

The four of us were in Switzerland, possibly quite high in the Alps but perhaps also not. I never really know about these kind of things. We had just arrived in the valley that evening. A tiny village cradled between two mountain peaks. The village became famous in the past decade or so because of the thermal baths designed by Peter Zumthor, Switzerland's architecture hero of the late 90's. To arrive there we had to be carried up the hill sides to get across the mountain range. It took hours and we had been travelling all day, so to try and relax we decided to immediately take our first swim together. Into the theme, moving through the slick modernist concrete entrances, washing ourselves off with the free herbal soaps and stepping into the range of baths that contain rose petals, sulphuric water and extreme temperatures, from extreme heat to painfully cold. All of this overlooked a number of spectacular slopes propped up by avalanche barriers. This produces another kind of exhaustion, a kind of elongated relaxation, split by the water where our bodies were stretched out from the baths, preventing us from being able to string more than two sentences together between us.

Together the 4 of us had travelled all that way, and therefore over a bottle of white and some assorted nuts, as was the usual snacking arrangements after 5 pm, we tried to discuss what we had been working on in our studios. We sat together, opposite one another inside the hotel bar, another Zumthor design. Some hours before hand, when we had arrived at the hotel, immediately entering that room, the space had a striking resemblance to the interior of Fred Madison's house from David Lynch's 'Lost Highway'. Lots of red velvet, black carpet and strange geometric shapes as ornamental supports.

The conversation drifted into sharing what material we wanted to work with, the physical objects, the surfaces we wanted to use to conceal them, to wrap or overlay them. The kind of props we wanted to use to supports, the joins that link each element together and the way in which they may be lit and placed in a given room. At some point, sitting diagonally from me, he sat in the leather armchair slumped with his arse hanging off the front. His wine glass hung between his fingers and with a slurred exaggerated tone, began to reiterate certain notes related to my work (I had sent him my portfolio some months before) that had been building up in his folder of text edit files.

Display is always about translation of content and we are all displays for something. But the art object is a kind of lazy stand-in for another better well known actor. So then what does the stand-in do? Are they translators?

So we have a set of components that are shifting a specific meaning from one to the other, but do they hear each other? do they follow the same language? I am not sure, he said, but in this case we follow the act of communing.

STAFETT

Stuffing a few extra nuts into his mouth, while chewing he spat-

And so OK, so we understand that the objects are translating between each other, shifting across the space in unison. But the conversation had to begin somewhere! But in this case, it's all opaque and we cannot locate a paper trail. We are simply left with a confrontation of utilitarian supports and surfaces, set in a dialogue where no one seems to understand the same language.

Moving on, he exclaimed.

In this sense, both paradoxes have been enacted and worked through. It has been set up through the 'frame' that acts also as a kind of peeping hole. It makes me think of the holes they make in walls that peer into construction sites. You know, those holes one often just catches glimpses when walking past. And over time, if you take the same route daily or weekly, you can see the transformation of how the space grows from a massive hole in the ground into a fucking tower. I think these create a condensation of memories related to the gap or hole. It's this kind of participation in the history of urban development related to a city and you carry the impression of an emptiness that will probably never return, at least not in your lifetime.

No one really knew quite what to say. There was no response to him, it was all a bit much and it all came as a bit of a shock, since the the others, including myself rather would prefer to be in bed. Maybe he was just way too relaxed after the spa but he didn't seem as if he was going to stop talking. His mind had derailed from his mouth.

In your work, collaboration is omnipresent. This is reflected mostly in the works where

elements meet. Where covers touch but only just, where joins don't quite join together. Where things just drape over one another, where things shift from one thing to another. Where something hangs from another thing. Where objects and surfaces collide or where stuff misses its intended collision. This is the work, this is the thinking and the process.

I see it not far from the work of a dilettante magician trying to conceal their tricks but forgets to drape the covers properly, so the box underneath the table reveals the rabbit.

I don't know if it is your intention to somehow become invisible or stand in camouflage. But this lightness of touch, to be both the smoke and the smoke machine is where the work begins to enfold in on itself. It's a kind of practice where the artist is in an invisible cloak and ever so slowly turns up the thermostat in the gallery.

The derailment of his words didn't really prevent him from talking but rather shifted his critique somewhere else.

It is a reminder of the time as a child when learning how to write your own unique signature for the first time. Most children compare theirs with what they recall of their parents. Maybe one parent, say the mother has a messy precision. Whereas the other, the father's, is a nonchalant waving of lines resembling letters coming together. So what do children do? Amalgamate both but camouflaging their own name in a kind of manneristic sign that represents name, letters and sign. To camouflage oneself in the un-original.

This may seem like an overly critical point to turn towards but to mimic, in the terms of an artist's position, sets up a punch in the face of critical enquiry. It is an elegant side-step, one that when finally observed, instead of being always overlooked, is then unexpectedly serious.

By now, they were cleaning up the bar and putting the chairs upside down on the table. We had made the end of our last bottle and the staffer no longer brought over assorted salty snacks. He sat there, and spoke on while we signaled each other to stand up and go but this didn't seem to bother him.

The gaze is drawn towards your work when we can see what holds it all together, in order to present itself as such. But when this does not take us out into something else, we either must go deep into what that is or simply become confronted with our own act of looking.

The cover, the undercover, the fogging, the obscuring- we are invited to become subjects of this, we are invited to listen but never to participate, since it will only ever be mediated by obscurity. But trying, we are shaken out of what we thought we knew and instead given the task of holding together areas that connect all the elements, endlessly precarious and not within our own will.

We all got up from our seats, since we were being kindly escorted out of the bar. And as we walked toward the elevator he muttered to himself, not at all discreetly-

Basically we are viewing censorship. And when we are confronted with censorship we have to either look at a static screen or find something else that interests us and confront the fact language is essentiality without context.

Walking through the hotel, down the corridors we found our opposing rooms. His voice was dampened by the carpeted floor and walls. We opened our door in an attempt to remove ourselves and end the evening

But then, recently in what I have seen of your works, we fall onto a new direction. This consists of an intuitive semblance of sign making, signature marks forming across pages that then form fluid arrangements of objects. A new direction of line making that is spurred on by a kind of absence of the artist from their own work and a re-stamping of their self upon forms through a re-encounter with materiality. You have managed to lay down a platform for yourself, to figure out what those forms really do, coming from your hand and to work within a context. But this reminds me of a time when I was first confronted with the radical notion that the very idea that context does not exist...