



Julianne Swartz: *Transfer*, 2001, mixed mediums, dimensions variable: in "Brooklyn!" at the Palm Beach Institute of Contemporary Art.

Orleans Contemporary Art Center focused on art exhibited in the Manhattan neighborhood that has supplanted SoHo as the heart of the gallery world. "Brooklyn!," organized by Palm Beach Institute of Contemporary Art director Michael Rush and independent curator Dominique Nahas, took a different tack. It showcased the products of artists who live and work in Brooklyn, though they may exhibit elsewhere. Thus, it was less about tastemakers' sensibilities than about the intersection of place and creativity.

"Brooklyn!" included works by 86 visual artists. They reflected the art world's current global makeup (there were artists born in Holland, China, Taiwan, India, Switzerland and Spain) as well as its pluralistic orientation. Meticulously realistic painting butted up against raucous videos, fine handcraftsmanship shared the stage with works assembled of found objects. Pieces in the show referenced Conceptualism, performance, Dada, realism and abstraction. The connection, if there was one, was less a matter of content, media or point of view than of an indefinable energy that is making Brooklyn one of the more concentrated incubators for emerging artists.

Of course, not all the artists here were young and emerging. Brooklyn also boasts a very respectable contingent of well-established artists, among them Vito Acconci, Martha Rosler, Roxy Paine, Nayland Blake and Xu Bing, all of whom were represented by recent works. But more striking was the number of less familiar faces. One of the most memorable works was a site-specific

installation by Julianne Swartz, a mysterious moving light projection on the wall. A half-open closet nearby revealed the clunky mechanics and assorted flotsam and jetsam that had been cunningly arranged to produce ethereal effects. Also quite magical was a stroboscopic sculpture by Greg Barsamian, which coordinated flashing lights and revolving elements to create the effect of disembodied hands releasing eggs that drop into the mouths of equally disembodied heads.

Some works dealt specifically with the Brooklyn environment. These ranged from Richard Rothman's black-and-white photographs of residential yards and Danica Phelps's documentary charts of her walks through various neighborhoods to an opening audio performance by DJ Tom Roe (aka DJ Dizzy), which mixed sounds from traffic, subway trains and construction near the Williamsburg Bridge with musical samplings from Sonny Rollins's jazz classic *The Bridge*. And in one corner of the gallery, the curators literally brought in a piece of Brooklyn, transplanting artist/curator Paulien Lethen's Holland Tunnel, an actual potting shed that's used as a gallery. It was filled with a mini show of Brooklyn artists curated by Lethen.

Given that the show opened Sept. 9, there were some inevitable post-9/11 double-takes. The most striking was a video titled *Crash* by Christoph Draeger, which chronicled a series of spectacular plane crashes with a montage of images from news clips, amateur videos and Hollywood movies. Only slightly less unsettling was Kristin Lucas's

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Much attention has been directed of late to the shifting center of gravity of that half-mythical creature, the New York Art Scene. Last year "Chelsea Rising" at the New