Present Tense

Nine Artists in the Nineties
Present Tense: *Nine Artists in the Nineties*

Janet Cardiff
Iran do Espirito Santo
Felix Gonzalez-Torres
Jim Hodges
Charles Leibray
Gabriel Orozco
Jennifer Pastor
Kathryns Spence
Steve Wolfe

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
Foreword and Acknowledgments

Present Tense: Nine Artists in the Nineties brings together artists whose work is loosely bound by its consideration of the temporal and fragile nature of human existence and the shared ground between memory and experience. While varying widely in scale and media, from extremely intimate objects to room-sized installations, the forty-eight works in this exhibition have in common an almost obsessive fascination with craft and materiality derived from internal explorations of loss, intimacy, and the passage of time. However, these works were selected not because they fit within a theoretical discourse. Indeed, the appeal lies in their focus on the directness of personal experience—not as a withdrawal into narcissism or solipsism, but rather as an attempt to affirm individuality in the world through physical place and social relations.

This exhibition is part of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's New Work series, which presents recent or commissioned work by both younger and established artists, primarily in solo exhibitions. It is our hope that this group format of this presentation will allow a fuller examination of a number of artists whose combined activity reflects distinctive—if not defining—characteristics of the present moment in contemporary art. We are deeply obliged to the Collectors Forum of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art for its generous sponsorship of this exhibition, and of the entire New Work series.

This project was conceived and organized by three of the Museum's curators: Janet Bishop, Andrew R. Mellon Foundation associate curator of painting and sculpture, Gary Garrels, Elise S. Haas chief curator and curator of painting and sculpture; and John S. Weber, Leanne and George Roberts curator of education and public programs. Warming thanks are due to each of them for their part in this collaboration—on with another and with the nine Present Tense artists with whom they worked so closely.

The curators were assisted by many other SFMOMA staff members in the organization of this exhibition. In particular, I would like to recognize the efforts of Olga Cheryshev, associate registrar; Nick Cockerlane, conservator; Suzanne Feld, curatorial assistant; Tina Garfinkel, head registrar; Barbara Levine, exhibitions manager; Heather Lind, former secretary for the Department of Painting and Sculpture; Kent Roberts, installation manager; Rico Solinas, museum technician; and Marceleone Trujillo, exhibitions assistant. The curators and staff also extend special thanks to John R. Lane, former director, under whose leadership this project was conceived and who has been an ardent supporter of the New Work examination program for the past ten years.

Express thanks are extended to the authors of the texts in this publication, the three curators, who wrote lucid commentary on the specific artists and work in the show, and guest essayists Julie Ault and Bill Hayes, who contributed more meditative texts on some of the cultural
and philosophical issues raised by this artwork. Thanks are also due to Suzanne Feld, who compiled the extensive bibliographies and exhibition histories, and to Kara Kirk, SFMOMA publications manager: Alexandra Chappell, SFMOMA publications assistant: David Albertson, designer, and Karen A. Jacobson, editor, for the editorial, design, and production expertise they brought to bear on this project.

In addition to works from the Museum's own collection, Present Tense includes many pieces on loan from private and institutional collections. We are deeply indebted to the following lenders for their willingness to share their works: Alexandra Chappell, SFMOMA publications manager; and Karen A. Jacobson, editor. for the editorial, design, and production expertise they brought to bear on this project.

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The approach of these artists is disciplined but not programmatic. The distinction, specificity, and individuality of each work is carefully tended. These works are not about rhetorical posturing or ideological positioning. They grow out of the physical qualities of materials, the processes of making, a succession of choices influenced by what has come immediately before, by evidence of the possible.

The passage of time, the frailty and vulnerability of existence, the tenuousness of equilibrium are explicit subjects defining the content of many of these works. But this does not result in a sense of despair, frustration, or anger; the mood is more affirmative. The transformation of the ordinary, the overlooked, the ignored confirms the resilience of the human spirit. Consciousness is not evaded but celebrated, yielding pleasure, humor, and delight, even a tentative and conditional hopefulness.

Today the social net has been left frayed. but the connections between personal and public space, have not been abandoned by the artists in this exhibition. Their work often proposes a shared continuum, a permeable membrane between these areas. As these artists reveal something of themselves, they entice us to ask ourselves about the values that mark our lives and our time. We are not at ease in the present, but to see the present with more clarity may allow us to acknowledge our contradictions and vulnerability and to affirm our existence more fully.

Bill Hayes

Human beings have proved themselves brilliant at reconstructing the past and nearly incapable of predicting the future. Archaeologists, paleontologists, and biographers are accorded the highest respect for their grave-digging, while futuroists—clairvoyants, astrologers, and sci-fi visionaries—are given the credence of a fortune cookie. By now we are supposed to have floating cars and colonies on Mars, not to mention a cure for AIDS, aren't we?

Of course, all mistakes are forgotten. Our wild imaginings persist. I think this must be, in part, because we each believe we can have a hand in shaping, even changing, the future just by imagining it—a feat that, by definition, the past resists. And by imagining how things might be, we are communicating with those who follow us. This human effort to speak across the years is terribly poignant. I suppose that's why time capsules have always haunted and intrigued me.

I witnessed my first time capsule burial when I was eight years old. It took place on the grounds of Fort Wright College, a Catholic women's school in Spokane, the same summer as the first moon landing. As the only boy in our family, I had the privilege of accompanying my father, owner of the Inland Empire Coca-Cola Bottling Company, who had been invited to contribute. At a precisely choreographed moment in the ceremony, he deposited a pristine Coke bottle into the mini faux missile, which was to remain underground, untouched, for one hundred years.

My mind buzzed with questions I was too well behaved to ask. How will anyone ever find it? Will it remember the right spot to dig it up? What will they learn about us? And, most urgently, who'll get to drink the century-old soda pop? I remember little else about the time capsule but this: the keep-me-up-at-night impatience I felt for it to be unburied, just as soon as the missile hatch was shut.

Curiously, I drove a boy to the brink of an existential crisis that would seem more hilarious now. Twenty-eight years later, if its impact were not still reverberating. The Coke-bottle time capsule taught me an incisive lesson about mortality that the catechism nuns never did manage to clarify. The capsule's opening date was just far enough away to ensure that none of the original witnesses would be remaining. No matter how I did the math, I knew that even an eight-year-old would not be alive in one hundred years. Our elaborate surprise was meant for a whole new world.

