

worth seeing, but December's "**Outside Fashion: Style and Subversion**" should be special. It plots the expansion of fashion photography from the illustration of an outfit to an expression of mood—one where the pictures often have little to do with clothes. With works by Klein, Lillian Bassman, Munkacsy, and others. (December 9 through January 14; 120 Wooster Street.)

Rebecca Horn's idiosyncratic technophilia and oddly human wit made for a compelling retrospective at the Guggenheim last fall. This November marks her first solo show since then with her New York dealer, Marian Goodman, and is eagerly awaited. (November 1 through December; 24 West 57th Street.)

If Claus von Bülow were a painter, he would probably look like **Bernard Boutet de Monvel**. As he donned his dinner jacket for another night with the Whitneys, Vanderbilts, and Astors, De Monvel would say, "*Je vais à mon bureau*" ("I am going to my office") and proceed to titillate potential sitters in his purring French. "It was like shooting fish in a barrel," said one observer. De Monvel's aloof self-regard made him a perfect match for his subjects, whom he painted with an almost total lack of passion. Barry Friedman, a specialist in this

kind of campy "Park Avenue Perverse"—he previously rediscovered Tamara de Lempicka—is putting together the first major U.S. show since the artist's death. ("Bernard Boutet de Monvel: Paris/Morocco/New York"; November 1 through January 7, 1995; 851 Madison



'Volcano Dream-Destruction Dream,' by Nancy Grossman.

Avenue, near 70th Street.)

Michael Zwack is an unsung hero among New York painters. Perhaps the quiet subtlety of his work was drowned out by the huckstering Salles and Schnabels of the eighties. Zwack's images—often taken from his many travels in Central America—at first seem very ordinary and then slowly reveal their layers, their lush surfaces of raw pigment. (Curt Marcus Gallery; November 18 through December 23; 578 Broadway, near Prince Street.)

Dealer Sandra Gering loves to provoke. This season, she's scheduled back-to-back shows that take an interesting

angle on technology. In late October, Japanese artist turned robotologist **Taro Chiezo** displays his bizarre cybernetic creations: robots that are half-sheep and half-banana, half-cow and half-engine, developed with MIT's top robot scientist, Dr. Rodney A. Brooks. Then

Gering has invited the "X-Art Foundation" to create **Bioinformatica**, an environment in which visitors must disrobe and wear *parangolé*, or capes, created by the Brazilian artist Hélio Oiticica.

Participants can access the Internet and can also view little plastic vehicles from the multimedia publication *Blast* (see "Magazines," page 132). You can avoid taking off your clothes, however, by just accessing

the gallery online: Try "The Thing" (modem, 212-431-6787) or dial direct at hero.village.virginia.edu7777. (Taro Chiezo: October 22 through November 26.

Bioinformatica: December 3 through January 14, 1995. Sandra Gering Gallery, 476 Broome Street.)

Despite loose talk about an exodus to West Chelsea, only one dealer so far has actually moved: Matthew Marks. Motivated less by rent than by a need for space, Marks is taking a 5,000-square-foot space next door to the Dia Foundation. His inaugural show is a coup for the youthful dealer: new paintings by **Ellsworth Kelly**, the reclusive master of color-field painting.

They're all from the past three years. Marks's hours will be 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Thursdays through Sundays. And he's keeping the space uptown. (October 29 through January 29, 1995; 522 West 22nd Street.)

And from **David Hockney**: new gouaches on paper by this grand old war-horse. The work is colorful and serene even for the notably angst-free artist, and it shows the influence of his many recent

opera designs—most notably sets and costumes for Plácido Domingo's singing competition on September 17 in Mexico City. (September 8 through October 15; André Emmerich, 41 West 57th Street.)

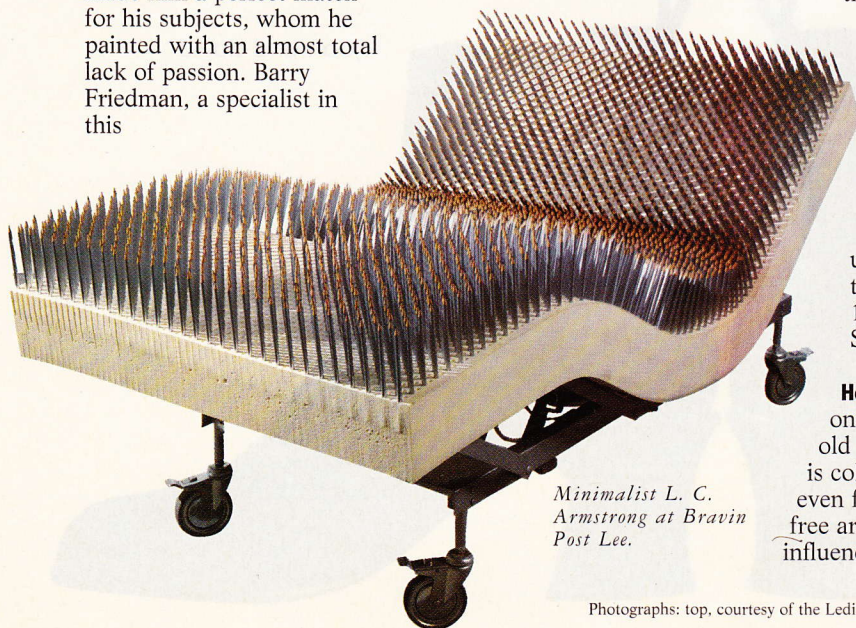
There are just too many other worthwhile shows to mention. A place to start is the SoHo block party on Saturday, September 17—catch Butoh dancer Min Tanaka with jazz pianist Cecil Taylor if you miss everything else. In general, it's better to follow galleries than to look for shows—find out which places you like and stop by whenever there's something new. Uptown, Knoedler & Company handles many blue-chip postwar artists; this fall it has shows by **Robert Rauschenberg**, **Frank Stella**, and **Richard**



From the Music Box Project.

