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ARTnews.

<http://www.artnews.com/2014/10/30/to-bushwick/>

October 30, 2014.

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ART OF THE CITY

## TO BUSHWICK! SHOWS TO SEE RIGHT NOW IN BROOKLYN'S OUTERMOST ART DISTRICT

BY *Andrew Russeth* POSTED 10/30/14

Remember back in early 2012 when Luhring Augustine announced that it was opening a gallery in Bushwick, Brooklyn, and everyone wondered if other blue-chip galleries would follow suit? There was a new rumor every week: Gagosian Bushwick! Zwirner Bushwick! Pace Bushwick! "Space is still cheap out there, and there are warehouses aplenty," I remember thinking. "They'd all be crazy not to open big fat spaces!"

That, of course, didn't pan out—the conventional, and I think, pretty accurate wisdom being that most major collectors are just not going to make regular trips out to Bushwick to spend

big money when there's so flush that it's not worth the trouble. Zwirner, Pace, Hauser & Wirth, Even Dia, which I remained committed to, Morgan, cooks up

But even if the blue-chip galleries are going there more and more, around, and found when I stopped by

The biggest development in the relatively modest art scene here is a former truck repair shop that's been pasted from Chelsea

At Clearing's inauguration, this for real? The world! Nothing wrong with many women)—like Koenraad Dedobbeleer, who

Dedobbeleer, who precariously balances gingerly atop a tall stack of metal holes like parts of early 20th-century poster in one piece cigar. They're elegant, someone who dresses like he is. It all feels just

You have to hand it to Luhring Augustine (which is located a few blocks away). They only average about three shows a year, but they deliver the goods almost every single time. The show of Pistoletto works from 1965–66 that ran from last December into May was especially great—museum worthy, a total revelation. Now they're presenting a new 6-hour film by the wily Icelandic artist Ragnar Kjartansson, hot on the heels of his superb *New Museum survey*. It documents New York-based rock band The National (which shares artistic billing for the video) performing their roughly 3-minute, 30-second song "Sorrow" over and over again to a large crowd at MoMA PS1 last year. It's called *A Lot of Sorrow*.

The idea of listening to The National's self-serious dirge on repeat for 6 hours struck me at first as a very particular kind of hell. I shuddered. But strange and wonderful things start happening when you hit the repeat button (as the artist has done with performances of Mozart and original songs), following Sol LeWitt's famous dictum: "Irrational thoughts should be followed absolutely and logically." The work short-circuits.



Still of Ragnar Kjartansson and The National's *A Lot of Sorrow*, 2014.

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resolving finally, I think, to just finding the whole heroic effort incredibly touching. After watching for 45 minutes, I felt like I could play almost every part of the song, and also that creativity is an impossibly mysterious thing.

Meanwhile, over at the tiny *Sardine* gallery, the dependably mellifluous New Yorker Andy Cross is showing a batch of bright, punchy paintings in a show called "Mirror Venus." Ten in a grid are portraits of the same beautiful young woman in as many styles—she's covered with primary colored dots, or painted

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At first it's moving, watching these eight guys trying to stay focused, to keep the art going in the crisply edited video. They play variations and sip wine, Matt Berninger crooning all the way through, mumbling at points, falling deeper into some unknowable sadness, repeating himself. It starts to become funny—why is he so sad?—and maybe even rich with profound aesthetic questions: how many times can you deliver a performance and keep it convincing? How does art actually work?

The song gets away from them. The tempo keeps changing. The crowd claps too quickly. Kjartansson dances about the scene with bottles of wine and water, keeping them motivated, joking a bit. Their moods shift. Yours will too,

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Installation view of a still of Ragnar Kjartansson and The National's video at Luhring Augustine.

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