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"Anti-Establishment"

BARD CENTER FOR CURATORIAL STUDIES
Bard College, PO Box 5000
June 23–December 21

"Anti-Establishment," curated expertly by Johanna Burton, is a group exhibition dedicated to those whose artistic practices playfully interrogate, reinterpret, and reinvent the notion of "the institution." Comprising video, painting, installation, sculpture, text, and performance, this show, with its cacophony of opinion, provides a pleasurable, and often surprising, journey through the thought processes of thirteen twenty-first-century artists and groups, and their struggle to hold their space in a fluctuating landscape of outmoded institutions and their discontents.



View of "Anti-Establishment" 2012.

The most overt and extreme of these institutional critiques is the seemingly glib, but delightfully and horrifically informative, installation by Brooklyn art collective and pseudo nail salon H.E.N.S. (Hanns Eisler Nail Salon). Titled *Alternative Pedagogy and New Left Daycare II, consisting of: H.E.N.S. World-Historical Sock-Tragic Puppet Drama, Marxist Baby Buggy Bouncers, Pragmatic Piscine-Pedicure Program; Showing the Subject's Passage from Vulgar Individualism to Agonic Pluralism*, 2012, this "total-immersion artwork" invites the viewer to sit inside one of two adult-size baby bouncer sculptures, don headphones, and suck on a juice box plucked from a neighboring juice pyramid, while watching a television spouting tales of the New Left—as told by sock puppets. On screen, puppets cavort through landscapes and communicate with *Garra rufa* fish chomping on pedicured feet, reinterpreting the Red Riding Hood tale (among others) with a deliciously Marxist twist. Day care humor has never been so bleak.

Other works tackle the idea of the institution with impressive subtlety. Jacqueline Humphries's "Black Light Paintings," 2005, are an aesthetic triumph, but they also give the viewer uncommon pause to consider the studio conditions that allow such paintings to exist. To make this series, Humphries spent several months working exclusively with fluorescent paint, visible only under ultraviolet light, and she blocked out all the windows in her studio to create a perpetual artificial darkness. If the institution of the museum erases the life cycles of production around its artifacts, then Humphries's black light paintings are an act of reintegration, holding the walls while perpetually reminding the viewer of their genesis in neon-cloistered production.

— Chloé Rossetti

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS)  E-MAIL  PRINT

Chicago

Gilad Ratman

ASPECT RATIO
119 N Peoria #3D
September 21–October 26

In Israeli artist Gilad Ratman's five-minute, single-channel video *The Days of the Family of the Bell*, 2012, ten shaking bodies morph into a variety of temporary organic formations. Through this work, Ratman suggests our human dependence on one another regardless of the pain incurred from moments of heavy leaning and lifting. This sparsely curated exhibition comprises the single video and two production stills excerpted from it.

For the video, Ratman directs a total of ten performers—five

Dublin

"Futures 12"
Nick Miller

Leeds

Sarah Lucas

Paris

Charlotte Moth
Gabriel Orozco
Angela Detanico and
Rafael Lain

Lacoste

Mohamed Bourouissa

Marseille

Sophie Ristelhueber

Berlin

Miyoko Ito
Vincent Fecteau
Eran Schaerf
Robin Bruch
Eduardo Basualdo
Andrej Dubravsky
"Architektonika 2"

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Danilo Correale and Anna
Franceschini
Valerio Carrubba

Rome

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Max Renkel
"D'après Giorgio"

Basel

Joanne Greenbaum

Lisbon

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Madrid

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Umeå

"Kirunatopia / In the
Shadow of the Future"

Jakarta

Ade Darmawan

Beijing

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Ashdod

Tsibi Geva

Jerusalem

Joshua Neustein

Tel Aviv

"Critical Mass"

Dubai

Sara Naim

Healesville

"Sonic Spheres"

Auckland

"True Stories/Scripted
Realities"

Rio de Janeiro

Carla Guagliardi

are hired professionals with whom Ratman has no relationship, and five are friends he has asked to participate. They all appear seminude and are of varying athletic abilities. Four people stand on top of a man's bare back. A strongman wearing two layers of underwear uses only his arms to triumphantly hold nine gyrating bodies that bend and twist into the shapes of branches, twigs, and leaves. Ratman invites the viewer to indulge in these fantastical moments, and even makes a few appearances himself. In one scene, a bald man agilely balances one foot on the artist's left shoulder and another on the side of his head. Ratman gasps for breath. The man finishes climbing Ratman, and then gently holds his hand. This moment suggests a quiet intimacy, and also leaves viewers wondering if the artist's neck is made of an invisible, unbreakable material. But the truth here—as in Ratman's entire video oeuvre, which explores the edges of human behavior through seeming physically impossible situations—is that they appear this way because of a simple point-of-view manipulation. Ratman points a fixed camera down onto a square sheet of black carpet and a vertically positioned slab of wood that looks like a wooden wall. The performers lie down on the black carpet, moving about on their backs and sides. They feign shakiness and feats of strength. In reality no one battles gravity. Viewers are led into a state of visual enthrallment without suspending their disbelief.



