

naked girl, head slumped forward, hand grasping at a bare tree to hold herself up in a run-down front yard. Papers, sticks, and bits of metal are strewn everywhere. It reads like a familiar depiction of boredom and familial abuse.

Poor Girl was just one in a series of paintings portraying figures with their shoulders slumped and heads hanging. A motif of multicolored diamonds appears on the shirts they wear or as the pattern on the ground. In *Foyerim*, a semi-naked girl is poised in a dark doorway. Her fingers point to her turquoise shoes; they're the same color as her underwear, which is melting down her legs. Blobs of bright blue seep into and out of her, as if she had been shot by a paint gun. A similar scene appears in *Warn*, only here the boyish figure is kneeling toward a black background, his sweatshirt warping from blue to green to a drizzling pool of red.

Their stories are at once immediately apparent, yet secondary to the world of carefully uncomplicated layers of deep reds, bright blues, greens, and pinks where they exist. These are highly skilled paintings with all the dazzle and conviction of graffiti.

—Emma Pearce

Rachel Selekman

Aurel Scheibler
Cologne

Classifying the work of Rachel Selekman is not easy. She is often pigeonholed as a “fabric artist”—a label that denies the expressive power of her elegant constructions, which range from the playful to the enigmatic, the seductive to the nostalgic.

Her materials evoke poetic associations, to which viewers are invited to contribute from their own memory banks. Glass beads and shimmering, brightly colored threads enhance these unlikely emotional palimpsests. They point, in turn, to the process by which each of us “embroiders” his own past.

In the last decade, Selekman has also incorporated pocketbooks and watering cans into her works. Here, too, threads and beads animate the static objects, which seem to “flow” from their pedestals as well as from wall-mounted brackets. The phallic spout of a watering can, which has been



Rachel Selekman, *Floral Purse I*, 2005, pocketbook frame, fabric, thread, and plastic, 52½" x 29" x 40". Aurel Scheibler.

sewn into the fabric of a purse, becomes a generative source, out of which fresh flowers or strands of beads “gush,” sometimes all the way to the floor. The purses are nests, womblike containers, and guardians of fecundity. Selekman describes them as “stand-ins for the body or parts of the body.”

If watering cans and purses seem odd protagonists for a *comédie humaine*, they are ones that the artist skillfully coaxes into dialogue. Though they are never entirely free of an arts-and-crafts esthetic, Selekman’s flower purses are works of unexpected complexity. At moments, indeed, the spirit of Meret Oppenheim seems to hover over them.

—David Galloway



Jiri Geller, *The Big Time*, 2005, fiberglass, wood, polyurethane, and automotive paint, 11'6" x 16'5" x 13'1". Mori Art Museum.

ROR (Revolutions on Request)

Mori Art Museum
Tokyo

When it opened in 2003, the Mori Museum launched a series of exhibitions, titled “MAM Projects,” designed to feature promising artists and designers. The museum’s third such show included an array of artful surprises by ROR (Revolutions on Request), a group of four young Helsinki artists—a silversmith, an interior designer, a graphic designer, and a painter-sculptor.

ROR was established in 1998, and the “revolutions” of these artists come in all forms. Their art might represent images having to do with rebellion or upheaval, or it might address the term “revolution,” in the sense of rotation, repetition, or evolution. The group shows collaboratively, and the artists may exchange ideas and work together on the production of a specific piece, but each artist also creates individual works.

Jiri Geller’s *The Big Time* (2005), a tremendous fiberglass breaking wave, took center stage and seemed to be a big-time tribute to 19th-century *ukiyo-e* print master Hokusai’s iconic *Beneath the Wave off Kanagawa*. Viewers could walk through the wave’s inviting blue tunnel, under its giant white spume.

Klaus Nyqvist also brought motion into his work. *Laser* (2004) showed a hypnotizing rotation of moving color patterns. The plastic foam child-size police cars in Panu Puolakka’s *Highway Patrol* (2004) showed the dedication to handiwork and craftsmanship that has been an

ROR hallmark, while his neon pink backlit metal sculptural portrayal of the Marlboro Man in Monument Valley, *The End* (2005), represented the group’s nostalgia for the 1950s and ’60s.

Puolakka also presented several silver necklaces with skulls bearing tiny ticking timepieces in their eye sockets. Another silver necklace, designed by Karoliina Taipale and realized by Peter Holmstrom, offered the notion of the eternal return as the utmost “revolution” with its pendant that spelled out “FOREVER.”

—Elizabeth Heilman Brook