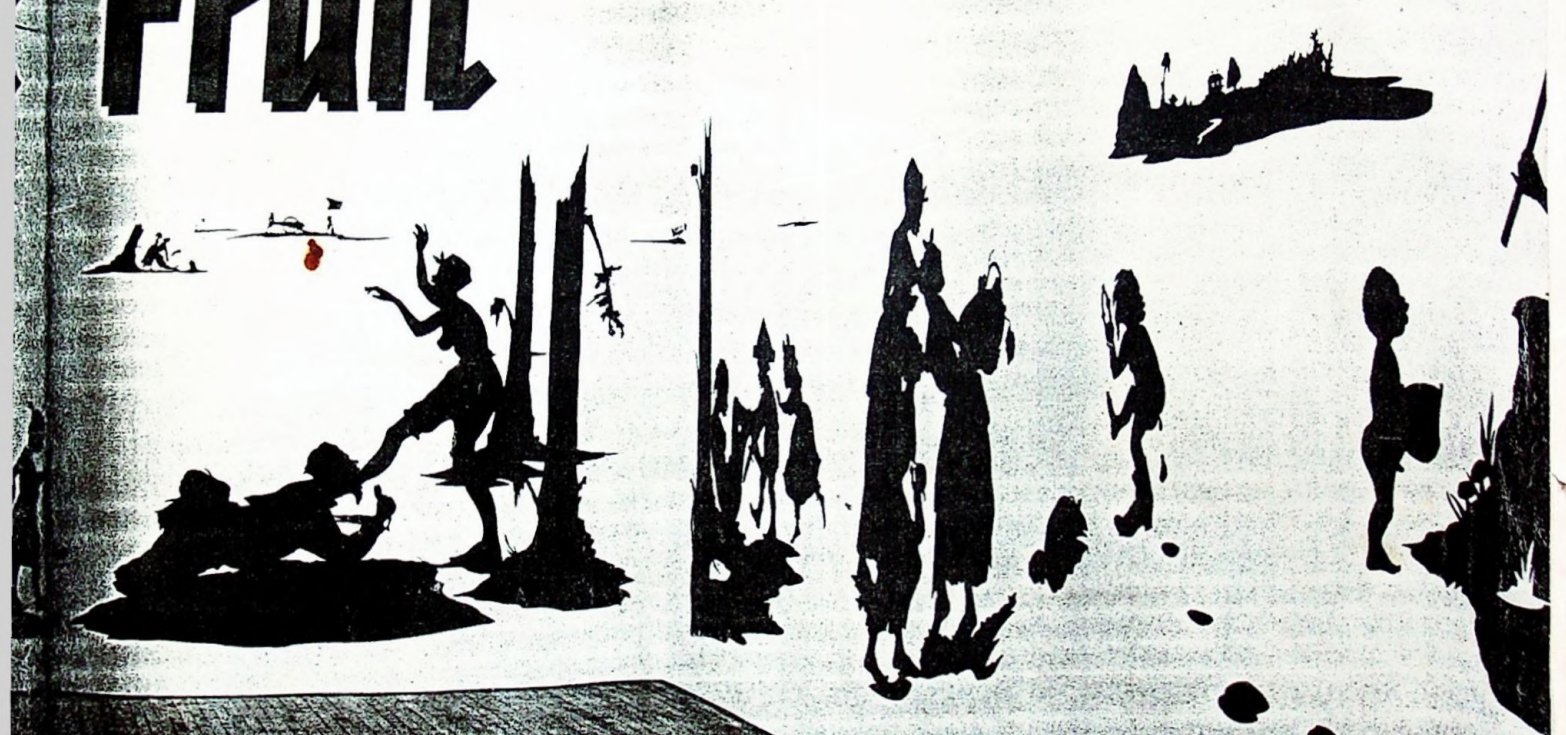


Fruit



...revelation that questions those constructions and the heroic identity of the early 19th-century first novels, including Daniel James' *Negroland* (1994), poet Sapphire's novel *Dash* (1996) and at least the first 20 pages of poet Paul Beatty's novel *The White Boy Shuffle* (1996) delight in the absurd, using a fabulistic nostalgia to present a history that seems to point to a truth that is as real as it is surreal. Sapphire and Beatty are two sides of same coin, one revelling in anger and the other in humour, but both are trapped in the dilemma of African-American nostalgia. Is the Africanist state a conjecture of society's cruelty or a testimony to some Herculean inner strength? James especially shares an affinity with Walker by turning his *Alice in Negroland* tale into a proto-pornographic odyssey. In Walker's work, a Sadean consciousness envelopes all of the interaction: a Confederate soldier gives it to a horse in the rear in a drawing, a possum burrows into the vagina of a woman who seems less horrified than perplexed.

While fascination, horror and apprehension engulf the viewer of Walker's work, once those hurdles are cleared a discordant sense of formality and process takes over. The medium of paper initially brings Matisse to mind, but Walker's approach to colour and essentialist use of

figuration suggest other influences. Unlike artists heavily indebted to postmodern theory, Walker is not rewriting history but remembering it through fantasy, embracing all the subjectivity which that endeavour can conjure. In addition to the cut-outs, drawings and murals, Walker has created a pair of mobile wall sculptures. Fabricated from the same black paper along with metal fasteners and a common string, the viewer is invited to pull the string, setting the figures in motion, mobile sculptures along the wall. Being a room-sized mobile, very few galleries have engaged in even this crude form of interactivity. What, in these metaphors, for the imminence of the privileged viewer gasping in horror at the cruelty of what is envisioned without acknowledging a level of complicity. Go ahead, pull.

Downloaded from the Internet
and San Francisco MOMA's home page

[SFMOMA News]

[SFMOMA News]

OPENING EXHIBITIONS: KARA WALKER

[Image]

February 14-May 13

Fourth floor

Kara Walker, 1996; courtesy of Brent Sikkema and Wooster Gardens (photo: Dietmar)

Complex and carnal narratives of antebellum race relations and slave plantation mythologies --as depicted through eighteenth-century-style black cutout silhouettes--is the focus of an exhibition of the work of African American artist Kara Walker at SFMOMA. Kara Walker: Upon My Many Masters--An Outline represents the artist's first solo museum exhibition on the West Coast and features two large wall installations and scores of drawings. The exhibition is organized by Gary Garrels, SFMOMA Elise S. Haas chief curator and curator of painting and sculpture.

At first glance, Walker's work reminds its viewers of the genteel art of eighteenth-century black-paper silhouette portraiture, as scenes from the antebellum South come to life in allegorical panoramic wall tableaus. Closer inspection, however, reveals the works to be grimly absurd scenarios in which iconic plantation figures--Walker's characters include Mammies, Southern belles, the Old Slave, the Slave Wench, and Master and Young Master--engage in macabre, violent, sexual, and scatological interactions. The scenes are at once seductively ribald and difficult to view.

