

less interested in dismissing the theory because of its highly questionable legitimacy, and more in interrogating what its appeal can unearth about dominant cultural, social and political orthodoxies. We are left to speculate on what these might be.

In one section of the video work, a man gives an account direct to camera detailing his recruitment and participation in the Jump Room programme, which is juxtaposed alongside footage of a young woman working as a barista who speaks of her boredom with the repetitive act of making coffee. Whitby's juxtaposition of the fantastical with the banal and mundane could be read as an analogy for the climate of 'post-truth' politics that we are currently experiencing (Editorial AM402). Named word of the year in 2016, it refers to events of the past 12 months in which political policies with emotional appeal have overruled those grounded in expertise or accountability. It is also worth considering the multiple manipulations that the Jump Room conspiracy theory has undergone by its author, Basiago, which Whitby has tracked since beginning his project. These are made evident in previous performance works in Seoul and London. It is possible to draw continuities between Basiago's embellishments, made in order to make the narrative fit a personal agenda and to sustain its relevance to political developments, and the slippery terrain of truth and fact (as explored in Colin Perry's feature 'Truth to Tell' AM408), which we have seen utilised by the Trump administration when it repackaged a gross exaggeration of attendees at the inauguration as 'alternative facts'. The Jump Room theory is certainly alternative, but what is concerning is that in some circles it is also considered fact. The Jump Room conspiracy theory, then, through Whitby's restagings, is used as a narrative device to draw contemporary parallels – directed through the artist's considered isolations and magnifications – which thoughtfully extend beyond a distrust of government that is typically assumed to be the rationale behind those invested in such beliefs. ■

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London Round-up

Parafin • DomoBaal • CGP London

David Hume famously reported that he couldn't pin down a continuous self – he found 'nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement' (*A Treatise of Human Nature*, 1739), and 'Beautiful Weapons', **Tim Head's** show at Parafin, might be taken as a counter to Hume. It is the very essence of building an artistic identity to show how phases of work connect across time, and Head concentrates on the commonalities between bodies of work separated by 25 years. Two paintings from the late 1980s (shown with several studies for others) are large acrylics with all signs of the artist's hand suppressed. Their two colours weave organic-looking, slightly tremulous all-over patterns which, far from obviously, derive from magnifications of everyday textures such as those imprinted on napkins and food packaging. A critique of everyday life is hinted at by such titles as *Techno-Prison*, 1989, and *Perfect World*, 1990.

Those late 1980s works involved laborious 20th-century processes of photocopying and projection prior to the painting stage. Head's new series of 'paintings' are sleek digital

productions, but share the same underlying concern with how technology influences our perception of space, and have a similar scale, aesthetic outcome and titles, such as *Delivery* and *Infinite Mercy*, both 2017. Head himself describes them as 'fabricated layers of weightless abstraction fused together with chilled precision', and from a distance the main visual divergence in these more recent repetitive all-over two-colour compositions is that they play with apparent overlapping and implied depth at the same time as remaining blatant single ink layers and surfaces.

Close up, however, the new work lacks the earlier tension between the human means used and the mechanical finish sought: all is seamless in the investigation of the technological space of the computer screen. If that stands in for the general shift in society from analogue to digital over those 25 years, then the difference also reflects a broader sense that, whatever its benefits, something of value has been lost. Perhaps Head is on the same page here as Tacita Dean, though by rather different means.

London-based Peruvian **Lizi Sánchez** needs no recourse to continuity. Her solo show's title, 'Maria, Rosa, Mick & John', may suggest several personalities, but it is strongly rooted in the contingencies of her present: sustenance, art, social media and conversations thereon. All are presented at DomoBaal with branding to the fore, as if – rather playfully – she is analysing her own formation. What must be a full week's supply of cardboard coffee cups are left on a 1956 white aluminium coffee table by Eero Saarinen which, one would think, customarily holds far more ostentatious vessels. For *Everyday* (all works 2017), the attractive cups are painted with admirable precision in the application of geometry to a curved surface – in colours and shapes taken from the consumer designs of Sánchez's own life: her brand of shampoo, chocolate, a rental agent leaflet stuffed through her door etc.

Appropriately for an opening just ahead of London's art fair week, 'Maria, Rosa, Mick & John' consists of 11 fragments from adverts in *Frieze* magazine and *Artforum* which make up overlapping texts at sufficient scale to cover a wall – with no images, for these are the text-on-monochrome pitches whereby galleries seek just the right typeface and colour block to foreground an artist as cool. As the title suggests, many famous artists are here, though we have to guess who from their first names. Lizi herself is absent ...

Rubber allows versions of Facebook's 'share', 'like' and 'comment' icons to hang into the loose distortions of a Robert Morris felt work. A much bigger rubber *Speech Bubble* lies on the floor, implying that the three categories of products, art and social media come together in the conversations of Sánchez's life. The work is undidactic. Is it that the conventions of modernist art have been reduced to brands, indicating a loss of radical impact? Or is Sánchez paying tribute to modernists' ability to take any source material and turn it to satisfying aesthetic ends?

