allsopp&weir

SOME TIME REPEATING AN EMBARRASSED WORD

Opening Thursday 10th May, 6.30pm

12pm-6pm until Wednesday 16th May

Performance Sunday 13th May, 7pm

Studio 1.1 Gallery
57a Redchurch Street
London
E2 7DJ

a stage for the passers-by to inhabit. A group of women rearranges itself, to re-enact an old script, to capture both the police as part of the stage, of the reorganization of an architecture, and the public as the actors of a performance. The old script, a street protest, a bucket of dirty water thrown on the pavement after mopping, is repeated, and in this repetition there are no spectators left.

Some time…
a bunch of women talking on the street, words addressed, to capture a group of involuntary actors. A bunch of women talking across balconies, words addressed to the void: as the actors of a play in which, through a small shift in the arrangement of the stage, I am captured, and everything differs remaining as such, the balconies, the emptied bucket, my open window, the streets of La Paz, shouts and crying, a police car, lost words and empty breaths, the warm air of a summer day exhaling from their bodies.

PAOLO PLOTEGHER

Paolo Plotegher is a writer and curator based in London. He is currently completing his PhDin the Visual Cultures Department at Goldsmiths College.

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Studio 1.1 Gallery
will be open from 12pm—6pm from
Friday 11th—Wednesday 16th May

Studio 1.1 Gallery
57a Redchurch Street
London E2 7DJ

www.studio1-1.co.uk
www.allsoppandweir.com

[redacted]

…in demselben Fluss/badet nie zum zweitemal…
In an uninflected drawl set against impassive repeated shots of a de-faced (and re-faced) billboard demonstrably in Spain, Gertrude Stein's cubistic text refracts meaning. Heard through headphones it emphasizes the uneasy independence of sound and image. This likewise asserts something that ought to have been clear all the time, i.e. that Stein's work while in no way conventionally 'cinematic' nevertheless in the materialist sense has a durational aspect that parallels film. Words are no longer vehicles for narrative but parts of a mise en scene that the camera makes events of in passing. Each time we revisit them they are new: the re-capitulation of the theme differs radically from its original statement precisely because of its position in time - the sonata form. **allsopp&weir** organise a film around her words, while she mesmerizes us with her syntactical invention.

Temps mort
With Stein they multiply meaning, whereas in the live pieces they sabotage it. Here a performer struggles against unreasonably powerful forces: Schoenberg's atonality (as yet awaiting the organising principles of serialism), and the re-structured inconsequentiality of the dismantled revolutionary text. The disjunction is the performance. Text has broken away from its setting. Incoherence is all we can comprehend. 'The focal collapse of (Artaud's) soul' becomes in **allsopp&weir** an imposed aphasia, false-footing communication. Breath made word exhausts itself. The phrasebook's fractured narrative outruns the non-native speaker, on his one-way journey from hotel room to hospital. They struggle with a language they cannot command in work in which everything is put into question. The allegory here?

… wir erinnern uns nicht…

STUDIO1.1

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SOME TIME REPEATING AN EMBARRASSED WORD

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allsopp&weir at Studio 1.1 Gallery

Curated in collaboration with
Ellen Mara De Wachter

OPENING THURSDAY 10TH MAY 6.30pm
UNTIL WEDNESDAY 16TH MAY

PERFORMANCE OF *INDEFINITE ARTICLES,*
SUNDAY 13TH MAY 7pm

[redacted]

Studio 1.1 Gallery presents **allsopp&weir**'s first solo exhibition in London. The exhibition includes new video, sound and performance work, shown together for the first time. From the ruins of language, the artists present inadequate means: fragments, allusions and strivings, which are impelled to absurd speeds and thresholds through a logic of repetitive cruelty.

The video *Some Time Repeating (Fascists, Thieves, Traitors)* (2006), is structured around shots of a ruined sign in an otherwise empty landscape. Its soundtrack, spoken by Gertrude Stein, alludes to the potential ordering of history and human behaviour through repetition.

…And While We Were on Air (2005) edits together all of the breaths from two months of BBC news broadcasts. Newsreaders hyperventilate, on the verge of speech, cursed to endlessly repeat the interstitial gasps of their daily performances.

A new sound piece repeats the words of its title, *Whenever I Stop to Breathe In*, until it becomes impossible for the exhausted voice to continue.

