

Murray Guy

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# The New York Times

“Ann Lislegaard: ‘Timemachine’”

Murray Guy

By Karen Rosenberg

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What would happen if science-fiction classics were attacked by literary deconstructionists? To judge from Ann Lislegaard’s solo at Murray Guy, they would probably survive.

In the title installation of “TimeMachine,” an animated creature that looks like a cross between a fox and a Chihuahua stutters its way through lines from H. G. Wells. It’s as if a Disney or Pixar character were possessed: its eyes roll, and its ears twitch, fetchingly, as it tells fantastic tales of Morlocks and eclipses.

The other work, “Science Fiction\_3114,” is as chilly and remote as the animal in “TimeMachine” is cute and cuddly. It consists of a black-walled gallery illuminated only by a neon sign and a set of loudspeakers from which strange rumblings emanate.

The noises come from various sci-fi films, including Godard’s “Alphaville,” Tarkovsky’s “Solaris” and Luc Besson’s “Fifth Element,” but Ms. Lislegaard has compressed and stretched the soundtracks to make their dark, ambient murmurs even eerier. And the neon sign reads “science fiction,” but the word “science” is concealed by a leaning platform.

You’re left with just “fiction,” which is how Ms. Lislegaard wants you to see sci-fi: as plain art and literature, stripped of all geeky, B-movie associations.