

ST DOG LIST

The Bear Wolf



Please call if found 8510

David Price

Tom Morton

Julia Marchand

Laura McLean-Ferris

I n t h e

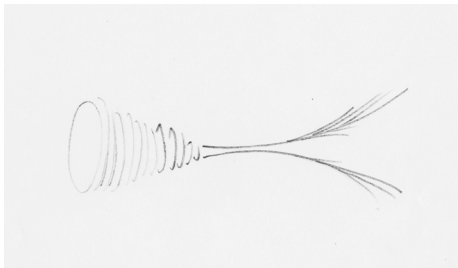
wake

Peter Burleigh

Philomene Pirecki

Bastien Rousseau

Steve Bishop



Suggest: somewhere in Geneva, sometime in the future there is a singularity. It's in a future that lies in the pure past, it's just not here yet. Or it's of a future that is not yet beyond the membrane of the present. It's also a machine for breathing, for slowing down, for coalescence.

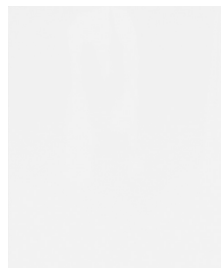
Forget: the dreary habit of signification — the incessant sequence, a generality, engraved, passive, empty. The calcified shell is exempted from appearing here: it need not attend. Time that extends its lacuna like a zero zero zero zero, TIME that just measures, just is extension A to A' to A' ' to A' ' ' to : that can stay away, too.

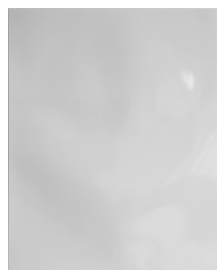
Conjure: instead, two durational zones — two directional cones. Two registers that repeat but differ, squeezing through and out in deterritorializing trajectories. The present we are always chasing is a condensation of the past to the tip of a cone, the limit of infinite virtuals contracted to a point compelling its weight to a future. Here, we meet with recollections that glance both ways, Janus-like.

Endure: in a virtual gesture we are present with the actualizations of future grays/greys that are merely specimens along an endless series of iterations. Interrupted and laid aside, lurching on their sides, we can look into their plane of consistency. We actually do see what insists in the potential future that is based on the pasts of futures somehow gone wrong — multiple indeterminate branching variations of incompatible reproductions of tone, texture, event. Turn around in the extended sphincter of the tightly conjoined cones and we examine slivers of the past — from our lovingly suspended internal to the past location: what do we do here sitting next to each other in Alice's spatium, crushed against the descending ceiling — we contract specific coordinates of the past into the present as image events. Non-directional flows and fluxes inhabited by intensities of affect — amalgamates of solidified duration — they fashion an intensity through which we hurtle to the melancholia of a pure past.

Retain: space solidifies as time and is brought to a point, while time relaxes and becomes spatialized in the image: a temporal space of bi-directional becomings opens up in the apprehension between past weighty givens and future light compossibles in Geneva, somewhere.

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A version of this text first appeared as a review of Pirecki's 2013 exhibition at Supplement Gallery in London, published on the *This is Tomorrow* website.

The italicised paragraphs (the *images*) were not present in this review, and have been put back in for this publication. The text has been slightly edited and expanded.

Image one:

I am sitting at my desk, and the desk is lit by the screen of the computer. The room's lights are not switched on, and the sky is very grey. Soon (in an hour or so) I will visit the gallery to see the exhibition Image Persistence. Time is a parabola, and light exists in a spectrum. During the opening of the exhibition the gallery was very warm, and the smell of paint (the smell of the matter of the work itself, the work that holds and frames the other works) was pleasantly suspended in the air. Philomene's treatment of the room, and the fluorescent lights that hold the room (in fact, two rooms) together, had the effect of causing a 'zone' to exist. I suppose I mean 'zone' in the Tarkovsky sense, or rather the sense of 'the zone' that Geoff Dyer proposes in the book Zona. In this book Dyer makes a rather quixotic attempt to summarise the film Stalker, and in doing so summarises the many times he has seen the film, in many cinemas. The book's subtitle is 'a book about a film about a journey to a room'. This is a reasonable place to start.

Philomene Pirecki's exhibition *Image Persistence* at Supplement Gallery seems to propose a paradox: that stasis is durational, and that duration is static.

Her works open out into series of iterations that flee from their source whilst keeping it somewhere in view; in parallax or in their peripheral vision.

