

Laura Owens, *Untitled*, 1996.

Laura Owens

Gavin Brown's enterprise, through May 10 (see Soho).

If size were the measure of significance, Laura Owens's paintings would be right up there in the pantheon of art. Owens fashions her work on a grand scale, filling her canvases with large planes of color, much like the Color Field painters to whom she's often been compared. Only Owens's version smacks of kitsch, even when considered alongside the likes of Ken Noland or Jules Olitski—let alone major figures such as Barnett Newman and Ad Reinhardt, both of whom invested color with an almost religious significance.

Owens's approach is more in keeping, perhaps, with the mild insouciance of a David Hockney. Like him, she blends elements of abstraction and representation, using the bright light and blank ambience of Los Angeles (from where she hails) as a sort of backdrop. Owens,

however, takes color and subject matter to far more breathtaking heights of banality. Her inoffensive mountains, seascapes and domestic interiors resemble those gratingly pleasant prints you usually see in motels and waiting rooms—except they're rendered ten times as big.

Simultaneously cheerful and drab, these works come off as the visual equivalent of Muzak, although naturally, Owens would prefer to convince us of her seriousness. This seems especially the case with the huge white canvas hanging in the back room, which plays with the well-worn practice (think Malevich and Rauschenberg) of reducing painting to a more or less "pure" white-on-white state that teeters on the boundary between image and abstraction. Here, Owens parodies the gallery system's standard-issue white walls, by treating her composition like a *mise-en-abîme*: a show-within-the-show in which two of her other works are plainly sketched in.

Owens is obviously borrowing from Matisse's *Red Studio*, which took something of the same approach, monochrome canvas and all. But she really doesn't add much, except for her fussy self-reflexivity. As a gesture, this painting shows just how hyper-aware Owens is of her own situation vis-à-vis the history of art—but it also suggests that her position isn't as exalted as she might imagine. —Martha Schwendener

Jennifer Bolande, *"The Forest Spirits," 1997.*

Jennifer Bolande, "The Forest Spirits"

Baron/Boisanté, through May 24 (see 57th Street).

Looking up at the clouds in search of familiar shapes is a timeless pursuit. And ascertaining something in nature where there is, in fact, nothing has preoccupied artists throughout history. Leonardo da Vinci instructed students to stare at an empty wall and draw what they envisioned there. Max Ernst took leaves and pieces of wood, placed them beneath sheets of paper and rubbed the surface so that networks of veins and knots became visions of birds, moons or entire forests.

It's easy to see that Jennifer Bolande continues something of this tradition in

"The Forest Spirits," where she presents a sort of update on "frottage," as Ernst called his process. Computer-scanning an old postcard of a wooded Irish trail (an almost suffocating passageway running under arching trees), Bolande stretches, folds and splices the image. The results teeter on the brink of baroque abstraction; atmospheric splays of light and webs of high-reaching branches collapse into disarrayed angles and perspective lines.

But Bolande also leaves you in a spooky place. Horned devils and gleaming-eyed demons begin to stare back at you from all that bark and dappled sunshine, and a scary story seems to unfold. Separate paths in one image merge in the next; an indistinct, glowing shape grows larger from print to print. Mostly, though, there's the sensation of floating between two worlds. Shadows are divorced from their sources, and creatures appear and disappear within a blink of the eye—which is, in a way, our own physiological counterpart to the wind blowing through the willows.

Seen as a series of modulating abstractions, Bolande's prints appear less romantic than scientific—as if her computer had swept up nature in a whirlwind of fractals to reveal its hidden face. Nevertheless, finding such shapes within shapes is like hearing a knock in the dark, or being brushed on the shoulder by some unseen presence: It can be equal parts frightening, mysterious and laughable. The combination makes Bolande's "The Forest Spirits" more than just a simple walk in the woods. —Tim Griffin



Jessica Stockholder, installation view, 1997.

Jessica Stockholder

Jay Gorney Modern Art, through May 10 (see Soho).

