightning bolts. That Oiticica was capable of both abstract rigor and camp glam excess elevates him yet higher in my pantheon.

10 Matthew Barney's bull in "Il Tempo del Postino" (Opera House, Manchester, UK) At the end of an evening of otherwise patchy performance art by seventeen international artists, Barney, with a dog on his head, took command of the theater. Halfway through the enigmatic proceedings, a mythologically proportioned bull was led onto the stage and encouraged to enjoy congress with a sculptural appendage fixed to the back of a Cadillac. This garlanded, golden-horned beast failed to rise to the occasion—despite the presence of contortionists, balaclava-clad trumpeters, and ample quantities of Vaseline. I was left feeling ritually contaminated. Utterly inexplicable. □

1. Steve McQueen, *Queen and Country*, 2007–, ink and adhesive on paper. Installation view, Central Library, Manchester, UK. Photo: Joel Fildes. 2a. Paweł Althamer, *Ścieżka* (Path), 2007. Installation view, western shore of Lake Aa, Münster. Photo: Lute Díaz. 2b. Jeremy Deller, *Speak to the Earth and It Will Tell You* (detail), 2007. Installation view, Schrebergarten, Mühlenfeld, Münster. Photo: Chris Matthews. 3. Aleksandra Mir, *Newsroom 1986–2000*, 2007, mixed media. Installation view, Mary Boone Gallery, New York. 4. View of Documenta 12, 2007, Neue Galerie, Kassel. Two postcards, from left: Johann Heinrich Tischbein, *Fridericianum*, 1783; Édouard Manet, *Exposition Universelle de 1867*. Photo: Claire Bishop. 5. Christoph Schlingensiefel, *Parsifal*, 2004–2007. Performance view, Bayreuth Festival, Germany, 2007. Photo: Peter Deutschmark. 6. Robert Gober, *Untitled*, 2005, beeswax and human hair, 5% x 20% x 6%". 7. Artur Żmijewski, *Dorota*, 2006, still from a color video, 15 minutes. 8. Jérôme Bel, *Véronique Doisneau*, 2004. Performance view, Palais Garnier, Opéra National de Paris, 2005. Photo: Mussacchio Laniello. 9. Ivan Cardoso, *HO*, 1979, still from a color film in 16 mm, 13 minutes. 10. Matthew Barney and Jonathan Bepler, *Guardian of the Veil*, 2007. Performance view, Opera House, Manchester, UK, 2007. Photo: Hugo Glendinning.

Jessica Morgan

JESSICA MORGAN IS CURATOR OF CONTEMPORARY ART AT TATE MODERN, WHERE SHE ORGANIZED, WITH CATHERINE WOOD, "THE WORLD AS A STAGE," ON VIEW THROUGH JANUARY 1, 2008. UPCOMING PROJECTS FOR THE TATE INCLUDE AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS FROM MEXICO CITY'S COLECCIÓN JUMEX AND A JOHN BALDESSARI RETROSPECTIVE SCHEDULED TO OPEN IN 2009.

1 Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, "Expodrome" (Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris/ARC, Paris) A generation of artists who have long been concerned with questioning the status quo of exhibition making—and therefore largely steered clear of standard-fare solo or thematic shows—have now arrived at a point in their careers when they are being invited to present "comprehensive retrospectives" of their work in major art-world institutions. Gonzalez-Foerster wisely resisted lapsing into convention with her stunning journey through the unusual spaces of the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, in an exhibition that was organized by Angeline Scherf and included many collaboratively made works. With the sound of falling rain (*Promenade*, 2007), a topographic map representing various metropolises at night (*Panorama*, 2007), a son et lumière environment (*Cosmodrome*, 2001), and a retrospective of the artist's films, the show immersed visitors in the quintessentially synesthetic experience of place that Gonzalez-Foerster specializes in.

2 Markus Schinwald (Centre d'Édition Contemporaine, Geneva) The ever elusive Schinwald continued to frustrate any attempt to pin down his practice in his own brilliant reversal of the retrospective revelation. Various known as a video artist, choreographer, sculptor, painter, and eccentric fashion designer, Schinwald revealed all—but it was visible only through distorting lenses mounted in small circular holes in the walls of a long, constructed corridor running through the galleries. Peering through these port-holes, one could make out Schinwald's work, apparently perfectly installed on the other side. So near, and yet so far . . .

3 Paweł Althamer, "One of Many" (Fondazione Nicola Trussardi, Milan) Possibly one of the greatest artists of our

time, Althamer here made apparent the concepts behind his constant return to the human form and in particular his own self-portrait. This retrospective, organized by Massimiliano Gioni, explored a multitude of aspects of the human condition, largely through the multiplication of Althamer's own image in sculpture, film, and other media. In a text accompanying the exhibition, the artist declares, "It is a major achievement to realize that the body is only a vehicle for the soul. I feel like a cosmonaut in the suit of my own body, I am a trapped soul. The body plays a role of a dress, of an address. My bodily address is Paweł Althamer."

4 Christopher Williams, "For Example: Dix-Huit Leçons Sur La Société Industrielle (Revision 5)" (Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Bologna, Italy) Organized by Gianfranco Maraniello and Andrea Viliani, this overview of Williams's work shed light on the artist's extraordinary capacity for insightful institutional critique. The museum's Brutalist architecture—whose bastardization over time, Williams seemed to suggest, paralleled the decline and erasure of the radical history of the city of Bologna—was returned to its original form, while Williams's images enacted an investigation into the convergence of design, politics, empire, and industrial modernization.

5 Sanja Iveković, "General Alert: Works, 1974–2007" (Fundació Antoni Tàpies, Barcelona) With biting wit, Iveković's "Double Life" series from the mid-1970s investigates the effect of advertising on our daily lives and on gender roles. In a reversal of Cindy Sherman's approach, Iveković set about matching existing snaps and portraits of herself with "source material" discovered in subsequently published magazines. Her own actions thus simultaneously embody and herald the media images from which they

derive. Organized by Croatian curator Nataša Ilić and Kathrin Rhomberg, director of the show's original venue, the Kölischer Kunstverein, this retrospective also featured a number of recent pieces, among them Iveković's "real-time memorial"—a *tableau vivant* based on a photograph of soon to be deported Roma and Sinti victims of the Holocaust.

6 Tino Sehgal (CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts, San Francisco) Aptly enough for an artist whose works exist in real time and are devised as personal encounters in which "interpreters" follow his oral instructions to enact ephemeral but infinitely repeatable actions, Sehgal's first retrospective, and his first US exhibition, takes place indefinitely, with one work at a time, starting with his earliest pieces and little by little moving closer to the present. Those able to make repeated visits to the Wattis (whose director, Jens Hoffmann, organized the show) will notice the varying nuances of an oeuvre addressed explicitly to the viewer.

7 David Hamilton (Biennale de Lyon, France) Curator Eric Troncy can be counted on not to follow art-fashion dictates, and with the one artist he chose for the multicurator Lyon biennial he once again triumphed, raising the stakes for photographer Hamilton, an artist perhaps best known for the indecency charges upheld against his work in the UK in 2005. Retrieving Hamilton's photography for serious consideration, Troncy not only produced a stunning installation of retrospective depth, but also pointed to the gray zone in the art world where populist work is shunned without real scrutiny.

8 Elmgreen and Dragset, "The First Day of My Life" (Malmö Konsthall, Sweden) In another astonishing rethinking of the

retrospective format, Elmgreen and Dragset presented visitors with a Kafkaesque sequence of doors embedded in a white wall of the gallery space, any of which could be opened. What would the act of decision bring about? How to decide which direction to take? To what extent are our decisions predetermined? These were some of the many questions raised by the illusion of choice in this exhibition (organized by Jacob Fabricius). The artists' work was installed behind the doors, each of which seemed to offer a different path, perhaps to the same place.

9 Rudolf Stingel (Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, and Whitney Museum of American Art, New York) In two equally stunning installations (curated by Francesco Bonami at the organizing institution in Chicago and by Chrissie Iles in New York), Stingel demonstrated the art of restraint in his first, long overdue retrospective. The artist perpetually hovers between seduction and refusal in his painterly works (whether oil on canvas, metallic foil, or carpet), and both shows succeeded where few surveys do, in leaving one with the desire to see more.

10 "WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution" (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) Connie Butler's survey of feminist art was the product of an extraordinarily inspiring amount of research from which we will all benefit in years to come. With little-seen works by Mary Beth Edelson, Marta Minujin, Adrian Piper, Martha Rosler, and Ewa Partum, "WACK!" was brimful of innovative retrospectives waiting to happen—one of which already took place at Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona when Joan Jonas gave an incredible rereading of her own work, the unofficial number eleven of this Top Ten. □

1. Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, *Tapis de lecture (Reading Carpet)*, 2000–2007, reading materials and carpet. Installation view, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, 2007. Photo: Marc Domage. 2. Markus Schinwald, *Les Boîtes (The Boxes)* (detail), 2007, black-and-white photographs and mixed-media boxes, each 9 1/4 x 9 1/4 x 9 1/4". Photo: Sandra Pointet. 3. View of Paweł Althamer, "One of Many," 2007, Palazzina Apipiani, Milan. Foreground: Paweł Althamer, *Self-Portrait as a Boy*, 1993. Background: Paweł Althamer, *Matejka with Son*, 2006. Photo: Roberto Marossi. 4. View of Christopher Williams, "For Example: Dix-Huit Leçons Sur La Société Industrielle (Revision 5)," 2007, Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Bologna, Italy. 5. Sanja Iveković, *Osobni rezovi (Personal Cuts)*, 1982, still from a color video, 3 minutes 40 seconds. 7. David Hamilton, *The Age of Innocence* (detail), 1970–1989, three of thirty-four color photographs. Installation view, Biennale de Lyon, 2007. Photo: Blaise Adilon. 8. View of Elmgreen and Dragset, "The First Day of My Life," 2007, Malmö Konsthall, Sweden. 9. View of "Rudolf Stingel," 2007, Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. 10. Mary Kelly, *Post-Partum Document: Documentation III, Analysed Markings and Diary-perspective Schema* (detail), 1975, one of ten Perspex units containing crayon on white card and sugar paper, each 14 x 11". From "WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution."