I've since discovered that it was some uncelebrated genius at the Westinghouse Corporation who dreamed up this idea. The first time capsule was conceived as a promotional spectacle for the 1939 New York World's Fair. It shared exhibition space in an elaborate, omegashaped building with the Singing Tower of Light and the fair's star attraction, a giant performing robot named Elektro. Shaped without irony, like a torpedo, the sleek...
One day I simply pulled it from the shelf. After everyone had left work, I carefully covered it with my jacket, breezily said goodbye to the security guard, and took it home. Some people might say I did this all on purpose, or that I was not concerned with the future. Whatever the future brings, when the hatch is opened, the box unsealed, and the light snapped pencil points gave the fifth exclamation mark more urgency. Some rambling messages completely filled the page. Others, drifting calmly, dead center, were short and bittersweet.

What is it to be happy? will never be the same.

The whole experience was eerie. I couldn't help feeling that I had unearthed a chorus of voices speaking directly to me. I stopped and left the box on our kitchen table not bothering to secure it closed with fresh masking tape. Our time capsule was awfully pathetic-looking. It would never have survived recycling day, much less the Armageddon. But I see now that its disposable appearance was irrelevant. Beneath the indestructible, week-long trappings, the contents of the World's Fair time capsule were also touchingly prosaic, newspapers, a newsreel but no newsreel projector!, and thousands of pages on microfilm. The text of everyday life-America, 1939-could be left in a scrapbook round, but could be left in a scrapbook or hung on a museum wall. Creating a time capsule requires imagination much further back in history than the AIDS pandemic which we didn't envision when we made a time capsule five years ago. The new protease inhibitor drugs give us more life, yet more time to wait: these drugs may delay death but have not stopped HIV. As it happens, too, the human race is at century's edge, and I think we could call either way backward or forward in time, upon memory or imagination. We are standing at the lip of the Immortal Well with no idea what's going to happen next. Thus is what present tense is.

Our lives here resemble pieces of paper, with San Francisco as the time capsule in which we are contained. Left in darkness, simply exposed to the air, paper warps, turns brittle. AIDS damages us in the same way. Unlike objects in the World's Fair time capsule—for ever preserved in copper, glass, and nitrogen—we will not be protected from the effects of illness, grief, and aging, whatever the future brings. When the pandemic ends—when the hatch is opened, the box unsealed, and the light finally is on—what will people see in our faces? How will they find us? What will we say?

I did eventually repack the time capsule, seal it with industrial-strength duct tape, and return it to storage at the AIDS Foundation, where it remains. Leaving it behind. I'll never forget how the quieter voices inside the box crept. We have managed to extract as much good out of AIDS as possible, they reminded me.

It has helped us grow by giving us a sense of our own mortality at younger age.

Indeed, amid the hundreds of pieces of paper, in the end I heard nothing more touching than the modest admissions of strength and kindness—sentiments as hokey, heartfelt, and prototypically American as if they had come straight from 1939. In their whispered messages to people fifty years from now. I found answers to my original question. How had people like myself survived?
Everything is more complicated than visible

Julie Ault

The dedication that precedes Tom Morrison's stunning novel Sula reads: "It is sheer good fortune to miss somebody long before they leave you. This book is for Ford and Slade, whom I miss although they have not left me." The sentiment that these words evoke struck me as remarkably mature. I imagined that Morrison's view was rooted in emotional liberation arrived at via a uniquely shaped configuration of pain and accumulated losses.

Her words also sparked an internal disjunction as though I were saying those words to him. The good fortune lies in not taking someone's presence for granted. It is good fortune to know the power and fragility of our connections to one another.

Horizontal mental formations are not so orderly. In fact, they often seem messy. They seem to contradict and evade principles and vocabularies of containment. Thoughts, recollections, dreams, and fantasies commonly involve psychic activities such as scanning across time and events in histories: blending of symbols and stories; and insinuations—people and objects standing in for other people and other objects. Confusing recollections, grafting information and interpenetrating associations of ideas attest to the fact that our subtle mental and emotional movements cannot accurately be assigned a stable narrative or trajectory. Nor is it precise to say that these movements speak from or to a single tense. Language acts bluntly now to reconceal one's private feelings, processes, and experiences with outward forms of expression.

How is tense expressed in other languages or in visual terms, for instance, chromatically?

In the 1930s color film was new and special. It provided a glimpse of what was to come. Excitement over technological advancement and notions of progress glowed in the collective imagination. Color film technology promised a possible fusion of representation and reality that black-and-white could never provide.

Perhaps the most popular and widely known chromatic enactment of the symbolic shift from black-and-white to color occurs in the 1939 classic, The Wizard of Oz. In the film's earliest scenes, Dorothy is depicted in her home and surroundings in Kansas. These scenes are shot in black-and-white, what Salman Rushdie calls a "multiplicity of shades of gray." Kansas—the home of origin and childhood—the one we can't return to—is monochromatic and has little offer, it is without options. The tones of sadness inherent in this monochromatic rendering are tones of yearning, i.e., there's no place but home, and there's no place like home.

In the story a tornado lifts Dorothy's house and carries her on a surrealistic journey through the sky. When the house lands, "Dorothy emerges from her bed-room with foto in her arms. We have reached the moment of color. The first color shot, in which Dorothy walks away from the camera toward the front door of the house, is deliberately dull, an attempt to match the preceding monochrome. But once the door is open, color floods the screen." On—on—the ride, the adult inhabited world or home at large—is cut, and we see it vivid, full of life; and endlessly multiplying possibilities. Color here might symbolize the increasing variety to be achieved with industrial society and consumer culture. In the new home at large people are connected through electronic media, which is "living color."

Within the last half century the two modes of photographic reproduction—black-and-white and color—have traded places in terms of which is pervasive and standard, dramatically altering and complicating relations to history and entertainment within our visual environment. The reasons for this exchange are traceable to economic, technological, and manufacturing developments as well as to people's desires and expectations for the arenas of representation and leisure.

The truth is the most important value we have because the truth does not endure. If the Government murders truth, if you cannot respect the hearts of these people, then this is no longer the country in which we were born..." —Jim Garrison, Played by Kevin Costner in JFK

While the selection of black-and-white color was usually economically determined in former times, it is now largely a choice cultural producers make; it is a device, a manipulation intended to elicit and reproduce certain meanings, in color expresses presence and, less emphatically perhaps, future tense, then black-and-white is the chromatic past tense.