Gilad Ratman, *The Days of the Family of the Bell II*, 2012, ink-jet print, 15 1/4 x 20".

— Alicia Eler

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

“Afterimage”
DEPAUL UNIVERSITY MUSEUM
935 W Fullerton
September 14–November 18

It is a testament to the generative richness of the Chicago Imagists, who coalesced around the Art Institute of Chicago and the Hyde Park Art Center in the 1960s, that a show about their influence on artists working today is so void of anxiety and full of exuberance. In a small separate gallery at the museum's entrance, a concise sample of fourteen Imagist prints, drawings, and paintings by James Nutt, Christina Ramberg, and Ed Paschke, among others from the 1960s and '70s, reminds viewers of the original movement's loosely associated idiosyncrasies: figural forms, often with a combination of hieratic graphic precision and grotesque distortion, comic juxtaposition and cryptic text, recurrence of motifs and the suggestion of hidden or symbolic meaning, and strong colors not of the Pop art Day-Glo variety but out of comic books, Surrealist painting, and homespun craft.



Rebecca Shore, *09*, 2010, oil on canvas, 30 x 45".

The title “Afterimage” refers to the persistence of an image on the retina after an initial exposure, and it's true that some specific Imagist precedents crack across the mind's eye when one moves through the twenty-five recent works on display. For instance, David Leggett's squirming black ink lines, which trace incongruities such as a chain of daisies and a floating brain in *Summer of Dreams and Magic*, 2010, recall James Falconer's squirrely ink drawings (see *Sleep Portrait*, 1966, on view in the entrance gallery). For others, the persistence of Imagism is not so retinal. In Rebecca Shore's oil painting *09*, 2010, it's found in the potential of some connective symbolic logic behind the farrago of neat silhouettes that she lays across a teal ground—a wig, a pot, a leg, a lock. One paired relation promises to unlock a story or game, but the whole remains an insoluble spread of surface variation. Because Imagism is both underrecognized outside of Chicago and inherently difficult to define in its recourse to personal meaning and individual style, “Afterimage”'s influence shoots in both directions as a later generation of artists reads and rearticulates Imagism's import.

— Julia Langbein

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

Minneapolis

Pamela Valfer and Christina Empedocles
BURNET GALLERY
901 Hennepin Avenue
September 14–November 11

“Exactitude,” the title of Pamela Valfer and Christina

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Newest Entries

Heather Hendershot on "Adults in the Dark: Avant-Garde Animation"

Courtney Fiske on *Day (Rives)* and "Salut les jeunes: Young French Cinema"

Andrew Hultkrans on Léos Carax's *Holy Motors*

Melissa Anderson on "To Save and Project" at MoMA

Ben Parker on *Wuthering Heights*

Tony Pipolo on the New York Film Festival's 16th Views from the Avant-Garde

Empedocles's elegant exhibition, may capture the artists' impeccably precise technique, but it misses the point: What makes the drawings compelling is not craft per se but, especially in Valfer's case, the works' haunting conceptual complexity. Both artists create an afterlife for the objects they depict. For Empedocles that means patiently drawing crumpled-up notes, old movie posters, cutouts, and paper dolls, while Valfer conglomerates images familiar from popular culture, iconic tourist landmarks, and pieces of architectural history into what she calls "landscape simulation."

The elements of Valfer's self-conscious simulations are diligently identified without fault: The mountain vista from *The Shining* here, a postapocalyptic *Planet of the Apes* reference there; geologic sights—England's Gordale Scar, the Wisconsin Dells—combined with Checkpoint Charlie or the Villa Savoye. Valfer's point, in part, is that actual and virtual experiences have become inseparable, even indistinguishable. Through the lens of popular culture, we see landscape not for what it is but for what it reminds us of: Devil's Tower leads straight to *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The result is a series of ghostly, uncanny drawings that play on the tension between déjà vu and a calculated strangeness.

