

etoy

Postmasters Gallery

459 W 19 Street, New York, NY 10011

April 29 - May 11

by Blackhawk - 05/08/2000

The etoy show which opened Sat at Postmasters is hugely kuel. Anyone in the area should see it. The installation was flawless & how refreshing a whiff of Middle European Rectitude seems in the midst of a phase in socioculture where no one appears to have the faintest effing idea what they're doing.

Of course one has to have a feeling for International Orange.

Both Isolation Tent & Wall Plaques were well hung, or, if you prefer, "situated". The presentations w/in the tent were reasonably well projected (but there's a physical agency in gen need of a tech upgrade if there ever was one), & the plaques were done to connote a corporate presentation, which of course is what they were. They were eye-catching, well composed & constructed & used absolutely perfect design metaphors in re styling & text placement. I understand the double-jumbo freight container parked outside was also set up well tho I didn't make it in.

There were also large banners w/ a chrono-graph & investment blurb, respectively.

At the ceremony which followed the opening, the plaques were taken off the walls & brought to a table in the back (formerly holding the bar {monotype, yet well-provisioned}) where they were revealed to be Shares (in case that wasn't clear), & signed by the 'holders in a brief ceremony recorded by a variety of devices. Whereupon, now "finished", they were re-hung. Later I was given a nice CD which is itself 5 Shares (now deciding whether to play it or frame it).

The energy was spectacular & there was a fine performance by DJ Spooky after the ceremony. This was the same sort of "buzz in the house" one feels only very rarely at openings -- I was reminded of the last two times something very important had a germanophone cant (in music & painting in the late '70s & mid 80's), & while this wasn't exactly "Kraftwerk meets Kiefer" the feeling wasn't that foreign.

So much art which deals or attempts to deal w/ "good politics" seems to be based on "Victorian Medicine Paradigm", e.g., "make it taste really bad so they know it's good for them". Boring, lifeless, positively stultifying assemblages of spent jargon & threadbare theory -- that it is truly reifying to have good, solid "political" art which is also a pleasure to look at as well as a pleasure to contemplate.

Good politics should always be beautiful.