

Construction Manual; Part 1

Theo Chin, David Horvitz, Hamish Pearch

i. Theo Chin, Pinakothek, 2018, video, sound, aspect ratio 16:3, duration 13:30

ii. Hamish Pearch, Modern Ruin in Bloom, 2020, paper, dimensions variable

iii. Hamish Pearch, Collective Memory Storage, 2020, paper, dimensions variable

iv. David Horvitz, 20th Century Alienation, 2020, 27 page PDF, dimensions variable

Theo Chin was born in London in 1993. He holds a BA in illustration from Camberwell, and an MFA from School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He has exhibited internationally in sites and screenings including Eyeworks (2018) Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York, Vacant Gallery (2016) Tokyo. His durational animation work expands to include a commercial practice, working with brands alongside fine art. He lives and works in London, UK.

David Horvitz's recent exhibitions include: Yvon Lambert, Paris (FR), Los Angeles Municipal Gallery, Los Angeles (CA), 'Situation #20', solo presentation at Fotomuseum Winterthur; 'through the morning) kiss this pillow', tongewölbe T25, Ingolstadt (both 2015); 'David Horvitz', Blum & Poe, Los Angeles; 'David Horvitz: Gnomons' New Museum, New York; and concurrent shows at Jan Mot, Brussels, and Dawid Radziszewski Gallery, Warsaw (all 2014); solo show at Peter Amby, Copenhagen; Statements, Art Basel, 2013; 'POST', Kunsthall Charlottenborg, Copenhagen; 'At Night They Leave Their Century', Chert, Berlin (all 2013). Group exhibitions include: 'Ocean of Images: New Photography 2015', MoMA, New York; 'Transparencies', Bielefelder Kunstverein and Kunstverein Nürnberg; 'The Secret Life', Murray Guy, New York; 'more Konzeption, Conception now', Museum Morsbroich, Leverkusen; 'Good luck with your natural, combined, attractive and truthful attempts in two exhibitions', Crac Alsace, Altkirsch, (all 2015); 'Crossing Brooklyn', Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, 2014. His work has been shown at EVA International 2014, Glasgow International 2014, LIAF 2013, MoMA, and The Kitchen. In New York, he has realized projects with Recess, Clocktower Gallery, post at MoMA, Printed Matter, Rhizome, and Triple Canopy. Recent artist books include The Distance of a Day (2013; Motto Books & Chert) and Sad, Depressed, People, (2012; New Documents). He has received the Rema Hort Mann Grant in 2011 and was nominated for the Discovery Award at Les Rencontres d'Arles in 2011. Horvitz lives and works in Los Angeles.

Hamish Pearch (b.1993) lives and works in London. Pearch completed his BA in Fine Art Sculpture at Camberwell College of Art, London in 2015 and received a Postgraduate Diploma from the Royal Academy Schools, London in 2019. Selected exhibitions include: Mushrooms, Somerset House, London (2020); Nights (solo), Soft Opening, London (2019); Schools Show, Royal Academy of Art, London (2019); On a day like this (solo), Sans Titre 2016, Paris (2018); Ana Prata and Hamish Pearch curated by Kiki Mazzucchelli at Kupfer, London (2018); Go (organised and exhibited in), Soft Opening, London (2018); New Relics, Thames-side Studios, London (2018); Premiums, Royal Academy of Arts, London (2018); Le Laboratoire, Sans Titre, Marseille (2017); Addams Outtakes, Roaming Projects, London (2017); Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavour (On The Bedpost Over Night)? co-curated with Will Rees, J Hammond Projects, London (2017); XL Catlin Art Prize, London-Newcastle Project Space, London (2016); Chimp Cracks Nut With Rock, curated by Sean Steadman, Kennington Residency, London (2015); Bloomberg New Contemporaries 2015, Primary, Nottingham and ICA, London (2015); Reely and Truly Film Club at Crunch Studios, London (2014). Pearch is due to open a solo presentation this summer at Belsunce Projects, as part of Manifesta 13, Marseille.

Construction manual; Part 1 is organized by Kate Caruso and Kate's Little Angel. Sponsored by Lady White Co.

Construction manual responds to widespread closures and looks to new models of art making and viewing. Confusion being central, sincerity and altruism may re-enter the proverbial picture. Construction manuals offer guidelines, alike the easily distributed PDF based works on view; guidelines provide stability (a set of rules to be followed). Freed by instruction, we may traverse uncharted landscape. Along with this PDF, the exhibition functions as a blueprint for itself, and may be recreated in an infinite number of locations.

Kate Caruso is a Los Angeles based curator and writer. Selected exhibitions include in lieu, ltd los angeles, SADE, Skibum MacArthur. Caruso writes a bi-monthly column for Artillery Magazine. She founded community arts center, *Kate's Little Angel*, in Cypress Park, Los Angeles where she continues to organize programming and runs an international artist-in-residence program. Caruso gained her MA from Claremont Graduate University and BA from Sussex University.

PINAKOTHEK

[there are some phonetic spellings/odd grammar for the computer narration]

It is a lie to say my story begins here, because the images had been asking to be seen for much longer, but nevermind. It began with a seduction on the internet. I was looking for a reproduction of a painting in the PinakoTek, one of the largest online image archives. That was where I met her.

Her name was Elkihn, and I told her about the image I was trying to find. I'd seen the painting on holiday that past summer. The woman in the front took up most of it. Her blue and pink clothing fell so wonderfully over glowing legs. Her upper half twisted around, bicep on the leg of the frowning man behind. The way their eyes were fixed on the bowed head of their tiny son revealed a deep love. Only I had no idea what the work was called besides the fact that it was a tondo, which meant round painting. Elkihn said she liked my description and so agreed to help me search for it. I sent her a heart symbol, and received one back, making my reel heart flutter. This was surely love.

I was impressed by Elkihn's talent for searching. She immediately spotted an image that was closer to my tondo than anything I had found alone. We looked at it for a while together, discussing the figures; the same three in composition with one another. The woman sat on a gilded throne and was huge, very elegant with wide set narrow eyes, and a lahpiss robe. Yet as Elkihn pointed out, the baby was tiny, and the figure of the man had been painted in as an afterthought; his bust was the only part on view behind the throne, and so I imagined that if I could walk around the picture, his lower half would be missing.

The tondo's three figures seemed to be a popular subject, since we would often come across versions of them. As we approached yet another painting in this style, the figures took on clear form and I was taken once more by the woman's concern for her child. Her gaze was almost jealously guarding him. As Elkihn pointed out, this time the man didn't seem interested, yet the man and woman in my tondo were devoted equally to their son.

Every so often my eyes would meet Elkihn's, causing a lightness in my stomach, like an ecstatic nausea. We glided past other wanderers of the PinakoTek. Looking at statues, performances,

all manner of imagery, mixed together in this great library. I tried often to make something of the people who were drawn like myself to this place. Of course it was impossible to know who was behind each Avartarh, which revealed only something of its bearers taste, but nothing of their likeness.

We saw One tondo which I immediately knew was not right. Whilst the format was the same and all three figures were arranged correctly, their forms were clumsy. It looked like the artist of that image had no knowledge of the human form, and so had sought to disguise what could not be rendered, with drape and cloth. This material fell so unconvincingly that it might have hidden the limbs of trees, not bodies. Yet I admit there was something about the solid bulge of those figures that was quite innocent, nearly charming. And this apparently appealed to Elkihn, who lingered on the work as I drew away from it.

Disheartened by Elkihn's taste for the crude image, I moved on, and quite suddenly I saw it, conjured there in front of me out of nothing. An image of my tondo. I hesitate to call what I saw a reproduction. It was like being in front of the real painting, only my screen's glow, actually heightened the colour, in the woman's face and eyes. A divine montage in red, green and blue that shone more than any real thing could. The bodies looked soft to the touch with crisp edges feathered by just three pixels. They were almost sculptures for their convincing solidity, despite being flat. I could see figures in this reproduction that were absent in my memory. They were luxuriating, having the appearance of a Sunday crowd at a park in the summer, only all in the nude. The one behind the man's hard left shoulder was fixed in the moment just before coming to rest on a high wall. I became totally absorbed by the image. I was reminded of that moment when you catch sight of someone very beautiful from across a room, who you can't help but stare at. Here in the PinakoTek however, I did not have to hide my interest. I could gorge on the work for as long as I liked, and it was a while before I noticed Elkihn was not there.

