

Despite digitisation's threat to render gallery and museum obsolete, recent decades have seen the exhibition form proliferate with unprecedented haste. Contradictorily, the exhibition form acquired unparalleled hegemony – manifest in the unspoken self-evidence of its mediation of art and audience – whilst the work of art became predominantly encountered via its digitally distributed image. This contradiction – symptomatic of that between capital's locally intensive and expansionary tendencies – has been blunted by a profusion of supervening forms, chief among which are the installation shot and transnationally itinerant exhibition.

Today, any work that gravitates too stringently to its sited exhibition form or digital dispersal risks denunciation as either reactionary affirmation of the local or as arrogant withdrawal from the contingencies of contextual particularity. With art's institutional and spatial dialectic forestalled, the exhibition is obliged to display its distributability as image, or as potentially mobile event; similarly, the image of art must announce its exhibitability, as an index of prior display or as a future exhibition component. The imageable exhibition and the exhibitable image are twin facets of a global art industry whose imperatives remain both the attainment of transnational recognition and the realisation of value within a predefined, concrete setting.

*Exhibition Title* takes the form of a planned exhibition of works previously documented in PDFs. Enclosed are CGI visuals, a proposed press release and a list of works. The exhibition unfolds across three rooms, each self-contained, sized to the dimensions of a Portakabin office. As yet unrealised, *Exhibition Title* might be constructed by the artist, might be fabricated or might not be built.

01.12.2018



ExhibitionPlan.jpg



Room1.jpg





Room2.jpg

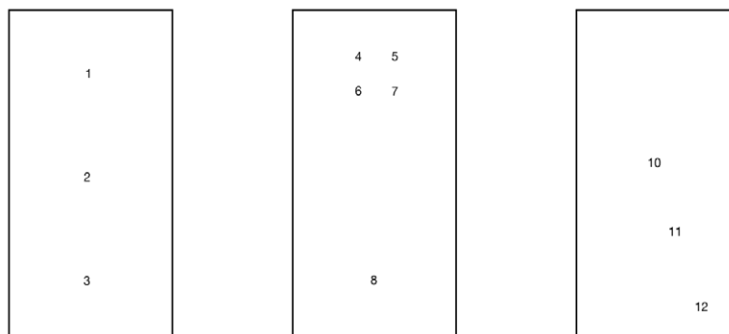


Room3.jpg

## press release

Gallery is pleased to present an exhibition of works by Artist. Gallery is honoured to present a solo exhibition of new work by Artist. Gallery is pleased to present *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition by Location-based Artist. From start date to end date, Gallery will present an exhibition of works by Artist. In his first exhibition at Gallery, Artist presents a series of new works. Gallery is delighted to present an exhibition of new works by Artist in Location. Gallery is pleased to present an exhibition featuring works by Artist. For their exhibition at Gallery, Artist presents a series of new works in which a theme, a theme and a theme are concurrent and indivisible strands. Gallery presents *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition by Artist. Gallery is delighted to inaugurate its Location space with new works by Artist. This will mark the second exhibition at the newly opened Gallery, located at Location, and Artist's first exhibiton in Location. Gallery is delighted to present *Exhibition Title*, the first exhibition of new work by Artist to be shown in the Location since date. In his first exhibition at Gallery, *Exhibition Title*, artist brings together an array of new works that interweave elements of a genre, a genre and another genre. Gallery is pleased to present *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition by Artist. For his first Location exhibition, Artist returns with a genre. Gallery is delighted to announce an exhibition of new work by Artist, which will open to the public on start date and remain on view through end date. Gallery is honoured to present Artist: *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition spanning the artist's practice. Gallery presents Location Artist's solo exhibition entitled *Exhibition Title*. Gallery is delighted to announce Artist's exhibition *Exhibition Title*, comprised of an intimately connected constellation of a genre and another genre that inquires after a theme and a theme. Gallery is pleased to present *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition of new work by artist. Gallery is thrilled to announce *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition of works by Artist running from start date to end date in Location. From start date to end date, Gallery presents *Exhibition Title*, an exhibition that brings together genre and other genre by Artist. Gallery is pleased to announce *Exhibition Title*, Artist's first exhibition with the gallery. But dates and Location are undetermined, and *Exhibition Title* varies. Themes are reality, negation and limitation; and the genres are unity, plurality and totality. Artist is Labour. And Gallery is History.

