

Kudos to Morimura Yasumasa: invited to steer the latest **Yokohama Triennale**, the Japanese appropriation artist has not only underscored its coastal location in his frothing title *Art Fahrenheit 451: Sailing into the Sea of Oblivion*, but simultaneously acknowledged the apparent craziness of handing such a big event's reins to a mere artist. Inevitable tsunami allusions aside, though, Morimura's chosen moniker also deliberately points to the risk-taking required to pull biennial culture out of its current stultification. Presumably as per his referencing of Ray Bradbury's well-known dystopian novel, the artist has invented 11 'chapters' (with two introductions): these, balancing Japanese and non-Japanese artists, include minimalist insularity by 13 figures ranging from Kazimir Malevich and Agnes Martin to Vija Celmins,

Kimura Hiroshi and Felix Gonzalez-Torres (and, somehow, Josh Smith); a show by artists who create borderline-regressive narratives and private worlds, from Gregor Schneider to Joseph Cornell (and, somehow, Andy Warhol); and, as a send-off, *Drifting in a Sea of Oblivion*, featuring Danh Võ, Bas Jan Ader, Akram Zaatari, Yanagi Miwa and more. It has promise, and we look forward, in three years, to the event once subtitled *Time Crevasse* calling itself *Apocalypse's Gaping Maw*, or similar.

2 Meanwhile, at the **Folkestone Triennial**, maritime matters are met at a different angle. With a waterfront again in full view, the curators have lit on the theme of the observation post and called their show *Lookout* – which could be a sneaky restitution of the concept of the avant-garde, or a warning, but the 19-artist list is

appealingly diverse, from Tim Etchells to Sarah Staton, Pablo Bronstein to Emma Hart, plus the Folkestone Futures Choir. So: working port or defunct ferry terminal? Fish and chips or fish and chopsticks? Yoko Ono or Yokohama? (Yes, really.)

3 While Agnes Martin (or her work, at least) goes to Japan, a Japanese ceramicist avowedly inspired by her is rising in America. **Shio Kusaka's** understatedly detailed pots have been lauded lately, a little squadron of them turning up at the 2014 Whitney Biennial. Now they're coming, and not for the first time, to London, and slowly-unspooling pleasures are all but guaranteed: Kusaka is as much an incisor and painter of clay as a potter, a diversifier of wavering grids, shimmering colour and quietly jaunty patterning. In play, overall, is a refreshing



1 *The Ugly One*, 2013 (film still), dir Eric Baudelaire



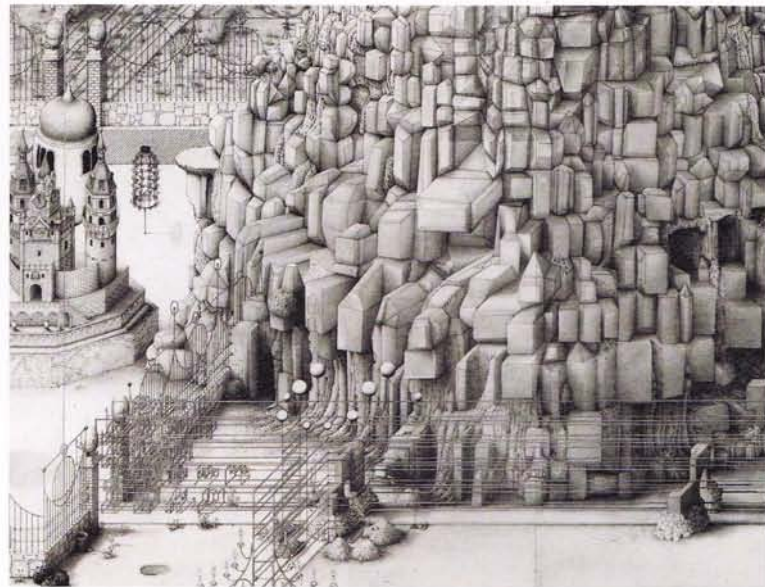
3 Shio Kusaka, (*Elephant 1*), (*Lion 1*), (*Dinosaur 16*), (*Unicorn 1*), 2014, porcelain, dimensions variable. Photo: the artist. Courtesy the artist



4 Ross Sinclair, *Twenty Years of Real Life*, 2014. Photo: the artist. Courtesy Collective Gallery, Edinburgh



6 Marina Abramović conducting rehearsal for *Bolero*, 2013, b/w portrait. Photo: © Rahi Rezvani, Paris, 2013



5 Paul Noble, *Ye Olde Ruin* (detail), 2003–4, pencil on paper. Collection Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam. © the artist. Courtesy Gagosian Gallery, New York

of minimal geometric abstraction, a fresh-feeling porting of craft aesthetics into the contemplative space of the gallery and a hymning of the handmade and gently wonky – which makes one wonder how Kusaka fared as assistant, in earlier years, to the famously finicky Charles Ray.

