

Bar Civil
Steinstraße 17
40212 Düsseldorf

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Detour is method

When the big night of Aisling's exhibition arrived and I was very nervous. I was going to meet her friends. In my mind I'm still her boyfriend. We're just going through a bumpy patch. I mean, I didn't feel too confident about it. I had a nasty feeling that I would discover some stuff I wouldn't like. I got there and the event was already up and running. I pushed my way through the impressive crowd of fashionable, comfortable-looking people. People who appeared as if they were used to being loved (strange thing to say, but that's how they looked to me: the sought-after). So I tried to find her and couldn't at first. But I could see the huge photo collage on the back wall of the bar.

That's all it was.

A big bar with a big wall space at the back. An overall abstract impression composed of hundreds of black and white photos of subway workers and commuters. To me, it was reminiscent of photographers from the 1920s or 1930s. A Russian Man Ray or John Heartfield, visually clever in the way she made the present day appear so retro.

I was shocked that I liked it so much and pissed off. It meant she was more talented than I'd feared. Not only had