

iving in San Francisco, the critical but idealis-
Nada de Novo/Swim
ition that delineates a
enty years, presenting
nd drawing to objects
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works deal with such
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histories, the mecha-
of the perpetuation of

e, such as punk music
from the late '80s and
1992, a large painting
c of the contemporary
e the punningly titled
ich depicts a pie chart
red fuse) representing
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ast majority by a tiny
nda."

go 23 has done large-
mural in countless cit-
typically painted in the
of an arrow and bear-
ne or several words,
deconstruct the mean-
the places they occupy.
eations of various of
projects, through
graphs and videos—
g them *Sky/Ground*,
-2005, which docu-
e a mural painted on
le of a building in San
isco which was sub-
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nstruction of a new
exhibition. The room
lectively known as the
t Black Panther Party,
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roadcast of debates
ne years this man has
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d extends into some
er), 2006, comprising
technique that dates
t's design, marks this
Europa Latina (Latin
ive American leader
ion with the activist's
) simply by installing
quarters. But it is the
, located in the city's

main square, that attracted the most attention. This consisted of a container housing tricycles collected by the artist in his journeys through impoverished regions—vehicles often used as rural transportation by the poor in Madeira, his native island. It thus alludes to the economic exploitation of so-called underdeveloped countries by those known as developed, a subject that epitomizes the concerns of Rigo 23.

—Miguel Amado

Translated from Portuguese by Clifford E. Landers.

