



**"[...] as long as one can interpret these innocent actions and self-preservation tactics as somewhat feminist ... smart women who coincidentally just like me like to talk about their feelings coincidentally just like me like to talk about this sometimes fuck up a hundred times in a row get it right once and call it a learning curve sometimes we fuck up every single time and then we get to call it journey fuck your journey ... no ... followers ... following no one ... whatever meant that ... and your updates whatever those where where protected [...]"**

Somewhat random excerpt from Nora Turato's video, *where what happened to people happened in the head*, 2018

**"Hannah Hoffman, Kristina Kite, Park View/Paul Soto"**

Hannah Hoffman Gallery

04.03. – 31.03. 2018

Twelve galleries from all over the world share with a trio of spaces in Los Angeles. Entering one of the three, Hannah Hoffman Gallery, a quartet of plastic binders from different galleries lay side-by-side on the table. Together they are certainly polyvalent but hardly cacophonous. Among the others, two specific works, one presented by Hoffman and the other by Kosovo's LambdaLambdaLambda couldn't be more different except in their potency as performances of (very different kinds of) femininity:

The white words in chunky type flicker on a black field in this video at the speed of the voice delivering them, an almost unreadable pacing at a nearly untrackable pace. Something

frantic and brilliant, the interior monologue not of lunatic but everyone really, the madness in our heads. The white-hot flicker of feelings and intuitions, anxieties and declarations. My thoughts do not move quite like this, they're more like whales that sometimes try and dance like dolphins, but the gooey, thick layers over layers of language feels familiar. All the words piling on words from all the magazines and idle conversations, overheard gossip and chattering radio and television, along with social media posts in endless feeds like a mouth that can't stop moving. And here, this stream by Turato feels so much like Samuel Beckett's brilliant *N@t I* (1972) and though Beckett could intuit through the mouth of his favourite actress Billie Whitelaw a certain feminine intelligence, for all his genius, he was not and could never be a woman. Listening to the dialogue here, I know the author and the actor are one and the same, and that she has a special and inimitable genius all her own.

A quintet of mannequins wear five different outfits originally worn by the gallerist Hannah Hoffman during her work since she opened the doors to her gallery five years ago. Changing location soon enough, the gallery's own retrospective of a kind is embodied by these outfits presented by D'Ette Nogle. Uniforms for a certain kind of worker, they are pretty exquisite as clothes go. And except for the four stitched corners of Maison Martin Margiela winking from the back of a skirt, I can't identify any of the designers, though they are all clearly very fine clothes. A quartet of jaguars peeks from one, delicate mesh arms on another, a rich mustard colours a shirt on a third. Such clothes hint at a certain class, but also a kind of exposure. Not only does the world so often read a woman by her clothes, but also for a business owner in visual culture, they act as another aspect of elusive taste, a particular presentation to clients of

the gallery. One understands that male dealers probably have their own signifiers in well-cut suits and chunky watches, but here the colour and cut are so much more than most (though certainly not all) suits worn by men. Art dealing is what they call a high-touch sale, it requires incredible amounts of time and energy, personal presence, and a certain amount of charisma to convince all the artists, curators, writers and collectors to lend their trust. Something about this one aspect, their clothes, is a tribute to Hoffman as much as a subtle nudging at the system she and we find ourselves in. As simple raiment, these clothes are presented without their owner to animate them.

A few feet away, Hoffman herself sat with insurance forms on her left, a phone dinging texts, the screen on her computer a scatter of open windows with multiple tabs and the other side of all of that, a yellow legal pad with a long list of things to do scribbled between the tight college rule.

We conversed for twenty minutes when I stopped by the gallery, as she multitasked all the dozens of things going in front of her. Hoffman spoke with her usual warmth and grace as she sat there, in her way performing all the tasks of a gallerist, on view to anyone who might enter her space. And though I recall our conversation and its turns very well, try as I might, I can't remember what she wore.

**Andrew Berardini**



D'Ette Nogle  
*Wardrobe Selections*  
for *Gallery (2013–2018)*, 2018