

This is not a new situation for me, this is not a new situation for me, I already opened for more than one opening with words of introduction of - and as i'd already like to say out of routine – the Berlin artist Alexander Wolff - , which would us also guide to one theme of the Artist, that is repetition. I see, I'm again the exhibition-Dummy, like a human-shaped puppet with sensors used in the openingscience at Art-openings and translate my fresh impressions into words of introduction about the exhibition. Believe me, i'd rather prefer to let you alone with the show by now, also because of the following suspicion : Right here language seems to mostly cover places and situations , than to discover them. Here language closes doors for utilitaristic interpretations and announcements, than to open them. The language of artists and critics, to which this article is referring, become paradigmatic reflexions in a mirror-inverted Babel, according to Pascals remark „ Nature is a limitless sphere, with its center everywhere and its amplitude nowhere „ built on. The whole article can be understood as Variation of this often wrongly used remark, or as a monstrous museum, that is designed out of multifaceted surfaces,, that relate not to one , but many subjects within a wordstructure – a brick = a word, a sentence = a space, a break = a level, etc. Or language becomes an infinite museum, with its center everywhere and its limits nowhere.“So if i may continue to follow these lines of a writing sculptor, it might underline my unlucky position to talk today now in the exhibition about the exhibition, should'nt i talk at Adams Blvd. in Los Angeles about this Mezzanineexhibition, Alex? Being not only the exhibition dummy that is placed here by the artist, but also like complementary contrast, as if i had to hold roof avalanche warning bars, and not able to leave the roof avalanches danger zone , and not in front of me or next to me, but above me: Chosen, cooperations, painted, abstracts, appendages, finished, basics, determinations, decisions, corrections, analytics and synthesis, combinations and today until 6 p.m put together in context lurk wet and heavy in the inside of the gallery and at the same time i had to talk about the exhibition in the exhibition. But it doesn't feel this way, it must be disposed more openly. The Wall Painting – Wallpainting Reader wall – close to the gallery entrance testifies this e.g - The Wall Painting – Wallpainting Reader wall! In an introduction of a former opening speech, i found the audiences expectation of me singing a song, that i sang once at the opening of another openingspeech, with the insertion – oh my god now he will soon sing again- perfectly shot down, whereas today a song seems to be fairly appropriate, because of the themes extending into this exhibition, you will recognize them easily. And another suspicion could be, that i'm talking at almost every opening in Vienna of Alexander Wolff, because of the fact, that i tend to not finish sentences which allows moments for wide interpretations, to ones of precise presumptions, whilst remaining in time. In this spirit: may the days of evangelic choirmusic 1982 are only about to come, as everything is only about to happen, the travel will be long and tiresome, and hopefully at the end of the travel the starting point of the travel will be awaiting, and a little bit this speech was like a try to draw cords with a chalkband, and yes i still like very much again the artists double standards of restlessness and

calculatio, and just take this speech like an unopened Spike magazine or a not returned Vhs-cassette to the defunct Alphaville video store or as a Happy Birthday , arts Birthday , the this years already 1.000.049th anniversary of art.

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