



View of "Room," 2005, a performance by Tracy + The Plastics with Fawn Krieger's set installation; at the Kitchen.

ever gets to a posed group portrait, is startling in the way it personalizes his subjects. It shows a group of teens, among them a girl smiling shyly behind a bright red lollipop and a boy in a mustard-colored turtleneck, grinning as he exhales a defiant puff of cigarette smoke. This is adolescence in all its exuberance and awkwardness.

Interspersed with his staccato shots of people and animals caught on the fly—a dog's eye, an absurdly toothy smile, a train window framing the back of a passenger's head—are urban landscapes as beautiful as they are bleak. In a black-and-white view of a wintry alley, snowflakes glitter as they catch the light; elsewhere, Cohen makes an abstract study of light and dark out of a cabbage leaf trampled into dirty snow. One gets the sense that he never puts down his camera, but that he has near-perfect instincts about when to shoot. Many of the images on view here are included in *Mark Cohen: Grim Street*, recently published by PowerHouse—his first monograph, rather remarkably, given his shrewd and influential take on small-town America.

—Jean Dykstra

Tracy + The Plastics with Fawn Krieger at the Kitchen

Wynne Greenwood has been developing her band/video art project, Tracy + The Plastics, for four years, performing in a variety of venues. While she started her act in basements and music clubs on the West Coast, she has been moving toward more contemporary art-focused spaces ever since her 2004 participation in the Whitney Biennial, the last time she performed in New York. I first saw her as the opening act in a small rock club in St. Louis, and now,

three years later, she has presented her first full-length video performance, along with an installation by sculptor Fawn Krieger, at the Kitchen.

Greenwood and Krieger collaborated on the living room-themed gallery installation, which for three nights served as the band's stage and backdrop; it also provided audience seating. But the word "band" can be misleading. Greenwood, as Tracy, performed live, singing and occasionally playing a keyboard over a pre-recorded track, while her "band mates," Nikki and Cola (also played by Greenwood, pre-filmed in wigs and costumes), are projected onto a screen directly behind her. The performance ultimately seemed to take the form of inter-band bickering in one of the member's living rooms after a particularly rocky practice session.

The entire project—both Greenwood's performance and Krieger's installation—was titled "Room," and indeed, the intimate, bleacherlike set resembled a suburban living room, complete with beige carpeting, throw pillows and a picture window with a red gingham curtain. As Greenwood explains in a gallery handout, this project was an exploration into inhabited space, and how our relationship to that space changes based on specific locations, company and activities. This is an especially significant concept for Greenwood, who for the first time was able to ask the question, "What does it mean for me, a feminist lesbian artist, to take up room?"

With audience members lounging in the carpeted "Room," Greenwood strolled out as Tracy, with her jacket casually slung over her arm and nervously clutching a can of Coke. Projected on the screen, Nikki and Cola were there

as well, standing defiantly and kneeling in the corner, respectively. While we all sat in close quarters awkwardly shuffling our coats and bags, Tracy attempted to engage the audience as the performance progressed. The results were largely unsuccessful since it was never clear what, if anything, she expected.

Things improved when she began to sing, in a surprisingly beautiful and resonant voice, especially in comparison to the Valley-Girl monotone of her speaking voice. Woven between self-penned and -recorded songs about relationships and identity set to an electro-synth beat, Tracy entered into dialogue with Nikki and Cola. Topics ranged from the nature of performance to such specifics as whether or not to "do it [this performance] more like a lesbian part" (suggests Cola). All of these discussions were simultaneously tongue-in-cheek and provocative. We were there to study the band mates' interactions played out as facets of Greenwood's identity, while at the same time to question how our own identities affect our ability to engage the spaces that we occupy.

—Leigh Anne Miller

Art in America

575 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012 (212) 941-2895 Fax (212) 941-2870
e-mail: surbina@brantpub.com

JUNE/JULY 2005