

with glowing yellow. The overhead vantage point heightens the solitude of a lone figure striding across the green commons.

Like Vuillard, whom he admired greatly, Porter focuses on scenes of patterned tranquillity. Where Vuillard found reassurance, Porter discovered subtle contrasts that, beneath their luminous surfaces, can be quite jarring. His foremost allegiance was toward honestly rendering objects in paint, a seemingly simple cause, that Porter knew could take a lifetime to master.

DAVID COGGINS

NEW YORK

CARLO MOLLINO AND PIERPAOLO CAMPANINI

FATTO IN ITALIA

SALON 94

12 MARCH - 20 APRIL

Pairing photographs of nudes by the polymath designer Carlo Mollino with two paintings by Pierpaolo Campanini, this intimate exhibition aims to explore two idiosyncratic practices expressive of obsessive, personal, artistic visions.

Mollino began photographing nudes in 1955 or 1956, eventually amassing a private trove of several thousand images. The works on show at Salon 94 date from the late 50s and were shot mostly with a Leica camera; in the early 60s, Mollino began using a Polaroid. At first he worked in a small apartment he rented in the hills outside Turin. This he furnished with carefully chosen pieces, some of his own design, and stocked with lace and lingerie. As in all his interiors, he created a hothouse of visual information, closed off from the exterior world: not a bedroom for seduction, but a stage on which to express and pursue an inner, aesthetic self.

Mollino posed his models to accentuate their forms – the wide curve of the hip, the fall of a breast against the torso, the length of the legs – and often drew on his prints, editing contours to what he perceived to be a more pleasing outline. He also played their bodies against his furniture, itself often inspired by the female form. In one image, the back of a chair against which a model leans seems to emerge from between her buttocks as if extending her spine. Another plays the legs of a seat against the long limbs of a woman in fishnet stockings.

Despite the nudity and the sometimes fetching poses the women adopt, there is a certain crudeness to the photos which are, ultimately, less sexual than expressive of a personal, erotic obsession. Mollino began his nudes shortly after he inherited the fortune that allowed him to pursue an increasingly expansive and active vision of himself racing automobiles and flying airplanes, including one designed for the Swiss air force. If on the racecourse and in the air Mollino indulged in speed, energy and action – he was also an avid skier – in the nudes he sought beauty,



CARLO MOLLINO
UNTITLED, c. 1950S
PHOTOGRAPH, 11 X 8 CM
COURTESY: SALON 94, NEW YORK

elegance, sensuality and the life force implicit in the woman's ability to bear children.

Campanini, who lives quietly with his mother, invents, constructs and then paints models of cloth, wire, paper and metal, creating an abstract, self-referential world in forms that might suggest identifiable shapes but remain, ultimately, objects of his own compulsive tinkering. The two paintings of his on show at Salon 94 are in the shape of an arm. He would seem to share the indulgence of an obsessive imagination with Mollino; and he is a painter with the ability to evoke his weird, somewhat hermetic vision. Whether his world will prove as rich as Mollino's, or his talent as prodigious, remains unclear. It would have been advantageous, however, had there been more than two of his paintings on view.

JOSHUA MACK

NEW YORK

FALLOUT

COLD WAR CULTURE

MITCHELL-INNES & NASH

30 MARCH - 29 APRIL

I recall a conversation with my mother some years ago in the course of which I began a know-it-all comment with the arrogant contextualization, 'Well, having grown up during the Cold War...' This was met with a snort and the assurance that I was mistaken, because she, born in 1944, not I, born in 1974, was the true inheritor of a Cold-War childhood. Her memory, not mine, was etched with the inanities of 'duck and cover' and the marvellous protective capabilities of the grammar school desk, all made frighteningly real by the Cuban Missile Crisis. Not wanting to be outdone, I countered with the Reagan-80s, nuclear proliferation and Chernobyl.

It seems, then, that there may be two Cold Wars, each a function of more than mere chronological separation. There is the Cold War as it is thought – through its people and events, through its images and narratives – and the Cold War as it was lived – viscerally, emotionally. For me, the latter marks the true 'fallout' of the period, whereas the Bomb, which turns out to be the star of Mitchell-Innes & Nash's recent show, *Fallout: Cold War Culture*, simply serves as the Cold War's earliest metonymic incarnation.

