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thick drips of paint pouring through many layers of boxes suggest many episodes in the post-action painting history of painting. Two turntables loudly playing skipping records (it's Bach, but you'd never recognize it) with bare bulbs dangling and spinning above, knocking the needles out of their grooves, recall the musical experiments of Fluxus or Christian Marclay. In the past, Hudson has incorporated into his own work discarded materials from other artists' installations—he reused the red timber from a Liam Gillick work in reference to relational aesthetics; more fortuitously, he once recycled shelving from Martha Rosler's 2005 remake at the Institute for Contemporary Art, London, of her 1973 "Garage Sale" exhibition—making his complicated art-historical genealogy at once even more literal and more difficult to disentangle.

Hudson effectively replaces the post-apocalyptic chaos cultivated by Hirschhorn and Takahashi with an orderly sequence of slapstick tableaux: a hammer smashed into a box top and left balancing in midair, or a precisely cutout entranceway reminiscent of the outlines left in doors when cartoon characters run through them. Hudson's work has a tree-house aesthetic; handmade benches and ladders hint at hospitality and human occupation but, made of hard wood or leading nowhere, don't really invite us to linger. As it was for the previous generation of junk-based artists, the world is still collapsing under the weight of its own garbage, but while earlier junk installations tended to spread to the very limits of the gallery space, Hudson includes a sort of empty frame along the edges: the almost vacant unused entrance and a semihidden back room as well. Even in these peripheral gallery spaces, however, random bits of clutter creep in as if unstoppable; we are reminded that constructive reuse of waste is, in fact, a fiction, mostly confined to isolated, labor-intensive works of art like this one.

"You just can't beat a wobbly sculpture," Hudson once told an interviewer. In fact, his virtuoso constructions don't really wobble. The overall impression here, partially due to the work's tunnel-shaped symmetry, was of equilibrium. Like the teetering hammer perfectly wedged into a hole, the work is positioned in balance—between the now vast history of contemporary art behind it and some newer, unprecedented art that dips liberally into architecture, theater, sound, comedy, carpentry, and politics.

—Gilda Williams

PARIS

Mark Lewis

GALERIE CENT8—SERGE LE BORGNE

Born in Ontario in 1957 but now based in London, Mark Lewis began as a photographer, then switched to making 35-mm color films, which are mostly unedited and generally run the length of a four-minute reel; transferred to DVD, they are projected as loops one after another. Lewis continues to take pictures of his film locations, and here, in the first installment of a two-part exhibition, he showed three recent films, none more than four minutes long, along with five location shots, including three for films shown here. (The second show featured three earlier films.)

Isosceles, 2007, is a meticulously paced traveling shot around an old boarded-up, triangle-shaped, one-story brick building situated in the side streets of Smithfield, London, near Lewis's home. The area was once the location of London's livestock market (and in still earlier times a place for jousting and public executions, and a meeting place for peasants); today, the stubby industrial-age edifice starkly contrasts with the newly modernized market buildings around it. But the film's real subject is the suspension of time in the camera's surreally slow, technically perfect turning, making the beat-up building important for no apparent reason except to look at it.

While *Isosceles* documented time by way of location, *Spadina: Reverse Dolly, Zoom, Nude*, 2006, is something like a story's climax, a long zoom leading to a seemingly important shot. But there's no story, only a character. The camera pulls back slowly from an opening shot of foliage, maybe sycamore, sunlight dappling through the leaves, to reveal the grassy hill where the tree is rooted. A van drives by on a level street behind what must be Spadina Avenue in Toronto. As the camera continues to move backward, a modern high-rise apartment building with wraparound balconies comes into view behind the tree; suddenly, the camera quickly zooms in above the treetop, toward the building, to reveal a naked girl standing on a balcony. The film ends there, the girl charging its denouement with implied but unspecified suggestions of meaning—an artistic effect that makes these films (and much other art besides) pique the imagination.

The third film on view was *Rear Projection (Molly Parker)*, 2006, a portrait of the Canadian actress. Her image is superimposed on a rural landscape with a dilapidated, one-story clapboard house set behind two gas pumps and a sign reading HOWLIN' WOLF—an abandoned roadside café, to judge from a catalogue the gallery had on display. The film shows the same background at two different times of the year; the scene appears in reddish fall foliage, then again in winter snow. Parker's sheepish, hesitant smirk, a seeming reflection of her minor celebrity, evaporates the film's objectivity; this aura of self-consciousness, hers and the viewer's, seems to be the film's subject.

Lewis's titles, which I only read after watching the films, describe his process in formal terms—zoom, reverse dolly, rear projection, and isosceles (a form I couldn't perceive in the film even after several viewings)—that actually undermine the formal strangeness of his one- or two-image films. They look like entrance or exit shots, but are nonetheless far more compelling to watch than the photographs are to look at. Slow-moving, rooted in the fixity of the photograph, these moving-picture "fragments" avoid action or development through narration or plot, employing cinematic techniques solely to make time itself visible.

—Jeff Rian



Mark Lewis, *Rear Projection (Molly Parker)*, 2006, still from a color film in 35 mm transferred to DVD, 3 minutes 51 seconds.

AALST, BELGIUM

Lieven De Boeck

NETWERK

It's said that Mies van der Rohe always carried a small Paul Klee painting in his suitcase. Whenever he stayed in a hotel, he hung it in place of