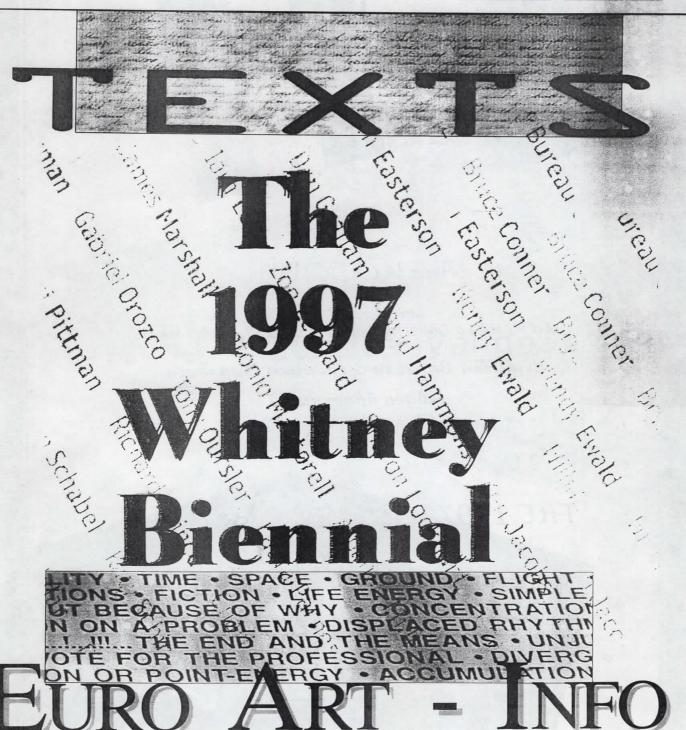
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СЛАЈД И ВИДЕО ПРОЕКЦИИ ОД ЕВРОПСКИ ИЗЛОЖБИ

среда, 23. април 1997, 20 ч.

EURO ART - INFO 17

TEKCTOBU

La MaMA La Galleria, April 8-13. 1997, New York
Жанеша Вангели & Сшанко Павлески

(видео йроекција)

THE 1997 WHITNEY BIENNIAL

New York (слајд <mark>ūроекција</mark>)





ТЕКСТОВИ

Жанеша Ваніели и Сшанко Павлески

Проект на Сорос центарот за совретени утетности - Скойје, Македонија куратор Небојша Вилиќ

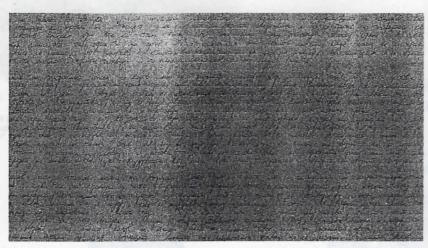
> La MaMa La Galleria, New York 8-12. april 1997

Изпожбаша Тексшови се однесува на два приода кон шексшош како утешнички експоненш на концепшнише заднини во делаша на Жанеша Вангели и Сшанко Павлески. Тексшовише го одредувааш приодош кон утешничкаша аршикулација на односош утешник - сегашносш, утешник сшварносш и утешникош - опшшесшво.

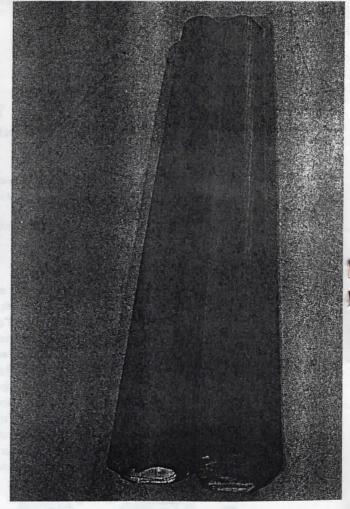
Избранише дела на дваша такедонски утешника їо йокажувааш нивниош однос кон две сйецифични сосшојби. Прваша сосшојба (Ваніели) йишува за йоїпедош кон надворешношо и їо йосшавува утешникош во йозиција во која шој е одреден да се йосшави во упојаша на восйосшавување на йарапели со тинашише искусшва. Посејнувањешо йо извадоци од Свешошо Писто и укажувањешо на профешскише йрешскажувања ја засејаша нивнаша реализација во денешницаша. Ванјели избира gba йаралелни шексша: Посланијаша на Св. Павле до Колосјанише и до Филипјаните и весникот Нова Македонија од 19.06. 1996. и рачно ти исйишува на шрансйареншни харшии. Јуксшайонирањешо на еден канонизиран шексш со шексш од секојдневиешо ја проблеташизира сосшојбаша на дневно-полишичкаша улога која ја презета религијаша во йосш-котунисшичкошо доба во кое се изтесшувааш сише вредносши. Но, и вредносша која е понудена сшанува проблемашична: оспорувањето на релиїнозните вредности во тинатото їн йотресувавт истите вредности bo сеташносша правејќи од нив псево-изданија/вредносши.

