



**Gary Simmons, *Spade Fall*, 2004, oil on canvas, 84" x 84".
Studio Museum in Harlem.**

striking for its airiness and its absence of flash and glamour. Another allusion to the discotheque here was Kori Newkirk's memorable sculpture *Untitled* (2009), a steel laundry cart on wheels decorated with multicolored checkered panels like the ones found on disco dance floors. Also strong was the large oil on canvas *Spade Fall* (2004) by Gary Simmons.

Anklet (2006), by Maren Hassinger, had a compelling presence in a corner of the main gallery. It consists of anklets, made of twisted and knotted shreds of old *New York Times* newspapers, that the artist had worn in a dance recital. These strangely beautiful performance artifacts are like tumbleweeds or barely decipherable relics from a lost civilization.

—*Doug McClemon*

often, leave their audience-participants confounded and alienated.

Sehgal's main work here, *This Progress*, adapted from a 2006 piece, left visitors no chance to assume a distance. As I started up the museum's circular ramp, a child of about ten years old approached. Although she appeared to be just one of several kids milling around, she was in fact one of the artist's emissaries prepared with an introduction: "Hi, I am Jane and this is a work by Tino Sehgal." Disarmed by her enthusiasm, I was swept into a conversation, which began with her asking me to define "progress" as we strolled up

the spiral. Before long, I was passed on to an earnest, solicitous young man, who was able to pick up our conversation without too much backtracking. Next I connected with a somewhat belligerent 40-something fellow, and finally, a kindly, if paternalistic, older gentleman, who stayed with me right to the top. The layering of examples of progress was poetic and attuned to the Modernism of the museum's bare rotunda space.

The work's success, however, lay not in drawing attention to our often misguided notions of "progress," but in holding the viewer fully engaged in a moment of

