



LONDON

Antony Gormley

White Cube // November 28, 2012–February 10, 2013

THIS EXHIBITION'S centerpiece, *Model*, 2012, demands the most attention. Comprising 110 tons of Corten steel beaten into a huge, theme park-style series of interconnected chambers, it is described by the gallery as "an analogy for the dark interior of the body," presumably derived from the artist's figure. As a marketing exercise, little can beat it—though Niki de Saint Phalle's 1996 installation *Hon—A Cathedral* at Stockholm's

Moderna Museet, where visitors entered a giant reclining female figure through the vagina, is surely more memorable—but as a work of art, other artists, most notably Richard Serra, arguably created similar pieces much more effectively.

On a busy day, the public gambols pretty happily through the metal rooms that tower inside the large space like a supine Iron Man. Had the project been shifted to the public realm

instead of this private, highly controlled space, it would have been the perfect example of art's power to engage. Here, everyone entering via the figure's foot is required to sign a disclaimer against injury or damage before continuing through the body. This is an annoying interruption (presumably at the gallery's instigation rather than Gormley's) that detracts from the experience itself in which each person is free to craft a personal dialogue with the visceral architecture. Splashes of light or overhanging cliffs of

metal serve to confound one's expectations, though a visitor never feels completely apart from the surrounding gallery, visible through cutaway areas of the metallic carapace.

More subtle, interesting work is on view elsewhere: Highlights include iron blocks in the main corridor piled high in human forms, which seemingly prop up the walls. A smaller room features working models and maquettes for the pieces on display in the show. While there is a continuing obsession with the same shapes—*Splay*, 2012, shows a single leg; *Tender*, 2012, presents a man on his back—other pieces are more abstract, resembling cities or buildings rather than corporeal forms. Many fall somewhere between the two.

Most visitors, however, will remember the show for *Model*, whose secret walkways and hidden dungeons (the potential legal difficulties of crushed skulls and ruined coats aside) possess an immediate, accessible means to entertain. Ever the populist—lest we forget, his 2009 *One and Other* handed the commission back to the public, who were invited to use the platform however they wished, an hour at a time—Gormley plays to the crowd with predictable panache.

—Rob Sharp

Antony Gormley
Installation view of *Model*, 2012. Weathering steel, 16½ x 106 x 44½ ft.

DUSSELDORF

J. Parker Valentine

Galerie Max Mayer // November 15, 2012–January 12, 2013

"WHO MADE WHO" presents untitled works from 2012 exploring drawing's potential as an active and expressive form of representation. It is staged in the gallery's three rooms, beginning with a shop-front entrance complete with a large window facing the street. Here, a series of artist books—drawings reprinted on rice paper and worked over again with pencil—are positioned on the window ledge. Opposing these books are two blue patterned paintings on silk, pinned delicately to a stark white wall, their abstract shapes dictated by physical cuts made to the silk against black outlines and pale-blue highlights.

The exhibition continues in the central office space, where black-and-white archival images, including that of an Asimov-esque alien, are placed on a steel modular table bearing orange scribbles rendered in iron pigment extracted from stone. This room adjoins a narrow hallway, activated as

some sort of fourth space (or dimension) by two more abstract paintings on cut silk, again pinned to the wall. Like the pieces in the first room, these operate like Rorschach prints; tones of sandalwood and sepia combine somehow to recall the profile of King Darius and the body of a sphinx. Of course, these figurative

references are purely subjective, triggered by the viewer's imagination, automatically ignited so as to seek out something identifiable in an image made up of seemingly random patterns.

In the final room a square drawing rests on two pipes jutting from the wall, with another human-size drawing positioned nearby. On both, gray netted film—landscape fabric—is set over emotive charcoal markings on paper. Apparently the point is to touch the works, to retrace with one's fingers the artist's lines visible through the soft barrier. The action invokes the essence of mark making through the immediacy of touch: The gesture becomes the drawing. —Stephanie Bailey



J. Parker Valentine
Untitled, 2012. Silk, milk paint, marker, lead wire, and tape, 52¼ x 52¼ in.

FROM TOP: ANTONY GORMLEY, BEN WESTBURY, AND WHITE CUBE, LONDON; GALERIE MAX MAYER, DUSSELDORF, AND SUPPORTICO LOPEZ, BERLIN