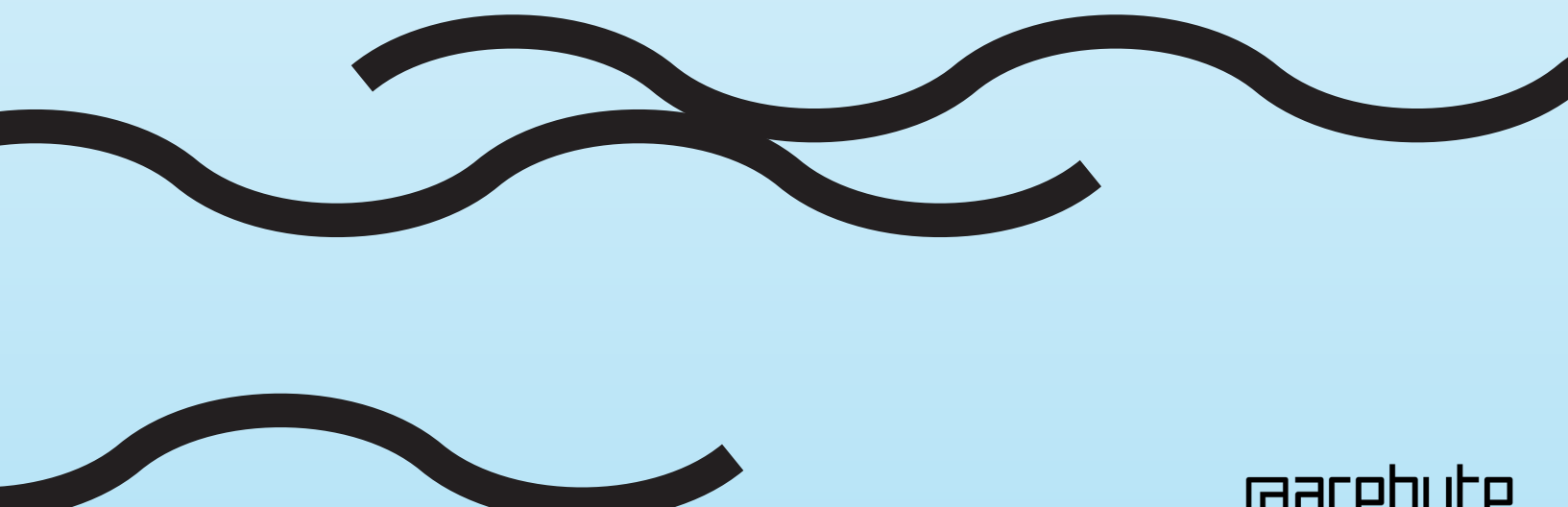


on my island none of this would be true

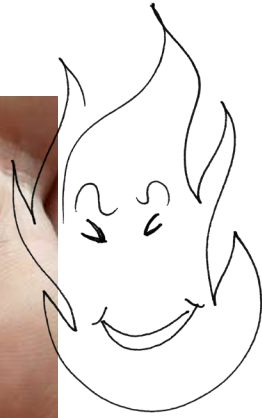


(Group Show)

2 February - 17 March 2018



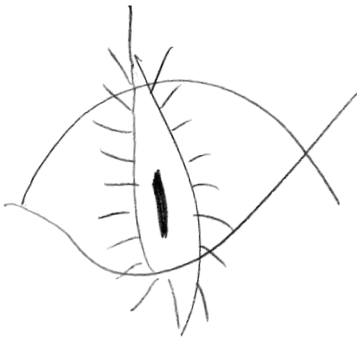




on my island none of this would be true

(Group Show)

Joan Jonas
Naama Arad
Tom Chivers
Guy Ben-Ner
Hannah Regel
Edgar-Walker
Mike Seaborne
Gery Georgieva
Terence McCormack
Verity Birt in collaboration with
Holly Graham and Richard Forbes-Hamilton



arebyte is pleased to present *on my island none of this would be true*.