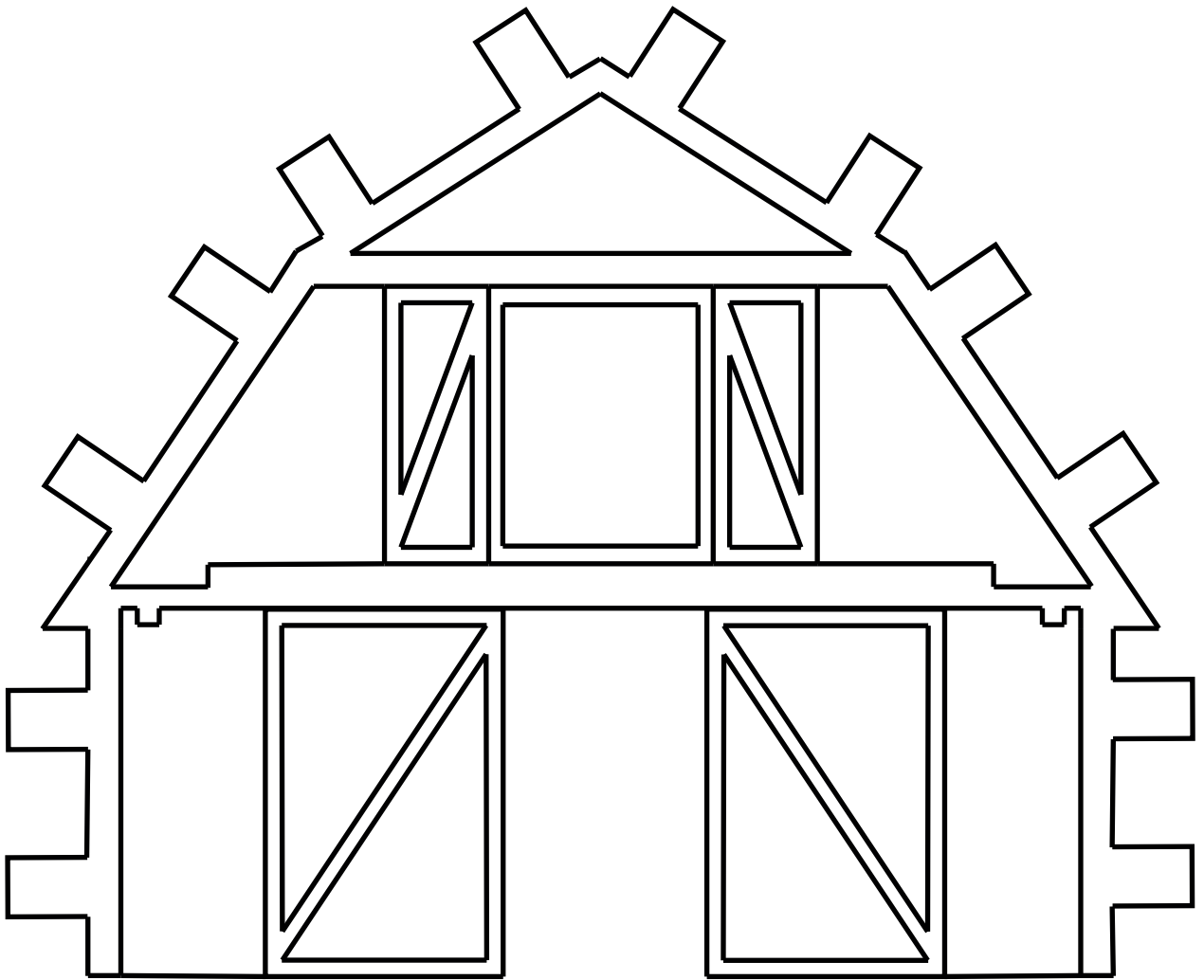
Pivoting around, I searched along the route we had taken, but I could not find my way. Elkihn was now off-Line. She had drifted on a current of looking back through infinite data. The PinakoTek had given the gift of the tondo, but taken Elkihn away. I haven't seen her since.

I now have vivid dreams that Elkihn and I are together walking along the shore of a grey lake. The PinakoTek is in the distance and together we go to it. We find the tondo and kiss on a stone

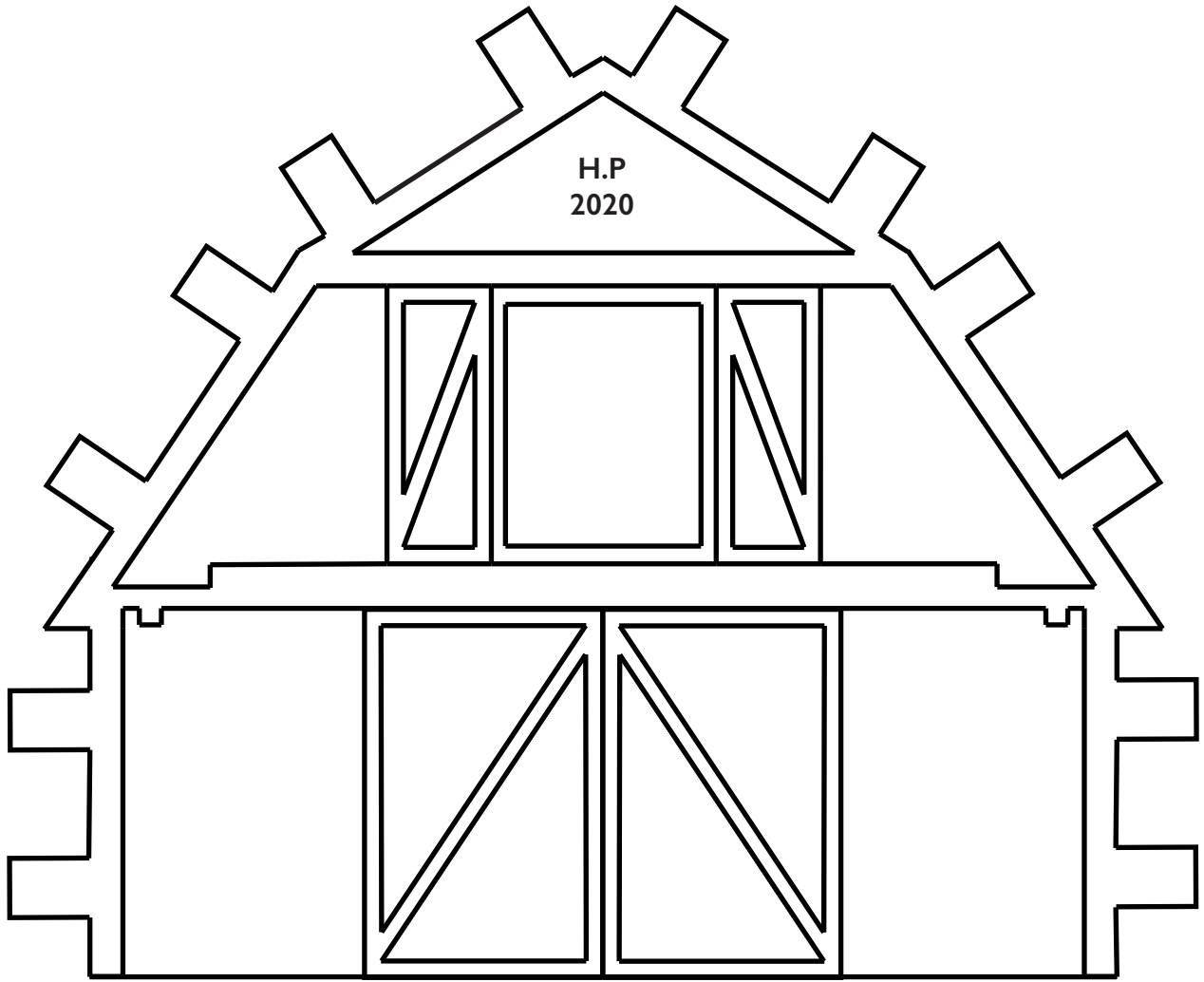
bench that is cool under my thighs. I touch Elkihn's lavender skin. I smell milk and hormones on her neck. We walk through the various halls and into a room with windows in the ceiling. There lies a kollohssle Mahdonnare, heaving as she takes breath in, shifting the great round bulge under her dress... As we move closer, I can see her pregnant body's tight skin ripple beneath the light pink and yellow material, as forms move around inside... Elkihn smiles at me and then I wake up.