When black-and-white is employed in the aesthetic field (art, advertising, personal and collective archiving), its system of tones alludes to history—history as memory but also history as document. Black-and-white modes of reproduction can trigger emotions and conceptions about the past which stand in, for, prevent, recollection processes: destination nostalgia. What then becomes of the relation between memory and history? In place of certainty, I want to propose both memory and history, for today each informs the other with an ease of substitution that is distinctly not modern neither separate nor unified, but equal.

Preminger Hollywood minstrel of documentary and fiction Oliver Stone favors optical processes and devices commonly used in television i.e., advertising and MTV art, as such montage, alternating chromatic systems, rear-screen projection, and varying film speeds. In 1991 Warner Bros. released the director's heavily promoted epic JFK. The fast-paced form consists of alternating segments of black-and-white historical footage, documentary-style re-creations of the same footage, and color sequences, which together compose a skilfully crafted "fictionalized documentary." The film attempts to explain what is to
evokes gentler, less cynical times and 1950s notions of nation and home. His murder remains a landmark of U.S. history, marking a turning point when many Americans first questioned the government's version of events. For Stone the assassination coincided with his parents' divorce, which "left me feeling that there was a mask on everything, a hidden negative truth. The film seems to represent his attempt to unravel the truth. I believe the Warren Commission Report is a myth. In order to fight a myth, maybe you have to create another one, a countermyth."9

What is significant here is how Stone proceeded to make a credible counterpoint in film. It is a remarkable piece of filmmaking, as evidenced by its box office success and critical acclaim. The film "JFK" was a landmark of its time, raising questions about the assassination and its aftermath. The film's narrative style is direct and unapologetic, challenging the official version of events and suggesting a deeper complexity to the story. Stone's approach to filmmaking is a testament to the power of cinema as a medium for exploring complex historical events.

Memory. It is unstable, fragile, and problematic. At present, it is not a question of whether or not one is capable of remembering, but of what is remembered and its relation to what is remembered, or to its "reality." History is not a laborious construct by the facts but just by so many memories, inferred not by events but by their representations. It is as elusive as anything else in today's society.10

Myth. The technique he deployed is effective in mythmaking and truth telling and produce confusion between the two through their conflation. In the act of creation, documentary and dramatics are integrated. Documentary footage of actual events nestled in "stories" that are not necessarily histories, is transformed into "truth" and "fact"—what seems to be history, at least temporarily. To further effect authenticity, Stone "re-created" the assassination from different vantage points at the Dallas location where it took place.

The relevance of the footage one might associate him with is that indelible footage of what happened in the concentration camps. Spielberg shifted on location at the very sites of historical events—in the streets of Kraków, at the gates of Auschwitz. About 30 percent of the film was photographed with handheld cameras. The film's cinematographer approached the project as if he had to photograph it fifty years ago, with no lights, no-dolly, no tripod.

But already we may speak of the body as an ever advancing boundary between the future and the past, as a painted end, which our past is continually driving forward into our future.12

It was simply more real to have certain imperfections in the camera movement, or soft images. All those elements add to the emotional side of the movie.12

Whether encountering Gonzalez-Torre's billboard and signage or other urban surroundings, looking through a family photo album, or watching a well-crafted cinematic recreation of a historical event, one's ability to clearly comprehend the information contained within black-and-white depiction is diminished. It's a formal thing. Vision gets shadowy and indistinct as we see what are interpreted with personal and collective latent material, as memories and desires deep into the mix.

Spielberg and Stone inhabit the heavy-handed, manipulative extreme of the spectrum—more intent on authoritatively rescuing history than on anything else. In Gonzalez-Torres's work, by contrast, internal processes are articulated, and memory and conceptions of history are activated rather than claimed. The piece there is not to take issue with particular versions of history but to attempt an understanding of what gets excluded by virtue of the way content is communicated, of how those methods are only after content but are content. The techniques, processes, and industries by which memory and history are apprehended, articulated, and distributed tend to slip off in variegated emotional and social directions. Artistic approaches, methods, and tools applied in describing events in time effectively function as aesthetic ideologies. One hazard to the system lies in inductive selection and packaging of information, which, by design, excludes conflict and interconnection of ideas akin to mental processes and formations that are ordered differently, which is not to say disorder.

"Within this process of folding, formatting, and packaging, the past is being cut into little bits and pieces, and then mixed together into a contemporary sample supposed to represent a whole. But these samples are always only segments, and are sometimes isolated from their underlying and constitutive historical processes, sometimes only stripped bare of their anchors, insulat ed from their formal context. What easily gets lost in this formatting enterprise is an understanding of the past as a political terrain in front of which our present is negotiated."12
Plates
Janet Cardiff's work of the 1990s has taken a variety of forms—encompassing installations utilizing photography, film, video, and sculptural components—but its distinctive element has been her perceptually engaging, psychologically riveting use of recorded sound and speech. In the past few years she has moved out of the galleryborrows from sources such as film, video, and TV, three-dimensionality perceivedultimately fits into no a...

Cardiff employs a binaural sound; snippets of audio apparently sampled from TV, genre films, or radio melodramas; and observations or questions whispered by an unidentified man. The result is an audio collage that borrows from sources such as film noir, avant-garde cinema, modernist fiction, and radio plays but which ultimately fits into no accepted category of art making.

Cardiff also employs. The audio recorder seems to capture the world exactly, with a degree of verisimilitude that mimics "natural" perception. But all three technologies preserve slices of an unrecoverable past and thereby inevitably evoke absence as well as presence. Noting that "it felt like I came home when I started working with audio," Cardiff says that her work concerns a dialogue between inside and outside, between the mind and the external realities it perceives, between the gallery and the exterior world, and between individuals. Through memory, sound, and the layering of perceptions, she seeks to transport vision beyond the limits of the eye, "triggering the effect of an entire movie with just a few words."

Iran do Espirito Santo makes wall drawings that allude to the three-dimensional space of architecture, transformed into flat planes, like artificial shadows, retinal after-images, or disembodied memories. His sculptures likewise are perceived more as pictures of things than as solid objects. In all of his work, experience is intricately linked to self-conscious processes of perception, the connection of the eye and the mind seamlessly sealed but made evident.

