

IT'S  
ABOUT  
TIME

CURATED BY  
CHRISTINA NIEDERBERGER  
AND PAUL CAREY-KENT

# IT'S ABOUT TIME

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ANDY CHARRALAMBOUS  
SUSAN COLLINS  
CLARISSE  
D'ARCINOLES  
ALISON GILL  
NICK HORNBY

ALEX HUDSON  
LIVIA MARIN  
PERNILLE HOLM MERCER  
NIKA NEELOVA  
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HARALD SHYKLA  
DOLLY THOMPSETT

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CHRISTINA  
NIEDERBERGER  
AND  
PAUL CAREY-KENT  
ASC GALLERY  
LONDON 2013

Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future,  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation.  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.  
Footfalls echo in the memory  
Down the passage which we did not take  
Towards the door we never opened  
Into the rose-garden. My words echo  
Thus, in your mind.

But to what purpose  
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves  
I do not know.'

**TS ELIOT**  
*From **Burnt Norton**, 1936*

# IT'S ABOUT TIME

## “WHAT’S THE TIME?”

This question is usually taken to refer straightforwardly the precise position of the minute and hour hands on the clock face or a digital number which tell us what the time is at any given moment. So a simple definition states that ‘time is what clocks measure’ – but beyond that lies complexity. Which answers then can we provide if the question, instead, aims to unravel time as a fundamental concept of our existence? What then is time? “If no one asks me”, Saint Augustine stated, “I know what it is.” “If I wish to explain it to him who asks”, he continues, “I do not know.”

Time has been a major subject of religion, philosophy, history and science, but defining it in a manner applicable to all fields of study without circularity has consistently eluded scholars. Two fundamentally contrasting philosophical viewpoints dominate our current understanding. Newtonian time conceives time as a universal given that structures events in linear succession. According to this understanding time travel is – theoretically – possible. The opposing view states that time doesn’t refer to any kind of given container through which events and objects

move, nor to any entity that ‘flows’. It is explained, rather, as part of a fundamental intellectual structure which allows us to represent, compare and order things and make sense of our experiences. This second view, in the tradition of Leibniz and Kant, maintains that time is neither an event nor a thing, and thus is not itself measurable nor can it be travelled.

Although time and its relentless passing are engrained in our conscious existence as we make a distinction between our limited life span and eternity, and although a contemporary world without clocks which regulate our daily routines would be unimaginable, the concept remains mysterious and ultimately ungraspable. Popular slogans such as ‘time is money’, ‘time is running out’, ‘time and tide wait for no man’, ‘to be on time’, ‘time flies’, ‘wasting/making time’ or ‘keeping time’ might be said to impose a false paradigm by commenting about time as if it could be grasped separately from our agency.

These sayings, however, also testify to a fundamental human need to make time tangible, as it seems that only then we are able to grasp it as something that can provide us with a sense of our existence in time. This

is poignantly evident in the story of Robinson Crusoe. After being shipwrecked on a desert island he starts his new life outside civilized society by making a calendar, demonstrating thus his desire to impose a human linear order on the cyclical time of nature. His choice of name for the cannibal he rescues has to be understood in the same context. By calling him ‘Friday’ (as he found him on a Friday), Robinson not only reveals his conviction that the linear order of time is a given and must be adhered to, but his gesture also suggests that with the structure of man-made time the wild, primitive and chaotic can ultimately be mastered and tamed.

In *The Sense of an Ending* Frank Kermode makes a similar point as he comments that “The clock’s ‘tick-tock’ humanises time by giving it a form.” It is the same ‘form’ Bataille writes about in his critical dictionary when he maintains that “a dictionary begins when it no longer gives the meaning of words but their tasks” and laments that for our understanding it is generally required “that each thing has its form.” In line with Bataille’s comments Kermode explains our distinction between the ‘tick’ and the ‘tock’ as an attempt to

overcome and grasp the disorganisation of a continuous time flow by imposing on it a structure which has both a beginning and an ending.