Modern Ruin in Bloom

do-it-yourself colouring-in sculpture
by Hamish Pearch

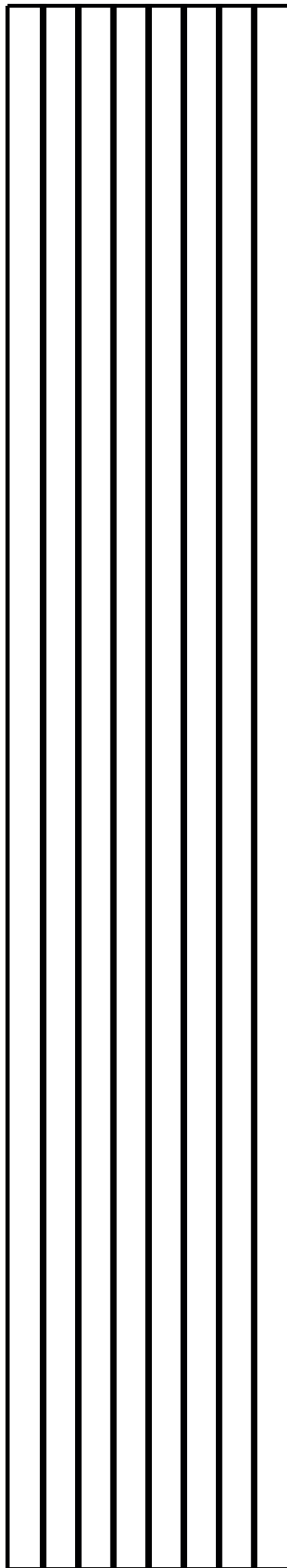
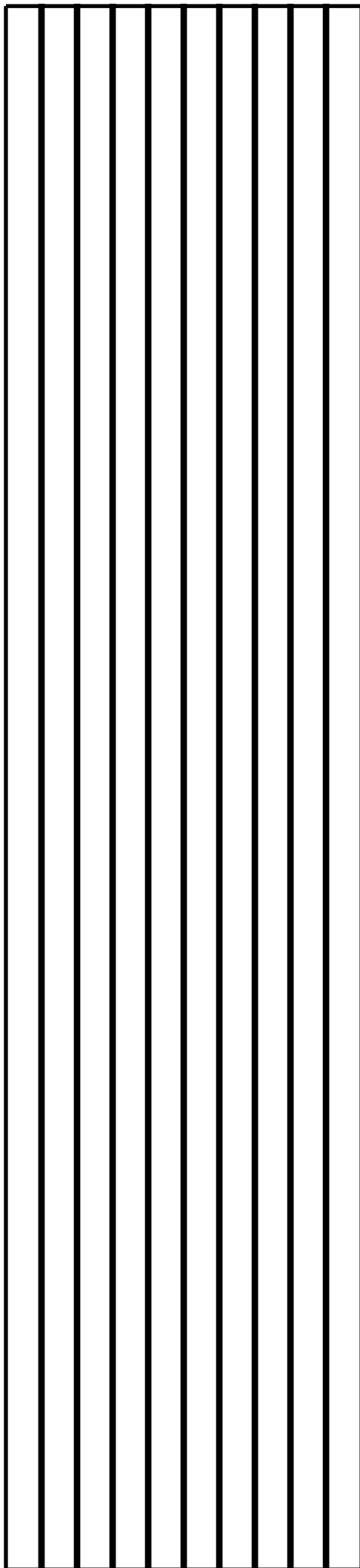


Front

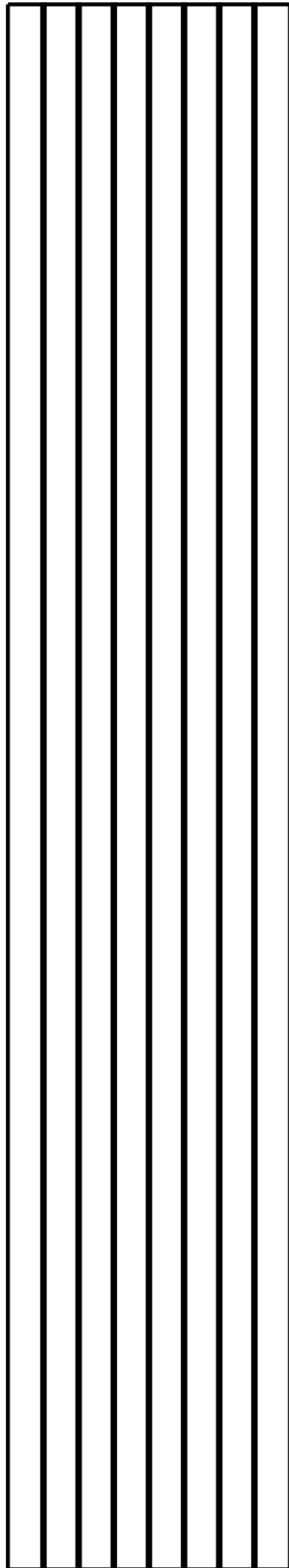
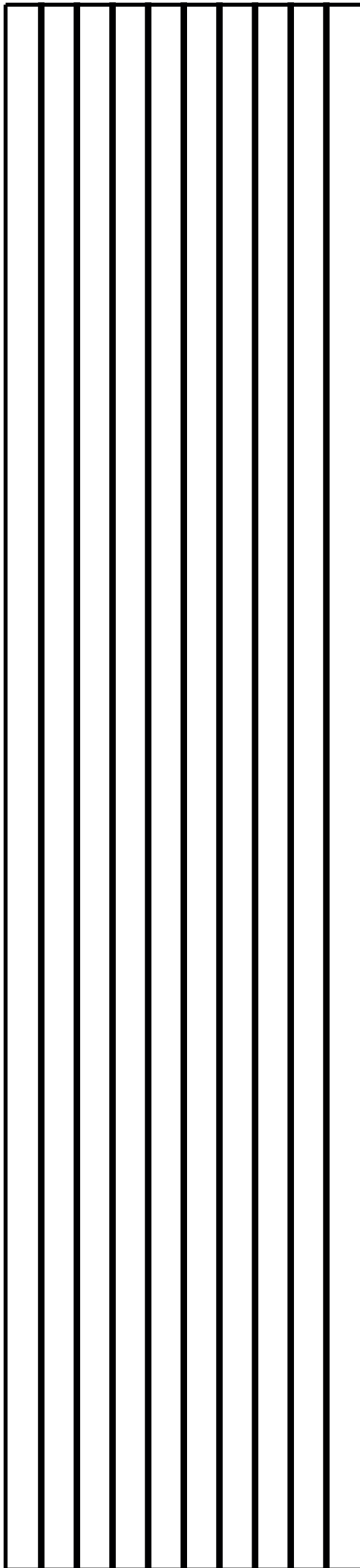


