

Solo Shows

The Function Room, London

2014

Catalogue

## Works

- 1 ***Arm*** by Eva Stenram  
Photograph, image size 255 × 196 mm, sheet size 407 × 407 mm, edition 5, 2014  
8–26 March 2014
- 2 ***Self-portrait with a Gorilla*** by Nazim Ünal Yılmaz  
Oil on canvas, 160 × 140 cm, 2007  
1–23 April 2014
- 3 ***Arthur Cravan Meeting Aleister Crowley in Abbey of Thelema in Celfalu, Sicily for a Secret Talk***  
by Alexander Brener and Barbara Schurz  
Ink and watercolour on paper, 570 × 772 mm, 2006  
24 April–10 May 2014
- 4 ***Blue Lake, Room 12*** by Pascal Bircher  
Photograph, image size 1098 × 1428 mm, 2007, edition 3, 2014  
2–17 June 2014
- 5 ***Artefacts of/from the Archive of the International Necronautical Society (INS)***  
2 lecterns, MDF, vinyl film, fluorescent lamps, foam board, paper, each 1165 × 500 × 405 mm, chroma-key blue  
backdrop with stand, various lamps, photograph, 10 × 8 in, 2 documents, each 210 × 297 mm, 2009  
10 July–7 August 2014
- 6 ***The Worm and other objects*** by Louise Ashcroft  
550 ml syrup, written apology, 5 min spoken word audio, rest of the world, 2014  
19 September–4 October 2014
- 7 ***33 Scenes*** by Anča Daučíková  
audio, 111 minutes, decoy object



1 *Arm* by Eva Stenram

A lawn, ready for cutting again, a few flowers emerging, a little dry, a little trodden, but regularly watered, a grey carpet: night shot, black and white, flash photo, old print. The fingers, painted nails, relaxed, curled like a hook. The arm, up-turned, lies. Only the arm. One member scattered.

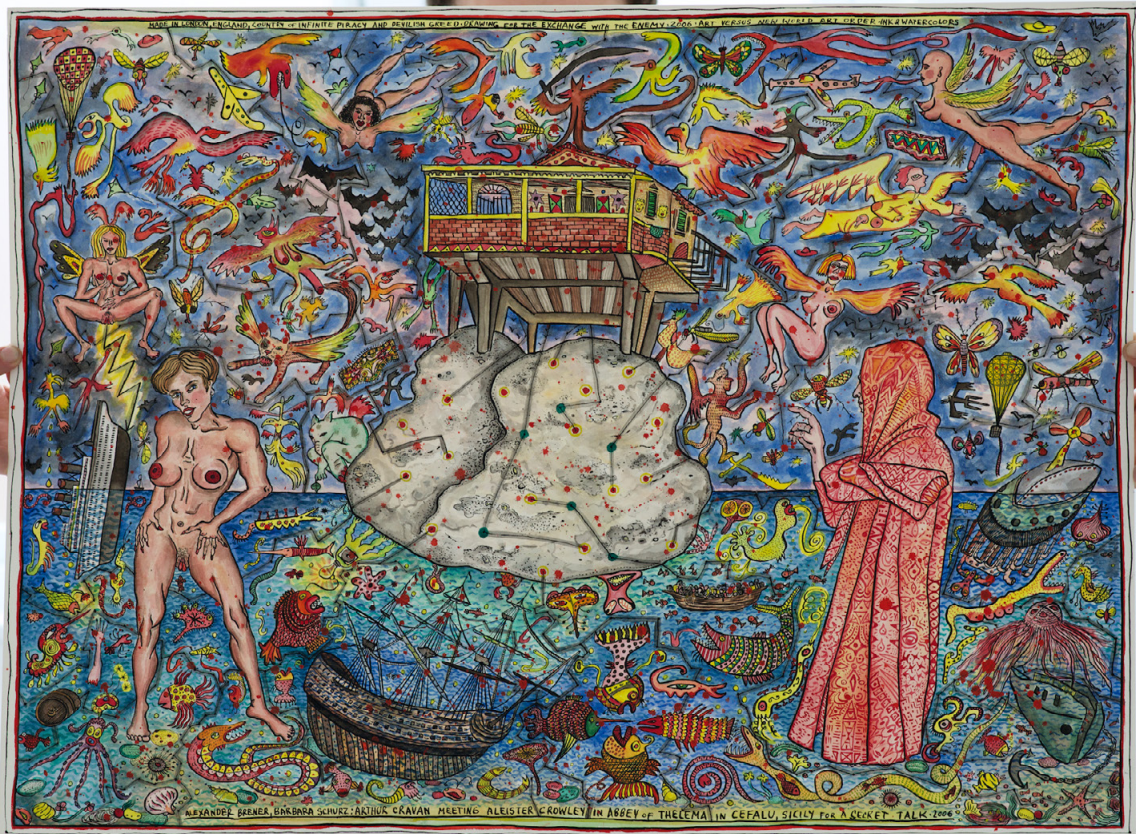




2 *Self-portrait with a Gorilla* by Nazim Ünal Yılmaz

Daub un déjeuner sur l'herbe, a picnic in the woods with St. Jerome and a friend, paint yourself skinny and naked outdoors, kneel on a Greek blanket, look up, the skull is gone, reach toward a soft cerebellum whose glow warms your hand, face and shoulders, casting orange smudge on the black-painted fur of the red-lipped gorilla kneeling behind you, gripping your hips with monster-gloved hands and vigorous strokes.





