

Art Review:

Issue 40 £5

'I'm not part of the artworld. I'm not involved in the problems and quarrels of the community' - Jacques Rancière

APRIL 2010

Aleksandra Mir:

Mir:
On turning
guilty
failures
into artistic
success

Jacques Rancière:

Art's
favourite
philosopher
speaks

Anna Maria Maiolino:

Modest
gestures,
monumental
effect

Justin Lieberman:

Not polite,
not pretty,
not politically
correct - a
masterpiece!

NO MORE LIP SERVICE

WHY IT'S TIME TO TAKE MING WONG SERIOUSLY



LONDON REVIEWS MARATHON

4 CRITICS, 2 DAYS, 1 ILLUSTRATOR,
100 EXHIBITIONS AND A CAN OF RED BULL



12.50pm. Utterly massive show of photography spanning, well, what the title says, yes? A great effort, but it's the kind of show you give awards to, not write criticism about. One or two things stick in one's memory, out of the hundreds of pictures that surround the visitor - studio portraits of Indian women in the 1920s, in 1920s haircuts and flapper dresses, for example. Otherwise it's a blur of well-tempered interest in the life and history of the subcontinent. Weirdly, though, after leaving, I realise that I can't recollect a single image that suggests the presence of the British Raj, as if the imperial epoch somehow hadn't happened, or as if Pakistan, India and Bangladesh had always existed in their present form. Indira Gandhi had good handbags, though.

Out of the other shows that populate the massive new Whitechapel, there's an endearing video projection by Melanie Manchot documenting the festive gathering of people from an East End neighbourhood as they ready themselves to have a group portrait taken. A hook moment turns out to be watching a little blonde girl who is dressed in an Indian-style tunic dress, almost entirely preoccupied, for the duration of the video, with examining the intricate henna design that adorns her hand and wrist...

Time for a curry. Tayyabs in Fieldgate Street.



**ANDERS CLAUSEN /
HOTEL**

2.30pm. Superslick, ultraclever, hyperironic, Clausen's sexy big photo-objects, high-gloss on aluminium, are mostly of hi-res screengrabs off Mac's OS X, mostly of spectacularly cluttered desktops, on which are mostly files of other screengrabs, along with the occasional bit of gay porn. Scroll bars enlarged into giant 'jewel-sausages', various bits of Internet junk imagery, and one splash screen for an Adobe 'help' index, where the

fades and entrances, and our role in them, but the work feels airily undogmatic and gratifyingly freaky. Mea culpa, then, although tune in next time when Quabeck goes rubbish again and I'm carried triumphantly down Old Burlington Street on Stephen Friedman's shoulders, playing lead guitar and pulling crazy faces.

**BOB DYLAN ON
CANVAS /
HALCYON**

'Drunken Matisse impressions', say my notes. 'The culmination of everything Dylan has done with *The Drawn Blank Series*', says a big wall text, which goes on to assert that the works 'visually echo the stylistic hallmarks of Dylan's prose, poetry and music'. We can't both be right. Actually, it's not just Matisse; there are echoes of - of all people - Quentin Blake in Dylan's thick black outlines and unruly but sweet coloration, and his wobbly winding staircases and sidewalk café scenes do have a sort of ramshackle charm, in a 'no way would I be looking at this if it wasn't by Bob Dylan and/or I wasn't being paid to do so' manner. There's a generalised Côte d'Azur nostalgia, a view of bobbing boats called, wonderfully, *Vista from a Balcony* and a strange, pseudo-incestuous image of two sisters. Mostly, though, what David Bowie sang in 1971 on *Song for Robert Zimmerman* ("then we lost your train of thought/your paintings are all your own") remains true, and you're welcome.

**BERNARD FRIZE: RED,
YELLOW AND BLUE /
SIMON LEE**

I've never much liked Bernard Frize's albums (although his 1963 opus *The Turps It Needs a' Changing* isn't bad), but the Frenchman's shimmering process paintings remain dependably excellent. This show opens with a pyramid of polychrome circles on a white background, a one-chance-only highwire act made by dragging a brush of rainbow-toned paint around (one imagines Frize, in a light mood, sending an assistant out for a bucket of stripy paint). That work is immediately outclassed, though, by a series of canvases featuring horizontally and vertically squeegeed paint, deeply Richter-ish but somehow sultrier, lighter, which spreads and dribbles in gorgeous spectra and feels simultaneously luscious and cold. None of which, though, alters the fact that Frize can't sing for toffee and should never have dabbled in acting.

**PHILIP GUSTON /
TIMOTHY TAYLOR**