Back

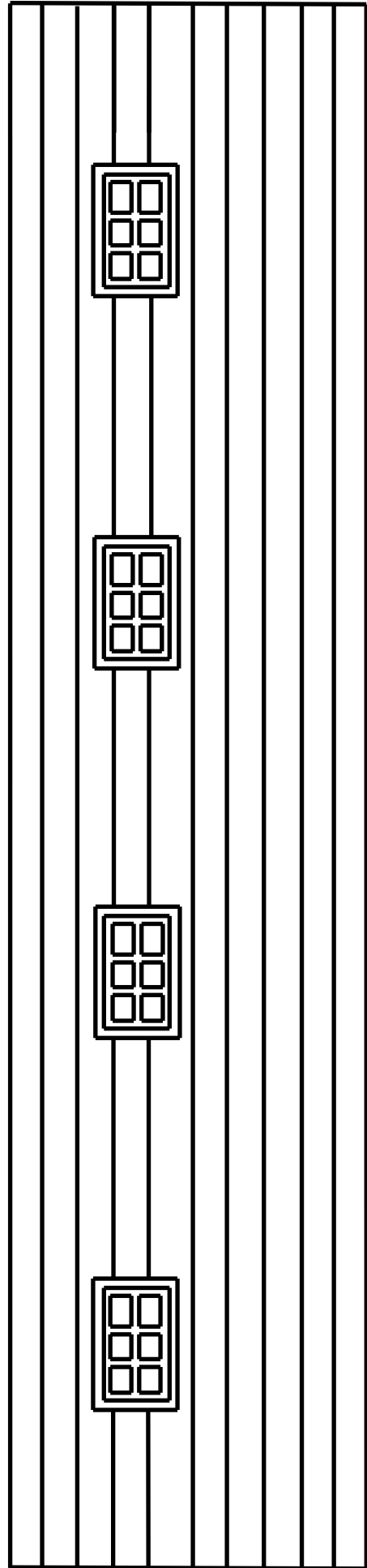
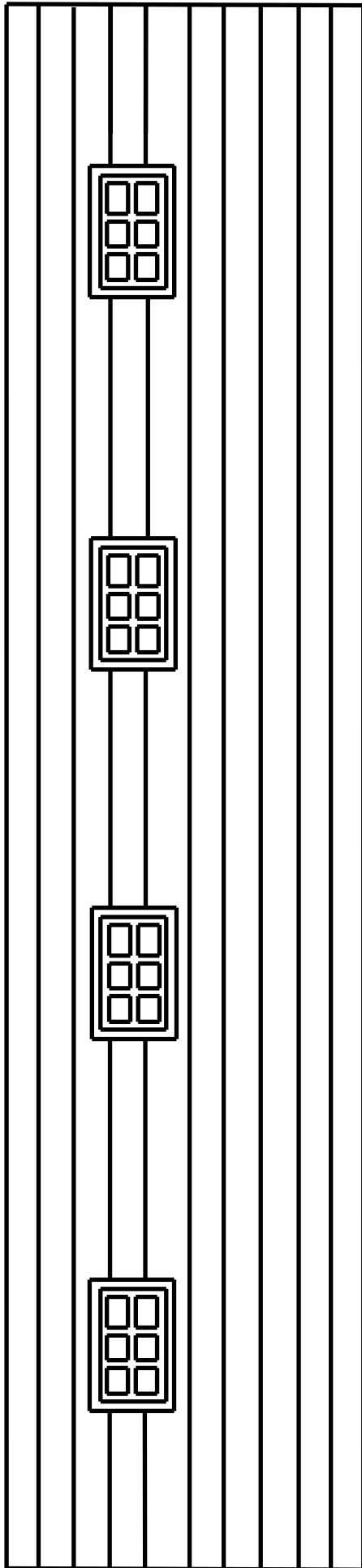
Roof

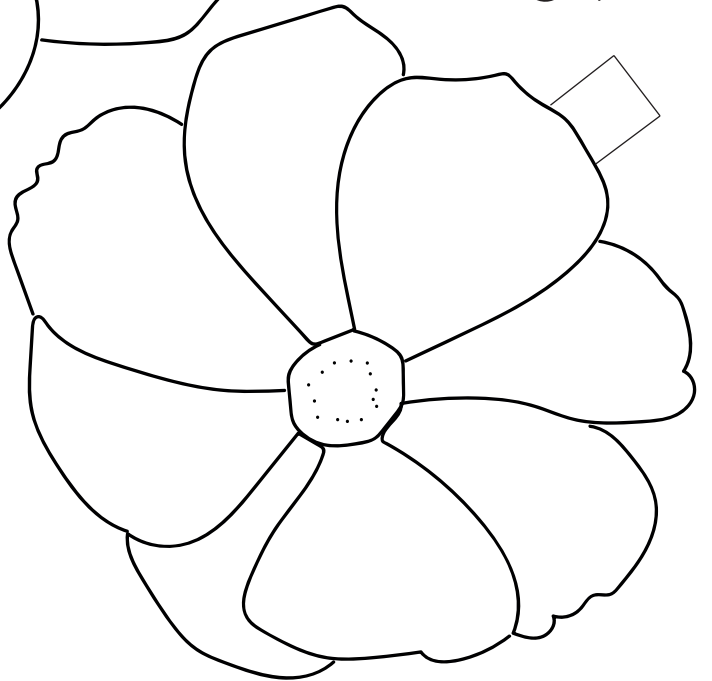
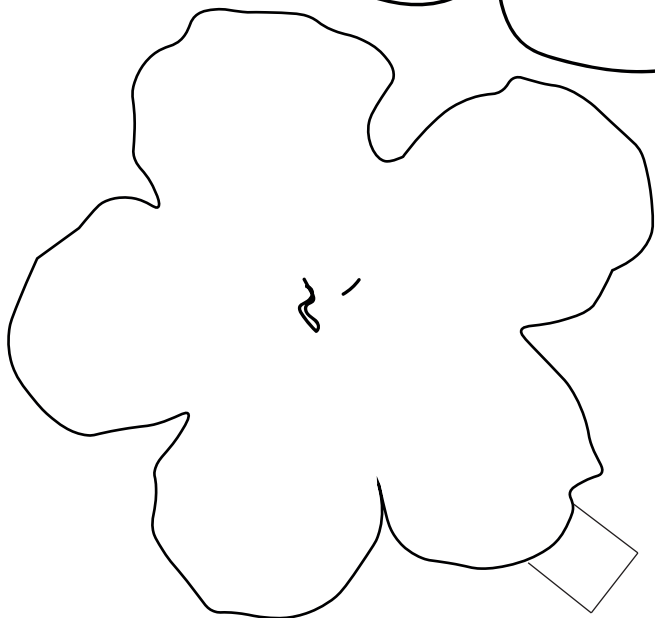
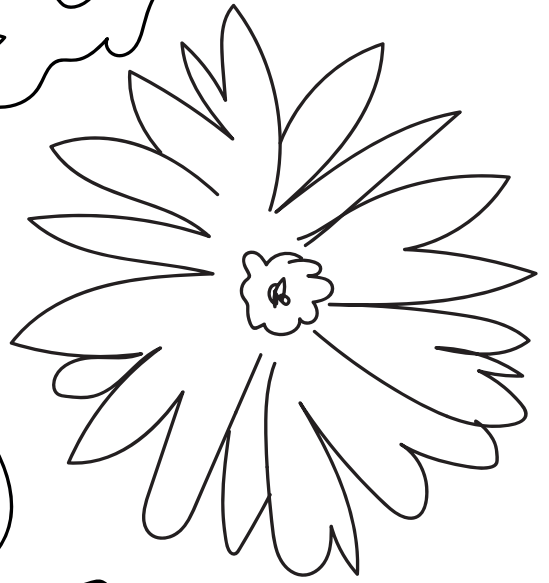
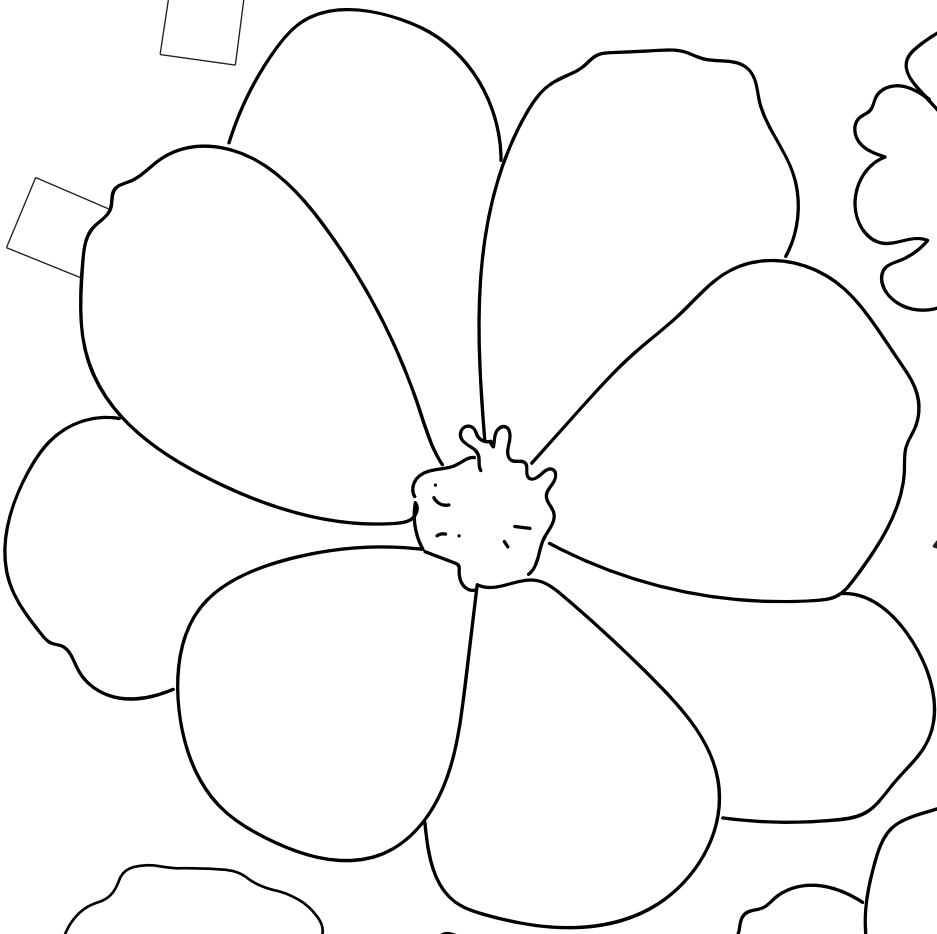
