

resists going under, can become a kind of sculpture—or, precisely, that everything emerges from a “soup,” a dough, a maceration. As the French philosopher Michel Serres has making a distinction between *material* and *mass*, statuary takes its basis in the latter. Serres specifies that if material is “an empty metaphysical word, with neither value nor foundation in the physical sciences,” mass, on the other hand, inert and amorphous, “guarantees that a thing exists that is lodged in space, that withstands time and doesn’t care about signs and meaning—radically foreign to our scheming.”

The artist has also taken similar doughy substances—clay, paint, and so on—and modeled them, photographed them, and printed them on two sides of a surface that she then cut out and attached to fourteen stools of different shapes and heights. In these works from the series “Here I am and things that exist. Owl,” 2015, which might be described as faux sculptures, photography is used to deprive the mass of every reference to the figure, to its real dimensions, to its hardness. De Jooede’s sculptures sometimes look as malleable as mercury, sometimes as hard as diamonds. They sometimes resemble a soft paste that can be modeled like clay; at other times they resemble a granitelike

that can only be carved. Photography also deprives the mass of its biomorphic reference, despite the silhouettes that, from a biomorphic sculpture, as their suggests certain skin tones. Only the pink vertical sculptures, against the wall, refer to the artist’s body, the imprint of present in negative.

point, does little more remain of sculpture than a digital mass would be a hasty conclusion, for if photography liberates sculpture from its sculptural function, frees it from the heaviness of its dimensional volume, it does not as a result liberate it from gravity. The sculptures rest on pedestals and are not hung on the wall. Photographic prints. The artist considers them “things,” and, following Heidegger, she states that “the word ‘thing’ names that is not simply nothing.” The subtraction of the third dimension, in other words, does not mark a movement toward the virtual; if these “things” orbit in the space of the gallery, they do so in the manner of celestial bodies or meteorites, and the viewer who witnesses the exhibition space is their witness.

At a further stage, after the show closes, when the works circulate exclusively online. Today, in our screen-oriented culture, this is a familiarization of ourselves with the work of many artists. Does the virtual image again become a virtual image? The show’s title suggests that the digital interface of the screens does not have the last word. In the various interferences between sculpture and photography, mass and surface, the image becomes porous. There is no doubt: Just as materiality remains solidly grounded at the heart of sculpture, so too does De Jooede demonstrate that porosity does proliferate.

—Riccardo Venturi

Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

BERLIN

Anselm Reyle

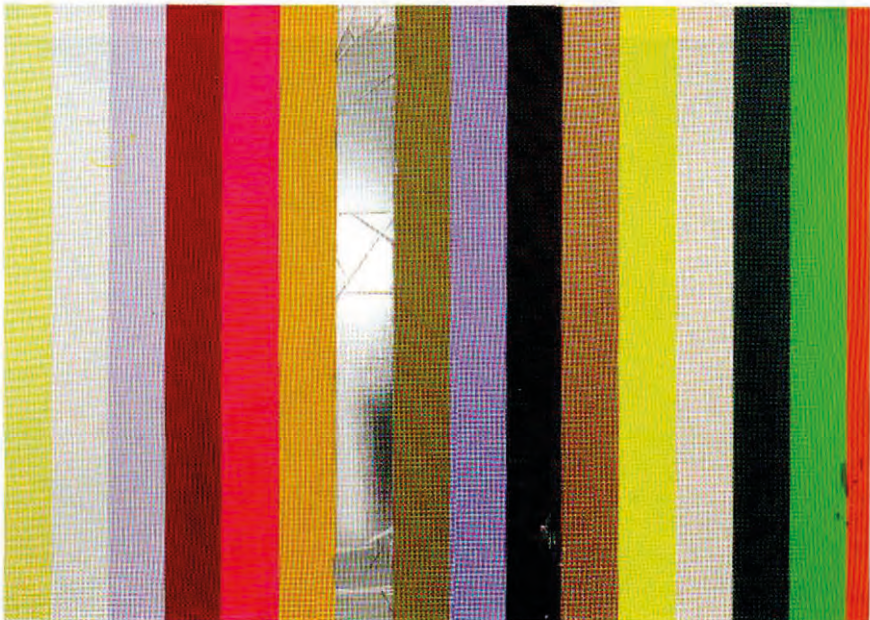
CONTEMPORARY FINE ARTS

This was Anselm Reyle’s first solo show since his announcement in early 2014 that, for the time being, he would neither make nor exhibit new work. True to this resolution, the exhibition did not feature new pieces: On view was a single series that the artist regards as complete as of this self-imposed hiatus—the definitive date in the show’s prosaic title, “*Streifenbilder*/Stripe Paintings, 2003–2013,” indicating as much.

The exhibition was a look back of sorts, then, and another first for Reyle: He had never presented a solo show entirely dedicated to one ensemble and the stages of its evolution. A fitting exercise for an artist who has decided to take time to reflect and take stock: Reyle is reviewing his work and thinking about where to take it going forward; he felt he needed to disentangle himself from the market and its constant pressure to produce. He may not be sure what he will do, but, as he told an interviewer for *Die Welt* in February 2014, “I don’t suppose that I will have nothing to do with art”; he confirmed that sentiment when I spoke to him recently.