MADRID

Miguel Lorente

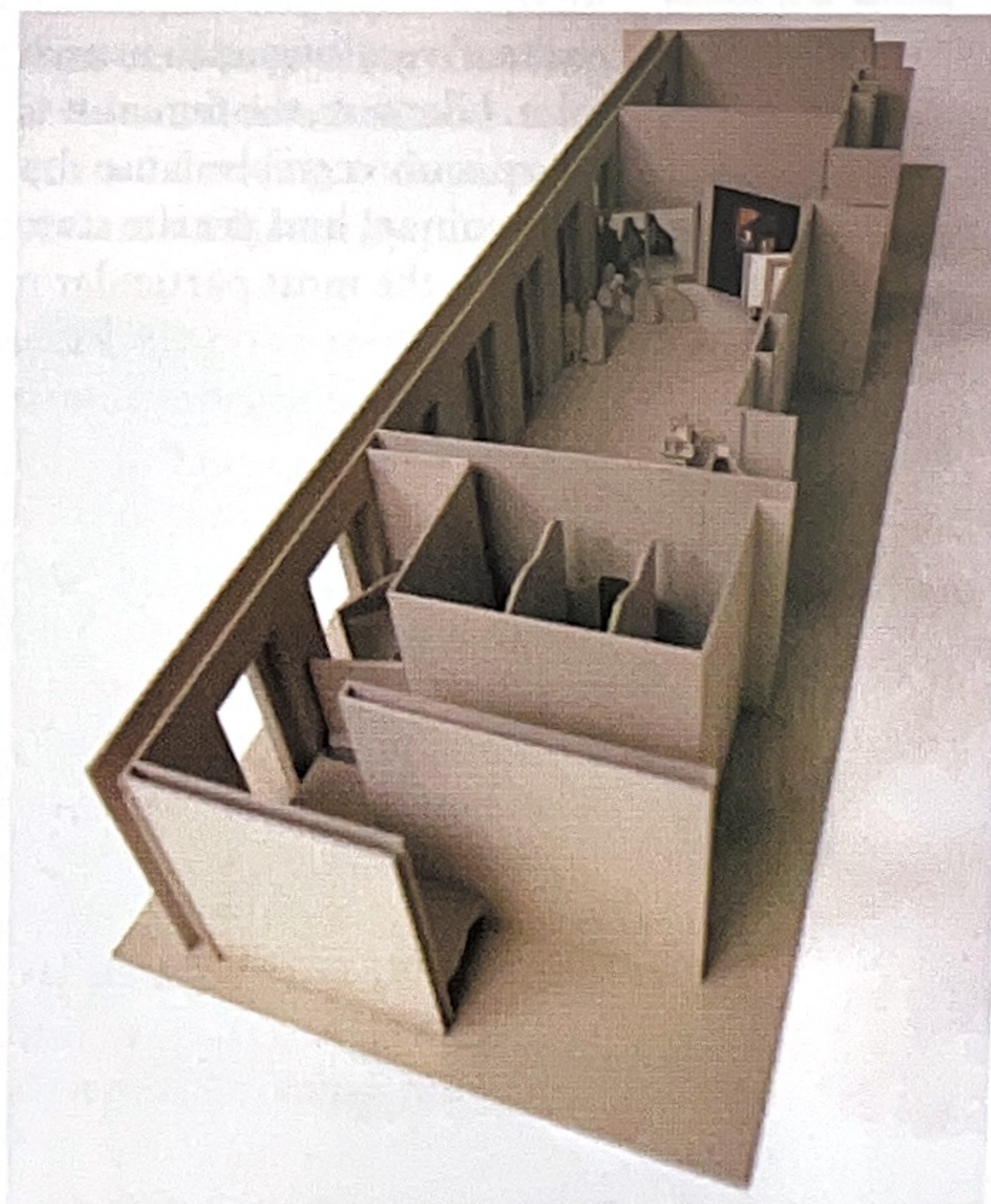
GALERÍA CARMEN DE LA CALLE

If one looks at Miguel Lorente's oeuvre—he has been making work, at a slow pace, for almost twenty years now—it is clear that he has always been interested in connecting art and science. In the early '90s, he participated in the group *Colectivo Colectivo*, where he investigated such themes as the theory of relativity. His solo work is based on making molds of the human body and disassembling different types of machines. The core issue of the relationship between art and science has remained constant.

"*Visión, etc*" is Lorente's first solo exhibition in eight years. Raised up as if to preside over the rest of the work, the sculpture *Ojo* (Eye), 2005, serves as an emblem of the overriding intention of the exhibition. In it, Lorente simply and resoundingly speaks of the eye both as a mechanism to be understood scientifically and as the organ of vision. In fact, all of the pieces in the show deal with the same theme: reality—understood as something grasped within scientific parameters—and how we perceive it, namely, not at all scientifically. This is the point of departure—not the final destination—of *Hasselblad*, 2006, and *Prismáticos* (Binoculars), 2005, mechanisms that have been disassembled and are shown, part by part, in a display case. *Las Meninas según R. Moya* (Las Meninas according to R. Moya), 2006, and *Las Meninas según Ángel del Campo*, 2006, are models that illustrate the writings of two theoreticians of space and light in the work of Velázquez, a renowned master of visual ambiguity. ("Del Campo," by the way, could be a Spanish translation of "Duchamp.")

Lorente himself points to his love of science as a source for his art. His machines are readymades that enter the exhibition space whole, only to be disassembled in plain view. At first, the result seems to be the display of nothing more than his obsession and a minute fascination with a machine broken down into its smallest parts. The process of disemboweling the machine, so to speak, reveals something different, however. Lorente's emphasis on measuring instruments and optical instruments, and the fact that he decomposes the space described in a Velázquez painting, indicate his interest in contrasting a mechanical reality, subject to measurable parameters and predictable relations, with a much more slippery and relative way of perceiving it. This is the dilemma of an artist who'd like to be able to present a creation as precise as the products of a machine and who aspires to create scientific

Miguel Lorente,
Las Meninas según Ángel del Campo
(Las Meninas according to Ángel del Campo),
2006, cardboard,
photographs, mirrors,
and magnets,
13 x 13 x 39 3/8".



works but who, in the end, has chosen to inhabit the much less precise terrain of art.

—Pablo Llorca

Translated from Spanish by Jane Brodie.

TURIN, ITALY

Lara Favaretto

GALLERIA FRANCO NOERO

Lara Favaretto, thirty-three years old, had not cut her hair for twelve years. But now she has done so, transforming the results of this personal decision into the material for a work of art. The mass of cut hair (some of it nearly four feet long) became the heart of a sturdy hemp rope, almost fifteen feet long, made specially by a master rope

maker in Turin. In *E' così se mi interessa* (It Is So if It Interests Me) (all works 2006), the rope dangled from a mechanical arm attached to the ceiling and was moved by a motor that made it shake violently, unexpectedly, almost in spasms, striking the wall and floor. This work formed the core of Favaretto's recent show along with *A piedi pari* (With Both Feet), a life-size cast of the artist's body made in gray industrial plaster, depicted her urinating, standing up and holding her vagina in simulation of a male stance; a jet of water, simulating urine, filled a bucket. The other pieces on view acted as addenda—for instance *L.F.*, a black-and-white photo of the mass of knotted hair, held by a gold pushpin to a block of black rubber.