## List of Works



### 1. Untitled (Hauser and Wirth)

Wood, paint, paper  
120 x 175 x 120cm  
2016

### 2. Untitled (Sadie Coles)

Wood, paint, paper  
120 x 160 x 110cm  
2016

### 3. Untitled (Marian Goodman)

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but had been wounded, with the casualty Yán, a man who at forty-five years of age was among the oldest and strongest members of the workforce and who had, it transpired, ran his hand into a table saw whilst feeding lengths of timber to be thinned or dadoed, such that the spinning blade had bitten into the soft flesh between thumb and forefinger and torn through until the digit was all but severed, attached only by a wristward splint of bone and sinew, and thus Yán, who worked on the other side of the factory floor, had been ushered outside clutching his lower arm, trailed by a splatter of bloody tissue, dotted on the floor and on his machine, to be bleached and cleansed before another operative might replace him, which Hú suspected would prove difficult because Yán was semi-skilled and worked speedily and efficiently at the table saw, having hitherto his incident maintained a high output by remaining remarkably injury-free, which considering the various guards that had been removed to quicken production was no simple feat, and it was in thinking of this that Hú contemplated whether the decision to remove the safety guards in the workshop had in fact improved productivity at all, since the number of casualties in the factory had deprived the company of at least one trained worker and a day's worth of machine use every month, with mechanical faults that took weeks to fix, which was obviously detrimental; but, he supposed, the business had likely accounted for such damages and had weighed the cost of delays against those hours gained through guardless machines, and, seemingly, they had deemed near-amputations like Yán's an acceptable cost for accelerated deadlines, compensating for such impairments with quicker production facilities, with more machinery and fewer precautions, and, moreover, Hú supposed, it was likely felt that high staff turnover was preferable too, for this weakened the costly bonds of solidarity germinant on the shopfloor, preventing worker organisation; so that, in this regard, Yán's incapacitation now testified to the omniscience of the corporation, because in recent weeks Yán had attempted to organise a non-union action, but now on account of his hospitalisation he would not, it being unclear as to whether he would ever return to the factory – since if his thumb could not be reattached and rendered serviceable, it was certain he would lose his job – and it was therefore ambiguous as to whether the proposed wildcat action would take place, though Hú presumed it would not; and hence, by damaging its labour force, the

company had saved themselves money and time and had increased output, meaning they could view such incidents as an effect of the perennial gale of creative destruction, which could not be understood on the hypothesis that there was a perennial lull: the business was required to break its assets and labour in order to rebuild on stronger, sturdier footing, and they continually faced the necessity for restructuring the production process, not only to reduce unit costs and to elude recessions, but even more compellingly to retain their hold over the class struggle, such that, the shopfloor would be reorganised in Yán's absence and the factory would be transformed and remoulded to the boon of profit, and Hú thought of this as the call sounded to return to work, upon which he immediately resumed assembling the furniture before him, putting together bits and pieces around him to form the semblance of a whole, which today was a coffee table that required the slotting in and screwing together of three separate component parts, there undertaken repeatedly, professionally and competently, because, as tedious as the work was, it was preferable to any of the machine jobs, in which the chances of injury were high and in which Hú felt he was likely to befall some period of worklessness; so he ploughed through monotony of his appointed task, handling and fastening with steady technique, item after item, as he laboured sufficiently well to avoid earmarking for restationing; though he gradually realised that however adept he became at assembly – however consummate his hand grew – any fabrication would inevitably deny the identifiable trace of his touch or competencies; indeed, the better he got at his job, the less evident his labour would be: the finished object would appear as spontaneous, as though no human hand had graced it before, so that it struck him that he was in some regards – unit by unit – eradicating his personality, constructing empty, soulless products, entirely alienable from his personhood, rendering him replaceable by another proficient employee or a machine, such that the emptiness of the pieces of furniture he made, which were by and large straight lines and plain surfaces, in plastics and veneers, chipboards and bracing, were conspicuous in their minimal personal content: in that either they were to an extreme degree undifferentiated in themselves and therefore possessed very low content of any kind, or else the differentiation that they did exhibit, which was in some cases very considerable, came not from the worker but