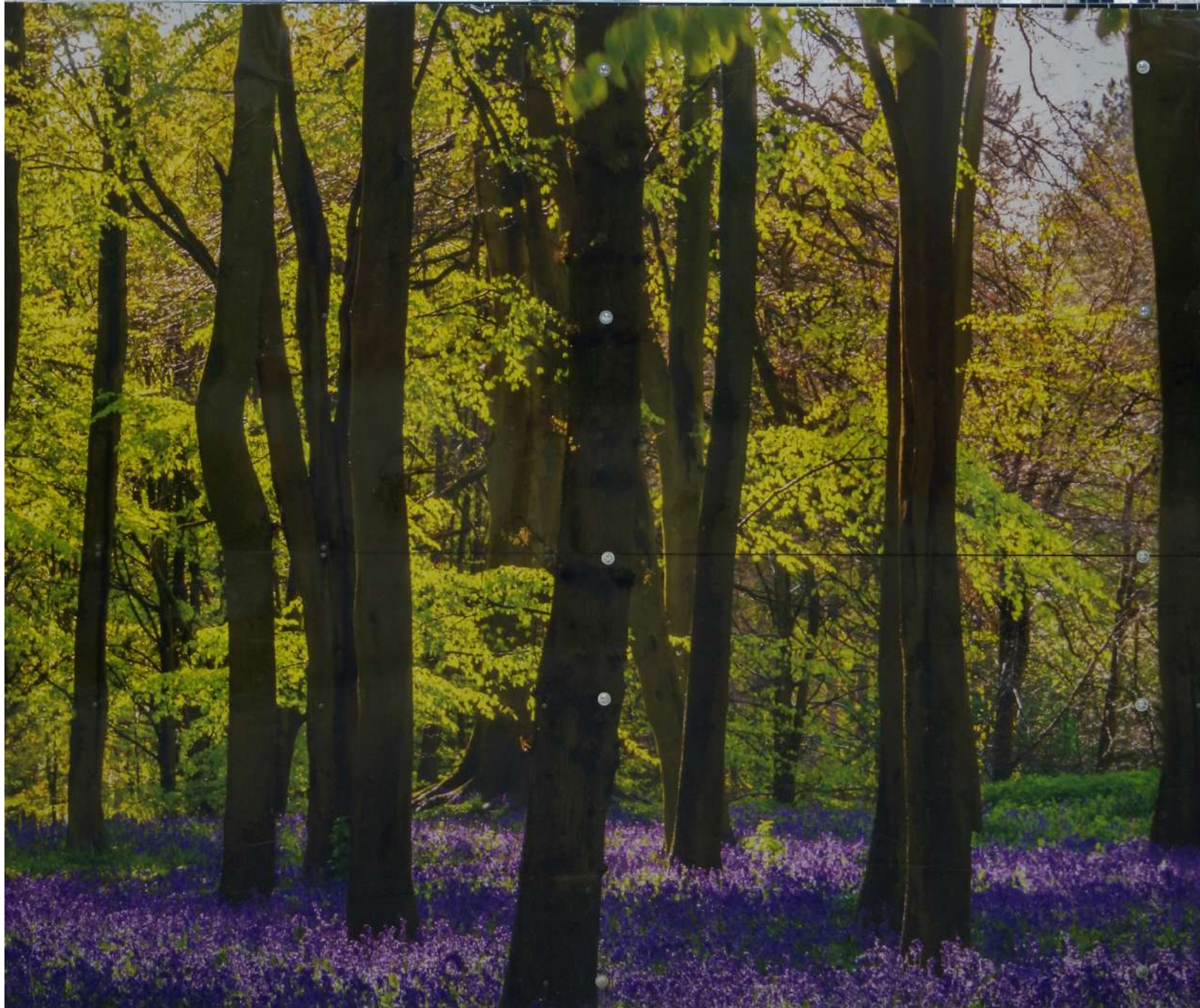
The exhibition brings together the work of 10 artists from London, Israel and the USA whose practices span sculpture, installation, photography, poetry, video and performance.

on my island none of this would be true explores the various interpretations and contradictions that islands summon in our minds. Islands are the place of freedom and adventure sold to us on billboards at Heathrow Airport but also the morning-after of the UK's Brexit wet dream. Islands are where identities and cultures meet to do commerce and forge empires, yet they are also the forgotten lands where reptiles are left in a permanent Paleolithic state.

The show takes its title from the last line of a poem called *Security*, written by Tom Chivers for his book *Dark Islands* (Test Centre, 2015). Throughout this collection of poems Chivers takes us on a voyage through a mythical urban landscape where he explores the image of the island both literally and metaphorically, as the poems address utopian and dystopian ideas, themes of isolation and escape, and a concern with the natural and urban environment.

For some like JG Ballard's Robert Maitland, "I am the island" is the cry of a man who is struggling for control over his mind, body and environment. For others like John Donne, who famously wrote, "no man is an island" as he was facing his own demise, all humans are interconnected. *on my island none of this would be true* observes how artists interpret and reclaim these different narratives to reshape and make sense of the world.



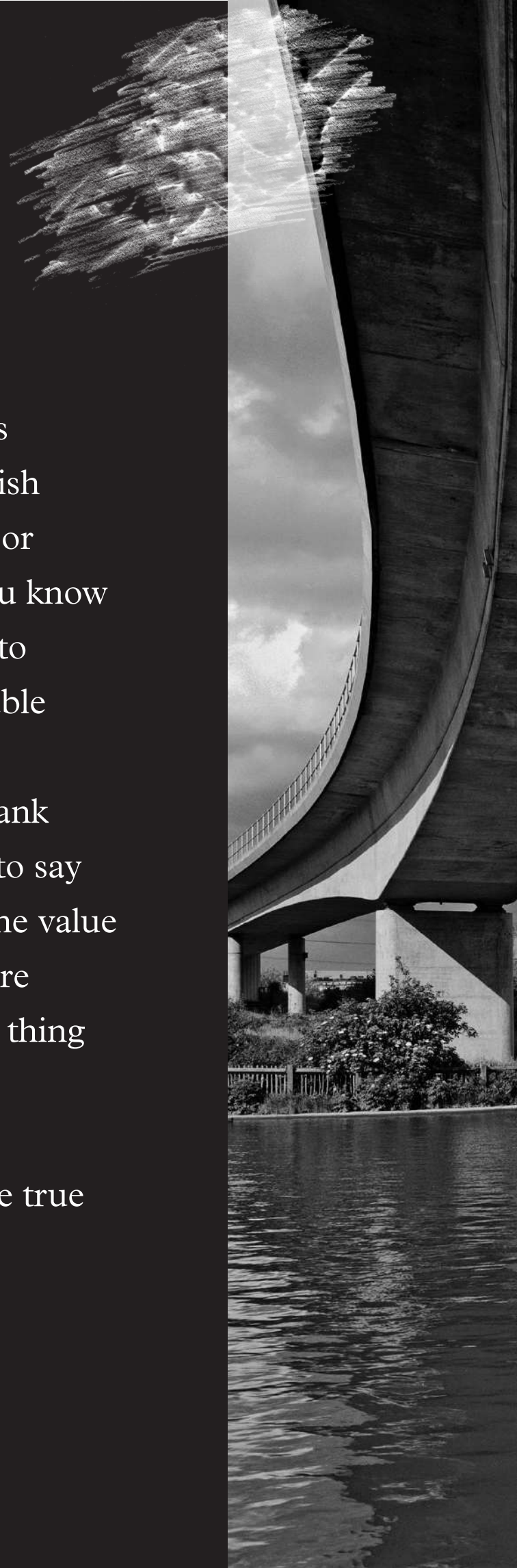


Security

Trick or Treaters are not all kids as campers are not all happy and I wish the banks would just start lending or improve their customer service you know I have to use a plastic keypad just to check my balance which is invaluable in the fight against fraud so when you bowled towards me outside Bank in the costume of the dead that is to say masked and painted I had to ask the value of that feint of pure hostility you are clearly having fun which is a good thing don't let me stop you

