

Somewhere in high-definition. I'm not sure how to describe this place. Is not a "visual" environment... I think it's more like a list of sensations or things that make me feel well. The absence of sweat, linen clothes that remain cold, turnip cakes served in small stainless steel plates, people, happy people in the taiga.

We find ourselves constantly in the need of inventing new forms of pessimism. A pessimist thought that transforms itself in pure optimism by the end of the day, we have to start all over again. Sometimes we engage ourselves in glorious battles, Roman-inspired, Greek style, à la japonaise, a hint of Persian attitudes, brutish, civilized, barbarian, digital warfare, Alexandrian, Napoleonic, Peloponnesian, you name it. We have created new and exciting forms of luxury. Never for money, always for love.

The opposite of body horror... I don't know what it is! But it is definitely a part of this new world. Poems and short stories about cold fruit, William Carlos Williams's plums, Lydia Davis' chilled pears with walnuts... Isabella Rossellini offers a guided tour to a hologram of the Rothko chapel. Friendly people! Make your own kind of music. I think this place looks something like a gigantic glass building designed by SANAA in the shore of a Hawaiian beach... Or the Barbican Center relocated in the middle of the Vietnamese jungle. Brutalism seems optimistic in this context; raw concrete as a promise of candor.

Adoration and prayers are common currencies. You don't need to sell your soul. This is certainly not paradise. It's just like a party at Studio 54 but everyone is invited. It's like disco music + early socialist communes + black mountain college + the end of the world all at once. Death and finitude are friendly concepts, friendly youtube comments. Everything is tacky, corny, over the top, witty, intelligent, radical, violent, sexy, stupid at the same time.

Crying a lot! Cry me a river, cry me a Hudson River, cry me the whole fucking Nile River.

I'm not a human

I am a dove

I'm your conscious I am Love

All I really need is to know that You believe.

(Prince – I Would Die 4 U)

This exhibition is about the possibility of new realisms. Or maybe it's about the failure of realism and the inception of a new way of using painting as a representational tool. Well, it's not actually "new". But it has been revisited- reshaped-reframed. I don't think this is an aesthetic style, but

rather a mindset. And what this exhibition deals with is the distance between the mindset and the representation of this self-imposed “perspective” within the pictorial realm. The contemporary world is hard to look at, even more difficult to comprehend! Reality seems to be constituted of an acidic liquid that burns our hands when we try to grasp it and see through the transparencies and brief glimmers. Violent & fluid ambiguity.

Henri Rousseau was harshly criticized by the French press during his first exhibitions, his painting style was called pre-primitive. The pre-primitive realm is populated by children, animals and non-western cultures. If this so called pre- primitivism allows us to shake the foundations of our epistemological pride, then this “perspective” is a valuable one, that should be re-activated constantly in times of visual overconfidence.

Innocence and naiveté are powerful tools that can respond to the cartoonish usage of theory and criticism nowadays. A subtle demand for a new rigor, new perspectives on intimacy, and a plea for a more humble notion of humanity (trying to deflate the rationalistic pride of modernity, irremediably present to in art- making in recent years).

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