Вшораша сосшојба (Павлески) йишува за йогледош кон внашрешношо и іо йосшавува утешникош во упої на восйосшавување на йарапели со сеїашнише искусшва. Павлески со шескшош їн исшражува внашрешнише случувања низ кои утешникош потинува или кои їн проживува. Низ шексшош (кој, пошочно, се ogbuba низ редење на зборови) се провлекува концейшош на ошворено и јавно ошкривање на овие процеси кои зборувааш за утешникош. Павлески оваа јавна котуникција не ја осшварува со своещо (шелесно) присусшво, шуку со концепшуализирање на шоа присусшью. Тексшовише кои шој iu печаши прешсшавувааш котеншари за йроцесош на тислење како носечки во йроцесош на обикувањето. Издигнувањето на такво ратниште прави од текстот да биде не сато ликовен елетенш, иако шој шака е и шреширан, шуку ја иокажува и упојаша на авшорош и нејовошо шреширање во ойшшесшвошо. Посејањето по јавното декларирање на таквата состојба (концептна заднина) утешнички е обтислена како ликовен елетент (творечка заднина): шексшош сшанува 'слика'.

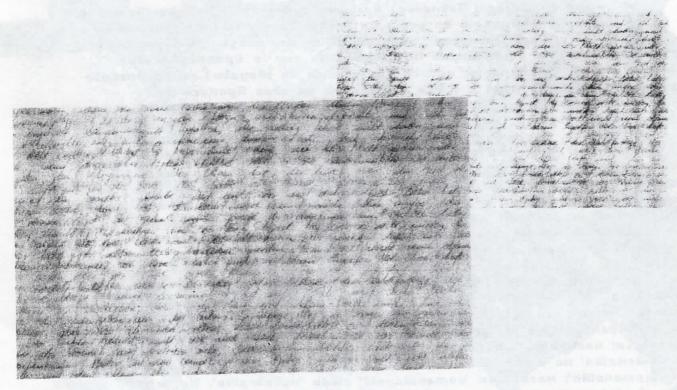
Спрошивставувањето на овие два приода кон текстот (одосно текстуалните потентности за уметничко творење) се одвива во поставувањето на делата едно наспроти друго: наспроти 'темките' одливки на Павлески; наспроти 'ракопитувањето' на текстот на првата стои 'печатењето' на текстот на вториот; наспроти 'надворешното' стои 'внатрешното'; наспроти 'коментарот' стои 'исповедта'. Но, и двата текста говорат за позицијата на уметникот и нужноста од неговиот став во денешницата.



Zaneta Vangeli The Revelation of St. John 1, detail



Zaneta Vangeli The Revelation of St. John 1 1993, 151x10, pen on canvas



Zaneta Vangeli Postcommunist Plastic detail

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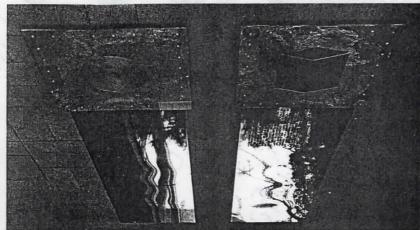
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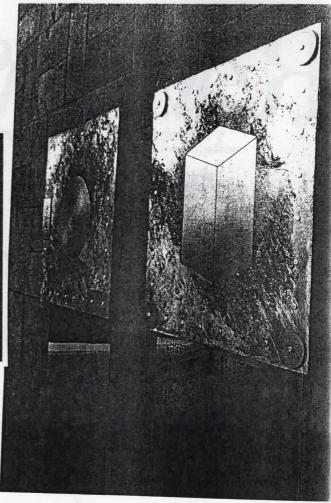
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Stanko Pavleski



Stanko Pavleski Metal Anatomy or About Love · · ·



Stanko Pavleski Metal Anatomy or About Love - Star • Bird • House 1995-97 260x175, brass, casted led, text, screws, detail

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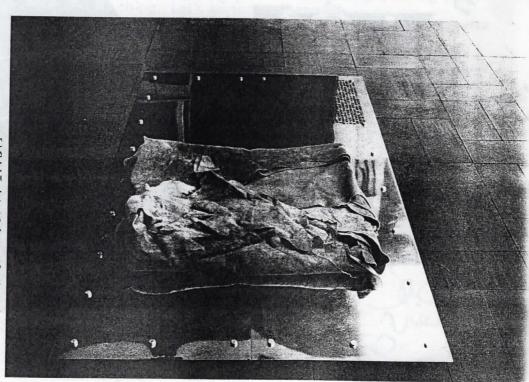
CONCENTRATION OR

