

REVIEWS

video *Near Miss*, 2005, readily reveal the artifice of their production. When, in *H.M.*, images of the Ramones or Malcolm X unexpectedly flash on-screen, the viewer is reminded that the subject, who was born in 1926, is incapable of registering the immense cultural shifts around him. Of course, most of H.M.'s generation missed the Ramones, but with these inserted shots Tribe seems to frame a larger cultural condition of short-term memory. More intriguing is the notion, explained in the film's voice-over—and also represented by a simply animated tesseract, a two-dimensional diagram of the fourth dimension—of a being existing in space but not in time.

The film suggests such metaphorical possibilities, but these never clearly emerge from the quasi-documentary format. As part of Tribe's ongoing investigation of memory, *H.M.* stands as her most complex work, but also perhaps the least resolved. The film was accompanied by several photographs and scratchboardlike diagrams related to the looping cinematic apparatus as well as a series of elegant letterpress prints of crossword puzzles devoid of letters, numbers, and clues. According to the film, H.M. loves crosswords because he can often solve them using his intact vocabulary and pre-1953 history. In what may well be stand-ins for the film's own open-ended metaphors, the puzzles, like the Los Angeles maps Tribe solicited, are riddled with lacunae of pure potential.

—Michael Ned Holte

Erik Frydenborg BONELLI CONTEMPORARY

Successive breakthroughs in the natural sciences gave rise to a system of graphical schema to represent the natural order—whether the planetary orbits around the sun, the life cycle of plants, or the double-helix structure of DNA. Over the years, such representations, as commonplace as they are useful, have been refined and standardized into efficient hybrids of design and illustration for classrooms and textbooks alike. The modular artwork of Los Angeles-based artist Erik Frydenborg's debut solo exhibition at Bonelli Contemporary dissects these sorts of educational diagrams, turning their basic graphic elements into self-contained abstractions. And while this move may not be immediately obvious, it is a shrewd approach to rendering the ambiguities of science and revealing the residual meanings of its organizational patterns.

"Protein Recital"—a fitting exhibition title that evokes both scientific authority and musical pageantry—comprised ten new, multipart sculptures and a series of related prints and collages that engage both the scrappy weirdness of assemblage and the sterility of primary structures. Each sculpture is made up of a series of small, cast forms arranged on one, or several, coffinesque wood pedestals that Frydenborg replicated from a found "prototype." While the pedestals suggest pieces of laboratory furniture, the abstract objects on top intimate everything from anatomical models, dental molds, and bifurcated Bundt cakes to car mufflers, 3-D topographic maps, pillows, and burlap sacks. *Condenser* (all works 2009), for example, situates a stack of nine polyurethane plastic forms on a pedestal as if they were a geological core sample. In hues of gray, sage green, baby blue, and white, each stratum of the forms has a different density, as if fabricated from either rubber, cement, Styrofoam, or cardboard. On the wall behind the sculpture was a muted LightJet print of a blue and black field on fabric. This image turns out to be a magnified section of another print, *Food Chain*, which hung on the opposite side of the gallery.

The somewhat obliquely titled *Food Chain*, a geometric abstraction in pink, blue, black, and gold and based on the food pyramid, is



Erik Frydenborg, *Condenser*, 2009, polyurethane plastic, pigments, stained wood, LightJet print on panel, dimensions variable.

oversize to the lilliputian. But despite such affinities, Frydenborg's new work remains patently idiosyncratic. As empty taxonomies, his sculptures and prints demonstrate that in the absence of data, facts, or language, there really isn't much difference between a food "chain" and a "pyramid."

—Catherine Taft

TORONTO

Carey Young POWER PLANT CONTEMPORARY ART GALLERY

Carey Young's *Everything You've Heard is Wrong*, 1999, documents the artist at the Speakers' Corner in London's Hyde Park, a place practically synonymous with free speech. Standing on a small step-ladder in the middle of a crowd peppered with other orators, including a gesticulating Muslim cleric in white, she distinguishes herself by wearing smart executive attire and attracts passersby with a lecture on how to speak in public. This video—the oldest of the twenty-one works on view in "Counter Offer," Young's recent solo show at the Power Plant and her first major survey—encapsulates the aesthetic strategy for which she is best known: the appropriation and *détournement* of corporate ideology as critique of the financial, political, and cultural relationships of global late capitalism.

A number of works in this exhibition explore branding and manipulation, such as the video *Product Recall*, 2007, in which a psychotherapist asks a reclining Young to match from memory names of multinational corporations (many of which are sponsors of art fairs and biennials) with their respective advertising campaigns. Simulating a session of analysis, the artist and her interlocutor exchange words—he pronounces a slogan and she searches for an answer—in a succession of failures that disturbingly prompt the viewer almost involuntarily to come up with the correct responses. In this video Young underscores the economic sector's co-opting of artistic values and creative practices to continually renew and perpetuate its domination of the social world.

Other significant works on view from Young's decade-plus career include *Inventory*, 2007, a framed graph representing the natural