Image six:

Reading this text back, at a distance of some months, I'm struck by how I was trying to squeeze an essay into an exhibition review. Now, with the chance to use the text again in a new context, and alongside the work of another artist (Steve Bishop), it opens out again. Descriptions of the specific works and their arrangement at Supplement Gallery remain, and it will be interesting to see how they might reflect, in protospect, on the work to be shown at Truth and Consequences. In any case, these kinds of contractions and expansions are in keeping with

Pirecki's work. Computer programs such as Photoshop use metaphorical tools such as slide-rules to measure adjustments to images, and Pirecki's work seems to do something similar to real time and real space. This is what, in the final paragraph of the text, I referred to as a kind of 'telescopy'. But you, the reader, will get to that in due course.

This exhibition represents examples of a number of Pirecki's ongoing series of photographic and painted works, which are themselves set amongst another pair of works. These are the wall-based installations entitled *White Wall, artist's studio* (11: 22, 11: 22, *fluorescent light, 6-8-13*) and *White Wall, Supplement Gallery* (13: 40, 13: 25, *daylight, 7-9-13*). Each of these walls reiterate, in paint as well as printed posters, photographic 'readings' of the works' titular white walls. In this method (one that Pirecki uses in an ongoing set of works) the colour that the camera offers as 'white' is used to originate a custom-mixed emulsion paint, which is then applied to the gallery wall. One might say, then, that a 'certain uncertainty' of a past moment is placed into a relatively stable present. The way these walls face each other in the present exhibition makes evident the manner in which Pirecki's work spans rather than separates the studio and the gallery, and attends to all that is present and absent between the two.

Metaphorically speaking, the employment of these works as an environment in which other works exist dramatizes the way a given work is 'set' within a practice, and the way a work can be read as a moment within a practice rather than as a representation of it. This is a quietly radical sensibility to foreground at a cultural moment in which the self is so subject to performance in the space we call 'the art world'.

Image four:

Philomene defines this 'position' more in terms of an artist's agency within the zone of their own archive.

In a more local sense this exhibition is also a subtle staging of the gallery's own biography, being the first exhibition to take place in its new location. Pirecki had contributed an earlier *White Wall* to a group exhibition (*Casting Glances*

in *All Directions*, 2012) at the gallery's previous site. The current exhibition therefore places an invisible hinge between then and now, just as the *White Wall* works place an invisible hinge within themselves: the moment between a wall being photographed and a wall being painted in echo of the photograph. There is a complex cascade of visual interpretations between these moments, but in connecting them the work acts as a institutional light meter operated with great site-sensitivity. Pirecki's works, within and without their material beauty, seem to suggest ideas such as these by presenting the viewer with a inverted depth of field. The most 'material' work in the show, the *White Wall* pieces, are solid, physical representations of a past moment that is decidedly immaterial, and that only existed as a thought in the (happily) flawed consciousness of the camera. However, the most 'immaterial' works in this exhibition (examples of the *Image Persistence* series) are those that take the form of more recognizably certain art objects. These works are immaterial in the sense that they are iterating systems of appearance that relate to other works of her own, namely paintings that are no longer in her possession. The paintings, which appear within these photographic works, are nonetheless ongoing and persistent artefacts. Furthermore, they are artefacts that are deeply ongoing, in that they exist not only 'somewhere' (in a studio or a collection) but are made re-present, albeit in varying degrees of proximity, with each iteration of the work. They are also placed amongst fields of other image material and physical material, in this instance displayed as colour duraclear layers that sit upon each other in translucence. A distant, echoing analogy might be made in this regard to philosophical work such as Heidegger's *Parmenedes*, in which a dual retrieval is attempted: of the concept of truth, and of a poetry that survives only in fragments. The reader of that text is presented with 'fields of withdrawing concealment', where the act, space and nature of disclosure is made apparent. The 'showing' that is enacted by Pirecki's exhibition takes place in this spirit; it is a suspended act as well as this act's resulting display.

