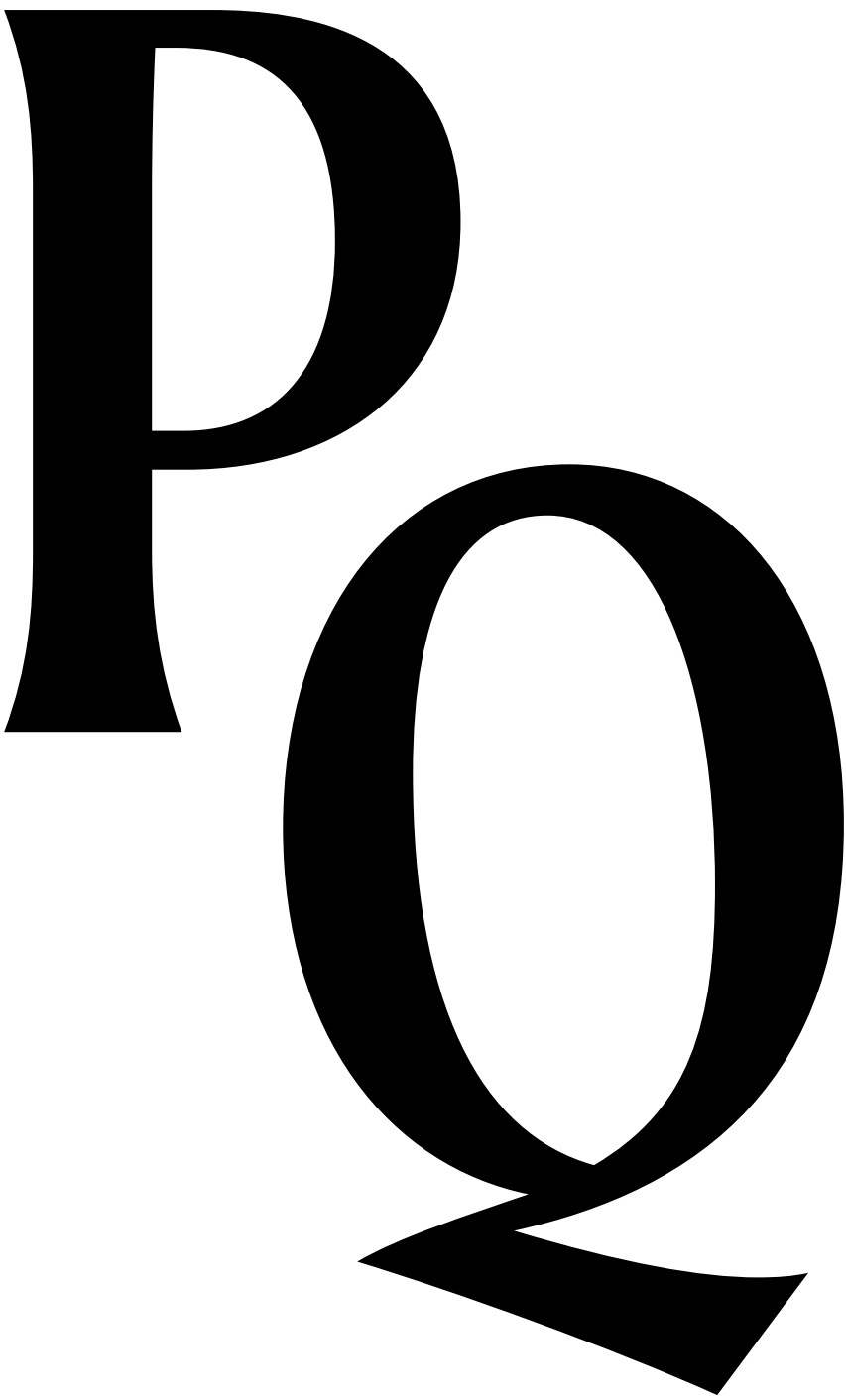

Pavement Quarterly

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Contents

Notes from the Editors

A popularly accepted origin of “Mind your p’s and q’s” - an English turn of phrase used to caution a person’s language - is the classroom printing press. The similarity between the lowercase letters ‘p’ and ‘q’ meant they were easily confused when typesetting, and therefore this advice was given to printers’ apprentices, or children learning to write.

Pavement Quarterly is a publication designed to run parallel to the exhibition programme at Pavement Gallery. It acts as both a physical and contextual expansion of the tiny space, allowing discourse to develop beyond the boundaries of the gallery and the temporal limitations of an exhibition. Taking the gallery programme as a catalyst for curiosity, PQ explores associated ideas through the creative possibilities of language and offers new perspectives on the exhibited works and related thematic concepts. Alongside expanding on the ideas brought forward by the artworks, it also presents a platform for wider inquiry into the window gallery as a site for unconventional curatorial practices.

Joseph Lang, Elysia Lukoszevieze,
Julia Makojnik, James Mathews-Hiskett

Clutter

Joseph Lang

> *Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful.*
> William Morris[1]

When we observe the urban environment as it is, we find there can be objects that appear out of place. Often these objects are discarded, because for one reason or another they are lost, or they're no longer useful to their previous owner. Walking through the streets and alleys around where I live it's hard not to notice the abundance of white goods (specifically refrigerators) laying discarded. These hefty cuboids, replaced by shinier models and abandoned once they've served their purpose, await their collection on the curbside.

After noticing the first one, I cannot help but notice all the others, and it seems like there is some local event causing a mass exodus of kitchen utilities from people's homes. It's as if someone decided that there was no longer a need for keeping food chilled, and we should start reverting to other methods of food preservation, like salting, or burying in the garden.

