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# Over Your Cities Grass Will Grow



**Hidde van Seggelen**  
Galleries West

Worth visiting for the unusual venue alone, this tiny, self-contained white cube plonked in the middle of a business complex produces the odd sensation of being safely enclosed yet also constantly observed. Which is probably what Suchan Kinoshita was thinking, too, when she inserted an eyeball-like, mirrored dome through a gallery wall – probably the best, certainly the battiest work here. Stare through the eye’s iris into the corridor, and things get even more ersatz, with a twirling mirrorball, and a film of a second mirrorball projected against it.

As for how this, or any of the other works here relate to a central theme is a trickier proposition. The title is an apocalyptic admonition from the

Bible, now ironically reinterpreted as an Arcadian promise. But only a few pieces really fit: Lara Almarcegui’s photo of a crumbling house in Taipei; Pieter Laurens Mol’s caged brick fragment; and, anomalously, a slice of nineteenth-century romanticism, in the form of Piranesi’s moody ruins.

Elsewhere, the focus changes to obsessiveness and alienation – in Gregor Schneider’s ominous interiors, or Ciprian Muresan’s shopping trolley full of editions of Kafka’s ‘The Castle’ (pictured here) – before taking a turn into parallel ideas about optics and measurement, with more eyeballs by Thomas Grünfeld. Throughout, there’s the sense of some overarching, complex thesis being attempted, but with too few works the show never

coheres. Best to just enjoy it, then, as a quirky, occasionally captivating hodgepodge of individual pieces.

**Gabriel Coxhead**

