

Florian Auer's exhibition does not represent one of the ubiquitous attempts to deal, critique, or justify (and, finally, philosophise about) what has happened before and ever since the fall of the Lehman tower. It rather stages discretionary placeholders for the process in which a straight forward and niche exercise of calculating figures plus dealing with people and partners in the backrooms of industrial powerhouses became the center of both economic and public attention (and not least desires).

The presentation of financially loaded objects is hereby the focal point of the show. Many of them might be recognisable to some, none of them is invented or innovated; but made by the artist. They all are unified by the joy and the highs of professionalism, ideal and material. And this is where the molds and frames are breaking. Between the offices and the studios, between tools and innovations, based on risque business.

The lows are less clear, however, present. Look back at what happened near Time Square in 2008 (and forget about Wall Street for a moment). Look at the Tombstones. After all, we live in financial times. Including sushi.

M.B.

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