

William Zimmer

Margia Kramer (Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., through Jan. 19)

One of last year's more sickening events was actress Jean Seberg's suicide and the disclosure of what precipitated it: the rumor spread by the FBI in the 1960s that Seberg, who was active in civil rights campaigns, was pregnant by a Black Panther and not by her husband. Seberg miscarried and took the small open coffin to her hometown in Iowa to prove that the baby was indeed white.

Art is usually praised when form matches content. In Margia Kramer's piece about Seberg, form and content seem at first at cross purposes — a carpet or sandpainting has little to do with the FBI. Then I saw Seberg's relating of the "homecoming" written by Kramer in large, looping script in red and yellow gravel on a black gravel ground. When I got to the part about the baby's color, the red and yellow suddenly became lurid, the grittiness of the gravel horrible. I felt so very bad again about a life that was ground down.