

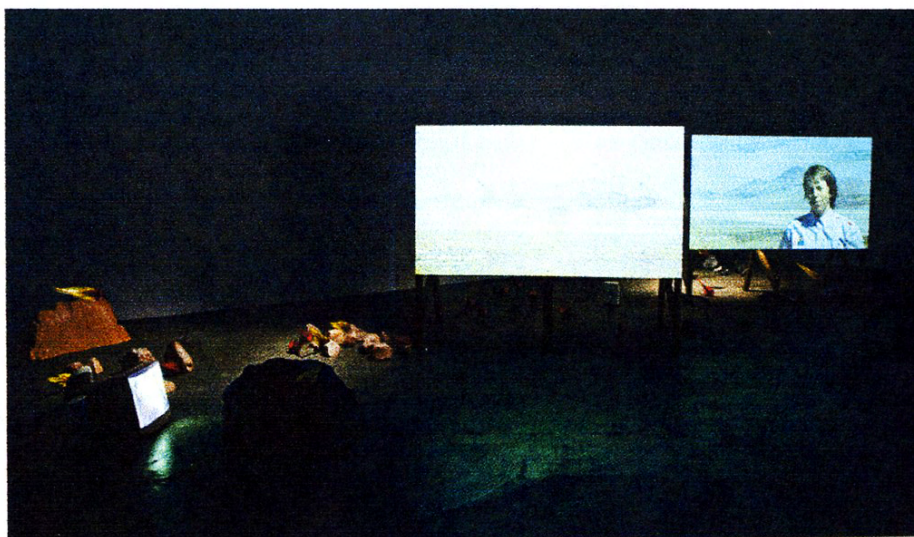
## Kristin Lucas at Postmasters

Kristin Lucas takes technology personally. In her split-screen video *Involuntary Reception* (2000), she presented herself as an overcharged technophile who found it almost impossible to function in the world due to excessive sending and receiving of electromagnetic signals. For more than a decade now, Lucas has been creating cautionary tales about the

perils of technology, devising media-based performances in which she casts herself in the central role of a forlorn young woman for whom the seductions of technology lead to isolation and severe physical and psychic contamination. Not one for gore, however, Lucas seduces with humor and pathos.

Her two-room installation at Postmasters represented a significant leap for this 39-year-old artist. The front space held a three-screen video work (two plywood billboard surfaces used as projection screens and one old computer lying on the floor) about a woman who works in an airport casino, somewhere in the Southwest, calling Bingo numbers. The woman (played by Lucas) drives herself into the desert after strange rashes start appearing on her body, and also seeks the aid of a hypnotherapist in her search for revitalization.

Lucas films herself in the relentlessly empty and sunny



View of Kristin Lucas's *Whatever Your Mind Can Conceive*, 2007, three-channel video installation with mixed mediums; at Postmasters. (Review on p. 159.)

Next to one of the rocks lay the computer screen displaying the hypnotherapy sessions. There is "no emotional need to feel sad," the therapist tells her, even as the oozing sores on her face and limbs grow worse. The sores, it turns out, function as antennae for receiving Bingo numbers. They disappear when she stands tall in the desert alone. While echoing the performative work of Valie Export and Lynn Hershman Leeson, Lucas here establishes herself as a mature artist in full control of a complex narrative.

On the wall opposite the projections were hung three digitally enhanced photographs in lightboxes, each related metaphorically to the saga of the skin-scourged woman. In one, *Travel Advisory* (2006), the artist's eyes, rendered in a metallic blue, are popping, and her head is surrounded by a halo, as if she were the proto-martyr of the technosphere.

In the back room, Lucas hung the transcript of her appearance

Cristobal Lehyt and a multiply-manipulated surveillance-style video by Will Pappenheimer.

—Michael Rush

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