

installation for Magasin 3, is an immersive experience. Rather than adapting her work to an agreeable setting as she did for *Homo Sapiens Sapiens*, 2005, in the Church of San Stae in Venice, here she constructs her own world. Two curved screens suspended from the ceiling hover in a colossal, darkened space. Beneath flickering videos, two islands of supple carpet invite the public to take five and enjoy the show. Rist designs time to make it disappear, though time is her subject. This new work completes a trilogy that began with *Homo Sapiens Sapiens* and continued with *A Liberty Statue for Lördön*, 2005. Rist says that in the Venice piece her character Pepperminta was “in a time before the fall, before original sin,” whereas in the midst of the London episode, time shifts, and she “returns to civilization.” In *Gravity, Be My Friend*, Pepperminta floats in a timeless ambience, smiling down as her audience is “transported to a place at the origin of time or possibly the future,” in curator Richard Julin’s words.

Rist tells stories: Some are isolated tragedies (*Small Suburb Brain*), others showy comedies (*I’m Not the Girl Who Misses Much*)—and now, she embraces larger-than-life themes. Looking up, Pepperminta’s eyes met mine, and Tintoretto’s *Origin of the Milky Way*, 1575, came to mind. Tintoretto invented the movies, art historians sometimes say, making old stories entertaining with a dramatic slant. Sound familiar?