When you enter Jay Gorney's gallery, your field of vision is blocked by what appears to be a makeshift camp. There's the top of a truck turned on its side, and held in place by a crude wooden buttress. Behind it, a green light is glowing in what appears to be a scavenged light fixture, while reproductions of John Constable paintings hang in front—inappropriate decor, it seems, for so provisional an encampment.

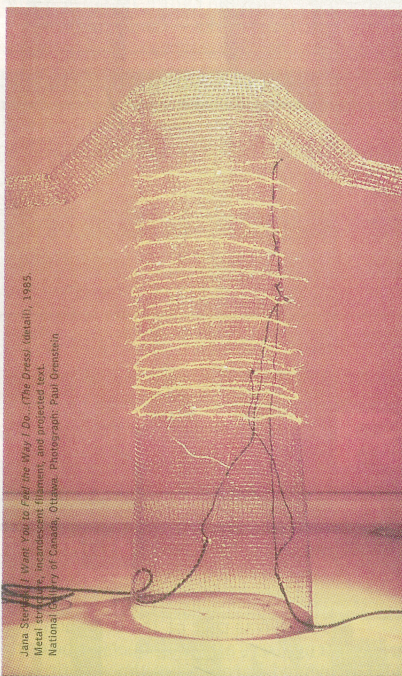
But when you actually go around this obstruction—pow!—a panoramic gush of color fills the interior of the truck's top. By choreographing our experience so deftly, artist Jessica Stockholder proves again that she is among the most accomplished installation artists around.

Although she uses store-bought objects that could be described as "object"

(pajamas, plastic, electrical ties, shoelaces), one makes little headway trying to connect them; there's no narrative here. But Stockholder isn't trying to confound us; she just wants us to enter a Zen realm of pure visual experience. I remember having an "aha" moment with Stockholder's breathtaking installation at Dia last year, when I realized that if you could somehow walk between Mary Heilman's brushstrokes, this is how it would feel.

I used to find Stockholder's objects more hit-and-miss. But here, each sculpture succeeds handsomely. Despite the artist's determination to preserve the aura of offhandedness, there's a perfect balance throughout. In fact, this work has changed my mind about my previous reservations concerning Stockholder—which is quite an achievement.

—Bill Arning



Jana Stockholder, *Vient Van Le Feel the Way I Do: (The Dress) (Jewelry)*, 1995.
Metal structure, independent filament, and projected text.
National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Photograph: Paul Greenstein

ART FASHION

March 12 – June 8

575 Broadway @ Prince St.

Hours

Wed – Fri and Sun 11am – 6pm

Sat 11am – 8pm

Closed Mon and Tues

Information 212 423 3500

Organized in conjunction with the Biennale di Firenze–Il Tempo e la Moda

GUGGENHEIM SOHO
downtown

Time Out

New York

The complete entertainment guide

May 1-8, 1997 Issue No. 84 \$1.95

INSIDE

Offbeat baby gifts

Spring art auctions

Music's Moe Tucker

Film's Wallace Shawn

PLUS

Eight
new plays
reviewed

#00000239428# THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY-LIBRARY
170 CENTRAL PARK WEST
NEW YORK NY 10024-5102

CAB-RT-SORT**C002
9609
p 10 9 53

SHE RHYMES WITH

BITCH

Roseanne plays the Wicked Witch of the West
in *The Wizard of Oz* at Madison Square Garden

