



BARTLEBY REVIEW

Issue 2 - September 2012

IRL Kalli Niedoba

**Aleksandra Domanovic, Dragan
Espenscheid & Olia Lialina,
Oliver Laric, WALLPAPERS
'IRL'**

Goethe Satellite at Western Front
303 East 8th Ave
Through Oct 13

Today I Googled how to translate text to binary, and as expected, I had no difficulty in finding a site that enabled me to do so instantly. I nearly considered providing this review in just binary, so that the review could only be read when input on a computer.

However, in this very real room, the wallpaper slides across the wall and alternates between animated GIF pattern sets. In front of it appears a hardcopy version of a PDF file, *Untitled (19:30)* by Aleksandra Domanovic.

The printed file, just short of a sculpture, stands at over 5,000 pages tall. An inkjet printer has curiously imprinted each sheet on its edge, abstracting the stack with marks. Along the east facing wall three very old PC computers pose nostalgically and dormant as interactive stations for social networking using old versions of Netscape and Microsoft '97.

Laric's work is situated on a flat screen monitor in a quiet corner, and sets a critical pace for which the other manifestations of net-art are to be understood. This is his third rendition of his animation *Versions* (2012), which describes the infinitude of possibilities related to image and object making. Without that frame provided, it is not easy to swallow how the works operate, temporarily anchored in the format of IRL and simultaneously as soft-copies easily accessible to those who chance upon it online, before, during or after the exhibition ends. Arguing for the integrity of mutability, his narrator offers a simple analogy, stating "if you put water into a cup, it becomes the cup... you put it in a tea pot, and it becomes the tea pot. That water can flow, or it can crash. Be water, my friend."



The shifting wallpaper projections created by the collaborative effort WALLPAPERS trick the viewer from an otherwise nearly empty room into believing it is full, complete – but in real life is nevertheless irresolute.

After clenching for so long onto what we've learned about the aura and its pertinence to the concrete authority of an original, one's hand quickly gets tired and clammy. Truly, thanks to the Internet our grip slackens and slips away from this consideration, as we grasp everything and nothing at once. With a limitless bounty of work to successfully coordinate alongside Oliver Laric's, the curatorial arrangement of IRL is permanently if not purposely questionable; one can only expect several variations to follow.

Kalli Niedoba