According to Kermode this suggests that we have a “deep need for intelligible Ends” as they initiate a sense of origin and testify of “a need in the moment of existence to belong.” As we establish “models of the world [that] make tolerable one’s moment between beginning and end” they enable us to “project ourselves [...] past the End, so as to see the structure whole, a thing we cannot do from our spot of time in the middle.”

These beginnings and ends allow us to “make little images of moments”, periodizing the continuous flow of time into graspable segments. The end becomes in itself an eternally deferred ‘not yet’, a meditation about origins, beginnings and ends and as such an intriguing topic for past and contemporary artistic expression across all media.

We hope the show enriches and arrests, but also offers a fresh understanding of ‘our time’.

**CHRISTINA NIEDERBERGER**  
*November 2013*

# EMMA BENNETT

A catalogue, which over years of love and abuse has become totally transformed!

I love this page now, in its current state with all the evidence of incidents and accidents that have happened along the way.



# ANDY CHARALAMBOUS

**We are all governed by the laws of nature.**

The motions of our star and planets determine our years, our seasons and our days. It is the tic-toc of each year and the tic-toc of each day that has measured time in our organic world.

In recent human history we have learnt to use our understanding of physics to design clever contraptions that provide us with different ways with which to measure time. Using gravity, the grains in an hourglass fall. The swing of a pendulum and the unwinding of a spring have made it possible for us to measure to a finer timescale, to measure the beating of a heart.

Quantum physics provides us with a new understanding of time. The behaviour of atomic and subatomic particles now provide a tic-toc that measures millionths and billionths of a second. These are the clocks inside the electronics we use; the motors, the computers, the smart phones, the stuff of our very modern life.

However much we understand science and whatever the accuracy we are able to measure the passing of time, it is our biological clock and the beating of our hearts that is truly important.



# TEREZA BUSKOVA

The Serbian dance  
of little queens  
from *Lives and  
traditions of Slavic  
nations* by J. Ruzicka



## The Wedding Shirts

Again—boom, boom! outside they hear;  
The girl is blind and deaf with fear!  
‘Come on, dead fellow—stand up, hey!  
Give me that living girl, I say!’  
Oh, poor, poor girl! For at those words  
He rises one more time—the third;  
His great dim eyes roll in his head,  
Upon the girl, with fright half-dead.  
‘Stand by me, Virgin Mary—plead  
With your dear Son, and intercede!  
I prayed a prayer that was not fitting:  
Forgive the sin I was committing!  
Oh, free me, Mary, Mother of grace  
From the evil forces in this place.’  
And close by, in the hamlet, hear—  
A cock begins to crow, quite near,  
And from the village all around  
Whole companies of cocks resound.  
The corpse, as he had risen before,  
Suddenly sprawled upon the floor,  
And all was quiet outside the room—  
The crowd had fled—and her evil groom.  
As folk are going to early mass,  
They stand astonished as they pass:  
Up there, one grave is gaping wide,  
and in the dead-house stands a bride,  
and, upon every burial mound,  
shreds of new shirts are scattered round.  
Maiden, you showed good sense indeed,  
To think on God in time of need,  
And from your evil groom were freed!  
If you’d tried any other means,  
Terrible would your end have been:  
Your graceful body, white and pure,  
Would have been like those shirts, for sure!

**KAREL JAROMIR ERBEN**

*(Translation by Susan Reynolds, 2002)*

Extracted from  
*The Bouquet* (1853),  
a collection of ballads  
based on folklore stories  
and songs.

