From the early 1980s, Vaccari began writing down and illustrating his dreams. This interest emerged from the political realisation in 1985 that 'the real world has been emptied of reality, while at the same time reality has migrated towards the territory of dreams'. Vaccari had already devoted a project ten years earlier to dreams in which members of the public were invited to stay overnight at a gallery in Brescia. In the morning their dreams were written down and displayed next to a Polaroid taken before the event started. Museion bravely recreates the experience in its own gallery environment as another one-off event.

Vaccari died during the preparation of this retrospective (Obituary *AM*493). One suspects that, had he been born outside Italy or, indeed, Europe, his name would now be ranked among the leading protagonists of Conceptual Art. He had, after all, used film and photography to pursue what he called the 'technological unconscious', in which images captured the physical trace of the continuous cycle of cause and effect in human existence. Art was his channel, and technology presented him with the instruments for modifying his awareness of the world.

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## Gray Wielebinski: Bring Me Men

**Nicoletti, London, 28 May to 2 July**

The title of Gray Wielebinski's exhibition 'Bring Me Men' is taken from a sign formerly displayed on the facade of the US Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, where his father received training as a pilot in the 1970s. This ambiguous request for men was struck from the recruitment centre in 2003 after reports emerged of serious sexual misconduct and harassment taking place over several years there; the phrase itself being viewed as an emblem of such abuses. The open call for men's bodies – the faceless, unceasing demand by a nation's military – here parodically returns above the gallery entrance in polished, bold aluminium lettering, its placement and appearance strangely dissolving into the surrounding architecture of Shoreditch; the demand as if remade for a glossy office or model agency. Who fits this gendered demand upon entering remains a central concern for Wielebinski, framing an exhibition made from an outpouring of photographed bodies collaged onto objects, alongside an array of books and items related to gun culture, literary and psychoanalytic references, dusty relics of Americana, and slacker-like graffiti that pointedly undermine the images.

There is a propulsive, ludic sense to the way Wielebinski handles his materials, buffeted and tangled as they are, adopting that most resolutely 20th-century invention of cutting something out from the widely circulated, cheaply available tickertape of images printed in books and magazines. Set against the endless, haptic scroll of today's digital feeds – particularly those in which images of hyper-fit men who 'maxx' their bodies routinely circulate in a 'manosphere' fog – the densely arranged materiality of glued paper cut-outs by Wielebinski instead slowly absorb attention, churning not-so-distant eras onto the same plane, registering as oblique artefacts.

The productive frictions Wielebinski establishes range from libidinally inflected fascinations with celebrity culture, and the categorisation of white cis men's bodies – the jock, the stud and so on, and the statuses each might briefly possess in society – to the unexpected query of what it still means to encounter an abundance of printed matter in one space. For instance, if collage was central to the disturbing, mechanomorphic bodies of Dada and later in the dream-play of dismembered limbs in Surrealism – a language responsive to the technologies that grew synchronously with it – then the return of paper collage in our post-digital era is presented by Wielebinski as a bulwark against insistent, American systems of gender categorisation and marketing. Sifting through the residues of the armours of masculinity, in one work, a paper bag from Abercrombie and Fitch – whose former CEO Mike Jeffries is still awaiting trial on sex-trafficking charges; the company itself remaining a lodestar of corporatised, nationalist physical perfection – is cut open and arranged in a cross-like frame, incorporating a Bruce Weber-like photo of a tousle-haired figure viewed in profile (Weber himself settled claims of sexual misconduct and trafficking brought by former models in 2021). One body is stencilled with the words 'Loser', the other 'Lover', the pair bisected by images of the Milky Way. Could it be the galactic origins of our genetic potluck? The infinite gravitational pull of capricious desires or the black holes of signed NDAs?

A large worktable sits in the centre of the space and is laden with small boxes, each festooned with further collages, book jackets (Yukio Mishima, Truman Capote and others), medical supplies from the army and spools of cassette tape. These small, second-hand boxes, which appear as empty, defensive shells of masculinity, are interrupted by objects that appear votive and ritualistic; conjunctions amplified by several rulers that edge the table and satirically measure the success, size and impact of various male celebrities.

Among the larger works, *Safe*, 2026, is a medical cabinet stuffed with hay, an encyclopaedia on handguns, DW Winnicott's book on child development in the family, and Phil Andros's 1970 erotic gay fiction *My Brother, My Self*. In the backroom, further stacks of boxes are covered in images culled from sources ranging from gay pornography to medieval religious iconography. Taken together, these riffs on gender and violence occasionally bring to mind the thrifted, early collages of Robert Mapplethorpe or the détournement of society's expectations of women in Linder's work, yet Wielebinski oscillates between obsessive cataloguing and anxious classification, mingling concepts of the cut, the suture and the wound as contradictory flashpoints within the fantasy of a coherent contemporary masculinity, where differences between one body and the next are continually policed.


