

ARTFORUM

TABLE OF CONTENTS
PRINT DECEMBER 2004

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4 **“Power, Corruption and Lies”** (Roth Horowitz, New York) Preempting the summer’s rash of overliteral-minded anti- Bush exhibitions, Adam McEwen and Neville Wakefield’s modest—and slyly political—group show was a curatorial gem. Thirty-six artists, including Lutz Bacher, Wallace Berman, Jeremy Deller, Öyvind Fahlström, Scott King, Nate Lowman, Aleksandra Mir, and Cady Noland, wrestled with what the curators charmingly described as “the smell of putrefaction that tends to curl around the shoulders of power.”

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7 **“Thrown: Influences and Intentions of West Coast Ceramics”** (Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, University of British Columbia, Vancouver) The influence of the visionary British studio potter Bernard Leach on a generation of West Coast Canadian potters in the ’60s and ’70s might not sound like a recipe for one of the most compelling exhibitions of the year; but in the hands of curators Lee Plested, Scott Watson, and Charmian Johnson this exquisite (and beautifully installed) material positively sang. Watson’s inspired programming at the Belkin has always taken unexpected (and unprecedented) turns, and “Thrown” gently amplified his idiosyncratic vision.

8 **“The Thought That Counts”** (Sister, Los Angeles) LA-based sculptor Jason Meadows blurred the lines between curation and collaboration in this wonderfully odd project in which he created pedestals, plinths, bases, props, or supports for existing and newly

commissioned sculptures by friends and peers like Liz Larner, Evan Holloway, Sean Landers, and Liz Craft. Seen together, the resultant “hybrids” (for want of a better term) displayed a joyous harmony born of confused and multiple authorship.

9 **“Beyond Geometry: Experiments in Form, 1940s–70s”** (Los Angeles County Museum of Art) LACMA curator Lynn Zelevansky’s “Beyond Geometry” was an often subjective (global) romp through all things process, serially, and geometrically inclined: a (very) capacious church that found room for, among many others, Josef Albers, Blinky Palermo, Mel Bochner, and Karen Carson’s (unknown-to-me) kinky cotton-duck-and-zipper “painting.” Claustrophobically installed—in a good way—and full of illuminating diversions (Franz Eberhard Walther finally getting some kind of dues), “Beyond Geometry” was, despite its boring title, Tinseltown’s summer sleeper.

10 **Mark Leckey, “Septic Tank”** (Gavin Brown’s Enterprise, New York) Leckey’s one-room apartment in London’s West End—the cramped laboratory from which he works his increasingly weird cultural alchemy—has taken center stage in much of his recent production. “Septic Tank” free-associated among a peculiar cast of characters, including the late Patrick Procktor, Jacob Epstein, Graham Greene, actor Phil Daniels, Little Richard (a “religious icon,” according to Leckey), and Jeff Koons. Simultaneously melancholic and celebratory, Leckey’s recent brand of bed-sit conceptualism perfectly mirrors our increasingly unsettled times.

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