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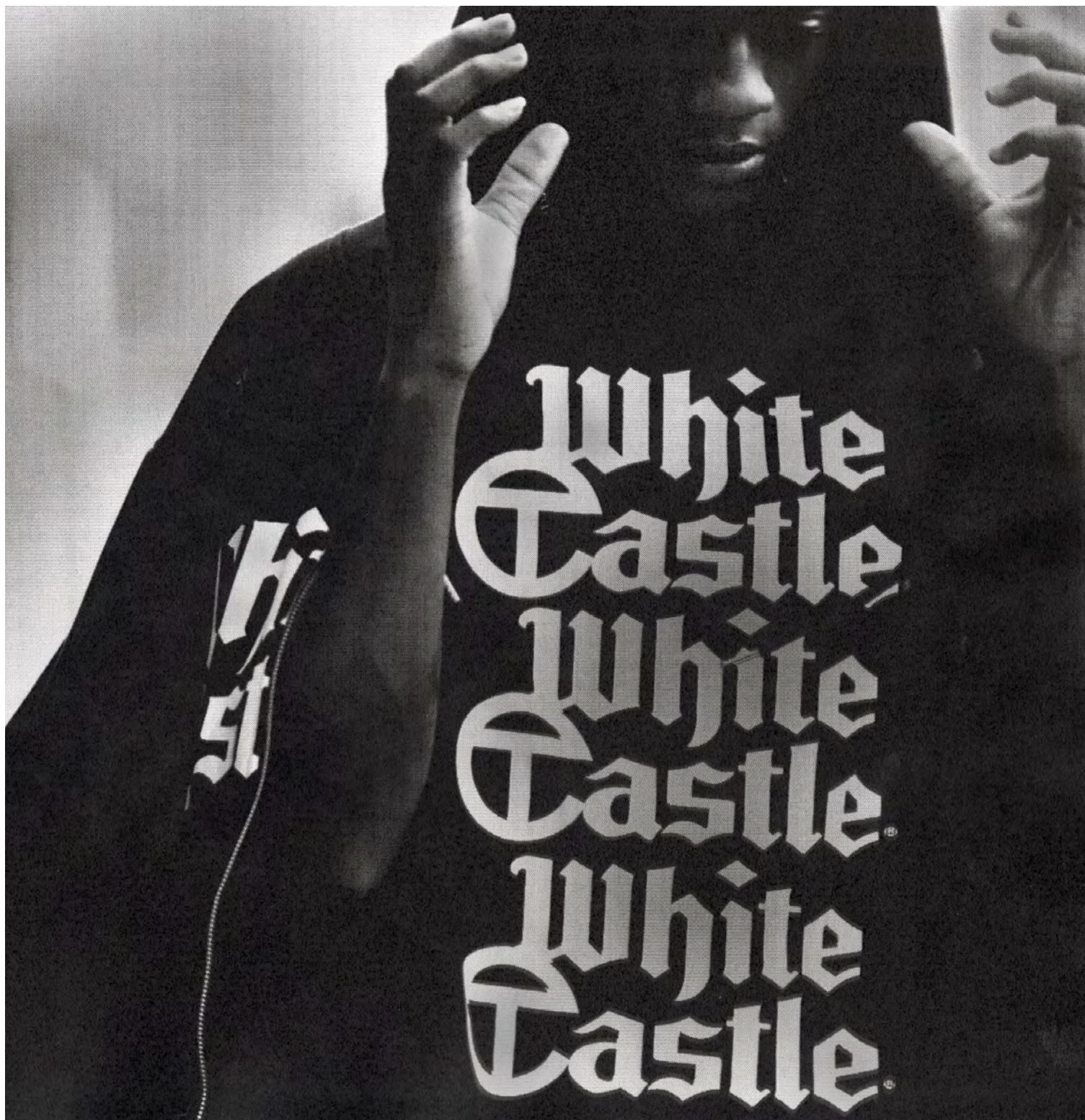
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TELFAR

MELANIE GILLIGAN / CECILIA VICUÑA / EMIL MICHAEL KLEIN /
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Anna Uddenberg

Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler / Berlin

Credulity exists to be strained in Anna Uddenberg's work. Her trademark sculptures of women assuming impossible — though, oddly, not implausible — physical postures are perhaps her most high-profile examples of this tendency: the mind knows that what the eye sees cannot be, but the spirit feels the truth of an impossible mandate. Possibly the term for works like these is something like "aspirational realism" — images of the familiar yet impossible transmuted into art. Aspirational does seem like the appropriate word for "Sante Par Aqua," which sees Uddenberg's oeuvre expand into a kind of warped product design. The show is economical: four works across two rooms; but the sense of wandering in a boutique operated by the ghost of Raymond Roussel lends the exhibition an expansiveness that pirouettes beyond the wildest emanations of opulent fantasia.

The works are blatant in their refusal to provide points of entry, but their forms also beckon viewers to engage them as objects; they could be maladroït furnishings, infant storage facilities, even deranged sporting goods. Cavities dip, footrests come equipped with built-in Crocs footwear for the eager user, but once one (theoretically) mounts, for example, the first work visible in the space, *Not yet titled* (2017) — a mélange of polyester, fiberglass and carpet, again accented with Crocs — the sheer inertia of the object is revealed and the fun is over. Aspiration is more valuable than acquisition; it animates the mind. Though there is some melancholy beauty in imagining *Pocket oboes* (2017) — an altered beauty salon chair boxed in by transparent walls of flowing water — in one's living room, the prospect of explaining its presence to one's self, let alone one's visitors, washes away all the fun of wanting it. Much like her figurative pieces, these works suggest an interplay of covetousness and desire with no true resolution — where the experience of longing is itself the end point. In short, they feel like the twenty-first century.

by William Kherbek

Olga Chernysheva

Secession / Vienna

Caught between stale Russian conventions (poetic melancholy, the merciless cold) and meditations on post-Soviet socioeconomic life, in "Chandeliers in the Forest" Olga Chernysheva reflects on her nation's transformation without indulging capitalist triumphalism or challenging stereotypical representations.

