

Kaspar Müller - Paradigm

There is a particular tension of entertainment in this exhibition which, strangely, although it is so subtle, forces oneself to articulate in rough and crude terms and expressions. This is entertaining and so is the artist, only the viewer is left to define his attitude, to make it up with his own projections and expectations. And badly enough everything is so obvious.

The context of the exhibition organizers' concept is set somewhere in between our contemporaries: macho-artworks, macho-artists, macho-curators, macho-art-critics, macho-lifestyles... Including women-machos of course.

The trouble with a classicist,  
he looks at the sky  
He doesn't ask why, he just  
paints a sky  
[...]  
And surrealist memories are  
too amorphous and proud  
While those downtown macho  
painters are just alcoholic<sup>1</sup>

There are misunderstandings and fake-fakes being contemporarily produced, situations evolving out of not knowing what to do and still convulsively compelling the objects, making up with restraints and enjoying being masochists. Mixing up terms and times, manifesting the amnesia by mimicking the ways to be and in the meantime vomiting opinions and arguments.

The exhibition's situation is fragile. It is defined through the four lined up framed images followed by six hanging decorative glass kind of ball like objects.

And then the viewer – lost in the transparency of the situation and somewhere in between the parallel line-up. Somewhere in between the showcase and the installed objects. Ignored by the information flow in the exhibition, which is subordinated to a strict paradigm following the internal, self-contained communication between the objects. Because there are no tricks or complicated exercises to find out or to understand, but complexity and non-information based multilayer. The position of interests lies somewhere between the black and white and the grey. And yet they are so clear. Defining the active moment of now as the repetition of the repetition.

Hereby, the conventional roles of the consumer-viewer and the producer-artist are being blurred or even completely dismissed. The *in between* and the *balancing act* between the crude and the subtle define the reception, the moment and the whole exhibition situation. The idea of resistivity lies somewhere in between, not like a conclusion or a formula but as a complex form of misunderstanding and obscurity.

I like the druggy downtown kids  
who spray paint walls and trains  
I like their lack of training, their  
primitive technique  
[...]  
I think sometimes it hurts you when  
you're afraid to be called a fool

The trouble with classicists is  
The trouble with classicists is<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lou Reed/John Cale. Songs for Drella. Trouble with Classicists.