SUSAN  
COLLINS



Left page, top to bottom:

London, 29th September  
2013 at 13.14pm

London, 13th September  
at 09.21am

London, 11th October  
2013 at 22.59pm

Right page, top to bottom:

London, 7th September  
2013 at 11.13am

London, 15th September  
2013 at 10.45am



# CLARISSE D'ARCIMOLES

Google

Gmail

NOUVEAU MESSAGE

Bolles de réception  
Tous les chats  
Messages envoyés  
Brouillons (14)  
Tous les messages  
Cercles

Forget Nostalgia  
Forgotten tale  
Outside it was snowing  
Private  
Staged Photography  
Un-possible retour  
Plus

Le 19 avril 2012 16:33, Adeline a écrit :

Dear Clarisse,  
I hope your projects are going well wherever you are in the world.

We met briefly at one of your exhibitions a while ago.  
I am writing to offer you a long term project (in reality...It will be a whole life time).  
When I was a child my dad was photographing me in the same location, same position and same pillar in our garden in Monaco.  
We were not doing it every year, but each time he was judging that I had changed enough so we could see an ageing difference between one photograph and another. There must be 6 or 7 in total. I asked my mother to look for them - they must be somewhere in one of those dusty boxes...

My Dad left when I was just 14 years old. I haven't seen him since.  
It's been 11 years now and each year passing it is one year year in each other's life and realistically one year closer to the end.  
I would like you to continue this project by photographing me every year, or once in a while when I change physically enough.  
Same plot, same position...and continue the work he never ended as a photographer, but also as a Dad.  
It is also a way for me to slowly say goodbye and that every day is one more day with the risk of never seeing each other again...  
I am curious to hear your thoughts,  
Adeline



# ALISON GILL

I'm showing a  
new version of the  
**Fibonacci Rabbit  
Generator**, 2001/10

*Plaster casts  
(54 breeding rabbit  
modules), tape*

**Photography:**  
Charlie Dutton

The proneness to decay of all that is beautiful and perfect can, as we know, give rise to two different impulses in the mind. The one leads to the aching despondency felt by the young poet, while the other leads to rebellion against the fact asserted. No! it is impossible that all this loveliness of Nature and Art, of the world of our sensations and of the world outside, will really fade away into nothing. It would be too senseless and too presumptuous to believe it. Somehow or other this loveliness must be able to persist and to escape all the powers of destruction.

But this demand for immortality is a product of our wishes too unmistakable to lay claim to reality: what is painful may none the less be true. I could not see my way to dispute the transience of all things, nor could I insist upon an exception in favour of what is beautiful and perfect. But I did dispute the pessimistic poet's view that the transience of what is beautiful involves any loss in its worth.

On the contrary, an increase! Transience value is scarcity value in time. Limitation in the possibility of an enjoyment raises the value of the enjoyment. It was incomprehensible, I declared, that the thought of the transience of beauty should interfere with our joy in it. As regards the beauty of Nature, each time it is destroyed by winter it comes again next year, so that in relation to the length of our lives it can in fact be regarded as eternal. The beauty of the human form and face vanish for ever in the course of our own lives, but their evanescence only lends them a fresh charm. A flower that blossoms only for a single night does not seem to us on that account less lovely. Nor can I understand any better why the beauty and perfection of a work of art or of an intellectual achievement should lose its worth because of its temporal limitation. A time may indeed come when the pictures and statues which we admire to-day will crumble to dust, or a race of men may follow us who no longer understand the works of our poets and thinkers, or a geological epoch may even arrive when all animate life upon the earth ceases; but since the value of all this beauty and perfection is determined only by its significance for our own emotional lives, it has no need to survive us and is therefore independent of absolute duration.

*From **On Transience** by SIGMUND FREUD, 1916  
(Translation by James Strachey)*



## Description

Fibonacci Rabbit Generator is a floor-based sculpture, environmental in scale. It will consist of sets of identical cast modules, each one representing a pair of breeding rabbits. Each mathematical set of modules will correspond to a Fibonacci number [e.g. 1, 2, 3, 5, 8] and will be painted a colour of the rainbow-spectrum [red, orange, yellow etc.]. The sets will be laid out in the form of a family tree, inaugurated by a white rabbit module. There will be a minimum of fifty-four rabbits.