\$1.95/\$2.95 Outside NY Metro Area



Time Out New York

627 Broadway, seventh floor,
New York, NY 10012

Listings/General Inquiries

Phone 212-539-4444 Fax 212-673-8382

Subscriptions

888-GET-TONY

Editorial

Fax 212-460-8744

Advertising

Fax 212-677-9665

Editor-in-Chief Cyndi Stivers

Publisher Vaughan Tebbe

Financial Director Daniel P. Reilly

EDITORIAL

Features Editor Christopher Bagley

Managing Editor Lisa Cindolo

Associate Features Editor Gillian Fassel

General Editors Jessica Lustig, William Lux,

Elizabeth Smolenski, Janet Steen

Assistant Managing Editor Mamie Healey

Editorial Assistant Daisy Chan

Around Town Robert Kolker

Art Howard Halle

Books & Poetry Susan Kelly

Byte Me Tom Samiljan

Cabaret Eric Myers

Check Out/Eat Out Brandon Holley (Editor),

Adam Sachs, Milena Damjanov

Clubs Adam Goldstone

Comedy Cynthia True

Dance Gia Kourlas

Film Aaron Gell (Editor), Stephan Talty,

Andrew Johnston

Gay & Lesbian James Ireland Baker

Kids Barbara Aria

Music: Classical & Opera Tom Samiljan

Music: Rock, Jazz, etc. Gail O'Hara (Editor),

Robert Kemp, K. Leander Williams, Robin Eisgrau

Radio Daisy Chan

Sports Joel Stein

Television John Sellers

Theater Sydney Weinberg (Editor), Sam Whitehead

Travel Mamie Healey

Video Aaron Gell

Contributing Editors Cathay Che, Stephin Merritt,

Roberto Santiago, Peter Wells

ART

Art Director Ron de la Peña

Associate Art Director Rommel Alama

Designer Michael Kenney

Assistant Designer Kelli Thompson

Promotion Designer Lou Maxon

Photo Editor Holly Spink

Photo Assistant Linda Liang

PRODUCTION

Acting Production Director Ayad Sinawi

Advertising Designer Bonnie Shelden,

Carole Otycka

Digital Operator Roopa Mascarenhas

ADVERTISING

Advertising Director Alison Tocci

Advertising Sales Representatives

Chad Carr, Erin Flynn, Christian Gregory, Dan

Kenefick, Jim Lally, Anne Pertion, Siobhan Shea

Advertising Production Coordinator

Samantha Smith

Classified Manager Tony Monteleone

Assistant to the Publisher Pamela Burgreen

MARKETING

Marketing Director Marisa Guillen Fariña

Marketing Executive Jaime Weston

CIRCULATION

Subscription Manager Anastasia Tasoulis

Single Copy Sales Manager Mimi Hall

Field Representatives

Hoon Chin, Patricia DeLuca, Jacqueline Ehrlert,

D. Douglas Gurney, Bosko Kacarevic,

Michael Klein, Mohammed Lawal, Susan Lee,

Matthew Lehrer, Aderemi Olateju,

Rebecca Sallar, Francine Shore,

Jeffrey Usamanont, Peter Usamanont

FINANCE

Accountant Laura Lynch

Senior Credit Analyst Marie Belizaire

Finance-Circulation Associate Sarah Ogu

Advertising Accounting Clerk Alma Lopez

ADMINISTRATION

Human Resources Manager

Maribel P. Aleman

Administrative Assistant Maria Raha

General Assistant Natalie Weekes

PUBLISHED BY TIME OUT

NEW YORK PARTNERS, LP.

Chairman Tony Elliott

Executive Committee Kevin Ellis,

William Louis-Dreyfus, Kevin Moore



Page 12 Grass roots: Is the pro-pot movement going up in smoke?

takeout

- 2 Check Out** Addams Family value? Illustrations for sale.
Music Cuts like a Knife—Japan's Shonen girls return.
Art Liquid assets: Gilbert & George launch two shows.
Theater The naked truth! Broadway Bares takes off.

features

- 6 Something wicked this way comes**
With her sitcom alter ego about to go into retirement, Roseanne comes out of the broom closet.
- 10 Let us now appraise famous men...**
Spring is the season for cleaning up at the art auctions.
- 12 Waiting to inhale**
Dope and glory: Pro-pot activists take to the streets.
- 15 Moe better**
The Velvets' Moe Tucker is back on the drumstick.
- 16 Mourning glory**
Wallace Shawn doesn't let writing brilliant plays stop him from playing aliens on TV. And that's why we love him.
- Check Out**
- 18 Baby booty** What do you get for the baby who has nothing? A shower of ideas.
- 21 Shoptalk** Crafty Columbus Avenue; a garage sale at a Queens Y; some face time at Soho Sanctuary.
- Eat Out**
- 23 Slice of Armenia** Memories of *lahmejoun*.
- 26 Where's the beefe?** Kitchen Arts & Letters keeps chefs up on their readin', roastin' and rumps.