What is interesting however is that when these objects are removed from their natural state of purpose within our homes, they appear more beautiful. Through this process they become anthropomorphized; we pity them as we observe them wasting. They occupy the in-between spaces of public areas; the side of the curb between the house and the road; the back-alleys between rows of terraces; the neglected industrialised wastelands. These objects, extensions of our own bodies, now exist within the margins of society. They are reminiscent of the homeless and dispossessed. Without a purpose they become vagrant and destined for the landfill or deconstructed and repurposed for parts. Until then, they drift around our streets as clutter, sleeping under the sky in a place between worlds.

Once they find their way to the curbside, they become more conspicuous. When did you last notice the shape of your own refrigerator? You open it every day to rummage through the contents, but when did you last take a moment to appreciate the form, it's elegance in design, or positioning and function? When the inside is moved outside it seems out-of-place, occupying a part of our awareness reserved for surprise or uncertainty.

These objects can also begin to take on different forms. The refrigerator, when laid on its side, can be anything. A stone drying coffin, a treasure chest, a hiding place. But in truth these items form a lasting bond to those who once owned them. For years, or even decades, they've contained the ingredients for meals. These items have been crucial to the lives of the people who used them, with the performance of cooking and eating together becoming an act of communion.

Sharing food is historically a means of sharing knowledge and crossing borders, forming part of what binds us as a global community. This ritual of eating is so deeply ingrained in our society that it has remained practically unchanged for thousands of years. Yet although these objects hold this deep connection, they are often taken for granted. What events have they been witness to? They have existed within an intimate space inside our homes, from mundane interactions to physical affections, arguments, and compromise.

We can also consider how the artistic value of the fridge is drawn out. Like the peeling of a potato, which "can be artistic if consciously done"[2], these objects hold

an inherent artistic value, as they are consciously placed in their locations. However, do these conscious acts lack artistic agency? If these items were to be placed in their locations by someone with artistic intent, rather than someone without, would they hold any more artistic value? Similarly, if these items were discarded by their owners in the same manner, but were allocated to a gallery space rather than the curbside, could we draw a similar conclusion?

Duchamp asked similar questions in 1917 with the exhibition of 'Fountain'. Another well known example is Tracey Emin's 'My Bed' (1998), which also drew similar criticisms. As Emin chose to exhibit her unmade bed, she took a found object and placed it in an art space as an art object. Like Duchamp and his ready-mades, she drew upon the idea of the 'anti-art'. Perhaps the abandoned fridge is anti-art.

However, not all objects can function as art objects. Agency can be attributed to an object without necessarily accrediting it as "art". Yet the purposeful act of making these discarded objects visible, and their existence as indexes of social agency, suggest an artistic quality. Perhaps the only thing they lack here is difficulty. Robert Layton prescribes the concept of difficulty as a requirement of an art object: "Art objects are further distinguished by being both difficult and captivating: 'they are difficult to make, difficult to "think", difficult to transact.'"[3]

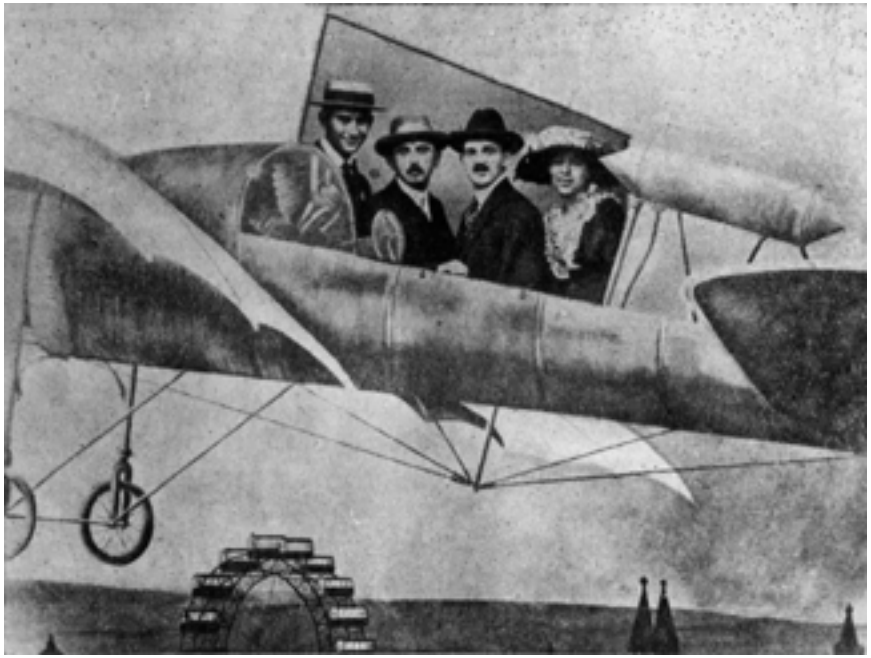
If there is a suggestion that these objects could become art, then can they also gain value? As suggested by Michael Thompson in "Rubbish Theory", for an object to be either transient (decreasing in value) or durable (infinitely increasing in value), it must traversed a third state: rubbish, an object with zero value.[4] The fridge occupies the space of being transient, as over time it's value decreases, until it becomes rubbish and is thrown

out. Although it is unlikely, at this point, that the fridge can become a durable object. For the fridge to gain value it must first be attributed as an art object.

So, for the many fridges discarded in the streets of our residential areas, the ones I continue to notice almost daily, their presence is more than mundane. They are objects without a purpose yet are purposefully arranged. They are out of place, and therefore spark intrigue. They invite us to consider 'what is an art-object?' and help us to question the kind of value we attribute to everyday rubbish and its place in our world.