Walker draws the content for her work from a number of sources, including American slaves' narratives, genre paintings, Civil War-battle reenactments, and "bodice ripper" romance novels. However, while integrating the pictorial vocabulary of times past, Walker subverts our memory of such stereotypes and, instead, fills her narratives with conflicting realities and role reversals that evoke a parallel history of racial power struggles inherent in American society today. "I like the way history and fact and fiction all conflate and confuse one another," the artist has said of her work.

Born in 1969 and a native of Stockton, California, Walker and her family moved to Atlanta when she was a teenager. She received her B.A. from the Atlanta College of Art and her M.F.A. from the Rhode Island School of Design. Although she began her artistic career working in the oil painting format, she also began experimenting with silhouettes as a vehicle to explore issues of African American identity. "The silhouette says a lot with very little information, but that's also what a stereotype does," Walker once explained in an interview. "So I saw the silhouette and stereotype as linked. . . . I was working through this in the tableaus and things that

I've been doing, where the intention was to render everybody black and go from there, go from this back-handed philosophy that blackness is akin to everything."

Formally, Walker's work displays a virtuoso's command of composition, space, and line. The cutout paper silhouettes are remarkable for the finesse and tautness of the outlines, the delight in detailing, and the complexity of the arrangement of forms. The silhouette cutouts derive from Walker's small- and large-scale drawings on paper, figure studies using traditional ink and gouache methods, equally remarkable for their technical command and richness of imagination.

Kara Walker: Upon My Many Masters--An Outline is generously supported by the Collectors' Forum

[SFMOMA News] [Into the Galleries] [Museum Services] [About SFMOMA] [Museum Store] [Home]

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KARA WALKER

One Person Exhibitions

- 1995 "Look Away, Look Away Look Away," Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY
Brent Sikkema/Wooster Gardens, New York
- 1994 Thesis Show, Sol Koffler Gallery, Providence, RI
- 1991 "Swan Song," Senior Thesis Show, Gallery 100, Atlanta

Group Exhibitions

- 1995 "La Belle et la Bête," Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris
"Now is the Time," Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York
"Landscapes, Borders, Boundaries," Nexus Contemporary Arts Center, Atlanta
Inaugural Exhibition, Paul Morris Gallery, New York
Drawing Show, Bernard Toale Gallery, Boston
"More Than Real," Gallery 400, Chicago
- 1994 Selections Fall 1994, The Drawing Center, New York
Graduate Show, RISD Museum, Providence
- 1993 New Talent Invitational, Mü Gallery, Boston
"Rough Trade," Sol Koffler Gallery, Providence
- 1992 "Into the Light," Nexus Biennial, Nexus Contemporary Arts Center, Atlanta
- 1990 "Rated Rx: Pathological Conditions," New Visions Gallery, Atlanta

Bibliography

- Locke, Donald "A Room with a View: a Stroll through Nexus' Art Gallery," *Creative Loafing*, June 3, 1995
- Cullum, Jerry "Landscape Exhibit Alters the Boundaries," *Atlanta Journal Constitution*, June 1995
- Smith, Roberta "Slavery in Black and White" [Art in Review] *New York Times*, May 5, 1995
- "Voice Choices," *The Village Voice*, May 2, 1995
- Cotter, Holland "Group Show" [Art in Review] *New York Times*, March 3, 1995
- Freyberger, H.C., "The Drawing Center" [in Japanese] *Rokugatsu no Kaze*, 128 Jan. 1995
- Cotter, Holland "Selections Fall '94" [Art in Review] *New York Times*, September 23, 1994

27

When Catherine Ople caught New York's attention last year at the Whitney Biennial, it was by virtue of what seemed to be signature material: Simple portraits that were striking for the subtle, almost stately treatment of their subjects, the denizens of L.A.'s transsexual, S/M and lesbian subcultures.

With the two series on view here, she examines a very different side of L.A. Upstairs, seven color photographs depict houses in Bel Air or Beverly Hills, shot head-on in an "artless" fashion reminiscent of Walker Evans. Their oddball, even garish designs are rendered flat yet exotic in a way that also recalls the tract housing captured by Dan Graham in the '70s.

The real must-see of this show, how-

ever, is a series of small, rectangular platinum prints that capture bridges soaring across the desert or frame the winding clusters of concrete off-ramps and clovers in an exquisitely angular Futurism. Heir to the anonymous stereoscopic views of the 19th-century West under settlement and the intimate majesty of Marjorie Content's shots of the Grand Canyon, these photographs capture the power of infinite landscapes compressed within a few square inches.

If there's a continuous theme in Ople's work, it's Los Angeles itself. She documents its environment and inhabitants in dramatic fashion, with a formal control that transforms her images into pure poetry.—*Tim Griffin*

without damage and that memory cannot be safely repressed. The title of one work, *Look Away, Look Away, Look Away*, refers as much to the dangers of denial as it does to the song "Dixie."

Walker knows that in our racist culture, we use jokes to digest the indigestible and sex to imbibe knowledge of the "other." She suggests that our banished stereotypes have not disappeared at all: They've simply been consumed and absorbed. They linger to injure and dismay us, and if we are ever to be liberated from them, we must first admit their presence. Walker does so. Her work is dark, gritty, sexy, unrepentant—and wise.—*Anne Doran*

and seniors 50, 60 and over 6-8pm, \$11 pass for uptown and Sol branches. AmEx, MC, V. **Abstraction the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline.** A comprehensive survey of the role of abstraction in 20th-century art. Through May 12. **From Picasso Kandinsky: Modern Masters from the Collection.** Ongoing exhibition.

Jewish Museum 1109 Fifth Ave at 92nd (423-3200). Subway: 4, 5, 6 to 86th St; 6 to 96th St. Sun, Mon, Wed, Thu 11am-5:45pm; Tue 11am-8pm. \$7, students and seniors under 12 free if accompanied by adult. **Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities.** A group exhibition of contemporary Jewish-American artists take a sometimes morose look at the meaning of being Jewish America today. The show includes more than 50 works by 18 artists. Through Jul 14.



Bill Jacobson, *Songs of Sentient Beings* #1588, 1995.

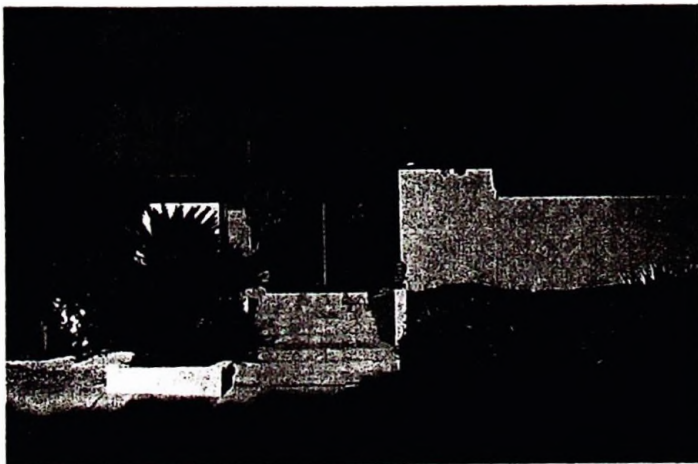
Bill Jacobson, "Songs of Sentient Beings" Julie Saul, through Mar 23 (see Photography).