For Espirito Santo's installation for Present Tense, two corners of the monumental fifth-floor gallery at SFMOMA were divided from the main space and turned into more domestically scaled rooms, one step toward the privacy and intimacy of personal experience, but still a public arena. The artist painted sections of the walls with patterns of bricks in different shades of gray (cat. no. 3), echoing and fragmenting the exterior walls of the museum, which can be seen beyond the end of each room, through an immense window, a transparent membrane between interior and exterior. With focused observation, the outside walls can be recognized as a cladding of brick—not structural, but decorative—evoking the solidity and history of a traditional building rather than making apparent the underlying steel structure.

Espirito Santo sets up a dialogue about what we see and how we understand what we see. The divisions between exterior and interior, façade and support, illusion and reality are brought into focus, a continuum extended from physical materials to the construction of the mind. Our sense of self-awareness is enhanced, making us more receptive to the heightened vividness of the present.

At the same time the artist reveals that a sense of identity is made of a layered synthesis of experience and memories, nostalgia and the assumed certainties of a sifted past confronted by the perplexities of the present. Espirito Santo is also playing with the idea of the “vanishing point,” the convention of Renaissance painting by which three-dimensional space could be depicted on the two-dimensional surface of a painting. One of the key developments of twentieth-century art has been the rejection and subversion of this Renaissance illusionism. Espirito Santo brings this illusionism into the here and now of a place, into which we are introduced as actors, animators of a silent tableau. In his installation at SFMOMA the artist accentuated the ambiguities of orientation and illusion by propping against the gallery walls planes of glass whose surfaces are sanded, mirrored, and left transparent in different geometric combinations (cat. nos. 5–6). These objects become displaced windows, not functional, but optical and metaphorical. In one room he placed a small, lamplike sculpture made of stainless steel (cat. no. 2). Its physicality dissolves, the spaces around it are reflected but absorbed; it does not emit light but rather reflects it.

While Espirito Santo’s work is conceptual and analytical, it is also playful, undermining strict logic. The physicality and particularity of a place and a point of view, the instability and specificity of experience, are brought forward. The procedures of vision are made visible; our reliance on patterns of relations and memories is revealed. We are left with a heightened but frail sense of consciousness, celebrated but vulnerable. —G.G.
In the decade or so of Felix Gonzalez-Torres’s mature career, the artist created a number of focused bodies of work, going “back and forth between different strategies,” as he described it, using extraordinarily poetic means to address not only the intimate and personal but the public and political as well.

Much of Gonzalez-Torres’s work is characterized by its egalitarianism. Like his paper stack pieces, which consist of limitless offset prints to which anyone is welcome, the works known as “candy spills” have an ideal size for the purposes of exhibition and are endlessly replenishable, as viewers are invited to take and eat a piece of the wrapped candy. The candy pieces in the present exhibition (CAT. nos. 8-9) are both portraits whose ideal weights are based on those of their subjects, in this case 175 pounds each. The white mints of Untitled (Portrait of Dad) (1991) are almost ghostly, whereas Untitled (Portrait of Ross in L.A.) (1991) is a spirited pile of brightly colored candies called Fruit Flashers. Made for the artist’s longtime lover, Ross Laycock, the piece encourages delectation—to behold, to taste, to savor, which sometimes comes too soon, as part of the cycle of nature. Unlike the spills and stacks, these works are not subject to the threat of disappearance.

Among the other works in the exhibition is one of the artist’s extraordinarily simple, yet elegant strings of lights—a strand of illuminated white bulbs which can be installed in any configuration desired (CAT. no. 7). Gonzalez-Torres made the pieces because, as he said, “I needed light at that time. I needed optimism.” His repeated attention to imagery of birds also reflects a sense of hopefulness, a desire to look skyward, to dream. Untitled (Vultures) (1995; CAT. no. 10) consists of fourteen gelatin silver prints, each showing a constellation of black birds, like tiny stars in silhouette against a vast sky. For an artist who came of age in the era of AIDS and lost his companion to related causes five years before succumbing to the disease himself, this soaring sense of endless possibility is coupled with the inevitability of death.

1. All quotes are from “Untitled (a talk),” a feature guest by Felix Gonzalez-Torres at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, 15 March 1995.
The central work by Jim Hodges in this exhibition is an enormous scrim titled *No Betweens* (1996; cat. no. 12), composed of petals and leaves of silk flowers, sewn together end to end, floating across the room, cascading from the ceiling beam to the floor. The piece was made over the duration of a summer by Hodges, who worked with family members and friends, taking apart artificial flowers, ironing and flattening the petals, pinning them together, and finally securing them side by side with needle and thread. The resulting scrim is thirty feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, with a spectrum of saturated colors at the top, gradually shifting to nearly white at the bottom. Sumptuously and unabashedly beautiful, it is monumental in scale, but its presence is diaphanous, fragile, and delicate. Multiple metaphors are evoked. It is a membrane and a memorial, tethering life and death in epic sweep.

In the same gallery are two works of human scale. One is a grouping of spider-web-like forms made from thin silver chains (cat. no. 11). They do not replicate nature but are woven from impressions and memories, an elaborate artifice, alluring and seductive. If touched and disturbed, they would collapse, for they are suspended and shaped by only the most fragile support. Nearby is a pair of fractured mirrors mounted on canvas (cat. no. 13), their web-like tendrils disrupting the smooth surface of illusion. These mirrors evoke the transformation of Narcissus, the mythological figure transfixed by his own reflection, turned into a flower by the gods, deprived of human life but renewed each spring. Both of these works are shiny lures, fragile but threatening. Here human character is poignantly evident: the vanity, hubris, and frailty that lead us to set traps for ourselves.

Hodges's works are made from humble, mundane materials, transformed and elevated in value and meaning. They convey romantic longing, precarious beauty, the transience of existence. Not stable, self-contained objects, they shift in our perception and imagination, between transparency and reflectiveness. We are invited to bring our personal experience into a dialogue with them. Optically we are teased and delighted, but these pleasures are not to be completely trusted. It is nevertheless apparent that a great deal of time, care, and craft went into the making of these works, and this imparts a seriousness, a gravity of purpose, which holds our attention.

Hodges's work evokes a sense of yearning and loss, of love and memory. As the work of a gay man living in New York in the 1990s, it almost inevitably resonates with the devastation of the AIDS crisis, of too many friends and lovers who have died. While Hodges's art gains strength from its formal and abstract complexity, it is grounded in experiences and emotions that mark our time.—G. G.
Since his first solo exhibition in New York in 1991, Charles LeDray has fashioned a remarkable range of psychologically loaded sculptures, frequently conceived in miniature scale and all handcrafted by the artist himself with an immaculate degree of finish and perfection.

