

The root of the word routine is route, a road. Mine begins with either a liquid or fruit: chai or green tea / grapefruit / lemon water / black coffee, to which I lose sleep over, sometimes, out of sheer excitement for what is to come after a restful (if) sleep. News follows, mostly twitter. Market conditions and new information. Studio work. Original meaning of “gospel” used to be “good news”. “Good news for people who love bad news” contains a song called “the good times are killing me”.

The original title for this new show by Johannes Sturm was something else, which won't be named here. Its use would have been charged with copyright infringement, according to its original author, an artist and writer who's been published by Starship as well as affiliated with Reena Spaulings, whose name we shall dispense with. He was real ownership about it. One afternoon, as a colleague and friend of Sturm, I was subjected to its ramifications, a stressful situation I had to flee from on my racing bicycle with a quick *ciao*. A road that led me here. Back to routine procedure of hack writing.

If the concept of routine is to be taken with its original connotation of “road”, then it 's to be taken as the repetition of the same road. Johannes Sturm's work involves drifting and scouring the city for source and material, between his busy neighborhood and across town, whose influence on his mind and behavior ought not to be overlooked. Much as the activity may be taken as taking the pulse of Frankfurt am Main, so too his pulse is to be taken, though who or what plays doctor may beg the question.

There's a new epidemic: numberless cans of nitrous oxide riddle the streets, traces of youth and abuse. A new object for the placeholder best represented as a vestige of the pacifier, a legion of its users can be sighted on the streets, clutching on the oversized chargers that dwarf their hands, their contents do them young lungs wrong with laughing gas. These jokers.

By chance (what *is* chance if not by design?), Jester occupies the central role in this exhibition. On a late night pilgrimage to a masterpiece public sculpture—a non-place in Taunusanlage, he found a larger than life-size Jester statue in bronze and the vicinity. An anonymity that towered over him, extended out its left hand, which rendered his paltry, and gestured that he shall be back. Again, and again.

Jester deemed it cute as a button.