

TEXTE ZUR KUNST

Notes from Quarantine

AN EAR AT THE EDGE OF A CHASM VON PETER BROCK

Today I spent a while scrolling through an online viewing room hosted by David Zwirner gallery. The presentation, titled "Platform", features two artworks each from twelve artists represented by smaller New York galleries. The spaces are almost all ones that I've followed closely for a number of years. I know the physical dimensions of these galleries and many of the people who work in them. Seeing the artists' work and faces – there are portraits and descriptions that accompany the images – in the context of David Zwirner's ultra-slick website was strange but enjoyable. It felt like bumping into a friend on the subway only to find them dressed awkwardly in a business suit, as if they were about to appear in court. In this novel context, Brandon Ndife's work held my attention. The sculptures teeter at the cusp of specific and generalized representation. Recognizable vegetal and organic forms appear to be undergoing transformations somewhere in between decay and very slow growth. Their murky fertility reminds me of peering into my mom's compost bucket as a child. The images of Ndife's sculptures suggest enough of their forms and texture to engage my curiosity, but the encounter was also mildly frustrating. I want to know how my body might react to their presence, but I have to settle for a detailed record of their surfaces.