Peter Liversidge also has a way with the quotidian, but his interest is more obsessive. He is best known for displaying typewritten 'proposals' for works which may or may not be realised or, drolly, cannot but be realised, as in 'I shall let gravity take its course'. Logically, then, his show 'As Sculpture' at CGP London – occupying both the main gallery and, across Southwark Park, Dilston Grove – starts with the proposals which constitute it. One derives from a project at the Royal London Hospital in 2012, when Liversidge proposed that patients and staff collect jokes. Comedian Phil Jupitus delivers 25 minutes of medical jests for the titular film *As Sculpture*, 2017, his delivery

flattened by the absence of any audience, but with enough wit to provide a soundtrack of live laughter in the gallery. ('I took my husband to the hospital yesterday to have 17 stitches removed. That'll teach him to buy me a sewing kit for my birthday.') This contrasts with Liversidge's previous collaboration with Jupitus, in which he had him tell the same joke repeatedly – emphasising how you can't repeat the laughs by repeating the joke.

Plays on sameness and difference recur at CGP: Liversidge's practice of taking a Polaroid photograph, then, once it has developed, another photograph with the impossible aim of exactly replicating the first (eg *Exit Ramp*, Larchmont, 2014); his imposition of facial marking onto practically any image to trigger pareidolia (*Horse Print*, 2015); the obsessive collections of worthless items displayed with paradoxically impeccable taste – offcuts of wood (*Untitled*, Shelf, 2016-17), or fallen branches from the park festooned with rubber bands, hunted down for their having been used as much as for their colour notes (*Untitled*, 2017).

And that is just one dimension of a complex two-site show. It also includes evocative texts spelled out in light bulbs, a sales area for records (hinting at Liversidge's own gargantuan appetite for buying vinyl) and a series of collaborations. Those are central, for three binaries underpin Liversidge's way of working: planned vs realised, same vs different and me vs us. Most of the time, Dilston Grove contains just two light works: *Hello*, 2012, which visitors trigger into illumination as they enter the antechamber, and a small neon '&' (*Ampersand*, 2011) at the far end of the very long main hall. This focuses the viewer's attention surprisingly strongly while referring to the completion to be provided by collaborative performances headlined by a multi-band 'sound clash', an all-day succession of comedians and a closing choral concert.

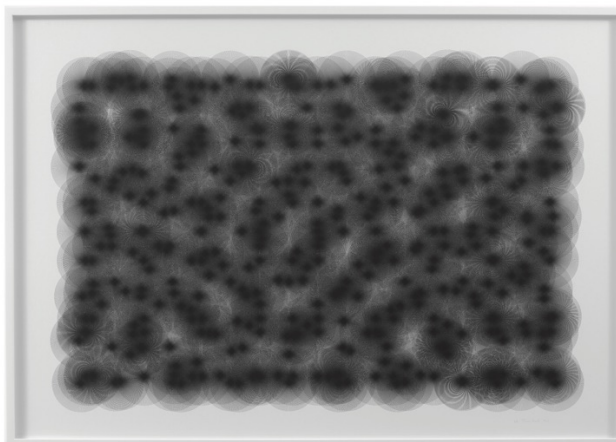
Liversidge categorises all of this activity 'as sculpture', effectively defining it as anything with spatial presence, even if temporary: the programme refers to 'invited international touring musicians, speakers, comedians, DJs and others performing in the space appearing as if they themselves were found objects, responding to the architecture and sound of the space'. Is Liversidge simply mocking the convention of seeking to unify an exhibition? Certainly the move makes him no easier to pin down. It would be tempting to propose that he make the same show twice; I'm pretty sure he couldn't, his shifting self would be unable to resist perpetual flux and movement. Albeit, *pace* Hume, I'm sure we would recognise the result as uniquely Liversidge. ■

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Nottingham Round-up

Primary • TG • New Art Exchange

Part of Primary and TG's Object Performance programme of commissions, with Primary assuming hosting duties in this instance, **William Hunt's** *A Vessel*, 2017, presents the aftermath of action. A mess of straps and ropes suspended from the ceiling holds in place a bright red sheet, with what appear to be oversized blue stools sitting underneath to assume some of the weight. On top of this sheet sits a large body of solid plaster, cracking apart at the edges. Broken shards and plaster dust coat the floor beneath, while bags of plaster and large mixing drums imply the labour that went into producing this thing – this substantial, heavy yet precarious



Tim Head
Omen 2016

Peter Liversidge
'As Sculpture'
installation view

thing. It dominates the room through sheer size, yet it feels tense, brittle, and ready to shatter and collapse if any of the supporting elements were to fail.

A two-channel video installation sheds some light on the elaborate making process. A group of performers work like the crew of a ship to hoist their ropes at the right moments to lift and rearrange various elements, from the central sheet and mixing drums full of liquid plaster to their fellow performers. This process leads to some striking imagery, such as a mixing drum suspended centrally over the sheet, spiralling and ascending as it spews its liquid plaster guts out over the sheet beneath. At a later moment, one of the performers straps in and dangles upside down from the ceiling, turning this activity into a bizarre circus performance as she gracefully manoeuvres above the process unfolding below.

It feels like an abstract representation of labour and production for a post-industrial society that has largely moved away from heavy industry and manufacturing. The performers become a team, a crew that has to closely co-ordinate their actions, and do so via a series of calls and shouts. They work with plaster – a building material – but produce nothing practical with it, instead it forms the focal point of this ritualistic process invoking the memory of labour.

In addition to its own exhibitions and events programme, studios and a bakery, Primary is also host to various other galleries and project spaces, including TG, which presents **Stuart McKenzie's** 'Sesame Street'. The exhibition title's invocation of