Bill Jacobson is the creator of some of the most haunting and resonant images in current photography. His 1992 debut exhibition, "Interim Portraits," featured soft-focus figures that were recognizably queer. These seemingly threatened bodies would appear and disappear into and out of diaphanous white or inky black grounds: And like the man cruising you from across a steam room, they looked great in the fog. At a time when the lives of gay men feel especially precarious,

these images were poignant testimonials to the melding of fear and desire.

In this new series, with its Whitmanesque title, Jacobson's work is more complicated and difficult to apprehend. He's increased his scale, included women (though many are androgynous), focused on isolated areas of the body and limited the number of images—effectively suggesting a single installation piece. While survival and desire are still dominant themes, the fragmentation of sexual and psychological identity are now also part of the narrative. Jacobson uses his signature manipulations of focus to distort his subjects in an almost painterly mode. The attenuated figures, with limbs like flames or wisps of smoke, recall both Ingres's odalisques and the aliens from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. While the meaning here is rather ambiguous, the use of the word *sentient* in the exhibition title is a clue. These beings are indeed aware of what they are going through, and like canaries in a mine shaft, their fragility serves as a reminder of our own mortality. Although I am reluctant to attach a spiritual cliché to this work, I sense a promise of transcendence. Jacobson's lens probes beyond the flesh into some unnamed and invisible aspect of the self.

I do miss the specifically queer content of the earlier work, and I wonder if these images seem little more than beautiful now that they're less focused on gay concerns. But Jacobson has taken a chance with this show, and when an artist of his caliber shifts strategies, it is exciting to watch.—*Bill Arning*



Catherine Opie, *House #5 (Beverly Hills)*, 1995.

Catherine Opie Jay Gorney Modern Art, through Mar 30 (see Soho).

When Catherine Opie caught New York's attention last year at the Whitney Biennial, it was by virtue of what seemed to be signature material: Simple portraits that were striking for the subtle, almost stately treatment of their subjects, the denizens of L.A.'s transsexual, S/M and lesbian subcultures.

With the two series on view here, she examines a very different side of L.A. Upstairs, seven color photographs depict houses in Bel Air or Beverly Hills, shot head-on in an "artless" fashion reminiscent of Walker Evans. Their oddball, even garish designs are rendered flat yet exotic in a way that also recalls the tract housing captured by Dan Graham in the '70s.

The real must-see of this show, how-

ever, is Opie's "Freeway" series downstairs. Here, she has documented unpopulated and barren highways around Los Angeles, producing small, rectangular platinum prints that capture bridges soaring across the desert or frame the winding clusters of concrete off-ramps and clovers in an exquisitely angular Futurism. Heir to the anonymous stereoscopic views of the 19th-century West under settlement and the intimate majesty of Marjorie Content's shots of the Grand Canyon, these photographs capture the power of infinite landscapes compressed within a few square inches.

If there's a continuous theme in Opie's work, it's Los Angeles itself. She documents its environment and inhabitants in dramatic fashion, with a formal control that transforms her images into pure poetry.—*Tim Griffin*



Kara Walker, *The End of Uncle Tom and the Grand Allegorical Tableau of Eva in Heaven*, 1995 (detail).

Kara Walker, "From the Bowels to the Bosom"

Wooster Garden & Brent Sikkema, through Apr 13 (see Soho).

Employing cut-paper silhouettes, Kara Walker populates her wall-sized drawing installation with racial stereotypes drawn from cartoons, bodice-ripper novels and the wretched history of slavery in the American South. Her Southern belles, Uncle Remuses, mummies, Confederate crackers and pickaninny children seem to spill directly from the inky realms of America's collective unconscious and pool onto the walls of their own accord. The key to their animated presence lies in Walker's remarkably fluid hand: Here, among the trees and bushes of a Tara-like estate, they virtually write their own stories.

In various groupings along the walls, a white woman in ringlets snatches an ax from a stump and brandishes it at a small black boy carrying a bucket. Her hoop skirt has flown up; from behind, a black girl stares, holding a very sharp stick while contemplating her next move. Elsewhere, a Confederate soldier dies in a black woman's arms, while another, dismembered, lies sucking on a housemaid's foot. A toddler, wearing one large boot, waves a tambourine and gambols across the space, leaving a trail of excrement—or blood—in her wake.

In Walker's abject art, it's not at all clear who has the upper hand. The truth is more complicated, she seems to say. Her work supposes that each action has an equal and opposite reaction, that no history can be erased without damage and that memory cannot be safely repressed. The title of one work, *Look Away, Look Away, Look Away*, refers as much to the dangers of denial as it does to the song "Dixie."

Walker knows that in our racist culture, we use jokes to digest the indigestible and sex to imbibe knowledge of the "other." She suggests that our banished stereotypes have not disappeared at all: They've simply been consumed and absorbed. They linger to injure and dismay us, and if we are ever to be liberated from them, we must first admit their presence. Walker does so. Her work is dark, gritty, sexy, unrepentant—and wise.—*Anne Doran*

ART

Submit information by mail or fax (673-8382) to Howard Hall. Include details of venues, dates, times, prices, telephone numbers and nearest subways. Deadline is Monday, nine days before publication. Listings information will not be accepted over the telephone.

USER'S GUIDE

The following is a selection of this week's exhibitions and events. For more museums, see the Around Town & Museums section.

Museums & Institutions

Brooklyn Museum 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000). Subway: 2, 3 to Eastern Pkwy. Brooklyn Museum, Wed-Sun 10am-5pm. \$4, students \$2, seniors \$1.50. No credit cards. **Elsa Schiaparelli** Surrealism in Fashion from the Brooklyn Museum. Through Mar 24. The first American exhibit of this couturier's work. "Alone in a Crowd: Prints by African-American Artists of the 1930s-40s from the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." More than 100 prints, made under the auspices of the W.P.A., exploring themes of social injustice and African-American identity. Through Apr 21. "Converging Culture: Art and Identity in Spanish America." A survey of art and artifacts from Spain's colonies in the Americas, particularly those of New Spain (Mexico, Florida and the southwestern U.S.) and Peru. Through July 14. **Early Renaissance Painting** from the Brooklyn Museum. More than 20 panel paintings from 13th- and 14th-century Italy. Through August. **Alison Saar**, *The Woods Within*. An installation in the museum's Grand Lobby. Through Sept 8.