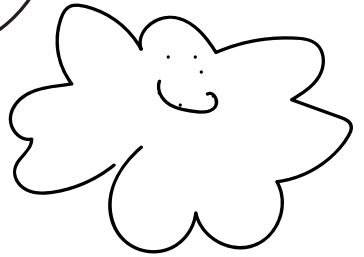
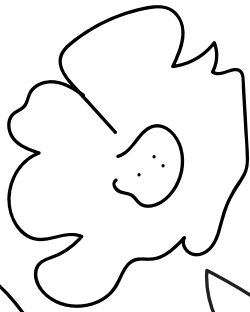
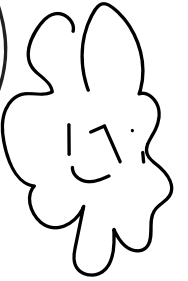
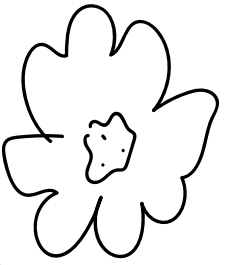
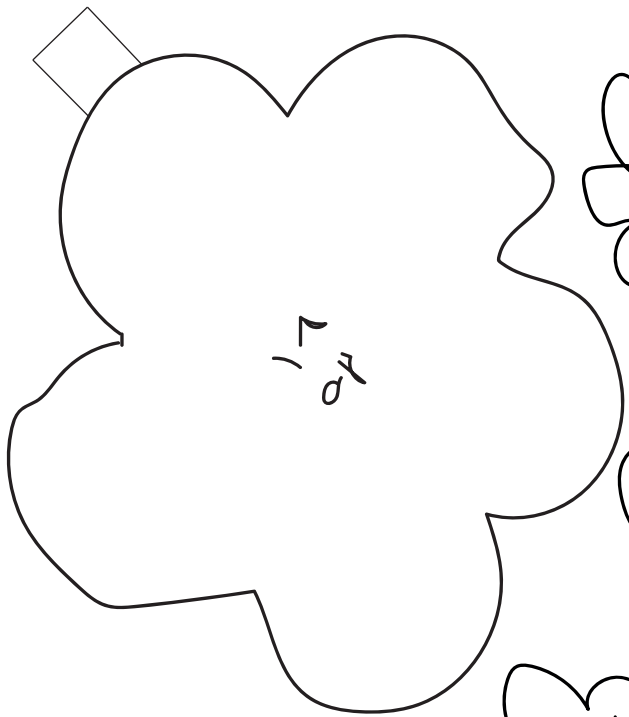
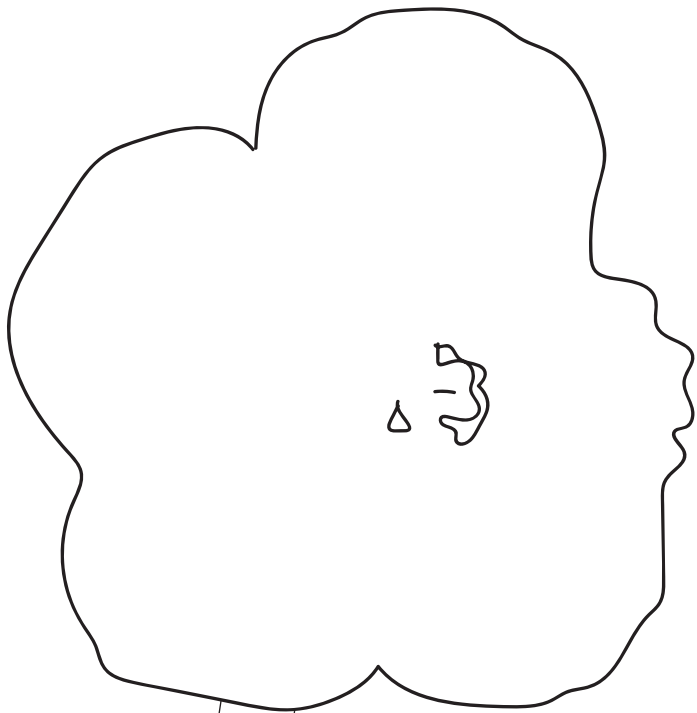


