

"TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES"

WE OWN THE NIGHT
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SEOB BONINSEJNI

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Towards the end of Martin Scorsese's film 'Aviator' is a scene, with an image arranged from floodlit milk bottles, which the aviation pioneer Howard Hughes – who has been shown to have an obsessive compulsion about cleanliness – fills with urine and lines up in meticulous rows in his private cinema. You are now faced with a similar image. 174 white wax-covered bottles stand on the ground. At first these objects are simply there; in loose rows, unsystematic, doubled, multiplied, maybe suggesting paths. They appear in scarcely comprehensible crowds, capture the viewer's gaze one by one and draw us in further. It is a repetitive arrangement with a penetrating sense of existence. Regarding it for some time, a possible language develops from it, when the words that we are accustomed to associating with things jostle to the fore: exterior, interior, connections, breakages, alienation, transformation, appropriation, utilisation or indeed completely different words. These objects are from a world of their own, and are read by us for the first time and put into context. In Kim Seob Boninsegni's installation the things exist beyond us, shown for their potential to act on the imagination, as possible fetishes. If you know the story of the Mexican blanket that Boninsegni has kept since his childhood and which has taken on changeable forms in other works of his, then you could believe that it has taken up one last, final application here. For some time it would pop up emblematically in diverse locations, as a lampshade or a tent, or for its original use, simply as a blanket. Cut up, digested and squeezed into many small organisms in containers, it here achieves a metabolic status. It exists in a state of tension between transience, metabolism, entropy and an increasingly digitalised mind within an artificially

penetration, or is it to foretell the 'ghost in the shell'? It is also unclear why, with some peoples, to consume earth is a custom that has been retained for millennia. 'Kids who eat dirt are called kids. But when adults eat dirt, it's called geophagy' is the name of one series of works that Boninsegni showed this year at the Swiss Art Awards in Basel. His deliberation on the subject started from the earth – 'Georgia's White Dirt' – which can be sourced over the internet. In the earlier instances he simply emptied the earth, which had been supplied in small plastic bags, over the Mexican blanket and used the emptied sachets for his soya drawings, in which art historical themes, from Ken Lum or On Kawara, for example, were picked up, or current logos from the realm of advertising (the Monster Drink logo, say). Here the earth awaited consumption by some people, for another organic usage. Deleuze's turn of phrase about the body without organs comes to mind. In the 1969 book 'Logique du sens' (The Logic of Sense) he describes how it is within the practice of becoming to create a body without organs – an evolution that is moving, without beginning and end, always in the course of transformation and always treading new paths. Flexible, mobile and capable of being recycled numerous times, Boninsegni's objects also achieve continually new, almost disembodied status. Rather like a transitional form becoming something else, they come from a point of origin that is not directly linked to us. The figure that hangs in the space above us also seems to be of another kind. The worm-like object is based on an ectoplasmic form as appears in the film *Donnie Darko*, and which is now applicable to a backpack; it cannot here be fathomed or determined, as it cannot be there.

In such a developed (time) machine, you move in different worlds that exist in parallel, as if you were being accompanied by a filtration and purifying process from the bowel to the head. En route you encounter many-voiced elements that could all exist in numerous relationships to one another. As an indication, they all speak of their counterparts that exist on their own terms. Offers to us, therefore, to perceive things differently – not necessarily because it is about creating a species with us, but to represent a counterpart that goes beyond what we have the capacity to grasp. As it is for Walter Benjamin: 'to write a novel means to carry the incommensurable to extremes in the representation of human life'.

Nikola Dietrich