on my island none of this would be true

Tom Chivers

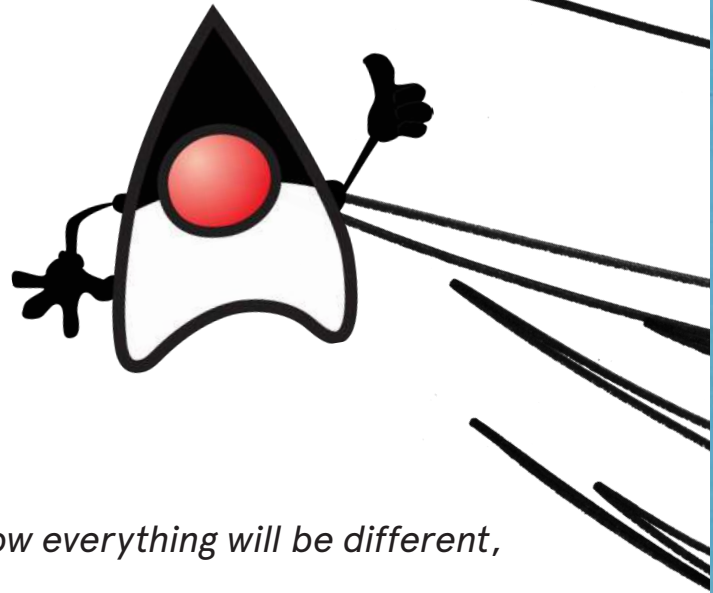


DARK ISLANDS





Java House, 31st March 2019, 6:45pm.



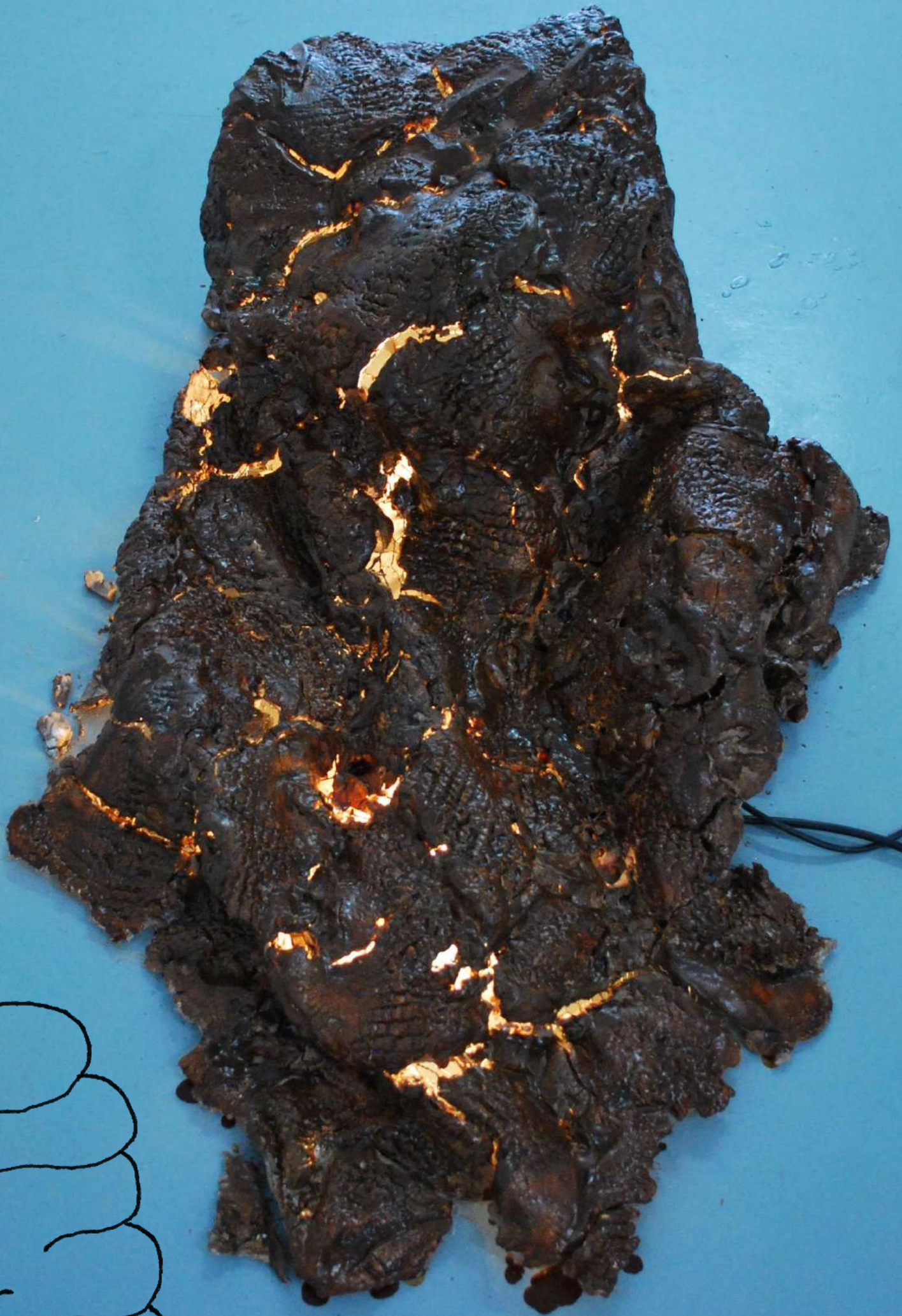
A conversation is about to take place. *Tomorrow everything will be different*, said Liam.