Matthew Higgs

ARTIST AND CURATOR MATTHEW HIGGS IS THE DIRECTOR OF WHITE COLUMNS, NEW YORK. HE RECENTLY CURATED THE EXHIBITIONS "WORDS FAIL ME" FOR THE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, DETROIT, AND "EXHIBITIONISM" FOR THE CCS BARD HESSEL MUSEUM AT BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

1 Robert Rauschenberg, "Cardboards and Related Pieces" (Menil Collection, Houston) This wasn't just one of the best shows I saw this year—it was one of the best shows I have ever seen. Exquisitely installed in the Menil Collection's understated spaces, Rauschenberg's reconfigured cartons were produced mostly in 1971 (the related "Venetians" and "Early Egyptians" series, also represented here, followed between 1972 and 1974). These deceptively "minor," rarely seen works offered further evidence, if any was required, of Rauschenberg's maverick imagination. Think of a point somewhere between the abrasive dynamics of Kurt Schwitters and the attitude of Cady Noland and you start to get close to these works' alchemical magic.

2 Judy Linn (Feature Inc., New York) Seemingly artless, and free of cynicism or irony, Linn's profoundly observed images continue to resonate days, weeks, months, even years after one's first viewing. In her fifth solo outing at Feature Inc., she showed a perfectly choreographed, perfectly pitched group of modestly scaled prints, including images of a tea towel, of the back of a woman's head, and of a cow and its reflection, and two separate pictures of knees. The everyday has never looked so ordinary or so strange.

3 Frank Sidebottom (Chelsea Space, London) Under the direction of Donald Smith, Chelsea Space has evolved into a truly unique concern, presenting shows that focus on, say, Samuel Beckett's approach to rehearsing or on Jeremy Glogan's unheralded late-1990s South London gallery The Top Room. But Smith's curatorial pièce de résistance was this recent overview of the world of Frank Sidebottom, papier-

mâché-headed alter ego of artist and musician Chris Sievey. So complex is Sidebottom's modus operandi—he is a television entertainer, cartoon character, stand-up comedian, cult hero, and more besides—that I will not attempt to explicate it but will simply say that the exhibition, which combined props, films, animations, and drawings, revealed in Sidebottom's absurdist sensibility and that Beckett surely would have approved.

4 "WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution" (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) LA MoCA's ongoing commitment to large-scale, research-driven historical surveys (e.g., "Out of Actions: Between Performance and the Object 1949–1979" [1998] or "A Minimal Future? Art as Object 1958–1968" [2004]) continues to put most other contemporary art institutions to shame. Connie Butler's broad and revealing exploration of feminist art activity was yet another exemplar of what any serious museum should be doing, to wit: dedicating curatorial, logistical, and financial resources to projects that aren't guaranteed to draw huge audiences or create headlines, but that expand our knowledge of art and of its pivotal role in shaping and animating our culture.

5 "How We Are: Photographing Britain" (Tate Britain, London) Arranged chronologically in six sections, this recklessly ambitious show explored photography's relationship with "Britain," "the British," and "British-ness" from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Featuring work by professional, amateur, vernacular, and art photographers, it was coherently argued and beautifully installed—until, that is, the final section,

a mishmash of often-derivative contemporary work that felt like a poorly conceived afterthought. But even this letdown of an ending couldn't quite undermine an otherwise exemplary and occasionally exhilarating project.

6 Shannon Ebner, "The Sun & the Sign" (Wallspace, New York) Ebner uses photography—to my mind, in a wholly original manner—as a kind of quasi-sculptural form. Her second solo show at Wallspace attested to her continuing interest in language's fragile status but found her moving away from her earlier engagement with landscape into more claustrophobic territory. The works on view invoked the physical entropy and bleak psychology of artists like Gordon Matta-Clark or Bruce Nauman while remaining defiantly their own.

7 The NY Art Book Fair (New York) In a city where seeking out art-related publications is becoming an increasingly frustrating task, this annual event, organized by the committed bibliophiles at Printed Matter, provides a unique platform where publishers, distributors, dealers, and consumers can connect in an atmosphere that's part trade show, part bustling bazaar, and part fan convention. Though only in its second year, it already feels like an institution.

8 Marcel Broodthaers—Films (Anthology Film Archives, New York) This rare screening of Broodthaers's films, the first New York showing for many in more than a decade, was jointly organized by White Columns and Michael Werner Gallery on the occasion of the restaging of the artist's classic 1975 installation *Décor* at Werner's Seventy-seventh Street space. (Full

disclosure: I'm currently the director of White Columns, but any occasion to see Broodthaers's films is to be celebrated.) Cryptic, elliptical, aesthetically and intellectually promiscuous, Broodthaers's films are often also flat-out hilarious, and are essential viewing for anyone interested in the possibilities and potentiality of art.

9 Fischli & Weiss, "Flowers & Questions: A Retrospective" (Tate Modern, London), "Equilibres" (Matthew Marks Gallery, New York), and "Books, Editions and the Like" (Swiss Institute, New York) A year should never go by without an opportunity to see work by Peter Fischli and David Weiss. And this was a vintage year, as I managed to catch not only their exuberant and idea-packed retrospective at Tate Modern, but also Matthew Marks's concise survey of the miraculous "Equilibres," a series of photographs of precarious sculptural tableaux, and the Swiss Institute's informal, process-oriented display of the duo's innovative approach to publications and printed ephemera. So apparently casual is Fischli & Weiss's brilliance that it makes me, as an occasional artist, green with envy.

10 Padraig Timoney (Andrew Kreps Gallery, New York) Surprisingly, this was the Irish artist's first solo show in the United States. For more than fifteen years, Timoney has taken a highly idiosyncratic and mercurial approach to art. Encompassing just about every conceivable medium, but rooted in an expansive notion of painting, his practice shares something with the calculated meanderings of Sigmar Polke. But no single comparison can begin to articulate the elusive essence of Timoney's genuinely puzzling and complex art. □

1. Robert Rauschenberg, *80ft. (Cardboard)*, 1971, cardboard, 51 1/4 x 82 1/2 x 6 3/4". © Robert Rauschenberg/Licensed by VAGA, New York. 2. Judy Linn, *Untitled*, 1999, color photograph, 18 1/4 x 13 3/4". 3. Frank Sidebottom, *Chelsea Space Is Acel*, 2007, mixed media. Installation view, Chelsea Space, London. Photo: Shoko Maeda. 4. Judy Chicago, *Rejection Fantasy Drawing #4 (Rejection Fantasy)*, 1974, colored pencil and graphite on paper, 40 x 30". From "Rejection Quintet," 1974. © Judy Chicago/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 5. John Thomas, *Two Women in Welsh National Costume Drinking Tea*, 1875, black-and-white photograph. © 2007 National Gallery of Wales. 6. Shannon Ebner, *The Crooked Sign*, 2006, black-and-white photograph, 64 1/4 x 47 1/4". 7. The NY Art Book Fair, New York, 2007. Photo: Leah Moskowitz. 8. Marcel Broodthaers, *La Bataille de Waterloo (The Battle of Waterloo)*, 1975, strip from a color film in 35 mm, 10 minutes. © Estate of Marcel Broodthaers/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/SABAM, Brussels. 9. Peter Fischli and David Weiss, *The Roped Mountaineers from Equilibres*, 1984, black-and-white photograph, 15 1/4 x 12". 10. Padraig Timoney, *Hidranga*, 2007, rabbit-skin glue and pigment on canvas, 51 1/4 x 59".

Jack Bankowsky

JACK BANKOWSKY IS A CRITIC AND EDITOR AT LARGE OF ARTFORUM. HIS ESSAY "CIAO RENSSLAERVILLE" APPEARS IN THE CATALOGUE FOR RICHARD PRINCE: SPIRITUAL AMERICA, CURRENTLY ON VIEW AT THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

1 Panama Pavilion (Venice Biennale) Richard Prince's Nancy Spector-curated Guggenheim Museum retrospective was the undisputed center of gravity of the artist's annus mirabilis, but as ever in the Princeian scheme of things, the museal main event was half the story. First, he raised the *Body Shop* on a freshly cleared upstate lot; then, with the help of a bodacious babe, he turned an art fair (Frieze) into an auto show. Let's admit it, the runway debut of the artist's customized handbags for Louis Vuitton seemed a dead-tired alternative—until the all-nurse lineup unmasked to reveal Naomi, Stephanie, et al., and the number one fan of the "Publicities" joined the "girls" onstage for the traditional couturier's bow. My own nomination for the brightest star in a starry year? Prince's self-commissioned tour de force for the 52nd Venice Biennale. Too bad they don't give out Golden Lions for four-color posters.

2 © Murakami (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) I showed up in LA the morning after the three-ring gala that launched the MOCA retrospective, and Takashi Murakami, it seemed, was everywhere: on the think-pink billboard as I drove in from LAX; on the arm of more than one fashion victim of means lunching on my hotel terrace; in the real Louis Vuitton boutique nestled at the installation's heart (Andy would have been proud, the bags and key chains and tiny leather agendas were moving at a brisk pace), and, yes, even in the Paul Schimmel-curated galleries. As I sat cross-legged on the floor of a darkened, daisy-carpeted room, the projected visages of those branded munchkins Kaikai and Kiki drifting dreamily across the wall, I closed my eyes: I'm old, I'm occidental, but this really is, as one flushed gala-goer put it, "the first show of the twenty-first century!"

