

NEUE ALTE BRÜCKE

ADEMEIT, GERBER, KILFA, LEVACK

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Press Text

So little moves the needle. We were at the club last night, X and Y were there, Z DJ'd. The paper came, the war in A continues, we drank coffee, the geiger counter read B. Trash cans march out to the curb once more to be collected then sneak back into their alcoves to await the next week's trucks.

Even divine intervention is marked by mundanity. There is a diminishing return to taking that new angel home with you - we can't help but be less thankful the tenth or hundredth time. Saint Walpurga's oil may have the ability to cure what ails, but its miraculous flow still begins every October and ceases the next February, with clocklike predictability.

Even "like clockwork" itself - the application of cold mechanical regularity to something ostensibly chaotic surprises us in earnest when we first read it in childhood. But the phrase, like any other in repetition, becomes noise to the jaded reader.

So, another show. And to be fair, I'm not sure that escape from this cage would be preferable. Cliches become cliches for a reason: there is something deeply observed in the notion that everything behaves repetitively. To be honest I'm not sure if escape is even possible: who can deny a certain painterly romance to moving back into your parent's house in Texas, or a certain poetry in the [REDACTED]? Maybe more to the point: who could deny the banal beauty of that first sip every morning, or the first few rays of sun creeping through the window onto the nude form of last night's conquest?

The Matrix (1999) isn't interesting as some sort of encoded meditation on transsexuality or technological mediation, but rather as a totally *clean* fiction, one founded totally in invention, 0% observation. The fantasy isn't that the veil can be pierced, that some skillfulness or facility may give us power, aid in our liberation. The real invention of the Matrix is the notion that there even *is* a veil, that anyone could be any closer to what we're all drowning in than anyone else.

— Poy Griesedieck

Neue Alte Brücke
Hafenstrasse 23
60323 Frankfurt am Main
Germany

For appointments:
kristina@neuealtebruecke.com
Tel. +49 157 38469826
www.neuealtebruecke.com