With City Island erupting from London's lard, mud and muscle, we gather in this place, not quite an island itself but not the city either. On this peninsula, where factory workers, drivers and engineers once gathered, we now eat, sweat and sleep, snuggled in the crooks of Bow Creek. Right next door, on Limmo peninsula, birds, toads and others breed feed.

I'd like to have seen this place when it was still a mess, maybe. Maybe we'd have played together. From what I hear it was PURA factories and parties. The setting sun delivers one last golden night. The question this evening is *what do we do tomorrow?*

To the sound of Sleep Walk by Santo and Johnny, guests begin to take a seat. In this bare room the wooden round table seems more welcoming. I observe Nicholas, frowning as he realises the Isla Negra Merlot is a screw cap rather than a cork bottle. The cheap, red metal cap and its cheap red metal skirt are boring. They peel too easily. The manufacturer's cost-efficient attempt to mimic the traditional capsule of a wine bottle is a skeuomorphic deceit that has its consequences. No more anticipation around the twists and pulls of a corkscrew. No more loud pop when the weathered cork is plucked from its glass neck. And no more testing; just straight pouring.





No man is an island.

No country by itself.



Robin Tarbet

23 November 2017 · 11

Small minded island lost in the world.



Say you're in if you're in.
This one's important:
If the UK leaves Europe
it'll send a strong
message of support
to haters of European
values. It's not about
'same old' but about
pulling through together.

You have to register to
vote before **June 07**

147714

Wolfgang Tillmans
Between Bridges

The funny thing about East London is that it's always been a spiritual home for a lot of cultures, said Gavin.

There has been and always will be a lot going on here. To squint too hard at the future isn't healthy. But to cling to the past is to mythologise, and we all agree we have enough on our plate right now.

Believe. No pessimist ever discovered the secrets of the stars, or sailed to an uncharted island, or opened a new heaven to the human spirit, said Helen.

Yes, I can't agree more. I want to pack up and leave. Who can afford to live here, let alone be an artist. For a worrier, these are dark days.

7pm reminder: *Fertilior seges est alieno semper in arvo*, Desiderius Erasmus Roterodamus. Don't forget this you fool!

As I was saying, I spend too much time defining myself in opposition to others. I'm not selfish, I'm not lonely, I don't want Brexit. I mean I... i...

– *Hell is the other*, interrupted Jean. The haunting echoes of Johnny's steel guitar bounced off the concrete walls, the missing lyrics adding to the sense of nostalgia.

It's well known. If you could just hide, isolate yourself and be free of the Look, then, my friend, you could be your true self. But be careful of what you wish for. Just ask Old Blighty or Bob Maitland or that twat Robinson Crusoe. Wasn't it Bob who proclaimed *I am the island*?

Is Bobba here tonight?

Non, replied Nicholas. *He iz not. But I am. And this is what I have to say. Your island is surrounded by water, and not unnaturally its inhabitants are affected by the nature of the element in which they live. Unsubstantial fantasies slide easily into their minds. They think their dreams to be visions, and their visions to be divine. We cannot blame them, for such is the nature of their land. I have often noticed that the English are greater dreamers than the French.*

Ah! coughed Akutagawa, *that reminds me of an amusing irony to Napoleon's life, if you'll indulge me. While still a student, Napoleon had written on the last page of his geography book: "St Helena. Small island." This may have been what we call a coincidence, but the thought must certainly have aroused terror in him in his last days!*

At this point everyone laughed and for a moment all was best in the best of worlds.

It's a question of
where you feel you
belong.



We are the
European family.

