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The New Yorker
October 25th, 2010



THE NEW YORKER

ROMAN SIGNER

The septuagenarian Swiss Conceptualist, who isn't as well known on these shores as he should be, is one part Buster Keaton and one part Robert Smithson. His actions, captured on film and video, combine the antic deadpan of pratfalls with an eye for entropic mysteries. Two umbrellas are attached at their handles and carried off by high winds; a plain white shirt whizzes through a forest (thanks to an almost invisible wire) like a poltergeist; stacks of white paper laid out in an Alpine landscape explode in a cascade over water and trees like Brobdingnagian flakes of snow. Viewers watch an hour-long selection of the artist's *Restenfilms* ("film leftovers") in a darkened gallery filled with wooden chairs, one of which tips backward at regular intervals, thanks to a mechanized string. Signer's experiments are absurdist but far from pointless—they're odes to evanescence. Through Nov. 12. (Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway, at Broome St. 212-925-2035.)