LeDray learned to sew as a child, and his earliest mature works take the form of stuffed animals and tiny clothes, carefully sewn and pieced together to form allegorical compositions. Come Together (1995–96; cat. no. 16) demonstrates the fragility, delicacy, and psychological drama of this work. Above a small, brightly embroidered work shirt, an arc of tiny clothes "comes together" in a rainbow celebration of apparent unity. On the work shirt itself, LeDray has embroidered an array of images that create a naïve, almost goofy recollection of silly dreams of the counterculture. Together the mixture betrays a touching, almost bittersweet nostalgia for the era of the artist's childhood.

In Step Ladder (1997; cat. no. 17) LeDray depicts a wooden utility ladder precisely carved in miniature. Although it appears to be of ivory, Step Ladder is carved from human bone. When this is taken into account, it loses its aura of domesticity and becomes a memento mori for the common man—delicate, tender, and achingly somber. LeDray describes Step Ladder as "an attempt to illustrate that afterlife is what we leave behind."

As a young man in Seattle, LeDray assembled a large collection of memorabilia from the 1962 Seattle World's Fair, and in a very display of fictionalized souvenirs titled Civic Center (1995–96; cat. no. 13), he revisits the mood of civic optimism prevalent at such events. Handcrafted and placed on pedestals, his "Century 21" cigars, ashtray, cigar cutter, spittoon, and Space Needle cigar lighter form an ironic corporate promotional campaign. Pitched to appeal to the desires of an imagined Cold War patriarch, it comes complete with gender-based symbols and phallocentricties.

Milk and Honey (1994–96; cat. no. 14), on which LeDray worked for three years, is a subtly remarkable piece consisting of a large vitrine filled with two thousand tiny white porcelain vessels. A viewer's initial impression of sameness is quickly contradicted by the observation that each little piece, handmade by the artist, is unique. Although empty, these vessels are filled with the care and consideration that LeDray has lavished on them, and the combined effect of their milky, monochromatic plenitude is austere and breathtaking. —J. W.
In both his sculptures and his photographs Gabriel Orozco works with ordinary objects and found materials that have been altered and transformed to provoke a reconsideration of everyday experience. Issues of balance and equilibrium, the tenuousness and fragility of existence, and the fleeting and evanescent nature of time are given poetic, metaphorical presence in his work.

Orozco was born and raised in Mexico and studied art in Mexico City before moving to Madrid in the mid 1980s. His art is grounded in the work of Marcel Duchamp and the Parisian Surrealists, which has been a strong current of influence throughout Latin America for decades. At the same time the Mexican experience frequently infuses Orozco’s work with an earthy humbleness and connection to nature and landscape.

Recaptured Nature (Naturaleza recuperada) (1990; cat. no. 18) is a large, seed-pod-like sphere carefully constructed from the inner tube of a truck tire. The industrially processed rubber is taken back to nature, to a primordial origin. Filled with air, the sculpture is by intention unstable, its form and existence dependent on the environment. This work also

alleges to cultures on the margin of industrial society, for example, the poor neighborhoods and towns of Mexico, where rubber from tires is routinely reused and patched together by hand to serve new functions. Much of Orozco’s work deals with public space and the recognition of public values and conventions. The sculpture Four Bicycles (There Is Always One Direction) (1994; cat. no. 25) is composed of four bicycles, stripped of handlebars and seats, precariously balanced in a tower, a transitory monument to the public life of the street and to the fragility of ecological balance. Habemus Vespam (We Have a Vespa) (1995-96; on view in the atrium of SFMOMA) is, by contrast, a monument, carved in stone, to the ubiquitous scooter used in Italian cities, parked in any available niche of public space. In this work it becomes a permanent memorial, a bit of street furniture, a marker of place, which takes on a patina echoing the touch of thousands of hands and bodies passing by it over time.

For Migration (1993; cat. no. 27), Orozco took a picture from a National Geographic magazine of cranes flying over a sandbar, overlaying each bird with a small ball of plasticine and rephotographing the altered image. Scale, place, and identity are rendered ambiguous, motion caught and stilled. In the photograph Autumn Umbrella (1993; cat. no. 20), the artist rearranged the spokes of a broken umbrella found on a Paris street and scattered leaves around them, making an altered still life of absence, which suggests a stranded rain-forest insect. A delicate sense of humor and formal beauty informs both Orozco’s sculptures and his photographs, inviting the viewer to consider the conundrums he has created through his ambiguities of image and materials and his explorations of physicality and displacement, frozen memory and passing time. —G.G.
Jennifer Pastor's cycle of the four seasons is as unabashedly beautiful as it is unsettling. Fabricated with extraordinary care, the sculptural elements are uncanny in both their realism and their artifice, a distinction not necessarily easy to discern. The possibilities of the work expand through the relationship of the individual seasons to one another and to space, thus making notions of presentation as significant as those of representation.

John James Audubon's Birds of America was one of many sources of inspiration for the piece, particularly for The Four Seasons: Fall (1994–96; cat. no. 25). "This project was really influenced by one print of crows on corn, which looks a little like a rape scene because the corn is in various stages of undress in the husks... And the corn silks are incredibly sensual, and being ripped apart..." Brimming with fertility, the copper stalks, painted a brilliant green, bear intensely yellow, hyper-real cobs, each individualized with a superabundance of kernels. Pastor's cluster of cornstalks is not so far from life scale, yet in a gallery setting it appears more exaggerated given its extra girth and relative height, less like the product of an ordinary farm than the prize-winning stalk at the county fair or something from a dream.

Pastor's representations of spring and summer are also physically disorienting. The exquisitely rendered moth of The Four Seasons: Spring (1994–96; cat. no. 26) is microscopic in relationship to the other seasons, but surprisingly large when viewed up close. An interpretive hybrid of selected features (both male and female), it seems both life-like in its detail and far too exotic to be familiar to anyone but an entomologist. Mounted flush against the gallery wall, it appears to have just flown in from the rain forest. In The Four Seasons: Summer (1994–96; cat. no. 27), an imaginary beach seems to have been washed away from underneath the fiberglass seashells.

The Four Seasons: Winter (1994–96; cat. no. 28) consists of two groves of trees cantilevered from the gallery wall. Too small to be mistaken for real evergreens, the perfect, snow-capped trees seem more like products from a Christmas wholesaler, which could just as easily have ended up in a holiday window display. More important than the source for the piece, however, is the way in which the trees function sculpturally, leaving the white gallery wall cool, snowbound, and integral to the landscape scene.