May 1-8, 1997

Issue 84

This Week

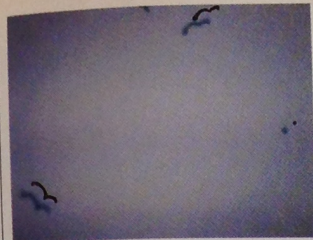
These sections contain event listings, interviews, reviews, previews and critics' picks.

- 27 Around Town & Museums**
With a list of street fairs.
- 36 Art**
- 42 Books & Poetry**
- 49 Cabaret**
- 51 Clubs**
- 55 Comedy**
- 57 Dance**
- 61 Film: Reviews**
Everything now playing, including Revivals & Alternatives.
- 78 Film: Times & Locations**
- 82 Gay & Lesbian**
- 85 Kids**
- 86 Music: Rock, Jazz, etc.**
Plus Album Reviews, a list of venues and Upcoming Shows (get tickets now!).
- 109 Music: Classical & Opera**
- 112 Sports**
- 113 Theater: Reviews**
Titanic, *The Little Foxes* and more. With discount ticket information.
- 117 Theater: Broadway**
- 119 Theater: Off Broadway**
- 122 Theater: Off-Off Broadway**
- 124 Travel**
- Time In**
- 125 Television**
- 127 Radio**
- 128 Video**
- 129 Byte Me**
- 131 Classifieds & Personals**
- 135 Ask Isadora**
- 136 Free Stuff**
Win tix to *The King And I* or *Othello*.



Page 18 Be my little baby: where to find shower gifts for city kids.

Cover: Deborah Wald

Laura Owens, *Untitled*, 1996.

Laura Owens Gavin Brown's enterprise, through May 10 (see Soho).

If size were the measure of significance, Laura Owens's paintings would be right up there in the pantheon of art. Owens fashions her work on a grand scale, filling her canvases with large planes of color, much like the Color Field painters to whom she's often been compared. Only Owens's version smacks of kitsch, even when considered alongside the likes of Ken Noland or Jules Olitski—let alone major figures such as Barnett Newman and Ad Reinhardt, both of whom invested color with an almost religious significance.

Owens's approach is more in keeping, perhaps, with the mild insouciance of a David Hockney. Like him, she blends elements of abstraction and representation, using the bright light and blank ambience of Los Angeles (from where she hails) as a sort of backdrop. Owens,

however, takes color and subject matter to far more breathtaking heights of banality. Her inoffensive mountains, seascapes and domestic interiors resemble those gratingly pleasant prints you usually see in motels and waiting rooms—except they're rendered ten times as big.

Simultaneously cheerful and drab, these works come off as the visual equivalent of Muzak, although naturally, Owens would prefer to convince us of her seriousness. This seems especially the case with the huge white canvas hanging in the back room, which plays with the well-worn practice (think Malevich and Rauschenberg) of reducing painting to a more or less "pure" white-on-white state that teeters on the boundary between image and abstraction. Here, Owens parodies the gallery system's standard-issue white walls, by treating her composition like a *mise-en-scène*: a show-within-the-show in which two of her other works are plainly sketched in.

Owens is obviously borrowing from Matisse's *Red Studio*, which took something of the same approach, monochrome canvas and all. But she really doesn't add much, except for her fussy self-reflexivity. As a gesture, this painting shows just how hyper-aware Owens is of her own situation vis-à-vis the history of art—but it also suggests that her position isn't as exalted as she might imagine. —Martha Schwendener



Jessica Stockholder, installation view, 1997.

Jessica Stockholder Jay Gorney Modern Art, through May 10 (see Soho).

When you enter Jay Gorney's gallery, your field of vision is blocked by what appears to be a makeshift camp. There's the top of a truck turned on its side, and held in place by a crude wooden buttress. Behind it, a green light is glowing in what appears to be a scavenged light fixture, while reproductions of John Constable paintings hang in front—inappropriate decor, it seems, for so provisional an encampment.