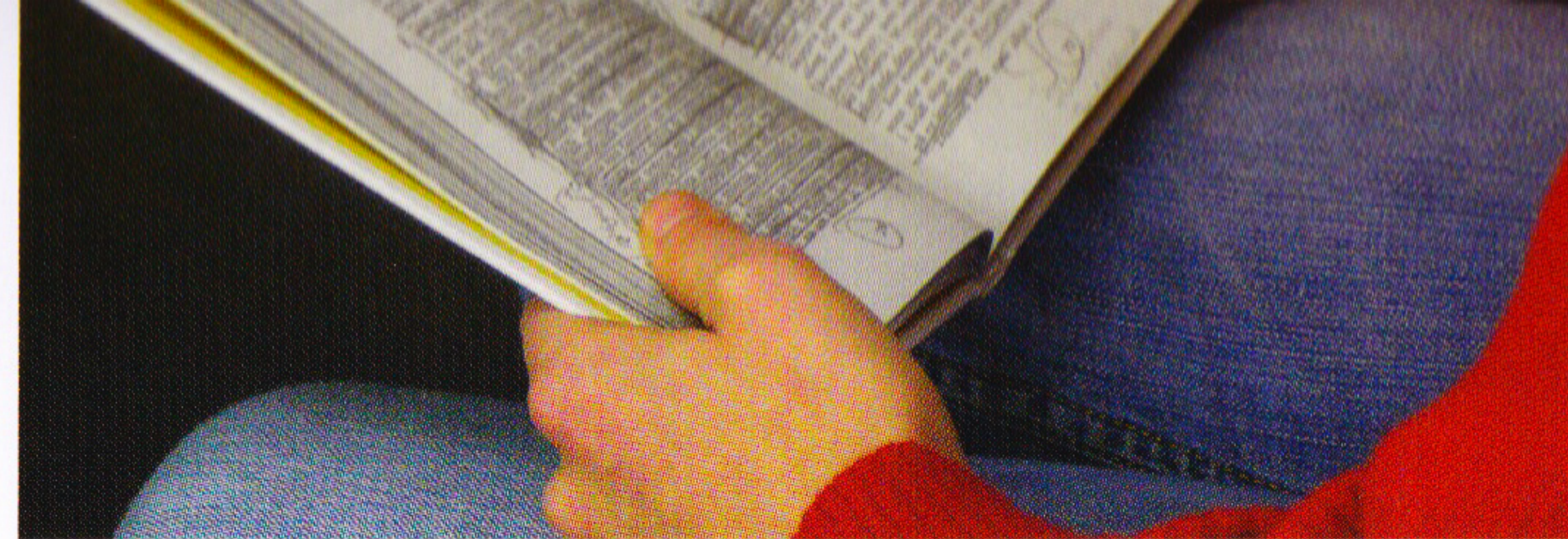
—Ronald Jones

## Kajsa Dahlberg

### INDEX

*Habent sua fata libelli*, “Books have their fates.” As Walter Benjamin noted, this Latin saying has another meaning for book collectors: Each physical copy of a book has its own fate. For a project presented in her recent solo show, Kajsa Dahlberg followed the fate of copies of the Swedish translation of Virginia Woolf’s *A Room of One’s Own* (1929). First published in Sweden in 1958, *Ett eget rum* has gone through two editions and several printings, although Jane Lundblad’s translation and the page layout of the book have not changed over the years. Dahlberg borrowed the books from hundreds of public libraries across the country and discovered that every copy of *Ett eget rum* is unique: Notes, doodles, and even a few paper clips left by readers make each copy an original.

Dahlberg captured these anonymous traces by compiling them in her artist’s book *Ett eget rum/Tusen bibliotek* (A Room of One’s Own/A Thousand Libraries), 2006, which was printed in an edition of one thousand. The book carries Woolf’s text, but on each page the artist painstakingly redrew all the marginalia and underlining found in the library copies. Both a work of drawing and of writing, Dahlberg’s book offers a continuous read of Woolf’s classic with a running collective commentary. While the interest in scribbles inside library books is not new—Christine Würmell’s series “Public Library LA,” 2003, consisting of reproductions of defaced pages in Susan A. Phillips’s *Wallbanging* (1999), stands out—Dahlberg has created a remarkable monument to the public fate of Woolf’s book in the hands of Swedish readers over almost half a century, from 1958 to 2006; this same period saw Sweden become one of the most gender-egalitarian countries in the world.



Kajsa Dahlberg, *Ett eget rum/Tusen bibliotek* (A Room of One’s Own/A Thousand Libraries), 2006, book in an edition of 1,000.

The annotations have the collective instantaneity of a blog. Page 77, which bears the stamp of the Hässleholm municipal library, includes the remarks “1700-tal: Kvinnor började skriva” (1700s: Women started writing), “1700,” “1700 slut” (End of the 1700s), “28,” and “intertextuality,” along with arrows, x’s, exclamation points, and lines. If one judges from the underlining, the most popular sentence on the page is Woolf’s claim “För mästerverk är inte några enstaka och ensliga alster; de är resultatet av många års gemensamt tänkande, av tänkandet inom hela folkroppen, så att det är massans erfarenheter, som ligger bakom den ensamma stämman” (For masterpieces are not single and solitary births; they are the outcome of many years of thinking in common, of thinking by the body of the people, so that the experience of the mass is behind the single voice). Most readers have underlined—Dahlberg draws line over line to reflect each individual notation—as if to emphasize Woolf’s words while inhabiting the spaces between them, like an audience huddling around the author. The book comes to seem like a room in itself, where thousands have come to read, reflect, and discuss with Woolf and others. Some sentences have been underlined so many times that the text becomes almost illegible in Dahlberg’s book.

The exhibition also included the documentary film *20 Minutes (Female Fist)*, 2005, which conceals as much as it reveals. After putting the cap on her camera lens, Dahlberg filmed a Danish feminist, who describes her film project in Copenhagen—free lesbian porn to be made and enjoyed exclusively by women. Far from seeming prudish, the black screen reflects a secret economy, based on an all-important contract: To obtain the free porn videos, women must agree to share copies only with other women, never with men—a sort of black market, designed to avoid not official regulation but male pleasure.

—Jennifer Allen

## JERUSALEM

### Nahum Tevet

#### THE ISRAEL MUSEUM

Nahum Tevet lives and works in Tel Aviv, “the white city,” which is in the midst of a construction boom even as areas are deteriorating. His work reflects the quintessence of the city—its light and its air, and above all its indomitability. Despite the title of the current exhibition, “Works, 1994–2006,” the show begins with a key work from 1976 (though reworked in 2006), *Pages from a Catalogue (Cézanne)*, 14 Times 81 x 65 cm, which gives a two-dimensional introduction to what lies ahead. Its monochromatic (off-white), De Stijl–like system of