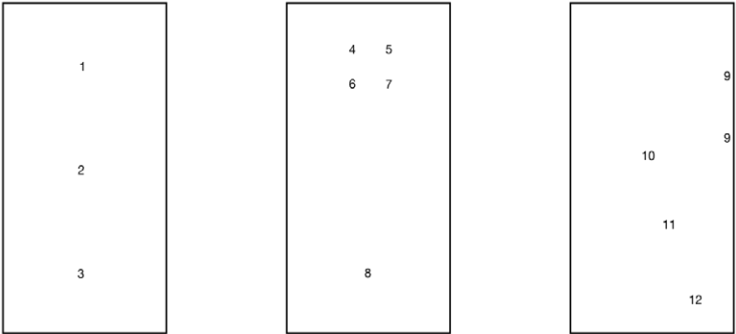
from a non-personal source like a management request or a demand-responsive algorithm, and so he there felt that unable to imagine any room for signature skill or material ability in his work, leaving him anxious, since he knew that it signalled his eventual replacement by automation or by youth, but thankfully the lunch bell swiftly sounded, and Hú was prompted to forget his worries, rising from his station to wander to the factory's outside area, where, with his stresses temporarily assuaged, he would not eat lunch but would smoke, substituting food for hot and restorative nicotine, which would be savoured only with rounded mouthfuls of cool fresh air, so that Hú was thankful for his cigarette habit, because in light of the factory's health and safety regulations he was now obliged to venture outside the building to smoke, and this meant that on winter days, when night outstripped day, he was guaranteed sunlight, in a pleasure few of his co-workers valued, most preferring to englut their lunch and chatter in the canteen until break elapsed, seemingly satisfied with the dappled half-daylight that permeated frosted windows at the apex of the ceiling and mingled with cheap fluorescent tubes, tumbling onto the factory floor as an unsightly hybrid; but Hu, who believed this insufficient, remained eager to escape and walked with alacrity until he reached the designated smoking area, whereupon having done so he saw that there was little sunshine to speak of and that today had become a cold, blustery day with snow descending rapidly, wind whipping his hands and face, which he strove to ignore as he lit his first cigarette and inhaled, heavy snowflakes waiting on his shoulders for a second or two before vanishing, flakes not of a spherical and flocculent sort, as portrayed in children's books, but thin spicular crystals that stung as they fell, and thus, for all of Hú's excitement to leave the door, he there looked forward to his factory return, where it was warmer and drier and where his face could relax, though, nevertheless, he remained outside for the length of his break, stoically looking to the sky as he chain-smoked and attempted to recall the previous night's dream, in which he had imagined himself to have woken on a breezy summers day, discovering that his wife and child had disappeared, without trace, so that, unable to locate them, he had found himself rushing into a street that appeared empty apart from a single car on whose bonnet was perched one of the factory bosses, who had beckoned him over and had told him he would help find his family, but, first, the executive had

said, he would need to conduct a few errands, and thus Hú had climbed into the car and the pair of them had sped into the city, driving in tense silence until they reached a restaurant, where, as they sat, the boss ordered a meal and excused himself for the toilet, leaving Hú alone for an inordinately long time, until, unoccupied, Hú had decided to check that the man had not left and so had walked down the corridor labelled "toilet" to check on the boss, but then upon opening the door he had discovered that there was no bathroom whatsoever, rather there was a room full of people, engaged in what he could only describe as total pandemonium: the people around him were shouting, laughing and gesticulating; and the replies were sighs of love, volleys of hiccups, poems, moos, and meowing of medieval Brutists; one man in front of him was wiggling his behind like the belly of an Oriental dancer, another was playing an invisible violin and bowing and scraping, a woman, with a Madonna face, was doing the splits, and there was someone banging away nonstop on the great drum, with a man accompanying him on the piano, pale as a chalky ghost, and this continued for several minutes before it climaxed and disintegrated, the figures vanishing, gradually, one by one, until none were left and Hú awoke and the sequence ended, such that there, transfixed in the cold, he felt unsure of his dream, so that, with such fantasies and strangeness ensconced in his thoughts, he returned to work in a state of uncertainty, aware that lunch was nearly over and that he ought to be at his station, which he approached quickly in commencement of the afternoon shift, casting aside his chimerical visions as he focused on the task at hand, for the shopfloor was a place where dream and feeling were dispensed with, he thought, and where workers were to undertake onerous, banausic labour, discouraged from thinking by management, who had taken all the important decisions and planning which vitally affect the output of the shop out of the hands of the workmen, and centralised them in a few men, each of whom was especially trained in the art of making those decisions and in seeing that they were carried out, each man having his own particular function in which he was supreme, and not interfering with the functions of other men, these few men, the designated thinkers, the supervisors, who prowled from workstation to workstation, phlegmatically ensuring the dispassion of the staff, so that, conscious of their surveillance, Hú returned to his appointed

