



## PHILADELPHIA

### Rob Wynne

Locks Gallery // December 6, 2013–January 30, 2014

FOR HIS THIRD show at the gallery in five years, Wynne constructs a metaphorical landscape with poetic objects that reference the natural elements of earth, air, water, and fire. Featuring wall sculptures made from hand-poured glass, canvases of appropriated imagery and embroidered text, and found rocks covered in diamond dust, Wynne's exhibition takes viewers into a dreamlike realm, where art-historical, literary, and spiritual forces collide.

*The Lure of Unknown Regions Beyond the Rim of Experience*, 2013, displays funky glass letters that whimsically tumble down the wall, spelling out an entrancing phrase from a book about a failed expedition to K2, the world's second-highest mountain. *Wave*,

**Rob Wynne**  
*The Lure of Unknown Regions Beyond the Rim of Experience*, 2013. Hand-poured and mirrored glass, 134 x 78 in.

2013, consisting of 1,700 pieces of poured mirrored glass, playfully riffs on the famous woodblock prints of Japanese artist Hokusai. Abstractly representing

water, it is the artist's largest work to date. A third wall contains seven different works, clusters of hundreds of unique glass butterflies with thoughtful titles like *52 Forms of Being*, 2013. The silvery butterflies symbolize air in Wynne's visual vocabulary.

Two easel-size canvases with digitally printed paintings of castles add to the narrative of an imaginary place. Sparkling with glitter, their titles—*Away*, 2004, and *In the Air*, 2009—are embroidered on the surface. A third canvas, *Flame*, 2013, appropriates fire from a painting by the French Baroque classicist Jean Restout and is embellished with diamond dust and a shimmering fabric bow. Treating the gallery like the wilderness, the artist strews dozens of rocks that are painted black and sprinkled with diamond dust across the floor. The installation of reflective stones anchors the complex canvas and glass works while marking a connection to a mystical environment—one that reads like a sublime projection from Wynne's mind. —Paul Laster

## NEW YORK

### Jill Magid

Art in General // November 2–December 21, 2013

"I'VE NEVER BEEN able to separate fiction from reality: If you can think something up and people can feel through it, then there is a reality to that," says Magid in a recent *Brooklyn Rail* interview. Indeed, her project-based works enact scenarios and contain narrative twists that are downright novelistic—often culminating in books penned by the artist herself. In the past, Magid has forged surprising relationships with mostly male officials while infiltrating airtight bureaucratic structures (the New York Police Department, the Dutch secret service). These situations find her constructing and deconstructing a Mata Hari-type posture, eliciting information through a combination of feminine wiles and steely analysis.

The works on view in "Woman with Sombrero," stemming from Magid's research on Mexican modernist architect Luis Barragán (1902–1988), present a new kind of relationship with authority. Here, the artist triangulates herself between the late architect and the architectural historian Federica Zanco, who directs the Barragán Foundation in Switzerland. As the story goes, Magid became fascinated by Barragán after a visit to his estate. She quickly gained access to his personal library and archive in Mexico City. His professional archive, however—rechristened the nonprofit Barragán Foundation and owned by the Swiss design corporation Vitra—denied Magid's requests to visit. The works on view trace this gap in Magid's research, romanticizing Zanco and questioning how an artist's legacy becomes corporate property in the process.

Replicas of Barragán's furniture begin to tell the tale. On a substantial double lectern near the show's entrance, two iPads under protective casing face each other. One shows Magid's letter requesting Zanco's participation in the exhibition, and the other displays the Barragán Foundation director's elegant refusal via



e-mail. Nearby, another handsome pine lectern exhibits pictures of women with horses from the architect's personal archive. On opposite sides of a dividing wall, much like the one that neatly cleaved Barragán's personal and professional archives at the time of his death, hang framed versions of his handwritten "alphabet" and a pencil-and-pen drawing of the Vitra Futura and Futura fonts. And on a re-created bedside table of Barragán's design, Magid shows copies of books the architect

owned and sent to women he met, in which she has meticulously re-created his underlines and notes. (A handwritten card explains that *Climates* was removed and sent to Zanco "as a gift from Jill Magid.")

*Dearest Federica*, 2013, a slide projection of 80 portraits of women accompanied by an audio piece on headphones, forms the stunning conceptual and literal centerpiece. The intimate photographs, reproduced from Barragán's archive, appear to be art-directed by him. In the voiceover-style narrative plucked from his letters, Magid's voice demands that the recipient (Zanco herself) position herself in the slides' poses, from those of a sultry 1930s femme fatale to a coy schoolgirl. The exhausting repertoire of female gender performance recited by Magid speaks to the heart of her practice, one aligned with a feminist impetus of scrutinizing existing power structures and the barriers erected by the internalization of authority and subservience. Inhabiting Barragán's complicated persona—as an arguable female fetishist practicing modernism at the height of colonialist discrimination—Magid sets herself the task of creating stranger-than-reality fiction from a closed book. The first chapter is tantalizing; we can only eagerly anticipate the next installment. —Wendy Vogel

**Jill Magid**  
Detail of  
*Dearest Federica*,  
2013.  
80 slides,  
slide  
projector,  
audio.

FROM TOP: LOCKS GALLERY; ESTATE OF LUIS BARRAGÁN