

Team Gallery

527 W 26th St between Tenth and Eleventh Aves (212-279-9219). Tue-Sat 11am-6pm. **Brice Dellsperger.** Three single-channel video projections, *Double X*, *Body Double 15* and *Body Double 17*, reconfigure scenes (or in the case of *X*, the entirety) of popular postmodernist films. Dellsperger co-opts famous segments—the museum pickup scene from *Dressed to Kill* and the roadhouse sequence from David Lynch’s *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me*—and reconstructs gender and identity by recasting and assuming roles himself. The show’s centerpiece, *Body Double X* (a feature-length remake of Andrzej Zulawski’s 1975 film *The Important Thing Is to Love*), will also screen at the Anthology Film Archives in the East Village on Mar 15 at 10pm (see Review). Through Mar 16.

Brice Despellerger
Team Gallery, through Mar 16
(see Chelsea).

French artist Brice Despellerger’s video series, “Body Double,” turns up the temperature on the postmodernist knack for appropriation by burning off its pretensions. What he leaves behind are the heated—or perhaps one should say *reheated*—pleasures of various cinematic reconstructions. Two of the videos here are “remakes” of film scenes while a third restages an entire movie. Together, the works demonstrate the artist’s predilection for the flawed, even repugnant, aspects of life as represented by such heroines as Racine’s Phaedra or Warhol’s Holly Woodlawn in *Trash*. Much of what’s on view is humorous, yet Despellerger makes sure to lace his cheeky wit with enough pathos to render what would otherwise be vulgar into something poignant and beautiful.

In *Body Double 15*, the artist dresses up as chic matron Angie Dickinson from Brian De Palma’s *Dressed to Kill*, reenacting the scene in which an encounter between two strangers is prefaced by a flirtatious game of cat and mouse in the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This time, however, it is Despellerger and his mirror image who coyly tease

each other. The video’s unrestrained narcissism takes sharp aim at the snide homophobia of De Palma’s original, in which Dickinson’s character is murdered by a transvestite who kills in order to shore up his own masculinity. In Despellerger’s version, the hobgoblin of gender is absent; instead, there are only facets of the artist himself on display—one longing, the other elusive.

In *Body Double 17*, two sisters play all the parts from a scene in David Lynch’s *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me*, creating a weird orgy of confused identity. The best piece, though, may be *Body Double X*, a full-length reworking of Andrej Zulawski’s obscure 1975 *L’important c’est d’aimer*. All of the film’s characters are played by the French artist Jean-Luc Verna, who is dressed as a pierced and tattooed drag queen. Verna’s aged face radiates with expression, but it isn’t long before one realizes that this remake has no relation to the original whatsoever—suggesting, finally, that all cinema is fiction and all audiences consumers of fantasy.—*Ana Finel Homigman*



Brice Despellerger, *Body Double 17*, 2001.