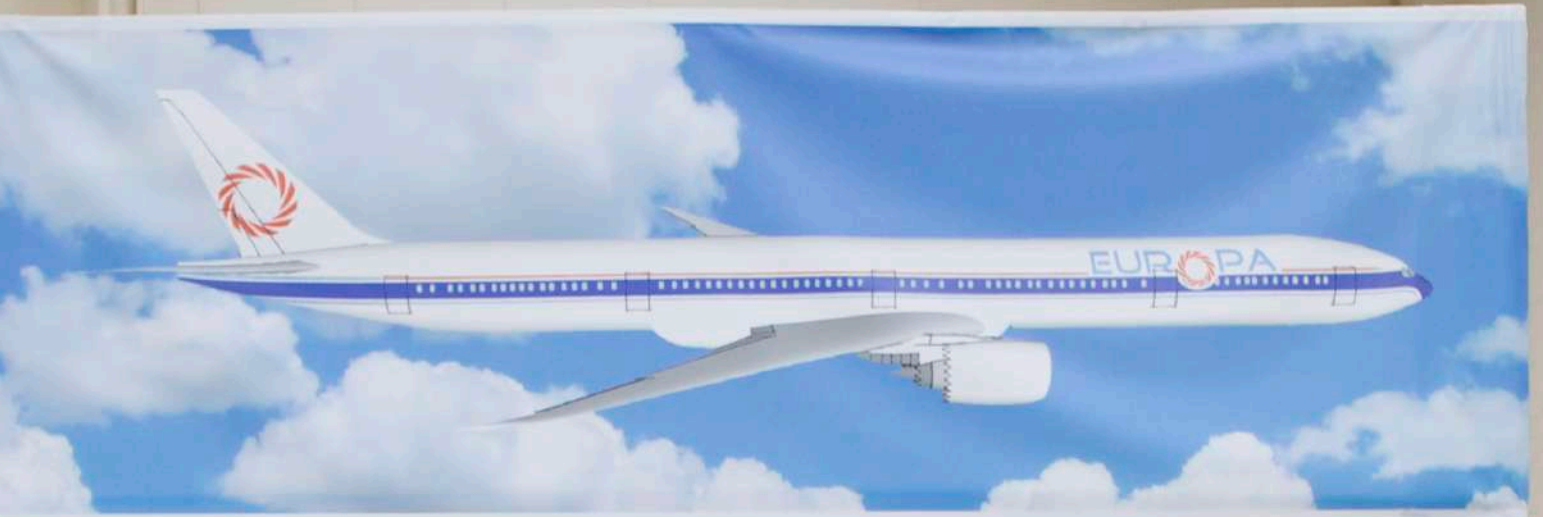


Robin Tarbet

28 November 2017 · 11

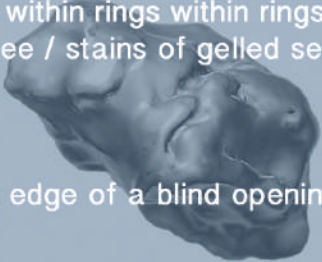
#Brexshit going so bad they've pulled out the royal wedding card to distract the peasants.





v
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slippery between the rocks / suds between thumb and forefinger / slippery between rock and earth / rub
that bit / the restless one / dig it up / where you're standing / dig it up / from below / is it his?
try it / try it / try it >>>
we are not doing this because we want to / just the perpetual care-taking / a sober reality / of the mus
sorry... sorry / but
alternations of generations / II / inherent traits / inherited states
look down / under it / under the crust / the membrane / iron, carbon / call, response / feed-back - - - - -
O rings within rings within rings within rings within rings within rings within rings O
plugged in / into / into it, into the membrane, the belly / too big to see / stains of gelled secretion
bruises on the sediment—on the crust ~~~~~
deep welts ∞ deep time
∞ deep welts deep time ∞
searching for words / stumbling on the great wake / the oscillating edge of a blind opening / eyes wide
the earth
black deposits stamped-in grit / anomaly / anomaly
she looked at her fingers ■ her nails ■ keratin claws / hooves of Auroch / protozoan spores / looping the
it looked like / but it started / in there / underneath / a challenge
a challenge / a □ challenge / a challenge
looking beyond the weary palisade / excavating yesterday's horizon / tracing the edge of a bounding cir
I sort of / we thought / to go back / had retired / it looked like / but it started / in there / underneath / a
it started in there ● / a challenge
we are not doing this because we want to _ _ _ _ _
we are not doing this because we want to
petroleum jelly-slicked screen saver::: monochrome ideals / humanist appeals, flaking off the crust, ❖ t
ticklish assemblage of reflex, looping the cycle / looping
always in circles
what are these hands for?
press ∞∞∞ deep
deep tissue / deep welts
we're slippery between the rocks / suds between thumb and forefinger / slippery between rock and ear
things
that bit / the restless one / dig it up / where you're standing / dig it up / from u below / is it his?
sorry ❖ / Gaia / Gaia
∞\organa
shambolic sorceress / copper / and salt / into / the ∞ welts / deep / deep / welts
sorry / Gaia
we must / pay / attention!
we're on the rocks / choppy waters ~~~/~~~ in the post-historical period / I was born / to a family of / I w
tremors _ _ _
on the rocks / rubble and dust / in the post-historical period there will be neither / an uncle / a friend / &
tremors _ _ _ _ _
on the rocks
under it / under the membrane / the belly
too big to see
the riddle / the fragment / the dreadful ● accident / usher in the third synthesis: the antithesis / of histor
polymer static, static, glacial
always in circles, always the same way / what are these hands for? / the voice of another / walk silently
coalescent synthesis, techno hominid / rise of the extremophiles / bacteria, archaea and eukaryotes / p
totemic icon, stinkhorn phallaceae / pale brown, smooth, breaching the ∞ fermentation / the evaporation
fossilized / volcanic / ebb
to petrify / to get on top of things / that bit / the restless one / dig it up / where you're standing / dig it u
dig it up
walk silently
try it
try it >>>>> ↗
I was born / to a family of / I was alone / solitary / at home / our house / I miss / we kept / I travelled / t
sorry / I managed / arrived / I sort of / we thought / to go back / had retired / it looked like :::
porous / osmotic membrane / becoming through, becoming new: ◆ ancestor, pre-linear rhizomatic multi
that bit / the restless one / dig it up / where you're standing / dig it up / from below
is it his? ...□



rubble and dust / slippages / and earth / devices and mechanisms / to petrify / to get on top of things /

museum / there is no alternative / of human history / sorry but we have to

feed-off the civilized refrain

vide open pre-vale / a place to be found? / a place for giving? / a truth gouged in the sky / anchored to

the cycle / ∞ looping

circle / always in circles, always the same way / what are these hands for? / a challenge

the membrane / trans-pixelated-clot ruptures from terra firma / terra firma, gelatinous femme / a

earth / rubble and dust / slippages / and earth / devices and mechanisms / to petrify / to get on top of

I was alone / solitary / at home / our house / I miss / we kept / I travelled / there was a cousin / and

