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Critic's Guide: Condo New York

Highlights from the first edition of Condo New York, a collaborative exhibition by 36 galleries across 16 city-wide locations

BY SAM KORMAN



Steve Bishop, *I can't get started*, 2017. Courtesy: Carlos/Ishikawa, London

Bureau hosting Carlos/Ishikawa, London

Arson, murder, ageing, missing-persons, crime, depression, sadism and decay are just some of the themes that unite Bureau and Carlos/Ishikawa complimentary programmes. They share a similar sensibility –horror? gruesomeness? dark humour? – that will leave one tense in the shoulders. I laughed at Fatebe, artist Ebecho Muslimova's pliantly corpulent proxy, who performs all manner of silly contortions in a series of drawings. But it didn't feel like an ordinary laugh. Instead, catharsis comes from facing down more discomforting prospects. Steve Bishop's *I can't get started* (2017) distills the dark hole of melancholy into a moody *mise-en-scène* comprising a breakfast platter with day-old cereal bowl and radio. Really, what's the use in cleaning up? In Issy Wood's still *I guess family means different things to different* (2017), a rabbit looks ravaged by panic, the result of rabies or perhaps some pharmaceutical tests. It is possible, however, to have more sympathy for the rabbit than the mangled baby that dangles at the centre of *Discovery of Honey* (2017), Lionel Maunz's fucked-up sculptural allegory. Art holds the potential to dehumanize, but what's on exhibit is just how slippery that word is. Human.