

Kerri Cole with Emma Bombail,  
Zazou Roddam and Dylan Solomon Kraus  
*pretend its a city*  
**chess club hamburg**  
Opening 16. November 2024

Text by Nour ben Saïd

« The only real journey, the only Fountain of Youth, would not be to go to new landscapes, but to have other eyes, to see the universe through the eyes of another, of a hundred others. »

« These streets will make you feel brand new »

I've configured my MacBook so that every time I stop pressing the keyboard, the screensaver displays the clock and a drone shot of the New York skyline. It's 2:20. A skyline is a strange thing. I'm walking through midtown, on the hyphen. Sky-line.

I ask the taxi driver the name of the bridge and he can't answer. Google maps can. Pulaski Skyway. So not a bridge. Just an elevated highway. It's that kind of nuances that you need to get familiar with when you arrive. A limousine is not always a long car with TVs and complementary champagne. It's just a car. But even before the taxi, and reaching the city, it started behaving like itself.

I take the apple out of my bag and give it to the Agriculture Control officer. She asks us to put our luggage back on the carousel for one more X-ray, I wonder how can X-ray detect fruits and veggies, are they identifying them by shape or is there an actual chemical way to detect fibers and carbs and proteins in a luggage. The luggage goes through and we're all good but she does turn to me and say I'll keep the apple, thank you for declaring it, you can go free of charge.

So we're on the Pulaski Skyway, my parents and I and the Bengali driver with a very friendly face. Big visual drumroll, for me at least because the skyline will appear and the skyline you can't pretend to be blasé about, even if you hate banks and the system and even if you hate the architecture. I briefly look at my mom who isn't drooling in anticipation. She's been here before. We're crossing New Jersey. We're in the air. She points her finger on the window. And goes. Wow I never noticed this mosque here. It's so cute.

New York is the first place in the world where I'm not ashamed of answering the question « first time here » with a confident yes, first time.

Cities are also words and words are images and that's how we get to know them. It's as simple as that. New York is a word is an image.



Workslist:

**Emma Bombail**

*The Patriot*, Wood, lacquer, wine bags, glass, 74 x 46 cm, 2024

**Kerri Cole**

*Infiniti*, Digital chromogenic print mounted on aluminium dibond, 104 x 91 cm, 2023

*Infiniti (Millennium Wheel)*, Digital chromogenic print mounted on aluminium dibond, 77 x 90 cm, 2024

*Westway looking North*, Digital chromogenic print mounted on aluminium dibond, 99 x 21 cm, 2024

*This City is a Given*, Silver gelatin print, archive box, ribbon, 21 x 33 cm, 2024

**Zazou Roddam**

*Landmark*, Video, silent, 2:00 minute loop, 2024

**Dylan Solomon Kraus**

*Super Moon*, Oil on canvas, 2024