Image five:

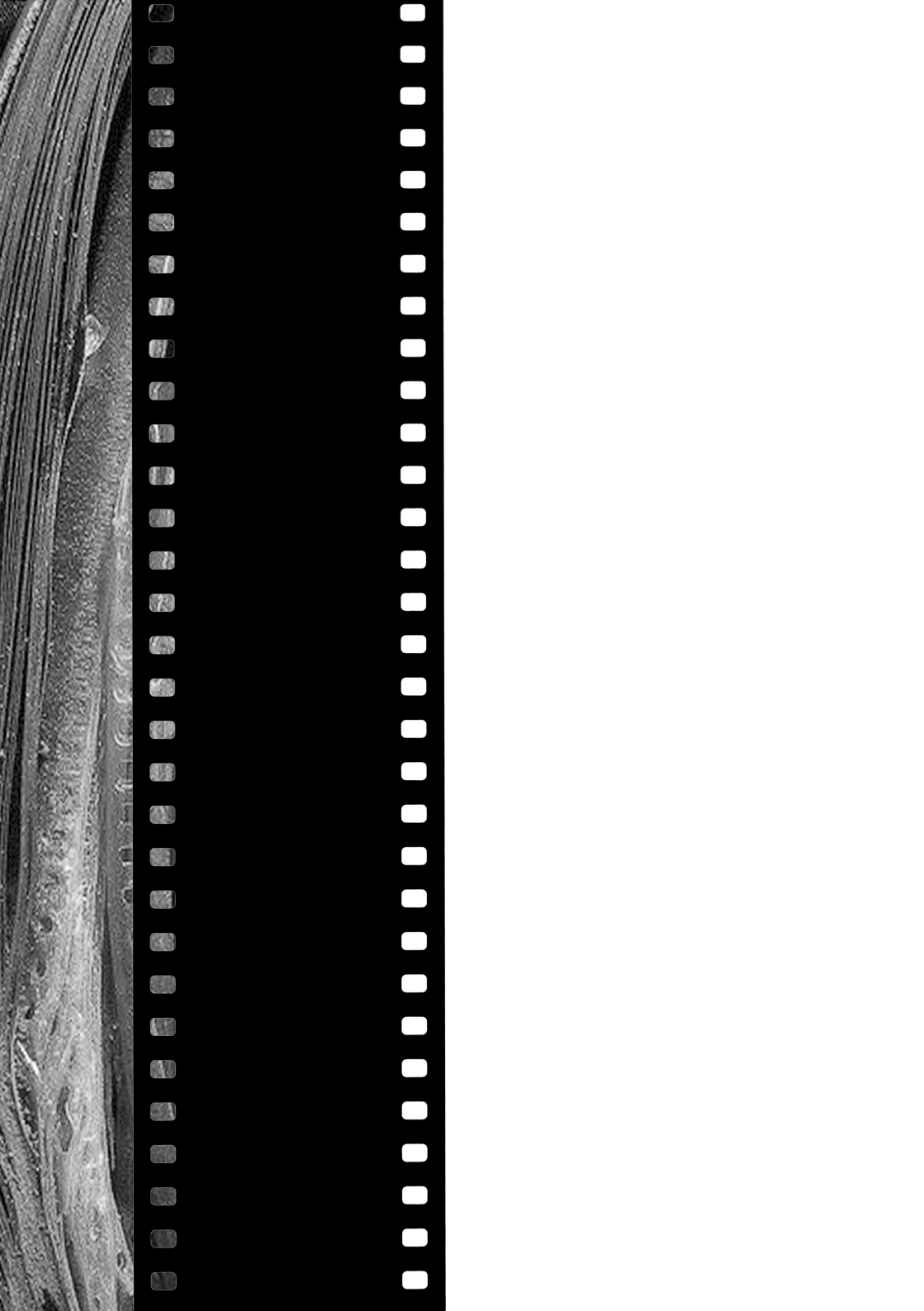
Now that this review is written, and has been read by at least a few people, its thoughts are also suspended, somewhere at least. The exhibition's paint is surely dry by now, and it will at some point be painted over. It will no longer smell of wet paint, as it will be dry, and dry paint is no longer called paint. It's usually called 'the wall', along with the structure it has dried upon. I'm writing this final

interstitial note at the same desk I mention in my first note, after having written the words that follow these words. There is, in the entire house, the smell of burnt cumin.

The opening thoughts of this review used the word static in the sense of ‘without movement’, but in all the idea-chains that the exhibition iterates there is also the other kind of static — the suggestive paradox of the ‘stationary charge’. Molecules fizz and flutter, but remain contained. This is perhaps an apt metaphor for the passages of time and site that Pirecki’s work opens and closes as if by telescopy. The term ‘series’ (a term that must be carefully qualified in relation to this work) has its roots in concepts like that of an ‘idea-chain’; to things connected in row, without a specified beginning and end.

