

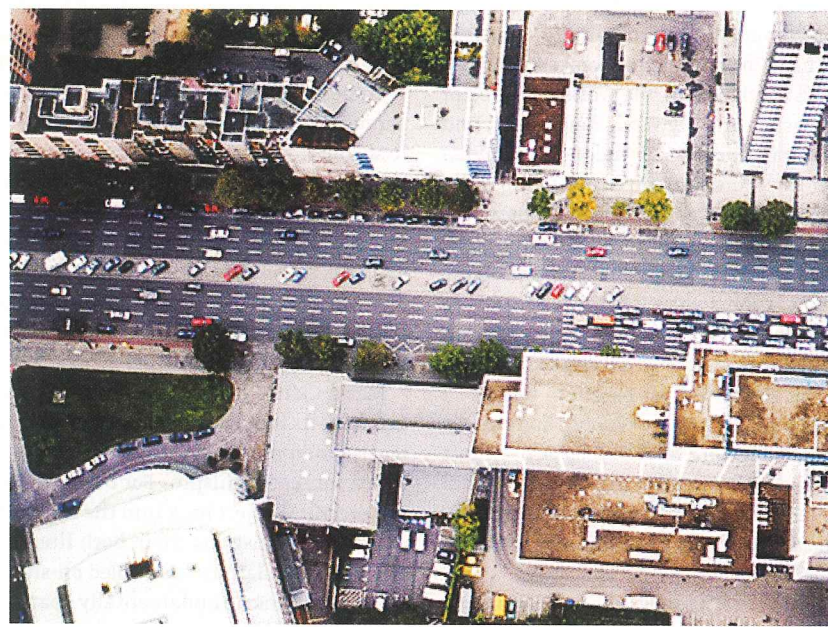
By focusing on Shore's early work, from 1969 to 1979, the exhibition ramifies inevitably into a study of his artistic development, ultimately highlighting the conceptual nature of his photos. As a teenager, Shore hooked up with Warhol's Factory and hung out there from 1965 to 1967. The firsthand exposure to Warhol's artistic process had a lasting effect, and, looking at the photographs with this influence in mind, one begins to see them less as an attempt to capture a past—or even a present—Shore saw disappearing than as efforts to be vacant: absent of content and interested only in exploring the way that our perception changes the longer we look at something, so that what once appeared boring suddenly becomes fascinating. This work is not really concerned with the mundane, then, any more than Warhol's film *Haircut* (1963) was about a haircut. Rather, it encapsulates a way of seeing, a way of situating oneself in time and space. At ICP a long vitrine featured pages from the journal Shore kept during one of his trips, a log that merely recorded the meals he ate and the places he stopped, with a few pictures and postcards glued to the paper every so often. According to the wall text, Shore says that the journal entries evidence "a fascination with how certain kinds of facts and materials from the external world can describe a day or an activity."

Given the placidity of such a statement, it was pleasantly surprising when one aspect of the show offered a glimpse into the darker regions of Shore's unconscious. A re-creation of a small section of "All the Meat You Can Eat," an exhibition of found photographs that Shore curated in 1971 in the 98 Greene Street Loft, a space in which artists could create their own projects, offered a counterpoint to the machinelike cool. It included police photographs taken from the files of the district attorney in Amarillo, Texas, disturbing images showing, for example, a bloodstain on a road, or a woman with a black eye lying in a hospital bed. There was also a picture, unlabeled, of a mass grave filled with emaciated bodies; as well as confiscated homemade pornography. The selection showed Shore's taste for both the perverse and the glamorous (there were some headshots, such as one of Lucille Ball), and proved that what prevents the photographs of his sojourns from being deathly boring is his appreciation for the weird and the kitsch, which comes across in his striking visual style. —CLAIRE BARLIANT

DAVID LAMELAS MACCARONE

A glance through any photography anthology will turn up countless "decisive moments" in the style of Henri Cartier-Bresson. But what of the *indecisive* moments, instances too banal to merit attention? Buenos Aires-born Conceptual artist David Lamelas has been exploring such routine incidents in his continuing "Time as Activity" photographs. They may be the antidote to any lingering idea that photography is best suited to capturing the preternaturally epic instant. He assembles a collection of everyday encounters sprung from innocuous urban rituals, assigning his photographs simple titles based on their city and exact hour of origin (down to the second). In "Warsaw" (2003) a series of seven nondescript color snapshots begins with cars zooming along a residential street (at precisely 10:47:53 AM) and continues with people boarding a tram. Lamelas depicts similar pedestrian "anti-episodes" in New York in his 10- to 15-minute 16 mm films: a trip down FDR Drive, crowds at a Harlem subway entrance, a ferry ride from Lower Manhattan.