Diebenkorn. Maverick dealer **Allan Stone** has a beautiful new Upper East Side space. The sinisterly glamorous **Gagosian Gallery** has shows by Clemente and Serra. The newly renamed **PaceWildenstein** has a four-star stable, but it rarely inspires great work in them. Downtown, Barbara Gladstone has **Rosemarie Trockel**, Sperone Westwater has **Susan Rothenberg**, Paula Cooper has **Andres Serrano**, Sonnabend has **John Baldessari**, Ace has works by **Norman Bluhm**, and Castelli has wire sculptures by the architect **Richard Meier**. Required viewing among innovative "younger" galleries: Ronald Feldman, Guillaume Gallozzi, Jay Gorney, P.P.O.W., Andrea Rosen, Jack Tilton, Caren Golden, Luhring Augustine, José Freire Fine Art, Edward Thorp, David Zwirner, and the Thread Waxing Space.

JONATHAN NAPACK



Minimalist L. C. Armstrong at Bravin Post Lee.

in Washington, is the National Gallery exhibition "**Robert Frank: Moving Out,**" which will include not only

December 31).

MARK STEVENS

Galleries

MAYBE THE STRANGEST THING about the gallery scene is how little it has changed. The grand old players stagger on, and remarkably few galleries have actually closed. And this season's art? A look at what's ahead does show some patterns: a more emotionally complex approach to political issues; an accelerating use of technology; and a

renewed interest in painting, spearheaded by Klaus Kertess, the canvas-friendly 1995 Whitney Biennial curator.

Bomb fuses burning away text, a hospital bed bristling with sharpened pencils: **L. C. Armstrong's** art speaks with a power that eludes some theory-whipped fellow travelers. She injects something personal and deeply felt into the cool, mechanical language of Minimalism, much the way she seals her wounded materials beneath a smooth resin surface. Armstrong is also putting some offbeat stuff in this show. She once made ends meet by painting vans, and now she's picked up her airbrush again to paint some lyrical landscapes. (September 8 through October 8; Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer Street.)

Nancy Grossman's leather heads became icons in the seventies. Grossman has been diligently working through her near-eclipse in the eighties and, after a successful 1991 retrospective at Exit Art, is finally returning with new work, collages inspired by aerial views of volcanoes. The voyage from bondage to collage is not as odd as it sounds: Grossman began her career with strangely erotic metal assemblages, and even her S&M heads show an eye for combining materials. (September 10 through October 15; LedisFlam, 130 Prince Street.)

Last year, the Public Art Fund put those Botero

sculptures on the Park Avenue medians. This fall, the fund takes a step toward redeeming its reputation by installing **Judith Shea's** *The Other Monument* across from Saint-Gaudens's monument to General Sherman at Grand Army Plaza; with an accompanying retrospective at Shea's dealer, Max Protetch. (*The Other Monument*: through August 1995 at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street. "Selected Works, 1979-1994": September 10

30-foot-long computer-generated canvas. (September 10 through October 8; Tz'Art & Company, 28 Wooster Street.)

Matthew Abbott derives his luscious abstraction from rearranged sections of London *Times* crosswords. This show was originally scheduled for December, but the response was so strong that Joe Fawbush and Thomas Jones, two of lower SoHo's leading lights, moved the date up to September.

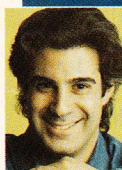


From 'Garbage!' at the Public Library.

the artist's famous photographs of the fifties, which seemed to capture America at mid-century, but his subsequent more introspective work, which is not nearly as well known (October 2 through

Why you should see my art show

James Danziger owner, James Danziger Gallery
"We're doing a show in November called 'Masterpieces of Hollywood Photography:



Portraits From the Private Collection of John Kobal.' He was the leading authority on Hollywood photographs. The

studios were throwing away negatives and prints, and he rescued masterpieces. When he started collecting, he worked backward; he became interested in the stars, then their pictures, then the photographs. He went from fan to historian." (130 Prince Street.)

André Emmerich owner, André Emmerich Gallery
"I'm most excited about our show 'Some Even Newer Paintings'—of David Hockney's most recent art. Someone called his works stage sets for operas not yet written. And that's what they are, as far as any abstract picture can be said to be about something. They're extraordinary." (41 East 57th Street; opening September 8.)



A Per Kirkeby oil.

through October 8; Max Protetch, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street.)

"**Defining Color**" opens the season for Tom Zollner and Frederieke Taylor's yearling lower-SoHo gallery. At times lurching wildly from Donald Judd to Byron Kim, the show includes bio-cyberpunk work like Bill Scanga's neon-wired frogs and Barbara Kasten's

(September 10 to October 12; Fawbush Gallery, 76 Grand Street.)

Take vintage photographs by **Bill Owens**, a cult figure for his deadpan 1970 document of a California subdivision, *Suburbia*. Add veteran conceptualist Vito Acconci, notorious for (among other things) *Seedbed*, a 1971 "installation" during which