But when you actually go around this obstruction—pow!—a panoramic gush of color fills the interior of the truck's top. By choreographing our experience so deftly, artist Jessica Stockholder proves again that she is among the most accomplished installation artists around.

Although she uses store-bought objects that could be described as "abject"

(pajamas, plastic, electrical ties, shoelaces), one makes little headway trying to connect them; there's no narrative here. But Stockholder isn't trying to confound us; she just wants us to enter a Zen realm of pure visual experience. I remember having an "aha" moment with Stockholder's breathtaking installation at Dia last year, when I realized that if you could somehow walk between Mary Heilman's brushstrokes, this is how it would feel.

I used to find Stockholder's objects more hit-and-miss. But here, each sculpture succeeds handsomely. Despite the artist's determination to preserve the aura of offhandedness, there's a perfect balance throughout. In fact, this work has changed my mind about my previous reservations concerning Stockholder—which is quite an achievement.

—Bill Arning

Jennifer Bolande, *"The Forest Spirits,"* 1997.

Jennifer Bolande, "The Forest Spirits" Baron/Boisanté, through May 24 (see 57th Street).

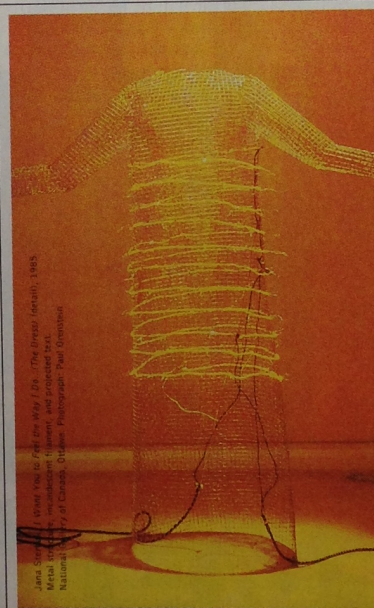
Looking up at the clouds in search of familiar shapes is a timeless pursuit. And ascertaining something in nature where there is, in fact, nothing has preoccupied artists throughout history. Leonardo da Vinci instructed students to stare at an empty wall and draw what they envisioned there. Max Ernst took leaves and pieces of wood, placed them beneath sheets of paper and rubbed the surface so that networks of veins and knots became visions of birds, moons or entire forests.

It's easy to see that Jennifer Bolande continues something of this tradition in

"The Forest Spirits," where she presents a sort of update on "frottage," as Ernst called his process. Computer-scanning an old postcard of a wooded Irish trail (an almost suffocating passageway running under arching trees), Bolande stretches, folds and splices the image. The results teeter on the brink of baroque abstraction; atmospheric splays of light and webs of high-reaching branches collapse into disarrayed angles and perspective lines.

But Bolande also leaves you in a spooky place. Horned devils and gleaming-eyed demons begin to stare back at you from all that bark and dappled sunshine, and a scary story seems to unfold. Separate paths in one image merge in the next; an indistinct, glowing shape grows larger from print to print. Mostly, though, there's the sensation of floating between two worlds. Shadows are divorced from their sources, and creatures appear and disappear within a blink of the eye—which is, in a way, our own physiological counterpart to the wind blowing through the willows.

Seen as a series of modulating abstractions, Bolande's prints appear less romantic than scientific—as if her computer had swept up nature in a whirlwind of fractals to reveal its hidden face. Nevertheless, finding such shapes within shapes is like hearing a knock in the dark, or being brushed on the shoulder by some unseen presence: It can be equal parts frightening, mysterious and laughable. The combination makes Bolande's "The Forest Spirits" more than just a simple walk in the woods. —Tim Griffin



ART FASHION

March 12 – June 8

575 Broadway @ Prince St

Hours

Wed – Fri and Sun 11am – 6pm

Sat 11am – 8pm

Closed Mon and Tues

Information 212 423 3500

Organized in conjunction with the Biennale di Firenze—Il Tempo e la Moda

GUGGENHEIM SOHO
downtown