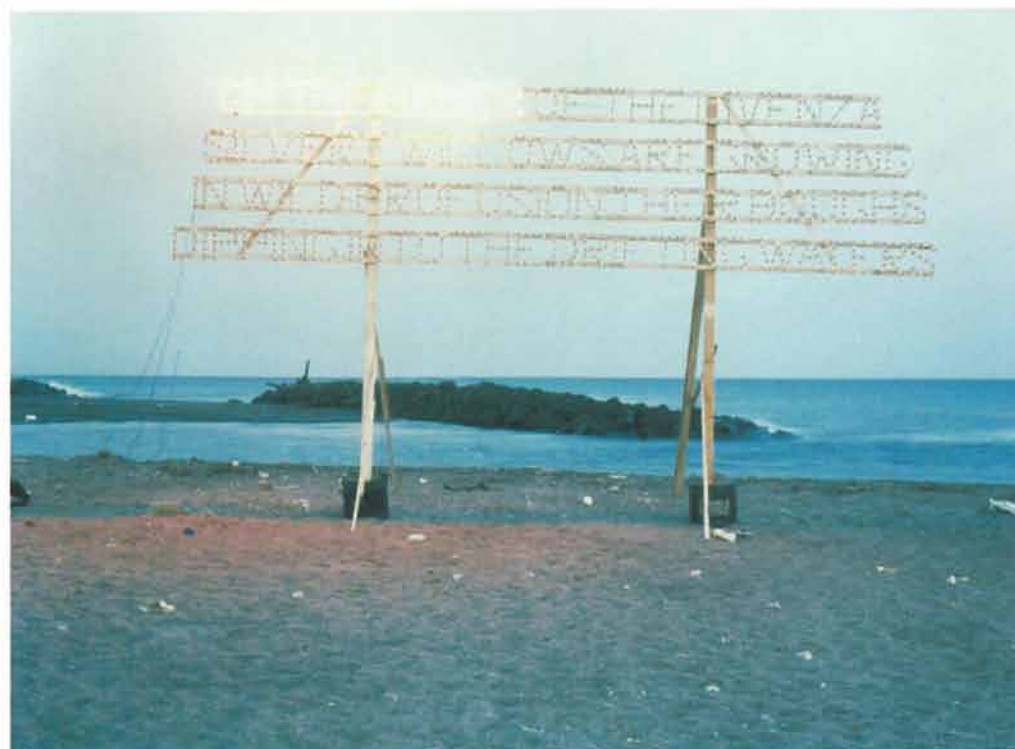


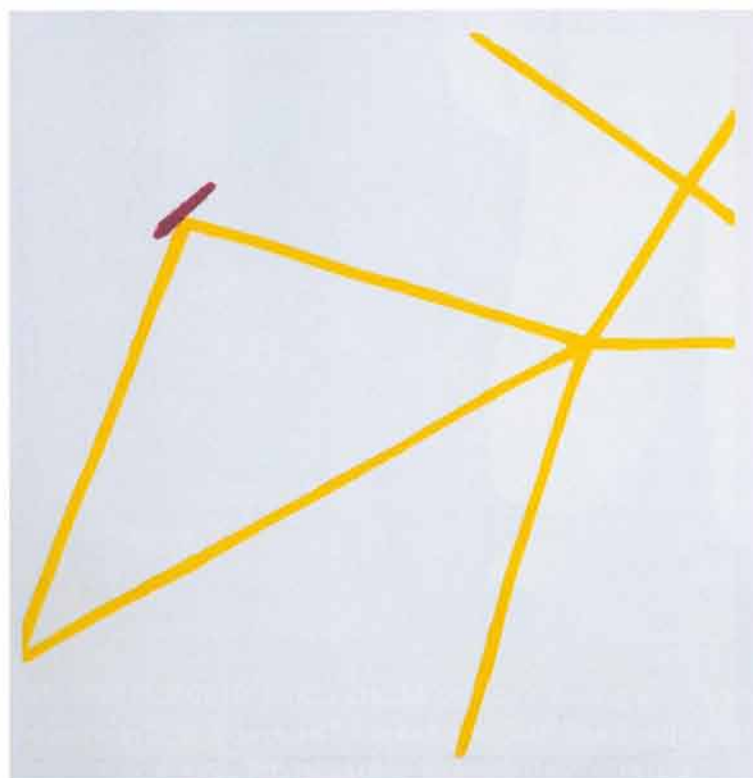
Martin Herbert

Now SEE This

Cerith Wyn Evans, De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill, 17 March - 10 June, www.dlwp.com / **Spencer Finch**, Lisson Gallery, London, 21 March - 28 April, www.lissongallery.com / **Monica Bonvicini**, Max Hetzler, Berlin, to 14 April, www.maxhetzler.com / **Martin Eder**, Eigen & Art, Berlin, 17 March - 5 May, www.eigen-art.com / **Richard Prince**, Museo Picasso Malaga, 27 February - 27 May, www.museopicassomalaga.org / **Kateřina Sedá**, Kunstmuseum Lucerne, 3 March - 17 June, www.kunstmuseumluzern.ch / **Yto Barrada**, Renaissance Society, Chicago, 18 March - 29 April, www.renaissancesociety.org / **David Renggli**, Galerie Chez Valentin, Paris, 10 March - 21 April, www.galeriechezvalentin.com / **Henning Bohl**, Casey Kaplan, New York, 29 March - 28 April, www.caseykaplangallery.com / **Victor Man**, MUDAM, Luxembourg, 11 February - 6 May, www.mudam.lu



Cerith Wyn Evans
P.P.P. (Oedipus Rex), 1998,
fireworks display, Wednesday 15
July, Idroscala di Ostia, Italy.
Fireworks text supported by
wooden scaffolding. © the artist
Courtesy White Cube, London



Spencer Finch
Paths Through the Studio,
2012, oil pastel on paper.
Courtesy the artist and
Lisson Gallery, London

When not instructing chandeliers to flash Morse code or orchestrating flameouts for lines of mortality-themed poetry in text-shaped firework displays, **Cerith Wyn Evans** enjoys a second career as an antiarchitect. Six years ago the Welshman broke down several interior walls in London's ICA, unloosing natural light through previously blocked windows and explicitly opening the gallery onto that authoritarian thoroughfare, the Mall. In the modernist cool of the De La Warr Pavilion, he (or more probably a phalanx of technicians) will similarly get busy with sledgehammers, refining the art of the institutional knock-through. What Wyn Evans describes as a 'love letter to the building' - opening it up, encouraging sociability - again suggests an open-ended symbolism reflecting his professed aim of making art codified to the point of vexation; there's also a firework piece on the roof and a re-presenting of his lauded 2010 installation of white-hot columnar lights, *Superstructure: Trace Me Back to Some Loud Shallow Chill Underlying Motive's Overspill*.

