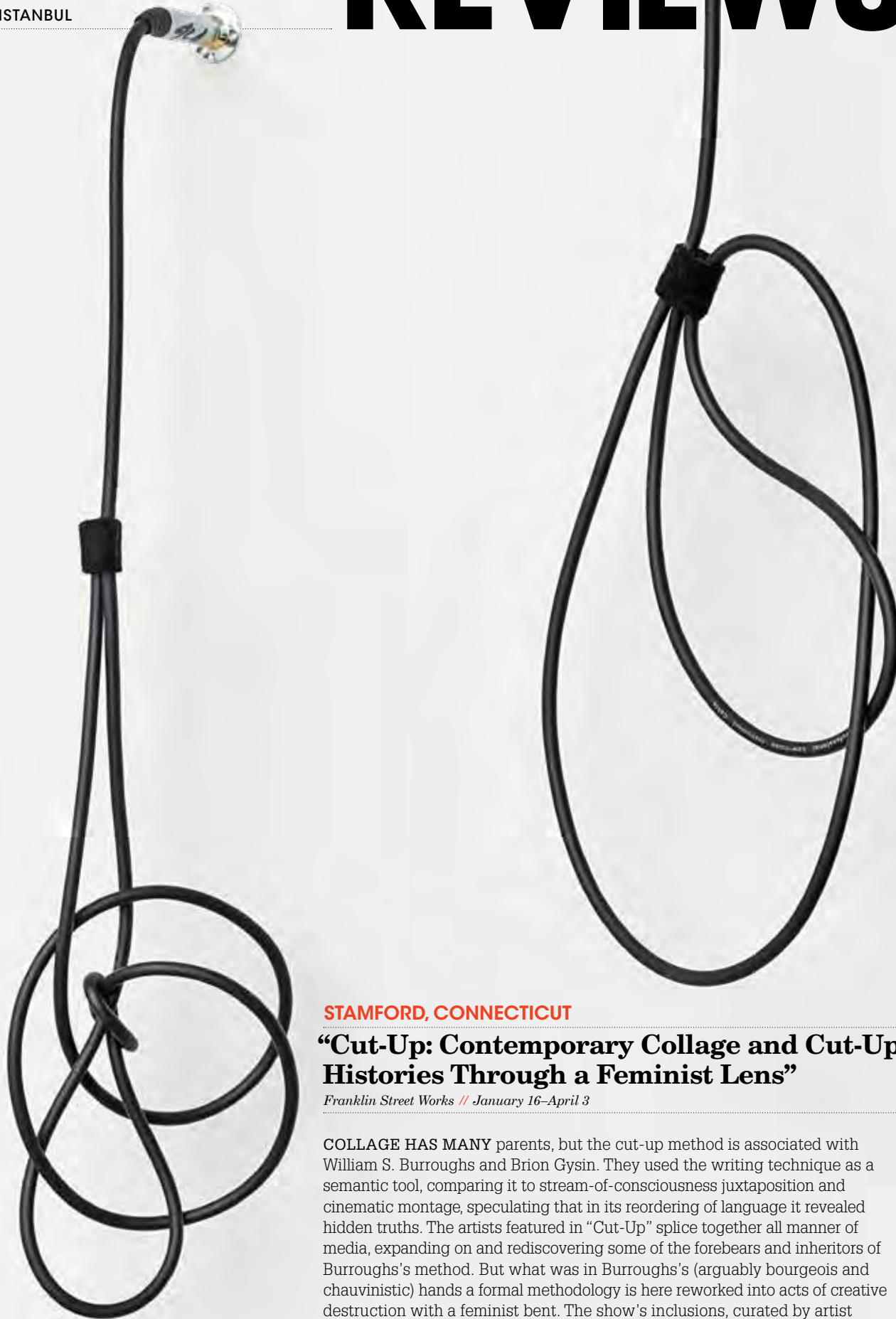


**NORTH AMERICA** // STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT // NEW YORK //  
CAMBRIDGE // SAN FRANCISCO // LOS ANGELES // AUSTIN //  
HOUSTON // TORONTO  
**EURASIA** // DUBAI // ISTANBUL

# REVIEWS



JENNIE C. JONES AND SIKKEMA JENKINS & CO., NEW YORK

**Jennie C. Jones**  
*Shhh Fragments*  
A&B, 2012.  
Professional noise-  
canceling  
instrument, wire,  
and felt.

**STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT**

## “Cut-Up: Contemporary Collage and Cut-Up Histories Through a Feminist Lens”

*Franklin Street Works // January 16–April 3*

COLLAGE HAS MANY parents, but the cut-up method is associated with William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin. They used the writing technique as a semantic tool, comparing it to stream-of-consciousness juxtaposition and cinematic montage, speculating that in its reordering of language it revealed hidden truths. The artists featured in “Cut-Up” splice together all manner of media, expanding on and rediscovering some of the forebears and inheritors of Burroughs’s method. But what was in Burroughs’s (arguably bourgeois and chauvinistic) hands a formal methodology is here reworked into acts of creative destruction with a feminist bent. The show’s inclusions, curated by artist Katie Vida, are all made by women, span almost 50 years, and vary across media, including video-documented performance, digital art, sound, and textiles.

