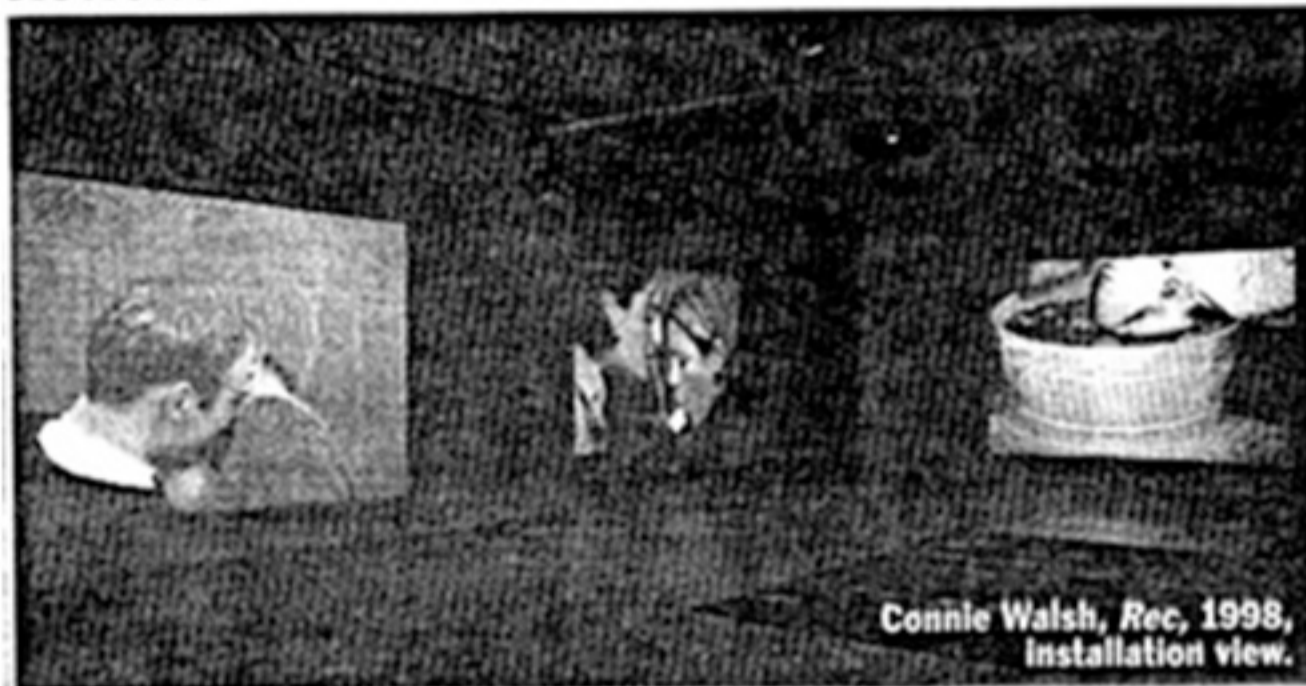


## Reviews



Connie Walsh, *REC*, 1998,  
Installation view.

### Connie Walsh, *REC*

Marianne Boesky Gallery,  
through Sat 7 (see Soho).

Connie Walsh's show revolves around an activity that I haven't thought about in a long time: apple passing. In case you're unfamiliar with this wholesome church-picnic diversion, allow me to explain: One person stands with an apple clamped underneath his or her chin. Another person approaches and attempts to pluck the fruit, again using only the chin and chest. The hilarity derives from watching two people struggle with one another in a position that suggests sex.

In Walsh's *REC*, a video installation comprising three wall projections, mixed and single-sex couples play "pass the apple" (or orange), chew on opposite ends of a marshmallow until their lips meet and bob for apples. A soundtrack features

the sounds of people gasping, splashing and giggling. Through it all, a latch-hook rug lies on the floor nearby, almost invisible in the darkness. A gallery handout explains that this rug is meant to simulate a "grass pattern," though neither its relevance to the videos nor its grasslike qualities are especially evident.

I suppose that the absurdity and adolescent silliness of games like apple passing can be seen as a kind of metaphor, a denotation of personal or sexual relationships. But Walsh never gives the viewer any basis for drawing further conclusions. If *REC* sets out to simulate the vapidness of certain social activities, it really succeeds in only one sense: The embarrassment one feels when participating in party games is not unlike the sensation of watching this trio of videos—and trying to take them seriously.—*Martha Schucendener*

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