3 Kai Althoff and Nick Z., "We Are Better Friends for It" (Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York) Is there a single truly significant "painter" under, say, age fifty who confines his or her practice to the art of painting (and/or the medium's traditional handmaiden, drawing)? Take this year's demands-to-be-dealt-with painting show, which was also an unruly installation—a bursting-at-the-seams collaboration between Althoff and graffiti artist Nick Z. that inspired many to ask why Althoff felt that his jewel-box, ecclectically expressionist tableaux required a double dumpster of detritus to keep it real. Well, to start, the show reprised the fraternal bonding and filial agonism that remain the artist's abiding thematic. Plus, Althoff's intuition that the best way to make a picture today is to put it to work in a larger performed economy aligns him with some none-too-shabby company (see above, 1 and 2).

4 "Hammons" (L&M Arts, New York) David Hammons has been skewering the art world for as long as I can remember, but this year he effectively upped the ante by hijacking the bluest-chipped of blue-chip emporiums and fitting out its parqueted premises with a half-dozen artfully defiled furs. The "contradictory" experience of consuming critical art in an über-posh gallery is admittedly a sitting duck. Well, in theory, anyway; in practice, Hammons's bull's-eye made his public squirm. What—repeat after me—becomes a legend?

5 Charles Ray, *Hinoki* (Regen Projects, Los Angeles) Time in a bottle—or, rather, in an enormous decaying tree. As an artist whose work consists in a dependably unpredictable and yet decidedly single-minded meditation on the sculptural body, which is to say, on our own bodies as embodied in art, Ray must have savored the spectacle of living,

breathing bodies crawling about the floor of his Hollywood gallery: peering up the knotholes, down the hollow trunk, and getting lost in the ocean of tiny carving marks. Over the next several centuries, the artist warns, the tree will settle, go into a sort of metabolic crisis, blacken, stabilize, and in due course enter a gradual but steady decline. . . . An Ozymandias for the city of glass. Please don't touch the poetry.

6 John Kelsey, critic • *Favorite Kelsey title:* "My Other Painting Is a Car" (Richard Prince) • *Favorite Kelsey epigraph:* "Some sculptures seem to want a pedestal, others obscene graffiti. . . ." —Michel Leiris (Rachel Harrison) • *Favorite stroke of genius:* too many; can't pick.

7 Rachel Harrison (Greene Naftali Gallery, New York, and Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zurich) I did not know that Arnold Palmer drinks Lite Green Tea Lemonade Half & Half—that is, not until I first saw *Tiger Woods*, 2006, in Harrison's indispensable spring show at Greene Naftali. The sculpture, which is also a pedestal (with a sculpture on it and a television *in it*), features a can of said beverage endorsed by the senior sports celebrity. The syntactical wild style that brings together golf and graffiti (the pedestal appears to have been vandalized—presumably by the artist herself), sculpture, and an offstage cameo by Tiger Woods, with a can of tea, is typical of the managed serendipity—lexical, but just as important, formal—that makes each Harrison work not merely a fierce and funky object but a meditation on meaning in the making.

8 Matthew Monahan (Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles) Where most Monahan apologists wax poetic re: the mysteries of the ancient and olden, all I can think about is Anthony Caro!

Remember the maneuver whereby the famous formalist dipped an arm of steel below the pedestal top and put the art of sculpture on high alert? Monahan's sculptures climb up and down their Sheetrock perches or swallow them whole; his fractured figures bust from their Plexi vitrines or plop themselves atop them; a face begins as a drawing and, with a crumple, becomes a 3-D sculpture. As Ari Wiseman's miniretrospective makes abundantly clear, this artist is as much the formal virtuoso as his forefather; but where Caro pared his art down to a few discrete relationships, Monahan's roiling improvisations draw on everything that sculpture has ever gotten up to, which includes the human figure and face, most often depicted in extremis.

9 Seth Price and Kelley Walker, *Freelance Stenographer (The Kitchen, New York)* If you've ever found yourself listening to a cover of an outmoded pop anthem (or even just an outré oddity) and wondered why it is that a modestly inflected makeover speaks more loudly to you than the boomingest by-products of authorial agon, you are the target audience for this so-casual-it-almost-didn't-happen event. Artists Price and Walker joined forces, at the behest of Kitchen director Debra Singer, to screen a video and to muse in public on a couple of matters relevant to the context—and near and dear to their individual practices. But the infra-thin art of the matter hinged on a "live" stenographer, an onstage Bartleby who dutifully recorded the proceedings. At evening's end, the transcript was copied on a Xerox machine and distributed (with beer) to the satisfied crowd.

10 Jason Rhoades, *Black Pussy* (David Zwirner Gallery, New York) There was a party in his sculpture and guess who came? □

1. Richard Prince, poster for the Panama pavilion at the 52nd Venice Biennale, 2007. 2. Takashi Murakami and Marc Jacobs at the Louis Vuitton gala celebration for Murakami's exhibition © Murakami, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 2007. Photo: Brian Lindensmith/Patrick McMullan. 3. View of Kai Althoff and Nick Z., "We Are Better Friends for It," 2007, Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York. 4. View of "Hammons," 2007, L&M Arts, New York. Photo: Tom Powell. 5. Charles Ray, *Hinoki*, 2007, wood. Installation view, Regen Projects, Los Angeles. Photo: Joshua White. 7. Rachel Harrison, *Tiger Woods*, 2006, wood, chicken wire, polystyrene, cement, Parax, acrylic, spray paint, video monitor, DVD player, New York City Marathon video, artificial apple, sewing pins, lottery tickets, and Arnold Palmer Lite Green Tea Lemonade Half & Half can, 79 x 48 x 43". 8. View of "Matthew Monahan," 2007, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles. From left: *Orio*, 1997; *Gold Standard*, 2007; *Arthur in Africa (Last Poem)*, 2007. Photo: Joshua White. 9. Seth Price and Kelley Walker, *Freelance Stenographer*, 2007. Performance view, The Kitchen, New York, 2007. Photo: David Velasco. 10. Jason Rhoades, *Black Pussy*, 2006, mixed media. Installation view, artist's studio, Los Angeles. Photo: Douglas M. Parker.

Ali Subotnick

ALI SUBOTNICK IS A CURATOR AT THE HAMMER MUSEUM, LOS ANGELES, WHERE SHE RECENTLY ORGANIZED EXHIBITIONS WITH JAMIE ISENSTEIN, ERIK VAN LIESHOUT, AND KAARI UPSON. SHE HAS ALSO SERVED AS A PART-TIME FACULTY MEMBER AT USC'S ROSKI SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS IN LOS ANGELES.

1 "A Rose Has No Teeth: Bruce Nauman in the 1960s" (**Berkeley Art Museum, CA**) As a friend of mine remarked upon seeing this show, a lot of Bruce Nauman's early work is like some of the bad shit coming out of art schools nowadays. But when Nauman made it, it was so cool, so radical. The sculptures, films, videos, photos, and drawings the artist made in the 1960s effortlessly combine his personae as a nerdy art student in the studio (silly walk) and a techno geek (a hologram!) with his inner dork (counting stairs and playing with neon tubes) and, of course, the undeniable macho man (fishing!). The raw and almost organic mood of the show, organized by the Berkeley Art Museum's Constance Lewallen, also felt right at home in architect Mario Ciampi's 1970 concrete building, with its meandering ramps and staircases and floating balcony.

2 Erik van Lieshout, "Kunsthau Hollywood" (**Kunsthau Zürich**) A heart-breaking work of staggering genius, and then some. Working predominantly in video and drawing, Van Lieshout laughs, cries, screams, and yells, and unabashedly shares his most intimate thoughts and emotions while exposing the hypocrisies and absurdities of the world at large. One minute he's bonding with the homeless in East Germany; the next he's on a ski slope discussing the war with an American who asks, "What war?"; and later he's bickering with his roommate for being totally depressed and not leaving the house for several days. The show, organized by Mirjam Varadinis, was a lyrical roller-coaster ride of emotions and politics.

3 Jeffrey Vallance, "Relics and Reliquaries" (**Grand Central Art Center, California State University, Fullerton,**

Santa Ana, CA) and "Belief System: 1970s Political Work and Reliquary Chapels" (**Margo Leavin Gallery, Los Angeles**) The underrecognized Vallance continues to celebrate the banal and sentimental treasures of everyday life, with works ranging from drawings and letters the artist exchanged with several US senators (*Drawings and Statements by U.S. Senators*, 1978, at Margo Leavin) to a Morticia Addams bubble-gum card (*Morticia Madonna*, 2007, at both venues). He's a true original, flying under the radar while amassing an encyclopedic inventory of the weird, the absurd, and the overlooked.

4 Nathalie Djurberg, *Untitled (Working Title Kids & Dogs)* (**Performa07/Zipper Theater, New York**) For her first live show, Djurberg brought the raw ingredients of her "fairy tales gone mad" stop-motion-animation videos to the table. With composer Hans Berg and her brother, Pascal Strauss, Djurberg produced the sound track to her video live onstage. She slowly let the air out of a balloon to make the squeals of rats, as her brother squeezed an accordion to ape the wheezing of dogs and Berg played drums with kitchen utensils. On-screen, dogs waged war with a pack of wild, starving children in an over-the-top battle, after which the surviving dogs and people went to a hospital, dripping blood and missing limbs. It's not always good to see what happens behind the scenes, but in this case, the live action heightened the drama and intensity. It's a dog-eat-child-eat-dog world gone mad.

5 "Kim Jones: A Retrospective" (**UB Art Galleries, State University of New York, Buffalo, and Luckman Gallery, California State University, Los Angeles**) Organized by Sandra Q.