Reyle’s “Stripe Paintings” are made up of vertical bands of color—a clichéd format, which was always part of what made it interesting to him. An icon of geometric abstraction, the striped canvas has a long history as a central scene of competitive artistic radicalism; so many painters have used it to outdo one another that the avant-garde impulse that once sustained it is gone—it has effectively become a repertoire piece. That is the point Reyle homes in on, as the show illustrated with ten exemplary works, all *Untitled*. Early specimens such as an expansive wide-format piece from 2004 savor the dissonances unleashed by deliberately disparate combinations of colors while making them look surprisingly good. Reyle subsequently displays the diverse nuances implicit in this basic setup, by no means shunning the classic devices of his art: He experiments with increasingly subtle pastel shades of his basic colors—see, for example, the rose and lilac hues in a work from 2007. But he also steadily expands his palette of materials; the pictures I have mentioned feature strips of foil affixed to the canvas in apparently negligent fashion (although the resulting creases are very much intentional, lending the surface a gestural edge). The works that follow

Anselm Reyle,
Untitled, 2004, mixed
media on canvas,
7' 5 1/4" x 10' 10 3/4".



exploit these factors to ever-stronger effect, arraying materials and paints in increasingly complex constellations: from foils and colored mirrors to layers of heavy impasto and roughcast applied with various spackling techniques (several of them deployed in a darkish small-format work from 2007) and even straw mixed into the paint. The narrow-band stripe paintings Reyle started making in 2005 ratchet up the combinatorial variety yet another notch. The best example in the exhibition was a canvas from that year whose dominant orange red reveals, upon closer inspection, a stunningly polyphonic concert of hues; a generally light-colored work dated from 2012 unfolds numerous shades of gray and white with pastel nuances around a handful of salient colors.

By tracing the series' evolution over time, the exhibition highlighted the fact that Reyle's project was always a double one: What started as an exploration of a cliché of abstraction became tinged by irony (and self-irony)—Reyle worked with the stripe painting, but he never unreservedly embraced it. Yet by laying bare a pictorial format drained of its historic substance, he also made it available for new investment; intense and soberly serious, his compositions keep surprising us with novel chromatic consonances. The "Stripe Paintings" represent at once a determined flirt with a cliché and its opposite—deliberate facture and intangible harmony of color.

—Jens Asthoff

Translated from German by Gerrit Jackson.

René Block

BERLINISCHE GALERIE/NEUER BERLINER KUNSTVEREIN

This retrospective of René Block's work as a gallerist, curator, collector, and publisher of prints, multiples, books, and catalogues highlights the remarkable arc of a career that helped shape the contemporary art world and continually responded to the shifting borders of our now global condition. "*Ich kenne kein Weekend. Aus René Blocks Archiv und Sammlung*" (I Know No Weekend: The Archive and Collection of René Block) surveys fifty years of this polymath's groundbreaking activities, which began in West Berlin, continued in New York City from 1974 to 1979, and eventually led to exhibitions and projects with artists around the world. This career overview, part of a new genre—the curator retrospective—teems with correspondence, photographs, ephemera, and early television broadcasts of happenings and exhibitions, interspersed with artworks from Block's collection. The result is not just the visual texture of a time but a glimpse into the thoughts, negotiations, and conversations from which exhibitions arose and careers emerged. The presentation at the Berlinische Galerie, "Archive Block 1964–2014," is complemented by selections from Block's personal art collection, "*Geschichte und Geschichten*" (History and Stories), at the Neuer Berliner Kunstverein. Together these shows trace the course of a curatorial trajectory, which has included work in Turkey, Australia, the Balkans, Denmark, South Korea, and beyond, attesting to his perpetual attraction to the ever-shifting periphery.

In 1964 the twenty-two-year-old Block, waiter by day and gallerist by night, transformed a small cellar in West Berlin's district of Schöneberg into Galerie René Block, a pivotal platform for some of the most experimental art in West Germany. Galerie Block's inaugural show, "*Neodada, Pop, Décollage, Kapitalistischer Realismus*," included the work of the young Gerhard Richter, Sigmar Polke, Konrad Lueg, Joseph Beuys, and Wolf Vostell, among others, who would become some of the gallery's most significant artists. This first show, an effort to consolidate a German response to the inundation of American Pop in West Germany, would soon coalesce around Block's codification of Capitalist Realism, a play on the socialist realism of the East and the capitalism of the West.



From the beginning, working on the edge has been a central part of Block's curatorial position, which among other things meant working on the front lines of the Cold War. Berlin's geopolitical position was also fodder for shows such as "*Hommage à Berlin*" (1965), for which Block invited artists from around Germany to confront signs, symbols, and sites of division. The group exhibition "*Hommage à Lidice*" (1967–68) commemorated the victims of the 1942 Nazi massacre in the Czech village of the show's title. Shown in both Berlin and Prague, it was the first major effort in the visual arts to broadly address the National Socialist past in a public exhibition, and played a significant role in Germany's process of coming to terms with its Nazi history within the context of the Cold War.

With these activities, Block transformed the way a generation of German artists engaged contemporary issues in their work, as well as the way they were publicly presented. Block's curatorial position cleared the way for his artists to explore Germany's fractured identity, split by the Berlin Wall and weighed down by their country's catastrophic past. Yet questions of internationalism, not just of nation, invigorated his activities, as demonstrated, for example, by his support of transatlantic Fluxus events, his publication of easily disseminated multiples, the opening of his New York gallery, and his leadership of organizations such as the DAAD visual-arts program and the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations. After the collapse of the Berlin Wall, both the peripheries and the centers shifted, yet Block continues to seek out the contours of our unstable but interconnected world—not for the sake of gratuitous novelty but with the understanding that in this globalized sphere, seeing how all the pieces fit together makes a difference.

—Rachel Jans

Michael Dean

SUPPORTICO LOPEZ

Viewers entering Michael Dean's exhibition "Look at them fucking laughing" found themselves among a field of standing sculptures taller than they are wide or deep. The variously colored concrete forms were