assemblage, building table after table and stacking products at a steady rate to avoid reprimand and punishment, of docked wages or dismissal or even of a stern talking to, which would only render his six-hour stint of mindlessness more worrisome than desired, prompting him to proceed into unthinking function, unsure as to whether a more intellectually demanding role was even preferable, since the division between mental and manual labour, here developed, had at least enabled him to consider topics other than work: at times, when he had been given a simple assembly job and had established a steady, mechanical rhythm, his mind able to wander to thoughts of retirement, to his family and to what he might do with the modicum of free time his income afforded, though, typically, Hú struggled to think or fantasise about anything in great detail, for the work remained sufficiently taxing to inhibit considerations of his own thoughts or feelings, of values or morality, for too long, and, indeed, it struck Hú that most of the work now was involved with a denial of any kind of absolute morality, or general morality; rather, the work strove for a condition of immanence that begged little question of form or substance, self-perpetuating as wordless doxa, with little to commend this condition or his job in general: it was gruelling and tedious and consumed familial life, tendering little pleasure in return for discomforts, and while several of his colleagues had before spoken of the pleasure gleaned from industrious activity – of the satisfaction gained registering a panoply of freshly finished products – Hú seldom felt this; rather, he thought that the world was full of objects, more or less interesting; he did not wish to add any more; he would have preferred, simply, to state the existence of things in terms of time and place, because he cared little for the work produced at the factory, and, in fact, thought the wood better before the workshop cut it, than after; they did not improve it in any way, rather the uncrafted materials, clean and replete with bristling potentiality, retained a magic that disappeared upon transformation, such that, Hú speculated, the factory would do well to retain some of this sense of possibility within its commodities: they would be good makers if they could only keep the paint as good as it is in the can or the timber as bold as when it arrived, which they did not; instead, they created products that Hú disliked, in conditions he abhorred, and he thought of his hatred of work as he proceeded to perform it, though, later, he would soon swing to an

affirmative register, considering alternatives, in the assorted ways in which his job might be improved, reflecting on the measures that might render each tortuously long working day more congenial and more joyful than presently felt, and he concluded that, if permitted, he would introduce greater variety to his daily labour, meaning each shift would be structured around a number of different tasks, such that a few hours would be spent on assembly, several on transportation and several on manufacture, and thus he would be less prone to repetitive strain and would be alleviated the crushing tedium of his daily rhythm; he even thought that subsequent to this reform he might greet portions of the day with enthusiasm too, and so, with his shift differentiated and fragmented, time would pass pleasurably and hastily and the pain of boredom and sameness would abate; yet Hú would not stop there in his amendments, rather, he would implement further changes: he would address the way in which conclusions were reached for the shopfloor, such that instead of instruction arriving from management above, decisions would be made collectively and discursively by employees who understood the physical praxis of industrial furniture production and its entailments and so could so better refine safer working conditions from a position of lived expertise, rather than one of imagined outcome, and the process of debate and consensus between workers would itself establish a sense of community and care and togetherness, which he thought virtuous, sufficient to enable him to depart for work free of the grating sense of confinement, sufficient to allow him to arrive feeling welcome and desired in all of his personhood, not merely as a lump of living labour time; and thus, surveying the room, in which workers proceeded in typical fashion, visibly untroubled by the monotony of repetition, steely-eyed and automaton-like in their function, Hú found himself wondering whether similar thoughts reverberated in their minds too: whether they dreamed of or expected any improvement in their daily routine, or whether they accepted it, and he thought that, although they seldom spoke of it, they possibly did: perhaps all workers were alike: they dreamed of doing something more social, more collaborative, more real than their job, something in which they were neither distant nor removed from their task, in which they oversaw production, distribution and consumption and obtained a perfect comprehension of the work and their products, and, there, Hú felt that access to