Dia Center for the Arts 548 W 22nd St between Tenth and Eleventh Aves (431-9232). Subway: C, E to 23rd St. Thu-Sun noon-6pm. Suggested donation: \$3. Through June. **Gerhard Richter**, *Atlas*. An encyclopedic compendium of found images, sketches and photographs. **Jessica Stockholder**, *You Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Thread and Swollen Perfume*, a new installation. **Dan Flavin**, *European Couples and Others*. Fluorescent-light sculptures that are taken from the permanent collection. **Dan Graham**, *Roofstop Urban Park Project*.

The Frick Collection 1 E 70th St at Fifth Ave (288-0700). Subway: 6 to 68th St. Hunter College. Tue-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 1-6pm; \$5, students and seniors \$3. The permanent collection. Ongoing. "Greuze, A Portraitist for the '90s." A small exhibition of pastel portraits, executed by **Jean-Baptiste Greuze** amidst the tumult of the French Revolution in the 1790s. Through Apr 20.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum 1071 Fifth Ave at 88th St (423-3500). Subway: 4, 5, 6 to 86th St. Sun-Wed 10am-6pm, Fri-Sat 10am-8pm, closed Thu. \$8, students and seniors \$5, voluntary donation \$3. 6-8pm. \$11 pass for uptown and SoHo branches. AmEx, MC, V. "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." A comprehensive survey of the role of abstraction in 20th-century art. Through May 12. "From Picasso to Kandinsky: Modern Masters from the Collection." Ongoing exhibition.

Jewish Museum 1109 Fifth Ave at 92nd St (423-3200). Subway: 4, 5, 6 to 86th St. 6:30-9:30pm. Sun, Mon, Wed, Thu 11am-5:45pm, Tue 11am-8pm. \$7, students and seniors under 12 free if accompanied by adult. "Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities." A group exhibition of contemporary Jewish-American artists take a sometimes morose look at the meaning of being Jewish in America today. The show includes more than 50 works by 18 artists. Through Jul 14.

The New York Times

New York: Today, rain and drizzle then brighter. High 63. Tonight, some fog. Low 50. Tomorrow, mostly sunny, windy, mild. High 73. Yesterday high 70, low 56. Details, page B17

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NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1995

\$1 beyond the greater New York metropolitan area.

Art in Review

■ America, the not so beautiful ■ Desire and loss

■ Slavery in black and white ■ Jerome Liebling.

Kara Walker

Brent Sikkema and Wooster Gardens
252 Lafayette Street
SoHo
Through tomorrow

Kara Walker, whose installation drawing stood out in a show at the Drawing Center last season, is making a modest yet impressive solo debut. She continues to use the 19th-

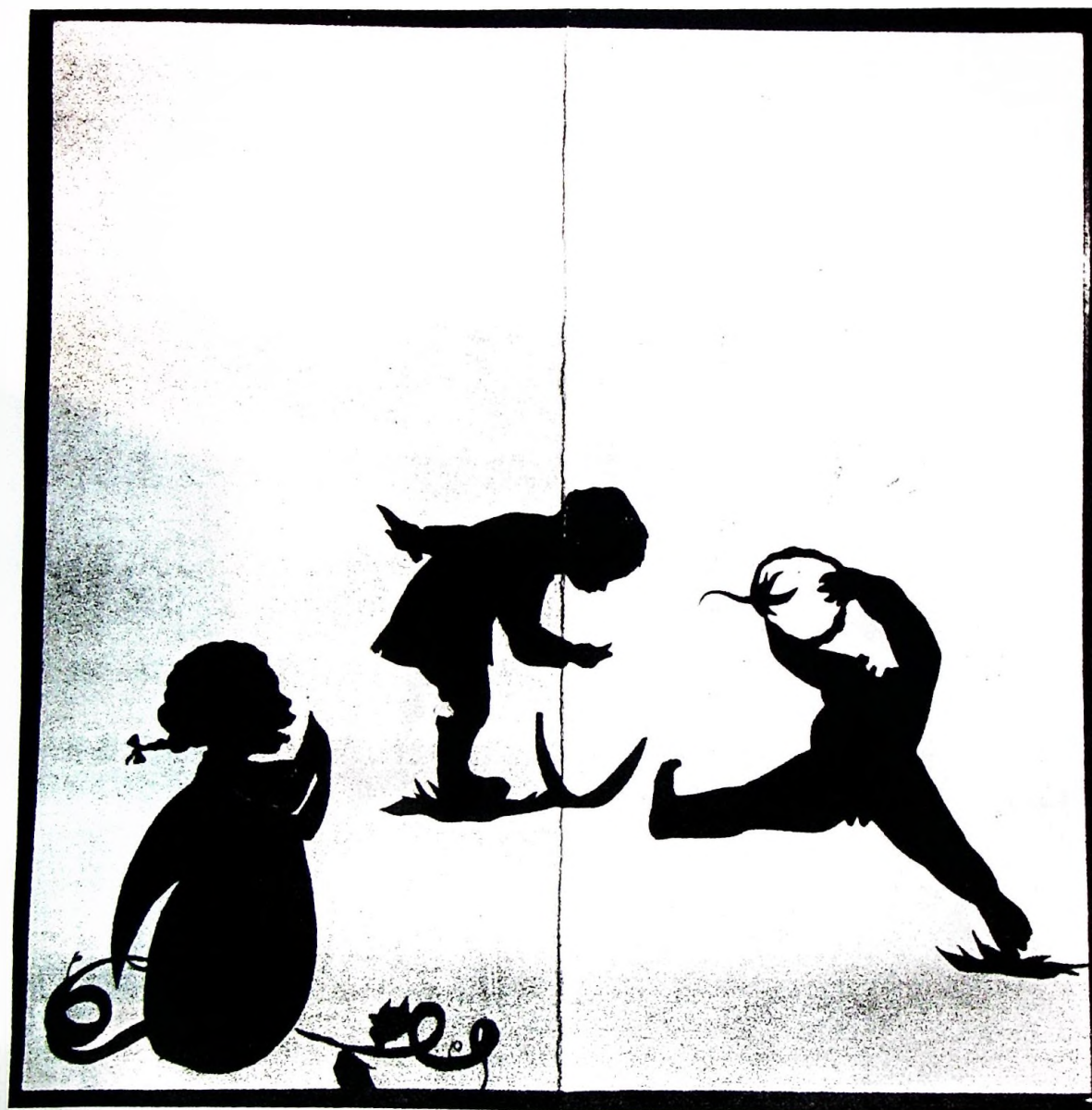
century technique of the black cutout silhouette, practiced by amateurs and professionals alike, to fashion a commentary on the history of race relations in general and slavery in particular. Her work is biting sarcasm and often ribald, for physical and sexual exploitation are high on her list of subjects. But it is also extremely beautiful, especially in the different ways these small paintings pit the precise cutouts against dark atmospheric settings. Her images zigzag between the real and the metaphorical. In "Whip," a little black girl smelling a flower will soon feel the sting of her master's displeasure. In "Gaining," a slightly older girl prances out of the shadows holding what appears to be a man's genitals like a trophy. Sometimes specific tragedies are enacted, as in an especially dark painting in which a man seems to tear a child from a woman who clings desperately to his coattails. But for all their grace, spirit and humor, none of these images are simply pleasant to look at. How could they be?

