With true reverence for the genesis of an art form, LACE has compiled an exhibition of “prehistoric” video - those early experiments done in the ‘70s with the new phenomenon of portable video cameras and decks. Twelve works by eight artists are linked by the common theme of landscape, exploring “rural, suburban and urban vistas with varied styles and intentions.” The generalized mood one of Dadaist optimism, from the crude black-and-white work of Lauren Ewing, who fixates on a rapid Warhol style for six endless minutes (Ophelia, 1972) or marches for another 10 unrelenting minutes through a forest (Backwalk: Upper Birch Forest, 1974), to Bill Viola’s intriguing exploration of the interplay between light, time and space in which a stationary woman is no different from a mountain or a monolith as all are transformed by sunlight and shadow (Moonblood, 1977-79; Ancient of Days, 1979). One definitely must have strong avant-gardist blood to remain rapt throughout monotony like Mary Lucier’s Bird’s Eye (1978), a black-and-white mystery consisting of reflections of light on an unidentifiable object, or to take a work like Paul and Marlene Kos’ Riley Rolly River (1975), even remotely seriously. (While we are treated to a black-and-white scene of a rushing river, the Koses argue on the soundtrack: “This river is riley. No, roily! Riley! Roily!”) But heck, those were the days when the NEH still gave you money to brush your teeth. One of my favorites is Steina Vasulka Urban Episodes (1980), in which the videomaker has concocted a unique camera system with reflectors and stationed it on a busy street, making full use of fish eyes and absurd pans and angles in a genuine piece of unadulterated street theater. When a pedestrian finally has enough nerve to ask what the apparatus is doing, he is told, “Well, it’s not supposed to do anything. It’s supposed to be.” Which is an apt description of this entire genre.

LACE, 1804 Industrial St., downtown, opens Fri., Oct. 16, 7-10 p.m.; thru Nov. 20.