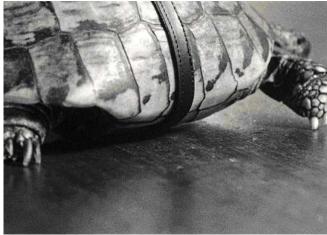


After Life at Warehouse on 3rd Pasta

By Nayantara Kilachand | February 17, 2010 |



Ruben Bellinkx's tortoise video. Photo courtesy of Warehouse on 3rd Pasta

This is not a cheerful lot, as the name of this group showing implies. With eerie, bordering on macabre subject matter (think hangings and horse spines) the five artists address death and its attending fallouts through a variety of media to sometime chilling effect. There is American artist Neil Hamon's black-and-white photo montage of a hanging, styled to resemble a 1920s crime scene. With Hamon playing the beleaguered artist, this is a wry take on the traditional self-portrait, and perhaps a dark and sardonic nod to the oft inevitable fate of artistic geniuses.

Belgian Ruben Bellinkx plays with animals and inanimate objects in a video featuring four tortoises shifting around a wooden table strapped to their shells. As they scramble to move in different directions, they manage somehow to move the table across a room. Cruel? Bizarre? Maybe and yes. There is something painfully sad about these four tiny animals struggling to get away from this rigid wooden table.

And it's that sadness and pain that permeates much of the show. Even when scoffing at Bellinkx's 3-D photo of rabbits stuffed into a filing cabinet (which is funny more than sad, surely) it niggles at us somehow. Why is it we are able to slaughter and eat animals, but put them in a position of seemingly pointless cruelty, and we find ourselves objecting. (Peta followers, relax: the rabbits are stuffed).

Which brings us to the most ambitious work in this show. German-born artist Nadia Lichtig conducted a series of interviews with non-native English speakers, all responding to the question "What is your greatest fear?" What we hear are their answers piped in via speakers in a make-shift shack. Some of the answers are more poignant and others exactly what you'd expect from anyone confronted with that question. It's impossible to listen through the whole thing because the hot, bright lights inside the shack—which do go off at intervals - are unbearably stifling. Stick through a few of them, and you'll be able to read, quite literally, the writing on the wall. Most of these works are not likely to find a place on a living room wall, and not all of it succeeds in achieving its point, but there are enough issues provoked to leave the viewer sufficiently discomfited.