'More light,' said Goethe on his deathbed. Okay, says **Spencer Finch**, who pursues the properties and purposes of illumination and who, like Wyn Evans, is interested in the weight of demonstrable absence. (The title of his Lisson show, *Ex Nihilo*, 'out of nothing', is a clue.) In

Paper Moon (Studio Wall at Night) (2009), a torch hitched to a model train set and a set of filtered bulbs model the specific light, created by streetlamps and headlights, flowing into Finch's Brooklyn studio at night. *Paths Through the Studio* (2012), meanwhile, is a suite of oil-pastel works, inspired by Edo-period Japanese wallpaper of tracks in a muddy field, that map every physical movement the American made in his studio over 21 days: think of him, perhaps, as an aesthete Bruce Nauman, resourcefully setting structural failure against compensatory bursts of gratification.

'Even *more* light,' said someone else (me), and lo, there was **Monica Bonvicini**, whose pursuance of sex, power and control as architectural subtexts has been previously expressed – winning her the unwanted title of the artworld's resident dominatrix – in usable leather swings dangling from chains and in public toilets employing one-way glass (to the user's advantage, not the public's). Lately her confrontational approach has taken the form of suspended word-sculptures spelled out in lightbulbs: *Desire* or *Satisfy Me* (both 2009), for example, while the same year's *Light Me Black*, a suspended orchestration of 148 custom-built light fittings in an abstract, folding form, acted as a mute aggressor, temporarily blinding a viewer who tried to see how it hung together on its showing in Chicago. Commercial shows outside of male-starchitect-designed institutions deny her a certain amount of animating context, though, so expect some compensatory inventiveness in Berlin.