Notes

1. Morris, W., Brentham Press and Goodwin Press Ltd (1974) The beauty of life. Abridged edn. London: Brentham Press.
2. Three quotes of Joseph Beuys, in 'An interview with Joseph Beuys,', Willoughby Sharp, published in 'Artforum,' November 1969; as quoted in Six Years: The Dematerialization of the Art Object from 1966 to 1972, Lucy R. Lippard, University of California Press, 1973, p. 121
3. Layton, R. (2003). Art and Agency: A Reassessment. The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, 9(3), 447-464.
4. Thompson, M. and Reno, J. (2017) Rubbish theory: the creation and destruction of value. New edn. London: Pluto Press.



Having Fun with Franz

Steven Gartside

The fun-fair has traditionally provided a temporary escape from the demands of everyday life. As the task of going to work proves itself to be a necessity, it generates an opposite and equal demand to find diversions and digressions from work. In short, work produces the desire to do things that offer some relief from the relentless need to earn a living. This is what Henri Lefebvre referred to as the 'vicious circle.'[1] Amusement arcades and fun-fairs have always offered opportunities for direct immersion into distraction. These noisy, crowded places provide an experience to shake the body out of its familiar patterns and expectations. The pleasures are fleeting and quickly fade away, but that is part of the point. In the early days of the fun-fair there was also the opportunity to create a longer lasting souvenir, beyond that of just memory. For a small fee you could escape the surroundings of the fun-fair and have your picture taken in a much more exotic setting. It was possible to place yourself in another world entirely. Many fun-fairs would have their own painted theatrical backdrop to open up new environments - this might be an exotic landscape, a desert scene or a famous building. There was also the more direct swap of entering into the comic bodies of others, as you put your head through a hole in the canvas and took on another character entirely. There was no desire for realism, only a sign for something outside of the everyday. One popular form was that of the aerial view, the participant would be captured in a hot air balloon or an aeroplane high up in the skies looking down on the landscape below. The places depicted in the aerial backdrops were not always so exotic, at the height of their

popularity they didn't need to be, as being above the ground at all was something of a fantastical experience.

One such image, taken in 1913 at the Prater Fair in Vienna, is a typical example. The reality gap between the painted scene and the passengers is not unusual. With the absence of a pilot and four people staring calmly and casually out of one side of an open cockpit, it was not designed with detailed realism in mind. Its purpose was to work as a catalyst to the imagination, an opportunity to let the mind wander through the literal and metaphoric clouds. Although this kind of scene is a familiar thing, in this particular image knowledge of one of the participants does raise some curiosity. The works of a novelist are not the personality of the novelist of course, and there should be no reason for literary output to be reflected in the demeanour of the writer when the writer is not writing. There is no reason why Franz Kafka should appear anything other than ordinary, and no reason why he would not seek the same pleasures as everyone else. As a different kind of diversion, it is worth imagining other modernist novelists in the same position. For most, there is a desire to keep control of the image, or the perception of seriousness of the writer always thinking about writing. Yet, diversions come in many forms. James Joyce was very keen on Irish tweed and felt it should be better represented in Europe. Whilst Joyce was living in Trieste he arranged to be an agent for Dublin Woollen Mills, for a 10% commission. With Samuel Beckett, there is a connection to flight. In his letters he hopes he is not 'too old' nor 'too stupid' to qualify as a commercial pilot. He goes on to note, 'I do not feel like spending the rest of my life writing books that no one will read.'[2] With Kafka and the Prater Fair, there is something about the juxtaposition that generates some curiosity. The interest in the appearance of Kafka at the fun-fair is not just that of

the novelist having a break from work. The idea of Kafka is more heavily influenced by the work and its perceptions than most other writers. His name has become a shorthand for an unworldly, complex experience – it is possible to be familiar with the idea of the Kafkaesque without ever having read any Kafka.

In the case of Kafka at the fun-fair, the depiction in the painted plane related to a much deeper fascination with flight. Alongside the short stories that were published during Kafka's lifetime there is also a short work entitled 'The Aeroplanes at Brescia' which was published in Bohemia in September 1909. Although sometimes referred to as a short story, it is more the reportage of an enthusiast documenting an Air Show rather than anything more profound. For many of the people who attended the Brescia Air Show it was their first opportunity to see a plane, particularly at such close quarters. As an event it was able to bring together some of the most famous pilots of the time, of particular note was Blériot who was the first to cross the Channel just a few months before. This had happened as part of a Daily Mail sponsored competition. The newspaper heralded Blériot's flight as being a feat that made Britain no longer an island. At the time this was said with more of the enthusiasm of the possibilities that flight would offer (rather than the fear of the erosion of borders and the connecting up of a European land mass). Kafka described the experience of being at the Air Show as creating the conditions where 'neither order nor accident seems possible.'[3] This sense of exhilaration of being in the midst of something that was somewhat out of control could just as easily be a description of what was sought at the fun-fair.

In the image from the Prater Fair, it is Kafka who looks out smiling, the other passengers appear less comfortable with the situation. The scene into which the

four of them are transposed is not quite as dramatic as it might be. The sky is an indistinct grey, below there are details of the top of a building and of the fun-fair itself – in this case the souvenir image is also a more literal reminder of the day. The idea of placing people in a painted backdrop, which is also an aerial view of the place just above where they are actually sitting, does have some layers to be unravelled. The souvenir image doesn't quite generate the same drama as the experience that was discussed in the Air Show and the tensions that Kafka saw between being up in the air, rather than firmly planted on the ground.

> *Twenty metres above the earth a person is trapped in a wooden construction, fighting a voluntary and invisible danger. And we are down here, crowded and insubstantial, watching.*[4]

The plane in the air is always a much more graceful sight than it is on the ground, particularly in the early days of flight. The realities of flight were some distance from the romantic illusions it generated. At Brescia, the image of the plane skidding about on the runway as it begins to generate enough speed is compared to 'someone clumsy on a polished floor.'[5] The difference between the two states of up and down is part of the spectacle. These gaps are the things that open up the imagination and give an added weight to the idea of flight as a form of escape.