/ & she / and they / I managed / arrived / I sort of / we thought / to go back

stories: ∞ looping the cycle / looping / looping

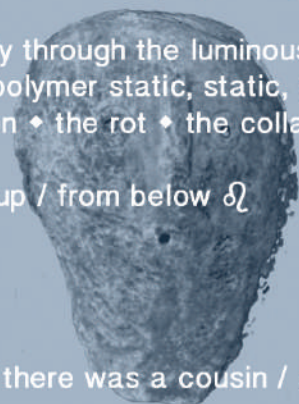
ently through the luminous brink / even though the light is deaf, it listens / polymer static, static, glacial

ation ♦ the rot ♦ the collapse of flesh / fossilized / volcanic / ebb

it up / from below Ω

d / there was a cousin / and tremors / an uncle / a friend / and she / & they

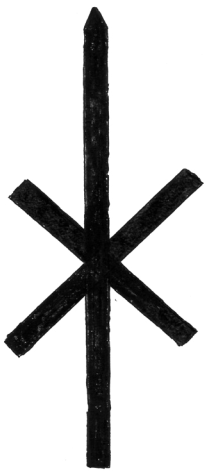
multiplicity / primordial atavism / terminal slick / luminous brink



Vertly Bit
Richard Forbes-Hamilton
Holly Graham

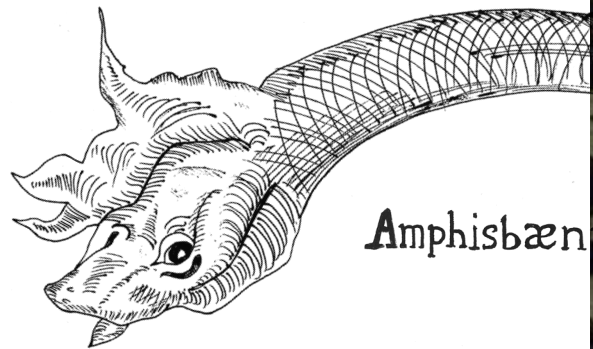
2nd edition 2017-18

sever



OFF

Oh I never wanted to do this again, the gallows that are the gallows that are the way of things. This work was not made for me I can't even reach the fucking expensive stuff. Somebody get me a chair. I am going to get tall. I am going to get really tall, quite monstrous. Out of the chimney will bloom my glorious swollen head and I will walk with my big square brick body out of this bullshit city right out into the sea. I'm going to float there all square and large and people will swim to visit me, my fingers little diving boards, and they will say: how nice how fun to have a house made out of fed-up-ness traipsed into the ocean. Much better than working for rent to live inside men. How resourceful she is, eating clouds for dinner.



Amphisbæna

Hannah Regel

MNRFCM



na Europea









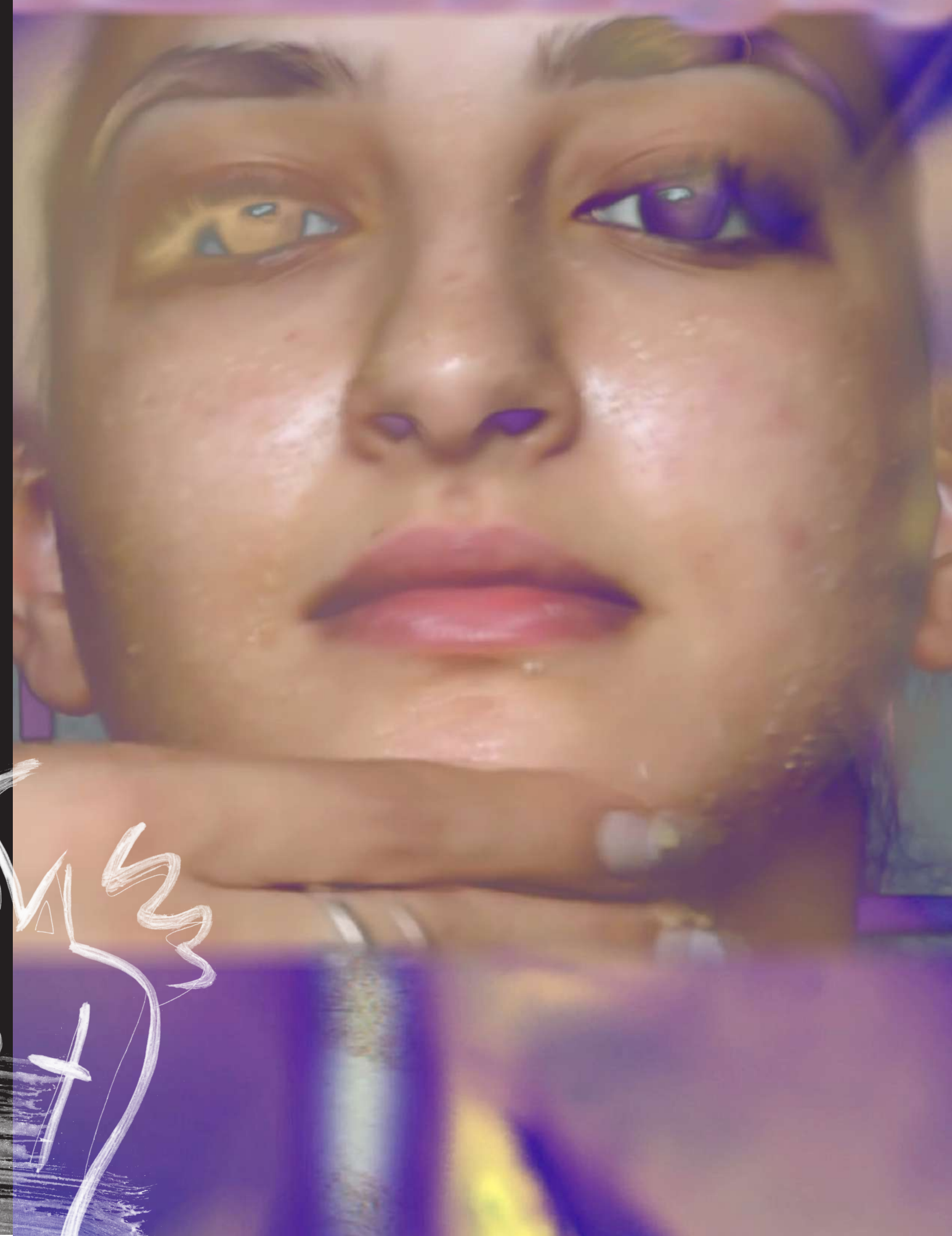
Poplar Gut

In March 1660 the river in spate breached the flood walls of the Isle of Dogs, an area known formerly as Stebanhythe or Stepney Marsh. The waters formed an inland lake across the Isle's neck, from Limehouse to the Blackwall Tunnel. This lake was a buried channel, the ancient watercourse that Nunn identifies as an earlier line of the Thames before the Flandrian migrations. The Poplar Gut, or *Cut*, thus showed a spectral Thames, sans bend, thrusting through the city; becoming fen, then dock, then the gleaming towers of Canary Wharf topped with blinking, pyramid eye, and vapour or cloud or both leaking like a thread of silver mucus in the upturned basin of the sky.



