



Camille Lütjens
Lou-Anna Ulloa del Rio
Jordan Seloephane
Etienne Eisele

Cast Not a Clout Till May Is Out
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Curated by Gaia Del Santo
Text by Moselle Kleiner

Never Forever

(super mega top!)

At dinner, after a concert, an exhibition, a quiet day at work, friends laughing
A silly video on someone's phone
you take a photo of a stray object on the table or lurking in the background, a ponytail or
crumpled paper, a pizza stool in legs up the wall repose. That stray symbol becomes a
forgotten photo; meanwhile, you make others:
photos, emails, notes. Then, at a nonspecific later date, in search of new material, a fresh
referent that will serve to trace
a lingering concern
It resurfaces. Through a rhythm known to you, with whatever tools you have for mediation,
the lost photo of the absent thing becomes a found painting
or perhaps not a painting at all but a drawing a cast a shelf full of sculpture
Copy, rinse, repeat and the ensuing artifact must become its own photo, and also
a portfolio, an application; under the right sign, blessed by the correct gods, maybe even
a show.
At the very least, it will figure in an installation shot, in a now of never-forever
it will stand for something—applications and ID cards, a chapter in a life, train tickets in
far-off cities,
real tears, thoughts over-thought, and other valences of home.

Like a favorite story, imbued with infinite potential for reinvention, for a neat
riff (yours?), such a description of creative practice emerging from, and in
response to, our image and information saturated media environment is
familiar, even banal. Kind of obvious, very human. We understand it, too, as
an explicit gesture toward the human, as modeling a practice of semiotic
and processual intimacy within a circular apparatus, spooning out a
soupçon of personal feeling from a pictographic perpetual stew. That soup
has become ladle, that it is our phones that now tell us what we want to
show, instantiates another phase of technological determinism pronounced
enough to be put to use (Nam Jun Paik: "to hate it properly"). So
trigger and method in artistic process are inseparable from their issuing
mechanism...so what! Algorithms construct whole *mnemosynes* that
we call our own, since it was 'we' (loose, complex 'we') who made the
algorithms, as Michael Sanchez observed, writing about avatars as actors
in an essay on Contemporary Art Daily syndrome some fifteen years ago.
Hello dankness 'Paul' 'Virilio'. Everything measured up against everything
else. As in, see something say "it cute"
no, no, it about cute wincing conspiratorial smiles

thought-bubble floating off above our heads skywrites
Sianne Ngai, Sanrio sponsorships, valleys canny but unhappy, so many gradations of gimmick

and the object of those connections, the locus of consideration that is the artwork, must pop those gummed up meanings and wear them like a Colen or wad them in the trash.