I am now at the gallery, which looks very different to the way it did during the opening evening. There were a great deal of people there, of course, but the light was also different. It is still rather warm.





Steve Bishop
I See Them, Do You? 2014
video still from installation



La confusion du sentiment de soi et la perte de singularité — du fait d'un décalage de plus en plus grand entre les "habitats" physiques et numériques — sont à l'origine d'un manque profond ; d'une absence de sensibilité, voire de réalité. Cette absence nous mène dans une quête d'"autre chose" : au delà de l'instant, du moment présent — de soi, ici et là. En réponse à cette confusion, ainsi qu' à la présence continue et constante de notre avatar dans des espaces numériques saturés, le désir d'intimité nous pousse curieusement vers des espaces dénués d'autrui ; on cherche l'abandon dans l'anonymat. On désire le Neutre, le retrait, le flottement... une légèreté existentielle et politique dénuée de signification *per se*. On veut être ; se construire pour soi, à partir de rien — comme si *rien* existait.

"Les chiens ne communiquent pas, ils communient."

Jean-Luc Godard, 2014

La disparition du chien, c'est bien la perte du sens de l'"autre". Sans sujet, l'image tout comme le langage ne sont que communication virale. Il n'y a point d'oppression, et encore une fois, point de victime. Communier est alors le choix que l'on fait de se retirer de cette "économie de l'imagerie". De par la décision, ce retrait est l'affirmation de notre subjectivité ; c'est un acte de création.

Je réfléchis à comment redonner vie au chien...

Julia Marchand

Julia Marchand

I would like to start with by asking you the names of the artists that have recently be a source of inspiration, an imagined ally, or someone you would like to be exhibited with?

Philomene Pirecki

On three different dates, three different artists

(26/6/14) Michael Asher

(27/6/14) Joelle Tuerlinckx

(28/6/14) Félix González-Torres

Steve Bishop

I've been really inspired by Mike Kelly and Robert Gober recently for the emotional weight that their work has, and for their use of visual metaphor. Not really Gober for how is work physically exists, or in its making, but more so what it is about and the imagery.

JM

You both have every different practice, but with each of you, the photographic image plays an important role within the structure or mixed-media installation there are integrated to. What is your relationship with the image, that have been described once as an active surface or a repressed memory? (to recall our previous conversations).

SB

I feel inclined to use photography for its connection to a place and time. The act of photographing is inherently about the past and I'm interested in that being an inescapable reality. The moment has always gone. You end up remembering occasions through the photographs that you took and perhaps because I have a bad memory that is of particular interest to me. I have been printing images at the sort of 5x4" or 6x5" sizes as it evokes that feeling of getting your photos back from the developers, like looking at holiday photos when we used to print our photos and knowing that it happened.

PP

The *Reflecting* works originate from an initial photograph that I re-photograph before it leaves my studio to be exhibited. This reproduction of the photograph, which may include reflections of the light and surrounding space, becomes the new generation to

Philomene Pirecki

Steve Bishop

be exhibited. At the end of the exhibition, the photograph on display is re-photographed in situ and this reproduction becomes the new generation to be exhibited elsewhere or returned to my studio.

Each new generation of the photograph has the potential to continue this process, making visible the past through the accumulation of embedded photographic images and also the present, on its reflective surface. As each new generation of the image is formed, parts of previous images unpredictably persist over time or are supplanted by new ones, a visual analogue to memory. They also address how preceding work supports another in some way, as a generative material, both conceptually and materially.

JM

Your work is rife with temporal complexities. While Steve is more dealing with a sense of loss, a melancholic attitude towards events and things, Philomene's work opens to a world of becoming: It is about the image to come, that can always take unexpected appearances depending on the time and space it temporally inhabits, and reflects. Metaphorically speaking, the forwardness does not preclude a return to the past to create novelty (i. e. photographing a past installation as a basis of a new work - in Miart 2014). In sum, 'open past' for Steve and 'open future' for Philomene...

PP

The *Reflecting* photos are an ongoing series which will potentially unfold over a lifetime. In part it's an attempt to make work that can adapt in some way to the time that it's in, even though each photograph is a discrete work made in it's own particular time. I sometimes revisit and reuse previous work, for instance rejected work that I reconfigure into small plinth or shelf like supports for other work, or there are various *Grey Paintings* that have been painted over, sometimes more than once. So even though they are numbered sequentially, the most recent being *Grey Painting: Text Version 51*, there aren't actually 51 that exist anymore. It's important to me to have that flexibility to go back as well as forward.