The Four Seasons resonates with notions of the passage of time, apparent in both the obsessiveness and the painstaking labor that went into making the works and the metaphorical nature of their subject. Taking elements from different landscapes—the beach, the forest, the mountains, and the plains—and presenting each at the peak of its season, Pastor creates a situation of simultaneity that cannot exist in the real world, neither in time nor in place. The gallery space, however, offers physical brackets for this distillation of perfect specimens at perfect moments, inviting the viewer to determine his or her own place among these at once familiar and otherworldly forms.

Kathryn Spence's work directly addresses the relationship between our emotional and physical comfort, between our psyches and our stuff. For the past several years the San Francisco-based artist has made work that has entailed piling, layering, and the transformation of previously used objects through accumulation. Spence stacks tiny clothes into meticulously sorted piles of laundry, for instance, and dresses dolls to look like rabbits, then adorns them with so many layers of clothing that they take on an almost absurd physical form while, at the same time, embodying something of the vulnerability of homeless people who carry their belongings on their backs.

Spence often documents the sculptural objects that she makes with large-scale color photographs, such as Untitled (red car) (1994; CAT. NO. 29), an image of a matchbox-size car stuffed and piled with bits and scraps of garbage. By presenting what might be a pitiable vehicle for a migrant family of dolls many times larger than the original, the artist is able to direct the way the viewer perceives the object. One is forced to confront what might otherwise be overlooked or dismissed, to reconsider the significance of something small, either in physical character or perceived importance. The photographs blur the distinction between art and documentation as they re-present artwork in a format that is not only larger but also much more costly to produce than the original, thus calling attention to what we value, both in the art world and beyond.

Spence's mud animals (CAT. NO. 35–38) have ordinary stuffed toys at their core, their original excessive cuteness concealed by the wet earth applied to their surfaces. Though they usually retain something of their shape, these animals are far removed from the cuddly, plush creatures that are widely associated with the comforts of childhood; the dogs, bears, or, more recently, less identifiable creatures become instead fragile human surrogates that seek the protection of a shell, which only makes them more physically and psychologically vulnerable. With their eyes still exposed, the animals appear to be hiding from both themselves and the world.

Somewhat apart from Spence's other work is the series of small, lunch-size bags made from the leaves of a heavily annotated Bible found by the artist (CAT. NO. 31). The bags also offer a record of accumulation, but in this case not of something material, but of thoughts and words. The Bible itself was clearly read voraciously by its original owner, who supplemented the printed text with extensive personal notes inscribed in different colored inks between lines and in the margins. In carefully removing the pages, then folding and gluing them into bags, Spence honors the process of the Bible's original owner, acknowledging his "labor, energy, and faith" as she has said, "that faith being more important than if the faith makes any sense or not." 1

At first glance a viewer might easily mistake Steve Wolfe’s Untitled Important Information Inside (1995–96; cat. no. 43) for a book incongruously attached to the gallery wall. It appears to be a well-worn, thirty-year-old copy of The Collected Poems of Frank O’Hara (1939–59; cat. no. 43); bear witness to other enthusiasm. One of Wolfe’s most humorous works is a three-book piece, Untitled (Unread Books #1) (1990; cat. no. 59), which includes James Joyce’s Ulysses, Herman Melville’s Moby Dick, and Gertrude Stein’s The Making of Americans.

Taken together, Wolfe’s works function as an oddly affecting combination of autobiography and time capsule, memorializing the reading habits and musical tastes of a late-twentieth-century American artist-intellectual. They offer an emotionally compelling reminder that certain books and records form the basis of shared experiences, hopes, and expectations, which in turn become inscribed in the psyche of a generation and an era. —J.W.


**Steve Wolfe**

* Untitled (Unread Books #1) (1990; cat. no. 59)

* Untitled (Fortress Apple Carton) (1994–96; cat. no. 44)

* Untitled (Roque/ Veuve Cliquot/ Fortress Apple Carton) (1994–96; cat. no. 44)
Tense: Nine Artists in the Nineties

Catalogue of the Exhibition

Janet Cardiff


Iran do Espirito Santo

2. Altar Piece, 1996 Stainless steel 17 1/8 x 7 in. (43.4 x 17.8 cm) Courtesy of Galeria Camargo Vilap

3. Tarso, 1997 Latex paint Dimensions variable Courtesy of Galeria Camargo Vilap

4. Redol, 1997 Glass, sandblasted glass, and mirror 41 x 51 x 11 in. (104.1 x 129.5 x 27.9 cm) Courtesy of Galeria Camargo Vilap

5. Rafaello, 1997 Glass, sandblasted glass, and mirror 36 x 63 x 7/8 in. (91.4 x 160 x 2.6 cm) Courtesy of Galeria Camargo Vilap

6. Rafaello III, 1997 Glass, sandblasted glass, and mirror 36 x 42 x 7 in. (91.4 x 106.6 x 17.8 cm) Courtesy of Galeria Camargo Vilap

Felix Gonzalez-Torres

7. Tim Wendel, 1990 Forty-two electric bulbs and electronic wires 63 x 3/4 in. (168 x 2 x 0.6 cm) Courtesy of Caleria Camargo Vilap

8. Untitled (Portrait of Dad), 1990 Stainless steel with pins Overall dimensions vary with installation Collection of Andrea Rosen, New York

Charles LeRay

9. Multiple Candles, 1991 Multicolored candles, individually wrapped in cellophane, endlessly supply Dimensions variable; ideal weight: 175 lb. Cartoas and Rosa de la Cruz Collection

Jim Hodges

10. Untitled (Vulva), 1995 Framed galvanized silver print 14 x 11 3/8 in. (35.6 x 29.4 cm) Courtesy of Allan Stone Gallery, New York

11. Jr., 1996 Silver-plated chain with pinn Approx. 48 x 60 in. (121.9 x 152.4 cm) Collection of Howard Rachofsky

12. Net, between, 1996 Silk, cotton, polyester, and thread 360 x 324 in. (914 x 821 cm) overall Courtesy of the artist and CRG Gallery, New York

13. Untitled (Tie), 1997 Mirror on canvas Dyepech, 72 x 48 in. (183 x 122 cm) each panel; 72 x 96 in. (183 x 244 cm) overall Courtesy of the artist and CRG Gallery, New York