Tom Chivers

the restless one dig it up



1884



DELTA 400

PROFESSIONAL



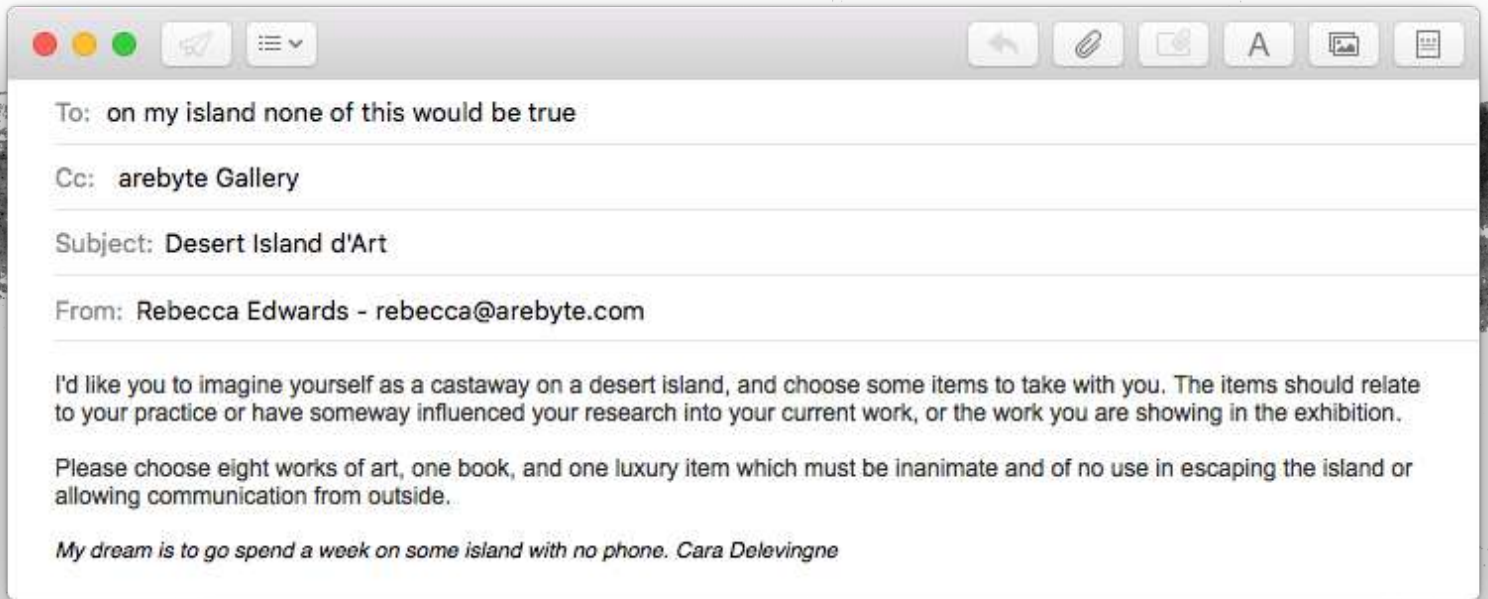
1884
 8A
 9
 9A
 10

1884

DELTA 400

PROFESSIONAL

Desert Island d'Art



EDGAR-WALKER

Artworks:

1. Social Mobility Fig. 2 (Emergency Exit), 2008, Elmgreen & Dragset
2. Untitled (Tate), 1992-2000, Peter Fischli and David Weiss
3. Untitled (Scatter Piece), 1968, Robert Morris
4. Drunk Brown House, 2016, Helen Marten
5. Porphyric Hod (F), 2015, Peter Nencini
6. Tomorrow, 2013, Elmgreen & Dragset
7. Fountain, 1917, Marcel Duchamp
8. E.1027 #1+2, 2016, Sam Smith

Book:

The Drowned World, J.G. Ballard

Luxury Item:

A Brick

VERITY BIRT

Artworks:

1. Andrei Tarkovsky 'Mirror' Film 1975
2. Victor Brauner 'The Surrealist' 1947
3. Venus of Hohle Fels, Mammoth ivory 40000 BC
4. Nancy Holt and Robert Smithson 'Swamp', film 1969
5. Shana Moulton, 'Mood Swings', video Installation, 2016
6. JW Waterhouse, 'Consulting the Oracle' Oil on Canvas 1884
7. Mary Beth Edelson, Neolithic cave series, Performance, 1977
8. 'Bull horned goddess in the shape of a bee', Bone, 4000 BC

Book:

Mina Loy 'Lost Lunar Baedeker' 1923

Luxury Item:

Song: Linda Perhacs - Parallelograms

HANNAH REGAL



Artworks:

