

Kohei Yoshiyuki: The Park at Yossi Milo Gallery, New York

In the early 1970s, alert to the opportunities afforded by infrared film and filtered flash, a certain Tokyo-based photographer frequented the city's public parks after dark and, his tiny camera apparently undetected, captured clandestine trysts in bleary, stark black-and-white. Under the pseudonym Kohei Yoshiyuki, he exhibited the work in his native city in 1979, and the work was published in Japan the following year as a book.

This reprise exhibition consisted of thirty-six untitled prints hung in a tight band just a bit lower than normal, compelling the viewer to stoop slightly to scan from

one to the next. While the images themselves aren't particularly explicit, they are remarkable for the presence of groups of spectators (exclusively men) who lurk in the lovers' vicinity, looking on intently. In one image, the anonymous, grappling couple is peripheral to the slithering spectators; it seems impossible that the lovers do not know they are the object of such scrutiny, and the same is true of spectators' relation

blandly having sex, they are gleaned from video self-portraits left behind by occupants of one of Tokyo's many "love hotels." While less valuable as social documentation than the plein air work, these also testify to a culture where privacy is scarce. That the clientele of these establishments, even today, include happily married couples in search of refuge from crowded living arrangements casts light on the logistics of



Kohei Yoshiyuki, *Untitled* from the series "The Park", gelatin silver print (16 x 20 in.), 1971.
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to the camera. Huddling onlookers eclipse the action completely in another image, in which three men, seen from behind, lean together like comrades while peering into the night. The disturbing blend of furtiveness and exhibitionism records a bizarre instance of the clash between the human impulse for contact and the desire for privacy that engenders the self-imposed predicament of the voyeur.

Forming a coda to the show was "Love Hotel," a series of grainy, barely legible stills, dated 1978, shot directly from a television screen. Showing faceless couples

pleasure in a fishbowl metropolis and argues that necessity is the mother of sexual aberration.

—*Stephen Maine*

Between Thought and Sound: Graphic Notation in Contemporary Music at the Kitchen, New York

"Words move, music moves," T. S. Eliot wrote in the poem "Burnt Norton," "Only by the form, the pattern / Can words or music reach / The stillness, as a Chinese jar still / Moves perpetually in its stillness."