

GALERIE PATRICK SEGUIN
20 TH CENTURY
FURNITURE &
ARCHITECTURE

CRITICS' PICKS

CURRENT PAST

New York

- * Josh Smith
- * Andy Warhol
- * Geoffrey Farmer
- * Feng Mengbo
- * Mark Bradford

Los Angeles

- * James Benning
- * The Date Farmers

Atlanta

- * Dana Schutz

Austin

- * Amanda Ross-Ho

Charlotte

- * Janet Biggs

Dallas

- * Michel Verjux

Minneapolis

- * "The Spectacular of Vernacular"

Tampa

- * Trenton Doyle Hancock

Washington, DC

- * Cyprien Gaillard and Mario Garcia Torres

Toronto

- * Geoffrey Pugen

Mexico City

- * Claire Fontaine

London

- * Victoria Morton
- * Varda Caivano
- * "Night Work"
- * Ai Weiwei

Dublin

- * Richard Tuttle

Cambridge

- * Lucia Nogueira

Berlin

- * Bob Mizer
- * Mark Soo
- * "When the Neighbor Came to Make a Phone Call"

Beijing

- * "Untitled"

Taipei

- * Jennifer Wen Ma

Berlin

Bob Mizer

EXILE
Alexandrinenstr 4, HH,
February 19–March 19

Photography, porn, criminality—Bob Mizer’s work incorporated all three in the mid-twentieth century, an era when mere suggestive poses of the male figure were enough to land a photographer in jail. This exhibition, curated by Billy Miller (editor of the infamous true sex zine *Straight to Hell*) and artist Christian Siekmeier, is the first to make the case that, beyond the notoriety and glitz, Mizer was also an artist.

Mizer was a workaholic who produced more than a million photographs under the guise of his company, the Athletic Model Guild, which he founded in 1945 and managed until his death in 1992. He practically single-handedly invented the beefcake genre, which has come to define the seamier quintessence of classic gay kitsch. But he was more than just a flesh peddler. One of the earliest artists to work in color—with hues so saturated that you can’t help but be reminded of Technicolor—Mizer spouted camp before most people knew what it was, capturing his models in “macho” athletic poses or “establishment” uniforms (soldiers, cops, etc.) as a way of exposing their underlying sexiness to the randier, aesthetically attuned eye.

Which is not to say that Mizer did not suffer for his efforts. After being busted on obscenity charges for sending his pictures through the mail, he spent time early on in a labor camp, an experience that left a dinge of paranoia in him—without, apparently, detracting from his prolific output. Ultimately, looking at Mizer’s work now reminds us of the repressive society that produced it—one that equated homosexuality with criminality. Then again, criminality is pretty damn hot.

— Travis Jeppesen



Bob Mizer, *Tony Rome and Ron Nichols*, 1971, color photograph, 10 1/2 x 10 1/2".

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Mark Soo

JOHANN KÖNIG
Dessauerstr. 6-7
February 12–March 12

A Conradian drive—"the ponderous beat of the stern-wheel"—animates Mark Soo’s *Several Circles*, 2010, a two-channel video installation at the heart of Soo’s first solo exhibition in Berlin. The video’s subjects are a 1989 Ford Escort and a replica of an 1880s-era American steamboat: muscle meets Star of Knoxville, separated by two screens and a century. Each tracks the other down the Tennessee River, propelled by Detroit DJ Theo Parrish’s “Falling Up,” a 2006 jazzy techno cut remixed into something more menacing by Carl Craig in the same year. Soo makes liberal use of the telephoto lens to the point of abstraction, refilming the original digital video to emphasize the distortion. In the middle of the muddle, the car and the boat switch screens. The overall effect is Hitchcock by way of Dan Graham, with a curious veneer of *Risky Business*, since the driver of the Escort is very much Tom Cruise, in black Ray-Bans and a T-shirt, looking at us looking at him looking at us.

But Soo’s real source is Detroit, boom and bust, and the American South from whence so much of that city’s culture sprang. He avoids making ruin porn—urban forests, ravaged mansions—hewing to tauter



Mark Soo, *Several Circles*, 2010, two-channel video installation, 5 minutes 50 seconds. Installation view.

links

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NEW YORK

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Lisa Cooley

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