ROBERTA SMITH

KARA WALKER

*Gone: An Historical Romance of a Civil War as It Occurred
Between the Dusky Thighs of One Young Negress and Her
Heart*, 1994

Paper, dimensions variable



It has been written, "There are no incidents in history, or romance, more thrilling than the sufferings, perils and hair-breadth escapes of American slaves. No Puritan pilgrim, or hero of '76 has manifested more courage and perseverance in the cause of freedom, than has been evinced, in thousands of instances, by this persecuted race. In future ages popular ballads will be sung to commemorate their heroic achievements, and children more enlightened than ours will marvel at the tyranny of their white ancestors."¹

The Artist believes that this moment—the one which interprets real life history as an action adventure novella—is the one most pertinent to her discussion. For peoples invented under the guise of democracy (chiefly "African-Americans," but also "Caucasians," "Indians," and so on) the romance is a daily event.

Women, previously derided as "emotional" tended to find some of their passions relieved in stories of beauty and perfection, love, loyalty, brute strength and fiery lovemaking (or rather, White women). When Harriet Jacobs put pen to paper to describe her sufferings as a light skinned mulatto slave in the South, she was faced with difficulty of telling the truth, and telling it like a lady. The end result is a narrative couched in floral subtleties and apologies, written in a style best suited to her audience of good Christian abolitionists.

The Artist pessimistically suggests that this romantic condition currently shadowed by the rhetoric of inequality and injustice--the continual "*marvelling over the tyranny of*"—is the only sure fire way of affecting anybody, short of murder.

So in picturing the "house-slaves' struggle" she takes to task the words of civil rights leaders some 100 years later and loves the Other. Loves with her entire heart, half her brain, her giant juicy cunt, her black/brown skin, that kinky hair, that dirty mind, that horse's ass, those shining teeth, and the silent, loyal devotion of a favored pet.

It has been poetically noted that Black history took place in black spaces--but not without whiteness, not without:

They occasioned upon a stream. Dark waters glistening, she bathed, he watched. Cleaned like a proper lady--clean enough for the taking. He envied the firmness of her pert, wet breasts. He desired the pressure of her wide round bottom against his skin. He wanted that animal manhood, buck nigger strength. He would be her master forever, he promised her. He promised her freedom.

Kara Walker

¹ Marion Wilson Starling *The Slave Narrative: Its Place in*

Kara Walker

Wooster Gardens

558 Broadway, near Prince Street
SoHo

Through April 13

Kara Walker's second solo show is an impressive hodgepodge that includes installation works, drawings and a couple of new ideas. Ms. Walker continues to cast a jaundiced eye back to the antebellum South to explain the complex tragedy of race relations in America.

The picture she renders — in the inherently elegant 19th-century medium of black-paper silhouette expanded to installation-art scale — is grimly funny. Tensions between the races are enacted in terms that are almost relentlessly violent, sexual and scatological, yet strangely familial, even intimate. They are also absurd in the extreme: a little white girl slices off her hand, a pipe-smoking mammy slaughters a dog, an old man with a single peg leg sodomizes a little black girl, his saber puncturing the chest of a

black infant, and black women suckle from each other's breasts.

No one is really flattered here. Blacks come off almost as badly as whites, and Ms. Walker softens her blows by extending the campy historicism to herself: her announcement card identifies her as "a Free Negress" of noteworthy talent" in stilted tones that recall the artist team of McDermott and McGough. But her explanation seems as true, and sick, as any. One concludes — as Frederick Law Olmsted did when he wrote of his travels through the Southern states in the 1850's — that slavery corrupted the humanity of all involved.

The exhibition also includes small watercolors tracing the genesis of some of Ms. Walker's motifs and two variations on her black silhouette technique. One involves giving the cutouts moving parts, like 19th-century puppets; the other incises her images directly into the wall. This last approach replaces Ms. Walker's sharp, pop-out visibility with images that are nearly invisible, but also more physical, and could open new vistas in an art that is already spacious with promise.

ROBERTA SMITH

New York Times (28)
April 5, 1996

Kara Walker

Conceal/Reveal
September 13-November 2, 1996
SITE Santa Fe

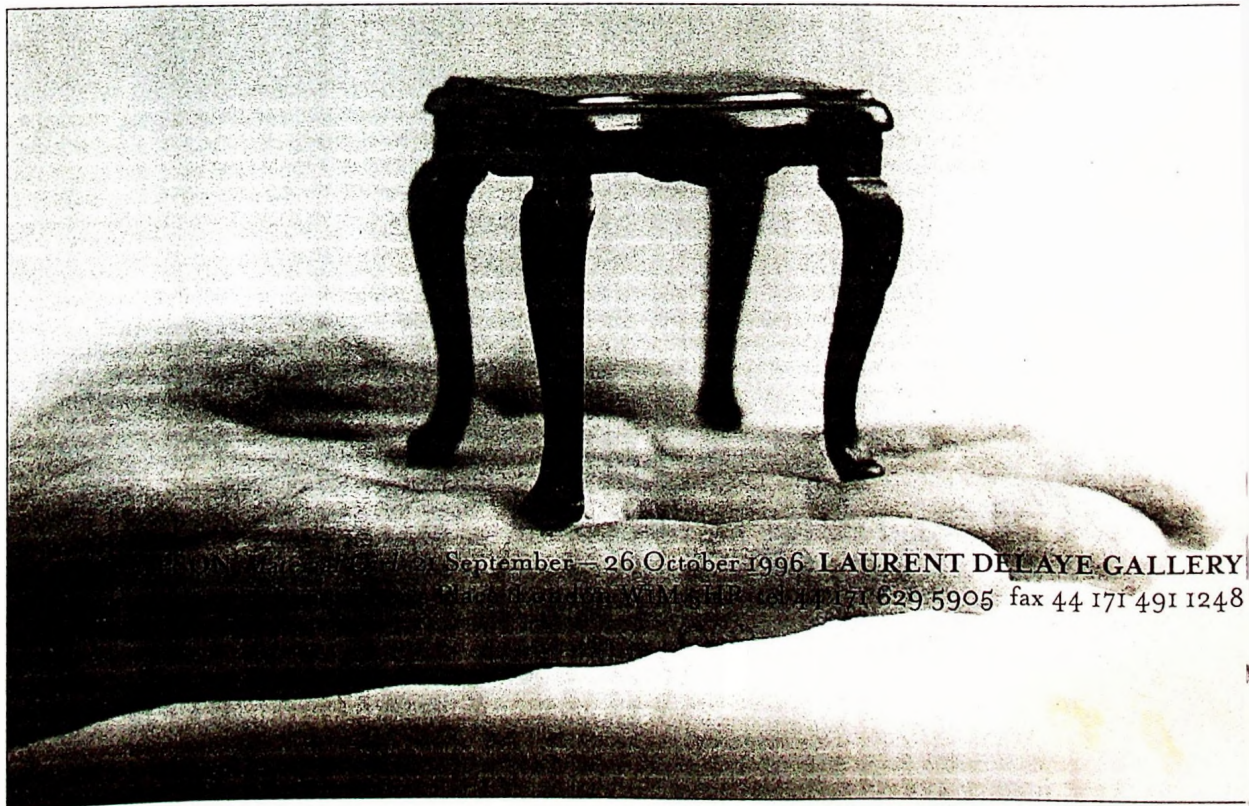
Renaissance Society at the
University of Chicago
January 12-February 3, 1997