But if the drawings suggest a certain blending together, a disappearing act into a world of digital sameness where anything can be reformatted and reshuffled endlessly, the insistence on naming belies a sensibility troubled by the specter of loss. The look of Valfer's drawings, pale as if on the verge of fading into white paper, suggests a similarly vested melancholic tinge. Unmediated experience may be out of our reach, but have we truly become unable or unwilling to distinguish actual from virtual? Valfer's process, obstinately analog, suggests an insistence on the artist's hand, a desire to linger, tangibly, with the tableaux of lost worlds and bygone histories. Ultimately, Valfer's drawings resonate with a strange cautionary twist: Will we truly understand what is at stake in the disappearance of distinction before we are left to mourn its loss?

— Christina Schmid

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Pamela Valfer, *Landscape Simulation: Planet of the Apes / Tatooine / County Clare, Ireland*, 2011, graphite on paper, 19 x 28".

Andy DuCett

THE SOAP FACTORY
514 2nd Street SE
September 8–November 11

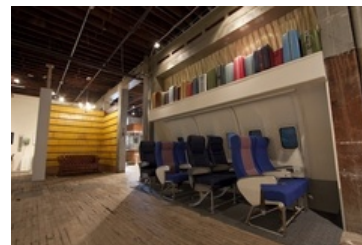
Though Andy DuCett considers "Why we do this" to be an expansion of his established drawing practice, the actual effect of the immersive installation here is more akin to that of a film than a drawing. Visitors walking through the sprawling exhibition—which takes up the entirety of the Soap Factory's twelve thousand square feet—might recall the scenes in screenwriter Charlie Kaufman's *Being John Malkovich* and *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* where characters move through memories as though they were physical space, with childhood torments incongruously adjacent to adult workplaces and erotic pleasures.

DuCett has created dozens of distinct spaces and assembled them in an eccentric progression that draws the viewer through the gallery with the promise of a surprise around every corner. His themes are memory and life history—specifically, the memories and history of the thirtysomething Minnesotan man he is. The spaces evoke episodes in a life: some literal, some fantastic. Included are a thrift store and a record shop (all items actually for sale). Nearby DuCett has constructed a cabin bunk, with a windowed door that looks onto a video projection of woods through which Sasquatch is seen to occasionally amble. Across the gallery there's an Astroturf field with a cloud-scattered blue sheet rolling slowly past overhead, and immediately above that, there's the media-cluttered den of a conspiracy theorist. Near the gallery door a canoe floats ready to be rowed, in the back corner of the space a bar holds vintage beer cans, and in yet another nook of the gallery a giant Battleship set includes sufficient pieces to play a full game.

The installation feels cozy and accessible, both conceptually and literally, as almost anything difficult has been left out: There are many dreams but no nightmares; beds, but no stained sheets; games, but no losers or winners. In future work, one hopes DuCett will do more to provoke—but for now, he seems justifiably content to simply invite viewers to wander happily through his, and their own, memories.

— Jay Gabler

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View of "Why we do this," 2012.

Mountainville

“Light and Landscape”

STORM KING ART CENTER

Storm King Art Center

May 12–November 11

Storm King, the Hudson Valley’s longtime mecca of outdoor steel-and-stone sculpture, gets a contemporary boost this summer, as associate curator Nora Lawrence brings in works by fourteen artists, all of whom bring a conceptual approach to the use of light as both subject and material. A tour of the exhibition “Light and Landscape”—snaking over five hundred acres, throughout permanent installations by the likes of Mark di Suvero, Alexander Calder, and Andy Goldsworthy—turns up some uninhibited examples of what the illuminated environment can mean to artists today.

Those featured here take on (and then take off from) the venerable tradition of pleinairism, though they wield diodes, latex, and solar panels in lieu of brushes to embody light’s transitory nature. Take, for instance, William Lamson’s 2012 installation *Last Light*, in which a sheet of metal foil stretches under the surface of a pond, paralleling the exact angle at which the setting sun’s rays approach the water on the summer solstice—a bittersweet tribute to both the apex and the decline of summer. Spencer Finch’s spherical sculpture *Lunar*, 2011, meanwhile, absorbs solar energy by day; by night it converts the celestial radiance and glows to resemble a full moon.

