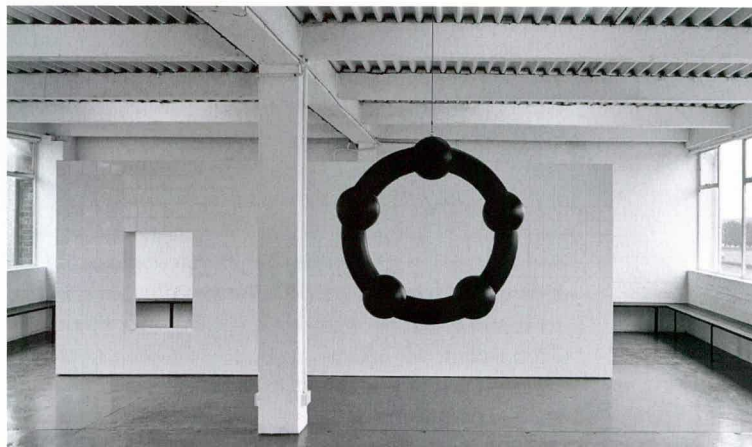
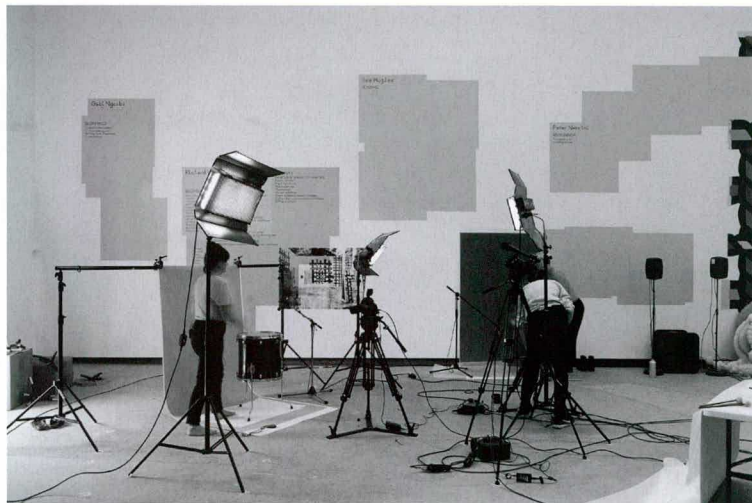


A small number of individual pieces populate the space, including a series of aluminium panels covered in what look like water droplets but which are made from resin. The first of these, *User_01*, all works 2016, implies an anonymous experience while *Alex* and *René* point to more intimate, personal associations. These are sensual objects, the resin allowing for the appearance of perfectly preserved water droplets, while smears in the sheer surfaces allow the presence of *Alex and René* (and *User_01*) to be felt. *Beast II*, on the other hand, implies a rather more intimidating experience, even if the exact nature of said experience is not clear: a black rubber cock ring increased to an absurd, even playful size. So while its title suggests intimidation, the enlarged size turns it into something ridiculous. *Glory*, 2016, seems clear enough from its title, even if the object itself, a beer crate encased in resin, is somewhat reminiscent of Gareth's stapler being set into jelly in *The Office*.

The product of a British Council curatorial development residency, Aziz Sohail, from Pakistan, has curated **The Humble Vessel**, a collections display at the New Art Gallery Walsall featuring a newly commissioned film and book from Karachi-based artist Fazal Rizvi. The collections display surrounding the Rizvi piece is essentially fine, featuring contemporary work from the likes of Ryan Gander and Bob & Roberta Smith as well as older pieces such as an 1873 painting from Jules Émile Saintin. The piece by Smith, *Concrete Boats*, 1996, stands out, a charmingly naive sculpture of two concrete boats, a departure from his usual sign-writing. However, the display lacks purpose, other than to dig out some works from the store rooms.

Rizvi's *The Fleet*, however, dominates the space, being allowed a wall to itself in the otherwise crowded gallery, while the background noise of the steady motion of the sea emanates throughout, making it possible to hear the piece upon approach, inviting the visitor into the space and making its presence felt throughout the exhibition visit. The film itself is a single, static shot of a small rowing boat, broken up across a trio of monitors. The accompanying text indicates that it was shot on the coast of Karachi, the hometown of both Rizvi and Sohail, while also stating that the piece avoids geographical references (which it does) in an odd, contradictory attempt to have things both ways. Still, the film is undeniably pleasant, inviting quiet contemplation; it would have been better served with more considered interpretation and, perhaps, without the accompanying collections display. Freely available to take away, Rizvi also exhibits *within a vessel, upon a vessel*, 2016, a lovely publication that displays its text in a manner reminiscent of Ian Hamilton Finlay.

