

Art in America

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Yan Duyvendak: *Game Over!*, 2004, video, 6 minutes; at Plug.in.



Paolo Chiasera: From the series "Heidegger's Walk," 2009, ink and crayon on paper, 23 1/4 by 31 1/2 inches; at PSM.

What Happens Now? (1999), the earliest video shown, documents a performance in which Duyvendak lip-synchs the dialogue of actors in clips from *Rebel Without a Cause*, *Contact* and *The Name of the Rose*, which play on the monitor he cradles. Sometimes he translates the dialogue into French, but otherwise he flawlessly mimics the actors' words, even their breathing and facial expressions. Betraying no emotions of his own, Duyvendak reflects those the actors express, mirroring their interactions with corresponding gestures toward the television in his lap: he fusses with its cord, or strokes it empathetically. If the moviemaker's camera executes a wide sweep, Duyvendak moves the monitor from side to side.

One of his most ambitious pieces, *My Name is Neo* (for fifteen minutes), first presented in 2001, is a wry comment on Warhol's concept of 15 minutes of fame for everyone. Casting himself as Neo in *The Matrix*, Duyvendak enacts the climactic fight scene, performing in sync with the movie, which plays on a monitor behind him. Clad in black military gear, he mimics Neo's every move and word—and resists the role of passive viewer—for his allotted quarter-hour.

In *Game Over!* (2004), Duyvendak mimes a character in a military video game. Walking repeatedly through a narrow basement hallway, he moves as if controlled by a joystick. With a paranoia-inducing camera following closely behind, he occasionally reaches a wall and mechanically continues walking into it for a moment, then backs up and proceeds. Unlike characters in real video games, he

never finds a target to shoot, though he is always on the alert. His futile actions make him seem more a laboratory rat than a lethal mercenary. Here as elsewhere, Duyvendak skillfully walks a line between media critic, serious actor and obsessive fan.

—Lara Taubman

BERLIN PAOLO CHIASERA PSM

In "Condensed Heidegger's Hut," the young Italian-born, Berlin-based Paolo Chiasera explored the philosopher's ideas about time. Working in sculpture, film, painting, architectural interventions and photographs, he enacted an unconventional life cycle.

Chiasera's project involved several stages. All referred to Heidegger's cabin in Todtnauberg, in the Black Forest, where the philosopher wrote much of his seminal 1927 work *Being and Time*. For one stage, the artist re-created the interior layout of the cabin inside the gallery with gray wood and cardboard. He also built a 2-meter-high model of the cabin in a vacant lot near the gallery. During the exhibition's opening, Chiasera burned the model.

With the resulting ash, he covered a 55-by-63-inch canvas that was hung high on the gallery wall. The painting was accompanied by a film, played by an old projector, which showed a series of still photographs of the model followed by shots of the canvas as it was being covered in ash, but skipping over the burning. Instead, Chiasera chose to "burn" the film, by overexposing it.

The faint, flickering yellowed images enhanced one's awareness of the lag between filming and screening. The film's aged appearance, along with the rickety projector, combined to offer a commentary on Heidegger's notions of being and duration: Chiasera shot the film recently, but by the time he screened it, it had become a part of history—the history of the model and the painting.

Chiasera also created a less arresting but still engaging second life for the cabin walls he built within the gallery, breaking them apart during the show's run and using the materials to construct four plinths. On the plinths, he presented black-and-white snapshots taken (before the exhibition) by the Berlin-based philosopher Wolfgang Welsch, a Heidegger scholar, of the gallery's light fixtures. A dozen ink-and-crayon landscape drawings by Chiasera (all 2009, approx. 23 by 31 inches) imagined the area around the philosopher's cabin, where he took long walks while refining his ideas.

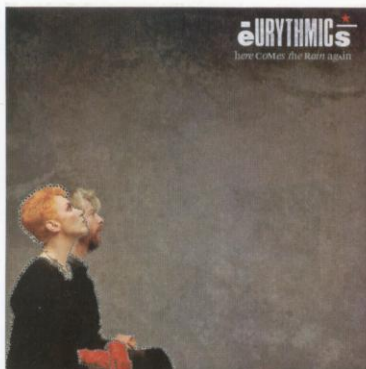
In *Being and Time*, Heidegger asks, "Does time itself reveal itself as the horizon of being?" Chiasera deftly used wood, paper, ash, film and the narrative of a few objects undergoing birth and rebirth to study the profound relationships between existence, identity and temporality.