Machine #1 (2007). Part of a new series developing an idea of language machines, it draws on previous work dealing with language learning processes. In *Machine #1*, a voice emanating from or being interrogated by a pulsing, jittery light, drifts in and out of sense, caught in an anxious, stuttering process of subjectification.

Indefinite Articles (2006) is a live operatic performance of indefinite fragments from *The Communist Manifesto* sung to the soprano part of Schoenberg's Erwartung (1909). The singer's voice shifts between the organising meter of a past performance, the now of the slogans, and the stretch into an uncertain future.

BIO
allsopp&weir are Paul Allsopp and Andy Weir. Education: MFA Fine Art, Goldsmiths College, London, 2007; MA Contemporary Art Theory, Goldsmiths College, London, 2003

RECENT EXHIBITIONS INCLUDE
2007 '*It's Just Bread*', Alma Enterprises, London, '*Video Art London*', Tokyo Wondersite, Tokyo; '*Gold*', Forum Stadtpark, Graz, Austria.
2006 '*First Sudden Gone The One First Sudden Back*', Project 133, London; '*Arsenal: Artists Exploring The Potential Of Sound As A Weapon*', Alma Enterprises, London; '*Amberg & Marti Gallery Showroom*', Art 37 Basel; George Polke, London; Galeria Carmen de la Calle, Madrid; '*The Sweetest Dream*', SPACE, London; '*Re-union*', Croatia, Serbia.
2005 '*London in Six Easy Steps*' at the ICA, London; '*The Artist with Two Brains*', MOT off-site project, Birmingham; '*Pilot: International Art Forum*', London; '*Loop Video Art Fair*', Barcelona; '*Immediate*', SITE Gallery, Sheffield; NBK, Berlin.

Forthcoming solo exhibitions include
The Permanent Gallery, Brighton.

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Rhythm, then, is the basis of life. The heartbeat and the fine measure out our days and nights, repeated feats of unconscious endurance. A word or phrase repeated ad infinitum, ad absurdum, ad nauseam until the fine thread – a brittle hair tying a word to its meaning – unravels finally to the ordered logic of language and the thread becomes a threat. A threat understanding, inescapable, even with the fastest running, talking, repeating.

So the anxiety of misunderstanding is not dispelled by faster talking, plugging silences and gaps and gasps with talking (a finger in the dam). The superstition of order and dilapidated lists as the antidote to confusion is a false comfort. Rhythm, then, is the basis of life, but rhythm is a flow, swirling round obstacles, sometimes crashing into them, wrecking meaning and behaviour.

Repetition is the essence of ritual as it is the essence of learning. Delivered in Gertrude Stein's lulling intonation, it becomes the essence of life, of man's lived trilogy, 'when he's a young man, when he's an old man, when he's an older man'. Her syntactical variations, the recurring 'then' of her speech, a beat, a mantric marker, stake out the different but essentially equivalent elements of father and son, of cruelty and nobility, embodied in a dilapidated sign in a field in Spain, which recalls Fascists, traitors, thieves'.

Stein's little description of something that happened once' tells the story of a young boy fascinated with butterflies and beetles, convinced by his father that 'killing things to make collections of them' is wrong. But the noble hour is a short one, and the little son is betrayed the very next morning, by his father's own inability to resist the exquisite cruelty of trapping, killing and pinning a wonderfully beautiful moth.

And functional rules join with ritual and repetition as necessary components of learning. But malfunctioning is what defines a body, so the disjunction between rules and repetition widens and narrows according to a body's ability to grasp the father's words, according to the father's ability to embody the rules.