Firmin and Julie Joyce, this show had visitors taking a trip with the Mudman, Jones's alter ego, who from the 1970s on trekked around Los Angeles caked in mud, wearing a mask and a heavy backpack made of branches. Wandering through the city with him and through his past as a wheelchair-bound child and Vietnam veteran, you could practically see the mud baking in the hot sun. The cryptic drawings accompanying the documentation on view reminded me of a more recent golden child with a similar loner's wanderlust, Anthony Burdin.

6 Zac Efron Zac showed up in Venice on a page ripped from a teen magazine, in Raymond Pettibon's belligerent "not another fucking biennial" contribution to the Biennale. A few days later I saw Zac in Rachel Harrison's outstanding exhibition at the Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst in Zurich, appearing on a sculpture hidden under the stairs, which I might not even have noticed if not for his angelic face staring up at me from a stack of tabloid rags. That neither artist knew who he was when I asked about him made his repeat appearance even more magical. Zac makes the world want to hold hands and smile.

7 "Mary Heilmann: To Be Someone" (**Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, CA**) Seeing this show, which was organized by Elizabeth Armstrong, was like spending a day at the beach—one of those perfect days when every so often the bright sun gets muted by a dark cloud and you and maybe two others are the only ones around. She's a painter's painter and an art lover's treasure.

8 "Identity Theft: Eleanor Antin, Lynn Hershman, Suzy Lake, 1972–1978" (**Santa Monica Museum of Art, CA**)

This small, focused show organized by Jori Finkel was a rare gem. Antin's impassioned videos of a Florence Nightingale-like nurse and an airplane hijacking (plus the cardboard plane and flat cutout figures used to make the latter); Hershman's documentation of her sort-of-creepy alter ego, Roberta Breitmore, who had an entire life separate from that of the artist; and Lake's pre-Photoshop photo manipulations, in which she borrowed facial features from friends and morphed them with her own, are all radical works—ahead of their time and absolutely relevant today.

9 Tomoo Gokita, "Vanity Drunko" (**Honor Fraser, Los Angeles**) This fantastic LA debut by the Tokyo-based artist included an exquisite installation featuring dozens of tiny pencil drawings and miniature paintings, of everything from penises to a headless naked lady, strange aliens, wrestlers, a grid of skulls, Op-art abstractions, and a suburban home, all with handmade frames.

10 Carol Bove, "The Middle Pillar" (**Maccarone, New York**) This show combined nostalgia, craft, curiosity, and intellect with elegant aplomb. The works on view included concrete slabs leaning on steel supports, a worn piece of driftwood suspended like a hammock, a whimsical bed of peacock feathers, and Bove's signature witty yet surprisingly unpretentious bookshelf arrangements, plus a fantastic Bruce Conner collage from 1959 and funky paintings by Wilfred Lang. The exhibition's centerpiece, a 1963 Arnaldo Pomodoro bronze sphere, and the hanging rods in the gallery's entryway (*The Night Sky Over New York, October 21, 2007, 9 PM*) provided perfect bookends to a magical mystery tour of the world of Carol Bove. □

1. Bruce Nauman, *Untitled*, 1965, fiberglass, polyester resin, and neon tubing, 4 x 6 x 79". © 2007 Bruce Nauman/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. 2. View of Erik van Lieshout, "Kunsthau Hollywood," 2007, Kunsthau Zürich. 3. View of Jeffrey Vallance, "Relics and Reliquaries," 2007, Grand Central Art Center, California State University, Fullerton, Santa Ana, CA. Photo: Mark Chamberlain. 4. Nathalie Djurberg, *Untitled (Working Title Kids & Dogs)*, 2007. Performance view, Zipper Theater, New York, October 28, 2007. From Performa07. Photo: Paula Court. 5. Kim Jones, *Telephone Pole Piece*, 1978. Performance view, Venice Beach, Los Angeles, 1978. Photo: Ned Sloane. 6. Zac Efron, *Los Angeles*, 2006. Photo: Jon McKee/Retna. 7. Mary Heilmann, *Pink Jackie P*, 2001, oil on canvas, 50 x 37 1/2". 8. Lynn Hershman, *Roberta Construction Chart #1*, 1975, color photograph mounted on handpainted photograph, 45 1/4 x 38 1/4". From "Identity Theft: Eleanor Antin, Lynn Hershman, Suzy Lake, 1972–1978." 9. Tomoo Gokita, *Dance on Vaseline*, 2007, gouache and spray paint on canvas, 26 x 21". 10. View of Carol Bove, "The Middle Pillar," 2007, Maccarone, New York. Photo: Tom Powel. PHOTO (SUBOTNICK): KATI LOVAAS

Tom Vanderbilt

TOM VANDERBILT IS A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR TO *ARTFORUM* AND WRITES FOR MANY OTHER PUBLICATIONS, INCLUDING *WIRED*, *LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS*, *CABINET*, *PRINT*, AND *I.D.*, WHERE HE IS A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR. HE IS ALSO A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO THE WEBSITE DESIGN OBSERVER. HIS LATEST BOOK, *TRAFFIC SIGNALS*, IS FORTHCOMING IN 2008 FROM ALFRED A. KNOPF.

1 “Lost Vanguard: Soviet Modernist Architecture, 1922–32. Photographs by Richard Pare” (**Museum of Modern Art, New York**) Organized by Barry Bergdoll and Jean-Louis Cohen, Pare’s monumental photographic survey of vanguard architecture from postrevolutionary Russia had the power to make you nostalgic for something of which you had never been fully aware. Architects, from Erich Mendelsohn and Le Corbusier to homegrown talents like Konstantin Melnikov and Grigory Simonov, aimed for a state-sponsored “reconstruction of daily life,” affecting everything from collective housing and power plants thrumming with “American tempo” to *architecture parlante* (“speaking architecture”), whose very form (e.g., schools laid out in a hammer-and-sickle form) contained the revolution. Brimming with utopian possibility, exuberant and eclectic in its volumes and massings, this architecture was the last bountiful harvest before the long Soviet winter set in and it fell victim to Stalinist orthodoxy and the exigencies of the Five-Year Plan.

2 “Keith Edmier, 1991–2007” (**CCS Bard Hessel Museum, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY**) Even without its staggering centerpiece, this show (organized by Tom Eccles) would have been remarkable, gathering the poignant, beautiful, and bizarre invocations of 1970s memories that have become Edmier’s hallmark. But then, right in the center like some historical wormhole, there was *Bremen Towne*, 2006–2007, the full-scale, achingly hyperauthentic suburban simulacrum of the Tinley Park, Illinois, house in which Edmier’s obsessions took root. (I grew up nearby, so the antique gold-and-black wallpaper, “z-bricked” walls, and zebra-striped paneling hit me with a particular frisson.) At the opening, the artist’s father adjusted jacquard damask curtains in the living room like an anxious host. The artist’s mother was present too, both in the flesh and in *Beverly Edmier*, 1967, 1998, a life-size sculpture in pink

dental acrylic that features a clear window to the unborn artist, who, now fully grown, stood nearby on the Cortez Gold sculpted carpet.

3 Félix Fénéon, *Novels in Three Lines* (**New York Review Books**) Mallarmé *saloniste*, art dealer, anarchist dabbler, and journalist, Fénéon elevated to a high art the journalistic rubric of *faits divers*, or “sundry events,” with his three-line fillers for the newspaper *Le Matin*. Luc Sante, who translated this collection, calls the form a “miniature clockwork of language and event”; in each is the germ of a novella. Think *Wisconsin Death Trip* in France, circa 1906: “In a hotel in Lille, M. H. Hallynch, of Ypres, hanged himself for reasons that, according to a letter he left, will soon be made known.”

4 Richard Barnes, “Murmur” (**Hosfelt Gallery, New York**) The starlings over Rome are astonishing performers, ambassadors of emergent behavior, swirling and condensing through the sky, whirling like cyclones one moment, clustering into a ball the next. In Barnes’s grainy photographs, abstraction is never far away: The birds begin to look like emphatic charcoal drawings, tempestuous cloud formations, or the smudged whorls of human fingerprints (no two flocks, or “murmurs,” are alike). Some flocks are so dense the eye is drawn to the white space between the birds, which seems to morph into a winter mountain in a Japanese woodcut. Traces of banal architecture, mostly in Mussolini’s model suburb of EUR, seem to be consumed, à la Hitchcock, by the murmurs.

5 *Our Daily Bread* (Nikolaus Geyrhalter) This film is like Upton Sinclair’s *Jungle* a century on, with bloody killing floors replaced by Silicon Valley—clean rooms (employing mostly immigrant labor), rendered by Geyrhalter with a Kubrickian formality and remove that intensifies the inhuman, inhumane, clinical coldness.

6 Mike Nelson, *A Psychic Vacuum* (**Old Essex Street Market, New York**) Nelson filled this cavernous relic of a fast-disappearing Lower East Side with a labyrinthine phantasmagoria of constructed chambers—memory lanes into some unknowable past—that seemed hurriedly quit sometime in 1971 (the year of the calendar pages strewn around the “bar”). Reprising the area’s louche past, along with random slabs of the “old, weird America,” the work confounded one’s sense of direction and of reality. Most of the material was salvaged from around the city; some of it, like the space containing a Chinese restaurant with an empty vat of MSG and a Red Dragon Exterminating inspection schedule, was simply secured in place. As eerily affecting as all this was, it was a mere foreshadowing of the work’s “penultimate truth”—the vast splay of sand that filled the entire warehouse, seemingly subsuming the spaces through which one had just walked, in a distorted echo of the Paris ’68 slogan “Beneath the paving stones, the beach.”

