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The Tate Modern had many intriguing art pieces that would strike someone as innovative. The many rooms I went into each had its own different theme or art connected through the same artist. For instance, the Bridget Riley room was full of geometric shapes and had a lot of use of vibrant colors, rather than a conventional portraiture or a painting containing real-world objects and people. The change in artwork was definitely refreshing to view, in that it made the viewer attempt to use his or her experiences and knowledge to try to interpret the art piece.

The Mona Hatoum Exhibit was interesting, to say the least. The exhibit had a lot of pieces that tackled on global and social issues occurring contemporarily. Mona Hatoum was Palestinian and from Lebanon originally, where a lot of war and conflict at occurred at her time of living there, so her work echoes the degree of her past. *Performance Still* is one of her photos of her tying her shoes around her ankle so that when she walked, she would drag the shoes with her. The photo looks like a visual metaphor, as if the shoes symbolize something weighing the artist down because it is completely silly if someone wore their shoes the way it is depicted in the photo. It could also be very representative of poor people, since Hatoum is from Lebanon and there was a lot of poverty, hence the people without shoes. The photo also manifests that the shoe will always be behind the foot when walking, so in a way, it is almost reflective of the fact that one is followed by oneself, leading to a never ending journey to get out of poverty. Hatoum was able to suggest many meanings and interpretations within just one photo, which goes to show just how powerful and ambiguous postmodern art can be.

In another one of her rooms called *Homebound*, an alien-like, static, ringing noise called out to me. It was an intriguing sound that definitely stayed in my head for the rest of the day. As I got into the room, however, I was taken by surprise at how much I despised the setting. The room resembled a home, and parts of a kitchen. The amplified hum of fluctuations of electric current was very hard to bear, yet somehow comforting at the same time. There were lights flaring up every ten seconds or so, and when it did, the sound heightened in response. It brought back memories of a home, yet a somewhat disturbing side to it that one wouldn’t like to think about. My perception of it was that it elicits memories that may not be very kind and shifts perspective to what a disturbed, irregular home life looks like through their lens.

Overall, I enjoyed the exhibit and the fact that Hatoum had a lot of truth to her material. She had one display in the exhibit that was a cylinder-like wall, that had a projection of a rectal scanner video into the ground. The rectal scanner was of her, and showed the grotesque, stark parts of her body. In it, she provided the truth of the material and exposed the sounds of the surgical device going into her insides. The noises are realistic and slimy, and not exactly pleasant to hear but they provide the audience with the facts of what goes on in a rectal scanning, since many aren’t aware of what occurs during the process. Hatoum puts on display that there is no shame in hiding anything and there is no real reason to demonize content such as this. I greatly admired her attitude for creating her art pieces in her exhibit. As disturbing as some might be, she was bold for creating things that may have been risky in drawing people’s attentions, but nevertheless was relatable for the most part.