JM

How does the spatial and temporal givens of a space enter your thinking when producing new works for an exhibition?

PP

This depends on the work, it can be a direct or oblique use of the space. The *White Wall* at Truth and Consequences will be a large photographic vinyl of an image of an earlier *White Wall* installed at Supplement gallery in London in September 2013. It's based on two photos of empty sections of wall in my studio. These were used to generate 'notional white' colours. The initial photos are printed in colour, taken to a hardware shop where the printouts are scanned by a paint mixer machine, which produces custom-made emulsion paint colours. These are then painted over the white wall. So they're representations of the varied and nuanced perception of white, as seen in a particular place and moment, mediated by different modes of visual translation. In *Reflecting*, and other work such as *Agents* (carbon copy drawings mailed or carried to and from exhibitions), the work is generated by and on the occasion of exhibitions, in both the private space of the studio and the more public space of the gallery. The marks in the *Agent* drawings are formed through the handling of the work during transit, installation and storage.

I've made a new sound work for the show using my sampled heartbeats in different states of rest or exertion. It will be housed inside the gallery storage wall which will function like a resonating cavity. There won't be any work installed on the outside of the wall, so I'm hoping that when people visit the show they'll stand with their back near or against the wall and they will feel the visceral changing tempo of the bass through the body of the gallery.

SB

It's good to make a connection between a place and the work that is in it, because there should be some relevance to doing something somewhere at a certain time. Sometimes it just results in practical reasons, sometimes it can inform ideas and sometimes it's site specific and only can exist in that situation. In the case of Truth and Consequences I was struck by there being this permanent bench by the window. So I wanted to make a counterpart to it and really necessitate the bench to be there so you can sit and watch the film. Also I know Paul-Aymar likes to keep the power on in the gallery so I wanted to make something that could also be seen through the window when the gallery was closed.

JM

Steve, I am very interested in how the loneliness - contained in your images, conveyed by the installation (i. e. An Escalator Can Never Break It Can Only Become Stairs) and of the imagined viewer - seems to be a condition for the experience of your works. Could you discuss this idea of a compromised collective experience that transpires in your practice? I am referring here to the grey pencil that had the title on it A Shared Vision is No Vision at All (2013)?

SB

I have been thinking about showing work that is engaged by the viewer in a 'one person at a time' kind of way or having the works split up so they are individually accessed apart from each other, even if they are in residing within the same structure as a 'unit' (thinking of sleeping photos in amongst the boxes or the video in the wall, which had a poster on the outside, and another work hung on the other side). Perhaps I am doing this because it is an active form of viewing that makes the viewer aware of themselves, of their own subjectivity that is present when they are reading a work; squeezing down a corridor to see a video or having to go up close to each small photo because you can't see them at a distance or together. But also the subject of the work is very solitary in many ways and I think it lends itself to having personal interaction with it. So it is your experience of the artwork that matters in the end. That is what I meant by that phrase *A Shared Vision Is No Vision at All*.

Tom Morton

"[...]"

Dear Steve and Philomene

Please excuse this long poem/statement - I don't know how I would answer this if I was in your position, but here's a question/offering nonetheless....

Where are we when we are standing in front of these works? Or where are you? In these both your installations I get the sense that we are in a shadowland, a post moment. The light has vanished, the dog has bolted, but we're still hanging around thinking about them, or chasing them. It's the elsewhere that is summoned in both of your installations.

I saw this excerpt from a Stéphane Mallarmé poem 'Le Cygne' (The Swan) in Anne Carson's 'The Albertine Workout' this week, and it comes to mind looking at these two pieces. The poem is about a magnificent swan stuck in the ice having failed to migrate when he should have....

a swan of olden times remembers
that it is he:
the one
magnificent but
without hope setting himself free
for he failed to sing
of a region for living
when barren winter
burned all around him with ennui

I'm thinking about this swan, then, which is not where it should be, but which still provides us with this beautiful, somewhat nasty image. The white caught in your photographs Philomene, or Steve the dog, the teenagers hanging around the empty buildings, or even the public space - it's architecture hangs around but everything around it has gone.


Laura McLean-Ferris





"It's not on the map..."

