

is countered by a slivered view of the highway's edge at the bottom of the work. Here, a contemporary language of displacement speaks about the claustrophobic conflation of near and far, here and there, nowhere and everywhere. —Dominique Nahas

### Barry Frydlander at Andrea Meislin

The horizontal sweep of Barry Frydlander's large-format digital composites offers a novel approach to the reading of the built landscape. Extending the photograph beyond the compass of the glance into a continuum, he presents more information than a single frame could be expected to contain. The composite is sometimes animated by a selective recording of people who pass through or act in the landscape over time. While Frydlander's images appear panoramic, each is made up of many images taken over a period of time and pieced together to form a seamless narrative. Using a Nikon digital camera, he practices what might be thought of as time-based photography. The finished works are mounted on aluminum under Plexiglas.

In 2004, Frydlander focused on an Egyptian beach resort near the Red Sea town of Nuweiba and close to the Israeli border. *Dream, Sinai*, 4 feet in diameter on a square sheet of paper, has the circular compass of a scene viewed through a shooting scope. This beach, popular with backpackers, is furnished with rows of pallets and rugs running parallel into the distance. There is no one there. In

the 4-by-7-foot *Smoking, Sinai* the beach is filled with young people at their leisure, sporting smoking materials. Three young women approach from a distance and, having drawn near, appear again at a beachside lounge. The Bedouin children of *Moon, Sinai* play with a soccer ball in the center of a village, with beach and mountains visible in the distance. A barefoot boy and the ball itself appear four times across the 9-foot print as a full moon hangs in the daylight sky. Not long afterward, according to gallery information, the pictured region was torn by bombings that left many dead and wounded.

The elaborate 4-by-8-foot image of *The Flood* (2003) and the smaller, near-square *Raid* (2004) focus on South Tel Aviv just below Frydlander's studio window. In a neighborhood with a mixed population of Arabs and Israelis, the street that strikes a diagonal through the composition leads to a highly regarded museum of Israeli military history. In *The Flood*, school children not yet old enough to serve in the military stand in line on the sidewalk along a flooded intersection. The appearance and reappearance of several figures indicates the passage of time, if not the two months Frydlander gave to capturing this image, plus another six months necessary for its assembly. Taken at the same location a year later, *Raid* is filled with the tension that follows a military action. Their faces digitally blurred to disguise their identity, uniformed and undercover officers, along with vehicles, appear and reappear, moving through the scene. In such ways,

Frydlander recalls the daily horror of modern urban warfare and the resiliency of the people who live through that experience and manage to endure.

—Edward Leffingwell

### Lutz Bacher at American Fine Arts and Participant, Inc.

Since the mid-1970s, Lutz Bacher has consistently sought to challenge ideas about authorship, gender, sexuality, violence and power. Hers are conceptual, multimedia projects that often appropriate found materials, ranging from self-help manuals and comic books to porn magazines and clips from televised rape trials. In her show at American Fine Arts she presented an early series that concentrated on politics and good humor.

"Jokes" (1985-87) consists of 13 large, black-and-white, distressed photomurals on aluminum and 14 small black-and-white photographs. The works feature texts lifted from an anonymous 1970s joke book the artist found in a bin at a bookstore in Berkeley. To produce the photographs on view Bacher took the original book to a cheap photo blow-up place, where black-and-white negatives were shot and large prints made. The original texts were not edited or altered in any way. In many instances Bacher's images have been damaged, sometimes intentionally (one was cut down two inches so that the artist could fit it into her car), and other times accidentally (one was run over by a car). They have the quality of mass-produced posters, even though most of them are unique prints.

On view in the front room were the photomurals, which the artist refers to as "male jokes," each showing a snapshot of powerful white male politicians or entertainers with the printed wisecracks. In *Kennedy/Goldwater (This Fucking Job)*, 1987, the former president speaks confidentially with the 1964 presidential candidate. On the upper right is the cheeky question: "So you want this fucking job?" In others, Jimmy Carter informs us that God has forgiven him for commit-



Lutz Bacher: *Kennedy/Goldwater (This Fucking Job)*, 1987, C-print on aluminum; at American Fine Arts.

ting adultery in his heart; LBJ demands loyalty, asking for his ass to be kissed. The most potent image on view was *Kissinger (Illegal)*, 1987, in which the controversial statesman declares, "The illegal we do immediately; the unconstitutional takes a little longer." In light of current events, this picture seems poignantly apposite.

The back room contained smaller versions of the "male jokes," as well as samples from Bacher's "female jokes," which were produced at the same time. Among the latter works is a scantily clad, wet-lipped Marilyn Monroe proclaiming, "Go Fuck Yourself." Cher asks whether we like her tits, while her image is frozen by the paparazzi; Jane Fonda explains before a microphone, "I'm really weird. I'm really all fucked up."

Bacher recently showed a new video, *Crimson & Clover (Over & Over)*, at the nonprofit gallery Participant, Inc. The 30-minute, uncut, single-channel projection documents a memorial performance for Colin de Land (Bacher's late art dealer) by the rock band Angelblood, at New York's legendary punk club CBGB. The band plays an interminable rendition of the title song, a 1968 classic by Tommy James and the Shondells. In Bacher's video, the camera pans the stage in a dizzying frenzy, zooming in and out of focus, while the band plays a frustrated riff on the song's chorus, interrupted by multiple sound checks and reverb. This raucous, real-time video projection was accompanied by two beat-up floor speakers and a stereo mixer, lending a grunge rock component to the otherwise empty gallery space.

—Maura Reilly

Barry Frydlander: *Raid*, 2004, C-print, 50 by 58 1/2 inches; at Andrea Meislin.

