EACH DECEMBER, Artforum invites a group of distinguished critics, curators, and artists from around the world to consider the year in art. Eleven contributors count down their top ten highlights of 2014, while six others select the single exhibition or event that, for them, rose above the rest. To cap this survey, we asked renowned novelist WILLIAM GIBSON and thinkers GRÉGOIRE CHAMAYOU and BEN VICKERS to reflect on the year in information: on how we search, map, picture, and track—and, in turn, are tracked—at a moment when the very act of communication is at once a submission to surveillance and a will to power.
JULIAN SCHNABEL (GAGOSIAN GALLERY, NEW YORK) Schnabel had multiple museum and gallery exhibitions this year, but the Gagosian show—titled “View of Dawn in the Tropics” and devoted to work from 1989–90, none of it previously shown in New York—was particularly trenchant. These massive paintings on tarp and burlap were like a slap in the face with their right-nowness. How many young (typically male) painters think they are copying, oh, say, Joe Bradley, when in fact they are unwittingly aping Schnabel’s gestures and mediums of a quarter century ago?

2. Julian Schnabel, Untitled, 1990, resin and gesso on burlap, 120 x 108”.

RICHARD PRINCE (GAGOSIAN GALLERY, NEW YORK) Instagram collided hard with the art world this year, most notably in the case of Richard Prince’s being kicked off it, apparently because he posted the preteen Brooke Shields Spiritual America picture. Then Jerry Saltz somehow got him reinstated. (And now Prince has disappeared again—supposedly, he deliberately got himself booted for posting naughty pics.) Indeed, @richardprince4’s Instagram feed feels very much central to his art right now—insta, nowness—while also a vivisection of the hyperviral social medium of the moment. These are the Prince “Gangs” of today. His Instagram-portrait show at Gagosian was dope: Richard alights on an unknowing Instagrammer—unknowing even if she happens to be Kate Moss—and screenshots one of her images, deleting unwanted comments and giving himself the last word. While Moss and several other portrait subjects are famous, all of them—even the ones I don’t know who the fuck they are—seem like they’re famous. That’s what Instagram is supposed to do: everybody/nobody a supermodel.