

Christian:

So, the opening. Or the show. Everything I guess.

The crowd was big but not huge, the regular art youngsters and sexy ladies alike plus the regular big fish which I only know a few (Jack Tilton and his super digital camera taking pictures of everything, Gang Zhao + girlfriend, Jutta Koether). The gallery was warm inside; crowded with works all set over a badly installed carpet, or better described, pieces of carpet. Wall to wall, folded, wrinkled... this carpet, plus the low lighting, was the set up for a mood I guess, a closer one, a more inviting one. But also the show in general had a "fuck you" attitude, but specifically a "fuck you New York white cube" attitude. The show had energy, dispersion, but also control over every little detail. In one space two big "containers" where place crashed against a wall, on the other side one could peek in, but only peek in. Two "rooms" filled with stuff that resembled teenage hideouts, weirdo's, blankets on the floor, drawing on the walls... but you could not feel an invitation to come in, no, you better stay where you are and just look. It seems to me that the whole idea of the environment where to look at these many levels of production was always a confusing one. It all looked placed with no care but with extreme care. It was inviting but also distant. Even the dust and pieces of sheetrock that fell after the crash and where not cleaned. Pieces of fabric just rolled over the floor, the same fabric we can see in Cosima's work, but in this case just rolled and dropped. Another room was "closed" by stuff on the floor, anything, it didn't matter, it was just "hard" to walk in the room, but nothing a little jump couldn't deal with. In there, a video on the corner of the room and 3 chairs, two with a foot cut off and one with no seat, again, the cut invitation attitude. Another space, this one looks more "Kai" to me. A table in the middle with a cardboard old racing car, a wire sculpture in the corner with a figure in the middle. More stuff, paintings on the wall. Jokes everywhere and pointing to every possible direction. A little pair of scissors on the floor, affixed.

People seemed happy to see a show like this. I think it is good for the American clean scene to see this. And it is good this happens in Chelsea, the temple of white. But. In my opinion calculated and controlled mess is not always proper mess, it is more, and to understand it one needs smell it, not too much think about it.

One more thing. The character Nick Z. Invented or real (I do not know) but present. For me this person or who ever he is has a dispersative role. It looks like a bunch of "teenage-like" drawings (directly graffiti like or comic like) was made by NICK Z. was this an attempt to "lower" the seriousness of his work? It also seems like a street culture connection that is out of fashion, 5 years late, or whatever late. I am not sure these drawings where interesting. There placement maybe was, in contrast to the big gigantic monumental installation (the show has that feeling, of being a monumental gesture), but the drawings themselves where too street-teenage smart looking for me, my humble opinion. Or maybe this is good?! May be japan animation and gran-master-funk wall painting thing are gains in contrast to wrinkled carpets and rest of the works. Maybe they where put there to make this NY debut (I think it is, in this scale at least) less Althoff,

less you need to know German art to get this show... same as before for me, confusing. But hey, I like confusion!

Finally some practical facts, compared to the installation work the “wall work” was in minority.

And the people. I guess you want to know who was there and what they did. In this case I am not too useful, no Artforum diary skills for me. Maybe Diego can tell you some more about the social side of it. He just came back yesterday and he was there too.

I hope this was useful.

felipe