MITALHE-INNES & NASH

ARTFORUM

REVIEWS


Annette Lemieux. Luminous Paths. Installation view.

restrained mathematical drama, one form grows toward completion as the other wanes and dies away. The sound track plays for two minutes, then it all repeats. Moving On Horizon II, 2006, runs a variation on the theme, without sound, a double-tracked, beam-like a wide curve from left to right curve that widens. Closures a fifteen-minute cycle, they join with an "alternate click," a full video, then diverge again.

The energy of the films in their compressed perfection, the projections are an effect evolving process for the visitor's eye. At the sound wave of the viewer's passage from inside to inside the light cone. It is the perforating a filmically precise cloud, the gain is seen in the curved walls of smaller, metaphoric forms, which, like "going toward the light," are measurable—perhaps a far cry from the rigorous materiality of Lens Breathing a Cone (compare the filmed). Other plumes are more mobile, effect after effect, the impression of solidity and dissipation in pressing the scene; theDa uffness of walking toward the cone's open as a tunnel were running in the opposite end. The atmospheric compositions, like an airplane above cloud cover, a synthesis of the dasein's breath. In Luminous Paths "breathing" givens, as if a square from the sound track is not a sound at all, but thehis of the helping machine. Whether the work is augmented or diminished by this poetic aspect of basic function and quasi-operatic—i.e., the traffic and water recording turning the beams into headlight and tailights—depends on individual perceptions.

The soundscapes of this piece is a collaboration with composer David Graubard, and it is the first time since 1972 that McCull has used sound. He is also releasing an audio installation. One group of drawings presented "Projection..." a double pedestal or "Alternate Connection" (as McCull has described it) of haze, which will be installed on the river Bed in Liverpool, UK, in 2012. A second drawing consisting of three panels showed Crossing the Hudson, a proposal to illuminate the Founding Bridges in New York with white LEDs over 365 days (the drawings depict Day 259).

If McCull's early work balanced what you see in what you see matterily against the burly characteristics of low-tech means, and his newer piece set digital precision against moral reverse, then perhaps these recent proposals will meet all up.

—Franz Halberstadt

Annette Lemieux. PAUL HAUSER GALLERY

Annette Lemieux's exhibition place among those contemporary artists drawn to the moment—let's call them "nostalgists"—far from the movement and her prominence in what might be termed Feminist

Conservatism. This obliquity serves something to the fact that she works "off scene," in Boston (despite her continuing New York presence in galleries of note). and also to her attraction to cryptic, elusive themes. Lemieux's political concern is marked by sweetness and seductive abstraction, and her infinite lines of illusion are a deterrent to facile acceptance, unmoored to begin with. Her references at times seem so mirroring and individually capricious that to deny complementation. But the artist's commitment to the bare bones of Minimalism, sculpture, erotic, and grid is truly in play.

In several pieces, Lematini makes use of a delightful smiling girl found in a frieze catalog of the 1930s. She appears in various incarnations, most effectively in 21st Century Mary, where she tvokes the charm and the poignancy usle. Marla's untold story—Marlene, Liz, and Jack—these memorized as gilded screens, are transformed in this novel. Lematini's sensual confession.

Perhaps the most ambitious piece in the show, however, was Pescall, a man of three-dimensional sculptures of people, the picture reflecting the left side of a group of people caught behind a fence of loose wires ovals, their faces carved with 3000-3100, back to the mouth of the apostle, and the center here, as referred to the apostle. Underlying such works is the status of the cow as symbol of maternal nature yet also, distantly more, a mirage—the source of excessive matter, that problematic effusion, part fertility and part poison for our minds, rivers, and oceans.

Such troubled readings of "The Last Supper" could be pondered on one visit upon a photographically rendered hole of a key (also served double duty as a true waxed chandelier). Saint's ghost still hovers in the Fitzgerald-became-shopping-mall Belfry Box.