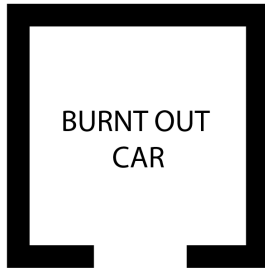
He felt a wave of relief, floating in the wake of the moment. The distance expanding, residual energy giving way to the open ocean of awkward silence. The starkness was electric. Overbearingly tense in the anticipation of some sound breaking the air.

He  around from the spot where they sat. Overarching and stretching his neck; vying to see and evaluate the surroundings. It was an intersection.

He kept looking as if to give the impression to his younger companion that experience meant that one should fully consider what was in front of them. It was still an intersection.

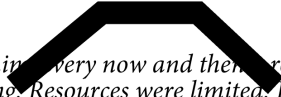
He thought about the machinery ground to a halt. The cross road standing still. Dumb traffic lights that weren't lit. Monuments to what, no one remembered.

GATE HOUSE? GARAGE?





The man turned and watched his young companion disappear around the corner. Slowly, he set off himself. His mind wasn't on the task, wasn't engaged. He didn't really have the strength to follow protocol or the conviction to not. Ambivalence crippled his will. What was the point? His being able to hand in a report seemed unlikely. And then would anyone read it? There were far more important things to be finding, and he certainly hadn't found anything worth shouting about.



His feet crunched the soft matt dust under him. Very now and then a rock or something would force him to find his footing. Resources were limited. He had to be sure before he came back to tell the others.

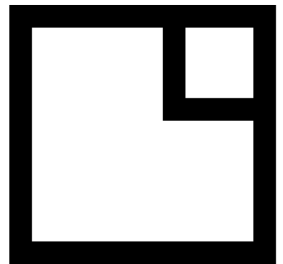


Turning the corner, he found an exposed part of the wall, cracked or broken, a truck half embedded in the wall. It hadn't rusted, which told him it must have happened at some point after. For there was a definitive sign for telling the time here as the weather systems had hailed and tormented relentlessly, everything they had until it just ran out, and there was no more weather left. Now things didn't age, exposed to the elements, the dry still air kept things as they were. Footprints remained in their place. They could have been here since a millennia or last week or seconds since the foot walked on. It was hard to tell.

I SEE THEM, DO YOU?



CLEARING
(HANGAR?)





He walked up to the truck door, it's window broken, glass littering the seat, peering in, nothing of interest. No bodies.

“What was it like?”

What was it like? Images went by in his mind, too high and too quick to latch onto. One came into view before another drifted quickly in front of it, slow enough to recognise each thought but fleeting none the less. Speech remained firmly on the tip of his tongue. The young man waiting quickly, then remained just waiting. And soon nothing was said at all.

HOLE IN GROUND



CONSEQUENCE
1

*As a result of a previous text, the original twin of this text, I have been asked to write something to accompany an exhibition of the work of Philomene Pirecki and Steve Bishop. It occurs to me that I don't know what this exhibition will be called, and that I would like to know. I should ask. For the moment, I shall borrow the name of the gallery as a little cell of language to invert and find space within. The previous text was about Pirecki's work, and this text will be about Bishop's. The previous text was called *The Persistence of Image*. It began as a review of Pirecki's exhibition *Image Persistence*, at Supplement Gallery in London. But you, the reader of this text, will have read that text by now. It is some months after that text was written, and after the exhibition it described. Its thoughts have faded somewhat from my mind, although certain of its images persist. I am, in any case, revisiting its structure if not its contents. I've just returned from Paris, where I met the curator of the present exhibition, and made a few notes during the meeting. The notes are as follows:*

Julia

Time

Steve Bishop

Real-time in the studio

Kiosk!

They are an inconclusive beginning. I'm sitting at my desk, which has only just been reconfigured after being used as a film set. This is another story. In a couple of hours I will visit Bishop's studio, and see some of the works being made; see them in their place of manufacture.

A striking thing, when considering the somewhat elusive work of Steve Bishop, is that it is inconsistent in its appearance. Different works look different to other works. This is something that is surprisingly rare to come across, at least in the cultural micro-climate in which he and his works inhabit. Where is the stylistic watermark that guarantees 'something' to commercial buyers, or guarantees some other 'something' to curators seeking illustrations of a thesis? The works have a light visual presence, and are composed of pleasantly odd materials. The catalogue information regarding these materials forms linguistically attractive lists. 'Bitumen on polythene taped to melamine faced chipboard', 'Shirt,

metal alloy', 'Removed MDF', 'C-print squashed in frame', 'Listerine 'Arctic Mint', stainless steel', 'Table and chairs, non woven fabric', and so on. These are all obtuse poems, seen from one perspective. They are like ship's manifests resulting from the acquisition of perplexing cargoes.

