

colonies. Just as the casta paintings identify the sitters by the mother and father who flank them, these beautiful, abstract DNA prints are portraits of his own and his mother's and father's DNA, arranged in a triptych.

—Michèle Mercadal

New York

"Elements 2000"

Consisting mostly of sculptural installations, "Elements 2000" was mounted at seven participating sites in conjunction with the Women's Caucus for Art and the 88th Annual College Art Association Conference. Curated by Devorah Sperber and Jane Ingram Allen, each work in the show was to contain at least 2,000 separate elements. The conception of "element" included all of its myriad permutations: as information, assemblage, building block, cell, conduit, iota, cubicle, obsession, or repetition.

The seven venues, including Snug Harbor Cultural Center, P.S.122, Ernest Rubenstein Gallery at the Educational Alliance Building, and two galleries in Brooklyn, The Cave and Silicon Fine Arts, are diverse spaces, both public and private. The spectacular or intimate nature of each installation was reinforced by the sites themselves. Snug Harbor, for example, showcased over 300 artists, while The Cave and P.S.122 only one or two.

The installations were created on site, retaining a freshness and spontaneity derived from the most simple of materials: cardboard, wire, machine parts, medical supplies, and wood. These sources suggest a trace of the human but also imply how our species has impacted on nature. In Barbara Roux's *Rise of a Thicket* (1999), branches were grafted and wired to wax leaves, forming a grove with all the decorative force of a museum diorama. Liz Dodson and James Brenner's *Techno Antiquity* (1999) presented video images of air, earth, water, and fire projected onto vitrines, only to be digitized away, like the cognitive erosion

of the Jungian archetypal man. Marcia Wildenor's *Trees* (1999) was composed of simple floor-to-ceiling arboreal forms, handspun from flax string.

Some favored an old-fashioned epic pictorialism. Devorah Sperber's *Virtual Environment I* (1999) consisted of thousands of spools of colored thread that glistened like

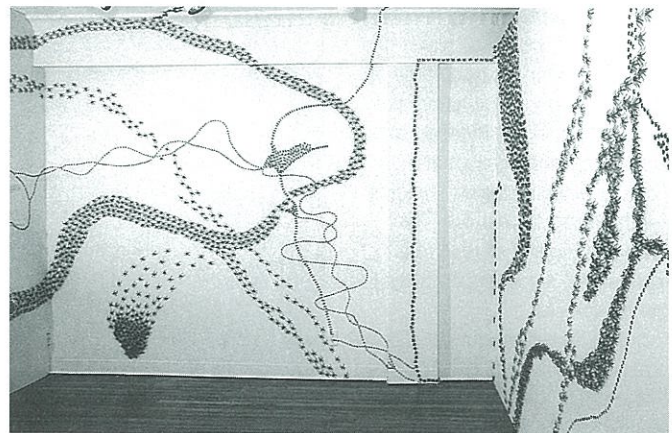
pictorial arts, were here served up with wit and surprise in the service of a broader language of sculptural construction.

The sciences were alternatively honored and parodied. Christina Barbachino's "Ovum" series (1999) used biohazard bags, tagged as in a fertility clinic. Small red beads of unknown origin doubled as

Waste products, landfills, and garbage dumps were strong and recurring signifiers for the self. Niizeki Hiromi's *Balls* (2000), piles of junk mail soaked in water and wallpaper paste to form spheres, were hammered into the walls and ceiling using four-inch nails. These mini-asteroids spread indiscriminately, their anonymous



Above: View of "Elements 2000" installation at hereart, SoHo: (top) Judy Thomas, *Shopping Space*, 1999, plastic bags, dimensions variable; (bottom) Thelma Mathias, *We Have Had Our Coffee/We Have Cut Down the Trees II*, 1999–2000, paper, video, and Plexiglas, dimensions variable. Right: Caroline Bagenal, *De/Composition*, 1998–99. Plastic, 96 x 122 x .25 in. From the "Elements 2000" show at the Organization of Independent Artists.



oil paint, revealing an image of a rock wall. G. Jessie Sadia, Jr.'s *Sock Monkey* (1999) used old glued envelopes to form a bravura wall-length tapestry. The image (of the sock monkey) was drawn in fire, employing the utmost precision. Traditional drafting skills, usually the heart of more academic

eggs. In China Blue's *Double Dutch Machine* (1998), an electric mechanism spun a child's jump rope while forming the sign of the DNA double helix. Delanie Jenkins's *Out of Touch* (1998) was a whole wall of rubber fingercoats used by physicians for internal exams.

no-identity communications addressed to anyone, for any reason. In direct contrast, Katie Seiden built a calming, almost Zen-like environment from a rusted industrial closet. It demonstrated that tensions may be released with a framework of adaptation and creative revision.