4 Twenty years ago **Ross Sinclair** had the phrase ‘Real Life’ tattooed on his back, a lifetime commitment to a monumental art project that, he’s said, ‘aims to engage as wide an audience as possible in a dialogue around the paradoxical gaps between life as it is lived by a society of individuals, and the aspirations afforded by “spectacular life” as we absorb it through mediated images of ourselves and everything around us – in other words, it’s ourselves alone versus the world’. This approach has assumed many guises, from a ‘fortress’ that visitors

decorated with placards, to billboards exploring Scotland’s relationship to its history and culture; from performance, painting and music to placing a gaudily decorated Land Rover adjacent to the Aberdeen Art Gallery’s Edwin Landseer paintings. Navigating that sprawl is one thing, doing justice to it in one 20-year-anniversary exhibition another – and *also* hosting a new project in which Sinclair works with bands whose members have been born in the last 20 years? Good luck, Collective Gallery.

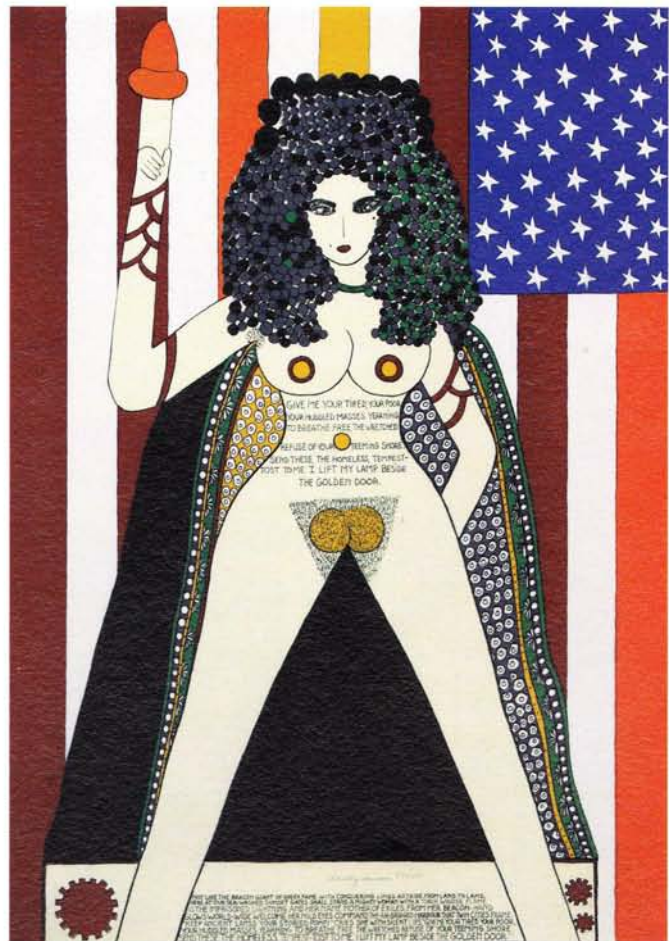
5 It’s now almost 20 years (18, actually) since **Paul Noble** inaugurated Nobson Newtown, his imaginary metropolis envisioned through large-scale, intricate pencil drawings showing the place in isometric ‘cavalier’ projection – the sun hitting at a constant 45-degree angle, because it’s always 10:45am in Noble’s drawings

– as well as animations and sculptures. Here, across 1,500sqm of space, Noble’s world, in which the buildings’ shapes spell out the names of each locale in the artist’s custom Nobson font (eg, the hospital ‘Nobsbital’, the cemetery ‘Nobsend’), will unfurl, repeatedly expressing an ambiguous but undeniable dynamic of competing building and ruin, order and chaos, as it does so. Is this grand design finished? The museum says it’s ‘ever-growing’, whereas four years ago Noble said he had one drawing to go. Who’s in control?

6 **Marina Abramović’s** goal, in recent years, has seemingly been not to govern an invented world but to dominate this one, with a decidedly mixed critical response. Her willingness to mount every publicity platform offered to her has, though, at least in part, been directed



7 Karla Black, *Still Taking*, 2013, aluminium tooling foil, nail varnish, petroleum jelly, 104 × 20 × 15 cm.
Photo: Ronnie Black. Courtesy the artist



8 Dorothy Iannone, *The Statue of Liberty*, 1977, 84 × 60 cm.
Published by Studio Galerie, Mike Steiner, Berlin.
Courtesy the artist, Air de Paris, and Peres Projects, Berlin

towards funding her lifetime monument, 'the capital of long durational work' that is the Marina Abramović Institute. Her Serpentine show is emphatically a return to artmaking: Abramović's first major performance piece since *The Artist Is Present* at MOMA four years ago will find her in the gallery from 10am to 6pm, six days a week, with visitors – who will be relieved of 'bags, jackets, electronic equipment, watches and cameras' on entry – acting as participants too. So you'll have to be there, not eavesdropping via social media; we presume Tino 'no pictures please' Sehgal will be looking on amusedly.

