

GENOA

ALBERTO GARUTTI
GALLERIA GALLIANI

A series of lightbulbs on the gallery wall lit up when anyone entered a room on the other side, while in another small room, a slab of red crystal threw a red shadow that filled the space. A third work resembled a hinged and jointed piece of furniture; its dimensions and shape were taken from real furniture and spaces between objects in the home of the artist Alberto Garutti. Garutti, in fact, finds inspiration for all of his work in his own personal surroundings: the red shadow of the crystal, for example, recalls the color of a wall in one of his studios when it is illuminated by the sun, while the strange, awkward furniture is an abstract synthesis of the objects and spaces of one of the rooms he lives in.

The relationship that Garutti establishes with space in this fashion has little to do with Modernity's reflection on space as a decontextualized abstract entity. Instead, Garutti depicts what Edvard Munch represented in his last self-portrait, *Between the Clock and the Bed*, 1940. This is space on a human scale, a space transformed by the artist's presence from something anonymous into something touched by personal experience. A particular hotel room; a ray of light projecting a geometric form from a window onto a floor; the space between a stove and a table; a mirror at the point when a certain image appeared on a given date—together these things constitute a person's secret history.

The spaces of everyday life find their natural analogue in the time of everyday life, and in effect, all of Garutti's work is a visualization of time. For him, time is as Henri Bergson conceived it: something that expands or contracts according to one's experience and psychological states. Garutti's work posits a geometrical space that, like Bergson's conception of duration, is defined only by one's own sensibility. In this sense the "measurement" that he effects on things external to but physically close to himself becomes a work of absolute introspection. While it approaches pure contemplation, however, it should not be thought of as something fulfilling, but rather as a tension that is concentrated on the establishment of an imperceptible but essential contact with the world. At the same time, as Blaise Pascal said, "all the unhappiness of men derives from a single thing, which is not knowing how to be quiet in a room."

—Marco Meneguzzo

Translated from the Italian by Marguerite Shore.

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Alberto Garutti, *Untitled*, 1997, mixed media. Installation view.



Bracha Lichtenberg-Ettinger, *Eurydice no. 10*, 1994-96, oil, photocopy dust, and paper on canvas.

PARIS

BRACHA LICHTENBERG-ETTINGER

GALERIE CLAUDE SAMUEL

For more than a decade, Bracha Lichtenberg-Ettinger has borne witness to the most overwhelming event of our century—the Holocaust. Born in Israel and a resident of France since 1982, Lichtenberg-Ettinger has modestly, and little by little, managed to express the inexpressible. Her series "Eurydice," 1992-96, consisting of mixed media pieces on canvas and paper and shown here along with other works, rescues from oblivion images that have been hidden in the shadows—just as Eurydice herself was in the myth of Orpheus, after she was sentenced to death by her lover's impatience. Lichtenberg-Ettinger finally lets Eurydice speak, through enigmatic, almost indecipherable images. That is, she lets a certain other, feminine gaze speak—with infinite delicacy and tenderness—of unbearable tragedy. Her aesthetic process is enriched by her work as a psychoanalyst and numerous writings in which she has theorized the subjectivization process of the multiple and divided feminine.

Lichtenberg-Ettinger offers intimate, small-scale images, made with photographs from the '30s and '40s taken from newspapers or family albums: photos of children and a doll; naked women in the camps; and aerial and topographical views of Palestine. These images have been completely transformed and manipulated by being passed through a photocopier. The sources of the photocopied images have been fragmented and intermingled to such an extent that one

can only see traces of largely evaporated figures, woven into the paper, applied to the canvas and, in certain places, covered with oil paint. The paint—violet, lilac, blue, and blood red—endows the grain of the paper with a velvety texture and blends with the pieces' gray frames. Color plays an anamnestic role here, causing feelings linked to memory to surge and reemerge. Jean-François Lyotard has written apropos this kind of painting: "Writing causes amnesia through words, its medium; painting, through colors. It works out a 'language,' that is, everything that has been received through words or colors, the immense and potential fabric of signifiers."

Eurydice no. 2, 1992-93, shows a recurring motif in Lichtenberg-Ettinger's work (she often returns to a particular repertoire of images): a woman with her back to the viewer, seemingly forgotten, her gaze piercing in its absence. This faceless figure incites us to see in the depth of the painting the loss of her ability to speak and her ineffable destiny. Meanwhile, in *Eurydice no. 10*, 1994-95, though her eyes have been half-erased, a woman's face offers itself fully to our view, like a memory that should be protected at any cost.

—Anne Dagbert

Translated from the French by Jeanine Herman.

COLOGNE

RALF BERGER

GALERIE LUIS CAMPAÑA

At first glance the gallery space seemed devoid of art objects, although you could hear an irritating, ear-numbing drilling sound.