

ART



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## LIZZIE FITCH AND RYAN TRECARTIN

March 19 2016 - April 16 2016

Marcel Duchamp's notion that the viewer completes a work of art has rarely found a more persuasive expression than the delirious installations of Trecartin and Fitch. In their fever-dream cineplexes, more hours of footage are screened simultaneously than can be ever absorbed in one visit, forcing—or freeing—each viewer to become the de-facto editor of a new director's cut. Here, a miscellany of seating, from rustic (faux boulders, hunter's tree seats) to loungelike, sprawls through four darkened rooms, as, onscreen, merry-prankster gangs of hes, shes, and theys play fast and loose with the laws of time, space, and cosmetics, in locations ranging from a dilapidated Masonic temple to the seashore. This is "terra nonconforma," as one actor puts it, a world in which language is as fluid as identity. Tying to parse the frenetic dialogue can feel like eavesdropping on the future. "One of the reasons you don't have a boyfriend is that you're such a weapon against reality," one character hears. Bad for dating, perhaps, but transporting for art.

Rosen (<http://www.newyorker.com/goings-on-about-town/venue/rosen>)

525 W. 24th St.

New York, NY 10011

<http://www.andrearosengallery.com> (<http://www.andrearosengallery.com>)

212-627-6000

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