## Idea

The supposition of Alison Gill's enquiry hinges on mathematics representing growth in nature. The Fibonacci series was originated by Leonardo Fibonacci in his work *Liber Abaci* (A.D. 1228), where he refers to breeding rabbits. The sculpture will represent a hypothetical model of nature. It is a hypothetical model because in reality rabbits do not breed with the systematic fecundity the Fibonacci series proffers and yet the proportional geometry utilising the Fibonacci series does correspond to many harmonious natural growth forms such as spiral shells and galaxies, and was explored in another of Alison Gill's sculptures – 'Transporter'. By adding one number to its predecessor exponential growth is implied. Potentially, or in the mind of the viewer, the work extends for infinity. This exploits the misconception about the breeding rates of rabbits that often greatly exaggerate their reproductive power.

# NICK HORNBY

Top:

**The Temple of  
Four Winds**  
at Castle Howard,  
Yorkshire

Bottom:

**The Pyramid**  
at Castle Howard,  
Yorkshire



## From: Whose Form Is It Anyway?

### *A New Media Curator's Notes on Nick Hornby*

... a new kind of 'response' culture has developed, one of perpetual re-articulation (i.e. blogging, 'liking', tweeting/retweeting, instagramming, and so forth). This approach has become so subsumed into the everyday that the discourse of modernity and post-modernity (ironic, self-referential) has become far too simple a means by which to discuss new artistic praxis. Accordingly, the varying dissonances attributed to cultural meaning have most recently been given a new definition, 'metamodernism'...

This Meta approach is what denotes Hornby as a presently evolving and responsive artist. In one of his most recent works, *Boolean Architecture*, 2012 – an expanded project developed during a residency at art and technology centre *Eyebeam* in New York, the artist achieves this by making visible the processes of development and production. The work consists of a number of miniature 3-d models of unrealised sculptures proposed by the artist. Look behind the plinths that uphold these objects, however, and one will find a projection of a video that virtually maps a time-based presentation of Hornby's proposed architecture. These occupy a space that 'lies between idea and realisation'.

The video presents a rotating 360-degree carousel of images constructed out of an amalgamation of these various proposals, each image making visible the intersection of at least three different architectural imaginations. Beginning from a static and coherent position, each small shift in the rotation presents a different visual form. A building begins to resemble a mutated relic, its architectural characteristics de-constructed and suspended into thin air. With each 60-degree turn, one of the proposed building 'snaps' dramatically into view, before a continued process of structural disembodiment continues.

Oscillating between geometric abstractions, the animation 'glitches' back into coherent form for mere seconds, before dissolving back into fragments. This process of layering piecemeal components within the moving image, illustrates Hornby's interest in mixing objects. By allowing his 'building blocks' to be both recognisable and ambiguous, the artist plays with the viewer's sense of expectation – of scale, perspective, and of course, objective formation. These tactics allow Hornby to span a broad emotional register. Referencing folly and failure, Nick Hornby's obsession with form reveals his ambition to play with notions of monumentality, which it can be argued, is a most significant emblem of humanity – of its issues and its ideas.

**OMAR KHOLEIF**

**ALEX  
HUDSON**

Portrait of the artist  
Fårö Sweden 2013



LIVIA  
MARIN

Flea market,  
Bogotá, 2010

"... oblivion is the  
life force of memory  
and remembrance is  
its product."

**MARC AUJE**  
*(Oblivion)*



Car Boot Sale,  
London, 2010

"He was able to  
reconstruct every  
dream, every daydream  
he had ever had. Two  
or three times he had  
reconstructed an entire  
day; he had never once  
erred or faltered, but  
each reconstruction had  
itself taken an entire day."