1. Invisible Adversaries, Valie Export. 1977
Valie Export's feature length feminist sci-fi, filled with mind altering aliens, ice skates on escalators, babies in the fridges and skin crawling heterosexual politics. It's also very funny.
2. Greer Lankton, Sissy. 1986
All of Lankton's dolls are amazing, but her life size doll with human teeth, Sissy, made from tights, wire, paper and plaster feels especially so. The doll was constantly altered, cut up and re-worked during Lankton's life time, it's clothes and gender always shifting to mirror her life's events
3. Michelangelo's Pieta Rondanini. 1564
Made in the last days of his life, their bodies look at once so stiff and contorted by the great weight of themselves and as if they are about to dissolve into tendrils of smoke; it's solidity is so unstable. And there is this amazing hovering arm jutting right out in space. It looks like grief, I think.
4. Alina Szapocznikow; Bachelor's Ashtray. 1972
A wax cast of Julie Christies perfect mouth filled with cigarette butts, called Bachelors Ashtray. All of Alina's work has this ironic smarminess that verges on the hideous but is at the same time so pop and sexy. Like Hannah Wilke I think she really understands the absurdity of having a body, especially a gorgeous one.
5. Beckett; Not I. 1973
The made for TV version with Billie Whitelaw particularly. "coming up to seventy . . . wandering in a field . . . looking aimlessly for cowslips" - it's the most debased, deranged female voice. Just this mouth babbling and howling, like a woman ageing into a scream.
6. Francesca Woodman; House No. 3. 1976
Francesca Woodman will always be haunted by what she made and how she died, in other words: romanticism. But despite her angsty teen trappings, her experiments in photography get right to bone of what it is to be a girl. And maybe that's the point - the point of making art that people are embarrassed to like or take seriously, because it probably means its telling the truth.
7. Dorothea Tanning; Table Tragique. 1970
Like the fucked up nightmare response to Allen Jones' 'Chair', made a year before. So great! And made of felt! It looks like nails on a chalk board.
8. Maria Martins; Don't Forget I Come From the Tropics. 1945
If oil was sentient I think it would look like the sculptures of Maria Martins; oozing up from the ground, mobile and viscous like money.

Book:

Alice Notley, Grave of Light. 2008
Formerly associated with the second generation of the New York school, Grave of Light is her colossal book of collected works. Notley merges the domestic with re-imagined myth and political relations. Her descriptions are wild and magic and her tone is wickedly funny and astute. It will never not be relevant or revelatory to read. She's just the best.

Luxury Item:

Cigarettes



TOM CHIVERS

Video Game:

1. Assassin's Creed II (and a Playstation 4 to play it on)

Music:

2. Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610
3. The Veil of the Temple by John Tavener
4. F# A# ∞ by Godspeed You! Black Emperor
5. Spem in Alium by Thomas Tallis

Artworks:

6. Peckham; The First Dish by Tom Phillips
7. Tom Climent's enigmatic Artificial Transducer (which currently hangs in my living room)
8. Hokusai's The Great Wave off Kanagawa

Book:

Piers Plowman by William Langland

Luxury Item:

A wristwatch

GERY GEORGIEVA

Artworks:

1. Mark Leckey, Fiorucci Made Me Hardcore (1999)
Three decades of dance culture in Britain, collective consciousness and physical release in a seamless, haunting and totally magical edit, with hilarious ML voiceover. This film is already a nugget of complex nostalgia, on a desert island it would activate all those emotions ten fold.
2. Mika Rottenberg, Mary's Cherries (2005)
The absurd, sensual world which Rottenberg constructs – with the ramshackle cherry factory, creaking and dripping alongside elaborate transformation rituals enacted by female workers – are as captivating as they are grotesque. I want to take with me her back-yard pop aesthetic and exaggerated use of sound as stylistic tools for examining production, consumption and women's bodies. This was first work of her's that I encountered and it's stuck with me ever since.
3. Lizzie Finch & Ryan Trecartin, Center Jenny (2013)
Sometimes I would watch this and be reminded how fierce, brave and weird it is. I think I could induce an artificial high from it, but at other times it is the perfect work to remind someone stranded alone that people, especially in large gangs, can be really annoying and maybe it's fine to be a forced introvert, stuck on an island talking to yourself.

4. Lygia Lewis, *Minor Matter*, performance (2017)
In the tranquility of island paradise I would want the urgency of this work. I guess the performers would have to be helicoptered in? Or maybe I could have a hologram performance once every few months. This is an exploration of love and rage, with an epic ascending soundtrack containing wrestling matches, balancing acts, a beautiful solo of disembodied arms lit with a single spotlight, an eternally collapsing human caterpillar tower, hovering somewhere between utopia and apocalypse, this work has addictive intense levels of poetry, emotion and humour.
5. Helen Chadwick, *The Oval Court* (1984–6)
I've loved this since I was a teenager, the ripeness and self inspection of it. Something about her work evokes a feeling of women as warriors and goddesses.
6. Isa Genzken, *Nofretete* 2012 (7 parts: Nefertiti plaster busts with glasses on wooden base, wooden plinths, belt, colour photographs in aluminium frames)
I would get a kick out of having my own version of these self portraits by the ultimate queen of cool, Isa, borrowing the image from a historic queen of cool. Plus, I could pinch the sunglasses every now and then to change up my looks on the island, there's no doubt I would need them.
7. Christian Marclay, *Clock*, Film, duration 1,440 minutes (2010)
This epic 24hr work not only sucks all of Hollywood cinema into it but would give a sense of structure to an otherwise amorphous day.
8. Cildo Meireles, *Babel*, Radios, lighting and sound (2001)
In the cacophony of soundwaves I might find a fragment of joy, this could also provide the nucleus of a site for a night time monthly moon ritual.

Book:

Infinite Jest, David Foster Wallace
(should keep me busy for about a life-time -
hats off to anyone who has read the whole thing)

Luxury Item:

The archive of BBC desert island discs interviews





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explore israel
 **2018**
arebyte