7 “Biographical Landscape: The Photography of Stephen Shore, 1969–79” (**International Center of Photography, New York**) A singular exhibition that revived the attenuated colors of a lost America—Sambo’s Restaurants, Howard Johnson’s wall paneling, jumbled vernacular strips—and emphatically highlighted Shore’s seminal position in photography’s embrace of color. It felt like some kind of sun-dazed, Watergate-era *On the Road* hangover—where the only promise and pathos left lie in making the beautiful banal and vice versa, with Shore retiring to motel rooms each night of his 1972 road trip not to record feverish musings of the self, but to meticulously log his daily purchases and television viewing habits.

8 Doug Aitken, *Sleepwalkers* (**Museum of Modern Art, New York**) Aitken exploded the white cube out of its protective cover-

ing, turning MoMA’s exterior walls into an “emotional skin,” a “hybrid space” somewhere between film and architecture, warming cold glass with large yet intimate human forms, summoning the city’s secret interiors into plain view. As I stood in the Sculpture Garden on a cold, rainy January night, there was an ineluctable sense of Japan-ness about the work; not simply the *Blade Runner* echoes of the imagery itself, but the diaphanous, shoji-like white grid of Yoshio Taniguchi’s renovation, the leafless birch trees, and the contemplative stillness.

9 eteam, *International Airport Montello* (**Montello, Nevada/Art in General, New York**) Unlike other nearby works of Land art—Michael Heizer’s *Double Negative*, Nancy Holt’s *Sun Tunnels*—the IAM, and its accompanying runways and departure lounges, cannot be viewed via Google Earth. Without the documentation of the airport at Art in General, we would be hard-pressed to say whether this extended conceptual layover in the Silver State’s vast hinterlands ever actually existed or was some Smithsonian-esque “terminal mirage.” Potemkin, perhaps, but the airport’s staff—sixty-seven residents of Montello, the “town that refuses to die”—put on a larger-than-life performance.

10 Richard Ross, “The Architecture of Authority” (**Aperture Gallery, New York**) To power as *Our Daily Bread* is to food, Ross’s photographs depict empty, confining, fluorescent, and at times perversely beautiful scenes—for example, the spare, penitential, almost Turrellian shafts of light in the cells at Gitmo’s Camp X-Ray. Ross has burrowed his way into some of the world’s most sequestered quarters, but equally striking is the work drawn from the everyday world of soft power, from the Tensabarrier enclosures of airports to the “interdependence of freedom and discipline” embodied by the circle on Montessori-school floors. □

1. Konstantin Melnikov with Nikolai Kurochkin, Gosplan Garage, 1936, Moscow. Photo: Richard Pare. 2. View of “Keith Edmier, 1991–2007,” 2007, CCS Bard Hessel Museum, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY. Photo: Chris Kendall. 3. Cover of Félix Fénéon’s *Novels in Three Lines* (New York Review Books, 2007). 4. Richard Barnes, *Murmur # 14, Jan. 21, 2006*, black-and-white photograph, dimensions variable. 5. Nikolaus Geyrhalter, *Our Daily Bread*, 2005, still from a color video, 92 minutes. 6. Mike Nelson, *A Psychic Vacuum*, 2007, installation view, Old Essex Street Market, New York. 7. Stephen Shore, *Beverly Boulevard and La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, California, June 21, 1975*, color photograph, 25 x 29”. 8. Doug Aitken, *Sleepwalkers*, 2007, 6-channel video and 7 projectors. Installation view, Museum of Modern Art, New York. 9. Runway 2-20 at eteam’s International Airport Montello, 2005. Montello, NV. 10. Richard Ross, *Angola State Penitentiary, Angola, Louisiana, Communication with Other Area*, 2005, color photograph, 33 x 33”.

Marta Kuzma

MARTA KUZMA IS THE DIRECTOR OF THE OFFICE FOR CONTEMPORARY ART NORWAY, IN OSLO, WHERE SHE RECENTLY ORGANIZED THE SEMINAR "FILM AS A CRITICAL PRACTICE." SHE IS CURRENTLY WORKING ON A RESEARCH PROJECT AND EXHIBITION TITLED "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SEX IN SCANDINAVIA?"—SCHEDULED TO OPEN IN WINTER 2008.

1 Enrico David (*Institute of Contemporary Arts, London*) Reflecting on the tireless efforts by artists of late to merge art with the historical traditions of theater in all too often disharmonious and disingenuous combinations of Beckett, Brecht, and Cage, David's recent exhibition, which was divided into three acts—"Corrupt and Crooked," "Molten Brown Nylon," and "Ultra Paste"—provided poetic justice. Motivated by a kind of unmediated pleasure principle, the artist transposed his obsession with treating "people as objects" and his abject perversions like "rubbing himself against the effigy of trustworthiness" into meticulously rendered illustrations, assemblages, and room-size installations. David explores a child's (and his own) testing of reality through works like *Sweet Seizure*, 2002, "Shitty Tantrums," 2006–2007, and *Hop and Plop*, 2007, all of which are rendered without big gestures and, thankfully, at a low volume. As the artist himself describes this soulful recollection of personal experience: "From the silent spectacle to its description, from the described scene to the moral interpretation of intentions and acts, from the interpreted act to the 'anecdote.'"

2 "Das Kapital: Blue Chips & Masterpieces" (*Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt*) It's paradoxical that in this boom era of collecting, collections are becoming not more distinct but more alike. "Das Kapital," an exhibition featuring works from the Rolf Ricke Collection, illustrated how one European collector succeeded in building a unique collection that stands as a solid document of critical art practices from the mid-1960s to today. The exhibition included not only seminal works by Jo Baer, Donald Judd, Barry Le Va, Lee Lozano, Cady Noland, and Andy Warhol but also more unexpected, liminal works such as Paul Sharits's flicker films—involving 16-mm strips in which each frame comprises one solid color—and Thomas Bayrle's *Mantel-grün/gelb*, 1967, located around

the corner from one of Elaine Sturtevant's appropriated Warhol "Flowers."

3 Steven Parrino (*Gagosian Gallery, New York*) This posthumous exhibition lacked critical insight into Parrino's production, which was reduced by the artist, in a quote included in the press release, to "post-punk existentialism." Nevertheless, the works held their own, illustrating how paintings can have a particular resonance that reaches beyond the limits of language. Never mind Parrino's black: The vivacity of his orange—a stiff competitor with International Klein Blue—emanated at once ecstasy and disintegration.

4 Atsuko Tanaka, Agnes Martin, and Nasreen Mohamedi (*Documenta 12, Kassel*) The area in the Neue Galerie where Martin's painting *River*, 1964, hung near Tanaka's geometric collages from the '50s and Mohamedi's linear drawings and diaries from the '70s was one of the more coherent sections of Documenta 12. One could argue that, given the particular similarities in approach, each of the works was reduced to the level of surface. On further reflection, however, the artistic practices became differentiated from one another in terms of the way each expressed interiority and displayed methods of inscription. In juxtaposing graphic and linguistic elements, Mohamedi's diaries dissolve personal records into a system of abstraction. This loss of indexicality stands in contrast to the rhythmic disintegration of Martin's grids and lines into near immateriality and to Tanaka's structural transformation of materials through collage.

5 Carl Andre, "Early Works on Paper 1958–1966" (*Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York*) These small, graphic works—various arrangements of words on pages that play with the shape of the words together, the individuality of each word, and the spaces in between—are integral to any consider-

ation of later text-based art by the likes of Mel Bochner and Robert Smithson. Andre's early attempts to transform the visual field into a textual one drew on the physical properties of language in an effort to reveal linguistic objects as syntactic sites.

6 Documenta 12 (*Kassel*) In aestheticizing the participatory and political legacy of Neo-concretism, Documenta 12 curators Roger M. Buergel and Ruth Noack forged a seamless continuity between that movement and subsequent developments in postdictatorship contexts. More interesting than the aestheticization itself was the way in which it allowed them to link, through formal continuities, Neo-concretism to neo-Constructivism, thus shedding light on certain works of the latter movement, like those of Běla Kolářová, Jorge Oteiza, and Charlotte Posenenske. Their unfortunate pitfall was the formlessness of the exhibition itself, when the overriding principle appeared to be, precisely, form.

7 Peder Balke, *Northern Lights over Coastal Landscape*, ca. 1870 (*National Museum of Art, Architecture and Design, Oslo*) Something in the radical simplification of mark-making employed by this Norwegian painter to represent the Nordic lights—rendered in a series of brusque, vertical brushstrokes on a black background (which also bears the trace of an arbitrary fingerprint)—evokes structural film practices of the '60s. The minute scale of Balke's paintings (which are no larger than postcards), and their being nearly abstracted from the figurative realm, make this artist a visionary and his work an inspiration.

8 "Meat Wagon," in "Robert Gober: Work 1976–2007" (*Schaulager, Basel*) Appearing within Theodora Vischer's Gober retrospective, this reduced version of the 2005 exhibition assembled by the artist at the Menil Collection in Houston underscored Gober's unfailing ability as a provocative editor and as a sculptor of

the uncanny. With a view to illustrating John de Menil's prognosis that he (and we) would end up a mere "corpse for the meat wagon," Gober showed his own work alongside selections from the Menil Collection. Including his own fireplace with wax limbs as logs, an anonymous wax bust of Abraham Lincoln, a René Magritte painting of a rifle, and an antique embroidered pot holder reading ANY HOLDER BUT A SLAVE HOLDER, Gober crafted an installation that emitted the mildew of an encaustic American heritage.

9 Lene Berg, *Gentlemen & Arseholes* Norwegian artist Berg creates books in addition to her films, not as supplemental reading but as an integrated part of the work itself. *Gentlemen & Arseholes*, for example, is a publication that accompanies Berg's film *The Man in the Background* (2006), both of which focus on the British literary journal *Encounter*, founded in 1953 and funded by the CIA-sponsored Congress for Cultural Freedom. In reprinting the inaugural issue, Berg has added postcards, leaflets, and images in ways that illustrate the invertible nature of political ideology and that provide testimony to a time when the US government (or any government, for that matter) had the good, yet skewed, sense to embrace dissenting views.