Any curiosity generated by the image of Kafka at the fun-fair relates to the substantial differences that exist between Kafka, the writings of Kafka, and the idea of the Kafka-esque state. Things often blur and distinctions become lost. It is well known that Kafka's unpublished works (which were significant compared to that which had been published) were meant to have been destroyed on his death. This kind of detail has helped fuel the mythology of Kafka as the embodiment of a much bigger idea, one that extends beyond the writer and the writing. It is this that perhaps separates the writer from the everyday. Whilst Kafka was protective of his creative writing, he would not have felt the need to do the same with his writings from his time as a lawyer with the Workmen's Accident Insurance Institute. Yet, in 2008 Princeton University Press published a collection of Kafka's office writings, containing such things as Kafka's thoughts on 'Measures for Preventing Accidents from Wood Planing Machines' (1910), and the rather more turbulent 'Risk Classification and Accident Prevention in Wartime' (1915).[6] The purpose of the publication, beyond satisfying curiosity around Kafka's day job, is to explore connections between the literary and the office writing. Inevitably, it is also a product of the industry around the cult of Kafka.

The image of Kafka at the fun-fair captures a moment between friends, the souvenir of a day out. Yet, part of the fascination (for those that are fascinated, and there will of course be a great many who are not) is that the image is no longer about Kafka, but it is about the idea of the writer. The significance of the writer's reputation - and the baggage that has consistently gathered around him - generates an additional resonance. It does not tell us anything about Kafka, it tells us more about the delicate balance of appearance and experience. There is an inevitable contradiction that lurks in the background whilst poring over an image of Kafka in order to question the dangers of over-reading.

The pleasures of reading into things should not be confused with any profound understanding of the world. At best, it works as a minor footnote on the complex layers between perception, invention, information and the desire for narrative.

Notes

1. Henri Lefebvre, Critique of Everyday Life, Volume One, London: Verso, 1991, p.40
2. Martha Dow Fehsenfeld (ed.), The Letters of Samuel Beckett: Volume 1 1929 – 1940, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009
3. Franz Kafka, 'The Aeroplanes at Brescia,' Bohemia, September 1909
4. Franz Kafka, 'The Aeroplanes at Brescia,' Bohemia, September 1909
5. Franz Kafka, 'The Aeroplanes at Brescia,' Bohemia, September 1909
6. Stanley Corngold, Jack Greenberg & Bruno Wagner (eds.), Franz Kafka: The Office Writings, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2008

Time Tombs

James Mathews-Hiskett

The story of Sol Weintraub is told in Dan Simmons' Sci-Fi epic Hyperion[1]. Sol's daughter Rachel is the victim of a terrible temporal accident, which occurs whilst studying anti-entropic fields around the mysterious Time Tombs on the planet Hyperion. The result is a reversal of Rachel's timeline, causing her to begin ageing backwards from the day of her accident. Her memories are also sequentially erased one day at a time, meaning that both her physical and psychological age regress simultaneously. Sol must tragically watch his daughter slide backwards through the life that she has already lived, forgetting it as she goes. In this way, all the events of Rachel's life are re-lived by both characters. Rachel becomes ignorant of her plight as her condition worsens, but Sol is painfully aware of the situation. Despite this, he desperately attempts to replicate the events of Rachel's life as closely as possible, so as not to upset her. The two characters end up travelling in opposing directions through the events of a single lifetime.

Deviation from an asymmetrical linear progression of time is a recurrent theme in Sci-Fi literature. However, what makes Simmons'[2] work particularly interesting, is that a complex and fluid way of viewing time is applied to the internal psychological space of his characters' memories, as well as the external space of the world he has created. Instead of being something rigid and fixed, memory becomes something malleable, constantly evolving as his characters' circumstances change. By presenting memory as mutable and radically dependent on personal perspective, Simmons[3] also reveals its potentially imperfect and fallible nature. This is an idea explored far beyond Sci-fi and is an enquiry that may be crucial to our understanding of how human memory functions.

The American artist Kerry Tribe has a similar interest in the fallible nature of memory. In the film Episode[4], the artist and two friends recall a shared event from their past. Produced in a television studio, the work mimics the format of a morning talk show, with conversation moderated by a journalist. The three friends initially recount witnessing the northern lights whilst driving together across rural Idaho in 1991. However, it transpires that none of the three are entirely satisfied by this explanation of events, proposing that a UFO sighting or a group hallucination might be other possible explanations. As conversation progresses, the individuals question their initially confident conclusions about what they witnessed. The details of their own recollections appear to change as different explanations are put forward. Their interpretation of the event becomes less clear and more confused the longer it is discussed. As Tribe puts it, this reveals "the challenges of objectively communicating subjective experiences"[5], suggesting that our interpretation of our memories is heavily dependent on context and changes significantly over time.

The porous quality of memory explored in this work might initially seem to indicate a weakness in our memory function. Certainly, exceptionally accurate or detailed memory is often associated with great intelligence. It is also frequently admired in popular culture, from Sherlock Holmes to Sheldon Cooper. However, there are also examples that warn against this idolisation of perfect recall. Such examples question our view of how recollective processes function. This is perfectly illustrated in Jorges Luis Borges' short story Funes the Memorious[6].

Set in 19th century Uruguay, Borges'[7] work tells of an encounter between an unnamed narrator and Ireneo Funes, a man who is paralysed after a childhood accident.

During a visit to Funes' house late on a humid summer evening, he reveals his exceptionally extensive memory to the narrator. Funes remembers everyday of his life in minute detail. He remembers everything that has ever happened so perfectly that his most recent and most distant memories are of equal clarity. Upon seeing his own face in the mirror he is surprised. He remembers the details of his reflection so precisely each time he sees it, that on a different day or in a different light he cannot recognise himself.