OISPLACED RHYTHM • ?*

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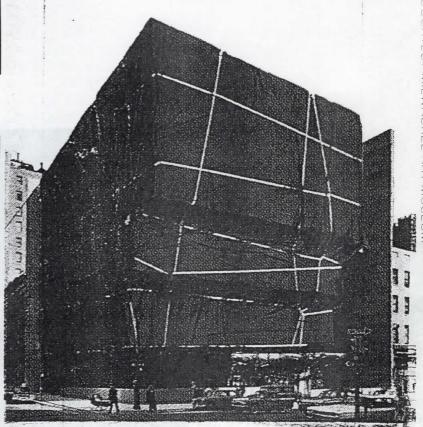
Stanks Pavleski The World in the Cube or a Circle • Energetic Transfer - Everything is a Piece • Everything is Transparent 1996-97, 200x120, brass, leather, text, screws

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Christo's The Whitney Museum, New York, Packed, 1971, innovatively published by Landfall Press.

VOL 2 ISSUE 13 1997

Whateverism

Imagining Nothing BY JOE VOJTKO

Original And Outstanding

Not This Year BY CHRISTOPHER ATAMIAN

59

In The Matter of Identity

BY HORACE BROCKINGTON

69

Sound And Fury BY NOEL FRACKMAN

52

The Opiate of Memory

Photographs, Found and Reconstructed BY EZRA SHALES

62

Inside Outside BY ANNIE HERRON

The Lisa And Louise Show

A Question of Taste BY JEANNE C. WILKINSON

The Medium And The Message BY LISSA McCLURE

66

Sorry

We Meant No Offense BY MAIA DAMIANOVIC

Raview

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

Circus Anyone?

his issue marks the first anniversary of the magazine, and it has been a great first year. The support of the readers, writers, artists and galleries has been overwhelming, and I just wanted to say thanks. To celebrate, I thought I'd take you all to the Circus. Well, I can't really take all of you to the Circus, but I have thought of the next best thing. Let's go to the Biennial! Добродојдовше на најіолетошо шоу на зетјаша, скоро тожеше да їо чуеще пајачош како пае. Оваа їодина шетише на биенапешо се возбудпиви, тупши тедиски, спашки. Неговише шри йрсшена нудаш визуелен восхиш; излож**ба на деца од с**ише возрасши.

На еден скорешен йешок, вечер иташе дури и брадаша їосйоїа! Па, всушност тоа беше еден тий со луда, виткана руса йерика, но во шој тотенш бев шолку завишкан шшо неговиош йол не беше важен.

Единсшвеното што недостига на оваа изпожба се некои врсти слашки, но зашов ита бесилашна іута за жвакање. Не тожат да се сешат на некое биенале кое е шолку воздиїнувачко, шолку забавно. Тоа те држеше настејан со денови йа, забавувајше се и зайатешеше:

Tell Them You Read It In

Publisher 3

Whitney Biennial Makes The End of Installation History By Robert C. Morgan

The Photography is generally better...
painting is generally non-existent...
conceptual work fails to understand
it's own process.

Review

HAT IS SO NEW AND DIFFERENT about this year's Whitney Biennial? The photography is generally better. The film and single-channel video works are occasionally engaging. The painting is generally non-existent. And except for the Louise Bourgeois room, the sculpture is almost missing. The conceptual work fails to understand its own process by trying to cover its arcane media non-sensibility with densely compacted and

obscure rhetoric using dates or names and dates. Who cares! But the real death-knell of this year's compendium of visual culture is that never-so-clear category of hybrid artwork known as "installation art."

Whether on the wall, on the floor and wall, or on table tops, this genre — at least in its material manifestation — has never looked so indulgent, so bland, and so out of touch. Whether Chris Burden or Jason Rhoades, the disquieting pretension and hyperreal glut exceeds the limits of emotional attraction on almost

any level, ranging from adolescent irony to anti-aesthet-

ic excess.

Several years ago, I came to the conclusion that the quality of an installation somehow had to match the quantity of material, cost, and scale it was given. If the equivalence was not there — in other words, if the amount of material, money, and scale given to the work was out of sync with what the work actually had to offer — something was wrong. The work was either ill-conceived or severely overdetermined. As a reflex, one might consider straightforward video installations as some kind of solution. You could avoid the material clutter and stick to the sensation of the image in a darkened room.