**JORGE LUIS BORGES**  
*(Funes, His Memory)*



# NIKA NEELOVA

The **Principles of Infinity** piece from my recent Vigo solo show began the series of explorations of handrails and translation of time/space duration into architectural elements. These sculptures use the handrails from demolished houses, polished by the many hands of former inhabitants.

**B**uildings? Rather, to be exact they were buildings that were no longer there. Buildings that had been torn down, top to bottom. What remained were the buildings that had stood next to them, the tall neighbouring structures. Evidently they were in danger of collapsing, now that nothing was left beside them; a complex scaffolding of long, tarred poles had been driven in at an angle between the rubble-covered waste ground and the exposed wall. I do not know if I have already said that it is that wall that is in my thoughts. It was not, as it were, the first wall of the existing buildings (as one would have supposed) but the last of those that were no longer there. You could see the inner side. You could see the wall of rooms on the various floors, with wallpaper still adhering, and here and there a fragments of the floor or ceiling. Next to the walls of the rooms, a dirty-white space ran down the entire wall, and through it, describing an inexpressibly disgusting, worm-like twist like that of the digestive tract, crept the wide-open, rust-speckled channel of the toilet plumbing...

Most unforgettable of all, though, were the walls themselves. The stubborn life of those rooms had refused to be stamped out. It was still there, it clung to the nails that were left, it stood on the remaining hand's-breadths of floor, it had crept under the corner joists where there was still a little of the interior. You could see it was in the paint, which it had gradually changed, from year to year: blue into mouldy green, green into grey, and grey into an odd, Stale, putrescent white....

And there was a lot more besides of unknown origin. I did say, did I not, that all the walls had been demolished but for the last -? It is that last wall that I have been talking of all along. You might assume I stood looking at it for a long time, but I swear I broke into a run the moment I recognized it, I recognize everything there, and that is why it enters into me so readily: it is a home in me.

*Extracts from a paragraph in **The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge**, 1910, by **RAINER MARIA RILKE** – which was quoted in full by **MARTIN HEIDEGGER** in **The Basic Problems of Phenomenology**, 1927)*



# CHRISTINA NIEDERBERGER

"Time and tide wait for no man." "Man waits not for **time** nor tide." "**Time**, the subtle thief of youth." "**Time** is the reef upon which all our frail mystic ships are wrecked." "**Time** is God's way of keeping everything from happening at once." "Men talk of killing **time**, while **time** quietly kills them." "**Time** is the coin of your life. It is the only coin you have, and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let other people spend it for you." "**Time** is a brisk wind, for each hour it brings something new... but who can understand and measure its sharp breath, its mystery and its design." "**Time** is the wisest counsellor of all." "**Time** is the only thief we can't get justice against." "All that really belongs to us is **time**; even he who has nothing else has that." "An unhurried sense of **time** is in itself a form of wealth." "**Time** is the coin of your life. It is the only coin you have, and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let other people spend it for you." "Calendars are for careful people, not passionate ones." "**Time** is an illusion. Lunch**time** doubly so." "**Time** is a cruel thief to rob us of our former selves. We lose as much to life as we do to death." "All my possessions for a moment of **time**." "If **time** flies when you're having fun, it hits the afterburners when you don't think you're having enough." "We must use **time** as a tool, not as a crutch." "There is never enough **time**, unless you're serving it." "**Time** cools, **time** clarifies; no mood can be maintained quite unaltered through the course of hours." "Regret for wasted **time** is more wasted **time**." "**Time** does not change us. It just unfolds us." "So little **time** and so little to do." "The whole life of man is but a point of **time**; let us enjoy it." "This **time**, like all **times**, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it." "Doing a thing well is often a waste of **time**." "**Time** is just something that we assign. You know, past, present, it's just all arbitrary." "Nothing is a waste of **time** if you use the experience wisely." "What may be done at any **time** will be done at no **time**." "People find life entirely too **time**-consuming." "I was thinking about how disjointedly **time** seemed to flow, passing in a blur at **times**, with single images standing out more clearly than others. And then, at other **times**, every second was significant, etched in my mind." "**Time** is the most valuable thing a man can spend." "Half our life is spent trying to find something to do with the **time** we have rushed through life trying to save." "**Time** flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana." "I've been on a calendar but I have never been on **time**." "The surest way to be late is to have plenty of **time**." "Tough **times** never last, but tough people do!" "A stitch in **time** saves nine." "**Time**, the subtle thief of youth." "And he that will not apply New Remedies, must expect New Evils; for **Time** is the greatest Innovator." "Lost **time** is never found again." "Remember that **time** is money." "Tempus fugit." "Veritum dies aperit." "O, call back yesterday, bid **time** return." "Procrastination is the thief of **time**." "**Time** is on my side, yes it is." "Poor people spend **time** to save money; rich people spend money to save **time**."