Although he is astonished by these remarkable feats of memory, the narrator perceives the tragic consequences this has for Funes. Due to the incredible accuracy of his memory, he is incapable of seeing patterns or similarities. This lack of connection means that he cannot place any of his experiences in context, and they fail to take on any significance. His memory amounts to a huge and useless data set, unimaginably extensive, but ultimately pointless. Borges[8] demonstrates that the perfection of Funes' memory is also his downfall. He is unable to understand the world around him due to the burden of his own memories. This again suggests that it is the imperfect nature of memories that allows us to make sense of them. We effectively depend on the fallibility of our memories for them to be of any use to us.

So what happen's when a person with a typically flawed human memory strives to attain a Funes like recollective perfection? The cantankerous character of Krapp in Samuel Beckett's Krapp's Last Tape[9], may shed some light. Premiered in 1958, the one act play features the single character of Krapp, an old man who sits at a desk and listens to recordings of himself on a tape recorder. The desk is scattered with piles of notes and tape reels and it quickly becomes apparent that Krapp has been dictating to his tape machine for many years, describing

and reflecting on the events of his whole life. Throughout the play, multiple layers of tapes build up. First, Krapp listens to a tape recorded on his birthday many years ago, which references other even earlier tapes. He then records a new tape that angrily derides the opinions of his younger self. As the layers build, we see that Krapp is becoming lost within his own memories.

Krapp swings between a corrosive anger and a powerfully mournful nostalgia. He is so addicted to re-living his past that he has lost the ability to live his life and create new memories. In order to try and preserve his memories in the ordered, archival manor of Funes, Krapp depends on an external repository. The mechanism by which he remembers is the tape recorder itself. He has become utterly reliant on the mechanical device and is unable to recall his memories without it. As a result, Krapp has developed an unusual and unique method of recollection which seems dysfunctional from outside. However, as imperfect as it appears, it seems to serve Krapp well in some ways. This reveals how personal adaptations of memory are, as well as expressing a deep fear of forgetting. Beckett's[10] play ultimately demonstrates the dangers of trying to resist the naturally imperfect nature of memory.

Simmons[11], Borges[12] and Beckett[13] create characters that demonstrate how diverse the possibilities of conceptualising the function and purpose of memories are. Although the characters of Rachel Weintraub, Ireneo Funes and Krapp are fictional, this does not hinder the transferability of their struggles with memory to their audiences. Our eyes are opened to a significantly more diverse view of memory. In a number of works, Tribe[14] takes this idea further, creating environments that allow the neurotypical viewer to experience what it might feel like to have memories that function differently to their own. This

is most notably expressed in the film H.M.[15], which blends archival material, animated, and reenacted elements to tell the story of a man known only as H.M. He underwent brain surgery in 1953 in an attempt to alleviate epileptic symptoms, which unexpectedly resulted in a radical amnesia, leaving him unable to construct lasting memories. He did, however maintain the ability to make short term memories lasting around twenty seconds.

The eighteen-minute film is displayed on two adjacent projections that are run out of sync with each other. This delay, which matches the twenty second capacity of H.M.'s memory, creates an unsettling dissonance which is disorientating for the viewer. For a few minutes this provides the viewer with an impression of what H.M.'s experience of the world is like. This in turn helps us to expand our own understanding of memory and the myriad of possible ways in which it can function. It appears clear that memory is something changeable, fallible, imperfect and often unreliable. However, it is also evident that these same qualities are essential if memory is to help us make sense of our past and present. The work of Tribe[16], Beckett[17], Borges[18] and Simmons[19] allow us to see this, warning against a narrow minded view of memory and opening our eyes to the possibilities that imperfection presents.

Notes:

1. Simmons, D (1989). Hyperion. New York, New York: Doubleday.
2. ibid.
3. ibid.
4. Tribe, K. (2006) Episode. Video, 30 minutes.
5. Tribe, K. (2006). Episode. Available: http://www.kerrytribe.com/project/episode/. Last accessed 04th April 2021.
6. Luis Borges, J. (1970). Funes the Memorious . In: Luis Borges, J, Alfred Yates, D, Irby, J Labyrinths : selected stories and other writings. London: Penguin.
7. ibid.
8. ibid.
9. Beckett, S. (2009). Krapp's Last Tape. In: Beckett, S Krapp's Last Tape and Other Shorter Plays. London: Faber and Faber.
10. ibid.
11. Simmons, D (1989).
12. Luis Borges, J. (1970).
13. Beckett, S. (2009).
14. Tribe, K. (2009). H.M. Double projection of single 16mm film, 18:30 minute loop.
15. ibid.
16. ibid.
17. Beckett, S. (2009).
18. Luis Borges, J. (1970).
19. Simmons, D (1989).

Looking for Distractions

Bethany Turner-Pemberton

The act of looking is a relatively simple, everyday occurrence. Something which is taken for granted and goes unquestioned as we move through our daily lives. Yet, when we consider the dictionary definition of the word 'look' it almost certainly includes the word 'see'. These definitions[1] assume that upon looking we are seeing and fully comprehending what is around us. Looking can be distracted, or absent minded, yet when we lend our full attention, we can truly see. In everyday life, with its myriad distractions and occupations, the definitions can become confused, blurring the lines between looking and seeing, distraction and attention; raising questions about the things that we give our full attention to. Cultural theorist Dominic Pettman asks, 'what happens to a world in which distraction becomes the rule rather than the exception?'[2]

Christian Marclay's 'LOOK' (2016-2019), mixes the documentation of urban environments with conceptual art, and questions what it really means 'to look'. Is the artwork encouraging us to focus solely on the film itself, to give it our undivided attention? Perhaps it is a reminder to look around us, look away from our phone screens and take out our headphones to really see things for what they are. In 'LOOK', Marclay combines strategies of street photography, conceptual art and serial production, producing a portrait of the urban environment, in a style reminiscent of the movement of flipbooks or early camera experiments. Surrounded by everyday discarded items, the artist has collated thousands of images of the word 'LOOK' from London's streets. This combination of image and text is not something unfamiliar to us. In a world dominated

by attention grabbing advertisements we are accustomed to brightly lit screens and bold, eye catching text. There is something about the film that captures the attention, forcing us to pause and focus. Perhaps 'LOOK' is the ultimate distraction; the exception to the rule.