For its 2016 display, Rugby Art Gallery and Museum has invited **Emily Wardill** to curate its collections display alongside a complementary presentation of her new film *When You Fall into a Trance*, 2016. As with Walsall, the collections display is fine, without being particularly outstanding, though the benefit of a larger space allows a degree of distance to be achieved, and Wardill's film inhabits its own space without interference. *When You Fall into a Trance* follows the interpersonal relationships surrounding a neuroscientist and her patient as they work through his loss of proprioception (the ability to sense your own body without being able to see it). Every character appears to be on the verge of emotional breakdown, conversations fraught with tension and the surrounding issues going unsaid. We frequently cut away to sequences of synchronised swimming, a smart choice for not only demonstrating proprioception but also for disorienting the viewer, particularly when Wardill splits the screen via the surface of the water. Choosing to disorient



the viewer further, Wardill sometimes switches from convention to allow the narrator to voice all of the characters, creating something almost equivalent to Cormac McCarthy's lack of punctuation, and forcing the viewer to rely disproportionately on their vision to interpret what is happening.

By inviting an artist such as Wardill to show new work, Rugby creates a reason for those who aren't locals to visit. While the quality of display of Wardill's film demonstrates that local museums could stand to learn how to do more with their undoubtedly small budgets, that such presentations are happening at all is worthy of praise. ■

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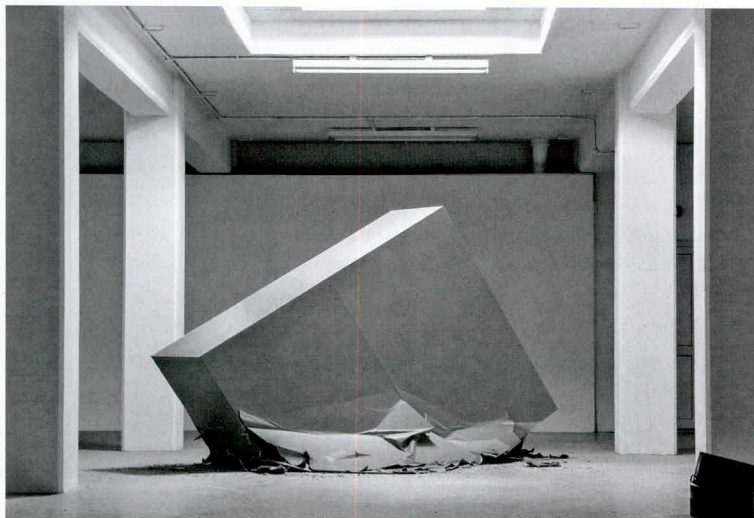
'Production Show'
installation view

Prem Sahib
installation view

Plymouth Round-up

The Gallery • KARST • Plymouth Arts Centre

Last month, Merriam-Webster added FOMO to its latest unabridged dictionary. This 'fear of missing out', of not being included in something that others are experiencing (not necessarily enjoying), has irrefutably risen alongside post-digital anxieties; our accelerating consumption of information both confounds and augments the (anti)social phenomenon. Proverbially, **good things come...** on view at The Gallery at Plymouth College of Art, negates this obsessive need to absorb immediately and dissociatively. Operating on a series of demanding encounters, 'good things come...' promotes a correlative system of time, promise and reward.



Sebastian Wickerth
Untitled 2016

Curated by Kevin Hunt, the exhibition features his own work alongside that of 16 other artists and brings together over 120 objects, which litter the floor, walls, constructed tables, shelves, windows, pillars, corners and ceiling of the gallery space. Sean Edwards's *Practice Table (PCA version)*, 2004-, supports a bank of over 60 objects from his studio – camera film, coloured doorknobs, thread, mugs, a door wedge and bits of tape, paper and wood – which act as remnants of previous works and half-formed or forgotten ideas. Edwards's table is saturated with little things that are insignificant without accumulation or interaction; as a composite they become a proposal for the studio space, while attempting to recreate it through its removable, object-based inhabitants.

Susan Collis's sculptures are dispersed throughout the gallery, punctuating the sunken spaces between objects. Stirling silver and 18 carat gold nails protrude from the walls next to embedded black gemstones, which resemble the cavities left by such nails. These are familiar, domestic signs of removal and anticipation – both vestiges of passed/past significance and indications of arrival. While Collis disguises the labour and expense in her works to the point of invisibility, other artists aggrandise modest materials: Hayley Tompkins transforms cutlery with gouache; Vanessa Billy encases fake shrimps in water and plastic bags; and Clive Murphy and Leo Fitzmaurice both manipulate cardboard packaging to different ends.