# HARALD SMYKLA

Harald Smykla  
performance of *Movie  
Protocol: Kagemusha  
(Kurosawa)*, 2009,  
at Zoo Art Fair, London



# DOLLY THOMPSETT



## SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON

*The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania, 1850 (detail)*

This painting is organised with the illusion of a series of wormholes punctuating the surface. The artist's skill in depiction has enabled a frenetic busyness, with innumerable mini scenes taking place in different parts of the painting, but held together by a series of verticals. The scenes seem to exist in different time zones or to occupy different levels of the conscious and sub-conscious imagination. The images take me into a dark inner realm despite the fact that the painting is quite twee and a bit pervy also.

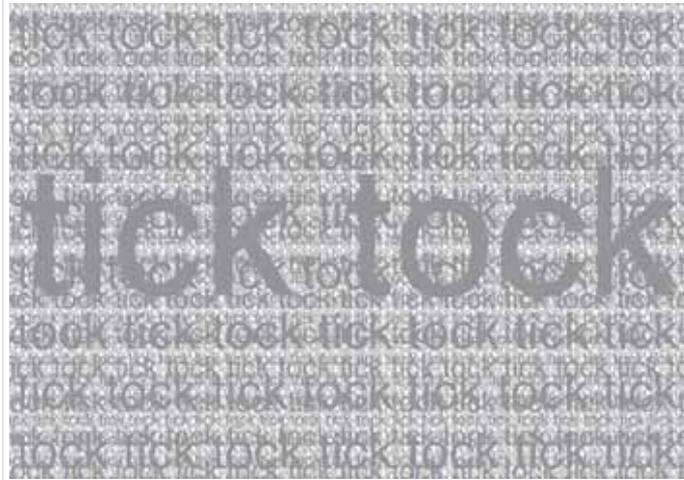


## PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

*Gladioli in a Vase, 1874-75*

This Renoir at the National Gallery has a central motif, which although highly recognisable as a vase of flowers, soon becomes an intense experience of merely looking as the eye gets sucked into the shallow depths, and then brought forward again by the gentle ridges formed by the blooms and brighter brushmarks. The dark recesses take me deep inside my own being, the advancing blooms and marks bring me back to the beautiful coloured and touched surface. This concertina effect happens over and over to create a kind of trance-like, out of time experience.

# PERNILLE HOLM MERCER



# NOTES ON THE WORKS BY PAUL CAREY-KENT

The fourteen artists in this exhibition all disturb the dust on the bowl by making work which explores how different timescales can operate simultaneously in an artwork, leaving us to deduce their purposes.

They operate in four main ways:

- Combining multiple timescales;
- the strategy of 'recreating' one time in another
- building the representation of time into a work
- making visible the time which passes in the making of the work.

Emma Bennett's classically-styled oils fan out from the present to bring several timeframes into a stilled coherence: motifs sourced from 18th century paintings, abstract expressionist spills and the black void – of the future, perhaps – through which a bizarre yet art-historically linked conjunction falls in *Thief of Time*. She has recently added fire and cascading water to her repertoire of fruit, flowers, birds and boats: transformative elements which add to the ambiguous balance always present in her explorations of mortality and transience.

