

THOMAS DUNCAN GALLERY

PRESS RELEASE

LUCAS KNIPSCHER | CHARLES MAYTON

END OF THE NIGHT CAFÉ
APRIL 25 - JUNE 5, 2014

WITH STEVEN BALDI, RYAN HARDEN BROWN, MAE FATTO, JAMES HARRISON, LEE MAIDA,
PAT PALERMO AND DAVID ZUCKERMAN

OPENING RECEPTION FRIDAY, APRIL 25
6:00 – 8:00 PM

Tuesday

She calls your number, which is unusual, because she usually texts. It's also early, probably 8:10 or 8:15pm. She sounds drunk, invites you over to her place in Nolita. "Come meet my friend Ellen," she says. "She's very tall." You change your plans immediately. You don't sleep with either of them that night—though they take turns kissing you in the basement of a club that was, at one time or another, not a terrible place to be on a Wednesday night.

Later, when you dance with her, she puts her hands around your shoulders and says quite loudly into your ear: *I'm going to dance with you now like you're paying me to do it.*

Wednesday

You're very hung over at work, but with some light amphetamines and a hearty lunch you somehow power through the day. You imagine you've achieved at least sixty-five percent of your usual productivity. It's bright outside, sunny.

You meet with a guy friend at some café where you often run into people. Your friend is talking half-interestedly about a casting job for a Gap campaign he's doing. *It's My Life*, that Talk Talk song, is playing. The two of you then talk about a group sitting at another table in the restaurant. He's explaining to you why he finds the tall blonde at the table intolerably cheesy, and why he's so attracted to her. You're amused. Your friend has three drinks before he leaves you. You stay for a fourth.

Thursday

Around midnight at the club you run into Moshe, some actor. He takes the stool next to you at the bar and launches into the bartender. "I need a water," he barks at the barman. "Right now. I'm dying. I need a water."

He continues. "No ice! I'm desiccated. Hurry. Water.... water!" he continues harassing the barman loudly, who finally pours him a water from the tap. A pause. The actor just stares down at the tall glass in front of him. "Not tap water," he sneers. "Bottled water."

The barman looks annoyed. He reaches down and retrieves a small bottle of Perrier, which he presents to the actor. "That's seven dollars," he says. Your friend motions to the stranger sitting on his other side, deep in conversation with an attractive woman. "Put it on his tab," the actor says, grinning.

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Friday

You're in a crowded, smoky Soho apartment with about six other people. A few of them you've invited here from the club. There are at least two more hours before sunrise and you're looking around, considering the possibilities. There is an open invitation to a similar scenario across town, with a slightly different cast, somewhere on Bond Street. You discreetly approach two of the girls you brought here and tell them you're leaving.

"I'll wait three minutes for you downstairs if you want to come with me. We can take a cab."
You're just as happy going alone, by the way. You just don't want anyone else to know where you're going.

Saturday

You go out a lot, but when you go out, you try to get home before the sun comes up. Going out is one of those things in life that you can do at different levels. You like to think that at this point you're fairly good at it. Of course there are others out there, similarly afflicted, that pursue this sort of thing. Some of them, like you, undergo a strange if subtle transformation. Seeing the sun come up, as morning creeps over the city, becomes increasingly bothersome—even after the most satisfying night. The sunrise has become something you avoid at all costs.

At first it was just the tedium of the event, you told yourself—a nagging sort of astral moralism, raining down on you. But lately, the sunrise becomes something you might describe as a small trauma. Each time it reminds you, with growing severity, about the heaviness of day.

--Bosko Blagojevic