

CHRISTINE HILL

RONALD FELDMAN

Is it an art exhibition? Is it a stage set? Or is it a talk show? From the same great mind that gave us *Tourguide?* comes something even more outrageous and unpredictable. For five weeks, Christine Hill progressively transformed Feldman gallery into a fully functioning live production television studio, complete with stagehand notes and cue cards. The penultimate week of the exhibition resulted in an hour long show taped in front of a live studio audience, which featured a video remote about Teddy Roosevelt, a Lettermanesque bit where a camera followed a photocopy boy making copies throughout the show, guest interviews with a matchmaker and a perfume consultant, a couple sketches, a live band, and a sidekick named Dave. The studio is made even more authentic with a Manhattan skyline backdrop behind fake wooden panels, a desk with a pencil holder, and a stiff guest couch.

Hill based the set for *Pilot* on many visits to talk shows, watching hundreds of hours of videos at the Museum of Television and Radio, and an interview with Conan O'Brien himself. She developed a timing sequence like the pros, learned how a teleprompter works, created a literal green room, and held meetings in the gallery as if it were her own permanent office. Believing talk shows are "brilliant sculpture" and taking on yet a different persona in this performative work, Hill blurs the line between life and art: is *Pilot* a talk show or is *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* performance art? As with her exhibition project *Tourguide?*, where she set up a small office and gave scheduled tours to strangers of unconventional places around Manhattan, Hill uses different characters to challenge our notions of how art reflects life and the "success" of commercial ventures, and keeps us (gallery goers, television viewers, and tourists) entertained all the while.

Heather Felty



CHRISTINE HILL, Still from "Pilot," 2000. Photo Nelson Bakerman.