One aspect of Favaretto's work connects it to what we might describe as diaristic art—that is, art based on one's own experience rather than simply on experience as such, on life in

general. Making a rope out of one's own hair certainly has strong psychological significance, and if this rope then slams crazily against the walls, its aimless thrashing about becomes a metaphor, an animistic image of the person. But it also has powerfully symbolic, universal content, recalling ancient archetypes like the hair of princesses in fairy tales. Likewise, the feminine identification of the girl who urinates like a boy is universal because that fantasy is one that might be shared by any woman, and yet the statue is a portrait of someone who, for the artist, is the most particular person on earth: herself. Thus Favaretto manages to work on the double register of the specific and the general, which is one of the fundamental characteristics of artmaking, and she does this with a formal immediacy that can only be the result of a truly thought-out project. A certain crudeness, even some vulgarity, simple metaphors, the staging of oneself, personal pride in a special action dictated by who knows what inner impulses—these become the object of reflection for all, the ingredients of works that have few tricks or frills and none of the artifice of "craft." Faith in oneself, to the point where one presumes there is no need to resort to any pretty packaging of the art product, is a challenge, allowing for no half-measures. When a work is weak, there is no way to hide it—for example, the installation *Non ho creduto in niente* (I Believed in Nothing), in which hidden sensors trigger a lengthy round of applause when anyone enters the space. But usually, Favaretto's risks pay off.

—Marco Meneguzzo

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

Carlo Mollino

GALLERIA D'ARTE MODERNA E CONTEMPORANEA/
CASTELLO DI RIVOLI—MUSEO D'ARTE CONTEMPORANEA

I wonder what it would feel like to live in an interior designed by Carlo Mollino. Unsettling, presumably, since to do so would mean being at home with both Eros and Thanatos—the two forces we can never live comfortably with. This uneasy character is what sets Mollino apart from the other great designers of postwar Italy, with whom he shares a sense of elegance, sensuality, and irony; he worked much more closely than they did with the darker psychological sources of intense form. It is for this reason that his work—not only the astonishing photographs he took for his own pleasure (presented at the Castello di Rivoli) but also his furniture, architecture, and even cars and other projects (actual examples of which were shown alongside drawings and photographs at GAM)—should be considered that of an artist.

That Mollino, unlike contemporaries such as Giò Ponti and Achille Castiglione, rarely designed for industrial production may account in part for the specifically artistic dimension to his work. Aside from a fairly small number of important large-scale edifices in his hometown of Turin—such as the Turin Horse-Riding Club, 1937–40 (demolished in 1960), the Chamber of Commerce, 1964–72, and the Teatro Regio, 1965–73—he focused his energies on a series of domestic environments, for which he devised distinctive furnishings. Mass production would have been unsuitable to his ends, not only because the extreme formal refinement he sought would have been difficult and expensive to achieve in this way, but also because the emotional tenor of his work is too idiosyncratic and peremptory.

Mollino's furniture typically has a skeletal aspect. This is not the formal or rationalist reduction typical of mainstream modernist design; rather, these objects are death-haunted. Using the dinner table he made for an American traveling exhibition of Italian design in 1950, for instance, would be like eating on a piece of glass over an animal's rib cage. Even the coat hook he designed in 1945 for the A. and C. Minola house, 1944–46, is about as charming as the pair of blackened bones it resembles. Mollino's forms are typically organic rather than rectilinear, but spindly and fierce rather than comforting, or else evocative of fragility, like the hanging glass shelf he designed for the same house. Perhaps his most remarkable sculptural approach to a domestic object is the series of variations he made on the idea of a narrow wooden chair whose back takes a flamelike form, as if just sitting down were something like taking one's place on a funeral pyre. It is not surprising that Mollino was fascinated by the mortuary culture of ancient Egypt.

Mollino had long had an interest in photography—in 1949 he published a theoretical tract on the subject, *Il Messaggio dalla Camera Oscura* (The Message from the Darkroom)—but he only came into his own as a photographer in the late '50s, during a hiatus from architecture, and flourished with his adoption of the Polaroid camera in 1962. His models were prostitutes, whom he posed in his own apartments—which he did not live in but pursued as autonomous projects. These pictures might be dismissed as simply soft-core porn of unusual quality, if their formal obsessiveness (Mollino meticulously



Lara Favaretto, *E' così se mi interessa* (It Is So if It Interests Me), 2006, rope, hair, steel, engine, and leather, dimensions variable.



Carlo Mollino, *Untitled*, ca. 1964, color photograph, 6 x 4".

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