Others go beyond visual observation. Peter Coffin has implanted an apiary on the outskirts of Storm King to pose the question: “What does sunlight taste like?” (Weekly beekeeper-led tours end in a honey tasting to give an answer.) Taking a more encyclopedic approach, Katie Holten has installed a color-coded library in one of Storm King’s indoor galleries. Her books’ topics range from optics and physics to gardening and Impressionist painting; Adirondack chairs just outside offer a leisurely place for visitors to peruse them.

Rather than analyzing or mimicking rays, several sculptures on view bend light instantaneously, to destabilizing effect: Through mirrors, Olafur Eliasson’s *Kaleidoscopic Telescope*, 2001, and Anish Kapoor’s concave *Untitled*, 1997, confound perception as the viewer moves before them—a very visceral reminder that the ways we interpret our perceptions of light are ever changing in space and time.

— Emily Weiner



Spencer Finch, *Lunar*, 2011, two solar panels with charger, light-emitting diodes, and lamp fixture, 11' 4" x 16' 8" x 11' 6".

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

Philadelphia

Martha Wilson

ARCADIA UNIVERSITY GALLERY

450 South Easton Road

August 24–November 4

“THE ARTIST OPERATES OUT OF THE VACUUM LEFT WHEN ALL OTHER VALUES ARE REJECTED,” notes Martha Wilson in her early photo-text composition *A Portfolio of Models*, 1974. Referring to her negotiation and subsequent refusal of cookie-cutter female identities—from “housewife” to “lesbian”—the statement also works as a concise thesis for her interdisciplinary, activist practice. Part of a curatorial project from Independent Curators International, which also generated the *Martha Wilson Sourcebook*, 2011, Wilson’s traveling retrospective kicked off in Montreal and tracks four decades of her development as an artist, writer, punk singer, collector, and founder-director of the alternative New York space Franklin Furnace.

Working deftly with selections from a vast archive of materials collated by curator Peter Dykhuys, director Richard Torchia has installed an elegant, visual chronology and reference library within Arcadia University’s compact gallery. Particularly dazzling gems are to be found in three distinct groupings of short videos displayed on three monitors, focusing on the artist’s early-1970s work in Halifax, Canada; her 1980s performances with feminist art-punk gang DISBAND; and her later individual practice. Grainy, black-and-white videotape captures oddly cheery, narrated performances such as *Deformation*, 1974, in which the artist becomes progressively more vulnerable and ugly with the help of makeup and lighting. More recent works like Wilson’s politicized drag acts—where she poses in



Martha Wilson, *Martha Wilson as Barbara Bush*, 1991. Still from televised performance at Upstream Arts, Staten Island C.T.V., New York, March 11, 1991.

wigs and pearls as madcap versions of First and Second Ladies—are darkly comedic and raise crucial questions about arts funding, censorship, and the social value of creative work.

A wall-based, multimedia time line traces Franklin Furnace's evolution from an artists' publication archive, founded in 1976, to a pioneering, Web-based advocate for ephemeral and "politically unpopular" art. Images of Ana Mendieta's bloody gestures, Karen Finley's scrawled commentaries on abuse, and Tehching Hsieh's yearlong performance of homelessness are reminders that Wilson supported radical practice long before its institutional acceptance. Utilizing diverse technologies that speak to specific historical moments—screenprinted T-shirts, looped analog video, well-stocked slide carousels, and iPads streaming Vimeo.com—"Staging the Self" casts Wilson as being savvy to the ever-shifting ways in which values are mediated while doggedly preserving safe spaces for alternative forms of art and life.

— Becky Huff Hunter

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

Saint Louis

"In the Still Epiphany"

THE PULITZER FOUNDATION FOR THE ARTS

3716 Washington Boulevard

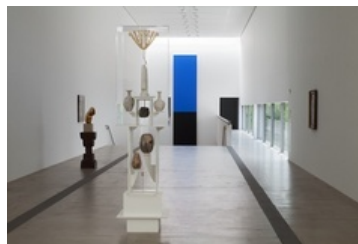
April 25–October 27

In this installation-exhibition, "In the Still Epiphany," artist Gedi Sibony enlists some fifty works from the Pulitzer Collection as props and players in a romantic drama about relationships—formal, art-historical, and personal. The show marks the tenth anniversary of the Pulitzer Foundation with references to the domestic in general and, by inference, the wealth and connoisseurship of Emily and Joseph Pulitzer Jr., the couple who amassed the collection.