Roof



Walls



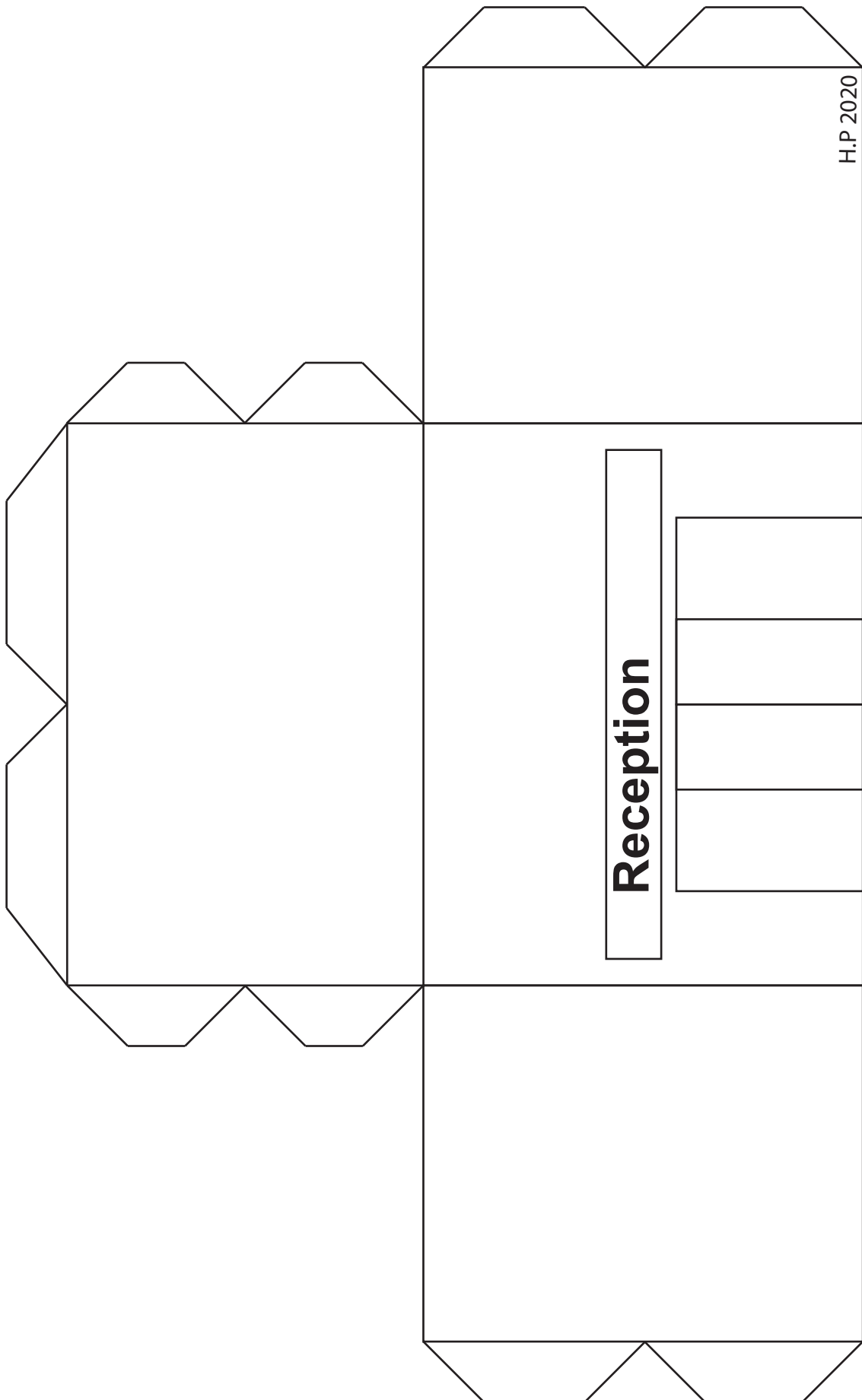


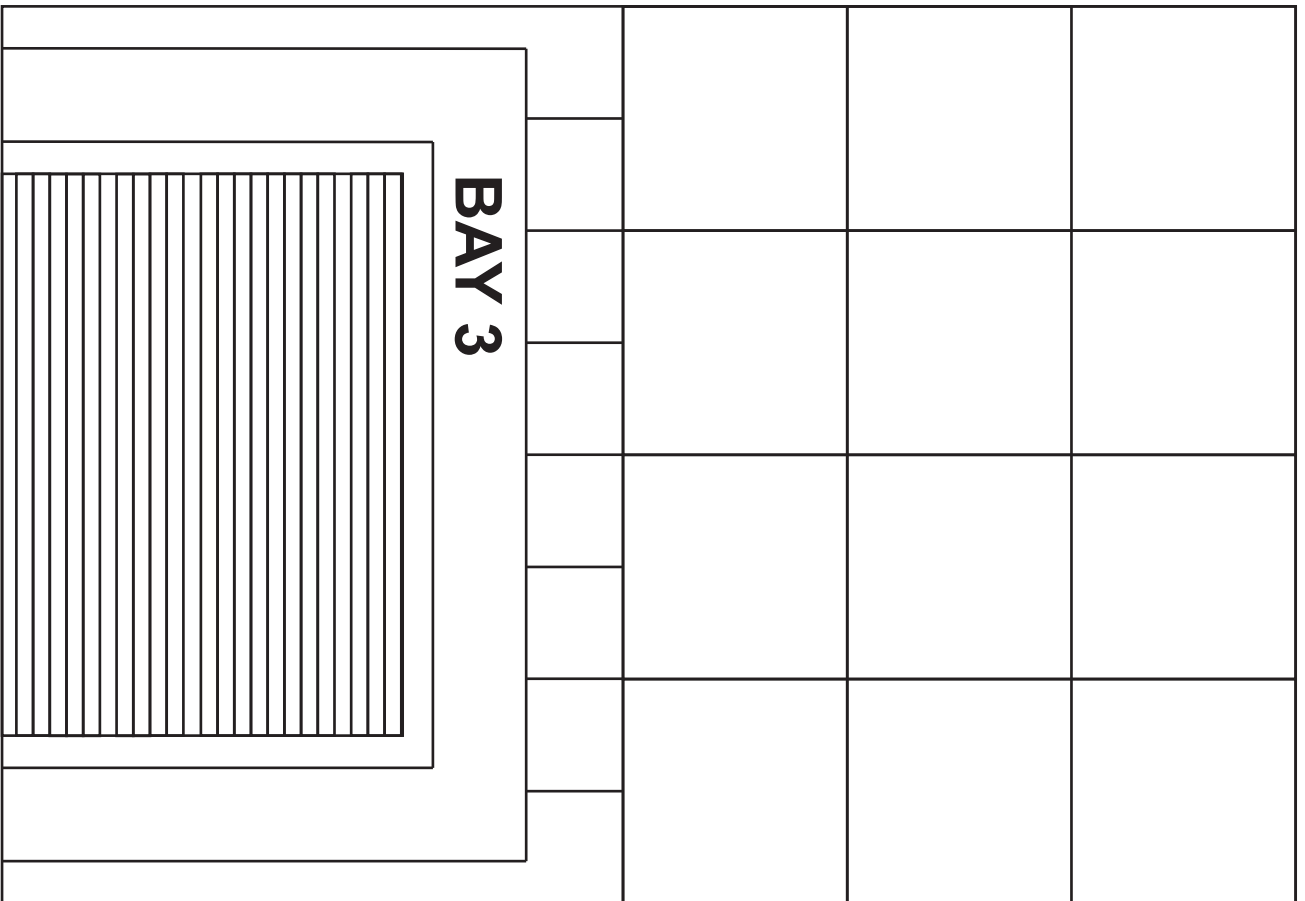
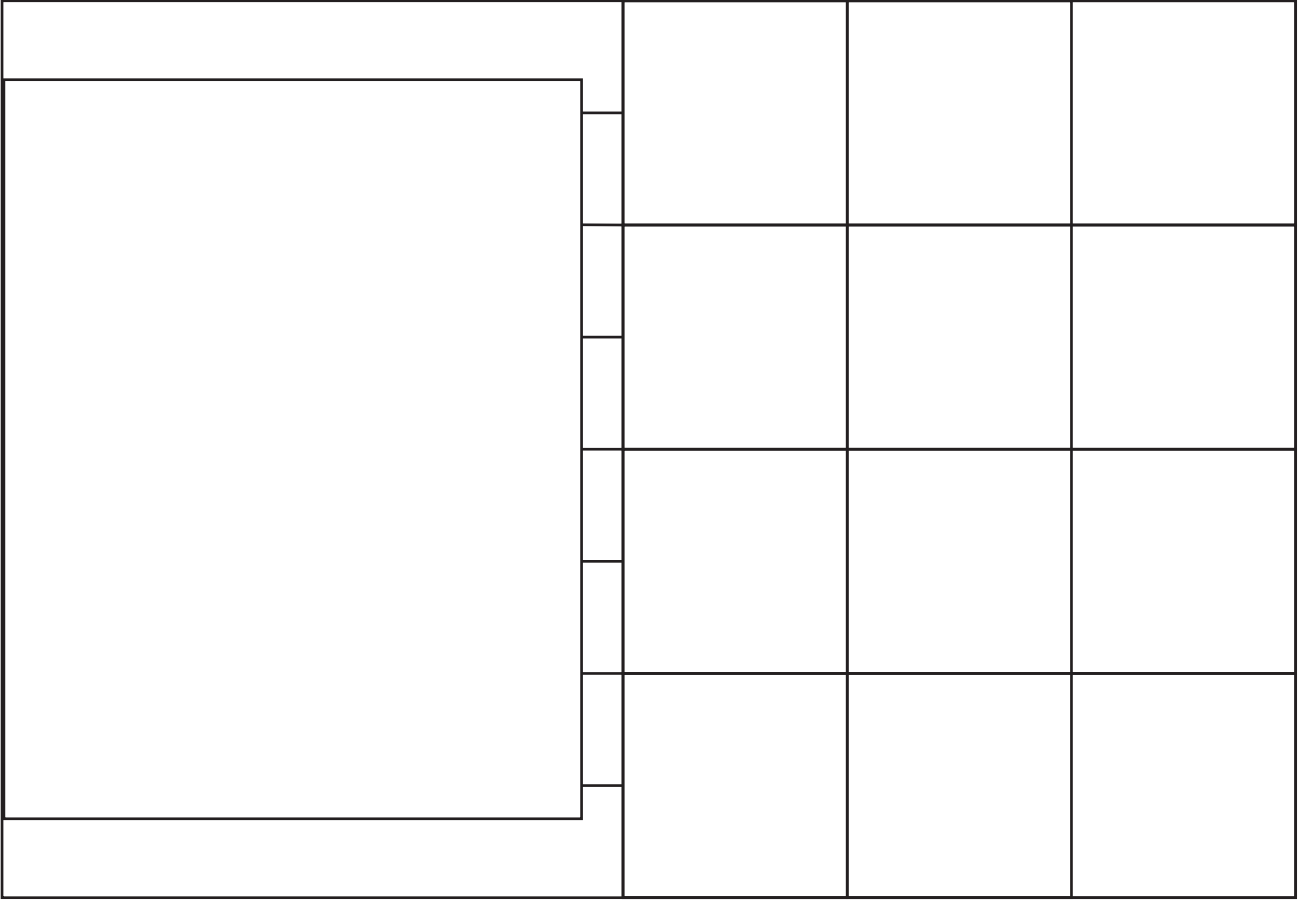