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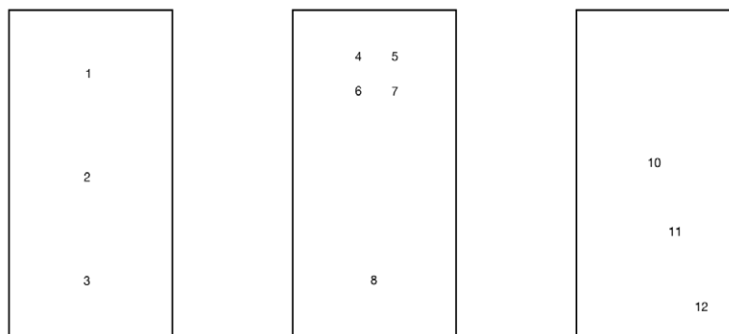
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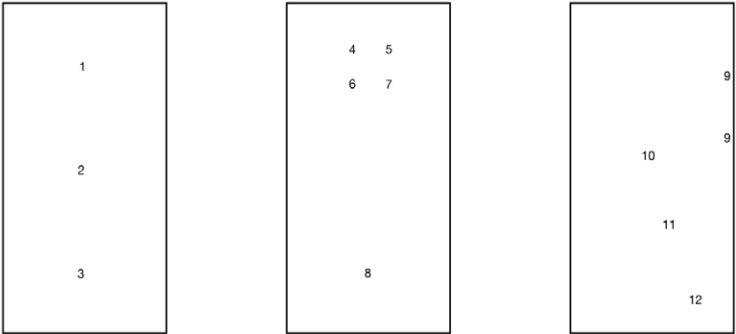
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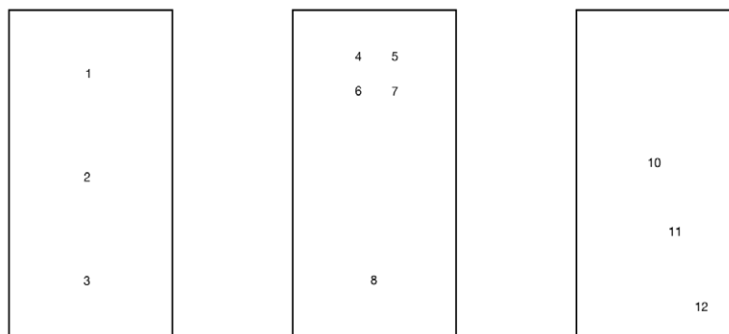
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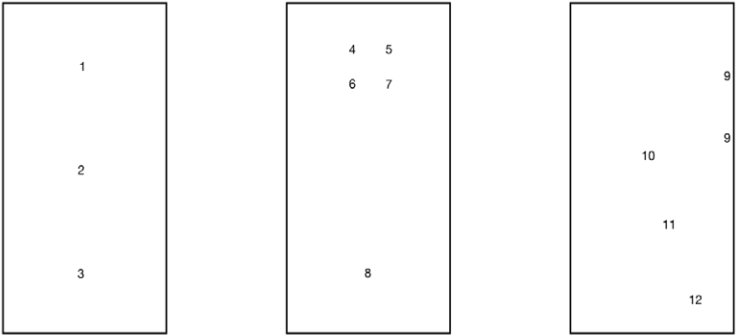
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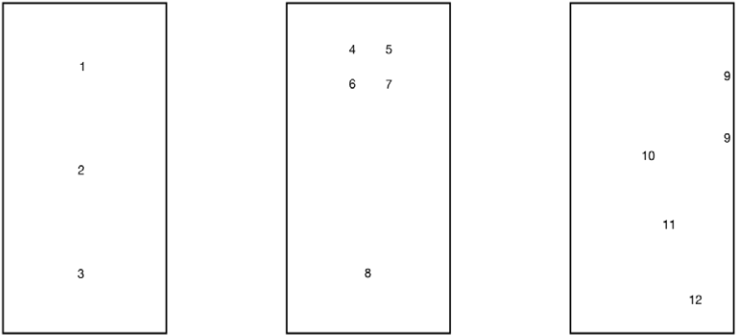
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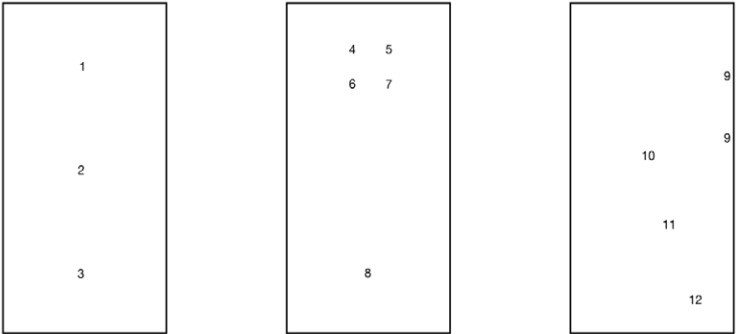
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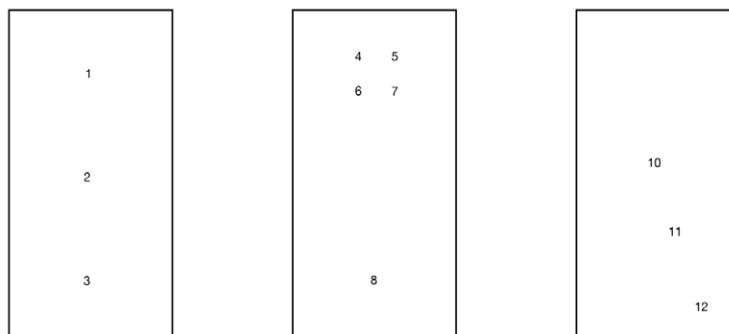
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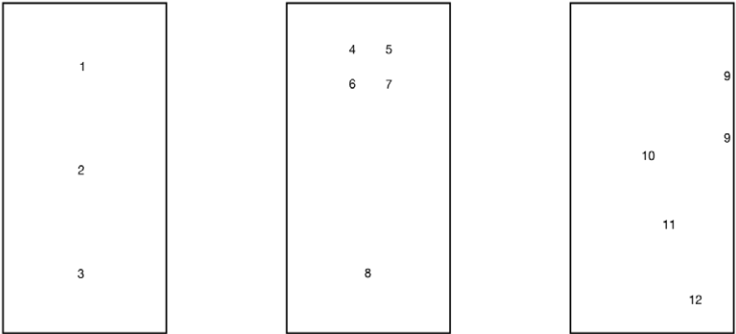
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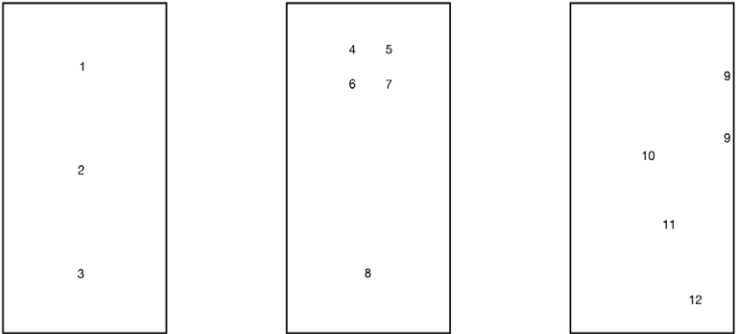
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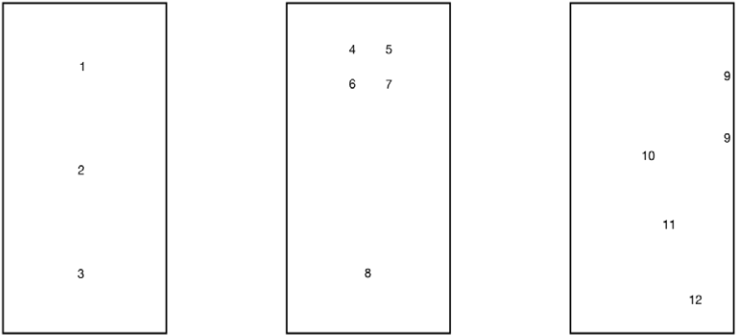
