

sizes their intimate, autobiographical subjects. Cornelius Quabeck adopts a similar tone for his large canvases featuring Cork-born guitar hero, Rory Gallagher, rendered with a tie-dyed halo, which again seems to centre on adolescent experience, as well as on an uncomfortable moment when religion re-emerges in the form of rock hagiography.

Quietly wandering into deep waters is Ian Kiaer, who has chosen some pleasant pictures from the Hugh Lane collection to hang in his space along with a few objects of his own. But from the evidence of the couple of desultory sheets of grey-green acoustic baffling material, abandoned on the floor in one corner of the room, it is hard not to imagine that the show somehow got away from him.

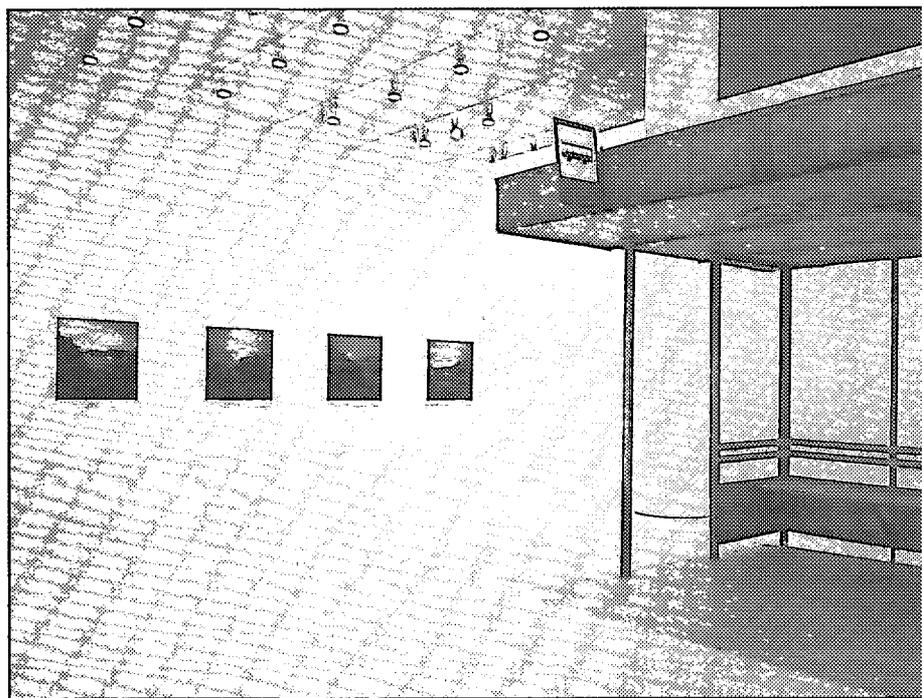
Björn Dahlem has been most successful in laying down a trace of the hours he spent in the gallery with his installation, *Hyper-psyche*, which features two large, skeletal wooden constructions (using the gallery's fitted benches as a plinth) around which orbit a haze of satellite works forging an unexpected link between hobbyist and astronaut.

Matt Calderwood's *Screen* wins the competition – there is a

competition going on here, right? – for most bang per euro. Creating something that adroitly engages with the gallery's architecture by all but ignoring it, Calderwood's conceptual capital is healthy enough to overcome the minimal means of an empty room and a large projection.

On entering, visitors see only a glowing white projection filling one wall. Take a little time and two scratchy forms appear to disturb the pure field, nibbling dark shapes into the white. The sound of an engine also registers, unsurprisingly as we soon see that a tractor with a fork-lift attached has made the holes and is now proceeding to lift the white wall away, leaving behind another sort of field, a huge video image of a bucolic country vista.

While the others may be picking away at the gallery and its claustrophobic classical stylings and baggage – one thing *Clarke & McDevitt Present* certainly reinforces is quite how much assistance an artist can receive from a naked white cube of the sort that is pointedly not on offer here – it is Calderwood's demolition of the space that finally seems to succeed in offering a realistic challenge, all the more so since it is a demolition that leaves the building intact. LC



## Düsseldorf

### Darren Almond

K21 Kunstammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen

26 FEBRUARY – 29 MAY

Darren Almond's work, though disparate in media – encompassing, as it does, video, photography, sculpture and installation – is tightly focused on his chosen subject: Time. He contemplates and attempts to capture this eminently ungraspable phenomenon through the idea of its passage or of temporal phases, whether pertaining to a lifetime or to the earth itself.

The four-channel video installation *If I Had You* (2003), for example, is a touching, multi-faceted portrait of Almond's grandmother. On one screen, in an almost static image, she watches people ballroom dancing – an activity she enjoyed with her deceased spouse. The other screens show gay fairground lighting and a dancing couple's feet, evoking the passage of her youth and bittersweet memories. Conversely, the earth's historical and geological time is conjured in the *Full Moon* series, in which Almond photographs locations once captured by Friedrich, Constable, Turner and other well-known painters. The mysterious landscapes – uncannily lit only by the full moon – recall a time before the advent of electricity, making us aware of a cycle greater than that of our own lifetime.

*Bad Timing* (1998) reminds us of time's fleeting in a more humorous manner. The sculpture is composed of a simple, almost inconspicuous, digital flip-clock, mounted on the wall and showing the actual time. Drawing closer, one can read the artist's name imprinted on its face, where one might usually find that of the manufacturer, and hear a whispering voice silently cursing, 'Shit' with the click of each passing minute. Directly opposite stands a gigantic rendering of another clock: a huge, black horizontal rectangle whose flip-panels change in perfect synchronization with the smaller timepiece. The numbers themselves are not printed but cut out of the plates, suggesting time's invisible transit.