Recently, Hunt made a simple change to the installation of his work when he began to hang his sculptural objects at eye-level on the wall rather than placing them on the floor. With this small gesture, the exhibition becomes an extension of Hunt's decision to attribute art-historical conventions to the fleeting and seemingly inconsequential. The selected artists share an inherent interest in the dichotomy between value and worthlessness: monumentalising utilitarian objects, scaling-up and scaling-down and subverting both expense and mundanity. 'good things come...' is an intimate dedication to the ephemeral, a quiet but confident plea for more time.

Loosely forming a partnership of sculptural exhibitions in Plymouth, 'good things come...' shared its opening evening with **Fuck Newton** at KARST. Opposing the ordered sincerity of 'good things come...', KARST's parallel group exhibition is impudent and purposefully convoluted. Framing the *Roadrunner* cartoons as an apt illustration of its suggested 'altered landscape' in which the laws of physics are placed in doubt, 'Fuck Newton' explores motion, sensory experience and natural phenomena. Titularly demanding the impossible, the

exhibition establishes its ethos through repudiation: 'Carving, modelling and welding. This exhibition is not that.'

Set back in a cavernous space by the gallery entrance is Heather & Ivan Morison's *The Opposite of All Those Things*, 2011, a huge, multifaceted, black nylon and carbon-fibre kite. The artwork was flown and filmed on Fleetwood beach in Lancashire in 2011. Here, the object is shown without documentation of its function, and instead looms like a redundant extraterrestrial craft. Almost disappearing into the dark recess, *The Opposite of All Those Things* becomes architectural rather than transitory, its own apparent weight ridiculing the suggestion of it ever being airborne.

Lucia Quevedo's *Play 2 Win*, 2016, consists of a suspended metal frame from which a bank of vivid green therapist's putty descends and pools on the floor below. With an unpredictable but inevitable motion, the lurid substance demonstrates gravitational pull while appearing to be governed by autonomous law. As the matter hits the ground it folds in and over itself, losing any definition it gained on its descent. Although reminiscent of the 1990s television trend for 'gunging' on shows such as *Get Your Own Back* and *Fun House*, Quevedo's cartoonish substance is unsettling in its unpreventable encroachment on human territory. Irreverently synthetic, it will stick to your shoes and hair, hide in every available crevice and ruin your clothes.

It is this insolent precariousness which underpins all nine large-scale works in the exhibition. Sebastian Wickerth's *Untitled*, 2016 – a vast box-shaped object seemingly dropped on its side – rests on a crushed corner, ostensibly propped up by accidental damage. Frances Scott's five-channel video installation *The Aphotic Zone*, 2014, comprises clips from 1960s science documentaries and footage of butterfly sanctuaries alongside a claustrophobic narrative which describes sensory experiences: 'you find yourself in darkness', 'images crawl across you'. Curated by Carl Slater and Jordan Baseman (Interview *AM394*) in part via Whatsapp and Skype, 'Fuck Newton' capitalises on social apprehension and fuels a sense of paranoia. Collectively, the works are a homage to control – an attempt to regain it, but with the definite and perverse expectation of failure.

At Plymouth Arts Centre, **Kelly Best's** 'All Walls Interrupted' is the artist's first solo exhibition to place painting alongside her architectural-scale wall drawings. In contrast to her obsessive vertical mark-making, Best's paintings are layered and seemingly unrestrained; the meticulous drawn line is replaced with long dribbles of paint, and stock paper colours of orange and green are replaced with murky, inky concoctions. Manifesting as the formal extremes of Best's practice, both disciplines reveal her interest in geometric form and optical illusion. Propped up on the floor and dominated by large, dense planes of colour, one painting includes a rectangle so persuasive that children have mistaken it for an open door.

In addition to a new commission of 155 drawn panels made on-site at Plymouth Arts Centre, there are smaller drawings which operate on the removal rather than the inclusion of line, and a series of photographs from Best's *Project X*, 2015. These photographs of green and concrete spaces are interrupted by white squares which are indeterminable as superficial incisions or impositions. The simple shapes afford the inherently flat photographic image a potential for depth. More than any other work on view, these modest images reveal a rationality to Best's meticulous practice, directly communicating her impression of uniformity and order in the world. ■

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