

Walk a few hundred meters from the nearby Central Station or park your random bike on some frustrating cobble stones. Notice the patinated authenticity of well-kept industrial architecture or notice if you take raw and shabby surfaces for granted and therefore don't really notice them. Enter a room that used to be inhabited by livestock and manual labor up until unbridled gentrification arrived with its sudden luxurious beverages. Take a look at the walls, chalky white and uneven like basements or romantically aged countryside, but to most eyes probably not at all unfit for paintings. Remember that this is the 21st Century, the distance between contemporary art and meat packing district-y scruffiness has been short for a while. Try to envision the space beneath these semi-dramatic vaults as a divinely sexy nightclub, tense with wordless interaction, ankles and shoulders showing, pumped-up string tunes, some amapiano. Try to envision an art space that is more about the people than the art, perhaps reach the conclusion that this is actually often the case. Needless to say, exhibitions are human acts more than anything, what is a painting when there is no one to look at it (don't let the immediate banality of that question stop you from considering it). Rest assured that they are of course still something, the paintings, even when they don't have devoted gazes glued to them. Rest assured that a room can be absolutely thick with the joint sensibility caused by a salon-like density of artworks, and still, its main characters may lie on a plate or be as impermanent as conversations. Count the pictures in this stable, there might be fewer than you thought. Allow beiges, whites, greys, harsh yellows, burgundies, greens, pale blues, any other shade featured in this stable's palettes to pass through you or at least surround you for a while. Register if the artworks seem more related to each other than to the space, and register whether or not you have an opinion about any potential imbalance. Learn to appreciate every thinkable version of red, just because it's hot and so synonymous with ripening and ephemeral pleasures, what is red is typically only red for a limited amount of time. Think about whether you want the exhibition or the evening to end first, know that they both will, and know that every painting is essentially uncompromised by that circumstance – since what any self-sufficient art show and any lush dinner party always have in common is some degree of short-lived transience, whereas paintings tend to reach for a more stretched-out future (and may of course fail). Leave and try to store a certain smell or the shape of someone's fingernails for a while, but feel free to forget everything eventually. Remember that the most spectacular evenings are supposed to be memories anyway.

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