

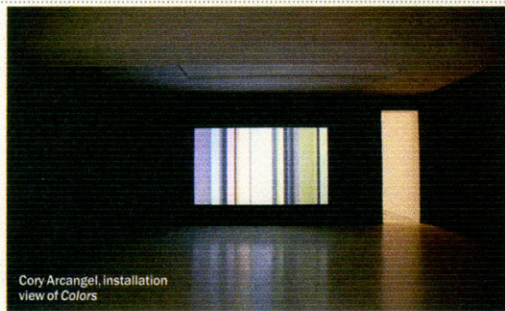
Reviews

"Time Frame"

★★★★★
P.S.1, through Oct 2 (see Museums)

As Einstein had it, the space-time continuum was more flexible than it appeared, warping in deep-space wormholes. Here on earth, the closest most of us get to experiencing that expansion and compression is at the movies. (The real mission impossible: How can Tom Cruise save the planet in 110 minutes?) The slippery nature of time on film is this show's focus.

It opens with Hiroshi Sugimoto's portraits of movie theaters, single frames exposed for the length of a film, which yield glowing white screens. Also playing: a 41-minute loop from Andy Warhol's 1963 *Sleep* (what, not all 5 hours and 21 minutes?) and Thiago Rocha Pitta's *São de Janeiro X São Paulo*, which stretches a 45-minute flight to three-and-a-half hours of Technicolor cloudscape. Viewers tired of the tendency to meditate on time by dragging it out may be revived by Paul Pfeiffer's comparatively madcap *Burial at Sea*, which fast-forwards and



Cory Arcangel, installation view of *Colors*

rewinds through an ocean sunset, rotating so the sun drops from a watery sky.

Cory Arcangel's *Colors* is an extended, abstracted version of the 1988 Sean Penn movie of the same name. On revising its length from originally intended 1,440 hours to a merciful 808 (only 33 days), Arcangel writes: "I just redid the calculation...I

never watched it, of course." Of course. No one, including the artist, expects you to settle in for the duration. Seen with an eye to your watch, these (and most art films) are contrarian snubs of viewers' attention. But considered in a different light, they are a revealing reminder of the elemental power of a technology that blockbuster stretch to the breaking point.—*Sophie Fels*

"Trace"



Karyn Olivier, *Jungle Gym*

★★★★★
Whitney Museum of American Art at Altria, through Nov 12 (see Museums)

This mixed bag of a group show considers the idea of "trace," an elastic notion stretched here to encompass quite a number of things. The trace ranges from literal

remnants of the real world—like Jedediah Caesar's studio sweepings embedded in a row of uninteresting plaster and resin disks—to the likeness of reality captured in photographs, as seen in Shannon Ebner's monotonous photomural of stacked concrete blocks.

Two works in Altria's lobby posit the trace as a dreamlike memory of

objects and nearly redeem the banality of the rest of the exhibition. Karyn Olivier's *Jungle Gym*, a tall structure of wooden poles, resembles playground equipment with ladders for climbing and crossbars where swings might hang. Slightly sinister in its attenuated elegance, it evokes a stage set for Beckett or a magnified version of Giacometti's Surrealist icon, *The Palace at 4 A.M.*

Die Agan (Monument for Tony Smith) by Ivan Navarro, a large plywood box painted black, resembles Smith's Minimalist cube. But one can enter Navarro's version and find within its dark interior several "infinity mirrors"—mirrored boxes lined with lights that seem to recede forever into space. Five triangular versions are set into the floor to suggest the corners of a pentagram. The seemingly endless abysses underfoot induce vertigo, as a woman's affectless voice sings "Nowhere Man" on a soundtrack. Coupling spatial disorientation and gothic atmosphere, Navarro produces an experience that, while opaque in its intention, is nonetheless haunting.—*Joseph R. Wolin*

"Yes Bruce Nauman"

★★★★★
Zwerner & Wirth, through Sat 9 (see Uptown/Madison Avenue)

When it comes to intergenerational relations between artists, one model is Harold Bloom's *Anxiety of Influence*, in which the young wrestle, Oedipus-like, with their elders. Think of Robert Rauschenberg erasing a De Kooning drawing, rejecting the edicts of AbEx. Then there are "artists' artists" like Bruce Nauman. Younger generations have been saying "yes" to Nauman for years, adopting his trickster approach to art, which privileges language, absurdity, vulgarity, humor and the uncanny.

Several pieces by Nauman are here, including a video from his "Clown Torture" series and text-based written and neon works. These are shown alongside work by artists who pick up the performance elements (John Bock and Charles Ray), or who adopt the use of language (Rirkrit Tiravanija, Jonathan Monk and Glenn Ligon). Several others pay direct homage: Mungo Thomson's bumper sticker lifts Nauman's phrase the TRUE ARTIST HELPS THE WORLD BY REVEALING MYSTIC TRUTHS; Peter Coffin's abstract-looking neon-and-wire work riffs off the same slogan; and Francesco Vezzoli remakes Nauman's film *Bouncing Balls* (in which the artist toys with his testicles).

As presented here, Nauman's aesthetic appeals primarily to one demographic: young white males. While its title is borrowed from a small Jessica Diamond painting on paper, of the 20 participants, only Diamond and Diana Thater are women. Given the range of his work, another version of this show might have given a more diverse group of artists an entirely different Nauman to say yes to.—*Martha Schwendener*

Peter Coffin, *Untitled (Line after B. Nauman's the True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths)*