—Ana Finel Honigman

BERLIN JAN-HOLGER MAUSS LAURA MARS

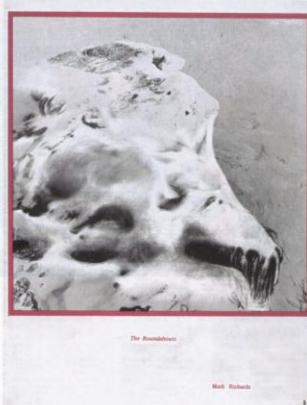
Situated off the beaten art track in Berlin-Kreuzberg, Gallery Laura Mars recently presented "Rock Hard," a solo exhibition

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION REVIEWS



Stefano Arienti:
Here comes the rain again, 2007, record cover with holes, 12¼ inches square; at galleria s.a.l.e.s.

Jan-Holger Mauss:
Roy Clark, from the series "The Roundabouts," 2006-07, partly erased magazine page, 11 by 8½ inches; at Laura Mars.



of new works by the German artist Jan-Holger Mauss. In his 2004 show "B2B and Back Again" at the same venue, Mauss displayed works by other artists for which he posed in a women's bikini that he made from a pattern found on the Internet. This time he showed his own ongoing series begun in 2003 and titled "ONS" (short for one-night stand). For it, Mauss collects black-and-white images from post-1945 gay porn magazines. Using a special eraser, he then delicately effaces the nude model on each page while leaving the background. The result is a scene emptied of figures, with traces of an intervention detected in vaguely metamorphosing organic forms emerging from rockscapes and waterfalls, or as halations appearing among props or furniture.

The first room contained roughly a dozen outdoor scenes, "landscapes" of a sort. Although Mauss's rubbings are neither paintings nor colored, some of them, especially *The Roundabouts 5* (2006-07), depicting a desolate scene with a disquieting, misty figure, are reminiscent of, and almost as remarkable as, the landscapes Francis Bacon created toward the end of his life. To hijack John Russell's interpretation of Bacon's *Sand Dune* (1983), the rocks and trees in Mauss's works are "turning into a human anatomy that has not yet defined itself."

While in the landscapes the artist's erasure has gently transformed the original magazine figures into ghostlike shrouds, the figures are altogether more abrasively, even violently, eliminated from the largely vertical interiors. Mauss leaves

behind unnatural folds in bed sheets, strange creases in leather couches and other clues: disembodied fingers on the back of a bentwood chair, or half a foot stepping onto a black frame. Despite the occasional body part left as a clue, the interiors are enigmatic, and it is harder to bridge a semantic divide between what remains and what might once have been there. Still, when a lonely sledgehammer, the remnant of a sexual double entendre, is paired with the original caption that the artist has deliberately let stand—"Johnnie, how is *that* for a hammer?"—one is perhaps more able to imagine the original erotic scenario.

—David Ulrichs

ROME STEFANO ARIENTI GALLERIA S.A.L.E.S.

Though best known for his perfectly hand-folded paper sculptures, Stefano Arienti recently displayed the mature work of an artist who is impressively dexterous in seemingly any medium. Obsessiveness characterizes Arienti's work. He subjects paper, vinyl, fabric, metal, plastic and glass to a relentless but always delicate examination in experiments that involve perforation, folding or other manipulation, with near-mechanical repetition and accuracy. Arienti's modification of ready-made materials poses important questions about craft and what constitutes a conceptual or post-conceptual project.

Arienti, who has carried on a discreet and methodical practice spanning almost three decades, here designed an almost

ascetic installation, for the most part eschewing color, but exhibiting a rich use of pattern and design. Propped on the wall along the right side of the long rectangular gallery was a series of 10 refrigerator doors, many of the white surfaces perforated with tiny holes, as if from BB shots, which outline ghostly shapes, such as flowers, a fan, a watering can, wallpaper and what look like tablecloth designs. The refrigerator doors are juxtaposed with two carpets that have been dyed black by the artist to obscure all original color, revealing only the texture and fissures in their inky weave. The resulting assemblage is a kind of musing on Minimalist forms reminiscent of John McCracken and Robert Ryman.

On the left and at the rear of the gallery were several car hoods of various makes that have been perforated in cheerful scenes recalling Warhol's paint-by-number works. The contrast of delicate filigree to car hoods somehow subverted references to the more muscular works of John Chamberlain, Arman, Richard Prince and other artists who have anointed automobiles as sculptural lodestars.

A final installation, *Dischi di Dei* (Disks of Gods), 2007, consisted of album covers of various eras and genres lining the walls of a room and dozens of vinyl records dangling from the ceiling. These too had been perforated with patterns ranging from geometric symbols to typographic riffs on the period graphics of the albums. Arienti happily recycles materials and previous artistic gestures with an almost impish impudence.