The exception here is the presence of Marclay's photographic analysis of a single word. Nicholas Mirzoeff suggests that only the 'correct' combination of 'the known and the new' can create something beautiful to hold our attention.[3] By combining these elements Marclay allows us to recognise the image as something we have seen before, everyday signage in the urban environment, whilst also acknowledging the nuance in each photograph. Employing the 'correct' amount of 'the recognisable' re-directs our focus and challenges our understanding of it. 'The known', seen by Jean Baudrillard as the banal,[4] or a repeated everyday occurrence, is recontextualised within Marclay's work, all possible distractions are removed and each variation is captured to hold our attention. Slight differences in font and size become captivating, the yellow hues of leaves and parking restrictions catch the eye and the similarity of it is no longer banal. It is engaging, the real world seeming slightly more real, now that it can be seen through a digital screen.

Within Marclay's meticulous documentation, could it be the word itself that prompts such focus? We are told to look by this artwork, encouraged to focus on the word and do as it requests. Focusing on this instruction seems vital and unquestionable; 'if you dare lift your eyes from the screen even for a moment, you might miss the tweet or the post or the update that promises to change your life'.[5] This addictive quality is somewhat replicated within Marclay's fast moving screen, captivating and challenging our ability to look. This four-letter word, in all its simplicity, provides two possible audience responses: an opportunity to

consider, analyse and understand the impact of distraction – the chance to truly see. Or, the removal of all agency, staring unblinking at this instruction from the information machine of the screen – the ultimate distraction. [6]

French philosopher Simone Weil once said 'attention is the rarest and purest form of generosity' and perhaps today her words are even more prescient.[7] Weil's words may fall upon deaf ears in a society addicted to technology and distracted by the banal sphere of everyday life. Acknowledging Weil's statement, it seems important to consider that Marclay's film does not suggest that we look solely upon his work, but that we look around us and see. Could the intention be to direct our eyes to the things that most require our attention? Since the advent of social media, smart phones and life online, distraction has become digital, the compulsion to refresh our screens is an addiction shared by many and the screening out of everyday life is all too easy.[8] The continuously refreshing image of Marclay's 'LOOK' somewhat satisfies this need, yet it also removes the blindness brought on by this incessant distraction. Challenging what we choose to lend our attention to, 'LOOK' acts as a reminder of our situation, not as an isolated solitary figure, but as a member of a community. Marclay's instruction and Weil's suggestion allow us to consider the value of attention and the cost of distraction. Distraction's arch enemy is the key focus here: attention. Capturing our attention, 'LOOK' establishes a connection between Marclay and ourselves that seems to transcend its digital boundaries. It is a 24/7 reminder that to look is to glance, but to see is to pay attention to what is around you.

Notes

1. “Look/See”. Dictionary.cambridge.org. 2020. https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/see. https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/look. 06.01.2020 [Online]
2. PETTMAN, D. (2016) ‘Infinite Distraction’. Cambridge: Polity Press, p. 19
3. MIRZOEFF, N. (2015) ‘How to See the World’. London: Penguin Random House, p. 4
4. BAUDRILLARD, J. (2013) ‘The intelligence of evil or the lucidity effect’ London: Bloomsbury Academic, p. 104
5. PETTMAN, D. (2016) ‘Infinite Distraction’. Cambridge: Polity Press, p. xiii
6. BAUDRILLARD, J. (2013) ‘The intelligence of evil or the lucidity effect’ London: Bloomsbury Academic, p. 104
7. WEIL, S. Cited in: PETTMAN, D. (2016) ‘Infinite Distraction’. Cambridge: Polity Press, p.17
8. PETTMAN, D. (2016) ‘Infinite Distraction’. Cambridge: Polity Press.

An Imagined Recollection of Colour

With extracts taken from Derek Jarman's 1994 book 'Chroma'

Elysia Lukoszevieze

In my grandmother's living room, my mother and I play MahJong. Building walls with little ivory bricks. On the mantelpiece are two ivory miniatures of the Taj Mahal, its marble funereal white. All the ancient monuments are ghostly white, the statues of Greece and Rome were washed of their colours by time. So, when the Italian artists revived antiquity, they sculpted in white marble unaware that their exemplars were once polychrome - who sculpted the whitest? Canova? A deathly Cupid and Psyche? The Three Ghostly Graces? Ghosts from the antique. The world had become a ghost for artists.

We strung a bedsheet up in the garden one night when I was around 8 or 9 and shone a torch on it, a light trap for the moths. Entranced by this beacon they gathered, their wings and fuzzy bodies quivering as they clambered across the bright white landscape. Dad pointed to each and told me their names, borrowed from other animals. Elephant. Hummingbird. Tiger. Perhaps bashful creatures, they only emerge at night to keep their beauty a secret.

At seven I embarrassed my military father asking for a white arum lily as a birthday present, rather than the dead lead soldiers he would have preferred. My childish passion for flowers he thought sissie; he hoped I would grow out of it. I've never had an obsession with white flowers like Vita had at Sissinghurst, though I do have a favourite, the old clove-scented pink, with its shaggy petals, Mrs Sinkins.

For a while during university I loved to wear predominantly pink. Sticky, sickly, bubble gum pink. The shade Baker Miller pink - also known as Drunk Tank pink has been observed in studies to reduce violence, hostility and aggression. The colour has gone on to adorn prison cells, psychiatric wards and, of course, drunk tanks. Possibly in an act of self-medication my pink jumpers/jeans/t-shirts/culottes were an attempt to reduce my depressive tendencies.