ELLEN MARA DE WACHTER

The City and an Art Practice.
There is a causal connection between the city and creativity, just as there is between capitalism and expression. One name for this connection is modernism. And, the bigger the city - generally - the more expression, not least because a very large city lets things slip through, allows dissent - almost as its own internal working logic. Smaller cities - towns - tend to have top-down, often left wing city 'councils' that zone the city, strictle the space (you can drink/dance here, but not here, this place (always the centre of attention) is for shopping, this place for eating/sleeping…this is where you will go to die…). But for larger cities space is smooth - there is a certain freedom, at least on a certain level; creativity if not always actively encouraged is at least tolerated (and this smooth space is at once global and local, the result of ever expanding markets and new technologies (world-wide organisation in general), as well as 'counterattack' to the latter, strategies that combine the smooth with what Deleuze and Guattari call 'holey' space (Deleuze and Guattari 1988, 481)). Of course, it's not quite as simple as this: the same cities also produce object deprivation - and stultifying alienation - as well as what Georg Simmel once called blank'ness that arises simply from the speed and stimulus of the city, as well as from the 'blunting of discrimination' produced by the 'money economy' (Simmel 1992, 132). Nevertheless, cities are, and always have been, a space of possibility - a place of expression. Cities are a plane of immanence; a scene of events. And a celebrate - affirm - this immanence, to really ask the question (and act on it), what am I capable of doing? What am I capable of becoming? means to be involved in an art practice that is in part determined by the city - an expanded art practice in which life is also the work in progress. The Surrealists and Situationists knew this (and the dandys and flaneurs before them). This is the creative practice of everyday life, the making of one's life into an aesthetic project, the 'use' of the city in new, and specifically unsanctioned ways. It is in this sense that it is never a question of rejecting modernity, of turning away from the city - of putting the brakes on as it were, of a 'withdrawal from the world market', but, as Deleuze and Guattari once remarked - following Nietzsche - of proceeding in exactly the opposite direction, that is to say plugging into Capital's logics of invention and innovation, the point in fact is precisely 'to accelerate the process' Deleuze and Guattari 1983, 239). We need more experimentation - and not the endless proliferation of controls and restraints we see on the latter (indeed, how else are we to slide step those subjectivities already prescribed to us?). As far as this goes, and as Deleuze and Guattari again remark, 'the truth is we haven't seen anything yet' (Deleuze and Guattari 1983, 240). An expanded art practice will involve the creative use of different spaces of the city (for example, the small artist-run initiatives/spaces that increasingly colonise the east end, or in the psychogeography that still continues in London today) - but also the deployment of different times. A utilisation of any pasts that have been passed by: the utilisation of different futures, of possibilities yet-to-come. And then also a different temporality. A performance, for example, is an event, a moving away from prescribed work/leisure linear time (and the attendant hang ups about the past – and anxieties about the future). A performance also involves the movement of our complex, perhaps altered, bodies within the larger city-body (that is to say, following Spinoza, the constitution of a new body). Within such a performance mistakes - glitches - will be embraced as an opening that allows for the contingent to arise, and for that which is truly singular to emerge (is this not after all what art has always been?). We will always stutter and stammer the dominant - shriek like animals at precisely that point when meaning is demanded. A practice for the city and its future inhabitants then. If you are looking for anything to understand, you will not find it here…

DR SIMON O'SULLIVAN

Dr. Simon O'Sullivan is a lecturer in the Visual Cultures Department at Goldsmiths College. He is the author of Art Encounters Deleuze and Guattari: Thought Beyond Representation (2006). He is the Joint author with David Burrows of the Plastique Fantastique project

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Some time…
some words are coming into my room, the window is open, a high window, open onto a balcony, like a large interruption on the wall. Opened on the suspended space of a balcony: outside my room, racing the void, and yet still part of the house, of this huge housing block. It's warm, the window is open, I'm writing, and whilst writing words are coming into my room, from different directions, from other balconies. A conversation across balconies, a bunch of housewives chatting from a balcony to another. My bored neighbours, I almost hear them. A group of women talking, some words are coming into my room… "Maria, sei tornata dalla Calabria?" "Sì, it hi portato il salame che ti piace tanto…" Whatever conversation, talking across balconies, a bunch of housewives exchanging recipes, lamenting backaches… it is as if the script has been written already, it's always the same script, written somewhere else, everywhere else. But now the voices come from different balconies, voices facing the void, coming as a murmur into my room, towards the open, already dispersed before their own beginnings, who is speaking… what is said… The stage is reassembled: the balconies, projecting appendices, serve a different use, like platforms for words to be uttered, per dare aria alla bocca, for the mouth to "give air", to give breath to the air of a summer day in a small town in Italy, in a square in La Paz, a bunch of women re-enacts a different script, Maria holds a child on her shoulder whilst throwing a bucket full of blood onto the ground, it it wasn't for the red colour it could be taken for a bucket of soaped, warm water, thrown to wash the pavement in front of a bar. Maria is shouting, it is difficult to understand her words, she is talking about people being murdered. As part of the stage, a group of policemen is watching the scene, ready to intervene. There is another woman acting as part of the stage, a middle age woman, wearing a round-neck fur, and a heavy makeup. She is addressing both Maria and the bystanders, blaming Maria for her ridiculous acts. There is a crowd of people around Maria and the police, the crowd of the spectators. They are the actors. Maria, the police, the Bourgeois Lady, are just part of the stage,