

(1992-97): a hospital bed was covered with stitched photos of clouds and morbid stains, which, like the mound of discarded rubber gloves beside the bed, were quiet reminders of the body now absent. The empty bed links to the empty gown. Reynolds, who has moved to Berlin, implies that Patina can heal even without being present. —Grady T. Turner

## Perry Hoberman at Postmasters

You don't have to sit in an office all day to appreciate the comical and somewhat frightening psychological aspects of Perry Hoberman's recent installation "Sorry, We're Open." The artist filled the gallery with putty-gray cubicles and the standard office paraphernalia—computers, telephones, plants,

by the screensaver's bouncing light, furiously chewed at pencil nubs on cue.

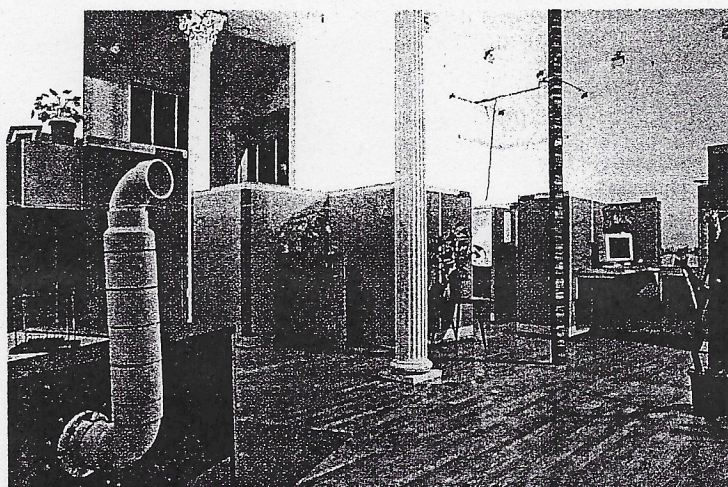
Other objects in the installation symbolized the frustration and animosity that can exist in the workplace—a file cabinet whose drawers could only be pushed in, a ticking briefcase, phones with endless message loops. Many of the images on the calendars gracing the walls had predatory implications—there were eagles, sharks and Stealth bombers. The artist snubbed office protocol with a desk at the entrance to the installation whose "modesty panel" was breached by a periscope allowing visitors to directly view the spotlight crotch of any person seated behind the desk.

Perhaps Hoberman was proposing a solution to workaday

the Lombard-Freid Gallery, where he lived and ate and slept during the month of June. Ming-Wei was born in Taiwan and trained in Buddhism since the age of nine. Today he is a conceptual artist advancing the message of compassion by a series of actions and nurturing interactions. One of these, *The Dining Project*, involved preparing a delicious meal every evening for one guest who contacted the gallery and invited him or herself.

The artist and his guest sat at

period in which the artist grew a flower, lived with it, carried it around, finally watched it wither and die. The flower's phases were stoically documented in five Cibachrome photographs of Ming-Wei and Lily. Superimposed on each print was a timeline of each of Lily's 100 days. A continuous band of the same text was projected on a shadowy wall in the rear gallery. This quietly lit display of pertinent dates didn't mourn Lily, but enacted her repeatedly, like stained glass celebrating saints.



Perry Hoberman: Installation view of "Sorry, We're Open," 1997; at Postmasters.

calendars, signs, etc.—except that in Hoberman's office everything was somehow skewed. A plant grew out of a fake computer monitor, another had a Garfield doll suction-cupped to the inside of the screen (almost all the computers were plastic props). A Rolodex was transformed into an animated flip-book. Fake plants dotting the cubicles had geometrical leaves, accentuating their own artificiality as well as that of the office environment. One workstation—reminiscent of Hoberman's earlier series of motion-activated installations—had a working computer that was hooked up to a number of automatic pencil sharpeners. Like gofers jumping at barked-out orders from the boss, the sharpeners, activated

drudgery: instead of generic equipment in a regimented workplace, why not a funhouse of office gags to keep everyone on their toes? Yet the installation's Kafkaesque senselessness and Orwellian control seemed all too plausible as today's corporations begin to inflict computer surveillance on their employees and enforce complex procedures for the simplest of tasks. Hoberman's surreal office seemed the very embodiment of the nightmares that lurk behind the daily grind.

—Stephanie Cash

## Ming-Wei Lee at Lombard-Freid

"It's a very monastic kind of life," said Ming-Wei Lee gaily. He was referring to his habitation of

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