Gabriel Bruce

14. Mixed Media Installation, 1994-96 Mixed-media installation in four vitrines: painted wood, fabric, and Plexiglass, splotch, white stoneware, ashtray, aluminum, cigar lighter, gold-plated brass, cast plastic, cotton, flint, and lighter fluid; cigar cutter, silver, razor and box, commercially printed hand-lettered graphics, and wood Splotch vitrine: 16 x 21 x 21 in. (35.6 x 53.3 x 53.3 cm) Ashtray vitrine: 67 x 20 x 20 in. (170 x 50.8 x 50.8 cm) Cigar lighter vitrine: 66 x 17 1/2 in. (168 x 43.2 x 43.2 cm) Cigar cutter and box vitrine: 64 1/8 x 33 1/8 in. (163.6 x 85.8 x 45.7 cm) Courtesy of Jay Gorney Modern Art, New York

15. 42, three生 bats, 1995-96 Fabric, thread, and steel 34 x 29 x 5/8 in. (86.4 x 73.7 x 1.6 cm) Collection of the artist, courtesy of Jay Gorney Modern Art, New York

16. Human bone, wood, and glass 20 x 19 x 7 in. (50.8 x 48.3 x 17.8 cm) Collection of the artist, courtesy of Jay Gorney Modern Art, New York

17. Job, 1997

18. Beautiful Nature (Naturaleza recuperada) 1990 Rubber Approx. 37 x 37 x 37 in. (94.9 x 94.9 x 9.4 cm) San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Natasha and Jacques Gelman Accessions Fund, 97.140

19. Whitewall, 1990 Cibachrome print 17 x 17 in. (43.2 x 43.2 cm) Collection of Mary and Harold Zlot

20. Autumn Umbrella, 1993 Cibachrome print 27 x 3 x 17 in. (68.6 x 79.4 x 43.2 cm) San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Natasha and Jacques Gelman Accessions Fund, 97.143

21. Migration, 1993 Cibachrome print 27 x 3 x 17 in. (68.6 x 79.4 x 43.2 cm) San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Natasha and Jacques Gelman Accessions Fund, 97.143

22. Orange without Paper (Naranjo en epina), 1993 Orange and plasticine 157 x 157 x 157 in. (40 x 40 x 40 cm) Courtesy of the Marian Goodman Gallery, New York

23. Four Royales (There Is Always One) (Cuatro Royales (Siempre hay una mitima decision)), 1994 Altered bicycles 57 x 5 x 83 x 6 x 9 in. (149.9 x 15.2 x 210.2 x 15.2 cm) Courtesy of the artist and Stephen Wirtz Gallery

Jennifer Pastor

24. The Crem Fall, 1995 Cibachrome print 17 x 17 x 17 in. (43.2 x 43.2 x 43.2 cm) Collection of Mary and Harold Zlot

25. The Four Seasons: Fall, 1994-96 Copper, plastic, polyurethane paint, and oil 120 x 78 x 57 in. (304.8 x 198.1 x 144.8 cm) Collection of Eileen and Peter Norton, Santa Monica

26. The Four Seasons: Spring, 1994-96 High-density polyurethane foam, brass, hair, and paint 6 x 6 in. (15.2 x 15.2 cm) Collection of Eileen and Peter Norton, Santa Monica

27. The Four Seasons: Summer, 1994-96 Fiberglass, enamel, and oil Three parts: 84 x 21 x 6 in. (213.4 x 53.3 x 15.2 cm) collection of Sharon and Philip Linhares, Oakland

28. The Four Seasons: Winter, 1994-96 Wood, pipe cleaners, granulated turf, polyurethane foam, cotton, and flocking 28 x 78 x 59 in. (71.1 x 198.1 x 149.9 cm) Collection of Eileen and Peter Norton, Santa Monica

Kathryn Spence

29. Untitled (Landscape), 1994 Chromogenic development print 41 x 67 in. (104.1 x 170.2 cm) Courtesy of the artist and Stephen Wirtz Gallery

30. March, 1995 Play money, photocopied money, newspaper, paper towels, tissues, magazines, photographs, coins, rubber bands, and tape 15 x 20 x 16 in. (38.1 x 50.8 x 40.6 cm) Courtesy of Allan Stone Gallery, New York

31. Untitled (tags), 1996 Found annotated Bible pages and glue Nineteen tags 7 1/4 x 4 3/4 in. (19.1 x 10.2 x 0.6 cm) each Courtesy of the artist and Stephen Wirtz Gallery

32. Untitled (tape bags), 1996 Tape 8 x 4 x 2 1/2 in. (20.3 x 10.2 x 6.4 cm) Collections of Sharon and Philip Linhares, Oakland

33. Untitled (clothing stacks), 1996-97 Doll clothes and fabric Sixteen stacks; dimensions variable; 2 x 2 x 10 in. 8 x 2 x 10 in. (5.1 x 5.1 x 25.4 cm) to 20 x 4 x 10 in. (5.1 x 10.2 x 25.4 cm) Courtesy of the artist and Stephen Wirtz Gallery
**Artists' Biographies**

**Janet Cardiff**

Born in Brussels, Ontario, 1957

Lives and works in Lethbridge, Alberta

**Education**

B.F.A., Queen's University, Kingston, 1980

M.V.A., University of Alberta, Edmonton, 1983

**Selected Group Exhibitions**

1988


1990

Janet Cardiff, New York. Evelyn Annis Gallery, Toronto

1999


Selected Individual Exhibitions

1988


"...Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller." Art/Text 58 (1997): 93-94


1995

A Night after the Show. "Fields' Zypressenstrasse 71. Zurich, Switzerland

1996


1997


**Selected Bibliography**

1995-96


"...Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller." Art/Text 58 (1997): 93-94


### Selected Group Exhibitions

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- Rossetti, Flavia, "Em branco e preto," *Guia de Arte* (São Paulo) 6, no. 28 (1989): 33-34.
Now Here, Public Information: Desire, Disaster, Document, Avgikos, Ja
Torres Evokes a Poetry of Interaction."

Knight, Christopher. "Gonzalez-Coleman, Humlebaek, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art 1994
Hannover r993

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Gonzalez-Torres, Gonzalez-Torres.