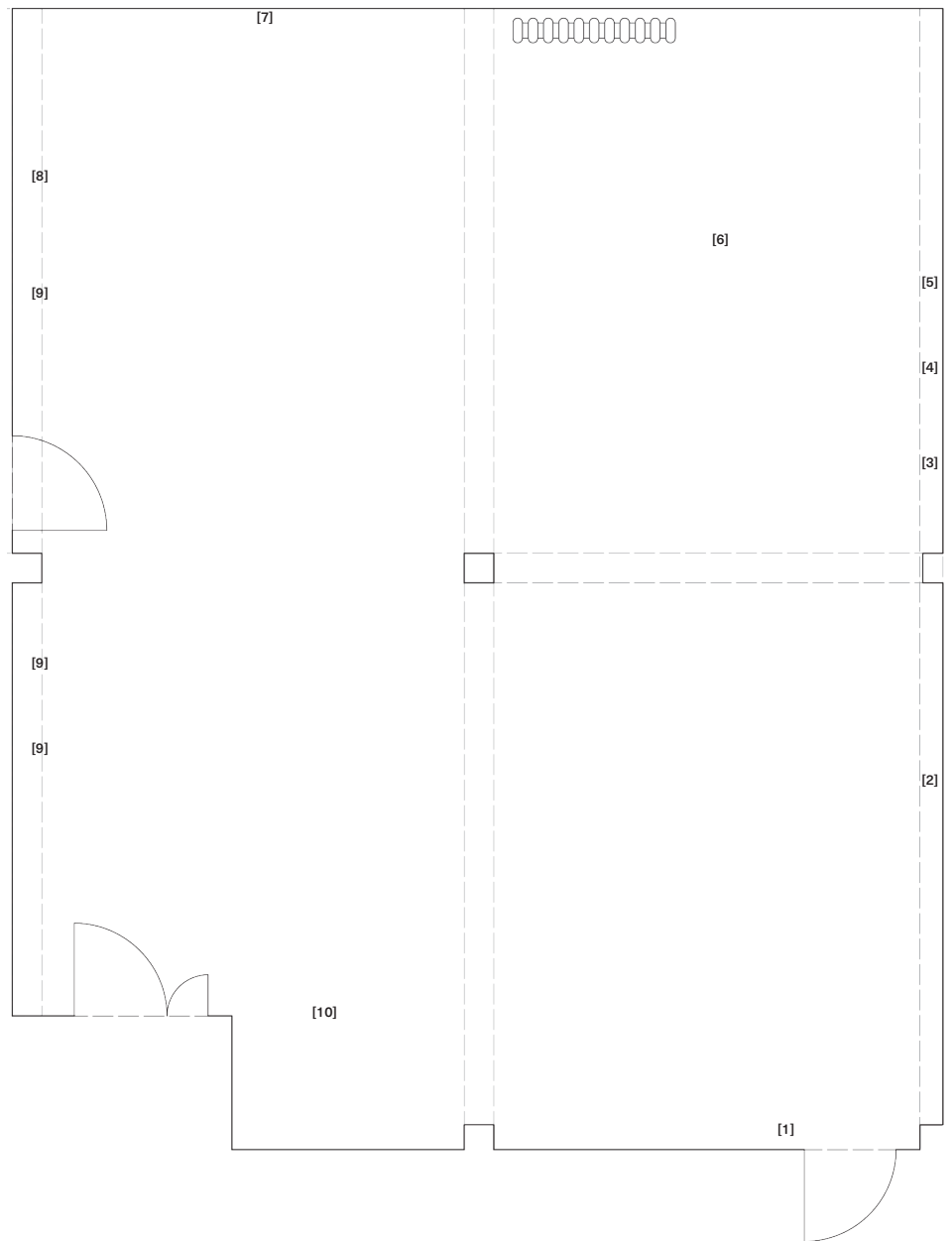
When pathways of association take center stage in a hyper-retinal experience, undergoing costume changes at rapid pace, what is staked, then, by slow, still, enduringly material, artworks? That question is older than its typically zillennial respondents, simultaneously too big and petit trope. Subject to all that (fast capital, soft power, LED light-bulbs), mindful of precedents (Majerus, Kelley) and scope (gahhhhh), young artists help our bodiless sociocultural consciousness keep score. Through a small-batch maker's mark approach, they trade melancholic 'contending' for anxious nuance, a cohering of contradictions, a breaking up of cycles through dramaturgies of fraught enthusiasm—exultations of *super, mega, top*.

In Etienne Eisele's sculptural practice, souvenirs of commercial rhetoric reappear as spatial saboteurs. *Luschen I* is a mirrored plaque installed at the gallery entrance, scrawled 'Good Luck!' in a bright, reflective orange. A crafty double fallacy, Eisele's work is at once caustic and affecting, made deep by a claim to being *not that deep* at all. *Luschen I* strains our gaze upwards, introducing the exhibition through the prism of our own faces shining in its selfie-ready gloss, as cold words and warmly shaded content loom with no clear direction, nor director. Evasiveness—oblique displacement—proves hella helpful to asserting personal value at the fringes of identification. The more quotidian, the more discursive: Lou-Anna Ulloa del Rio's *Porcelaine* comprises an enlarged silver clip propping up a tall scrim of tracing paper. A column of white lies, *Porcelaine*'s metal fastener is actually painted wood, its tissue skirt shaped to seem as sturdy as a curtain. These uncertain illusions, skeptical of their own sources, are guided by an impulse less to pull one over than to pull, to tug at a corner of private imagination, verifying that it holds, a careful test of depth perception.