Grey were the dismal rain-sodden days of my childhood. The depressions following, one after another, like a goods train to dump the misty waters of the Atlantic on my holidays. Rain rattling on the grey roof of the Nissen hut, ennui and boredom, I stared out of the window waiting for the sun.

In grey days of spring
The colours sing in my garden
Grey days cool with mists.

Last year I fell in love with the sea. As a child I clenched damp sand between my toes as the breeze wrapped around me and goosebumps prickled across my arms and legs, staring at the uninviting cold expanse of grey. I only dared to paddle, afraid of being swept away, intense anxiety rippling through me whenever a piece of seaweed brushed my feet. But now, I allow the cold to pass and then radiating heat to spread through my body. Floating wide like a starfish atop the water, the curl of a wave pushed up against the small of my back, a supportive hand of slate grey water carrying me. I am more connected to the earth than I had ever felt with my feet planted on the ground, contained, saturated with my own strength. Total insignificance can be freeing.

Grey surrounds us and we ignore it.

Blue is the glow of a lover's skin in the last remaining light of the day, as the sun creeps its final fingers of light across the horizon before sleep. The shadows of the room stretch long across the ceiling and everything glows with a gentle blue haze, shapes distorted and soft in the darkness.

All is fair in love and war, and red is without doubt the colour of war. The colour of life departing from a broken heart is a trickle of red blood. Sacred heart of Jesus.

What colour is heartbreak? In my memories the world was void of anything worth inhabiting with colour.

I know that my colours are not yours. Two colours are never the same, even if they're from the same tube. Context changes the way we perceive them.

Brown I associate with my grandmother. Her home a wood heavy household of imposing brown, her skin soft and cocoa coloured. Bowls of beige buttery Werther's originals were consistently available upon every visit, tasting one now transports me to my small self sat on a sea of mahogany flooring.

Brown had its ceremonies in my childhood. One of them was to soak the leaf mould in which you planted bulbs. Tawny tulips that shed their skins, revealing snowy hearts. Snowdrops, crocus and hyacinth, hidden in a dark and cool cupboard under the stairs, and constantly watched for the first blanched shoots. Then they were brought into the light, the ivory turned quickly to green.

The marbled brown shell of my childhood pet giant African land snail. When fully extended from her shell she was the length of my skinny forearm, trailing behind her a ribbon of iridescent slime. She was fantastically disgusting and I loved her fiercely.

Brown is a slow colour. It takes its time. It is the colour of winter. It is also a colour of hope, for we know it will not be blanketed by icy snow forever.

We travelled north on an icy February morning on the train from Euston, through a landscape touched by Jack Frost. Woods, fields and hedgerows. A blinding crystalline white etched against a blue sky. The hoar frost shimmered whiter than snow, each leaf and twig, the frozen grass. Motionless white. The hills and valleys hallucinated. I only saw this once, except on postcards. The beams of the February sun, brighter than midsummer, melted the crystals, and by the time we reached Manchester it was a memory. There is no way we could describe what we saw, it would be as impossible as describing the face of God.

My Dad used to kick a ball as high as it would possibly go into the azure blue sky when I was small. In my imagined memories (the memories that are gradually embellished by fanciful daydreams over time) I remember them returning to Earth

as frost covered footballs, a gentle dusting of glittering snow on top due to the fact they had flown so very high that they had entered the Earth's freezing stratosphere, beyond the blue and into the darkness of space.

Today, as I write this, the Hubble telescope is photographing the very edge of the universe. The beginning of time. Worlds whose light has taken longer to get there than the existence of the Earth itself. Lurking black holes where time, space and dimension cease to exist. Will my voice echo till time ends? Will it journey forever into the void?

Window Dressing

Julia Makojnik

"I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever you see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.

I am not cruel, only truthful–

The eye of a little god, four-cornered."
– Sylvia Plath "Mirror"

Pavement Gallery is housed in the Righton Building in Manchester, which initially served as a drapery store, and then as an ironmonger and builder's merchant. The ground floor windows of the building – some of which belong to the gallery – retain their original store front aesthetic, with large panels of glass at street level and smaller vitrines running across the top of the window frame. Although a shop window is not a completely unusual setting for the display of art – after all, artists frequently take over abandoned storefronts – it makes for a unique experience of viewing an artwork, with the familiar visual aspects of the architectural setting and the glass surface between the art object and the spectator.

Department stores have long taken advantage of their glass building facades for window displays, the first appearing in the 18th century, followed by a boom in visual merchandising initiated by Selfridge's at the beginning of the 1900s. Window dressing has since developed into a professional field, and over the years artists have been commissioned to design displays – Salvador Dali, Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg all worked with Bonwitt Teller, and Victor Hugo created displays for Halston. The goal is to create an eye-catching and visually appealing narrative that unfolds as the spectator walks past the window, pulling them into consumerist fantasies. There are also artists - such as Dan Graham and Lynn Hershman – who used their installation practice to deconstruct the visual rhetoric of commercial displays and question the spectator's role in the socio-economic systems they operate within.

Storefront displays exploit techniques of spectacle – which are also frequently adopted by gallery exhibitions – to engage passers-by in their presentations of consumerist utopias. Additionally, they simultaneously adjust lighting and apply specialist coating to minimise glare, manipulating the reflectivity of the glass surface, and instead frequently include mirror fragments within the displays themselves, seductively reflecting parts of our bodies and isolating us from our surroundings to emphasise an individual aesthetic experience. These resulting reflections are like fragmented apparitions, ghosts of all the different people whom for a moment we imagine we could buy our way into being.

