



Partial view of Andrea Büttner's "Fabric Painting" series, 2012, stretched gray fabric, each 78½ by 63 inches, with *Moos/Moss*, 2012, digital slide show, 7 minutes; at Hollybush Gardens.

Induction Fever (1952). An embracing couple dominates the page, their heads comprised, Arcimboldo-style, of multiple small faces, their legs metamorphosing into burrowing roots. Vignettes—a sign pointing to a stalactite cave, a church spire collapsing, a painter's palette rising from clouds—merge to fill the rest of the surreal, fluid space.

Hanging near Zorthian's anxious dreamscape is a large charcoal drawing (1966) by Charles White, a work of potent, profound simplicity. The image of a seated black woman shrouded in a thick, heavy garment, her hands lightly clasped in her lap, echoes Kollwitz in its solemnity. The title, *J'Accuse #1*, forges a link between historical and contemporary struggles for justice: the Dreyfus case and the civil rights movement. White's sturdy, blind figure invokes lady justice herself, assuming the pyramidal shape of her fateful scales, and also personifies her eternal petitioners with utter dignity.

The flesh-and-blood aspect of "L.A. RAW" becomes literal in later works—such as performances by Chris Burden and Barbara T. Smith—which enact rather than depict physical and internal duress. This show demonstrates that McCarthy's absurd, unnerving 1974 video of his intimate encounter with the contents of a ketchup bottle turns out to have a relatively traditional lineage, and it bookends powerfully with what Duncan calls the "dark visions" of Lebrun that impressed McCarthy as a young student.

—Leah Ollman

INTERNATIONAL

LONDON

ANDREA BÜTTNER HOLLYBUSH GARDENS

A sense of humbleness pervaded "Moos/Moss," Andrea Büttner's second exhibition at Hollybush Gardens. A sparse, largely gray installation, the show rang changes on the idea of insignificance and was evidence of Büttner's continuing interest in notions of wealth and poverty.

Corner (gray), 2011, a 49-by-58-inch woodcut, depicts an empty corner of a room using three shades of gray. Implicit is the idea of being sent to sit in the corner as a child, or of being marginalized on the fringes of society. *Corner Seat* (2012), by contrast, evokes poverty as a choice, as in the voluntary renunciation of worldly things as a spiritual practice. A plain bench made of planks of wood resting atop four gray plastic crates, it provided a quiet vantage point to look out at the exhibition, or even, perhaps, to meditate.

Ranged along two walls of the gallery was a series of fabric "paintings" (each 2012, 78½ by 63 inches) made from the same gray twill used in work uniforms. Büttner remarked in a magazine interview that these fabric paintings are, in part, a reference to St. Francis of Assisi, who according to legend publicly rejected his wealth by removing his fine clothes and returning them to his father. More typically, they may also allude to another of the artist's interests—the changing response of unemployed workers to their joblessness, from rage in the early part of

the 20th century to humiliation in the 21st.

Set just a few inches apart from one another on the gallery walls, the paintings were easily mistaken for sound paneling. Their questionable status as art was further emphasized by the placement of a flatscreen monitor on top of one of them. Displayed on the monitor was *Moos/Moss*, a seven-minute slide show of photographs of moss taken by the artist and her friends. Büttner is drawn to the idea of moss as something that is as transient as dust yet also, in German culture, a metaphor for money. "Ohne moos nichts los" goes one German expression—Without moss you don't get anywhere.

Playing from two suspended speakers was the audio piece *Quaker Meeting, Houston, Texas* (2011). A recording of a Quaker worship meeting in a building with a Skyspace by James Turrell, the work captures only the external sounds of birds, planes and cars, as these gatherings are largely silent. Like the other pieces in the exhibition, it made its impact through understatement. Despite, or perhaps because of, its outward simplicity, the exhibition was a profoundly moving rumination on what it means to have enough.

—Charlotte Bonham-Carter

PARIS

JEAN DUPUY LOEVENBRUCK

The French octogenarian Jean Dupuy was an abstract painter until the mid-'60s, when he moved to New York and began pursuing technological and optical experiments and performance. In 1984



View of Jean Dupuy's *Table à imprimer et Lazy Art: The Printing Table*, 1974-84, sculpture, prints and painting; at Loevenbruck. ©ADAGP, Paris.