The title suggests fragile beauty in an impenetrable place, but refers to *On the Sidelines #1-2* (both 2009), black-and-white photographs of chandeliers hanging from a makeshift wooden crossbeam. These document a worker's story: given glass chandeliers — the product of his labor — instead of a salary, he tried selling them along tourist roads, draping them from trees like an elegant window display.

The oil painting series "Moscow River" (2017) presents nature as an index of social transformation, showing summertime swimmers in the River Moskva. Chernysheva intimately captures diverse bodies — paunchy, withered, ageing — unabashed as they wade through the now-stony riverbed, hands on hips in ankle-deep water, struggling to maintain their balance. In *Smoking Man* (2017), a frayed figure exhales a gust of condensation into the bitter Moscow cold.

The eighteen-channel video installation *Screens* (2010–17) and the charcoal-on-paper series "Escalation" (2014–ongoing) focus on loneliness. *Screens* combines short film sequences (of solitary figures, footprints in the snow, gloomy buildings) with a digital collage of Chernysheva's diary entries and personal reflections, accompanied by jazz pianist Keith Jarrett's delicate interpretation of Shostakovich's *24 Preludes and Fugues*. "Escalation" offers a commuter's eye view of the Moscow subway: the cavernous tunnel, the tide of anonymous faces, the shimmering texture of fur coats.

Chekhov Museum (2017) is more lighthearted. The twenty-minute video shows a museum staffer fervidly telling anecdotes from Chekhov's life. Only later, upon the entrance of the real tour guide, does the viewer realize that we have been watching a security guard, who glumly returns to her seat.

by Max L. Feldman

Rosemarie Castoro

MACBA / Barcelona

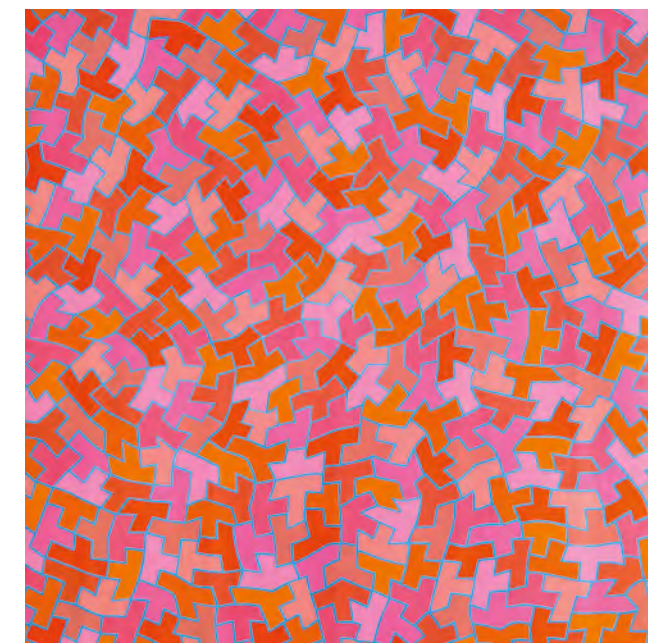
"Focus at Infinity" presents an extensive retrospective of more than two hundred works by Rosemarie Castoro, organized by MACBA's chief curator Tanya Barson. Castoro became an artist in the 1960s and was strongly influenced by the atmosphere of the New York art scene when Minimalism and Conceptual art were ascendant. For more than five decades she explored various means of expression, including dance, performance, painting and sculpture. The exhibition focuses on the evolution of Castoro's practice from 1964 to 1979, beginning with several paintings from the "Y" series (1964–65) — square canvases in which geometric Y motifs are repeated and combined in bold colors.

Castoro turned to Conceptual art during the second half of the 1960s. The collection of drawings known as "Inventory" (1968–69) is a testament to the artist's perceptions of her surroundings, registered through a codified, cryptic language of graphite lines. The show is titled after one of her photographic series, "Running (Polaroid Self Timing)" (1968–70), produced according to a set of instructions: "Focus at infinity / Set timer / Start running — to turn when you think time is up / Repeat eight times."

The artist's studio, where she lived and worked most of her life, is reconstructed at the end of the exhibition. Photographs from her journals, showing the artist interacting with her sculptures, reflect her interest in the relationship between the human body and its environment. Though Castoro's practice was polymorphic and at times uneven, the spirit of her artistic contribution is perhaps best expressed in these photographs.

Castoro is often referred to as the first wife of Carl Andre — whose second marriage would end with the disputed death of artist Ana Mendieta. Like Mendieta, Castoro is one of the countless female artists whose work has been overshadowed by the myth of the artistic genius as personified by their male partners. While the rediscovery of such North American women artists is noteworthy, one might question whether it is the function of a Spanish institution to rewrite their histories.

by Alba Baeza



From top, clockwise:

Anna Uddenberg
Not Yet Titled (2017)

Courtesy of the Artist and
Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin
Photography by Gunter Lepkowski

Rosemarie Castoro
Yellow Pink Brown Blue (1964)
Courtesy of The Estate of
Rosemarie Castoro and
BROADWAY 1602, Harlem, NY

Olga Chernysheva
"Chandeliers in the Forest."
installation view at Secession,
Vienna (2017)
Courtesy of the Artist; Diehl
Gallery, Berlin and Temnikova
& Kasela Gallery, Tallinn
Photography by Jorit Aust