

# FLASH ART

Reviews 113-128  
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SculptureCenter

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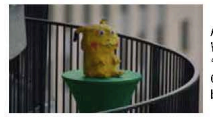
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arrangements, and wall-mounted candleholders. To construct her cinematic adaptation of Bulgakov into a "film without images," Haiduk scripted and recorded audience readings at her prior exhibitions and remixed this multitude of voices into a call-and-response with a robotic

female narrator. "REMASTER" will also be turned into a film studio, where new voices will be recorded and incorporated. The choreography of voices sounds at times like a threatening mass, other times like a rebellious cacophony. The conjunction of orality with the nonvisual stages of re-mastering, divesting the exhibition of its structures of power by turning to the fictional, hidden, unseen, and opaque. As the film's robotic voice avows to its covert audience: "There is nothing to reveal. But if you insist, I will reveal something."

4 TRISHA DONNELLY  
Matthew Marks, New York  
by Adina Glickstein

In 1974, the CIA green-lit a 350-million-dollar cover-up operation to salvage a sunken Soviet sub from the depths of the Pacific Ocean. Hidden in plain sight, the top-secret rescue spawned the "Glomar response," crafted to elude journalistic inquisition: "We can neither confirm nor deny the existence of the information requested but, hypothetically, if such data were to exist, the subject matter would be classified and could not be disclosed." The slogan is now ubiquitous, parroted by everyone from Kylie Jenner to the NYPD, but Trisha Donnelly remains its most fascinating artistic partisan. Donnelly's solo exhibition at Matthew Marks, characteristically opaque and sans press release, collects six new untitled sculptures alongside three blurred projections. Formally, the series of marble plinths that populate the gallery take up the legacy of minimalism — but unlike its adherents Judd and Serra, whose well-known industrial processes are part and parcel of their work, little is known about Donnelly's fabrication methods. Her undecipherable slabs were, at some point, pulled from quarries. Probably in Italy, the gallery assistant tells me. I'm unable to verify, which is maybe the point: taking Judd's assertion that methods are irrelevant so long as they result in art's logical extreme, Donnelly lays an inscrutable series of objects before us and insists that in this pure absence of didacticism we make for ourselves what we will. Donnelly's exhibition invites a meditative form of curiosity. The absence of a structuring narrative invites close viewing in its stead, drawing attention to the sculptures' juxtaposing surfaces: flawless smoothness, serrated grain. In the front room, a dim digital image appends three scattered granite hunks, clustered according to an unknowable logic. The works are spaced atypically, quietly resisting the linear standardization of minimalism past and proper. During the day, the surrounding projections are barely discernible; once the sun sets, the sculptures are lit dimly by design. Only part of the show is fully visible at any given time — another subtle jab at the precision of Donnelly's progenitors? Perhaps. We can neither confirm nor deny.

5 "In Practice: Total Disbelief"  
SculptureCenter, New York  
by Carlos Kong

What is at stake when doubt is our primary stance toward the world? "In Practice: Total Disbelief" at SculptureCenter stages a position of doubting the contemporary as ideals, norms, and truth-claims continue to be productively revised and perniciously defaced. The 2020 iteration of "In Practice," an annual open call that facilitates new artistic production, "Total Disbelief" presents wide-ranging works that profess doubt as a simultaneous desire for and refusal of identification. Recalcitrant, skeptical, and courting illegibility, the exhibition's artists invest their materials with forms and narratives that disobey as a precondition for knowing. Several artworks draw on bodily knowledge to cast doubt on the legacy of patriarchal Enlightenment values that excise what our nonconforming bodies understand. In Laurie Kang's *Hull* (2019–20), photographs of the artist's grandmother's garden and photo paper exposed to the contingencies of atmosphere and light are folded into flesh-toned silicone rolls, forging matrilineal intimacies across ecologies that emerge from and return to bodily inheritances. To construct *E.L.G. Family Archives* (2019), Emilie Louise Gossiaux inscribed ceramic body parts with the tattoos shared by the artist and her family, blurring the boundary between anonymity and identifying markings and doing so through the recall of memory many years after the artist became blind.

Videos by Andrew Norman Wilson, Jordan Strafer, Qais Assali, and Jesse Chun merge documentary formats with parafictional narratives through audiovisual montages that enact skepticism and ironic distancing. The recursive courtroom testimony of the washed-up doll protagonist in Jordan Strafer's *PEP (Process Entanglement Procedure)* (2019) confounds the melodramatic scripts of victimhood through which performances are evaluated and credibility is juridically determined. In these videos, the fragile division between knowledge and doubt is the result of bureaucratic authority — sometimes humorous, though likely threatening. A highlight is Hadi Fallahpisheh's *blind spot*, an imaginative installation of photographic drawings and sculptures that perform graphic reduction to the garish simplicity of stereotypes. *Sand Monkey* (2019), a stack of sand-covered urns that dons a monkey mask and has a broom and mop for arms, restages and parodies the psychological and cultural mechanisms that project racialized associations and classed assumptions. Fallahpisheh's title, which suggests being at once within and outside of the enclosures of visibility, stands in for the freedoms and dangers that doubt holds in tension throughout "Total Disbelief." Yet the exhibition's claims of doubt reveal another blind spot: amid our age of doubt, what is left for us to believe in?

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