Roy Lichtenstein's *Atomic Landscape* (1966), Martha Rosler's newspaper suite from *Fascination with the (Game of the) Exploding (Historical) Hollow Leg* (1983), and Adam McEwan's DVD *Naphthalene* (2006) and installation, *Skylab* (2006), attest to the historical persistence of our anxiety and exasperation with the dumb destructiveness of such modern (and perhaps modernist) technology. Each work highlights

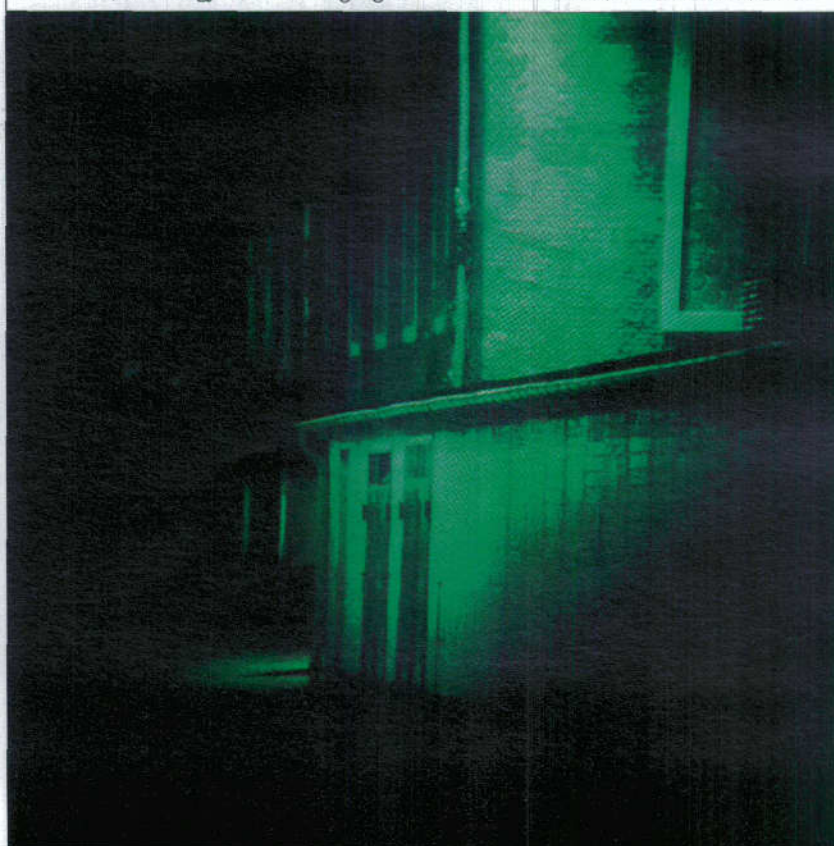
the bomb's quiet centrality to the 'society of the spectacle' while demonstrating, at the same time, how utterly unspectacular a thing it is: Rosler's jumbles of headlines, tables, charts and photographs seem to suggest, rather convincingly, that the bomb, besides its more obvious uses, is also a machine for generating information; McEwan's footage, on the other hand, reminds us that the logics of 'repetition', 'seriality' and 'one thing after another' have far more sinister applications when viewed through bomb-bay doors. This is the thinker's Cold War.

In contrast, Thomas Ruff's *Nacht 5 I* (1992) and Julia Scher's *Security Landscape of the Year* (2002) traffic in the visceral Cold War. These pieces register the shift from spectacle to surveillance (or 'control', as Deleuze reworded it), and their banality, at least for me, is far more menacing. Though Ruff's night-vision photography drew its inspiration from the broadcast images of the first Gulf War, the otherworldly hue and manifest emptiness of the scene evokes the creepiness and dread of contamination (biological, radioactive, etc.). Scher's 'detector', with its impossibly pink slab of Styrofoam and CCTV monitor, suggests similarly invisible and invasive agents of decay.

If it is not yet clear how current nuclear tensions (with North Korea and Iran) may be taking their toll on our psychic lives, then at least the mnemonic (rather than overtly political) dimension energized by this show's constellation of contemporary works, and their more historical counterparts, lets us know it's okay to keep worrying and hate the bomb.

JONATHAN T. D. NEIL

THOMAS RUFF
NACHT 5 I, 1992
C-PRINT, 189.9 X 189.9 CM
COURTESY: DAVID ZWIRNER/MITCHELL-INNES & NASH, NEW YORK



A vertical bar on the left side of the page, consisting of a series of yellow and orange rectangular segments, with a small red diamond at the top.

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