

Urs Fischer

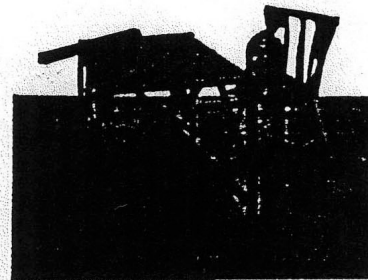
ICA (Museums)

Swiss-born artist Urs Fischer sails close to the wind. The majority of the work on show was made *in situ* just days before the show opened. Speakers placed high in the corners at the far end of the gallery blare out a mixture of inane pop taped during his sojourn. A huge screen bisects the room. Made of goth-style black gauze decorated with ugly, waxy drips, it references abstract painting but looks more like a fashion shoot prop – one thinks of a potential *Sleaze Nation* spread. The still-wet aesthetic has also been applied to sculpture – shoddy, chipboard panels sprout hastily

bonded glass or Perspex uprights.

It's all rather charming – a wax-covered, dismembered head notwithstanding – but one gets the impression that Fischer is less of a chancer than his lo-fi tinkering let on. Also on show is a vitrine containing an older series of drawings and sub-sixthform poems which he's had translated from German and printed on acetate. Paintings – derivative of Kusama, Hundertwasse, and Polke (of course) – also seem to have made it through customs.

Nestled in the 'v' of a trunk-like form, is a chunky, lit candle. The idea was that, on turning round, one would see the bare trees outside, to which the artist had intended to attach handmade leaves. The Parks Police,



however, had other ideas and Fischer's plans were scuppered. That's the trouble with spontaneity – it needs planning permission.
Martin Coomer