

Art Positions: Night of Tights

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The word for last night's opening of Art Positions was "tight." Tight in the way Frat boys mean "somewhat awesome." Tight in that it was crowded, and getting in and out of the mini galleries housed in storage containers wasn't an activity for claustrophobes. Tight in the way that everything went off without a hitch. Tight in the way that tights seemed to be the fashion statement of the night.

Chic foreign girls bundled their legs in colorful pairs to guard against the nippy beach breeze, including french popster Yelle's sparkly black set. The other notable performance of the night made liberal use of stretch fabrics too. A band of performance artists ransacked the small area outside of the Newman Popiashvili Gallery's container, and proceeded to act out some sort of violent morality play set to live guitar music. It was essentially what the WWE would be like on acid.

Later two of the background players were walking around in their yarn covered leotards, which must have not been too comfortable, because one decided to sit down inches away from me on a platform, completely undress, rearrange his situation, and then hitch the lycra back up. Just a normal night on South Beach.

As for the other art, nothing too amazing. One gallery was

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sparcely decorated with mini-manifestos by Claire Fontaine called "Is Freedom Therapeutic?" It was interesting to a poli-sci grad like myself, I suppose. Locally based David Castillo Gallery wins the award for best decorated container. The inside was covered in a pattern of natural and neon-green stained glossy wood. It sticks in my mind more than the collages that hung on the wall. Though they are remembered, which is more than I can say for about 75% of the other galleries. --[Kyle Munzenrieder](#)

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