

# Cosmopolis

13. November – 11. Dezember 2016

With works by Taslima Ahmed, Charlotte Duale, Manuel Gnam, Andrei Koschmieder and Max Paul. With furniture by Mathieu Matégot, Sven Middelboe, Arne Norell, Giancarlo Piretti et al.

*“We want to think about the art of money making.[...] Money has taken a turn. All wealth has become wealth for its own sake.[...] Money has lost its narrative quality, the way painting did once upon a time. Money is talking to itself[...] I love [it]. The glow of the screens. I love the screens. It’s the glow of cyber capital. So radiant and seductive - I understand none of this. Does it ever stop? Does it slow down? Of course not. Why should it. It is fantastic!...”*

The white stretch-limousine moves through the cityscape like a submarine; the peripheral reality can only be assumed via the shielded windows of the vehicle. The feeling of indifference towards anything outside these walls is only disrupted by the passenger’s convulsive attempts at imitating normality. Human movement and forms of communication seem inept and forgotten. Conceptual indifference here invites abstraction - impassiveness reveals freedom in creation that was previously disguised by constraints.

*Cosmopolis* shows an aesthetic examination of the eponymous film by David Cronenberg - a film adaptation of Don DeLillo’s novel (2003).

The force of attraction of glowing, technological innovation is recurrently juxtaposed with the tainted world outside, without an imposition of judgement, however.

Tangible reality seems redundant in the face of technical advancement, but technological development and speed are deceptive; they are mere means to their own ends - a dilemma the protagonist attempts to overcome in his very own automobile biotope.

With an irritating manner the aesthetic of the flawed and the unselected, even the disgusting at times, stimulates and amplifies a sensation that stands in contrast to the smooth, reflecting surfaces of technology. The imperfect is liberated from the tedium of the predictable everyday.

The nostalgic encounter with ‘the normal’, ‘the simple’, becomes an exciting experience that feels novel in the light of its intensity.

Rustic furniture, a frayed carpet, worn and piled chairs, a designer television - these are relatable aesthetic approaches; their realisation entails functional requirements of office orthodoxy and therefore results in an unspoken compromise. Through the absent hustle and missing workday noise, the furniture appears misplaced, alien and aged. This break from context reveals the established aesthetic.

M.T.S.

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