The same city finds **Martin Eder**, who unambiguously called one previous show *Ugly* (2010), mounting his own challenges to the eye: these being, a couple of years ago, tightly realist paintings of supine female nudes, greasy iridescent fish and sombre fluffy kittens that had a strong



Monica Bonvicini
Identify Protection (detail), 2006
(Installation view, Kunsthalle Fridericianum, Kassel, 2010), six tower harnesses, black liquid rubber, steel chains, steel ring, motor, timer, dimensions variable. Photo: Nils Klinger. Courtesy the artist and Galerie Max Hetzler, Berlin

Martin Eder
Die Schlaflosen, 2007,
oil on canvas, 200 x 270 cm.
Photo: Uwe Walter.
Courtesy Galerie Eigen + Art,
Leipzig & Berlin / DACS



VIENNA

The Viennese scene has certainly had its radical moments. But recently most have considered it to be... well, sleepy. No more: beyond the yearlong Klimt extravaganza (he was born 150 years ago this July), a new contemporary art space has opened, more are on the way and two museums have freshly minted directors.

At MUMOK, director Karola Kraus's second show – a splashy Claes Oldenburg retrospective that opened in early February alongside a Pop art exhibition – is indicative of the museum's future: ambitious temporary exhibitions in dialogue with works from the permanent collection. At MAK, new director Christoph Thun-Hohenstein was practically catapulted into the position vacated by the controversial Peter Noever in early 2011. Thun-Hohenstein's first show, *Envisioning Buildings*, explores how artists including Sarah Morris, Cyprien Gaillard and Andreas Gursky photographically address architecture, and is a success even if it came together fast – Noever's Helmut Lang show was cancelled, and Thun-Hohenstein only took his post on 1 September.

Speaking of changing plans, energetic art patron Francesca von Habsburg intended to repurpose Berlin's Temporäre Kunsthalle for Vienna as a new home for her T-B A21 foundation, but is now partnering with the Belvedere museum (the Berlin building was too difficult to bring up to Austrian code), which exhibits the Austrian national collections in a palace complex, for the next three years instead. That venture, Augarten Contemporary, is situated in the former studio of obscure Austrian sculptor Gustinus Ambrosi. The space opens in June with a programme featuring individual artists alongside large works from T-B A21's collection.

Augarten only became available when the Belvedere inaugurated the stunning 21er Haus in November 2010 as the focus for its contemporary art collection. Even the Kunsthistorisches Museum is jumping on the contemporary bandwagon: this year adjunct curator Jasper Sharp launches shows including Ed Ruscha, Lucian Freud and single contemporary works in the Theseus Temple, a neoclassical building in the city's Volksgarten.

It's enough to make your head spin. "The way some people here are behaving, you'd think we've become New York or something," a local curator told me shortly after the newly slick Vienna Art Week had its run in November. There's a *long* way between Vienna and the city that never sleeps, and not everything is rosy (the Kunsthalle Wien is in the midst of a scandal that has director Gerald Matt on a 'break'), but it's exciting that Vienna's institutions are moving and shaking. "There's a sense of urgency about what's happening here this year," says von Habsburg. The new guard seems to have the ambition and international perspective to give the city's art institutions their due.

KIMBERLY BRADLEY

PARIS

The Bois-le-Prêtre tower, in the northeast of Paris, was, before its renovation, typical of housing on the city's Périphérique autoroute: 16 storeys, 50 metres high and containing upwards of a hundred flats. Completed in 1960 by Raymond Lopez, the block has just been renovated by Frédéric Druot, Anne Lacaton and Jean-Philippe Vassal, who received France's 2011 Equerre d'Argent architecture prize for its transformation. Craning my head, I spot the building straightaway: it shimmers, elegant, all glass and air. Its neighbours, slated for demolition, have facades of exposed concrete that were repainted during the 1980s using geometric motifs and colours that have aged badly.