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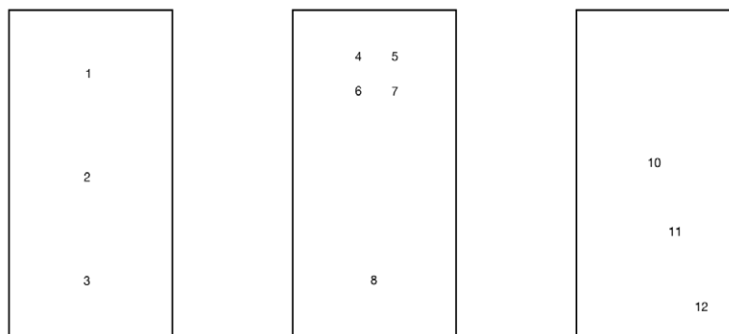
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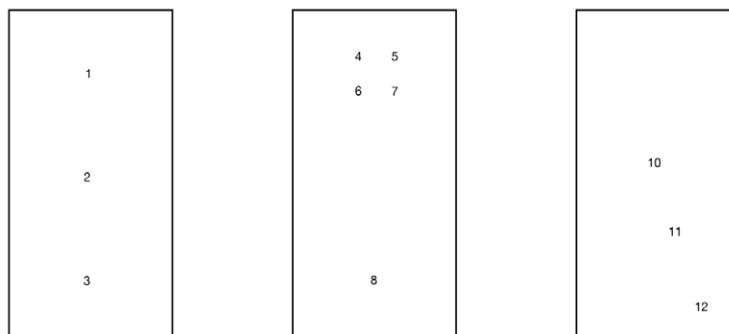
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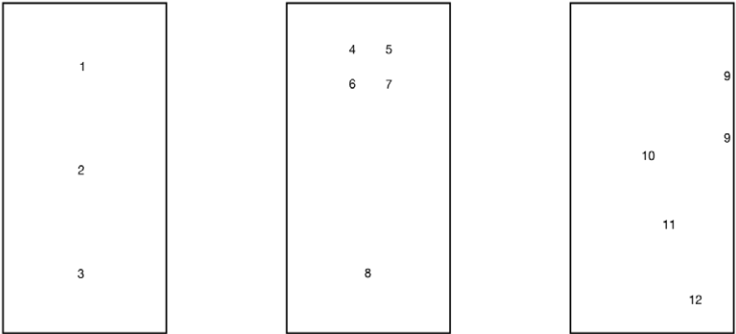
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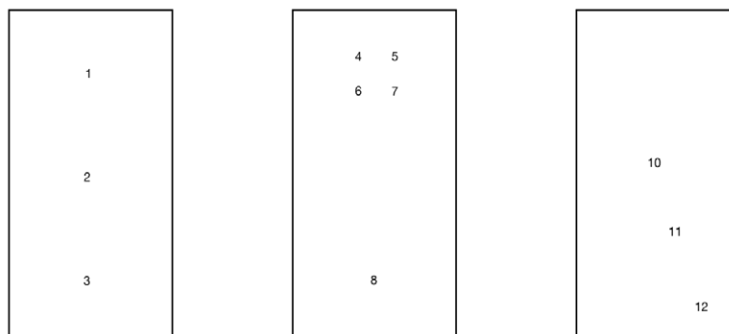
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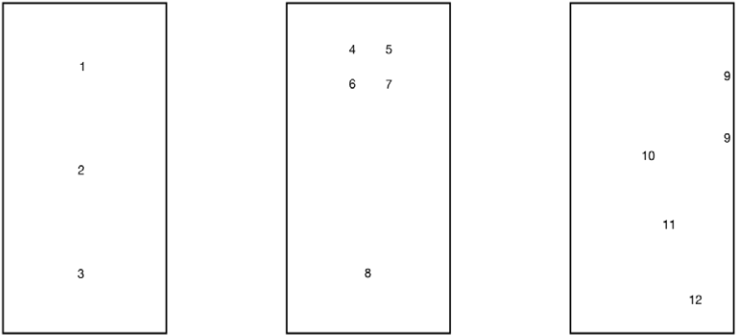
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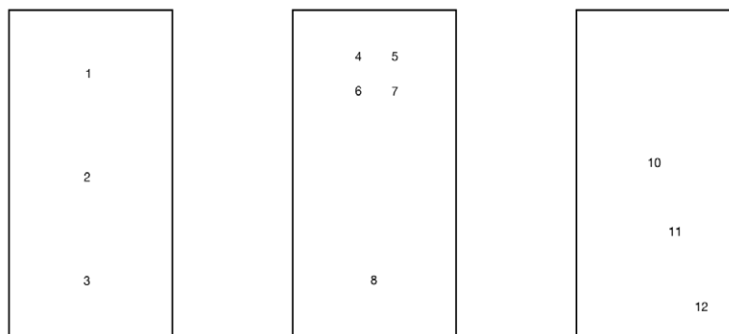
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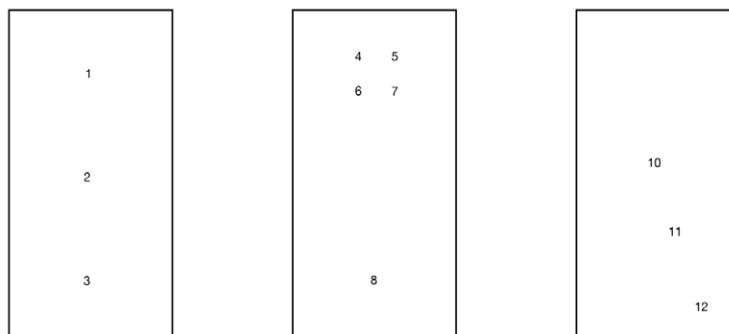
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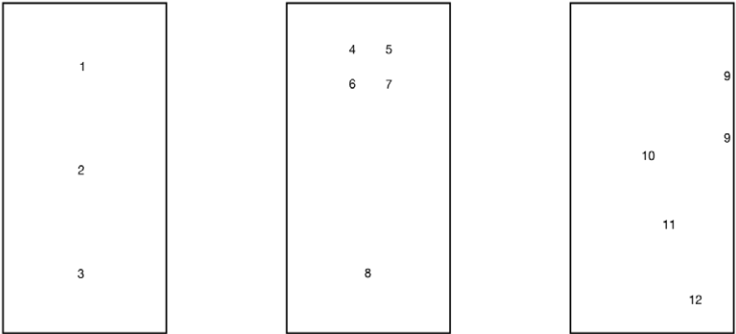