CONSEQUENCE
2

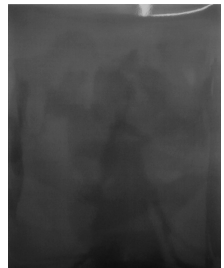
Bearing in mind that I'm writing this before visiting Bishop's studio, and before seeing the works and materials operating in space, it seems reasonable to consider this manifestation-in-language for a moment. Of course, I've seen his work in space before, in exhibitions. When doing so I was very struck by the objects, and by the consideration given to spaces and, at times, the architectural space of the gallery. I now have the feeling that this distracted me from the language present in the work, and I'm puzzled as to what this language is. Is it the cargo, the freight, or is it the vehicle carrying the cargo?

These verbal manifests have a counterpart that forms quite another linguistic field — the works' titles. These titles are often phrases, occasionally centrally divided by a comma, and often seeming to resemble spoken phrases. That is to say, phrases that have a voice. *On The Crest Of A Slump, If Everything Has a Place, Then Place Too Has a Place, An Escalator Can Never Break, It Can Only Become Stairs, A Shared Vision Is No Vision At All, When The Lights Go Out You Keep Moving*, and so on. The most recent of these (the title of an exhibition held at Supportico, Berlin), *It's Easier To Love Your Song Than It Is To Love You*, deflates any sense that these titles might be language that aspires to abstraction. It remains mysterious, but it has the quality of frankness.

CONSEQUENCE
4

In the studio, Bishop points out that the phrases that form his titles are not titular in character.

Frankness is a consequence of truth. "Let me be frank". This phrase is usually meant to indicate a conversation's move into a more rational register, but these frank phrases seem to open up an emotional space of some sort. The voice is quietly persistent, rather like the sparse phrases of Don DeLillo's short novel *The Body Artist*, in which a performance artist is gently haunted by a



ghostly boy whose language has been learned from tape recordings of her deceased husband. The novel is pared down to small cells of enquiry and conclusion. ‘Coming and going I am leaving’, ‘And I will go or not or never’, ‘When birds look into houses, what impossible worlds they see’, and so on. These phrases are both concise and open, and they surround a protagonist negotiating, observing and performing the matrix of her self, her thoughts, her objects and her spaces.

I think about this in relation to Bishop’s work — language as a delicate interface between the manual and the haptic on the one hand, and the viewer’s reception of the work on the other.

CONSEQUENCE
3

*I really must leave my desk now, and see the new objects for myself.
It’s one thing to be led by language, but quite another to be led away by
language, to be led away from objects and their interactions.*

Sitting in Bishop’s studio, I’m facing a structure that is, more or less, a life-size model of what the work to be installed at Truth and Consequences will be. There is an image pinned to the wall, representing the front window of the gallery, and against the wall adjacent to this a number of boards form the partitions of small cubicles, or ‘cubby-holes’, as Bishop describes them. They are measured to resemble the cubicles of internet cafes. The boards are covered in some ephemeral materials that may well not be ephemeral, and might in fact be elements of work.

CONSEQUENCE
9

*Bishop has now read this text, and he has reconsidered the size and social
nature of the cubby-holes a little. He walked past an internet cafe, and
realised that his cubby-holes are rather bigger, a bit like reading desks at a
library. But, either way, he says that they are ‘about finding personal space
within a public space’, which makes perfect sense to me.*

There is a picture of a lost dog. This is verifiably an element of Bishop’s work. Photocopied playing cards — in fact, the backs of playing cards photocopied onto sticker-sheet cards, replicating the cascade of cards when a game of Solitaire is won. These will not be in the final work.

CONSEQUENCE
8

*In 1994 Microsoft commissioned Brian Eno to compose music for the
forthcoming Windows 1995 platform. Solitaire has been included with
Windows systems since 1990, however.*

A sentence: 'wine glasses always break because they're fragile and suddenly you're drunk' and 'im no good with faces', which reworks a previous title. A Black and Decker 'Workmate' bench, forming an ad hoc table. The boards might be printed with an image that would be cut, and partly jigsawed when the cubicles are assembled. Bishop says that he would like the 'eye to be searching' when seeing the structure, rather like in his previous works that fragment a massive image that can never quite be seen at once. And rather like the missing dog. It is lost, but a search is underway. At one end of the structure there will be a video. It will show a 'reading' of some disused buildings in the Mojave desert, a circuit around gratified walls. One shot of this video presumably shows the triangular tops of two sides of the buildings, like quasi Mesoamerican pyramids. Or, as Bishop points out, one would see the two open (empty) doors of these sides of buildings at once.

