

## THE LISTINGS



Shaune McDowell

**ALL ABOARD** "End Station," the nearly full-scale replica of a subway station that the artist team of Michael Elmgreen and Ingar Dragset have built in the capacious basement of the Bohem Foundation in Greenwich Village, provides a delicious instant of displacement. You walk downstairs and almost fall into your personal waiting-for-the-train mode, except there's no tunnel to peer into. The replication is meticulous. Facing platforms hover above tracks. There are white tile walls, trash in and out of baskets, sickly light and real graffiti by the 1980's graffiti artists Coco 144 and Ghost. Torn posters by Act Up and the Guerrilla Girls also suggest we have journeyed back to the '80's, and the Time Before Chelsea. Add a turnstyle, third rail and a raunchy smell, and you've got a ghost limb of the L line. It helps that the Bohem Foundation space, designed by LoTek, already had a wide band of sidewalk-style grating on its ground floor and a basement reached by a heavy metal staircase (the banister temporarily severed to enhance the illusion), with I-beam columns all but identical to those in the New York underground. The fact that the whole thing looks real while also feeling fake — too hollow, unused and clean means that the often poetic solitude of an empty

subway station becomes simultaneously funny and unfunny, like the Venetian canals of Las Vegas. "End Station" funnels 1970's site-specific installation art through the current obsession with meticulous replication. A result is Photo Realism in the round, the environmental equivalent of one of Duane Hanson's trompe l'oeil sculptures of construction workers or tourists. Other antecedents include Andy Warhol's Brillo boxes, Robert Gober's sinks and drains and, more recently, Gregor Schneider's bleak, dead-end alleyway cut into the Gladstone Gallery two years ago. Finally, "End Station" is also the latest, super-sized instance of the thousands of spawn of that Surrealist one-liner — Meret Oppenheim's fur-lined tea-cup. With such an easily traced pedigree, the installation's bang does not quite equal the bucks, logistical planning and stagecraft that went into it. But as a panorama for an imaginary museum of New York's natural history, with us playing the native cave dwellers, "End Station" is not to be missed. It's the New York subway for visitors from Las Vegas. (Noon to 6 p.m., Tuesdays through Fridays, Bohem Foundation, 415 West 13th Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 414-4575. Through July 1; free.) **ROBERTA SMITH**

ment, inviting admiration for its doggedness, while not straining too hard to earn a viewer's love. Feats of physical fancy, when so distally executed, can be their

atric hospitals, she wrote books of poetry, fiction and autobiography, and during a brief period in the 1960's produced drawings, a career between elaborate doodles

than six decades. His rugged clay heads, each twice life size and subtly tinted, look like ancient sculptures dug up recently by archaeologists. Their rigidly simuli-

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