

A quarterly programme of exhibitions at the Contemporary Art Society's home at 59 Central Street showcasing the work of artists drawn from our Artist Membership as well as guest artists selected by curators from our wider membership. PROJECTS complements the mission of the Contemporary Art Society to bring the work of new artists to a wider audience.

## PROJECT 02: *Verging on the Absurd*

5 April — 28 June 2013

*Verging on the Absurd* is a playful exhibition of video, photography, sculpture and painting. Examining the use of the absurd and surreal in contemporary art, the exhibition presents works by artists **Pil & Galia Kollektiv**, **Suzanne Mooney**, **Francesco Pedraglio**, **Heather Phillipson** and **Samara Scott**. These artists make works that disrupt our understanding and perception of an object, image or text to give rise to new readings and associations, interfering with our desire to make sense of something and find completeness. Each does this in a different way: by unsettling the viewer through the uncanny use of one material in the place of another, fracturing an image from its original context or making new combinations or juxtapositions of material and concept.

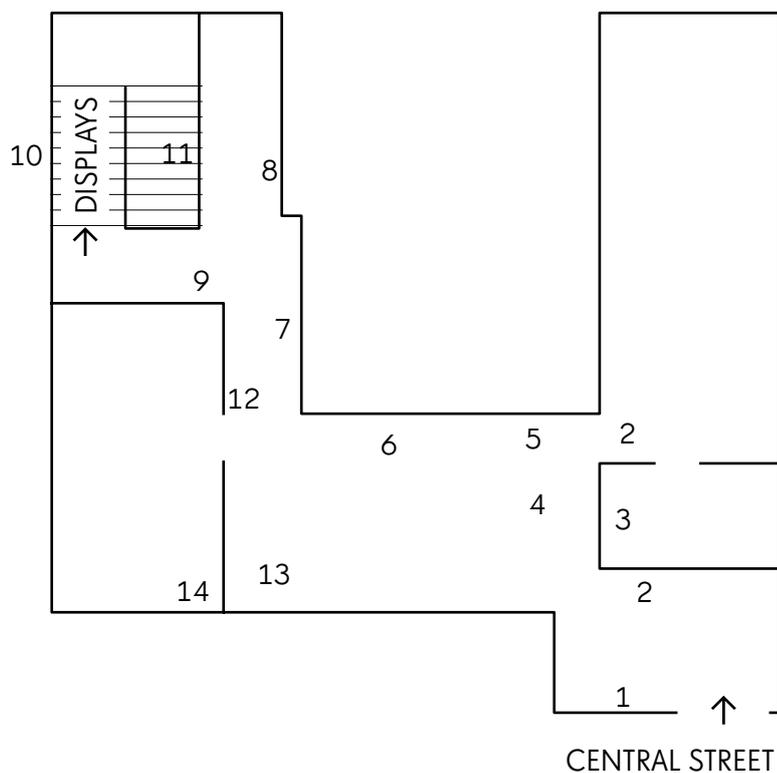
The works deal directly and indirectly with the space of the Contemporary Art Society offices. Some have been developed in response to the physicality of the space: Samara Scott's *CdOxdsspi* is pasted onto the office windows making a connection between interior and exterior, Heather Phillipson's video is mounted on a waste paper bin and two of Suzanne Mooney's prints slot perfectly into the large bookcases. Others play with the idea of the work environment: Pil & Galia's piece *Conflict within the Organization* has been remade here as a screensaver installed on the office 'hot desk' computers and Francesco Pedraglio's video installation sees stock audio praising the contours of a standard IKEA chair.

**Pil & Galia Kollektiv** discuss their work at the Contemporary Art Society on **19 June**.

Flash photography is prohibited in the space.

## List of Works

- 1 Samara Scott, *CdOxdsspi*, 2013. Mixed media, dimensions variable
- 2 Francesco Pedraglio, *mhhhh... ohhhh*, 2012. Video installation, cement, rope, video (4'30'')
- 3 Heather Phillipson, *A Is to D What D Is to H*, 2011. HD Video, running time: 11.55, Edition: 4 + 1AP
- 4 Samara Scott, *Fruit Tree*, 2012. Latex and recreational badminton net, 155 x 288 x 33 cm
- 5 Suzanne Mooney, *The Edge of Collapse No. 48*, 2013. Archival Giclee print, mounted on Diabond, Framed 38 x 55 cm
- 6 Suzanne Mooney, *The Edge of Collapse No. 66*, 2013. Archival Giclee print, mounted on Diabond, Framed 38 x 55 cm
- 7 Pil & Galia Kollektiv, *Conflict within the Organization*, 2010. Screensaver, 6:48min
- 8 Suzanne Mooney, *The Edge of Collapse No. 91*, 2012. Archival Giclee print, mounted on Diabond, Framed 38 x 45cm (edition 3 of 5)
- 9 Suzanne Mooney, *Propositions*, 2013. Found Illustrations, Paper, Acrylic, dimensions variable
- 10 Samara Scott, *French*, 2012. Carpet, household paints and carpet trim, dimensions variable
- 11 Samara Scott, *Her*, 2013. Eyeshadow, dimensions variable
- 12 Francesco Pedraglio, *Please try to make sense please*, 2013. Watercolour, plaster, rope, rock, cement, dimensions variable
- 13 Samara Scott, *Still Life*, 2013. Toilet paper, watercolour and orange, dimensions variable
- 14 Suzanne Mooney, *Propositions*, 2013. Found Illustrations, Paper, Acrylic, dimensions variable



