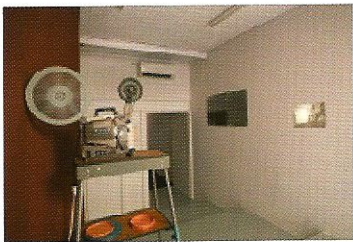


LILI DUJOURIE & ION GRIGORESCU

LUDLOW 38/EUROPEAN KUNSTHALLE KÖLN/GOETHE INSTITUT - NEW YORK



Ion Grigorescu, *Boxing*, 1977. Super8 film transferred to 16mm, 3 min. Courtesy Ludlow 38, New York. Photo: John Berens.

There's a bewildering disconnect for a US viewer encountering this "mini kunsthalle" survey of works from the '70s by two lesser-known European conceptual pioneers, Dujourie and Grigorescu. First, Dujourie's pair of rough-cut steel plates leaning against a wall, *American Imperialism* (1971-72), formally con-jures the "weight" of Carl Andre and Donald Judd, yet the title suggests a capitalist critique. Her torn magazine collages in the darkened rear space are a somewhat sexy response to the

exploitative objectification of women in glossy magazines. Quiet, obscure and oblique, Dujourie never grinds her polemical axe too hard — and that's the work's saving grace.

Grigorescu's period super-8 flickering black-and-white films express a kind of Eastern Bloc revolutionary zeal gone askew. *Boxing*, a double-exposure print, has the artist sparring with himself, naked and frenetic, in a tiny depressing apartment. *My Be-loved Bucharest* documents (with civic pride?) the building of the city's subway system. *The Truth about the Capitalist World* shows Western European shop windows: commodity culture = bad. A paper sketch for an ultimately rejected official portrait of Romanian Communist leader Ceaușescu rounds out this ambiguous treatise on collective party power and the plight of the individual.

John Zinsser