

covered with moss (as if it had been there for ages) tells us nothing about where we are and how far we have to go.

The Galleria d'Arte Moderna, currently located over three different locations, is moving to a new venue at the end of 2006; this is the time when the institution questions itself, its position and its future. Always playing with perception and perceived or intended sets of values, Gander uses this institutional metamorphosis to intelligently and humorously draw together a multitude of modernist histories and cultural references to create a site-specific work consisting of nine projects. *Time Capsule* centers on the translocation of the pavilion itself in both space and time: an official contract has been written and signed, a bank account set up and trustees appointed to invite Le Corbusier's descendant in 2056 to paint a design for new curtains for the main window using only the original colors of the pavilion.

Gander's various projects such as *Sapling* (2006), a young tree planted beside the original tree from 1977, and *Diorama* (2006), where all objects that are not original to the pavilion are piled up to form a contemporary scrapheap integrated into the architecture, propel us back and forth in space and time — just as a museum should when continuously adding and renewing its collection and being open to contemporary intellectual and artistic developments.

Andrea Wiarda

lack of a permanent identity and the impossibility of taking root in reality seem to be the keynotes of Grzeszykowska's photographic series, which smoothly moves from the analysis of the photographic medium to existential questions. The new works accompany last year's *Album*, in which the artist performed a perverse Lacanian procedure wherein she removed her own image from genuine family photos. The simple gesture of erasing revealed the absurdity of the effort of awarding cohesion to one's own existence. The new portraits have a similarly destabilizing effect on the viewer. The nonexistent characters have vampiric properties, resembling a screen onto which we project our own experiences, expectations, emotions. The ordinary yet beautiful people in the photos are perfect objects of platonic love (one of the owners of Raster reportedly fell in love with a woman in one of the photos and has commissioned with Grzeszykowska a small portrait of her, with which he will never part). Still, the situation is not entirely clear and safe. What happens if one day we unexpectedly meet our fictional object of desire on the street?

Adam Mazur



LYUDMILA GORLOVA, painting from the series "The Snake in the Grass," 2006. Courtesy XL Gallery, Moscow.

WARSAW

ANETA GRZESZYKOWSKA

RASTER GALLERY

At first sight, Aneta Grzeszykowska's new works do not differ from the common photographic portraits we know from passports or other photos for identification. One might think that these are blown-up portraits of the artist's relatives, photographs removed from official files, or simply portraits of people met on the street. The innocent yet increasingly absorbing activity of guessing the subjects' identity brings to mind the classic portraits of Thomas Ruff. Yet the obvious analogy has to be discarded the moment we find out that people from Grzeszykowska's photographs have never existed, and their similarity to living persons is purely accidental. The characters, created by the artist with Photoshop software, are closer to Francis Galton's composite portraits than to Ruff's atlas of anonymous but real persons. The ghosts inhabiting Grzeszykowska's portraits cause the disoriented viewer to start trying to guess their identity on the basis of their external appearance. It is quite surprising how easily we do that, how quickly we invest our energy into a sense that the world around us is rational, and how much we are disappointed when we find out about the trap that has been set for us (many viewers react with incredulity when told that the photographed subjects do not exist). The



ANETA GRZESZYKOWSKA, *Untitled No. 13*, 2005. Photograph. Courtesy of the artist.