10 *Radical Philosophy*, London A desktop magazine that offers a hard look at contemporary theory, even if in a dorky format. With articles written by vigorous lecturers of philosophy, the journal leaves room to discover more than just Rancière. Although it seeks engagement with the art world (by publishing articles like Stewart Martin's "Absolute Artwork Meets the Absolute Commodity"), *Radical Philosophy* does so from that community's imaginary outside by concerning itself with broader societal problems, featuring, for instance, David Cunningham's essay, "Slumming It: Mike Davis's Grand Narrative of Urban Revolution." □

1. Enrico David, *Bubble Protest*, 2005, acrylic, pencil, ink, paper, and wood, 9' 2¼" x 14' 9". 2. View of "Das Kapital: Blue Chips & Masterpieces," 2007, Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt. From left: Andy Warhol, *Daily News*, 1962; James Rosenquist, *Front Lawn*, 1964; Sturtevant, *Warhol Flowers*, 1990; and Andy Warhol, *Most Wanted Men No. 11, John Joseph H. J.*, 1964. 3. Steven Parrino, *The Self-Mutilation Bootleg 2 (The Open Grave)*, 2003, enamel on canvas, 11.6 x 64 x 20". 4. Nasreen Mohamedi, *Untitled (Diary 4)*, ca. 1970, ink on paper, 6 x 6¼". 5. Carl Andre, *Untitled*, ca. 1960, typewriter carbon on paper, 10½" x 8¾". 6. Běla Kolářová, *Untitled (from the Dishes Cycle)*, 1966, mixed media. 7. Peder Balke, *Northern Lights over Coastal Landscape*, ca. 1870, oil on paper, 4½ x 4¼". 8. Robert Gober, *Untitled*, 1994–95, wood, beeswax, brick, plaster, plastic, leather, iron, charcoal, cotton socks, electric light, and motor, 31 x 31 x 30½". 9. Lene Berg, *The Man In the Background*, 2006, strip from a color film in 8 mm and video, 20 minutes. 10. Cover of *Radical Philosophy* no. 143 (May/June 2007).

TOPTEN 2008

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Heather Rowe

Heather Rowe recently had a solo exhibition at D'Amelio Terras in New York, where she is based. Her work will appear in the 2008 Whitney Biennial.



From top: Mike Nelson, *A Psychic Vacuum*, 2007, mixed media. Installation view, Essex Street Market, New York. Photo: Gregory White. Edward F. Cline and Buster Keaton, *One Week*, 1920, still from a black-and-white film in 35 mm, 19 minutes. Jørgen Leth and Lars von Trier, *The Five Obstructions*, 2003, still from a black-and-white and color film in 35 mm, 90 minutes. Jørgen Leth.



1 **ONE WEEK (1920)** In this short film, Buster Keaton attempts to construct a house from a number of mismarked boxes from the Portable House Company. The result is a warped architecture of misused parts: The walls are inverted, the floor becomes a springboard, the porch railing a ladder. Despite the absurd narrative, the physicality of Keaton's performance makes it easy to suspend disbelief, which might be why the film has been referenced by artists like Steve McQueen (in *Deadpan*, 1997) and, perhaps unintentionally, Gordon Matta-Clark (in *Splitting*, 1974). Of course, in terms of influence, one need look no further than Johnny Knoxville, who, in the outtakes from *Jackass Number Two*, is shown positioned under the falling facade of a house. Unlike Keaton, however, Knoxville misses the open window and suffers a painful wallop.

2 **THE FIVE OBSTRUCTIONS (2003)** Lars von Trier challenges his mentor, veteran filmmaker Jørgen Leth, to remake his 1967 short, *The Perfect Human*, five times, each under a different set of restrictions. Some are direct (film in Cuba with no set and with no shot longer than twelve frames), while others are more open to interpretation (shoot in "the most miserable place on earth"). Von Trier is determined to break his former teacher, to make him lose control over his process, to allow for the possibility of failure. A compelling film that examines the creative process in terms of perfectionism, control, and the reversal of pedagogical roles over time.

3 **MIKE NELSON, A PSYCHIC VACUUM** On a beautiful sunny day in September I found myself wandering through a disorienting labyrinth of decrepit rooms and hallways in a disused building of the Essex Street Market. Mike Nelson's installation, sponsored by Creative Time, made it difficult to know what the artist had appropriated and what was part of a meticulously constructed fiction—an ambiguity that produced a sort of fractured experience not unlike the one I had during a 2006 residency in Utica, New York. A postindustrial city whose heyday has long passed, Utica became for me a collage of vivid scenes. Many of its sites seem imbued with a sense of loss, like the Utica Hotel, where Tiffany lamps are among the few remaining markers of a glamorous past; the always-closed costume store with dingy nurse mannequins in the window; the antiques store plainly displaying questionable World War II memorabilia; and the numerous halfway houses for those displaced by the closing in the 1960s of the city's vast mental asylum.

4 **PAPER MONUMENT** This publication's debut issue last fall explored such subjects as fine-art copyists, the legendary East Village gallery Nature Morte, and real estate in New York. The journal gives a fresh slant on art and the art world, and although it exists within that context, it insists on poking, prodding, and puncturing its surface intelligently. Editors Dushko Petrovich and Roger White, in their introduction to the issue, write: "The science of fashion is liking and not liking things at the right times: specifically, liking things a fraction of a second before everyone else likes them." It's a sentiment I can't help but share as I compile this Top Ten list.

5 JEAN-JACQUES LEQUEU My interest in architectural follies led me to the curious plan for a building called the Temple of Equality and, subsequently, to the man who rendered it, Jean-Jacques Lequeu—an obscure turn-of-the-nineteenth-century visionary who drew fantastical buildings, like the Drinking Den for an Arid Wilderness, the Hammock of Love (replete with copulating couple), and a priapic fountain in a gothic tabernacle, not to mention bizarre, lewd figures and self-portraits in drag. Philippe Duboy's excellent study *Lequeu: An Architectural Enigma* (Thames and Hudson, 1986) puts forth the theory that Marcel Duchamp may have tampered with Lequeu's archive at the Bibliothèque Nationale by inserting texts and modifying his drawings. The possibility only adds to the mystery of Lequeu.

6 THE ADJUSTER (1991) An adjuster appears in your darkest hour—for instance, as you watch your house and possessions go up in flames. Most offer comfort and help you get your life back together, but Noah Render, the adjuster in Atom Egoyan's film, offers much more. Everything in Render's life is a facade, a quality represented literally by his residence: a model home—for a subsequently terminated development community—decorated with fake books and generic furniture. Render pushes the boundaries of his vulnerable clients to exceedingly complicated degrees in a story that involves perverse situations and disturbed characters that are far more interesting than the over-the-top conclusion.

7 PRINCETON ARCHITECTURAL PRESS In the few years that my partner, Paul Wagner, has been designing for this small publisher, its exemplary list of books has been a constant inspiration. Some favorites include Roberto De Alba's *Paul Rudolph: The Late Work* (2003), Chad Randl's *Revolving Architecture: A History of Buildings That Rotate, Swivel, and Pivot* (2008), and Emily King's *Robert Brownjohn: Sex and Typography* (2005), which details Brownjohn's decadent life, from his days as an innovative designer in New York to his later years as an icon in Swinging Sixties London, where he created the titles for *Goldfinger*.

8 FLORENCE BROADHURST While researching wallpaper designs, I came across an Australian company named Signature Prints that, in 2004, reissued the work of Florence Broadhurst. After enjoying an eccentric, international lifestyle, Broadhurst settled in Australia in 1949, at age sixty, and began designing wallpaper a decade later. Her motto: "Vigorous designs for modern living." In 1977, she was brutally murdered in her studio; although the case remains unsolved, many believe her death to have been at the hands of serial killer John Wayne Glover. Like that of Brownjohn, the biography of Broadhurst is as interesting and significant as the work she produced.

9 THE BEAVER TRILOGY (2000) Most of the time art needs a certain type of plan to be executed, but sometimes the most brilliant works happen by accident. Such is the case with this movie, which began with a chance encounter in a parking lot in 1979 between Groovin' Gary—an Olivia Newton-John fanatic from Beaver, Utah—and filmmaker Trent Harris, who was so impressed that he set out to record Gary impersonating his musical hero in a local talent show. Oddly enough, Harris filmed the story again two years later with Sean Penn playing the kid and a third time in 1985 with Crispin Glover. The film is hard to find, but to watch the Beaver Kid perform is truly liberating.

10 ALLSTATE GLASS, NEW YORK Situated on Kenmare Street for almost fifty years, after being located on Mott Street since 1923, Allstate Glass is a tiny space, packed floor to ceiling with stacks of glass, broken mirrored tables, gilt frames, and venetian blind displays that seem to have been there, gathering dust, since the store's early days. This shop may seem to be an anachronistic time capsule, especially considering its gentrified surroundings, but Allstate's resident glass cutter cuts the straightest lines around. □

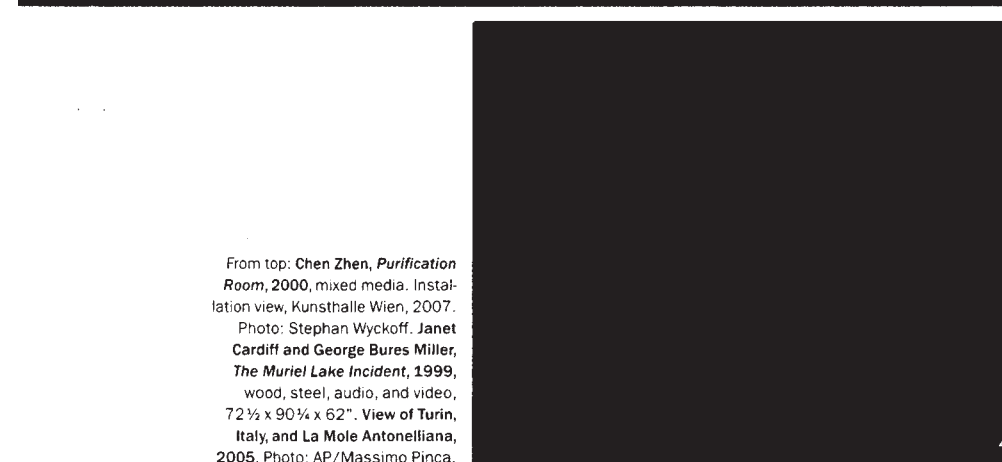


From top: Trent Harris, *The Beaver Trilogy*, 2000, black-and-white and color film in video and 16 mm, 83 minutes. Production still. Groovin' Gary. Photo: Trent Harris. Apartment designed by Greg Natale using Florence Broadhurst's Steps, ca. 1970, Sydney, 2001. Jean-Jacques Lequeu's *Il est libre* (He is Free), an illustration from his unpublished manuscript "Architecture Civile," 1798-99. © Bibliothèque Nationale de France.