Known for messing with Minimalism, Sibony stages the foundation's Zen-elegant interior as an intimate home. Portraits commune in the entryway like guests. A small gallery becomes a boudoir where African healing objects, a dreamlike surrealist oil painting, and a photo of Walter and Ilse Gropius's dressing room manifest private nighttime rituals. In the main space, Picasso's *Fireplace, winter*, 1916–17, and Lichtenstein's *Curtains*, 1962, create a salon with a witty hostess: A multilevel case of Sibony's design arranges ancient vessels to suggest a woman's body; her white marble head, carved by Giacometti in 1930, wears a Colombian copper diadem more than a thousand years old.

Such whimsical mixing of high modernism with the so-called primitive that inspired it is an exhibition theme and a highlight. Equally fun is how Sibony uses artworks as guides toward discovery. A Vuillard portrait of the artist's mistress lures visitors down a hall to an elevator, which takes one to the mezzanine level where a sheaf of Xeroxes includes a 1966 letter to the late Joe Pulitzer about the Vuillard itself. This typed gem could sum up the whole show with its chain of affectionate connections—painter and muse, dealer and client, and, ultimately, collector and the art he has the good fortune to possess and the largesse to share.

— Anne Thompson



View of "In the Still Epiphany," 2012.

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

San Antonio

Adam Schreiber

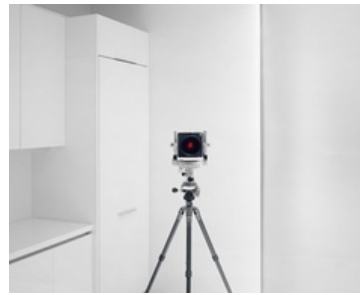
LINDA PACE FOUNDATION

112 W. Rische

April 14–December 15

Some photographers manage to explore and define their subjects at the same time. Such nuance is at play in "FLANAGAN – TIRAVANIJA," an exhibition of ten photographs, which Adam Schreiber was commissioned to shoot in the home of the late collector, artist, and philanthropist Linda Pace. Schreiber is skilled at using his medium to isolate cultural material—from car parts to archives—and this makes him a wise choice to examine the Linda Pace Foundation's holdings. He creates photographs that are earthly and ethereal, and that observe as they describe.

Schreiber's images are installed in a lofty room at the center of the airy penthouse where they were taken. In this space, abundant natural light bounces off white walls and lacquered floors; the color prints are substantial—two by two feet or larger—and framed minimally so that the few elements in each remain the focus. The photograph *Antony Gormley, Lock II, 1994* (all works 2012) is anchored on the right by a leaden Gormley figure coming off of a wall that is balanced on the left by a window and the grid of light it casts on the floor below it. In *Untitled (stairwell)*, a dizzying staircase obscures a glow coming from behind it and dwarfs the only objects visible in the frame—an empty vase and a ball of colored pencils crafted by The Art Guys. One particularly ghostly image, *Untitled (kitchen)*, features the view camera that Schreiber used to make other works in the show. The apparatus, which stands on a tripod and faces us with an open shutter, is an index for the photographer and also for other bodies past, present, and future. Schreiber's pictures call attention to time and subjectivity, capturing the material and the immaterial while giving new substance to both.



Adam Schreiber, *Untitled (kitchen)*, 2012, Chromogenic print, 24 x 30".

— Kate Green

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

Washington

Dan Steinhilber

THE KREEGER MUSEUM
2401 Foxhall Road, NW
September 11–December 29

Tucked away in a marvelous Philip Johnson–designed building in Washington, D.C.'s tony Foxhall neighborhood, the Kreeger Museum is as proud of its building as it is of its handsome, modest, modern collection. The Kreeger commissioned Dan Steinhilber to create a site-specific solo show, and so he did, but he considered the building not as a museum but rather in its context as a former home. Rummaging through the old belongings of David and Carmen Kreeger and selecting long-hidden and discarded ephemera—a loveseat, an ironing board, three horrid stuffed marlins—Steinhilber reveals a secret history of the institution. He recorded unique testimonials of everything he found—a space heater cranking up, a smoke alarm beeping its test message, a trunk being dragged here and there, and so on—in order to collect a library of noises.

Marlin Underground, 2012, is a percussive piece of music that he rescues from the cacophony. Routing each sound from a central board to its source using audio equipment and transducers, Steinhilber makes it appear as if the grumble of a dented metal garbage can, for instance, is coming from inside the can itself—when in fact the sound is being replayed back through the object. The disconnect between the almost accidental quality of the found instruments and the intricate purposiveness of their orchestration is striking. The melodic whole music that Steinhilber compels from so much clutter imparts an animated, anthropomorphic quality to the junky instruments—as if the viewer had entered the Kreegers' garage and stumbled upon an orchestra of Pixar rejects performing a Ballet Mécanique.

