

DISPATCHES

MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE, FILM, SHOPPING, NEWS AND THINGS TO MAKE AND DO... ART, MUS



TAKE A BITE OF PEACH: LISA YUSKAVAGE

Lisa Yuskavage, *Biting the Red Thing*, 2005, oil on paper, 165 x 191 cm. Courtesy David Zwirner, New York

Once could say that Lisa Yuskavage makes campy pictures of enormous breasts with doll-like girls appended. Or one might argue she makes pictures of how it feels to be a young woman ripening into the juicier side of womanhood. The latter certainly seems implicit in a statement she once uttered to an interviewer from the *New York Magazine*: that "works of art have their own adolescence—mine were like the nerdy girl who wasn't quite smart enough or pretty enough". Could it be her fairly recent move to David Zwirner Gallery signals a new maturity for the painter, for her works and her career? In fact, come 12 October, the forty-four-year-old will open not one but her first two shows under the auspices of the Zwirner empire: new paintings at David Zwirner in Chelsea, arguably the hottest gallery in this New York moment, and drawings at the venerable Zwirner & Wirth on the Upper East Side. Whether the switch of galleries (she had for many years been represented in New York by Marianne Boesky) augurs other changes in her work remains to be seen. There can be no doubt that throngs of ogles are eager to find out how she's grown. *Daniel Kunitz*

LISA YUSKAVAGE, DAVID ZWIRNER, CHELSEA AND ZWIRNER & WIRTH, NEW YORK WWW.DAVIDZWIRNER.COM WWW.ZWIRNERANDWIRTH.COM

HER NOISE: OOIOO

Yoshimi P-We has immaculate noise-rock credentials. She joined the Boredoms in the 1980s when that band were abrasive Osaka punks; now they're a transcendental sampler-strafted drum circle and she still plays with them. Sonic Youth love her (she's released singles on guitarist Thurston Moore's Ecstatic Peace label and played in Free Kitten alongside bassist Kim Gordon) as do The Flaming Lips, who named their 2002 album *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* in tribute to her. But she deserves to be better known for the all-female band she leads, OOIOO, who - eight years into their career and following four albums during which their music morphed from digital minimalism to epic-mode psych - appear to be reaching some kind of rapturous peak.

The latest album, *Taiga* (2006) is an hour's worth of fiercely inventive amalgams, somewhere between recent Boredoms and US noiseniks Black Dice but with a spaciness and flow of its own. Pummelling multi-drummer grooves are spiked with analogue synth whooshes and topped by fierce group chants, while elsewhere serene female vocal harmonies float over a bed of birdcalls, bongos and Santana-esque snake-charmer organ. *Taiga* feels simultaneously modern as hell and weirdly ancient. Much of it is incantatory, primal and shamanistic; if OOIOO's music lacks a deity to organise itself around, listeners could be fooled into thinking it might call one into being. The title is Japanese for 'big river'. You really should dive in. *Martin Herbert*

TAIGA IS OUT NOW ON THRILL JOCKEY WWW.THRILLJOCKEY.COM OOIOO TOUR THE US IN EARLY 2007 WWW.OOIOO.JP