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on which a shallow grey puddle had begun to form, depressing the surface, so that it would warp and creak and disintegrate over the coming months, bending and flaking into soft, sodden chunks, whose early formation Hú felt as he placed his hand on the bench and cast his eyes around the room, to where there was little movement and where the younger employees had begun to anxiously ricochet glances off one another, visibly bewildered by this strange cessation in the working day, to which they were unaccustomed and which induced in them an excitable, almost febrile state; though Hú, who had acquired prior experience of such recesses, was comparably placid, certain the pause was on account of the procedure to shut down upon accident; and so, motionless in the hush, Hú found himself speculating as to what harm had befallen his colleague, concocting violent fantasies, in which, in visions of horror and gore, workshop equipment brought injury, buckling ribcages and tearing arteries, impaling limbs and abrading faces, and delivering fatality, in a scenario Hú had yet to witness, such that, in the continued silence, his mind wandered through those workers presently absent, who may or may not have been killed, thinking of how he would react upon hearing of their death, whether he would be genuinely saddened or would simply feign upset, though eventually the stillness abated and word circulated that the maimed party had not died

List of Works



1. *Untitled (Hauser and Wirth)*  
Wood, paint, paper  
120 x 175 x 120cm  
2016

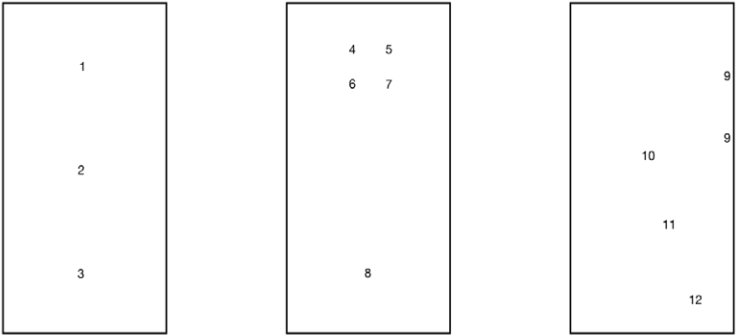
2. *Untitled (Sadie Coles)*  
Wood, paint, paper  
120 x 160 x 110cm  
2016

3. *Untitled (Marian Goodman)*  
Wood, Paint, Perspex, Paper  
120 x 160 x 110cm  
2016

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**Exhibition Title**

Digital models, PDFs  
2018