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
February 12-May 13, 1997

Walker Art Center
March 9-May 25, 1997
no place (like home)

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97 PEOPLE TO WATCH , IN 97

Sure, you've heard of Wayne Gretzky, and you may have a vague idea of who Jennifer Lopez is. But if you really want to know who's who in 1997, you'd better get acquainted with Mo B. Dick, Ilya Kabakov and Spring Heel Jack. Here, *Time Out New York's* section editors introduce you to this year's most promising faces.

Opening Polaroids by **Miles Ladin**

AROUND TOWN

Pete Hamill

The *Daily News* wasted no time downplaying its celebrity stories and beefing up its immigration coverage this month after Hamill started his tenure as editor-in-chief. Given a free hand, the hard-boiled, formerly hard-drinking columnist and author could bring an earnest, writerly grace back to New York dailies. Then again, he might just be tilting at tabloids.

Harold Ickes

President Clinton's outgoing chief of staff (and former White House foil to Dick Morris) leaves Washington, D.C., this week to make room for another Friend of Bill, Erskine Bowles. With a mayoral race this year and George Pataki and Al D'Amato's seats up for grabs in '98, there should be plenty of job offers here for the prodigal pol, who began his career on the Upper West Side.

ART

Beth B

The No Wave cinema pioneer has always been something of a crossover artist. In '97, she makes a splash on the big screen, with the premiere of her latest film, *Visiting Desire*, and in galleries, with her show of dual installations, "Portraits & Playthings," at Soho's Deitch Projects. Expect B to explore sexuality in her usual uncompromising fashion.

Ilya Kabakov

March will be a busy month for this artist from the former Soviet Union, who now lives in New York. Kabakov makes his debut at Barbara Gladstone gallery with *The Life of Flies*, a full-scale replica of a typical provincial museum in Russia—which just happens to be devoted to flies. He's also in the Whitney Biennial, and he's mounting an outdoor work, *Monument to a Lost Glove*, in Madison Square Park.

Jennifer Pastor

Even without significant previous exposure, this artist made it into the Whitney Biennial this year. She specializes in surrealist objects, such as an enormous wedding cake perched on a single mannequin leg.

Kara Walker

Another promising up-and-comer who was chosen for the Biennial this year, Walker makes life-size, cut-paper murals that recall 19th-century silhouettes, and zero in on America's racist past.

BOOKS

Jenn Crowell

Crowell wrote her debut novel, *Necessary Madness* (due out in March), about a thirtysomething woman's struggle to cope with her husband's death, when she was a 17-year-old high-school senior. And not only is she the freshest face on the book page, word has it the book itself is worth reading.

Alex Garland

This 26-year-old Londoner's atmospheric debut novel, *The Beach* (due out in February), may follow *Trainspotting*

across the pond—and wash up on our shores as the Next Big Thing. When the book began to generate hype in the U.K., *Punch* declared, "What Irvine Welsh did for the modern junkie, Alex Garland is about to do for the thousands of young adventurers who every year make their backpacking pilgrimage to the Far East."

Kathryn Harrison

Could it be that critically acclaimed novelist Harrison looked upon the current flood of tell-all memoirs and said, "I can top that"? Well, she can. But her memoir, *The Kiss*, due out in April—the spare tale of a six-year affair she embarked on, at age 20, with her father—may send readers charging back to the safe haven of fiction.

Thomas Pynchon

You won't be able to watch much of him in '97, but with *Mason and Dixon*, his first novel since 1990's *Vineland*, coming out this April, and Theodore Kaczynski under lock and key, at least we can feel reassured that Pynchon is not the Unabomber, after all.

Linda Yablonsky

Yablonsky, a longtime impresario on the downtown art scene (she curates the Drawing Center's hip NightLight series) and a *TONY* contributor, has put pen to paper herself to turn out the latest (and perhaps greatest?) addition to heroin lit. *The Story of Junk*, due out in April, is the decidedly unglamorous tale of a young woman from the burbs whose heroin dealing in mid-'80s Manhattan deposits her on the downside of life.

BYTE ME

Nicholas Butterworth

If he hadn't saved SonicNet by selling it to Paradigm Music Entertainment, Butterworth would have been a hot property on the new media job market. But he's still one to watch, especially as his popular hipster music website goes into a new year with yet another new owner. What will SonicNet's next incarnation be?

Theresa Duncan and Jeremy Blake

Who says there's no good multimedia production in Silicon Alley? First, Duncan collaborated with David Sedaris on the animated interactive adventure *Chop Suey*. Then she teamed up with artist Blake for *Smarty*, another CD-ROM adventure with original music by Fugazi—which was so coveted this Christmas, it became the multimedia equivalent of Tickle Me, Elmo. She and Blake are currently collaborating on another title due out later this year, which may feature music by Sonic Youth.

James Murdoch

After floundering in its initial attempts to get a piece of the Internet action, News Corporation is now looking to Rupert Murdoch's 24-year-old son (who left Harvard to found the rap label Rawkus) for inspiration. As head of the multimedia conglomerate's online and music divisions, the youthful mogul is starting small—with *TV Guide*'s revamped website—and the world is watching....

Stefan Fitch, Gordon Gould and Lucas McDonough

This year, it seems everyone's talking about videostreaming technology, which lets you to watch live video online without having to download a massive file. Using their Rockpipe technology, these three guys from Thinking Pictures plan to screen live videos of the Web's lesser lights (indie bands) as well as independent films, live theater and Internet soaps.

CABARET

David Campbell

Cabaret has traditionally been dominated by the female voice, so it's nice to report that, for a change, it's the men who'll make the biggest impression this year. Campbell is a 23-year-old newly arrived from Australia; if he can fight his way through Immigration and Actors' Equity, he'll be a big star. His strong theatrical personality and emotional intensity make him ideal for Broadway musicals.

Tim Di Pasqua

His voice is one of the sweetest sounds you'll ever hear. Whether performing standards or one of his own excellent original songs, he is a mesmerizer. Look for his original musical, *Synchronicity*, which is likely to be staged in '97.