The video room presents a 50 minute show reel of the five short films to date in which the Czech artist **Tereza Buskova** has made the costumes and props, directed the actor-dancers, and combined traditional Bohemian rituals with artistic reinterpretations and inventions. Sex, power, sisterhood, fertility and motherhood in Buskova's home village are to the fore in *Wedding Rituals* (2007), *Forgotten Marriage* (2008), *Spring Equinox* (2009), *Masopust* (2010) and *Baked Woman of Doubice* (2012). The moving tableaux are wordless, the heady atmosphere heightened by haunting, cello-heavy soundtracks as they oscillate seamlessly between past and present. We are nonetheless aware of a hole in the middle: the communist period.

NOTES ON THE WORKS  
BY PAUL CAREY-KENT  
CONTINUED

**Andy Charalambous**, who originally trained as a physicist and engineer, brings that background to bear in his installation. *Tie-Toc* puts human time and its implied subjectivity into direct interaction with scientific time and its supposed objectivity. He has made a kinetic piece, consisting of a plinth, on which there is a horizontal slice of a tree trunk. Sitting on the centre of this trunk is an hourglass filled with the artist's blood. The hourglass, heart-height and driven by a visible motor, rotates every few minutes.

**Susan Collins** has set up a camera on the 9th floor of Erlang House, which is due to overlook the city skyline for a year as the Cheese Grater and Walkie-Talkie are taking shape, joining The Shard and the more established elements of an ever-changing skyline. The broadcast image operates one pixel at a time from the top left, so that we see the history of each day captured in one image. The view is, then, deconstructed and reconstructed into something which represents more than a straightforward photograph, even while their accumulation will capture a year of the parallel deconstruction and reconstruction of the city.

We're all used to how photography memorialises, but can it be used to actively connect with the past? That's what **Clarisse d'Arcimoles** attempts through her project *Un-possible Retour*. She reconstructs the past into the present by re-photographing family photographs, placing herself and others in the same settings years later. The effect is at once comic, mournful and touching; and contrasts the spontaneous with the staged. Of course, the project won't turn back time – but for all its poignancy, that need undermine the attempt no more than the certainty of ultimate failure stops us trying to stay young.

**Nick Hornby** has previously combined sculptures from different artists and times to create hybrids which are at once teasing puzzles and provocative bases for comparison. Here he takes a similarly crosscutting and unrestrained approach to the history of architecture, presenting both models of unrealised sculptural proposals and a rotating 360-degree carousel of images constructed out of their amalgamation. The video morphs between coherent form and fragmentation as it overlaps the artist's own designs with those of the existing buildings. Hornby sees this as referencing folly and failure as it draws together Postmodernism and ruin.

**Alex Hudson** has previously used a naggingly nostalgic near-monochrome technique to conflate timescales and set up the potential to reach spaces beyond the scene depicted by introducing modernist incursions – such as a geometric white form – into a classical landscape. His new [stream of] work broadens the colour, albeit with the hues of 1950s films, and makes the incursions more narratively rich. We seem to hesitate on the edge of the modern world. Are we taking the plunge [in] or not? And is there really an option?

A lapine multiplicity threatens to take over the gallery in **Alison Gill's** *Fibonacci Rabbit Generator (WildTime version)*, 2001/13. Each of the identical cast modules represent a pair of mating bunnies, arranged in sets and in total to correspond to a Fibonacci number [e.g. 1, 2, 3, 5, 8], providing a glimpse into infinity through a hypothetical – though unrealistic – model of nature. The model makes sense because Fibonacci sequences have indeed been shown to underlie many patterns of natural growth. The unreality comes from the failure in this case to build in such counter-conditions as disease or competition for food. None of which takes away from the feral, colourful and rather cheeky abandon of the creatures going at it like, well, rabbits.