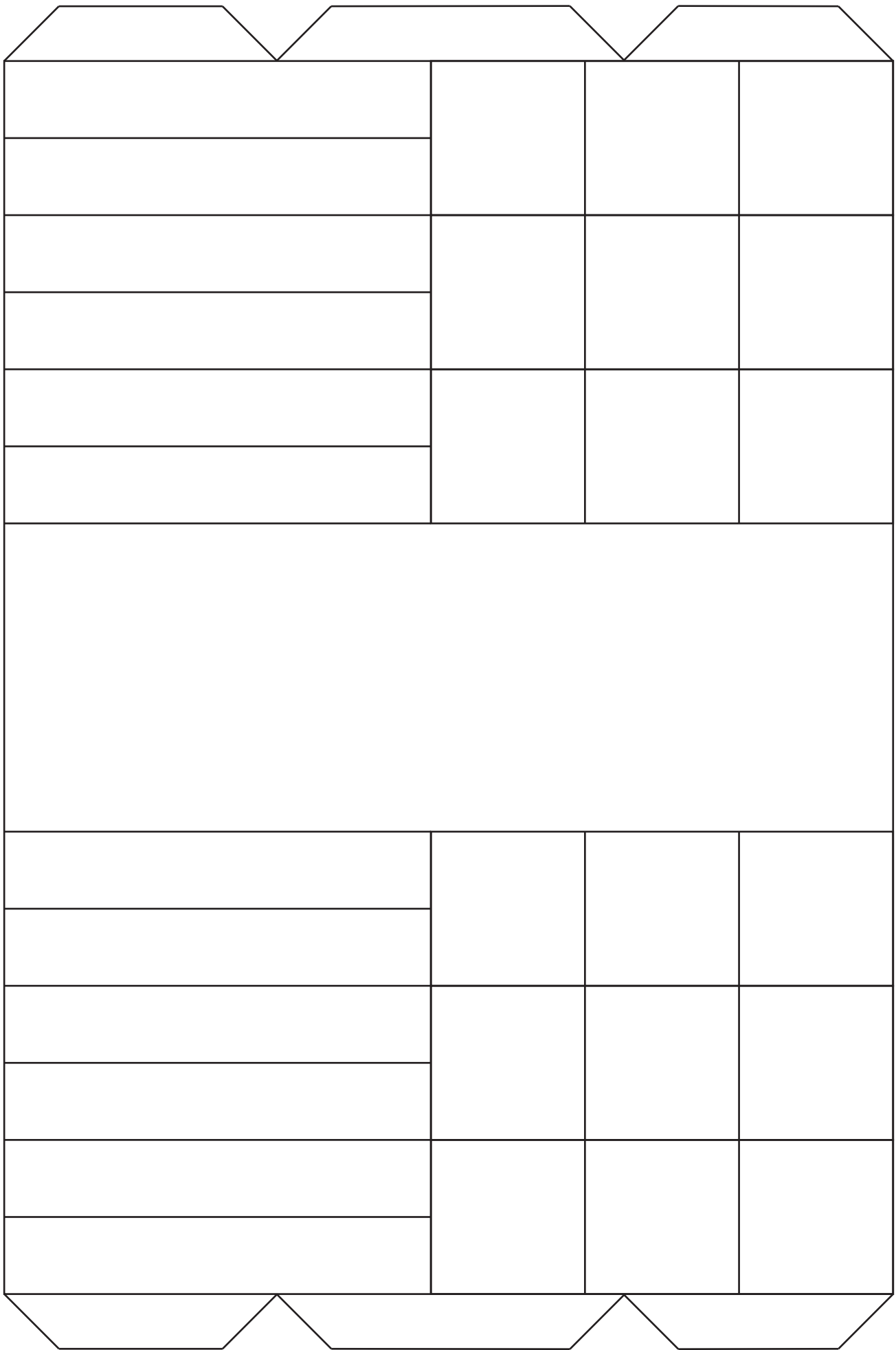


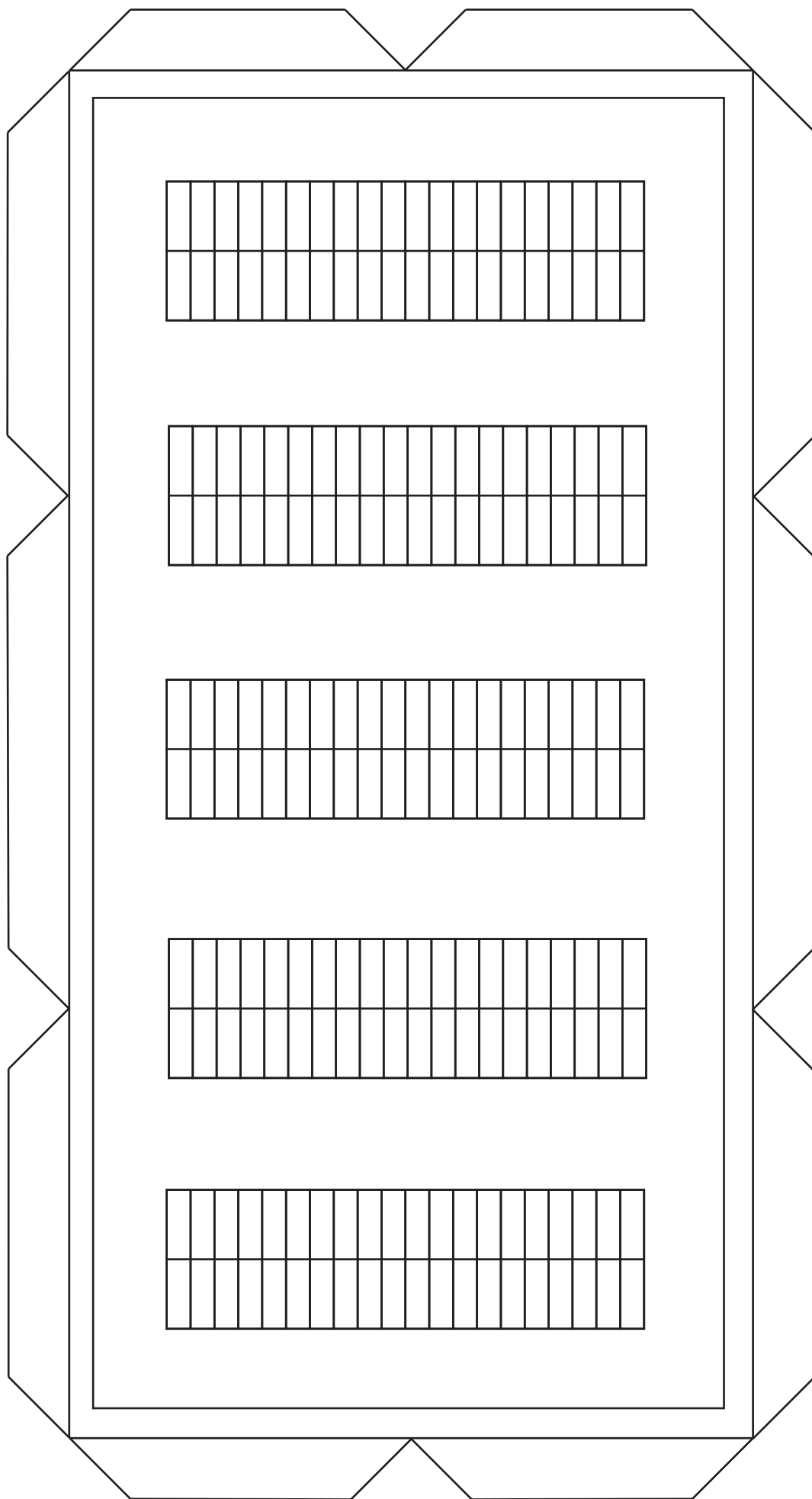
Collective Memory Storage

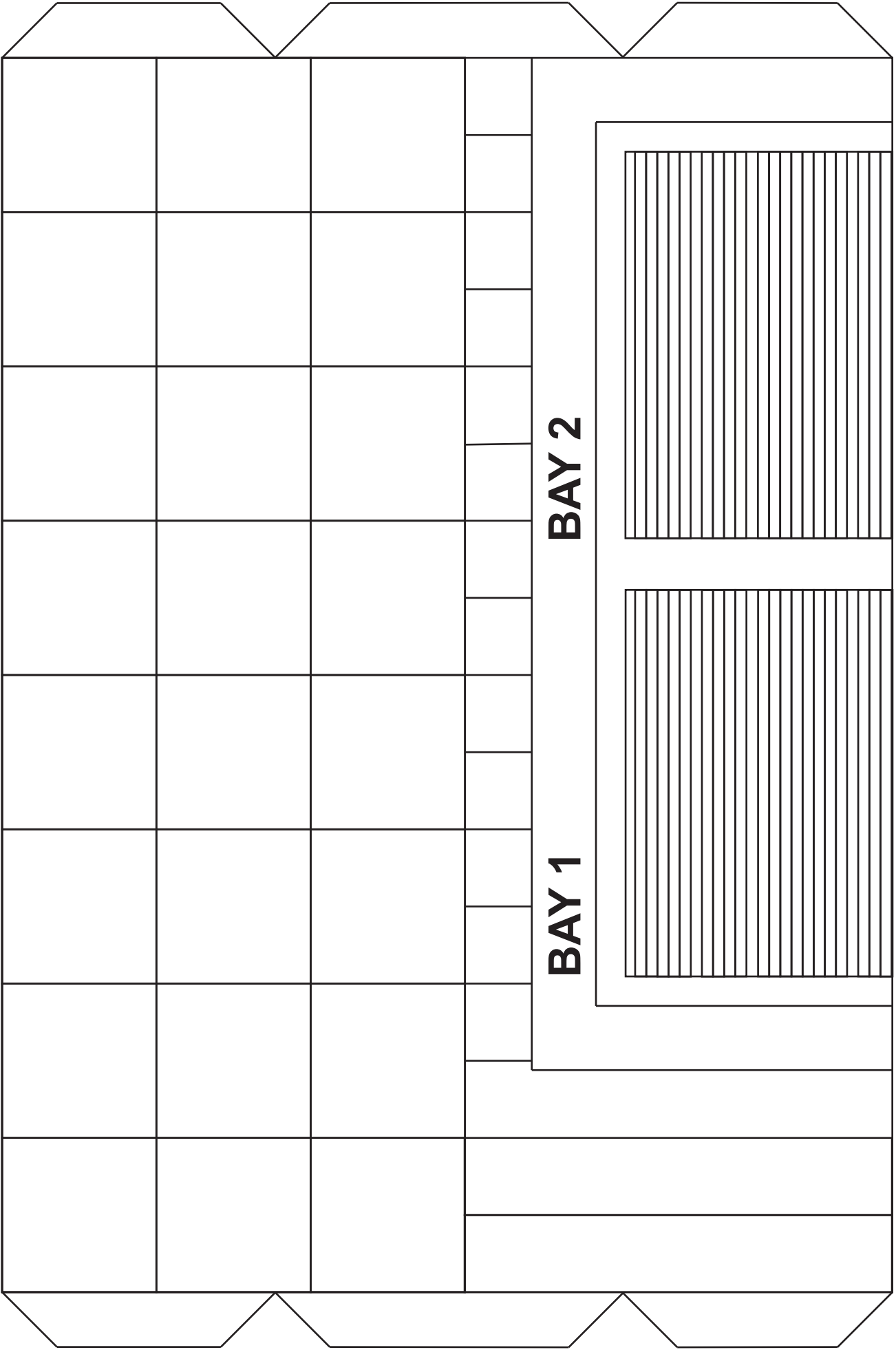
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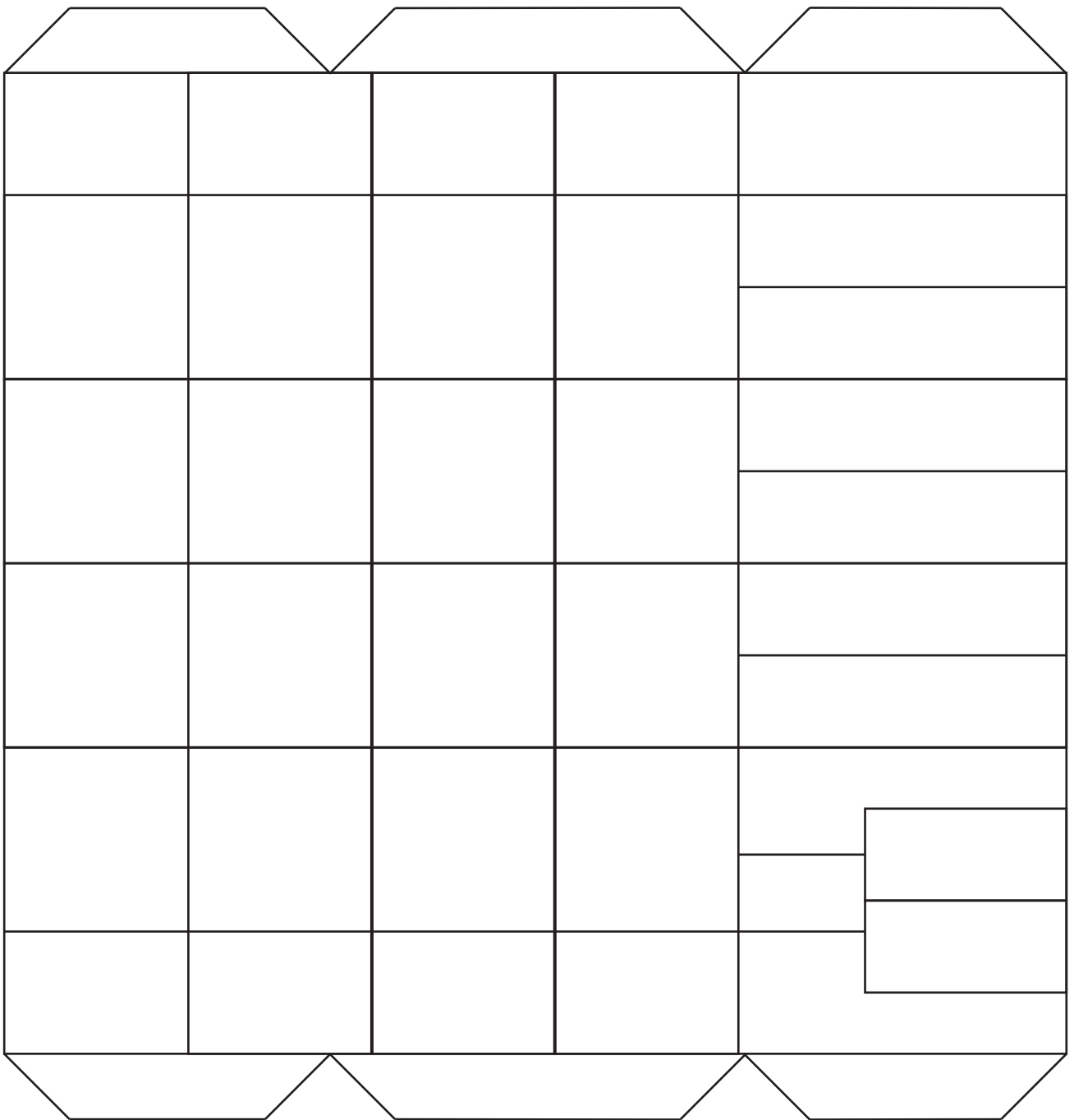
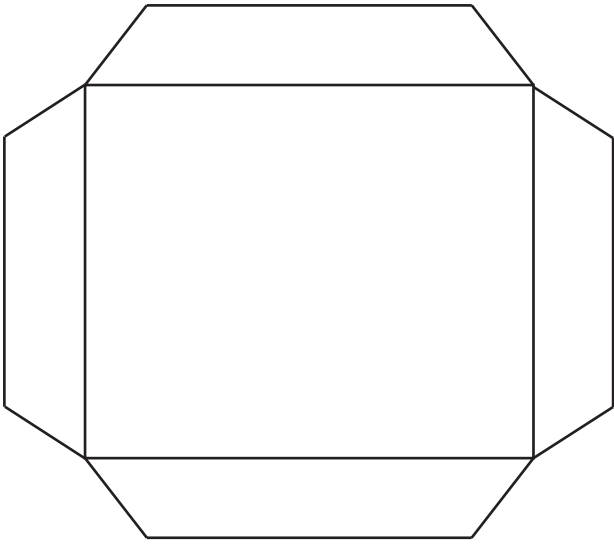












20th century

80 plus years

alienation

american

anxiety

aging

**business-
women**

blue

briefcase

**button down
shirt**

bed

cloudiness

close up

clerk

cry

desk

desk lamp

despair

daytime

domestic life

empty

england

exit sign

eyes closed

forgetting

**facial
expression**

forest

fog

florida

gloomy

gesturing

gray

background

girls

gray hair

healthcare

human finger

human mouth

humility

illness

indecision

individuality

indoors

irritation

jewelry

jetty

january

keening

ketamine

london

loneliness

looking

looking away

looking down

loss

luggage

mature adult

mechanical

breakdown

monochrome

mourner

naked

natural

world

nervous

breakdown

obscured face

overcast

overwhelmed

overworked

photography

pity

pressure

problems

paris

pain

quarantine

real people

reflection

remote

ring

sadness

sand

sea

social issues

tense

thinking

tiredness

two people

**uncomfort-
able**

uneasy

**unemploy-
ment**

unshaven

**view from
below**

waiting

white

background

woodland

window

xanax

yellow

background

young adult

young adult

man

zoloft