Deitcher, David. "How Do You
Memorize a Movement That Isn't
Dead?" "The Eidetic Image: Contemporary Works on

Jim Hodges

Selected Group Exhibitions
1989
1990
1992
1993
1993
1997


Jim Hodges, David Myron, Vincent Shaw, Passmengers, New York
Jim Hodges, David Myron, Vincent Shaw, Passmengers, New York
The Temporary Image, S.S. White Building, Philadelphia
Updated 1992, White Columns, New York

White Room: White Columns, New York

Born in Spokane, Washington, 1957
Lives and works in New York City

Education
M.F.A., Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, 1986

Selected Individual Exhibitions
1991
White Room: White Columns, New York
1994
A Diary of Flowers, CRG, New York
Everything for Sex, Interim Art, London

1995
Jim Hodges, Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
Jim Hodges, CRG, New York

1996
Stern, Faber Workshop, and Museum, Philadelphia
Jim, Marc Foxx, Santa Monica, California

1997
Jim Hodges, Galerie Chilulah Hussonet, Paris
Jim Hodges, Sue Santa Fe, Santa Fe, New Mexico

1998

Selected Group Exhibitions
1989

Sekurum, Artists Space, New York

1990

Jim Hodges, David Myron, Vincent Shaw, Passmengers, New York
Jim Hodges, David Myron, Vincent Shaw, Passmengers, New York

1992

The Temporary Image, S.S. White Building, Philadelphia
Updated 1992, White Columns, New York

1993

1993

Galerie Chilulah Hussonet, Paris
Harlow Messier, John Michael Kohler Arts Center, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Natural Material, A O J. Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico
Universo XXIII Bienal Internacional de Sao Paulo, Sao Paulo

1997

Gary, Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston
Hanging by a Thread, Hudson River Museum, Winchester, New York
Langan and Semeny, Los Angeles County Museum of Art

Our Perfect World, Gray Art Gallery, New York University
Selected/Project '97, The Drawing Center, New York

1994
A Bouquet for Dian, Nancy Hoffman Gallery, New York
Ethereal Material, Apex Art, New York
A Grid, Barbara Krakow Gallery, Boston
It's How You Fly the Gun, Exit Art/The First World, New York
Les Jours de Mon Jardin, Galerie Alain Guthart, Paris

1995

In a Different Light: Visual Culture, Sexual Identity, Queer Practice, University Art Museum, University of California, Berkeley (catalogue edited by cyanal Blake, Lawrence Rinder, and Amy Scholder)
Let's Spring, Marc Foxx, Los Angeles
Material Drama, Gallery Takashiyama, New York
New Work, Flanagan Gallery, Chicago
Sour des poisons, Art, Concept/Oliver Antoine, Nice, France

1996

Grand Show, Galerie Chilulah Hussonet, Paris

Selected Bibliography
Gabriel Orozco

Selected Bibliography


Selected Group Exhibitions

1993

Soles Nacionales de Artes Plásticas (drawing section), Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes, Mexico City (Ill Even Nonal of Arts Joan, Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes, Aguascalientes, Mexico City

1995

Sor misiones y Patmos, Museo Carrillo Gil, Mexico City

1996

Deusamer, Museo de Arte, Sao Paulo, Brazil

Drawing on Chance: Selections from the Permanent Collection, Museum of Modern Art, New York

Ephemeral That, Leaving It/New, Dakis Joannou Collection, Greece

Foundation, in conjunction with the Museum of Modern Art, Copenhagen, Denmark

Orozco, Gabriel. Brittsinjumaq si: Living Art Museum, Reykjavik, Iceland


Bibliography


Jennifer Pastor

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, 1966
Lives and works in Los Angeles

Education
M.F.A., Sculpture, University of California, Los Angeles, 1993

Selected Individual Exhibitions
1996 Stephen Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco
1997 Stephen Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco

Selected Group Exhibitions
1995 Invitational '95, Begon Projecta, Los Angeles; Feature, New York
1994 Jennifer Pastor, Tom Friedman, and JimJarmon, Richard Telles Fine Art, Los Angeles
Sculpture, University of California, Los Angeles, 1992

Selected Bibliography

Kathryn Spencer

American, born in Stuttgart, Germany, 1963
Lives and works in San Francisco

Education
B.F.A., Painting, University of Colorado, 1986
M.F.A., Sculpture, Mills College, 1993

Selected Individual Exhibitions
1996 Stephen Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco
1997 Stephen Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco

Selected Group Exhibitions
1993 M.F.A. exhibition, 503 Gallery, Mills College, Oakland
1994 Invitational Show, 750 Gallery, Sacramento, California
Metis in Fiber: Center for the Arts Yerba Buena Gardens, San Francisco (catalogue by Rene de Guzman)
Second Annual Juried Show, Society for Contemporary Photography, Kansas City, Missouri
1995 Bay Area Arts Show, New Langton Arts, San Francisco

Steve Wolfe

American, born in Pisa, Italy, 1955
Lives and works in San Francisco

Education
B.A., Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, 1977

Selected Individual Exhibitions
1992

Drawings, Stuart Regen Gallery, Los Angeles
Murals, Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York

Jane Hammond, Tatsumi Miyajima, Thomas Nishiyama, Jette Pousette, Andrew Spence, and Steve Wolfe, John Berggruen Gallery, San Francisco

Material Matters: Photography and Sculpture from the Collection, Fisher Landau Center, Long Island City, New York
'The Other Side, Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York

1993

Drawings: Thirteenth Anniversary Exhibition to Benefit the Foundation for Contemporary Performing Arts, Leo Castelli Gallery, New York
Estrangement, The Economy of Elegance, Russisches Kulturzentrum, Berlin
'Twenty Years: A Series of Anniversary Exhibitions (part 3), Daniel Weinberg Gallery, Santa Monica

1994

Sculpture, Luhring Augustine, New York

1995

Articulations: Forms of Language in Contemporary Art, Fisher Landau Center, Long Island City, New York
In a Different Light: Visual Culture, Sexual Identity, Queer Practice, University Art Museum, University of California, Berkeley (catalogue edited by Nayland Blake, Lawrence Rinder, and Amy Scholder)
Inaugural Exhibition, Paul Morris Gallery, New York
'It's Only Rock and Roll: Rock and Roll Currents in Contemporary Art, Contemporary Art Center, Cincinnati (catalogue by David Rubin)
Richard Artschwager, Peter Cow, Viva Cullen, Chuck Close, Joseph Cornell, Robert Gober, George Segal, Steve Wolfe, Daniel Weinberg Gallery, San Francisco

1996

Exposure, Luhring Augustine, New York

Selected Bibliography


