

Cats, Dogs, Biennials: A Conversation with the TX★13 Curators

By
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Expert from Cats, Dogs, Biennials: A Conversation with the TX★13 Curators:

DP: Friction is a good word.

The number one artist I was thinking of is Dion Laurent. His stuff strikes me as totally absurd, a crazy mix of renegade Tinker toys, do-it-yourself NASA, rainy day kitchen table crafts, MacGyver inventiveness, and desert island survivalism. Angela Kallus's circles have an insanely focused intensity to them; they're both attractive and deadly, kind of like absinthe. Adela Andea's light installations feel like curdled versions of 1960's light-art optimism; they capture something dark about the present. Trey Egan's gooey, weird paintings are sufficiently dense to keep my eyes glued to them, and my mind troubled by all the creepy stuff that lurks beneath their surfaces, at least in my imagination. Ysabel LeMay's photographs look too crisply realistic to be anything but devilishly deceptive traps.

And regarding trends, ideas and all that, I feel stupid to say it but I can't come up with any that aren't horrible oversimplifications. I know it's a cliché, but the whole messy stew feels like a messy stew to me—a little of this and some of that. Maybe there is some kind of reflection going on in lots of the works that has something to do with the relationship between individuals and the anonymous mass of humanity that each of us is a part of though we cannot comprehend or picture our relationship to it, a kind of belonging together but not fitting in dissonance, or something.