3 **Arthur Cravan Meeting Aleister Crowley in Abbey of Thelema in Celfalu, Sicily for a Secret Talk**  
by Alexander Brener and Barbara Schurz

Centre, the island is a rock: split, poised on the horizon, buoyed by a teeming ocean, weighed by a realm of flight and lightning. The rock, grey and constellated, is the stilted foundation of the magician's incongruous abbey: a holiday home in Gargantua where you shall do what thou wilt. Right, stands a cloaked figure with Alexandrine nose and pursed lips, pointing a limp, creative finger toward the rock, amid bugs, beasts, blades, bats, birds, butterflies, balloons, winged transsexual creatures, carpets, kites, saucers, stars, smoke, planes, worms. Left, stands a six-foot, naked woman, muscular stand-in for the missing legend, a craven colossus, poet, art-critic and championship boxer with pink labia and target breasts. At her feet, the sea serpents and sunken wrecks, jellyfish, starfish, swordfish, refugee ships, crabs, anemones, urchins and lost anchors. Inscribed above: *Made in London, England, country of infinite piracy and devilish greed. Drawing for the exchange with the enemy. 2006. Art versus New World Art Order. Ink & watercolors.* Inscribed below: *Arthur Cravan Meeting Aleister Crowley in Abbey of Thelema in Celfalu, Sicily for a Secret Talk, 2006.*





#### 4 ***Blue Lake, Room 12*** by Pascal Bircher

You see, it's an attic room, pine-panelled, with a basin by the window, an old dresser, a very comfortable bed and some nice pictures. The bathroom is in the hallway and has a nice shower with plenty of hot water. For dinner Mireille asked us what we wanted: chicken, beef, fish, rice, potatoes, etc. We asked for fish with rice and a salad. We ate a trout each with butter and almonds and rice that had a perfect texture and flavour. It was all so delicious. We had more than enough to eat. For dessert we were served lemon ice cream. He is standing with his back to the window, slightly out of focus. His chroma-key-blue skin suit smooths and sculpts his body, eyeless head gazing into the distant wood-panelled corner of the room, masked hands finished with careless glove fingers. The man last seen there 32 years earlier was his father. We're sorry, but it is currently not possible to make reservations for this hotel.



5 ***Artefacts of/from the Archive of the International Necronautical Society (INS)***

You are Tom McCarthy or Simon Critchley, General Secretary or Chief Philosopher of the International Necronautical Society. You are about to declare. Two lecterns stand in front of you before a blue void: chroma-key muslin, corporate signature, *cras ingens iterabimus aequor*. The audience may be added later. The naked MDF surface, edged over with now-peeling plastic wood veneer is waiting for your script. Your speech is written in the document displayed behind you. Start by thanking Tate Triennial curator Nicolas Bourriaud for his provision of a platform for the delivery of this joint statement on inauthenticity. End by answering the question the way Lautréamont writes, ‘Each time I read Shakespeare it seems to me that I cut to shreds the brain of a jaguar.’ Navigate the course from the individual, to the dividual, thence to the residual – ‘a remainder’ – and further to the risidual, a laughable doubling. Thus Wile E. Coyote outdoes Oedipus, repeatedly.



6 ***The Worm and other objects*** by Louise Ashcroft

The artist would like to apologise for carrying on, missing the object, and giving up the pursuit. It began with a disguise, turned into a metonymic game, got out of hand, and ended up on the mantlepiece. The text is spoken, the phones are in your ears, the room is your skull, the world is included. Press play >





7 **33 Scenes** by Anča Daučíková

Number, Place (date), Person(s), Situation, Notes. Long silence, 33 situations. After a pause, the voice begins again. MOSCOW (1982) ... Persons ... A visitor: woman, citizen of Czechoslovakia, 33 years old; she is staying in USSR because of a love affair with a Russian woman ... The visitor puts her CSSR passport on the table and says: "I'm coming to give up my citizenship. After 3 years of living here in Moscow I decided to stay here and become a citizen of the Soviet Union." Long silence ... Number 15, the voice says: To avoid problems she is living in a sort of clandestinity. Independently of any specific situation she is concealing that she is a foreigner, immigrant without permission to move, a woman, lesbian ... The voice notes that she feigns indifference and finding her mimicry works perfectly, enjoys it. 33 fragments of Soviet reality and exiled sexuality.