View of Cevdet Ereğ's installation *Week*, 2012, sound system, curtains and mixed mediums; at Kunsthalle Basel.

he returned to France, to a village near Nice, where, ever since, he has made paintings and objects that are often driven by language games. Many of the paintings consist of anagrams, always rendered in colored uppercase letters. Dupuy typically combines paintings and sculptures, sometimes from different periods, into always-shown-together wholes. Eight of the nine pieces in his exhibition "Four Million Three Hundred Twenty Thousand Seconds" consisted of such diachronic linkages. Though visually direct, the works become complex for those willing to take up their perceptual and linguistic conundrums.

The Printing Table (1974-84) combines a sculpture, first shown in 1974, with a 1984 painting and an undated print. In the sculpture, a sheet of rag paper largely covers the top of a 3-foot-high table; an attached lamp illuminates the paper and draws our gaze toward an eyepiece set into the sheet. Peering into the eyepiece, and thus resting our foreheads and noses on the paper, we see the magnified tops of our heads, a view rendered by a periscope under the table directed at an angled mirror. In a sleight of optics, Dupuy's device turns our curiosity into self-reflexive discovery. Viewer after viewer pressing flesh to paper builds a golden stain. Slowly a sequence of handsome "prints" is produced, one of which hangs near the table.

The associated painting *Lazy Art: The Printing Table* is a tall, 72-by-54-inch white canvas divided into three horizontal sections, each filled with myriad hand-painted letters. The upper block comprises 15 lines

of short English words, the second 14 lines of running English text, and the third, "Notes," four lines of scrambled letters ranging from A to G, which can be read as musical notes. The words in the top block are listed alphabetically; most repeat many times. Each word suggests a color, for example FIG and MUD, and is painted the associated hue. The middle block describes how the adjoined sculpture, *Printing Table*, functions; the colorful text is anagrammatically fashioned from most of the letters in the word list above. The "leftover" letters constitute the bottom block. The piece unfolds in time, be it the seconds of our looking into the eyepiece, the sequence of thousands of viewers who cause the prints to appear, the decade between making the table and the painting, or our gradual deciphering of Dupuy's puzzling methods.

In the show's most recent work, *Concert of Seconds* (2011), 19 small, battery-powered clocks are aligned on the wall; their faces are replaced by paper disks or squares bearing words or short phrases, many referring to time or sound. Grandchildren of Duchamp's Rotoreliefs, the disks go full circle each minute, some right, some left. In turning, one of the words, "Inouï" (*inouï*, or "unheard" in French) becomes a palindrome when seen upside down, the "u" switching roles with the "n." Each clock has a little microphone linked to small speakers on the floor. Dupuy's clock orchestra produces a quasi-natural sound, like rain on a hard surface. The work is funny and poetic. No psychological reading, no affect. All fun and brains.

—Anne Rochette and Wade Saunders

BASEL CEVDET EREĞ KUNSTHALLE BASEL

Cevdet Ereğ breaks time—and thus our experience of life—into units. Based in Istanbul, the young Turkish artist studied architecture, has a PhD in music and plays drums in an experimental rock band. His temporal dissection at the Kunsthalle Basel began outside, where red lights on a dot matrix screen suspended above the elegant doorway to the institution could be seen blinking the word "WEEK" (*WEEK*, 2012). The electronic panel jarred with the stone facade, particularly given that the Kunsthalle is nestled in an area with old buildings housing staid cultural institutions.

The exhibition continued inside, where the artist constructed a zigzag passageway that transformed the normally open, skylit main gallery into a warren. After navigating this, visitors entered a larger corridor lined from skylight to floor with white curtains, creating a mausoleumlike, sacred space. At the end stood a tower of dark speakers, which emitted a loud, looped soundtrack. Regular drumbeats were followed by a male voice naming the days of the week from Monday to Sunday, a list the voice then repeated without the identifying prefixes. The track ended with a musical equivalent to this calendar: sequences of seven notes, the final two at a higher pitch (perhaps indicating the weekend). In the same gallery outside the curtained section were two supplementary works on the walls: