

ALYSSA DAVIS GALLERY

N24B

May 9–June 21, 2026
565 Broome Street
New York, NY 10013

Works by: Daniel Boccato, Imogen Brent, Martina Cox, Jeff Egner, Ficus Interfaith, Madeleine Hines, Philip Hinge, Nick Jorgensen, Abby Lloyd, Chase Middleton, Gosia Pawłowska, Anna Pederson, Brad Phillips, Robert Roest, Olivia Vigo

PARTNERS: kvprojects (Creative Direction), Bizzi & Partners (Developers), Renzo Piano Building Workshop (Architecture Firm), Lumae Interiors (Interior Design)

If style is the man himself – the one he addresses, (Lacan) an exhibition is the collector; the acquisition in development.

N24B at 565 Broome SoHo is located in Renzo Piano's first and only residential building in New York City. Sweeping curved glass and finely detailed interiors of Basaltina lava stone, fluted white oak, and a view to kill advocate that in advance of your fantasies, your fixations, your erotic attachments and cultivated insecurities (your carefully managed contradictions) that taste is a decision already made about you before you enter. Notice how the two-bedroom condominium allows light to circulate freely while preserving the aura of professional confidence despite your aesthetic literacy. Or not. Luxury residences are typically staged to disappear.

This is not a neutral staging. It is a collection tour. It is also, of course, a sales presentation. As you enter the pied-à-terre into a hallway just short of a nave, the service entry will be on your right separated by washer and dryer. Allow **Chase Middleton's** *House Guest* to introduce another version of you: temporarily disheveled, sexually available, nostalgically attached to a bygone-era masculinity. This is a profile of an interior life well-trained – dare I say, educated – at the site of a pre-demoed 70s home in Beacon, NY. With a distinctively black rodeo handkerchief suggestively tucked into his left pocket, the subject only appears to be caught off-guard vacuuming. I couldn't help but wonder – is it plugged in?

Nearby, **Nick Jorgensen's** small sweetheart painting *Split Vase #5* plasters over the decorative abstraction you'd assume of a luxury staging package, in four dimensions instead of two. A mind-bent still-life, pragmatic in form and execution.

Long before the market correction, before the closures, before downtown galleries became appointment-only investment vehicles masquerading as communities, value circulated privately between people who recognized one another. A residence like this restores those older systems of discretion at a higher altitude. Here, culture is capital privatized—and privacy is a thin line between expensive materials and expensive restraint. **Jeff Egner's** *Career Woman Dressed in Blue* watches over the seating area with the composed authority you admire in others and rehearse in yourself. Her posture suggests something already decided about you before you enter – perhaps a forgery. The Apple Watch remains visible. As you prefer, references to wealth appear functional rather than ornamental. You'll note her eyes, Modigliani eyes, if only for the purposes of remaining comfortably distant from the derivative.

I need not remind you that the artifacts distributed throughout the rooms—with the efficiency of good residential planning—are original. Allegory, ever in duality with ruin, still signifies taste. This is a layered system made possible by elevator, corridor, and curved glass in homage to the individual capable of recognizing style as reflected in desire and desire as the demonstration of attainment. **Imogen Brent's** fabricated steel sculpture stabilizes the entry hall with the confidence of a discreet doorman and the discretion of an engineer.

On the opposite side of the apartment **Gosia Pawłowska's** suspended glass panels repeat the logic of the tower façade, filtering exposure into atmosphere. Employing her own novel formwork fabrication research, *I can't see you today* re-interprets traditional window glass; her unique panels mounted to perforated steel screens, mobile along the y-axis. The title, of course, refers to the generations of lovers who have sat at their windows, and those who continue to sit, watching and waiting for someone's return.

Throughout your visit, the apartment continually returns you to yourself through materials. **Olivia Vigo's** *A Biased Present* is placed in the only windowless space – the master bathroom, clad in veiny Calacatta marble and atop the white oak vanity. Designed by Vigo to mimic an isolated still of what might be frozen on a glassy screen. This particular permutation of illuminated shade is constructed by a low-tech (print-only) pandemic period, New York artifact—a page of *The Drunken Canal*. The page is folded like an envelope and tied with a red ribbon—coily restricting access to the text inside, yet flipping the gaze outwards via its engineered frame; ripe for covert observation and sandblasted to simulate the Apple products that remind us how information is valuable, precisely insofar as it remains restricted.