Yet the dematerialized counterpart to excessive materiality exists on the same structural level. The medium of video does not in itself make the reality of viewing an installation any more successful or capable of being received. Diane Thater's piece is a clear example of a work that suffers from the same confusion and technical obsession found in Burden and Rhoades.

As for so-called "painting," I honestly do not understand the rage over Eari Pittman's ultra-convolutionary cyber-cartoons or the cynical face-lift representations of Richard Phillips or the academicized (Pollock-inspired) doodles of the recent work by Sue Williams. All of these artists' works reveal the end of a legacy that began around 1978-79 when Artforum started devoting

more attention to how the image of a painting looked in print than what the quality or significance of the actual painting might be.

In the case of Richard Prince, the faux-l'ecole de Paris abstractions with stumbling post-Freudian jokes captioned on the bottom – presumably "to take the mind to regions more verbal" (as Duchamp once said) – suggest a considerable conflict. Contrary to whatever the non-intention of the work might be, the real tension appears less a conflict between language and image than a longing to paint a painting that is more than a sign.

This appears augmented by a gnawing unbearable pressure incited from within the marketplace to sustain some vaguely deterministic Oedipal enigma where jokes continue to persist as a most acceptable social displacement.

There are some smaller, less attention-getting works worthy of some real viewing time. One can search out these rare jewels amid the omnipresent state-of-the-art detritus with hastening glee. Examples would include the ink blot drawings and prints by Bruce Conner, the silver prints of Aaron Rose, the "desert landscape" piece by Michael Ashkin, and the incredible galactic (though small in scale) paintings and related graphite works by Vija Celmins.

he effect of Celmins' work offers an overwhelming satisfaction, a reverberation of thought and mystery elevated to the level of profound feeling, an authentic searching vision. The politics of fashion are simply out of the picture. What replaces it in Celmins' work is a sensory cognition transmitted through the imagination, a private vision that speaks beyond it, a vision where experience is not a matter of cultural categories nor even a matter of privilege.

Instead Celmins reveals as intensity of meaning through the most abbreviated effects — a light beckoning a sea of stars, a magnitude of energy expressed as matter, a sign for humanity to watch and to understand in order to go beyond the economic limitations of exploitation and the naive smartness that seems to be the origin of conflict and incessant trouble and repeated tragedies. These works are more than craft-like or technical feats. The works by Celmins are a respite from the deluge of the grotesque that occupies a good portion of this exhibition.

If this Whitney Biennial makes history, its noteworthy achievement will be the beginning of the decline of

"installation art" as a viable art form. This would be a blessing – and there is certainly plenty of evidence in this exhibition to make the case. Media and excess are two issues that have been overdone to the gills.

We don't need another comment about what any intelligent person already knows: commercial television and now the commercial internet have become fundamental sources for escapist violence, anti-erotic sexuality, and orgasmic purchasing power. What else is new!

The result is the grotesque. And there is plenty of it around. The galleries are consumed with it. If only a few of its practitioners who are so fond of the grotesque would sit down for a moment and study — really study — why first-rate artists like Louise Bourgeois and David Lynch make it happen in a way that is truly moving, the art world would be rejuvenated. You have to know something to make something happen, and knowledge is much more than the accumulation of codes and information.

erhaps there should be a study guide instead of a gallery guide, a manual for how to differentiate between att and the empty plethora of visual culture that exists as a mindless sequence of political solipsism. Now that the imagination has withered from the vine, we have the endless seduction, the incessant and unyielding givenness of cathode ray light and mega-RAMs surrounding the planet Of course, you will find indications of these depletions throughout the muse-

Generally-speaking, the Whitney Biennial has become a "no win" situation. This has been true for more than two decades, and I don't see it changing radically for the better. As I have said before, the Whitney Biennial is not an exhibition that is curated so much as it is organized. All the right ingredients have to be present, and these ingredients are becoming more complex year by year. To say that it is an institutionally-driven exhibition would be a serious understatement.

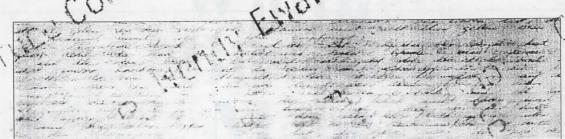
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EURO ART - INFO 18

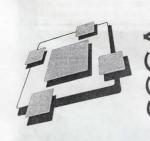
VIDEO POSITIVE 97
ESCAPING GRAVITY

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НАДА ПР**ЉА** СТЕФАН БУЖАРОВСКИ МЕЛЕНТИЕ ПАНДИЛОВСКИ En. Egn.



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