## REVIEWS

The use of text is recurrent, however, as in Dodie Bellamy's queered re-renderings of canonical poetry in *Cunt Norton*, 2013; Lorraine O'Grady's poetic extracts from the *New York Times*, 1977/2010; and Alexis Knowlton's website leadpipe.us, 2012–ongoing, shown here on an iPad as a logorrheic, vaguely diaristic stream of text in which the artist's own words—from e-mails, notes, text messages, diaries—are muddled, both manually and mechanically. Precedents for her work might include Lee Lozano's *Dropout Piece*, begun circa 1970, and Edward Snowden's data leaks; a more apt comparison might be to Kenneth Goldsmith's appropriative conceptual poetry, which he boasts is “unreadable.”

Other materials become tellingly illegible in the hands of sculptors and sound artists. Phyllis Baldino's video *The Unknown Series*, 1994–96, shows the artist manically combining thrift store goods to make ad hoc assemblages, which, displayed in another room, act as callbacks—familiar from the video but titillatingly mysterious or absurd. In addition to a sculpture by Nancy Shaver, Vida has included a rocking chair from the artist's studio, in which viewers can sit and listen to Jennie C. Jones's 2004 remix *You Make Me Feel Like 100 Billie Holiday Songs* while checking out Lourdes Correa-Carlo's floor-based sculpture, *Between the Two*, 2008. Jones's sound work layers clips from 100 songs by Holiday in four minutes, teasing a disturbing effect from a familiar voice.

**Phyllis Baldino**  
Detail of a display of objects from *The Unknown Series*, 1994–96.



A few pieces site the cut-up directly at the female subject, with figurative imagery given primacy, particularly Carolee Schneemann's canonical *Body Collage*, 1967, the earliest work on view. Carrie Moyer and Sheila Pepe show Xerox prints of imaginary commemorative feminist stamps adorned with images of artists and activists, including *SCUM Manifesto* author Valerie Solanas. Nearby is Cauleen Smith's *Chronicles of a Lying Spirit* (by Kelly Gabron), 1992, a video fable of a young black woman's many lives, from her death in 1773 in the Middle Passage to a 1983 road trip. The re-visioning of history found in those latter artworks compresses generations and heroines, making struggles and accomplishments palpable.

The show is big, and it surveys a lot of ground; it could easily narrow its focus to cut-up techniques within a single medium. The theme of feminism, too, emerges in various degrees of explicitness (compare, for example, Bellamy's assertiveness to Knowlton's more passive accumulation). Nonetheless, the correspondences among media—and the slippages between the textual, formal, and aural—yield a rich take on this type of collage. Breaking the cut-up expansively away from the legacy of Burroughs and Gysin can only benefit the process and its practitioners. —Noah Dillon



## NEW YORK

### Cameron Rowland

Artists Space // January 17–March 13

OAK-WOOD COURTROOM benches, a metal office desk, and aluminum manhole rings built by prison inmates in New York State have come to occupy a prominent downtown art space. The show, “91020000,” is not some feel-good celebration of art as redemption or therapy for the incarcerated. In fact, these “found” objects—austere, almost funerary in their isolated arrangement across the spacious gallery—are carceral commodities: the result of a government scheme that pays prisoners 16 cents to \$1.25 an hour to make a host of industrial and office wares, acquired and presented here by Artists Space at Rowland's behest.

As documented in the heavily footnoted accompanying essay, the arrangement stems from a clause in the 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution that, while outlawing slavery, permitted involuntary servitude as punishment for crime. The New York State Department of Corrections and Community Supervision, along with similar departments in the 49 other states, relies on sub-minimum-wage prison labor to churn out furniture, industrial parts, and various other products to government organizations across the United States (courts, police departments, public schools), as well as some private nonprofit organizations. This last detail is what allowed Artists Space, the storied downtown nonprofit, to register with the state's Department of Corrections, receive its registration number (which serves as the title of the show), and facilitate Rowland's ordering pieces from a catalogue for its gallery on Greene Street.

In one corner of the space, aluminum manhole leveler rings are stacked and intersecting, like a Carl Andre floor sculpture, in three low piles. Used to adjust the height of manhole openings after a street has been repaved, the rings conjure images of convict labor on roads, Progressive-era chain gangs working on Southern infrastructure. And like the rings' shape, history encircles itself: here, the cultural consequences of the present developing from the belly of 19th-century American society and the racialization of law. History is not progress, nor triumphant fulfillment,

FROM LEFT: PHYLLIS BALDINO; ADAM REICH