Gray Wielebinski, *A Man*, 2026

The exclusionary scaffold that comprises our current, panicked relation to gender is more directly broached in *Cover Up*, 2026, where Wielebinski has made inaccessible one of the gallery's toilets for the duration of the exhibition, only viewable through two easy-to-overlook holes drilled high into a wall. Whether one encounters the stilled privacy of an empty toilet, as a peeper might, one can still hear the rumbling sounds of a parked engine and smell a musky odour. By barring all from the lavatory, Wielebinski successfully engages with the delimiting aspects of recent UK law on gender definitions: the bathroom emerges as a site where gender conformity is enforced, and trans lives remain subject to surveillance. Yet the work leaves open the possibility that these structures remain unsettled; the engine is still running.

**Chris McCormack** is associate editor of *Art Monthly*.

## Glasgow International

**various venues, 5–21 June**

It seems necessary to start on a downward note here. Glasgow International 2026 opens amid a period of intense economic anxiety, anti-institutional rage and internecine conflict among the denizens of an art scene once famously, or infamously, proclaimed a 'miracle' by celebrity curator Hans Ulrich Obrist. From the permanent closure of the Centre for Contemporary Arts in January this year – its reputation already shot after it called the police on a pro-Palestine sit-in last summer – to the tripling of rents on Trongate 103, a site hosting many of the shows under review here, the primary issues concern financial mismanagement and state-sanctioned impoverishment of arts venues. In amongst it all, institutions have been scrambling to respond to activists justifiably demanding a firmer stance from the art world in calling out what the UN has described as an active genocide in Palestine. At the time of writing, Glasgow International has posted a statement (with the agreement of the city council) on its website outlining its commitment to the Palestinian Campaign for the Academic and Cultural Boycott of Israel and the accompanying guide describes 'a time marked by genocide and war', but it remains under pressure to increase the visibility and force of its position.

All of which is to say – notwithstanding some ethical quandaries parked at this point – that the time was right for a festival as intelligent, multifaceted and expressive of a city's creative resilience as Glasgow International 2026. In Helen Nisbet, the biennale has a new director whose approach is nuanced and principled, interweaving feminist and regional socio-political concerns with an internationalism that is, in some crucial sense, configured by an attention to the personal and the local.

Nisbet does not do 'themes' as such. Thus, there are many routes one could plot through the conversations opened by this year's exhibitors: over 60 in total across 32 venues in the city, not including fringe events. One place to start is at Kinning Park Complex, where the exhibition 'The Subtle Body' enacts a dialogue between the wonderful, Black Isle-born, Glasgow-based artist Katy Dove (1970–2015) and icon of Brazilian neo-concrete sculpture and performance, Lygia Clark (1920–88).

Across a series of carrels and vitrines, numerous documents and audiovisual clips convey the essence of several of Dove's projects, which exemplify her collaborative, performance- and sound-based approach to abstract art, most crucially presented in the form of animations. These include *Make a Shape*, 2006–08, an early, residency-based sequence created in Easterhouse, East Glasgow, in which primary school children interacted with projections on a large screen, using their bodies to cast shadows that complemented Dove's dancing shapes and lines. Soundtracks for much of Dove's work were provided by the now-disbanded improvised music collective Muscles of Joy, of which she was a member, evoking a specific era in Glasgow's rich history of experimental music that already feels distant, its evocation here curiously nostalgic.

The showings from Lygia Clark are more cursory, partly consisting of photographic documentation of the Corpo Collective action-based works she began to produce after her 'interactive' sculptures of the late 1960s. Devised during the era of Brazil's military dictatorship (1964–85), these actions, such as the 'Arquiteturas Biológicas' series for which living architectural structures were placed around bodies in group-based happenings, remind us of the potential countercultural power of abstract art when today it is often sneered at as formalistic and insipid. Likewise, Dove's truncated oeuvre – tragically cut short by cancer – is a reminder that community-led, community-empowering art practices do not necessarily have to deal in abrasive polemic.

Regarding community, the north and west of the city host several projects by women artists that exemplify how creative workers can integrate themselves into local communities over decades with genuinely inspiring results. A vital fixture of Glasgow's community arts scene, Mandy McIntosh's Springburn Sculpture Park project involved working with residents of the district where she was born to create a bronze relief. This was placed on an empty plinth which once held public art, making a powerful symbol of both civic abandonment and community solidarity.

Heading westwards, artists Helen McCrorie and Annabel Wright have collaborated with Maryhill Integration Network to prepare a text-installation and film-based document of the organisation's vital work with new Scots seeking asylum. Arranged on hangings of billowing builder's wrap, quotes from MIN's community members are transposed in an unaffected and direct way, not squeezed into an artist's vision: 'Art is important and I enjoy it, but the main thing for me is learning English. I'm a college student, but I'm happier learning here.' This is the artist as recorder in the best sense. At Glasgow Women's Library, Ruth Ewan, Sohaila Baluch and Alixandra Prybala offer a series of site-specific interventions and interactive pieces – including Ewan's 'feminist jukebox' – that speak of a similarly generous entwinement with community.

The Dove-Clark double-header also reminds us of how Glasgow's art scene has fed in to global art trends over

Michelle Williams Gamaker, *Strange Evidence*, 2026, video