

# Art Review:

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'It's like having a portrait done. You feel regal, like a Pope - with that red robe your ordinary clothes disappear' - Juergen Teller

SUMMER 2010

**Falke Pisano:**  
The art of  
conversation

**100 Acres:**  
Of land. In  
Indianapolis.  
Filled with  
sculpture

**Pompidou Metz:**  
The new Tate  
or ten years  
too late?

**Matt Mullican:**  
Where is  
his mind?

Juergen **TELLER**

YOUR ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO A FUN-FILLED  
**SUMMER:** JEFF KOONS *toning.mist*,  
BRET EASTON ELLIS *novels*, VANESSA BEECROFT *cocktails*,  
ALAN MOORE *CD collection*, MARK DION *croquet set...*  
*and plenty more where that came from*

Plus **WARSAW BLOC PARTY**



## REVIEWS:

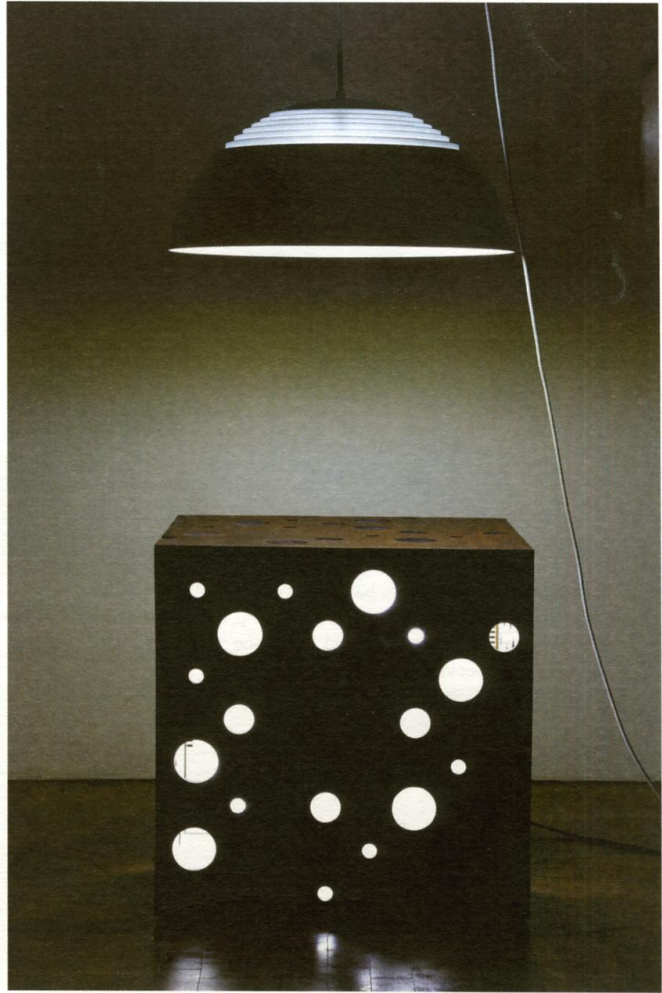
## Europe I

AJ Royal and Holey Riley Mahogany, 2010  
(installation view). Photo: Carsten Eisfeld

The light pours out of Angela Bulloch's constructions: one thinks of Belisha beacons, giant pixels and the starry, starry night. Here the London- and Berlin-based artist delivers something of a compilation, filling Esther Schipper's compact space on Linienstrasse with a mixture of new pieces and works from 1993 to 1998. Berlin, of course, loves artificial illumination – witness the extreme variety of streetlamp designs; the pharaonic immensity of Behrens's AEG electric dynamo factory, the Osram Höfe; and the annual Berlin im Licht evenings, where, as Richard and Linda Thompson once sang, you'll want to see the bright lights tonight. Enjoying Bulloch's chosen works together is like feeling safe and sound in some groovy space-age bachelor pad. Imagine it as Stanley Kubrick's living room in the great beyond; the stereo perhaps oozing To Rococo Rot jamming with Faust's Jochen Irmiler: the new meets the old. Move around and a discombobulated voice from one construction asks you to "come up and see me sometime" and utters other Mae West wisecracks (*Karl/West*, 2010). Some tables might feasibly hold a plateful of nibbles, Bulloch's signature illuminated-cuboid 'pixel boxes' could support a cocktail, the beacons light up the gaff – a dining room for postconceptualists who dig Ellsworth Kelly and Mondrian.

Instead of wallpaper, meanwhile, there's *Triangulation Remix (Wall Painting)* (2010), an example from Bulloch's ongoing *Rules Series* (1993–) to entertain the guests. There are references in these wall texts to triangulation as it relate to mathematics, family dynamics, chess, trading and politics: that should keep us chattering-class types gibbering away throughout the night. Then there are rules relating to an understanding of certain types of conceptual art. Some are risible, eg, 'conceptual artists usually had beards'.

*Re-doo or re-ducks?* Well, how do you pronounce it? It might be interesting to compare Bulloch's development with her erstwhile (and bearded) collaborator Liam Gillick, who almost certainly knows how to correctly pronounce 'redux' and other big words like 'arbitrageur'. While Gillick's current Bonn retrospective sports a catalogue which is a pantechicon of overlaid syntax that rendered this reader as angst-ridden as a rabbit in its headlights, Bulloch's work bears more humour, less ambiguity, is more informative and intelligible. Hers is the type of good conceptual art that is unsentimental but can provoke emotional responses. In the case of *Redux*, these include a jaunty levity crossed with curiosity – a triangulated position, if you like, a sweet spot. Or a *zugzwang* – give up your resistance, the show implies, and have your entrenched positions on cerebral art attacked. In the words of another conceptual-art rule listed on *Triangulation Remix*, she avoids being 'long-winded, pedantic' – the language she uses is not deliberately obfuscatory; clarity and indeed transparency are sought. Veils and meanderings may be necessary in art, but they need to be perceived, followed, explicated, understood; knight's-move thinking requires some directiveness to delineate the tangents, a torch flare, otherwise we are in the dark. Here, by cross-referencing earlier works, Bulloch allows them to synchronise and become a ludic participatory environment where light is let in. Angela Bulloch remixed, then, the pale blinds opened: sit right down and enjoy her gifts of sound and vision. *John Quin*



Angela Bulloch  
*Redux*

Esther Schipper, Berlin  
20 March – 17 April