Raqs Media Collective

The members of Raqs Media Collective (clockwise from top left: Jeebesh Bagchi, Monica Narula, and Shuddhabrata Sengupta) have been variously described as artists, media practitioners, curators, researchers, editors, and catalysts of cultural processes. Based in New Delhi, India, they cofounded, in 2000, Sarai, an interdisciplinary space for arts and technologies. Raqs is cocurating (with Adam Budak, Anselm Franke, and Hila Peleg) Manifesta 7, which will open in July.



From top: Chen Zhen, *Purification Room*, 2000, mixed media. Installation view, Kunsthalle Wien, 2007. Photo: Stephan Wyckoff. Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller, *The Muriel Lake Incident*, 1999, wood, steel, audio, and video, 72 1/2 x 90 1/4 x 62". View of Turin, Italy, and La Mole Antonelliana, 2005. Photo: AP/Massimo Pinca.

1 CHEN ZHEN (1955-2000) Whether investigating the density of a Chinese city, the flotsam and jetsam of the everyday, or the transparent fragility of the body, artist and visionary Chen Zhen—whose incandescent work features, among other items, bicycle tubing, glass bodily organs, giant chairs, red brooms, and strange mechanical wonders—reminds us of the simple fact that, at the end of the day, the work of art happens behind your eyes.

2 SUBARNAREKHA (THE GOLDEN LINE, 1962) Made by Bengali filmmaker Ritwik Ghatak, *Subarnarekha* ought to be a cult film but isn't. Echoes of myths resound through the deceptively simple story, set in small-town Bengal, of a brother and sister who take in an orphan uprooted by the partition of the Indian subcontinent in 1947. *Subarnarekha* is a film about refugees, war, caste, love, and the desperation to survive. Melodrama, references to Sanskrit liturgical texts, a make-believe goddess heralding destruction in an abandoned World War II airfield, shadows of incest, and a troubling lack of resolution color this dark film about coming of age and the loss of innocence.

3 LA MOLE ANTONELLIANA, TURIN, ITALY Building, museum, and machine, the nearly 550-foot Mole Antonelliana was, when it was constructed by Alessandro Antonelli in 1863, the world's tallest brick structure. Today, it continues to sharpen the skyline of Turin with its pointed tower and embellished facade. Built, but never used, as a synagogue, the pagodalike structure, which now houses the Italian National Museum of Cinema, is more than just an architectural enigma. It is an eddy in the prehistory of postmodern architecture, tantalizing us with a different direction that the field could have taken, had it stayed tuned to the "fancy." And there are few experiences like the magic ride up in the building's glass-and-wrought-iron elevator—a long tracking shot through a galaxy of cinema history, from earth to heaven.

4 JANET CARDIFF AND GEORGE BURES MILLER, THE MURIEL LAKE INCIDENT, 1999 We trace the origins of our collaborative practice back to our days in filmmaking, and the gentle yet unabashed cinephilia of Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller reminds us where some of our affections still lie. In this work, as you look into a miniature theater, you hear a woman whispering in your ear, making comments and narrating memories that seem entangled with the events onscreen. The effect is a delicate web of voyeurism, memory, curiosity, and pleasure.

5 THE MATTRESS FACTORY Cofounded in 1977, and still run, by Barbara Luderowski and Michael Olijnyk in a depressed Pittsburgh neighborhood, the Mattress Factory is part museum of contemporary art, part atelier for artists-in-residence. Its wonderfully hospitable and energetic production environment has strong connections to the city around it, so that artists' experiments and explorations are actively situated in a public context. A sparkingly intelligent museum that manages to remain human-scale.

6 GRAHAM HARWOOD, REHEARSAL OF MEMORY, 1995 This remarkable interactive CD-ROM, which conveys the inner lives of patients in an English mental hospital, is a searing exploration of homicide, madness, confinement, scars, and the surface of the body. Concerned with the mortal, mad, and corporeal, *Rehearsals of Memory* challenges those who would see only insubstantiality in "new media art," showing as it does the danger and dignity of blood, skin, and memory.

7 THE INVISIBLES A grand eschatological swashbuckler, this adult comic-book series, written by Grant Morrison and published in the second half of the 1990s by Vertigo, features a cast of anarchic superheroes who battle—using sex, magic, and the power of invisibility—against aliens conspiring for world domination. Here, refined fin de siècle paranoia gets an epic rerelease for the twenty-first century. A dense brew—rapture, revolution, and rage—with no added sugar or preservatives.

8 THE TRAVELS OF IBN BATTUTA This book is the dictated memoir of Ibn Battuta, a pioneering world traveler, adventurer, and chronicler of human foibles, who left his native Morocco in 1325 for a nearly thirty-year voyage across the Muslim world, including a sojourn in our city, Delhi. His vivid accounts of his epic journeys and his encounters with many peoples offer convincing evidence that no one has a monopoly on either malice or benevolence.

9 PAUL ERDŐS (1913–1996) A peripatetic Hungarian mathematician of Jewish descent, one of whose biography is fittingly titled *The Man Who Loved Only Numbers*, Erdős believed in the social practice of mathematics and had intense collaborations with mathematicians from all over the world. The results are foundational to our understanding of how order, or a sense of patterning, emerges whenever multiplicity comes into play. The immense range of Erdős's collaborations led some of his colleagues to devise a whimsical tribute: the Erdős number. Mathematicians who collaborated with him have an Erdős number of 1, collaborators with collaborators 2, and so on. Nearly every active mathematician in the world has an Erdős number smaller than 8.

10 THE VOICES OF LOU REED, ASHWINI BHIDE-DESHPANDE, ANNA NETREBKO, JULIE LONDON, BJÖRK, RABBI SHERGILL, DAVID BYRNE, AND AMÁLIA Sounds that smell of coffee, rain, mulled wine, chocolate, snow, bread, moist leather, and sunshine. □

From top: Print by Léon Benett from 1878 woodcut depicting Ibn Battuta in Morocco. Photo: The Granger Collection. Graham Harwood, *Rehearsal of Memory* (detail), 1995, interactive program, dimensions variable. Panel from a page of *Counting to None* (*The Invisibles*, Vol. 5, Vertigo, 1999).

Nick Mauss and Ken Okiishi

New York–based artists Nick Mauss and Ken Okiishi recently collaborated on an exhibition at Künstlerhaus Stuttgart in Germany. A book accompanying the show will be published by JRP Ringier this month.

1 TITUS 1 The "new" Museum of Modern Art's main movie theater still looks the same as it did when the old Goodwin-Stone building opened in 1939, and it continues to have the most distinctive and expansive film and video programming in the world. The sleek International Style exit signs at the front have framed so many of our favorite cultural encounters—and we don't just mean what happens on-screen. The regular crowd here is notoriously cantankerous, out of it, crusty, and audaciously dressed. We'll never forget the moment when, during a screening of Leonid Trauberg and Grigori Kozintsev's 1929 silent film, *The New Babylon*, an octogenarian sitting right next to the piano, but somehow oblivious to the fact that it was being played live, kept screaming: "Turn the music down! Turn the music down!" —NM & KO

2 MARIA THEREZA ALVES, WAKE, 2001– A stunning meditation on history and site, Alves's amateur botanical study of Berlin's "seedbed" begins with the simple acts of collecting seeds from the roughed-up earth of the city's construction sites and trying to germinate them. Lying dormant for hundreds of years, seeds, once sprouted, point back to their far-flung origins; and Alves manages to tease out an intricate lace of sociopolitical interactions that defies every historical narrative. Alves's research and speculative flourishes introduce us to ideas like "political seeds" and "floral accidents" and to the thought that seeds travel around the globe in trouser cuffs. —NM

3 GEORGES PEREC AND BERNARD QUEYSANNE, UN HOMME QUI DORT (A MAN IN A DREAM, 1974) The recent release of *Un Homme qui dort* on DVD is the biggest film event since the complete print of *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc* was found in a closet in a Norwegian mental institution. The English-language dubbing of Perec and Queysanne's masterpiece was only printed once and screened a handful of times, even though it features a flabbergasting voice-over by Shelley Duvall. Three years later, the relatively unknown Duvall would win best actress at Cannes for her portrayal of Millie Lammoreaux, the emotionally hermetic character in Robert Altman's epically weird *Three Women*. The voice of Millie that says with famous disaffection, "I guess she's never lived in a decorated place before," speaks Perec's stark experiment in psychological exhaustion with the same softened Texas accent: a fabulously odd chimera. —NM & KO

