

## "The Manhattan Art Review"

Ralston Farina - *Time//Time* - Artists Space - \*\*\*\*.5

Insane, freaky, incomprehensible stuff that makes just about everything else I've seen today look both wimpy and unrigorous. I really have no idea what's going on with these notes and videos, and, judging from the exhibition packet, no one seems to have understood what he was doing while he was alive. The notes actually appear to be "revealing" in the sense that they show the manic but apparently prodigiously intelligent (as opposed to simply crazy) philosophical mindset that drove his practice. I guess people knew he had an association with John Cage and liked Bergson and Husserl, but no one had access to all this stuff that was going on under the hood. Not that it clarifies anything, really, but it's all so extravagant while being entirely untasteful and nonaesthetic that it succeeds as some sort of lead balloon that sinks the edifice of art while affirming it more than anything more "serious" art can manage. Breakfast cereal, milk cartons, fake Matisses, Abba Zabba, Popeye, freaky intricate non-diagrams, something about time, I can't make any sense of it but it's thrilling. This is probably as disruptive as the prewar avant-gardes felt in the 1910s, and I for one am pleased to be totally knocked on my ass for once.