





JOHN PHILLIP ABBOTT
GUILLAUME BARONNET
JAMES ELLROY
BRIAN ENO + DIETER MOEBIUS + HANS-JOACHIM ROEDELIOUS
DAVID LAPOUJADE
RADIOHEAD
JERSY SEYMOUR
CHRISTOPHER WOOL + ANNE PONTÉGNIE

FADE OUT

FADE OUT



My earliest memory is coming home from school and talking with my mother...

At the time we were learning to read from Dick and Jane.

SEE STOP RUN

Mom: "hi chris how was school?"
Me: "fine mom."
Mom: "what did you do today in school?"
Me: "well mom we are learning to spell."
Mom: "oh how nice chris what can you spell?"
Me: "well i can spell 'spot' the dogs name."
Mom: "ok chris how do you spell spot?"
Me: "s...p...o...t..."
Mom "very nice chris, now how do you spell stop??"....

(pause)

my brain completely short-circuited
run dog run...

FADE OUT

Rows of houses all bearing down on me

I can feel their blue hands touching me

All these things into position

All these things we'll one day swallow whole

And fade out again and fade out

This machine will, will not communicate

These thoughts and the strain I am under

Be a world child, form a circle

Before we all go under

And fade out again

And fade out again

Cracked eggs, dead birds

Scream as they fight for life

I can feel death, can see its beady eyes

All these things into position

All these things we'll one day swallow whole

And fade out again

And fade out again

Immerse your soul in love

Immerse your soul in love



ANNE

PONTÉGNIE

SEE

STOP

RUN

RUN



NEO-WORKSHOP CHAIR

Rapid Cab was detached. Fourteen cabs/ one hut/one lot/ one block between.
Pete did the grunt work. Wayne did the chemistry. They worked Monarch.
They worked *trés* late.
Pete pumped gas. Pete filled fourteen bottles. Wayne mixed nitrates.
Wayne mixed soap flakes. They soaked dunk cords. They soaked feeder cords.
They dipped model-kit glue.
Wayne felt giddy. Barb and Dexedrine did It. Barb split from the Rugburn.
Barb hugged them. Barb left her scent.
They drove to Rapid. They parked. They cut through the fence. They dollled
their shit in.
Fourteen cabs-'61 Fords-snout-to-snout rows. Ground clearance and
tank space.
They laid down. They placed the bombs. They looped the cords. They
dumped the gas. They soaked a fourteen-car fuse.
Wayne lit the match. Pete dropped It. They ran.
The cabs exploded. Scrap metal flew. The noise hurt. Bursts over-lapped.
Wayne ate smoke.

BLACK GETTING

PAST YOUR PAST

JOHN PHILLIP ABBOTT

JERSZY SEYMOUR

BLACK BLUE NEW DAY

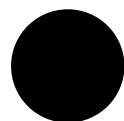
NEO-WORKSHOP CHAIR

CURATED BY

GUILLAUME BARONNET

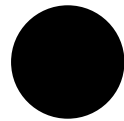
WITH

WITH



HASEEB AHMED
JULIE VILLARD & SIMON BROSSARD
ANGELA JIRNENEZ DURAN
SIMON GABOURG
JUN LIU & GAEL
LAURA GOZLAN
ADAM HORVATH
EVA LHOEST
BENOIT MÉNARD
MANON PRETTO

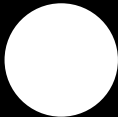
This word I use, HYPEROBJECT, it sounds like it's your word. There are so many non-human beings in your work, who are both clearly alive and not so clearly so. I tend to see things from an animistic point of view. I try to show that everything is alive (or not dead - it's almost as good!) {...} I postulate that art comes to us from the future (and can I prove it?!) and so I think art of any kind is always ahead of our thinking. {...} I think art allows us to evoke the way things are in general: an umbrella, Sagittarius A*, coral, crumbs photons. I see art as a way of tuning in to what reality is, which is a strange reality.



DAVID LAPOUJADE

PHILIP K. DICK, *The Man Who Japed*

NEO-WORKSHOP CHAIR



JERSZY SEYMOUR



ENO MOEBIUS ROEDELII

THE BELLDOG

JOHN PHILLIP ABBOTT

JOHN PHILLIP ABBOTT