4 MY BARBARIAN Founded in 2000 by Malik Gaines, Jade Gordon, and Alexandro Segade, My Barbarian is the wartime cabaret we deserve. Slipping in and out of genres as if they were flimsy veils or sweaty bodysuits, My Barbarian combines the one-woman show with abusive psychedelic experimental theater, operetta, *Lehrstück*, queer happening, and classical tragedy to propel an incongruous, self-annihilating plot. Acts like *Voyage of the White Widow*, 2007, and *You Were Born Poor & Poor You Will Die*, 2005, give *Verfremdungseffekt* a new meaning, with audience members doubled over laughing, squirting tears, and then flushed with embarrassment at their own complicity. —NM

5 ANNA OPPERMANN Oppermann's dense ensembles destroy description, as they throw the borders between seeing, thinking, saying, remembering, and materiality into ongoing crisis. While a resolution could be found in the word *schizophrenic* or *traumatic*, uttering anything so stupid becomes impossible when actually experiencing the work. —KO

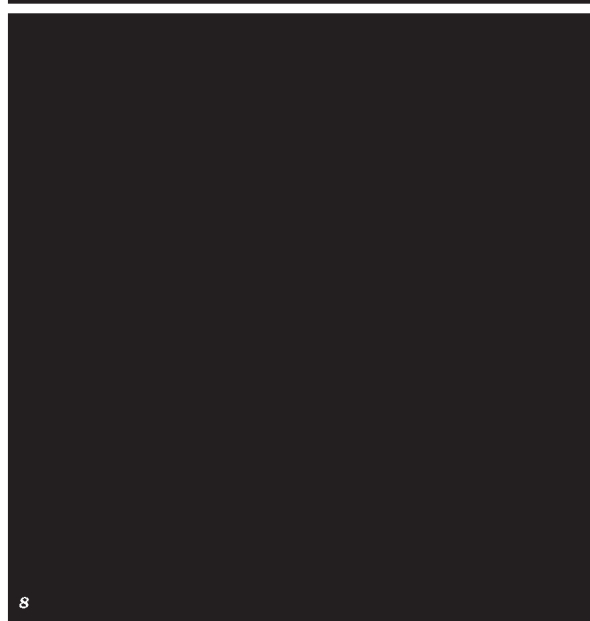
6 IXTHYS, PALLASSTRASSE 21, 10781, BERLIN Eating at this tiny Korean restaurant in Schöneberg is like being in a liminal zone between Berlin as it is and Berlin as it could have developed in an alternate, more *Ausländer*-friendly universe. Anyone who has spent any significant time in this still underpopulated city knows what a pain it can be to find good everyday "ethnic" food; indeed, it feels a bit silly, in 2008, to even use the term "ethnic" anymore. But alas, cosmopolitanism is still a strangely problematic idea here. For American visitors, lunch at Ixthys involves the bizarre experience of trekking way into the West to satisfy that hankering for bibimbap, only to find walls covered in extensive passages from the Christian bible written by hand in large letters resembling the script used when teaching the ABC's. Closed on Sundays. —KO

7 L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES Ravel's light-as-air 1925 opera, composed to a libretto by Colette, tells the story of a child's belongings seeking revenge for having been treated cruelly by him. Rarely performed, *L'Enfant* will be staged this month at the Teatro di San Carlo in Naples, with sets based on sketches by Marc Camille Chaimowicz. The various paintings, furniture, scenarios, and texts by Chaimowicz, collected in the most precise and beautiful artist's books I have ever seen, remake the world as a sensitive registration of the often unbearable coming to life of things, rooms, memories, words. —NM

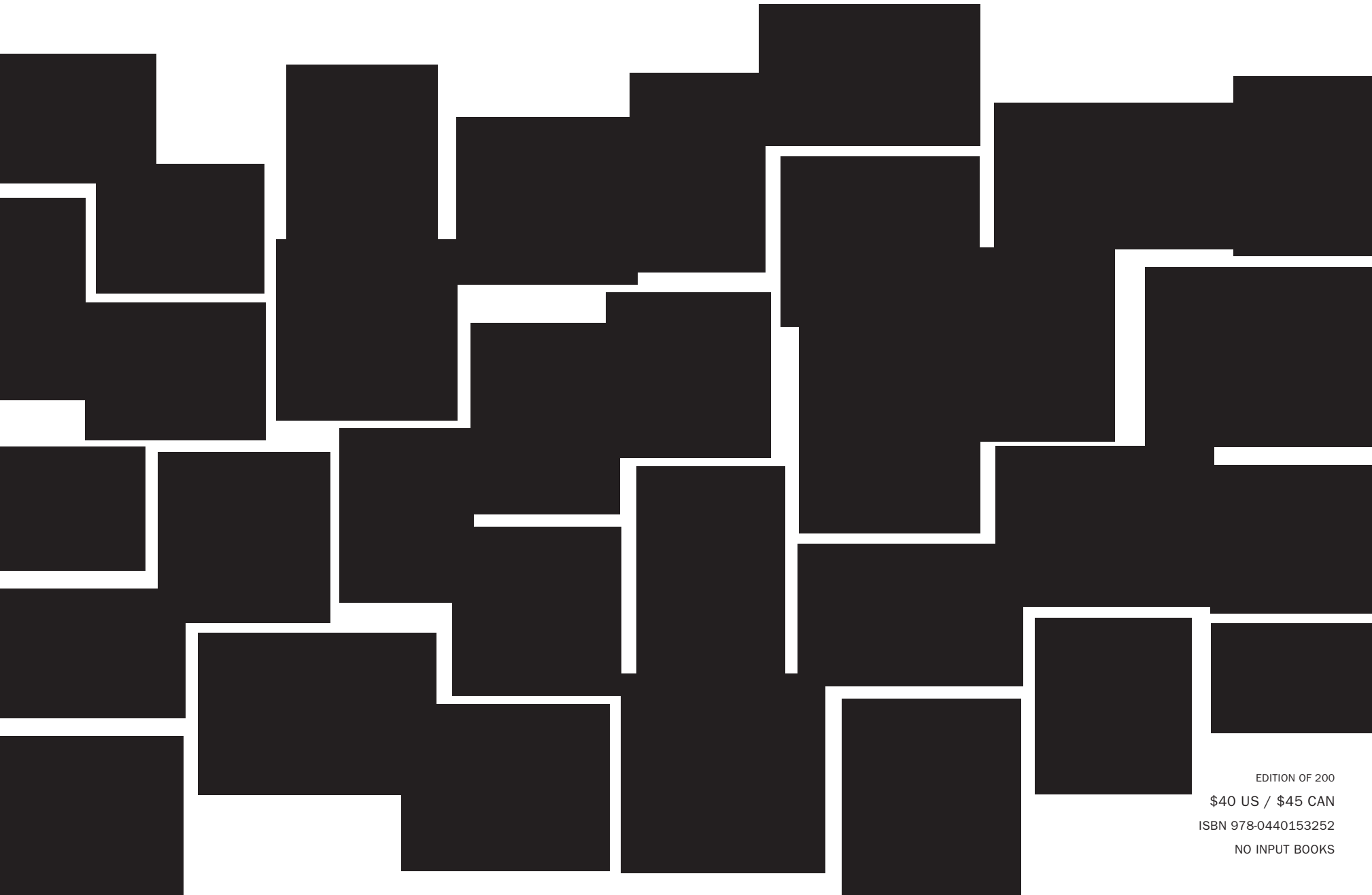
8 MICHAEL CLARK COMPANY During the past three years the legendary Michael Clark Company has been developing and performing several pieces set to Stravinsky's music for ballet. Each time we've seen them, we felt that the sky could crash in at any given moment. This June 4 through 7 the entire tripartite *Stravinsky Project* will finally have its US premiere in New York, at Lincoln Center's Rose Theater. —NM & KO

9 STIL DISCOTHÈQUE/STIL AUDIO NUMÉRIQUE Based on the utopian principle "Nothing in common," Stil was started in 1971 by Alain Villain as a way to create a new rhythm in the production and distribution of books, films, and recorded sound. Grand projects include a beautifully produced LP box set of the first performance (1982) of *Carmen* in China (transmogrified into Mandarin, which, as a tonal language, raised new questions about translation); the rediscovery and publication of Rameau's final *tragédie lyrique*, *Les Boréades*; and the first recording of the same composer's *ballet héroïque*, *Zaïs*. While these productions are of obvious importance, what I find most remarkable is Stil's recorded documentation of the reemergence of *notes inégales* (an idiomatic rhythmic flexibility, which is not written in the score) into the performance of French baroque music. While contemporary, historically informed performers make these innovations sound more "natural," Stil recordings of musicologist Antoine Geoffroy-Dechaume, organist Jean Boyer, and, most spectacularly, harpsichordist Scott Ross document the experimental phase, when translating historical research into performance was a new and controversial act. Ross's recording of Rameau's music for solo harpsichord is perhaps the most splendid account of the stricture of "authenticity" as a rhythmic liberation. —KO

10 CLAUDE CAHUN, AVEUX NON AVENUS (DISAVOWALS), (TATE, 2007; MIT PRESS, 2008) Seventy-seven years after it was first published, Claude Cahun's essay-poem-novel *Aveux non avendus* has finally been released in English translation. The book includes reproductions of the photogravures she made with Marcel Moore and charming emblems that divide each utterance: heart, star, record, lips. —NM □



Clockwise from above: Anna Oppermann, *The Artist's Task to Solve Problems (Problems of Space)*, 1978–84, mixed media. Installation view, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, 1981. Photo: René Block. Interior of Ixthys Korean restaurant, Berlin, 2007. Photo: Ken Okilishi. Page from Claude Cahun's *Aveux non avendus (Disavowals)*, (Tate, 2007; MIT Press, 2008). Michael Clark Company, *O*, 2005. Performance view, Barbican Theatre, London, 2005. Melissa Hetherington and Adam Linder. Photo: Hugo Glendinning.



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