That protective slyness is elaborated by Camille Lütjens in a painting idiom of mixed metaphors: her *Clumsy Choreography* suggests a map textured by a crinkly black river and sectioned with a shiny blue bow; in the more ominously titled *Candy Coercion* (2022), icons of digital engagement and physical fact are interjected for tension, in comparing how hard it is to make a 'move,' any move, on either turf. Analysis paralysis is on par with medium and moment; not even reversions to nature, with *Choreography*'s camouflage-style ground and a frosty cloud in *Coercion*, allow for breathing room between layers, pasteurized by screen-fleek-realness mode. Jordan Selophane's drawings pursue a similar hall of mirrors effect in a more liberated tone, presenting axonometric views of categorically stuffy *Wunderkammer* gone sketchy, reclaimed as comic and playful—exaggerated, therefore 'girl'. These works (*Where are they?*, *Another room*) are populated by lips and stars, keyholes and frames, motifs isolated for elusive flavor and a light chew. Deposited in a set of warped architectures, they evoke mobile cubicles imaged like cubicle decor, with the hot colors and confident strokes of Rachel Harrison's Amy Winehouse multiples, minus any Picasso stencils. Online performance is so micro and refractive, it can't be intertextual; the histories that fray at Lütjens' canvases free Selophane to devise new worlds.

Folding inwards in spiraling out, artists might render unstable terrain semi-navigable by remaining half-glitched (Lütjens, Eisele) or proudly hermetic (Selophane, Ulloa del Rio). With wrinkles of affinity built into digital being adopted as artistic strategy, then as subject, then as point, perhaps we would wish for a bigger splash, for Gramsci's "morbid symptoms," the terrible things that happen between ages, to pass through our premises at the level of the visual. I guess that's what NFTs were for. Instead, here we have a subtler proposal: borne from a culture stuck in traffic at whatever nebulous junction where 'foreigners everywhere' meets core-core and

post-post, works that exude a sincere self-sufficiency, a mood of thick narration and also, 'ain't reading all that', because well, *you know the vibe*, don't you. Because who is not inclined to chic mythologizing when faced with tough scores. Like all of us, they take up refuge in annotation and encoding, awaiting a next chapter, a new wave of re-collection. To do it again, each time more mega, more super, more top, and in reverse.



^[1] Luschen I, 2024
Arcade machine mirror, LEDs,
coin cell batteries, shelf support
23x50cm
Etienne Eisele

^[2] Candy Coercion, 2022
Oil and sand on canvas
160x 120 cm
Camille Lütjens

^[3] Ooutch!, 2022
Pencils, felt pen, oil pastels (Neocolor),
metal plates, magnets
35x48cm
Jordan Selophane

^[4] The fear I desire, 2022
Pencils, felt pen, oil pastels (Neocolor),
metal plates, magnets
35x48cm
Jordan Selophane

^[5] Another room, 2023
Pencils, felt pen, oil pastels (Neocolor),
metal plates, magnets
35x48cm
Jordan Selophane

^[6] Porcelaine, 2024
Paper, wood, paint
223x110 cm
Lou-Anna Ulloa del Rio

^[7] Where are they?, 2022
Pencils, felt pen, oil pastels (Neocolor),
metal plates, magnets
28x35cm
Jordan Selophane

^[8] Clumsy Choreography, 2023
Oil on Canvas
100x75cm
Camille Lütjens

^[9] Weiss auf Grün (reverse engineering), 2024
Green shelves from a former children's bedroom,
covered with white adhesive foil during puberty,
drilling holes, wall plugs
Dimensions variable
Etienne Eisele

^[10] Never Forever (super mega top!), 2024
Text
Moselle Kleiner