**Livia Marin's** shelf holds two objects from the series *Solihull* and three from the series *Soft Toys*. Both reference an antique technique of ceramic restoration that used gold. For Solihull, Marin uses gold thread to stitch over a photograph of a fragmented object, its completion drawing together loss and care, beauty and ruin in the context of seventeen years of oppressive dictatorship in her home country of Chile. In the *Soft Toys* series, second-hand 'cuddly toys' are covered in successive layers of plaster and gesso and the final layer is gilded. Are we to read this, though, as a protection for the nostalgia of childhood or as covering up some darker memories?

Anyone who's ever felt stranded on their own out-of-synch island of time will connect with **Pernille Holm Mercer's** presentation of clusters of alarm clocks hovering just above the floor and set up to race each other. Thus, underlying differences in their accuracy will come to the fore over the period of the show, illustrating thereby one aspect of time's subjectivity. The islands each contain a threat of sorts, though it's not clear whether that's by reference to bomb-making devices or simply the danger of being woken up big time...

## NOTES ON THE WORKS BY PAUL CAREY-KENT CONTINUED

Russian-born **Nika Neelova** has moved countries every five years of her 25. That feels germane to her creation of sculptures which derive from selected past and hypothetical future narratives, referencing the disillusionment of a future in which this present shifts into a state of disrepair. Architecture, as she says, 'outlives its creators and those who have inhabited it, so a sense of commemoration is built into it'. Neelova aims to show Bergson's concept of time as physical duration (as opposed to clock measurement) – time which unfolds in the subconscious, relies on the rhythms of individual perception, and so is unmeasurable.

**Christina Niederberger's** extraordinary painting *The Time is Now (cuckoo clock version)* comprises 12 canvases, each almost 3 metres long. Each represents one hour in an exhaustive schema of 60 clock faces which cover every possible arrangement of the clock's hands. If that sounds like heavy serialist minimalism, though, not so – the clocks are rather baroque, and Niederberger has painted onto them not just the sequence of hands, but a cheerful burst of cuckoo on the hours. However you want to think about it – through Heraclitus, Newton, Kant, Bergson, Einstein, Heidegger or Michael Dummett, the most prominent philosopher to espouse the possibility of causation running backwards – all time is here.

Time isn't easily caught, but **Harald Smykla** makes impressive attempts through his 'Movie Protocols', in which the pictographic shorthand notation of a film, created in real time while watching it, makes for what he has called 'a kind of reverse story-board'. In Smykla's extremely active approach to the potentially passive act of movie watching, he attempts to make a graphic record of every single shot; and as Buskova's *Baked Woman of Doubice* is only nine minutes long, Smykla will be able to record it several times over on the opening evening, setting up a visual demonstration of how we never watch quite the same film twice.

**Dolly Thompsett** has her own way of layering histories. Her hallucinatory scenes play off and reuse a ground of patterned textiles to ambiguate the spaces of an aesthetic which hovers between Victoriana and Hollywood, throwing any number of times and places into the mix in passing. Layers of resin, with paint under and over them, enable the form to enact a parallel process. If, as she has suggested, they reflect her own mental state, then it's complicated in there!

## IT'S ABOUT TIME

CURATED BY

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See also [www.paulsartworld.blogspot.co.uk](http://www.paulsartworld.blogspot.co.uk) (recommended shows), [www.fadwebsite.com](http://www.fadwebsite.com) (weekly column) and *Art Monthly*, *STATE*, *Border Crossings* and *Photomonitor* (regular contributions).

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**SAT 2 NOV–SAT 21 DEC 2013**

Mon–Sat, 1.30–5.00pm

**Opening evening with performance:**

*Fri 1st November, 6.00 – 9.00pm*

**Late opening with curator's tour:**

*7.00pm Fri 29 Nov, 6.00 – 9.00pm*



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