

METRO PICTURES

“Wish,” *TheGuide.Art* (July 1, 2021).

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Torbjorn Rodland, *Heart Like a Spine* (2012 - 2018). Silver gelatin print, 23 5/8 x 30 inches.

Nash Glynn’s eerie and affective portraits are an exercise in projection. *Masculine, Possessive, Third Person (His)* (2020), which depicts a figure with chest hair peeking out of a white button-up and glassy blue eyes, reads as the very manifestation of the pronoun, while *If You Were a Cup* (2021) fulfills its title, with two branches of blossoms set in a wine glass against a skittering horizon line. This line of mood is continued in Torbjorn Rødland’s simultaneously queasy and lovely photographs: a body contorted, feet placed atop head in *Heart Like a Spine* (2012-18) [pictured]; a line of ejaculate oozing toward the pocket of a quilted surface in *A Single Drop* (2018). Indeed, an entire universe of longing, projection, and perversion is contained in that minuscule word, “Wish,” the title of this group show at Metro Pictures.

A broad concept, many of these works take as their genesis a more concrete referent, and together forge an idiosyncratic definition of “Wish.” Freud’s famous definition of the word—every dream, he alleged in his coining of the term *Wunscherfüllung*, or “wish fulfillment,” is the culmination of a wish—comes to the fore, as does Jean Genet’s depiction of homosexual longing and voyeurism in the film *Un chant d’amour* (1950), which plays in the gallery.

Elliot Reed’s *End-to-End Encrypted (Lot’s Wife)* (2020) may be the most visceral—and, in this past year, familiar—manifestation of such desire. With a medium line of “163.2 lbs of salt, one love song sang in private via video call, artist’s clothes worn during video call,” Reed ceremoniously laid out atop a bed of salt the clothing he wore during a video call in which he sang a love song to his partners for the piece. The work draws both upon Felix Gonzalez-Torres’s candy piles, scaled to the weight of a loved one’s wasted body, as well as an older tradition of wishfulness—the Biblical Lot’s wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt for turning back to glance at her ruined hometown, punished for a momentary weakness of desire.