But what happens when rather than pushing against the properties of glass, we work with them instead? Glass is a unique medium, it toes the line between a liquid and solid state. Like clear liquid, it is denser than air and therefore has a translucent quality that reflects, absorbs and refracts light all at once. However, as glass is static, any light passing through it is only minimally distorted. In ideal lighting conditions, glass panes used in windows refract much of the light that hits them, with only a small proportion absorbed or reflected. In contrast, a mirror reflects between 85 and 99% of light, and absorbs the remainder. Both reflections deal with the same temporal context of the here and now, but reflections in glass are subtle and fine detail is often lost.

Although glass can act much like a mirror when the lighting conditions on one side of it are much darker than on the side of the spectator, most of the time lighting is more balanced on both sides, resulting in a translucent, ghostly reflection of our figure and the world around us that we are able to simultaneously look at and see through. This property exposes and captures light and allows us to engage in a dual optical experience of looking in two directions, back and forward at the same time. The space behind the window and the spatial, social and temporal contexts surrounding it exist on the same surface. An early example of artists working with these qualities of glass is early spirit photography. Before glass plate negatives and multiple exposure were discovered, photographers shot their subjects through or reflected in windows to give them the appearance of ghosts and presented their audiences long exposure spiritualist visitations.

Photographer John Deakin often utilised techniques first popularised by spirit photography. Interestingly, he began his career as a window dresser, grappling with glass' reflective properties and the double image it can create. Deakin utilised multiple exposure to photograph his subjects – often queers living in London – highlighting the double life they were forced to lead when homosexuality was illegal. He also photographed people reflected in store front windows, emphasising the possibility of connection and flirtation between individuals through indirect gaze.

Discussions around reflections often focus on the individual. In Greek mythology, Narcissus falls in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water, isolating himself from the rest of the world, fixating on himself and losing his ability to engage and empathise with others around him. Lacan described his mirror stage theory in infants as "libidinal dynamism", where a tense relationship

is formed between the subject and their fragmented body image, resulting in the formation of the Ego.[1] In art, and painting in particular, the mirror has symbolised female vanity, a view into another world, a self-referential dimension, and the work of art as a means of reflection. Writers such as Sylvia Plath and Virginia Woolf[2] elevated mirror surfaces to mystical, sacred symbols while centring female protagonists that searched for truth in a mirror. Often, to look inward and grapple with our own reflection is portrayed as an intimate, solitary act, to the point of almost complete disconnection from our surrounding contexts.

The pane of reflection is a virtual space that contains nothing but echoes of things that are not part of it. For Michel Foucault, the mirror is a tool of displacement that complicates our perception between the inside and outside. When developing his ideas around utopia and heterotopia, Foucault considered the mirror to be "a place outside all places," an object that was both due to the characteristic of its surface.[3] A mirror is a utopia because it is a space where one sees themselves, yet it is placeless and virtual, as if present somewhere beyond its surface. It is also a heterotopia, because the reflection where we see of ourselves and our surroundings simultaneously makes the space we occupy absolutely real and unreal. Reflections allow us to examine ourselves from a third person perspective, but they must also pass through the virtual space of reflection before we are able to perceive them. The reflective surface is where contradictory spaces can converge. The real and the illusory, utopias and heterotopias - these spaces confront us with the incompatibilities and illusions of utopias, while allowing us to create new ideas of utopias we cannot have.

Whenever an artwork is displayed at Pavement, varying weather and lighting conditions outside affect the

amount of light its glass windows reflect. The view of the work is at its clearest and most uninterrupted at night time, when the majority of the light comes from the inside of the space outward. Bright sunlight leads to sharp glare and at certain angles the details of the outside world compete for our attention with the objects on the inside of the space, while overcast weather produces a smoother, blurred relationship between the glass surface and what is housed behind it.

The glass window at Pavement is an inextricable part of its spatial environment which has a varying influence on the experience of any artwork shown within; its translucent surface softly reflects the surrounding area, while the work inside draws our attention past the pane. As spectators we can simultaneously look through the glass at the work to engage with its aesthetic qualities, and reflect on its relationship to the wider temporal, spatial and social contexts subtly cast back at us in the ghostly apparitions.

Indoor gallery spaces often wrestle with different approaches of contextualising artwork for their audiences and providing a linear narrative. In a window space viewed from the outside, however, the contexts of the location – both in the geographical sense, as well as the sense of place - other people present and the current moment in time are staring back at us from the pane. The experience allows us to reflect on these wider contexts and examine our connection to them, and provides new, fluid frames of reference to view the artwork through. Additionally, it highlights simultaneous narratives taking place at once, with our focus shifting back and forth between one and the other, disrupting our linear experience of the city, or the narrative utilised by commercial storefront displays and indoor gallery exhibitions.

In the case of Sky (2021) by Kerry Tribe, the window additionally highlights the remoteness of clouds – although accessible to most people in the world, they are untouchable and beyond reach. On overcast days the glass presents us with a reflection of a sky similar to the photographic work housed inside, emphasising the blurred boundary between inside and outside.[4]

Notes

1. Interestingly, there are old superstitions dating from the 1850s to the 1930s that a baby should not be allowed to look in a mirror until it reaches the age of 1 year, or else it will be cross eyed, die before 18, or lead a very troubled life.
2. In “A Room of One’s Own,” Woolf also wrote about women as objects that served the purpose of reflecting men. “Women have served all these centuries as looking glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size.”
3. Utopia literally means ‘no place’.
4. Between May and June 2021 Pavement Gallery exhibited Sky (2021) by Kerry Tribe. The work was a large scale print of tumultuous clouds covering the whole back wall of the gallery. Images and more information about the work can be found at https://www.pavementgallery.com/kerry-tribe

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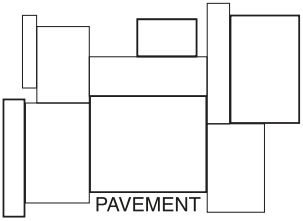
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