Druot (who has his own architectural practice) and Lacaton & Vassal (who run a joint practice) stand for an idea that, surprisingly, is not universally accepted: that it is less expensive to renovate than to demolish and rebuild. For the Bois-le-Prêtre, this meant works costing €11.2 million rather than €20m. It's also less of a burden on residents, who get larger, better-looking apartments for their money. Druot, Lacaton and Vassal redistributed interior spaces by simply knocking down partitions, and wrapped the tower's four walls in conservatories: sliding glass doors that run from floor to ceiling, with thermal curtains for keeping the heat in, giving access to a balcony, with other curtains for shade. This system reduces heating costs by 50 percent. I could well see myself living in this tower, suspended in the air, my writing table pushed up against the expanse of sliding glass, moving back and forth between indoors and out, living in an apartment as I would in a house.

The building's tenants, hugely in favour of the renovation, were consulted at every stage: a marathon of meetings. Their main request was to remain in the building during the works. The architects succeeded in rehousing each family within the building itself, moving them along, one by one, into apartments as they were renovated. Eighteen months of works, during which not a person had to be relocated offsite.

Mme Benjamin has lived in the tower since 1962. She raised seven children here. She lost 1m² (in her kitchen) but gained 34m² in the conservatory. It's not counted in the rent. Depending on the resident's income, a four-room flat with 127 m² costs €300 per month. True social housing. Each tenant was able to choose the colour of curtain, the colour of paint on the walls, the type of flooring. Benjamin pronounces herself "rather happy". The view is sublime from her 11th-storey flat: the Eiffel Tower, la Défense in the morning sun. Montmartre, the wooded hill of Mont Valérien. "Last year, on 14 July, I invited 62 people to watch fireworks on all sides!" Mme Benjamin misses only the 1980s façade: she preferred the colour, and now, with all the blinds, never fully open or fully closed at the same time, she finds it disorderly.

MARIE DARRIEUSSECQ



Richard Prince
Untitled, 2011, ink jet, oil crayon,
pastel and charcoal on canvas
150 x 193 cm. Photo: Robert
McKeever. © the artist



flavour of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* art of Weimar Germany and a seriously attenuated relationship with good taste, intentionally so. His syncretic new canvases – big grey-greenish nudes intended to look, says the artist, like the bellies of dead fish, and dwelling on the fleshy facticity of the human body – are likely to be no more acquiescent. Eder's models sometimes have histories of addiction, and the larger context of his work, he says, is the victimhood engendered by mass culture, the perpetual race to stay *au courant*; we'll miss those farcical cats, but the squirmy places Eder is heading towards may well be their own compensation.

In breaks from the courthouse, where he's been involved in a lengthy landmark case over appropriated photography, **Richard Prince** has lately squared up to art history, taking on Willem de Kooning, Cézanne and more via energetic, if irreverent, remakes. In Picasso's hometown, some 100 works – canvases painted in the last couple of years, plus photocollages – find Prince taking on the unmatched Spaniard, a move which, like the American's latter-day exhibitions of his collections of rare books, would seem to continue his drift away from intentional controversialism towards a sort of semiprickly, semiavuncular middle age based on, as Warhol said of Pop, liking things. Prince, though, evidently still sees these as debased, unoriginal times: check his version of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, composited as it is from photographs of cavorting porn models with defaced faces, for mordant evidence.

Not every artist shares Prince's lemon-sucking mien, thankfully. As her first retrospective evidences, since 2001 **Kateřina Sedá** has organised social actions that sit on the fringes of art activity, mostly in her Czech homeland, whether on a small scale (setting motivational daily tasks for a family member who'd sunk into depressive inaction) or on a larger one (getting a whole village to perform the same tasks in sync, for a whole day). Sedá isn't a happy-clappy type, though: her work, ambivalently reflecting the communist yoke that she was born under, walks a line between encouraging sociability and group