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Encouraging an appreciation and understanding of contemporary art by a wide audience and donating works by important and new artists to museums and public galleries across the UK.

The Contemporary Art Society is a national charity that encourages an appreciation and understanding of contemporary art in the UK. With the help of our members and supporters we raise funds to purchase works by new artists which we give to museums and public galleries where they are enjoyed by a national audience; we broker significant and rare works of art by important artists of the twentieth century for public collections through our networks of patrons and private collectors; we establish relationships to commission artworks and promote contemporary art in public spaces; and we devise programmes of displays, artist talks and educational events. Since 1910 we have donated over 8,000 works to museums and public galleries — from Bacon, Freud, Hepworth and Moore in their day through to the influential artists of our own times — championing new talent, supporting curators, and encouraging philanthropy and collecting in the UK.

### **As a means of introducing the I of yourself...**

Forget, then remember and interpret. Let's start from that.

Then forget and remember somehow differently... somehow interpret. OK?

Let's continue.

Remember something new, which is the same as interpret, then forget and remember once more through a new elucidation... and the circle continues.

Where did it all begin exactly?

Well... forgetting and remembering work as a pair, right? They would not exist otherwise. I mean, by themselves... they would not exist by themselves. And anyway, in between the two, an avalanche, a flood, a real deluge of subjective readings constantly arises and takes over. Memory is an unceasing interpretation, if not already a reinterpretation. Second, third, fourth hand... who cares anymore?

So if I would have to start from somewhere, let me start from the I... that I of myself. Then maybe an example... clear... direct. Let's say, for instance, that I was born in a place where people could look straight into your living room through the immaculate glass of all those street-side bow windows. Wooden frames, you know. Copper hinges and all the rest. Solid stuff... well made, yes... but very much like everywhere else. They could just walk by and look straight at you – you and everyone else... or as everyone else – house after house after house in a sort of self-depravation for transparency.

There I was, as here I am now. More or less. Just about. And here I recall. I bring back to memory. Presently. Now. And yet I interpret. Then – at the time – as now. Because even my anonymity was exactly the same as everyone else's. I as they... me as them.

So let's say that I was born with an extreme consciousness of myself as something singular... something as matter is 'something'... so nothing particularly unique. Or original. Indeed just matter! And yet singular... somehow conscious of a subjectivity in a place where consistency dictates not just the urban architectural outline, but also the redistribution of the different existences inhabiting it. I grew up... and I changed all along. Like we all do and did, I suppose. And somehow I must have interpreted. Somewhere. Becoming others...

different singularities always fighting for individuality. One, three, five... many. Even when, connecting one indistinguishable house to another indistinguishable house, the streets were at the same level as the living room floorboards... a live act with no audience or stage. All of us at the same time, the spectators and the actors, moving around the set. You could just look inside my living room from those same old bow windows. Any living room. You could just peep inside and be part of what it was, what there was.

The I-of-myself, that first-person-I, well grounded to the ground, became not just a typographical sign of separation between words, a capitalisation invested with full-word qualities, a pronouncement in its own right... it became a tool to regain control over its surroundings. A claim for a wholly personal realm. I am came to signify I am self-standing matter separated from the rest. I am in italic. Tilted. Slightly tilted. Almost bent.

So bear in mind that I changed into someone else, something else, a multitude of selves – a collectivity, maybe – and finally a paradox... nothing at all. Well, I don't really know how it happened. I can't tell. And yet, assess the fact that I could exist as stone or pebble or large rock in a flat land with no mountains or peaks. Take into account all this and much more. Do it. Now. And then – just then – an accurate examination of such an ill first person singular appeared to me – and everyone else as me. The only solid base onto which to cast my disappearing figure.

I may tell more. Then forget it all and tell it again and again after that. I will... he will too... perhaps even they will. Differently... though very much the same.

**Exerpt from *The Object Lessons* - Nina Beier & Marie Lund, by Francesco Pedraglio, Mousse Publishing, 2012**