

## N.O. Madski presents Klub KAYA

KAYA (Kerstin Brätsch and Debo Eilers)

12.11.2015 - 13.02.2016

Opening : 11.11.2015, 6pm

with Club Cacao and Poststation

In person, it's hard to take in at once. Layering appears to be the primary structuring principle, but the exact number of layers and the boundaries of each can't be easily determined. Most obviously, what you might think of as the "skin" of the whole thing - an enormous, long vinyl bag onto which everything else has been attached. Although literally transparent, it works both for and against the viewer's eye, reflecting the room and the viewer's view of the installation, but also obscuring the details of the objects and materials inside. The bag is not a simple container, but a complex, multi-layered structure that reflects the room and the viewer's view of the installation, but also obscures the details of the objects and materials inside.

Inside the bag, a complex, multi-layered structure of synthetic materials is visible. The structure is composed of various materials, including synthetic materials, which can be seen in even the most subtle of details. The color palette is a mix of muted tones, and the overall effect is an ecstatic space of order. Weirdest is pictorial system (which could exist on its own, you might imagine) is elided, tangled with, or even pierced by yet another layer of stiff, black and putty-colored epoxy forms. Their long, twisting arrangements - which consolidate near the bottom in a dark, humanoid form - mimic the energetic flows of the painted composition with a morbid inflection, replying in an opposite language of dredging, clumping, and cracking.

From these things descend further into chaos (and a kind of perverse hilarity): a translucent, plastic headpiece at the bottom of the bag, nestled in a scattering of gold and silver beads. A giant, heavy necklace of plastic rods (dildos?) draped over the entire structure, resting on the floor beneath the bag. The structure is sutured together either obsessively or with bizarre indifference. Black leather straps that tether the bag to metal grab bars on the wall, equating wall-hangings with sexual and/or scatological function.

What you begin to see is a multiplicity of authorial voices, each in its own way, their individual destruction. The work is a complex, multi-layered structure that reflects the room and the viewer's view of the installation, but also obscures the details of the objects and materials inside. The bag is not a simple container, but a complex, multi-layered structure that reflects the room and the viewer's view of the installation, but also obscures the details of the objects and materials inside.

At the top, two painted eyes and a gaping "mouth" that has been totally sliced away to reveal the bare wall in back (less a mouth than a wound, really), fuse as another kind of layer on top of all the physical/material baggage, the effect of a subjectivity, an internal, emotional world belonging to this bag of crap. Who is KAYA?