—Robert Pincus-Witten

Mario Pascual
Caskey Kaplan

While so much of today's common wisdom around appropriation grants that to a kind of communal purpose, from which an artist might critique while simultaneously participating in prevailing modes of cultural representation, we all too rarely account for the ways in which a sort of true ownership attends the venture—especially, perhaps, in younger artists. With the current landscape as it currently is, it is hard to imagine an artist like Pascual. Walking into Mario Pascual's first solo exhibition at Caskey Kaplan, one had the feeling that the artist could be some cousin of yours, if you were to meet them, I think he was a creep. Though the images they use are "borrowed" and so—on one might argue—not truly reflective of the artist's vision, or even unconscious drives, they nonetheless feel whole, unpolitely, as though they have been born upon them by a peoples, not exactly holy, kind of attention.

Having used the usual sources (often, vintage shops for old stuff, Pascual picked a number of images, many produced in amateur photography clubs in the style of various 1940s and 50s and 60s film genres, from glam pin-up shots, portraits to locations. Cropping and enlarging the pictures, and placing them in an old, appointed frame space between the sheets, a large, thick cloth-sized, seemingly marking a threshold on the floor but moving up the wall and interacting with anything hanging there. Meanwhile, Pascual rendered the photographs another and added the back of a woman very well. Very processed, very styled hair, two feminine legs, ascended to look every pair of hands, nails manicured to a point so that they look exactly like claws and two fingernails, enormous from being blown up, on the photograph's surface a woman, face obscured, perky nipples evident, standing in a dress. In a scene—now covered themselves in more than just you.

Although Pascual's medium is essentially the photograph, the subject in the most photographic way we can. Returning to find rather than rework shots of the medium or to its most seductively complicated theoretical terms. Pascual instead chooses the found images she uses into a different kind of utility, creating for her paper characters—scenarios that escape equally the firmly fictional and the firmly factual. The critical writing on her practice that has appeared thus far merits to also other modes of the photographs into the modes of the sculptural (and one sees why, I think Pascual sees his images as larger, three-dimensional contexts of which "real things" are a part and also, in some cases, treats the images as things themselves, "enabling" them as though they were glass, for instance, or placing other objects on top of them—but this too quickly bypasses the quarrels of her more. For, while disallowing any pretense of abstraction, it comes to appropriating her images. Pascual also undertakes stil"l amatronicia of the photographs, thus placing her images in something of an unexpected intersection. Her practice highlights the affectual dimension of both photography and appropriation, and crucially points to how often women continue to operate representationally, as things to be looked at. (There's a nice image where it does appear include one of a clock and a handsome guy turned literally on his head, the other two, in separate frames, gazing vacuantly in each other's direction across the wall, looking like a couple of creepy dolls, with their hands to their mouth as though calling out to each other.)

Pascual's photographs act as strange placeholders, gesturing to where they were found rather than cut out, while suggesting that new contexts can be made to resonate through them, and perhaps ultimately issues a kind of challenge. This is why the experiences of some of the past lives still tinge, and why Pascual's use of them refers to a surprisingly feminine camp experience.

—Joanna Burton

Philip Guston
McKee Gallery

Many of the small oil panels that Philip Guston produced between 1969 and 1973—which this show featured almost fully—depict scenes from the artist's life, and are thus infused with an uncanny sense of the biographical. The cigar in the 1973 work of that title must be his, for instance, and so must the shoe on which one walked and unlined canvas. The paraphernalia in an untitled 1972 work, are certainly his own. Suggesting that the paintings painted in other works—one hangs on the wall by a nail another is centered, in effect painting within a painting and a third is an encaustic—seem to be his too. Wandering through the exhibition, it rather less than this. That there are the artist he sits in, to the picture he drinks from. The hooded figures in several works are the same & a Rorschach Klimtian Guston depicted more than once, perhaps most famously in the early painting Composition, 1936, but they are also Guston himself—as The Studio, 1969 (not in this exhibition), with its hooded figure in the process of painting himself, makes plain. It is a self-portrait of the artist as a corpse in a coffin.

Taken together, these panels might be taken to form an extended, if enigmatic and repetitive, predella, similar to those on incidents from the life of a martyred saint were depicted. Guston's version...