actors and placing them in exaggerated 1960s wig Huyghe asked Wojtowicz to direct them in a re-
reenactment of the crime as he recalled it. Hence, the
‘third’ memory: the crime was performed in some
form for the third time through the hazy lens of a very
mediated history. Wojtowicz, now gray-haired and
pudgy, took to the task with great gusto. ‘I’ll kill you
motherfuckers,’ he booms all too threateningly, as
he performs for the actors what he actually said to the
hostages over twenty-five years earlier.

What makes Huyghe’s installation so compelling is
how he grapples conceptually and visually with issues
of memory and identity. Two projections placed side by
side on one very wide white wall combine images from
multiple digital cameras into a crisscross narrative that weaves from footage of the
Lumet film to rehearsals for the current film, to actual scenes from the current film
as well as shots of the film equipment, crew, and backstage curtains. This symphony
of images serves Huyghe’s probing critique of media spectacle. He reminds us of the
real life and death that were sensationalized in the devouring gaze of the camera.
Wojtowicz is no hero, but he becomes one in a perverse way as he performs for the
viewer the memory of his fifteen minutes of fame.

Very little of the Lumet film is used here. Huyghe has too much energy and
originality of his own to waste time on appropriation. He is more interested in the
mechanisms of cinema and television interacting with the viewer’s own mechanisms
of memory. The Third Memory functions as a film loop, re-enacting over and over
again scenes from life, scenes from a film and scenes from the filming of the re-
enactment. As it wraps around itself, it becomes both an art and a critical experience.
Huyghe functions as artist, critic, recorder, interpreter and conductor, leading
viewers into their own questions about time and memory.

Huyghe’s mastery of diverse media is evident in Two Minutes Out of Time (2000),
an exquisite animated film about a digitally fabricated girl who was made as a back-
ground character for a Japanese cartoon. ‘While waiting to be dropped into a story,’
the girl says about herself, ‘she has been diverted from a fictional existence and has
become...a deviant sign.’ Huyghe gives her her own story and lets her tell of going to
see a painting with ‘waterlilies.’ Pastel clouds float above her head as she delivers a

paean to living, before disappearing into the ether. Full of pathos and wonder, it is a
striking companion to the search for identity in The Third Memory.

Douglas Gordon
Scottish artist Douglas Gordon (b. 1966) has also explored identity and
perception through a highly personal identification with films, especially those of Alfred
Hitchcock. In 24-Hour Psycho (1993), he digitally slowed down Hitchcock’s 1960
classic film to twenty-four hours. In so doing he not only exposed the artifice of the
filmmaker’s trade by removing the immediate tension of the familiar horror scenes,
but he also heightened tension in a way precisely because the film is so familiz.
Gordon played with viewers’ expectations as well as their memories and fears.
Douglas Gordon

323 24-Hour Psycho (1992; detail)
He often uses a two-screen or split-screen mode of presentation that allows for multiple perspectives, both psychologically and visually, for the viewer. In *through a looking glass* (1999), he appropriates a scene from Martin Scorsese's 1976 film *Taxi Driver* in which the lead character, the would-be assassin Travis Bickle, has a conversation with himself. Gordon digitally re-invents the 71-second scene on two opposite screens so that the paranoid and murderous Bickle (played by Robert De Niro) stares at himself, constantly repeating 'You looking at me?' The viewer, standing between the two images of Bickle, becomes implicated in Bickle's maniacal fantasies.

**Rodney Graham**

Canadian artist Rodney Graham (b. 1949) represents an earlier generation of Conceptual and video artists who have adapted to the new technologies. The utter beauty of Graham's *Vexation Island* (1997), a nine-minute film, owes its richness to its source: Cinemascope, a rich branch of 35-millimeter film that one suspects Graham could only afford to use for less than ten minutes. Nonetheless, here is Graham, dressed in an 18th-century, red British gentleman's costume, shipwrecked on a small strip of land in the British Virgin Islands, alone except for a blue parrot perched in a nearby tree. The sun burns brightly above shining white sands as the sea laps against the shore.

The camera, assured and fluid in the hands of director Robert Logevall, assumes a variety of close-ups and dolly shots that capture: Graham waking up; Graham spotting a coconut tree nearby; Graham shaking the tree, an act that makes a coconut fall on his head, so rendering him unconscious once again. The camera hovers over Graham's character (no names are used; the only sound comes from the waves and the wind), asleep on the shore, bleeding from a head wound; then it moves slowly along the beach, capturing every nuance of color and shading the waters have to offer. Then the camera looks up toward the coconut tree, statuesque against the clear sky, and finally shifts to Graham's back as he falls in slow motion to the ground after the coconut hits him.

In a sense, Graham's 'film,' made at a time when Cinemascope films had reached the technical heights of James Cameron's *Titanic* (1997) and Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977), can look like the work of a poor artist trying to play with the big boys. His intentions, of course, are different from mainstream filmmakers. In this case his aim is to make visual one of French critic Gilles Deleuze's more obscure notions of animal and vegetative violence and one of Freud's lesser ideas on split consciousness, all through the falling coconut. Graham's strategies, familiar from the experiments of John Cage in music and Warhol and Brakhage in film, still cast their spell; altering perceptions and placing the viewing experience closer to the realm of dreams than waking life.

In his *Halcion Sleep* (1994), Graham literally entered a dream state after taking the sedative drug Halcion. He slept in the back of a van, dressed in pajamas, with a camera focused on him. The van drove through the streets of Vancouver at night as Graham slept in the dark with light appearing only from passing street lights. It could be said of Graham what Stan Brakhage said of himself: 'Like Cocteau, I was a poet who made films.'