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COME AS YOU ART

SLATER BRADLEY TAKES AIM AT THE NEW YORK ART WORLD AND THE CULT OF COBAIN.

SAW NIRVANA THREE TIMES; I loved them," says **Slater Bradley**. The 29-year-old artist's fourth solo show at Team is a tribute band with a twist: an elegaic fiction in photo and video, marking the tenth anniversary of Kurt Cobain's death. The show hinges on a faked Nirvana performance (Phantom Release, 2003) starring Bradley's own "doppelgänger," Benjamin Brock, who, dolled up in stringy coif and gray hausfrau cardigan, is also a dead ringer for Cobain. Bradley (also showing in the Whitney Biennial next month) claims inspiration from the Website digitalnirvana.net, where obsessive fans trade video clips of the band's performances. He and Brock have pulled a similar stunt before, in 2002, with "live" footage of suicidal Joy Division frontman lan Curtis. Just a block away, Bradley will also open his first New York curatorial ef-

fort, "I, Assassin." (The title refers to

artists, curators, collectors, critics, and dealers; "it is simply their targets that vary," he writes in the press release.) As a collector himself, Bradley is something of a sharpshooter. He proudly recalls a Murakami purchase from 1998 and claims to have spotted "the next John Currin" in little-known British painter Richard Wathen. Bradley's selections at Wallspace



SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT: Slater Bradley's photograph I Hate Myself and Want to Die, 2003.

include Brad Phillips's painting of a Joy Division poster and Jay Batlle's homages to Martin Kippenberger, and if his taste in moody, charismatic performers is any indication, we're in for quite a show. (At Team February 21 through March 27 and Wallspace February 19 through March 27; see "Galleries: Solos—Chelsea" and "Galleries: Group Shows—Chelsea.") K.R.