Steinhilber's found things are deployed throughout the gallery with sculptural precision; a tower of five gray plastic bins is truly a poor man's stack of glittering Donald Judd boxes. An adjacent gallery features a more conventional Steinhilber: a room-filling, inflated, walk-in plastic balloon, the insides of which he has embedded with shredded plastic bags. He has always favored discarded, misfit, and renegade materials, but in this exhibit, he has used them to author a convincing and far-reaching work of music—a variation on a theme, and an extension of his sculptural range into the realms of music and technology.

— Kriston Capps



View of "Marlin Underground," 2012.

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

Washington, DC

Lisa Ruyter

CONNERSMITH.
1358 Florida Avenue, NE
September 8–October 20

The images of impoverished Americans that Walker Evans made iconic in his collaboration with James Agee convey the dry, brittle tones of sun-bleached, barren land and faces drained exhaustion and hardship in the 1930s and '40s. Lisa Ruyter reinterprets these iconic works by using her signature palette of bright, Day-Glo acrylic paint. While the shift in color updates the historical images to suggest the cheap plastic products endemic to today's economic plight, the mood and message remain the same. Ruyter's "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" is a moving and timely exhibition, appropriately installed in Washington, DC, before the US elections this November.



Lisa Ruyter, Arthur Rothstein "Dry and parched earth in the badlands of South Dakota," 2009, acrylic on canvas, 47 x 59".

Ruyter developed her arresting palette while painting chic cocktail parties, high-powered symposia, entertainment events, and fashion shows in the late 1990s. In those contexts, her choice of electric yellow, lime, lavender, and Tiffany-box blue signified the excitement and flash of the era. Here, however, the same colors have a sharp sting and artificial aftertaste. Ruyter's expressive blocks of solid color appear like parts of cheap plastic toys or chemically processed, unnourishing food when they are applied to an image of bleached cow skull on cracked earth, which the photographer Arthur Rothstein captured in his *Dry and parched earth in the badlands of South Dakota*, 1936. In Ruyter's large-scale acrylic painting from 2009, a salmon- and butter-colored skull on turquoise earth remains as distressing an image of death and hopelessness as the original black-and-white photograph.

— Ana Finel Honigman

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

Banff

Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater

WALTER PHILLIPS GALLERY
The Banff Centre, 107 Tunnel Mountain Drive
August 3–November 18

Can hunting be hypnotic? Does silence return a sound? What are the political stakes in modalities of landscape and tradition? These are questions posed by *Modest Livelihood* (2012), a film by Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater premiering at the Walter Phillips Gallery as part of the section of Documenta 13 taking place in Banff. The film's title references the 1999 Marshall decision by the Supreme Court of Canada, which upheld an over two-hundred-year-old treaty that allowed First Nations peoples to fish and hunt on traditional territories so as to make a "moderate livelihood" but pointedly restricted them from accumulating wealth.



Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater, *Modest Livelihood*, 2012, color film in Super 16 mm transferred to Blu-ray, 50 minutes.

The silent film in many respects recalls the work of Andrei Tarkovsky, with its slow-as-molasses cinematic pacing—though perhaps *Modest Livelihood* is even more obdurate. As with Tarkovsky's *Stalker* (1979), the action of following constitutes a principal element of much of Jungen and Linklater's work. In the case of *Modest Livelihood*: one generation following another, hunters following an animal, and ultimately viewers following the artists.

Over the course of its fifty minutes, the film lulls its viewers into a productive state of boredom. After a half an hour watching figures moving through the landscape of northern British Columbia, it's easy to miss "the kill" of a large moose. Indeed, the footage is all so understated that even the otherwise grisly work of field dressing the animal doesn't feel overly grave or sensational; rather, it has that meditative quality so often associated with being absorbed in labor. In this sense, the film doesn't fit easily into conventional filmic genres, but is perhaps something akin to an instructional video: a lesson for a way of being in the world that seeks a link to tradition and the land, unvexed by the continual demands of the speed and noise of so-called contemporary life.

— Zachary Cahill

PERMALINK COMMENTS (0 COMMENTS) E-MAIL PRINT

< Los Angeles **Rest of North America** United Kingdom & Ireland >

Last Month's Picks

