

the IMAGIST

AND THOSE WHO WERE SEEN DANCING
WERE THOUGHT TO BE INSANE BY THOSE
WHO COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC:
FRIEDMAN BENDA



Florian Süßmayr [German, b.1963] Hamburg St. Pauli, Millerntor, 2013 Oil on canvas
90.55 x 70.87 inches 230 x 180 cm

I meant to write "Current Viewing" but the title of this show is so long, it ate the whole lead field of this post. Bringing Nietzsche to the nightclub is certainly a clever curatorial tactic, especially at this time of year in latter day New York. I got the heads up on this particular group show from Hannelore Knuts whose boyfriend, Nicolas Provost has a stand-out piece, Suspension, on view.

Wayne. "And those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music," *The Imagist*. July 25, 2013.

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"You should come, it's going to be great," she texted most enticingly and since Nicolas is so particular about where he allows his name to lay, I imagined the rest of the line-up, so to speak, would be correct. I Instagrammed the vernissage but didn't make the opening, given the scant days I now spend in New York. But boy, has "And Those Who..." turned into a media hit with the New York Times Style section benediction and Interview magazine's prescient feature . When both Artforum and the Huffington Post highlight your staging, then you know you have a surefire summer sensation.

"And Those Who.." is significant not just because it is a modish show (one thinks of what might have been with that Deitch Disco exhibit at MOCA) , or because the nightlife/art theme is terribly new (in fact it is a standby for young curators rigging the game for a banging vernissage) . This show struck a chord I think, because it speaks to a hunger for our digital generation to invoke art as a communal experience. Real Space/RealTime becomes the mythic the more digital /virtual becomes the everyday.

The testimonial brunt that most of the artists bring to the show, from Agathe Snow's old school New York nightlife tales ("I love and hate New York. First we were New Yorkers; then we were artists.")...to Nicolas' elegy to his Belgian teenhood (" To this day, I feel that being part of the electronic and house music scene of the '80s has been the most intense chapter of my life") gives what could have been a trendy excursion its gravitas.

Massive respect to Thorsten Albertz. He worked this moment.



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