

GLADSTONE GALLERY

Lisa Yin Zhang, "The Top Ten Shows in the United States in 2023," *Frieze*, December 22, 2023

FRIEZE

The Top Ten Shows in the United States in 2023

From a retrospective of Josh Kline in New York to the 'Made in LA' biennial, here are the best stateside exhibitions of the year

BY LISA YIN ZHANG IN CRITIC'S GUIDES | 22 DEC 23



Matthew Barney, *Secondary, 2 23*, film still. Courtesy: © Matthew Barney; photograph: Julieta Cervantes

The times feel bleak – that much is clear from the range of subjects explored in this year's list. At the Whitney Museum in New York, Josh Kline explores a dystopic future, while Sable Elyse Smith tracks the machinations of our so-called justice system in her show at Regen Projects, Los Angeles. But there are, as always, pockets of loveliness and hope: Pacita Abad's hand-embroidered tapestries at the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, are a joy to behold, while the 'Made in LA' biennial at the Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, envisages the city as a tapestry of tender interactions. In no order, here are the top shows of 2023.

Matthew Barney Artist's studio in Long Island City, New York

This past summer, if you hooked west on a certain unassuming block in Queens, passed a series of parking lots and followed the bend of a restaurant along the river, you'd have found 'Secondary', on view at Matthew Barney's Long Island City studio. The filmmaker, perhaps best known for *The Cremaster Cycle* (1994–2002), here drew inspiration from an infamous incident in the NFL: in a preseason game in the summer of 1978, the Oakland Raiders' Jack Tatum hurtled into Darryl Stingley of the New England Patriots with so much force that Stingley's vertebrae shattered, paralyzing him. The cement floors of the studio were clad with colourful astroturf, and a four-headed jumbotron played the film, whose score and choreography telegraph the exertion of athletic drills and industrial production. 'I felt continuously anxious that something sudden and violent might occur wherever I wasn't looking,' wrote Brecht Wright Gander in his review in our October issue, 'the feeling, I gather, of being a receiver staring up at a lofted ball, listening peripherally for an impending tackle.'