Christopher Gines

This young crooner has a rich, bourbon-smooth voice and great taste in songs. His introspective style draws you in and makes you listen all the more closely. You'll be seeing a lot more of him in the clubs this year.

Rick Miramontez

Broadway and mambo make fine bedfellows when fused by this sexy charmer from L.A. Newly relocated to New York, he'll soon be heating up the circuit—and hitting the studio to record his first CD.

CHECK OUT

Susan Cianciolo

Cianciolo has transformed rough edges and exposed seams into high art. Her fashions—which even she has occasionally called unflattering—have garnered a *Vogue* profile, a gallery show and the attention of sophisticated stylists. Check Steven Alan stores (see below) for a peek at her latest designs.

Tracy Feith

He looks like he's straight out of *Midnight Cowboy*, but he designs clothes with a delicate femininity and a touch of camp. After a gallery show at Andrea Rosen last year and a surge in new orders from retailers, Feith isn't going to be just an underground fashion idol much longer.

Steven Grant

The owner of the Steven Alan shop in Soho (and an outlet store in the East Village), Grant began introducing hip, innovative labels such as Pixie Yates, Built by Wendy and Rebecca Danenberg to New Yorkers more than two years ago. The list of new designers has grown, while he continues to represent them and act as their wholesaler. Next up for Grant: his own men's clothing line.

Marcia Kilgore

Last year, Kilgore wisely changed the name of her spa from Let's Face It and moved into a swank new space with multiple massage rooms, saunas and a product line. Given the clientele (Kim Gordon, Frederique Morin), Marcia Kilgore might be the Goldilocks of the next millennium.

Andre Razo

What Haze was to rap (the artist's logos for Def Jam Records, Run-DMC and LL Cool J), Razo may be for skateboard set. Skaterats, skaters and carvers covet boards with his fully minimalist signature style (paintings are also a hot commodity photo). Razo's commercial design has been seen on MTV and on Cali street labels such as Thieves and Ezekeil.

CLASSICAL

Richard Danielpour

One of the most popular teachers at the Manhattan School of Music, Danielpour is the first composer to be signed exclusively by Sony Classical to do just compose. His accessible works may back audiences who've been scared of the concert hall by years of dissonant academic modernism.

Michael Daugherty

Cultural figures of every persuasion have inspired this young composer. Works such as *The Metropolis Symphony* (inspired by Superman) and *Elvis Everywhere* for string quartet and three El impersonators. Daugherty may just provide the link to pop culture that classical music so desperately needs. His latest creation is *Jackie O*, a new opera premiering in Houston this March.

George Steel

His official title is only managing producer, but this 30-year-old former choirboy (and current countertenor) is the brainchild and organizer behind the 92nd Street Y's savvy "Today's Composers" series—one of the only outlets for contemporary composers in this city. (Moving the series downtown to Cooper Union, so that Thurston Moore can get his fix of live Xenakis, was a stroke of genius.) In addition to orchestrating Leonard Bernstein's *Songfest* for chamber orchestra earlier this season, the boy can compose, too!

CLUBS

Fancy

The foppish promoter of the 999999's has given the annoyingly precious "lounge-core" scene a much-needed kick in the pants. Fancy's club runneth over with tongue-in-cheek (as opposed to smugly ironic) kitsch, a welcome air of sexual ambiguity and top-notch production values. With a red-hot club and *Des Incurables*, a forthcoming album of "adult electronic noir" recorded under the aegis of Disque 9, count on Fancy making noise this year (and not just of the tape-loop and sampling variety).

Mac and Kathe

The creators of Konkrete Jungle, New York's first jungle club, are expanding their portfolio in 1997 with several addi-



Kara Walker



The Divine Comedy



Christina



George Stephanopoulos



Money Mark



Alex Garland



Carlos Leon



Kahimi Karie

tional club nights exploring the hip-hop/jungle connection, a forthcoming Konkrete Jungle-themed compilation and their own distribution company, MDA, which will focus on importing drum 'n' bass 12-inches. And lest we forget: Mac is in his seventh year as Giant Step's benevolent door deity.

Mo B. Dick

The drag king phenomenon has come into its own in the last year or so. Leading the pack with a Brooklyn drawl and a butch swagger is Mo B. Dick, whose Club Casanova party is mixed, yet dykey enough to satisfy the aesthetic and hormonal aspirations of the ladies. Yeah, Mo proves that lesbian gender-role critiques can be funny and, yeah, he's an inspiration to other women with an interest in cross-dressing performance...but the bottom line is that this studly greaser is just plain brilliant in any context.

Peter Oasis

The young upstart promoter of Chill Factor, Vinyl's Saturday night hip-hop back room, is a player already: He's the guiding force behind the International Turntablist Federation, which organized last summer's DJ mixing battle at Twilo. While the battle tours the country, Peter is busy planning next year's soundclash, plus Chill Factor and various other events.

"Little" Louie Vega and Kenny "Dope" Gonzalez

What do you do to one-up yourselves when you're already two of the top house and hip-hop remixer/producers in the world? If you're Louie and Kenny (d.b.a.

Masters At Work), you gather a galaxy of Latin, jazz and soul stars and record an album. The supergroup, collectively known as Nuyorican Soul, features Tito Puente, Roy Ayers, Dave Valentin, George Benson, Cindy Mizelle, Vince Montana, Eddie Palmieri, Jocelyn Brown, Jazzy Jeff, Hilton Ruiz and La India (who's also Vega's wife). The eponymous double album is the record Kenny and Louie have been working toward for most of their careers, and it is, as they say, the bomb.

COMEDY

Live on Tape

Come fall '97, there may well be a good reason to watch *SNL*. If you make it to the end of the show, you'll find a special prize in the box: *Live on Tape*. It is—just imagine—a cohesive sketch show that manages to captivate without a celebrity guest. That's right, no scenes driven by Nancy Kerrigan. And no slavish stares at cue cards.

Gerry Red Wilson

Seemingly out of nowhere, stand-up Gerry Red Wilson rose up mightily on the club scene late last year, killing so often that even seasoned sharpies didn't relish following him. (Actually, he'd been in Long Island, working it out for some of the country's most hardboiled audiences.) ABC has just grabbed him for a development deal, but if you act quickly, you can see him live before he's another sitcom poster boy.

Upright Citizens Brigade

TONY has lauded the Brigade's singular voice and immensely clever sketch comedy ever since they stormed New York last spring, but the networks' current feverish courting of the group says it all: They're the shit, and we have a feeling that one day soon, comedy fiends will horde UCB episodes as greedily as the first season of *The Larry Sanders Show*.

DANCE

Angel Corella

Corella is American Ballet Theatre's boy wonder. The 21-year-old Madrid native, who was promoted to principal dancer in August, has won over audiences with charm and brazen physicality. See him test his otherworldly skills in *Coppelia* and *Cinderella* (with Paloma Herrera), as well as *Romeo and Juliet*.