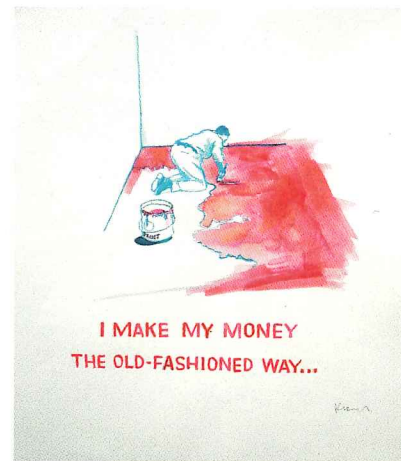
Trolling for innumerable quotidian moments in the ocean of time, he discovers a few seemingly unremarkable instances—eddies in the flow of everyday events—and subjects them to repeated inspection, thus not only raising the profile of the indecisive moment but also expanding the possibilities of documentation. —EVA DIAZ



DAVID LAMELAS, *BERLIN TIME AS ACTIVITY*, 1999. 16 MM FILM, 21 MIN. COURTESY THE ARTIST AND MACCARONE, NEW YORK.

JILL MAGID GAGOSIAN GALLERY

"Once seduced, a system moves from an exercise of power to a form of exchange," Jill Magid has stated, revealing the doctrine that underwrites her love affairs with authoritarian systems—especially those that monitor us. For her latest project she struck up an ambiguous relationship with a New York subway policeman whom she shadowed for several months in an attempt to learn his trade. The result, *Lincoln Ocean Victor Eddy* (2006–2007), is an archive of evidence that includes dull snapshots of subway tracks and the policeman's personal articles, a schedule of their interactions, a short novella, and the bullet the officer gave her (against all protocol), displayed in a thick vitrine as the trophy that proves her triumphant seduction. Magid seeks a suppressed poetry in the grid of authority and finds it, even while the results often closely mimic the system she attempts to humanize. *Lincoln* could radiate the unsteady Eros of pursuit and voyeurism, but its clinical treatment and market-ready packaging remain cold. More successful is *Trust* (2004), a video documenting the artist as she walks through Liverpool with her eyes closed, guided (via earbud) by an officer who is watching her through surveillance cameras. We witness the eye of the state protecting one vulnerable body, in an intimate reciprocity of protection and faith. —LYRA LIBERTY KILSTON



DAVID KRAMER, *UNTITLED (THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...)*, 2007. INK AND GRAPHITE ON PAPER, 12 1/2 X 9 1/4 IN. COURTESY THE ARTIST, MOTI HASSON GALLERY AND SARA MELTZER GALLERY, NEW YORK.

CECI N'EST PAS ... SARA MELTZER GALLERY

Art that addresses the wrongs of the art market usually makes me cringe, but the witty exhibition "Ceci n'est pas..." was an unexpected reprieve. With an allusion to Magritte's self-effacing pipe, the show began with a negative—the artworld—and turned it into an exercise in humor (Guy Richards Smit's cartoon of a blood-soaked opening), self-parody (Tamy Ben-Tor as an artist-in-residence with a pan-[art]world accent), and even joy (Pablo Helguera's art-society etiquette lessons). Many works were reflexive in another way, acting as wry homage to the establishment, like Jude Tallichet's shag-rug valentines to PRINCE and KOONS. The best pieces, however, departed completely from despair at the artworld's Kafkaesque machinations. Neil Goldberg's two-channel video juxtaposes a compilation of unfinished video works with a running critique of each piece. One disquieting work shows his elderly father repeatedly attempting to stand up. Father eyes son with wary affection in one shot, then, when he has trouble balancing, the artist runs into the frame to steady him. Goldberg's perception of the piece as a failure stands in for failed attempts to bridge the gap between father and son, or artist and subject, both far more provocative relationships than any involving the market. With an ardor only the truly cynical can manage, most of the artists here pulled off smart, poignant works that trumped their knee-jerk origins and ended up with meanings that, like the market itself, were anything but fixed. —QUINN LATIMER