Time and transit are also alluded to in a humorous set of works based on train travel: the *Plaques* series is a citation of British Rail station signs. These are re-contextualized by adopting their format to emblazon, and thus immortal-

Paris

## Loris Gréaud: Silence Goes More Quickly When Played Backwards

Le Plateau / Frac Ile-de-France

10 MARCH – 22 MAY

ize, Almond's full name on the side of a locomotive, as in *Intercity 125* (1997), or by using them to relay baffling phrases that suggest the random thoughts inspired by a long train voyage, as in the video installation *11 Miles.....From Safety* (2000). For those who've been delayed due to such apparently insurmountable obstacles as 'leaves on the line', the three-dimensional rendering of the British Rail logo brilliantly captures time's apparent ossification while suffering for hours on damp, wind-swept platforms.

Not all of Almond's works are quite so light-hearted: the photographic series *Until MMXLI* (2002) depicts the bleak Antarctic tundra – whose creation is a miracle of geological time. The title notes the future date when the area will no longer be ungoverned and untouched: in 2041 nations will be allowed to bid for land, to invade and drill or mine. The accompanying video *A-* (2002) presents the haunting drift of ice floes, recording this virgin beauty while it lasts.

Perfectly encapsulating the flux of arrival and departure, the first and last piece to be encountered in this exhibition is surely its most sombre. Although simply appearing to be replicas of two innocuous bus shelters, *Terminus* (1999-2005) is a profound and desolate work. The bus shelters in question are from Oswiecim in Poland, otherwise known by its more sinister name: Auschwitz. In 1997, Almond made a film work that depicted visitors to the memorial waiting for and getting on and off the bus, and this developed into the larger project of replicating the shelters. The doubles were situated at the memorial while the originals were relocated to Berlin. Passage is portrayed not only in the physical transport of tourists and locals, the historical convoy of doomed inmates, and in the shelters' relocation, but crucially in the spiritual journey from life to death. AC

Loris Gréaud *Hors prises*,  
2001, video installation  
COURTESY FRAC ILE-DE-FRANCE  
PHOTO: MARC DOMAGE

'He must have said once: "I am withdrawing to write a book". And another time: "I'm withdrawing to construct a labyrinth". Everyone imagined two works; to no one did it occur that the book and the maze were one and the same thing.' Thus wrote Borges in 1944 in *The Garden of Forking Paths*.

When confronted with the works of Loris Gréaud – shown here in his first solo exhibition at Le Plateau – one is struck by the same sensation: there is only one story being told here, but it is open to interpretation via a maze of ciphers and pathways of thought. Almost immediately, one becomes aware of a precise, scientific dimension to Gréaud's *oeuvre*, of a quantitative component that extends beyond the purely artistic. Each of the works on show is the result of meetings and consultations with technical experts from other disciplines: engineers, art critics, architects, sound designers or, as in the case of his video installation *Les Résidents* (2005), geobiologists whom he engaged to destabilize the magnetic field in an apartment on the Ile de la Cité in Paris, thus transforming it into a haunted house. The artist recreated the strange sounds that emanated from this 'house of spirits' for the exhibition by installing a system of working air-conditioners on the ceiling covering the exact same surface area as that of the haunted house. For another work, *M46* (2004-5), Gréaud employed various complex technical procedures, and drew again on the help of professionals, to create a brand-new industrial paint – now patented and on sale – that replicates within its molecular composition the astronomical constellation from which it takes its name. With *M46* the artist becomes inventor, originator.

As Gréaud himself has asserted, his process is perhaps best understood in terms of the *modus operandi* of cinematic production: no straightforward collaboration between artist and 'technician', his relationship to his specialist advisors echoes that which develops between a film director and his team of producers and animators, for whom intellectual exchange and discussion are essential in order to successfully complete the job. As in the making of a movie, conception, production and postproduction are the basic stages in the creation and comprehension of the 'manufactured' product of Gréaud's work – a product which then becomes the subject of its own narrative. It is significant that the scientific dimension of Gréaud's work – be it physical, magnetic, geological or electrical – does not equate to a desire to objectify and rationalize sensation and perception for his audience, but rather to

convey or to illustrate the interstice between knowing and not knowing. For instance, in *Limen* (first shown in 2003), the artist rewires the gallery's electric circuitry so that the neon lights in one of the exhibition rooms intermittently flicked on and off in an apparently random sequence, or even as the result of some actual electrical fault, but which in fact denoted the word 'limen' in Morse code.

*Hors prises* (2001), one of Le Plateau/Frac Ile-de-France's recent acquisitions, was described by the critic Bernard Marcadé as an 'other-worldly experience of an indeterminate nature'. Contemporaneously, the work is a rescreening of a video that the artist presented at Le Plateau's inaugural exhibition, a new work in its own right, given that the means of projection this time round differ from those used when it was last shown, and, finally, a performance: the images of figures, which were shot in black-and-white on Super-8 film, are projected onto a translucent screen and subsequently permeate the exhibition space through which gallery-goers move. These ethereal, or better, perhaps, ghostly spirits pervade the visitors, who find themselves caught up in Gréaud's greatest work and most complex labyrinth. PN

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