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SYLVIE FLEURY

**Hauser & Wirth & Presenhuber
Zurich**

There's a lot of glamour in the art world of late, and a lot of people downplaying it. Claiming that art should exist apart from commerce-driven fashion, many artists take the moral high ground - in Manolo Blahnik heels and Prada hybrid sneakers. In this installation, Geneva's Sylvie Fleury continued to make art that embraces glamour and consumerism to the point of parody. carts bore advertising-type slogans printed on the handles: "Won't Smudge Off," "Easy. Breezy. Beautiful," "Celebrate Your Colour." Along facing walls, fake diamonds spelled out buzzwords from women's magazines-"Revive," "Soothe," "Lighten," "Shield Hydrate," "Purify" - against backgrounds that resembled tapioca-colored pony skin.

These objects are too gorgeous to function merely as parodies. Rather, Fleury goes further, effectively embodying the essential schizophrenia of the postmodern consumer, whose emotional pendulum swings between attraction and repulsion to materialistic desire. Perhaps this explains the floor-to-ceiling razor blades Fleury painted on the gallery walls. Stylized in form, they evoke both beauty and self-destruction.

At the center of the show stood a ten-foot-tall sparkling gold ball with a single-hinged hatch that swung upward to reveal a rhinestone-covered cavity inside. Think "Lost in Space" meets Patti LaBelle. Against a background of black velvet, the teeming crystals reflected beams from a dozen lights recessed into the floor, an effect akin to being inside a huge translucent disco ball. At the pod's center, a speaker on top of a golden pedestal played the entire sound track of the 1950s B movie "Queen of Outer Space." It was not clear how the spaceship related to the shopping carts or the cubic zirconium buzzwords, but the whole was unadulterated fun, an antidote to the art world's tortured relationship with glamour.

-Marc Spiegler