

released from gravity in an unbounded turquoise blue, tilted slightly out of the horizontal plane of the painting. On closer inspection, we notice that the man's slim, uniformed body is subtly rotated around its own axis: While his legs, which are pressed tightly together, look highly static and almost flat, from the hips up, his figure slips more strongly into an illusionist perspective of a third dimension. Displaced from the vertical to the horizontal, this liveried figure of a waiter no longer signifies elegant dining, but rather represents the possibility that painting might preempt all the freedoms of the digital age in entirely analog terms. *Der Verschollene* emerges from the sphere of a medium that has repeatedly been pronounced dead to occupy our field of vision with the indelible presence of one who is constantly disappearing.

Fehr, who was born in Zurich in 1953 and divides his time between that city and Burgundy, in southern France, has developed as a painter with impressive continuity, approaching recurrent motifs with many variations. In this show, "Fêtes," masks, toy figures, crowded public squares, and abandoned rest stops are among the elements in a limited repertoire subjected to a dazzling, almost supernatural light that casts everything in sharp contrast with strong shadows. Fehr's highly textured application of paint gives the pictures a strong physical presence, despite all his play with masks and distance. To view the work in the context of the historically informed painting that's resurfaced in recent years is tempting. But his work also displays a singularity that can best be described by means of a temporal paradox: He paints as though his motifs had become unmoored from time and were able to move freely in a space we know only through our daily encounters with virtual forms of communication and image processing. His work is most contemporary when it offers this archipelago of possible modes of paintings that resist integration into any linear historical framework.

—Hans Rudolf Reust

Translated from German by Oliver E. Dryfuss.

WARSAW

Ewa Juskiewicz

LOKAL_30

Among the works in Ewa Juskiewicz's exhibition "*Pukle*" (Curls), one stood out as even more captivatingly surreal than the others. This painting (all works cited, *Untitled*, 2013) shows a stiff, white, pompous headdress drifting in a marl-like background of broad brushstrokes. The pleats of material forming the dramatic accessory look as if draped on a woman's shoulders, but no shoulders are to be seen. Where the face should be, the headdress takes the shape of a rose. At its center, a single eye peers out from beneath the drapery—the only visible fragment of a human body. This is Juskiewicz's fantastical take on a portrait by the nineteenth-century Danish painter Christen Købke. In contrast to the original, painted in 1832, which depicts the artist's sister Adolphine, Juskiewicz's version does not focus on the person, but on a fragment of her garment, turning it into an improbable accumulation of fabric.

This painting exemplifies Juskiewicz's approach to using art history. All of her paintings are based on works executed between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, but she transports them into the dreamworld of Surrealism. Even the smooth finish of the paintings suggests that, with regard to technique, the works have as much to do with the practice of such artists as René Magritte as with that of the Old Masters (and Mistresses). Fashionable accoutrements such as headdresses and coiffures have been essential to changing ideals of femininity and class across the centuries, but Juskiewicz employs them to distort the image of perfect beauty and gentleness represented by the originals and to

introduce the uncanny. The result is a fine balance between the playful and the demonic. She consciously targets a very fragile point of identification: the face. For instance, in a work inspired by a portrait by Louise Élisabeth Vigée-Lebrun, Juskiewicz has painted the back of the head in place of the model's face, executing the parting of the hair and curls gathered on the top of the head with exquisite precision. Faceless, the model seems to be lacking the organs of speech, sight, and hearing. Everything's absorbed by the hair.

In a series of untitled photocollages, Juskiewicz dismembers black-and-white reproductions of women's portraits, some of them from the collections of Warsaw's Wilanów Palace, a seventeenth-century royal residence that houses one of the first public museums established in Poland, and joined them with cutouts from vintage natural-history albums. Here, as in most of the paintings, the main targets of the artist's manipulation are the heads, replaced, for instance, with images of insects. The head, the seat of consciousness, is also where our fears reside. Juskiewicz unleashes the demons hidden in historical images, confronting the contemporary viewer with seductive and luminous works.

—Sylvia Serafinowicz



Ewa Juskiewicz,
Untitled, 2013, oil on
canvas, 51 1/2 x 39 3/4".

DUBAI

Ingrid Hora

GREY NOISE

A photograph of the torso of a modestly dressed woman greeted us in the vestibule of "Dear Leader," Ingrid Hora's elegant solo debut in Dubai. Titled *Positions for leading*, 2013, it shows the Berlin-based Italian artist facing the camera and making a determined gesture with both hands—elbows jut out, arms come back in toward the chest, palms face into the body, thumbs press against two fingers. The terse gesture, that of a conductor at the beginning of a performance, is an apt introduction to Hora's practice, which can be characterized as an ongoing investigation of orchestration and choreography as not just artistic acts but social and political phenomena, technologies for exercising control, eliciting devotion, and envisioning utopias.

Why do people follow, whether the latest fashion trend or an all-powerful leader? What compels them to accept instruction, to act en masse? Hora often probes the mechanics of such behavior by orchestrating strange rituals involving esoteric objects, a selection of which were on display. Consider *The Promise*, 2011: Four aluminum shields, placed in a neat line like a Minimal sculpture, are artifacts of an investigation into faddish sun worship. The functions of *Objected 1* and *Objected 2*, both 2013—a pair of curious but elegant wooden pieces—are almost impossible to work out without additional information. The former, a boot remover, can easily be repurposed as a brace for holding a leg in place, while the latter, a mold for cigars, literally produces identical units. In their own way, both are disciplining objects, enforcing a certain type of order.

"Dear Leader" focused on North Korea's Arirang Mass Games, a mind-boggling spectacle of totalitarian might that involves tens of