

**Bradley Kronz*****Long Hallway***

April 27th–June 2nd

“The man who hasn’t signed anything, who left no picture,  
Who was not there, who said nothin :  
How can they catch him ?”

From Bertolt Brecht, *Reader for City Dwellers*

The audio-guide said: “You are hearing a riff bordering both the monotonous and the rousing.”  
The rhythm was emanating from the television set’s speakers.

A French Situationist loved to draw attention to the ideological content of the images he chose for his films, this surface effect veiling the films’ more autobiographical framework. At Forde, Bradley Kronz (1986) shows a series of eighteen new collage-pictures in a variety of techniques including acrylic, found objects, photography, collage, lithography and graphite. The pictures summon up a number of more-or-less obscure figures from pop music, TV series, and contemporary art. Beside the pictures, an obsolete television set serves as a sculpture, clumsily evoking the dialectics of history and reification. The television set shows brief fragments, in which people are experiencing moments of revelation while looking at a heap of photographs. They are inhabited by a desire for reconstruction. The television set allows for a transfer of identification: from their condition in fiction to that of the viewer.

Realism and psychology. At a moment of transition, media theory speculated on a logic of progression, where the form of the old would become content for the new. Here, this process is but a frozen image of spectrality turned labyrinthine. Reproduction techniques have made the reading of the spatialization of historical time automatic, finding in the depth of field a technique for keeping the will to know awake. In *Long Hallway*, Modernism’s too-long history is evoked in a quasi-endless tracking shot, a bottomless well in which signs swim. In order to surface in conscience, signs have no other choice than to unite into combinatorics with conspiratorial undertones.

An electric echo whose source one can no-longer make out roams in repeated transatlantic crossings. Phantasmagoria: the signification’s infinite decline. Filtering and investing in it, media archaeology is but a decadent baroque allegory. There is no such thing as proof, if all other proof is linked to it within culture’s quasi-infinity. Originally at the service of emancipation, editing and collage are now filled with culpability. The image slides so much as to haunt technique. The image causes a breach of the peace of mind.

Modernism is a kind of paranoia, an interpretation delirium. Imagine a string of faults stemming from an original fault, by accident. Nevermind the tracks the stroller will follow—each of them will lead him to crime. Tribute to the square, nostalgia for the cratedigger artist: from German romanticism to krautrock to raids on London: from Josef Albers to the vinyl sleeve to influencers. In the hallway of history, you are pointed out as the person at fault and objects are accusing you of fetishizing commodities.