Of course performance artists don't have a lock on performative work, as **Karla Black** – and, of course, the action painters whose DNA is in her work – makes clear. The Scots-born

artist takes everyday materials (crumpled paper, cosmetics, soap, dirt, Vaseline) and combines them into space-colonising para-paintings, like three-dimensional gestural marks, the results being both physically precarious and, in the way they feel suspended between sculpture, painting and performance, conceptually so. Her first show in Italy since representing Scotland at the Venice Biennale in 2011 comprises, we're told, 'a series of freestanding and hanging sculptures connected by a yellow powder line', is 'basically a study in colour' and offers a play of nuanced distinctions between outwardly similar forms. On past form, we can expect her to take some formal risks; meanwhile, that the gallery is showing Jessica Stockholder at the same time makes a great deal of sense.

8 In 1969 **Dorothy Iannone's** work was removed, for its sexual content, from a Harald Szeemann-curated exhibition at the Kunsthalle Bern – black fig-leaves had been offered, and refused. Following this, the US-born artist made *The Story of Bern* (1970), a self-defence of her work in the form of an artist's book, her then-partner, Dieter Roth, quit the exhibition and Szeemann resigned. (No stranger to controversy, almost a decade earlier Iannone was arrested by US customs for trying to import a copy of Henry Miller's then-banned 1934 novel, *Tropic of Cancer*.) It's likely she'll have an easier time now. Her paintings, drawings, videos and sculptures, visions of ecstatic spiritual-carnal union, still pulse with sexuality even though her figures have increasingly been integrated into byzantine

patterning; but they've also been increasingly critically acclaimed in recent years, as her art's proto-post-feminist slant has chimed with other, younger practices. 'Sometimes you must also submit', reads a text in a 2009 painting featuring a dominant woman. That means you too, Switzerland.

The country should, at least, have no problems with **Křištof Kintera**: just a little slap-and-tickle expected from the prankster-ish Czech artist, whose previous works have included armoured, camouflaged strollers and a golemlike figure made out of lightbulbs. Showing at the Tinguely Museum situates him in the Swiss artist's tradition of wild contraption-building, though Kintera's primary mode is upending familiar objects: a tangle of interlocking bicycles, an office

chair covered in pink goo. This transfiguring of everyday experience, though, opens onto a questioning of the possibility of change. 'It's kind of my hobby, the ills of civilisation... I feel nervous that neither art nor I can offer any societal solutions,' Kintera said in a recent interview. Cut to the animatronic sculpture *Revolution* (2005), in which a stumpy, hoodie-wearing figure repeatedly bangs his head against a breezeblock wall, and consider the artist as a droll compatriot of Claire Fontaine, Matias Faldbakken and other ethicists of negation.

10 **Christopher Williams** has exerted such a huge influence on younger artists that it's extraordinary he's only now having his first retrospective, but here we are, and here is *The Production Line of Happiness*, which ought to cement Williams's place as today's sharpest

updater of Conceptualism's precepts. What everyone knows of the LA-born artist is that he photographs deconstructed cameras and isolated objects of desire, and photography's role – particularly that of editorial photography – in constructing experience is central to him. Here we'll see that considered through works like Williams's major series *For Example: Die Welt Ist Schön* (*The World Is Beautiful*) (1993–2001), early Super-8 shorts, architectural interventions and vinyl supergraphics. A politicised critique of power is at the heart of his work (not for nothing does the show take its title from Jean-Luc Godard), but so, increasingly, has been a defiant muteness. Against a world of photography-based sales pitches, Williams's oblique arrays of disparate images don't sell, and don't tell. *Martin Herbert*



9 Křištof Kintera, *Nervous Tree*, 2014, electromechanical sculpture, 320 × 185 × 150 cm. Courtesy the artist and Schleicher/Lange, Berlin



10 Christopher Williams, *Bergische Bauernscheune, Junkersholz / Leichlingen, September 29th, 2009*, 2010, pigmented inkjet print, 51 × 61 cm (paper), 84 × 94 cm (framed). Collection MOMA, New York. © the artist. Courtesy the artist, David Zwirner, New York & London, and Galerie Gisela Capitain, Cologne