

**Time Out**  
**New York**

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## Reviews

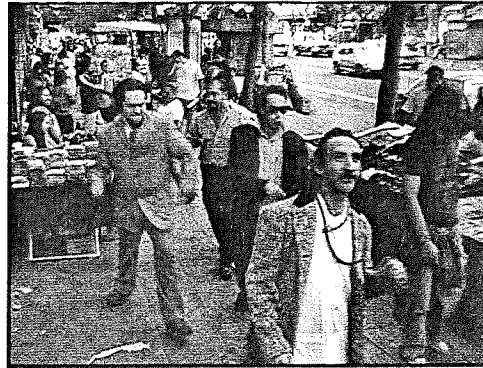
### Daniel Guzmán

**TRANS>area, through Jul 1 (see Chelsea).**

If you missed the recent New York Air Guitar Championship, you can still watch a rock-star fantasy—Daniel Guzmán's videoromp, *NY Groove* (2004), which lampoons self-aggrandizing music videos. The silly, stylized three-

Pedestrians venture sidelong glances, as if wary of an antagonistic urban encounter. Such suspicions are confirmed when he knocks a half-eaten burrito from the hands of a suited passerby. His victim hesitates, shrugs, then cracks a hammy grin and joins in the boogie. Soon a third man, his newspaper ripped away, is enlisted and the trio performs a synchronized routine down the crowded avenue, evidently "back in the New York groove" according to the lyrics' refrain.

The fact that Guzmán filmed his mock rock-video homage to New York in Mexico City echoes the theme of another work on view, *Pirate Love* (2004). A free-of-charge jukebox is stocked with bootleg



Daniel Guzmán, still from *NY Groove*, 2003.

minute piece exultantly enacts a fan's emulation of flashy pop attitude.

An unremarkable-looking man emerges from a Mexico City subway to the opening bars of Kiss guitarist Ace Frehley's 1978 rock anthem, "New York Groove." At first, the man discreetly bobs and weaves down a busy boulevard in time to the song; then, he launches into an unrestrained shimmy.

CDs that were purchased illegally on the street, music produced in the United States and pirated in poorer economies south of the border. The music may be the same, but punitive measures regulating unlicensed pleasure distance listeners from, as Guzmán describes it, "a time when rock music was generous, maybe a bit more naive."—*Eva Diaz*