

ARTFORUM

“La Suite”

AIR DE PARIS

32, rue Louise Weiss

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With no theme or one-liner (other than an invitation to free exercise of memory and association), one could easily call the strategy employed in this group exhibition “montage curating.” But then again, isn’t curating all about montage? Perhaps the answer is yes, if the viewer is allowed to complete the process. With a punch of semiotic paranoia, one can easily draw connections between artists here with similar names and color schemes in their works. Take, for instance, Lili Reynaud-Dewar’s shamanistic drum installation and Lily van der Stokker’s reflexive kindergarten painting, which comments on its own “ugliness.” There are also affinities between M/M’s “stool-letters” and Benoît Maire’s video installation *Interrupting Jacques Lacan*, 2009. The gallery’s staff extracted the letters LA SUITE from M/M’s work *Just like an ant walking on the edge of the invisible*, 2009. And for his burlesque reenactment of a 1972 lecture by Lacan, which was famously interrupted by a Situationist militant, Maire has asked the same activist to intervene again by filming the reenacted event. The clash of discourses in the video reverberates in a young woman’s Sisyphean building of a continuously falling castle of bricks.



View of “La Suite,” 2009. Foreground: M/M, *Just like an ant walking on the edge of the invisible* (detail), 2009. Background: Liam Gillick, *Everything Good Goes*, 2008.

This humorous half-idealistic, half-defeatist work is brilliantly echoed by Liam Gillick’s video *Everything Good Goes*, 2008. The passive-aggressive piece, a shot over a desk, depicts a hand on a mouse and a computer program that together seem to be creating a three-dimensional model of the occupied factory from Godard’s *Tout va bien* (1972). Inhuman production conditions in factories have here been replaced by posthuman machine work, all echoed in a voice-over—a long monologue delivered via the phone that sounds as if it came from a moon landing. The work is nearly funny in its postutopian self-referential circuits and yet highly uncanny, obliterating all promising flavors from the discourse of the next.

— *Sinziana Ravini*

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