CONSEQUENCE

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I'm reminded of two films by Michelangelo Antonioni, Zabriskie Point and Blow Up. Zabriskie Point was filmed in the Mojave desert too, and of course it also contemplates those strange spaces in addition to recording its narrative. But Blow Up is set in London, very far from the Mojave desert. I saw it last week, a few hours after meeting the curator of the exhibition, in the Cinéma Filmothèque near the Sorbonne. The projection room was quite small, and the print of the film was quite scratched. In the course of the film many things happen for no apparent reason. At least, if one believed the story to be real, there would be no apparent reason. In reality one knows that everything that happens in the film was happening to Antonioni's design. He was a meticulous director, who had some of the grass in the film's park location painted green, to make it more like itself, or perhaps less so. In one scene the main character, played by David Hemmings, buys a large propellor because it is beautiful. In another, towards the end of the film, he attends a concert given by the Yardbirds, essentially standing in for the Who. Jeff Beck smashes his guitar on stage, and throws its neck into the audience. David Hemmings catches the guitar neck and escapes with it, pursued by fans. This feels like a claustrophobic, paranoid version of the antics dramatised in Richard Lester's Beatles films. When he reaches the street, he tosses the guitar neck away. A nearby man picks it up, looks at it, and then tosses it away himself.

In any case, Bishop's plan for the video's soundtrack is to use a short loop of his neighbour singing a gospel song. Which, along with the location for the video, and the gradually sifting collection of matter that all the work forms, reminds me of the constructive qualities of the album *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* by Brian Eno and David Byrne. The album's title sends my thoughts back to Bishop's work, however happenstance the relation between it and the album may be.

As I write, I'm still not quite sure what the exhibition will be called, but the curator informs me that at one moment a working title existed: *While it Was Running You Were Stroking Your Chin*. This certainly makes linguistic sense in regards to all of the material I'm presently looking at and reading, and rhymes in some way with Brian Eno's romantic declaration, on quite another album: 'I'll come running to tie your shoe'.

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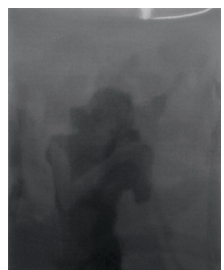
Bishop seeks an opinion on a selection of photographs that will also go to Switzerland, but for another purpose. He has made two wall-mounted 'frames' for pre-framed small photographs to be set into. These frame-structures are made of parts of a bed, a child's bed presumably, as the pieces of wood have some stickers and doodles on them. The choice of photographs is between some shots that closely resemble those of the video of the abandoned buildings in the desert, and another taken on the same trip. This photograph is of a folded up ladder-chair construction by the side of a swimming pool, with its blue tarpaulin cover on. The resulting object is strange and disguised, and resembles his work Sleep Image, from the exhibition in Berlin. This work was the one made of 'table and chairs, non woven fabric'. There seemed to be a point of ambiguity in our conversation as to whether it was quite right for new works to be codexes of older works. I couldn't help but feel that the 'kiosk' structure destined for this exhibition might function in this way, as a deliberately ad hoc space for the voices of previous works to haunt the present.

My first question to Bishop during the visit to his studio was about what it means, and what it feels like, to continually make work that does not resemble previous work. I have the impression that it's important for him to avoid repetition, and to avoid things that are overly definitive.

Things can be gently arranged into being what they are, perhaps. Seeing as a tangential comment is not out of place when considering a practice that pays attention to tangents, it may be worth noting that as an older man the actor David Hemmings directed the first two episodes of the television program *Quantum Leap*.

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Bishop shows me another element of what may or may not become a piece of work – a replica of a guitar neck used by the guitarist Steve Vai. The fret markings form an exploded diagram of a flat-topped Mesoamerican pyramid. This guitar neck remains latent in the studio, waiting to find an appropriate purpose. He speculates that it might exist like a Franz West work; to be held and used in some way rather than only looked at. To inhabit its user's hands.



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In the Wake

Steve Bishop & Philomene Pirecki

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