



'Faith Dollars,
Taxfree Imagination
& Uptown Bliss'
installation view

Meanwhile, at the other end of town (ie Peckham) and the other end of the scale, artist-run space Assembly Point's **Faith Dollars, Taxfree Imagination & Uptown Bliss** offers a whirlwind tour of potential discontents. 'The asymmetry in experiencing the current social situation from within can potentially become a diagrammatic interpretation of the battle for isonomy and the spectacle of our self-representation,' the organisers write. I'm not entirely sure what that means, but the targets become clear enough.

Eva Papamargariti's video *Someday I will buy an IKEA chair with bitcoins*, 2015, mixes together rendered views of purportedly desirable interiors with glistly bits of text and quotes from Talking Heads and Frank Ocean, effectively signal-jamming a sales pitch. Sit in one of Lawrence Lek's two massage chairs, meanwhile, and you can joystick your way through a virtual tube-train ride in a future world where the London Underground is half-Chinese, named the Sky Line and evidently existing in a deserted city half-trashed by rising sea levels. Flop into the other and an HD video unfolds that mixes the same dystopian landscape with real-looking BBC news clips of London during a tube strike ('kilometre-long queues for buses'), and a fly-through rendering of Assembly Point itself, at some (future?) point where it contains, in a *mise-en-abyme*, Lek's video and chairs and a lifesize suspended tube train. The mingling of realities, while disorienting, asks what kind of extreme outcomes a mix of digital artificing and realism will persuade us to accept. James Lowne's series of text-heavy collages, *Electrify, parts 6-9*, 2015, drops us into the middle of some tense yet meandering and digressive attempts to define the word (though Lowne seems unsure as to whether it is one) 'electrify'. Counterpointed by sketches of burning batteries and figures around campfires, it finds the artist spinning in speedy linguistic circles, concluding that the word is 'like the rhythm of fire', though – given the sequential title – probably not ending here.

Language, for an adept artist, is a kind of plastic material, or at least semi-containable goo allowed to drip in noteworthy ways[...]

As with Lowne and Prouvost, there is also expediency at work here. If communication is untameable, sneaky, flawed, another attempt at pinning it down might always be justified, even if it is guaranteed to fail – and thus succeed. ■

MARTIN HERBERT is a writer based in Berlin.