

# STATION

**Jonny Niesche**

*Sundial*

28th November — 19th December 2015

Minimal Hang (after JN)

CADENCE LOOPS; REFRAIN (1x2)

*Strangely, all this reminds me of a dinner.*

Code can warp and ripple in the process of rendering—sublimating fat from a cutlet. A line becomes a ladder, a plane or an angle; two flat screens pinned by a seam. If we once sketched a world that appeared before us like a perfect crime, we now tinker for objects that make good the promise of a bungled file; sweet, riddled little code-rot.

As anyone who's lost a pile of code and discovered in its place a sublime new hand-tool will know, an image that continues to jostle its constituent subjects is a good one indeed, an image to tack up on the cortex or whittle into a new-tech woodwork. If there's an anxiety about the immateriality of images, it's a fear not of the image as uncertain or impermanent but about the catastrophic perfection of images as auto-affectionate poem-machines.

The art object, 'rationally counterproductive', makes a room a scene, in which the image is an absurd sort of response, but one that nonetheless rings out in paratruths. An image becomes a space around which bodies loosely pin their hands up at the ears, fingers draped around the neck or rim of a bottle.

Some images seem ripe to have been scrambled and then reshaped as odd, leaning ex-files.

Or, code is a two-tone paint job, one or another depending on the way a surface blazes like a secret in full sun or partial intimacy. If it's a two-bit it's also a tiny loop, the smallest route back to the corner, like walking into a room with two friends leaning adjacent into a speech act.

Painting pivots on its million probable facets, smooth as a shortcut. The interior made to look a lie, as if a room was not just a way of imagining an inside. About now we imagine the future no longer as a horizon or receding point but as the crumbling racket of a radiant blaze, the slap of concrete or whiff of ether, frayed circuitry and dank gloss-stains. Virtually every pool party is a nightmare lit up as a fantasy. Baked out little tiles of soft ammonia, thick in the memory of a mouth full of pebbles, blood, milky netlets, fur or paranoia.

Minimal hang is work that continues to labor in a gesture that draws—partial like harmonics, overlapping across a stretch of distance, irreconcilable yet slick as a gradient sweep.

— Astrid Lorange