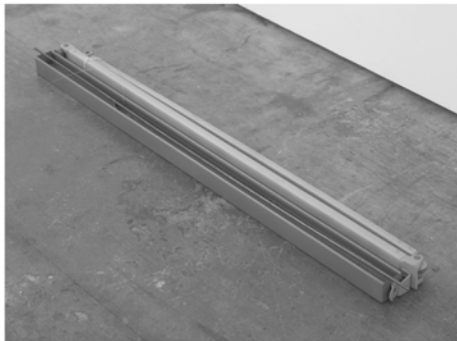


FLASH ART

D'Aurizio, Michele, "K.r.m. Mooney: *Nâcre*," Flash Art, April - May, 2019



4 K.R.M. MOONEY
"Nâcre"

Altman Siegel, San Francisco
by Michele D'Aurizio

It is my first time visiting the waterfront in Potrero Hill, the neighborhood where Altman Siegel is located. From the bus stop, I walk downhill, toward the not-so-distant body of water of the Bay. Ordinary facades of postindustrial buildings – corrugated aluminum surfaces, prefab concrete slabs, brick walls painted in grayish hues – syncopate my walk. Along the rickety pavement, I encounter many residues of urbanization: discarded car parts, lengths of electric wire, shards of glass. When I enter the gallery – also a postindustrial building – K.r.m. Mooney's sculptures immediately establish a metonymic tie to the landscape I've just traversed.

There is a material contiguity, as Mooney's art embraces industrial materials and techniques. On the floor of the largest room rests *Accretion I* (all works 2018),

semitransparent polycarbonate sheets stretched on slightly arched aluminum frames; the two parts composing this sculpture can be easily mistaken for industrially manufactured skylights. And, indeed, they soon direct my attention to the gallery's ceiling: it's a canonical warehouse and, as expected, punctuated by skylights. *Accretion I* camouflages Altman Siegel's architecture, yet it triggers a perceptual short-circuit in the visitor who is rarely asked to acknowledge the vertiginous verticality of the space.

Untitled also develops vertically. A collaboration with artist McIntyre Parker, it consists of a video projection – a loop of an almost fixed shot of a doorstep – whose source is powered by photovoltaic panels installed on the gallery's roof. As I follow the projector's cables, I find myself again scrutinizing the ceiling. Like *Accretion I*, *Untitled* holistically coexists with the gallery's building and its surroundings. At the same time, though, it establishes a continuum with its environment, which is not only of a spatial nature: the looped image becomes a temporal device doubling the natural light-dark cycle onto which the whole mechanism depends, as if the art itself possesses a circadian rhythm.

There is a further contiguity between Mooney's sculptures and the waterfront's postindustrial landscape in how they similarly catalyze the passage of time. Thus, in *En I*, a golden band, one would say a ring, stays mounted to a state-of-the-art engraving block – eternally frozen in the process of its own making, between the work of the hand and that of the machine.