The exhibition extends a history established by the long-standing tradition of selling art out of your Manhattan apartment when you haven't got a prayer—into a rarefied altitude. This is hardly an improvised workaround to the market. Beside the bed, **Philip Hinge's** *Captivator* depicts a white cat observing a turquoise fish inside a spherical fishbowl. The curve of the bowl repeats the curved glass of the room itself, which we now find ourselves inside. The cat is domestic, but it is also predatory. Here is a strategic asset against which collection, residence, and speculative capital share the same bedroom.

You may not consider yourself religious. Many clients say that. **Daniel Boccato's** *ghost of bunk* is installed above the bed in the primary bedroom, akin to where a crucifix would be placed, similarly serving as a focal point for manifestations and a symbol of protection.

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Fabricated in fiberglass and epoxy resin, *ghost of bunk* is a cast from a hand-formed silicone mold, the edges subtly defined with manufactured imprecision and the surface reflecting any affirmations back into the room.

At some point during the tour, it occurs to you that what's being described is not a future owner but a future residence inhabited by those qualified enough to reimagine architecture in their own image. **Robert Roest's** *Colere Clown Core*, overlooking the bed in the secondary bedroom, is the first visual confrontation arresting the parental mandate to let your firstborn cry it out. The image of a half-blind poodle scaled to a small pony, cropped mid-tantrum in a hyperreal portrait of great expectation, guards the promise that they will. Above the bed, **Abby Lloyd's** *Big Charm Bracelet* hangs like a modified, oversized dreamcatcher—trapping the bad dreams to be destroyed by morning light, filtered through or reflected by the dangling charms of domestic restraint.

Coupled in the north hallway are two watercolors by **Brad Phillips**. On the left, a painting of a quick flash semi-nude—an unexpected subject for what could be considered a suburban pastime. On the right, UNPOPULAR FANTASIES ripples across the page—terse enough to conjure a variety of interpretations, it reads like a tv trope or a snippet of a campaign, a tone for what could easily coat every piece in the sleek high-rise apartment. The pendant pair evokes a quotidian desire confronted by the occurrence of private dwelling—note how a belt, well-rendered, elicits the tension between desire and discipline.

What is left are the intimate corners and private corridors—and of course, the kitchen. **Martina Cox's** *Paysage d'une Robe Anglaise*, aka Landscape of an English Robe, splays out the interior of an 18th-century bodice. Installed on site at the precipice of where the common space becomes private, Cox's work is undressed with a body print of an unknown wearer and the restitching of an unconfirmed maker. The implication of an occupant is mirrored across the hall—**Madeleine Hines's** *Soles 5* reimagines the *Lamentation of Christ* in Louboutin. An upskirt view of Mantegna's prototypical arches, sans the humanity of drag. The composition verges on something architectural while retaining the tarnished aura and built-in narrativity of fetish.

Anna Pederson's bead-woven cafeteria scene introduces labor in its most acceptable form: aestheticized, meticulous, time-intensive, and safely embedded in the artisanal tradition made possible by contemporary systems design. **Ficus Interfaith's** terrazzo sunflower places Venetian craft history beside your integrated kitchen appliances, concealed refrigeration and chia seeds.

What I mean to say is that the apartment begins collecting you before you acquire it. The works merely assist with the transition. You have entered rooms through names, not doors. You understand that the New York art market has never been only public openings, price lists, and institutions. It has always moved through apartments, side rooms, forwarded texts, quiet introductions, cash confidence, and the ability to know what something is before it is explained. *N24B* returns that system to real estate. The rooms carry the fantasies, fixations, vulnerabilities, inheritance patterns, and private competencies of who you know. Or rather, of someone we are meeting now. You.

Possibly me.

No, you.

Residence N24B is available for private viewing by appointment. Renzo Piano has always negotiated between local craft and global business, between refined material and advanced engineering, between the romance of construction and the price of its delivery. *N24B* receives that tension and domesticates it. Glass, stone, steel, wood. Nothing is neutral once you've learned to live with it. The residence may be viewed as a home, as a staged acquisition, or as a speculative biography of the buyer it has been prepared to receive.

And now, I should say, of course, that this is simply a sales offer.

But standing here, looking from the portrait to the window, from the kitchen to the bath, from the sealed newspaper to the bed, I begin to think that the offer has already done more than offer. It has recognized you. Or it has recognized me recognizing you.

No, that is not quite right.

It has recognized the person who would know what to do with this apartment before asking whether it is available.

That is the person we are waiting for.

That is the person you are.

—Alyssa Davis Gallery

Ghostwriter: Victoria Campbell

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