The core of this exhibition was, as in Surrealism, the juxtaposition of cheap reproducible products and the detritus of culture in odd groupings that remind us of our own relationship to physical materials. How these elements fit together comprises for good or ill the fabric of contemporary life. The underside of all this naming and commodification is the process of internalization, which inherently guarantees neurosis and obsession as an individual response. Two thousand freestanding elements are then a warding-off of the abyss, a powerful secular magic. The exhibition implied that in the year 2000, the obsessive response was the normative one, given cultural, scientific, and environmental milieus. These disjunctions between the so-called neutrality of science, the entreaties of the commercial culture, and the private and sometimes dark reflections of the psyche gave "Elements 2000" its authority, individuality, and power.

—Joel Silverstein

New York

Andy Goldsworthy

Storm King Art Center

Galerie Lelong

Andy Goldsworthy is famous for his elemental, ecologically sensitive sculptures created from natural materials: leaves, twigs, stones, ice, sand, and mud. By their very nature, most of these works are ephemeral, made outdoors in frost, rain, snow, or heat and preserved via Goldsworthy's fabulous color photographs. Yet outside the art world Goldsworthy has become a household name too, for these glossy images have made it into the general public domain via coffeetable books, TV appearances, and a high-profile persona—which is strange for a thoughtful, solitary artist working with untraditional materials in remote areas, from the Australian desert to the North Pole and including rural Scotland, isolated parts of Japan, and distant southwest France.



Public fame also has a dangerous side. Goldsworthy's high-profile sculptural exploits with North Pole icicles, huge hewn ice cubes, or Technicolor leaves can give a populist flavor to serious work. Some see his ability to weave lacy curtains out of dandelions and twigs as spinning an artsy-craftsy, homespun slant to a bearded hobgoblin artist's work. Others decry his splashes of vivid red and yellow leaves among moss and stone as intrusive.

Perhaps this is one reason for his very minimal show at Lelong

(one pale putty-colored clay wall, plus a thin rush line drawing, made of a single trail of reeds circling the white gallery space) and his robust contribution to Storm King: two giant oak balls, one sandstone wall, and a clay floor. These unfussy, large-scale, rigorous installations signal a sea change—and the confidence to avoid the crowd-pleaser.

However, so as not to disappoint visitors, Storm King also devoted its entire upper floor to a display of over 30 Cibachrome photographs, plus four drawings. Almost all relate directly to Storm

Left: Andy Goldsworthy, *Untitled*, 2000. Site-specific ephemeral work made on the grounds of Storm King Art Center. Below: *Two Oak Stacks*, 2000. Wind-fallen oak collected in Scotland and shipped to Storm King.

King, for Goldsworthy has been coming here regularly, on and off, since 1995, when he was invited to make a permanent work. (This ended up being the now-famous 2,280-foot-long *Wall that Went for a Walk*. So, although this is Goldsworthy's first major museum show in the New York area, it also has a unique focus: Storm King.

The installations use the gallery spaces well, playing with the inside/outside aspect that is Storm King's magic. On entering, you are confronted by a giant oak ball surreally compressed into the first small gallery, almost touching six sides of the room, for all the world like Magritte's famous painting of an apple, *The Listening Chamber* (1953). Its partner sits outdoors, a punctuation point in front of a lovely long avenue of trees below. The ball is created out of gnarled Scottish oak branches collected from the forest floor. Goldsworthy interlocks these thick, old, heavy bent limbs with the same care and precision that he affords his delicate leaf sculptures or his stone walls. Nothing is artificially secured by nail or glue. All is balance.

The two balls are in fact twins, but while one looks huge the other appears tiny. More than a simple perceptual game, the two-part sculpture can be seen as a meditation on the relationship among the art object, the museum space, and nature.

I was initially surprised to learn that Goldsworthy had gone to the trouble of importing 12 tons of Scottish oak and 32 tons of red Dumfriesshire sandstone to Storm King, because he usually works with locally found materials. However, part of his philosophy is to make connections with his