David Dorfman

Last year, Dorfman won a Bessie award for choreography; next month, his company graces the Joyce Theater with his first solo season. The witty and imaginative choreographer will present a premiere, a work from 1996 and a hilarious duet with Dan Froot.

Maria Kowroski

This New York City Ballet youngster is the latest fetish object for Balanchine loyalists. Last season, the 20-year-old performed admirably in several of the choreographer's most difficult ballets. And the lovely Kowroski is *tall*: In pointe shoes, she stretches past six feet, conjuring memories of Suzanne Farrell.

Mia Lawrence

With her new piece, *Egg*, downstage choreographer Lawrence has shed her Petronio roots. The evocative length work, which she says is her "to another place," features C. Parkinson and Osmany Tellez. It was performed at Dance Theater Workshop in April.

Angelin Preljocaj

When the Paris Opéra Ballet performed Preljocaj's sexy *Le Parc* last season, sparks flew. The acclaimed French choreographer presents his work at Joyce Theater for the first time in America with three examples of his exquisite movement: *Noctes*, *La Spectre du Rose* and *Annunciation*. The word *serpentine* should come to mind.

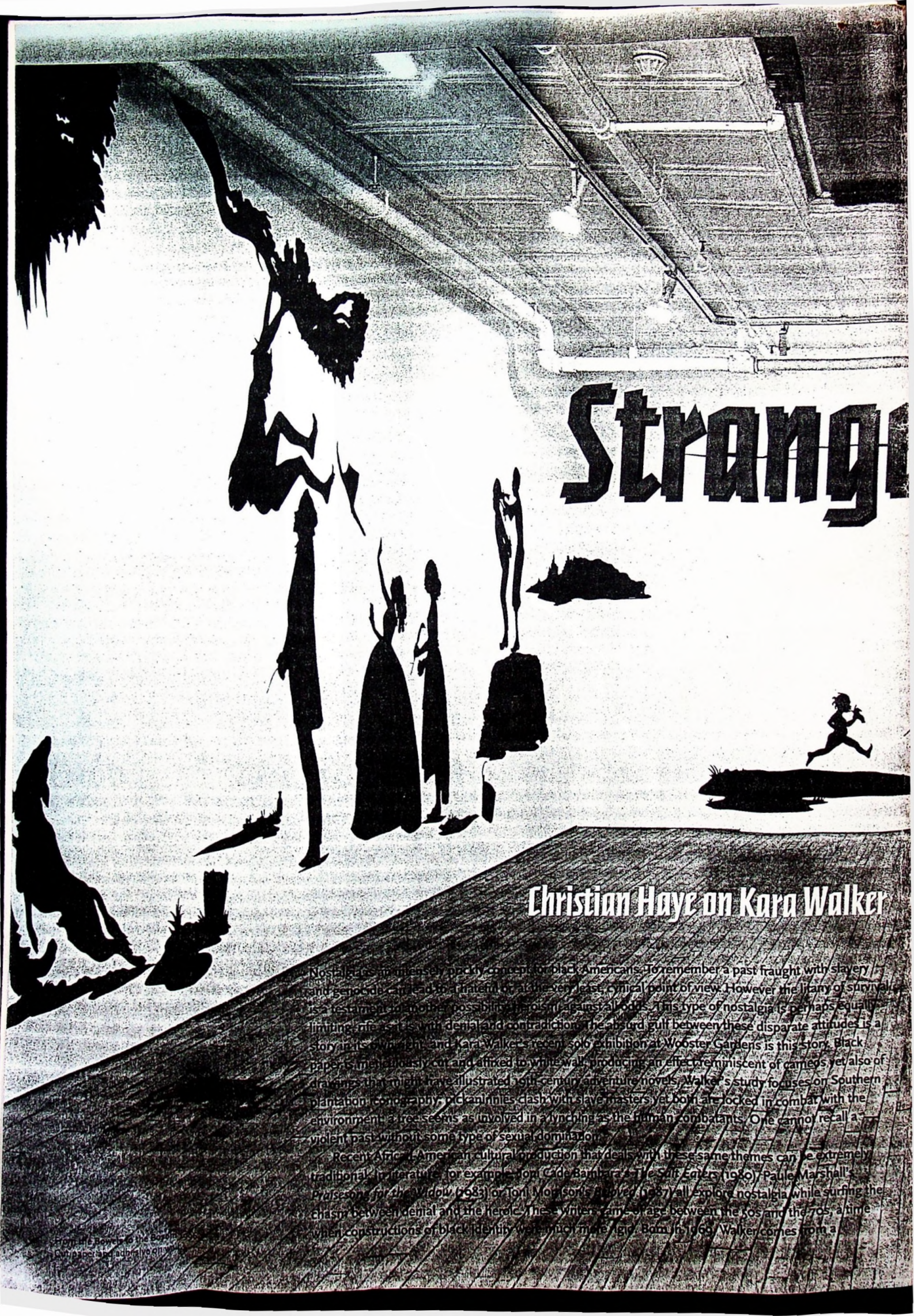
EAT OUT

David Bouley

If it's best to go out at the top of the game, then Bouley has a hard act to follow: himself. He closed his haute restaurant to rave good-byes last year only to announce plans to relaunch a new Boule and a cooking school in '97. Francophiles can't wait to wait for reservations.

Howard Lev

The South is rising. And then it is being moved along on a conveyor belt through a wall of icing and served up hot to city doughnut lovers who have done without Krispy Kreme for so very long. Locations opened last year on 23rd Street and in Harlem; look for franchisee Lev to cook up new stores as fast as the glazed wonders make devotees of New Yorkers who wonder how they ever got along without them.



Strange

Christian Hays on Kara Walker

Nostalgia is an intensely prickly concept for black Americans. To remember a past fraught with slavery and genocide can lead to a latent or, at the very least, cynical point of view. However the litany of survival is a testament to another possibility: heroism against all odds. This type of nostalgia is perhaps equally limiting, if not as it is with denial and contradiction. The absurd gulf between these disparate attitudes is a story in its own right, and Kara Walker's recent solo exhibition at Wooster Gardens is this story. Black paper is meticulously cut and affixed to white walls, producing an effect reminiscent of cameos yet also of drawings that might have illustrated 19th-century adventure novels. Walker's study focuses on Southern plantation iconography: pickaninnies clash with slave masters yet both are locked in combat with the environment; a tree seems as involved in a lynching as the human combatants. One cannot recall a violent past without some type of sexual domination.

Recent African-American cultural production that deals with these same themes can be extremely traditional in literature, for example Toni Cade Bambara's *The Salt Eaters* (1980), Paule Marshall's *Praisesongs for the Widow* (1983) or Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (1987) all explore nostalgia while surfing the chasm between denial and the heroic. These writers came of age between the 60s and the 70s, a time when constructions of black identity were much more rigid. Born in 1969, Walker comes from a

From the Bowers to the Bowers
Between the Bowers and the Bowers