

Ariel**Rapid #: -3448406****IP: 132.194.32.22****1**

Status	Rapid Code	Branch Name	Start Date
Pending	COR	Dayton Memorial Library	5/26/2010 3:39:10 PM

CALL #: Shelved By Title
LOCATION: COR :: Dayton Memorial Library :: DML Periodicals

TYPE: Article CC:CCL
 JOURNAL TITLE: Flash art
 USER JOURNAL TITLE: Flash art (International)
 COR CATALOG TITLE: Flash art (International edition);Flash art.
 ARTICLE TITLE: Tim Noble & Sue Webster: modern life is rubbish
 ARTICLE AUTHOR: Lewisohn, Cedar
 VOLUME: 33 *Lewisohn*
 ISSUE: 212
 MONTH:
 YEAR: 2000
 PAGES: 76-79
 ISSN: 0394-1493
 OCLC #: COR OCLC #: 9227733
 CROSS REFERENCE ID: [TN:108309][ODYSSEY:206.107.42.145/ILL]
 VERIFIED:

*May be
Bound*

BORROWER: COA :: Auraria Library

PATRON: Rachael Delaney

PATRON ID: rdelane
 PATRON ADDRESS:
 PATRON PHONE:
 PATRON FAX:
 PATRON E-MAIL:
 PATRON DEPT:
 PATRON STATUS:
 PATRON NOTES:



This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)
 System Date/Time: 5/26/2010 3:45:28 PM MST



TIM NOBLE & SUE WEBSTER

MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH

Cedar Lewisohn

DAVID
MACHAP
Shoot
Sensat
Peop

Jew
and Ke
Smitt

78
Arrivals
With Big
reams

Sofia
ppola
Spike
lonze

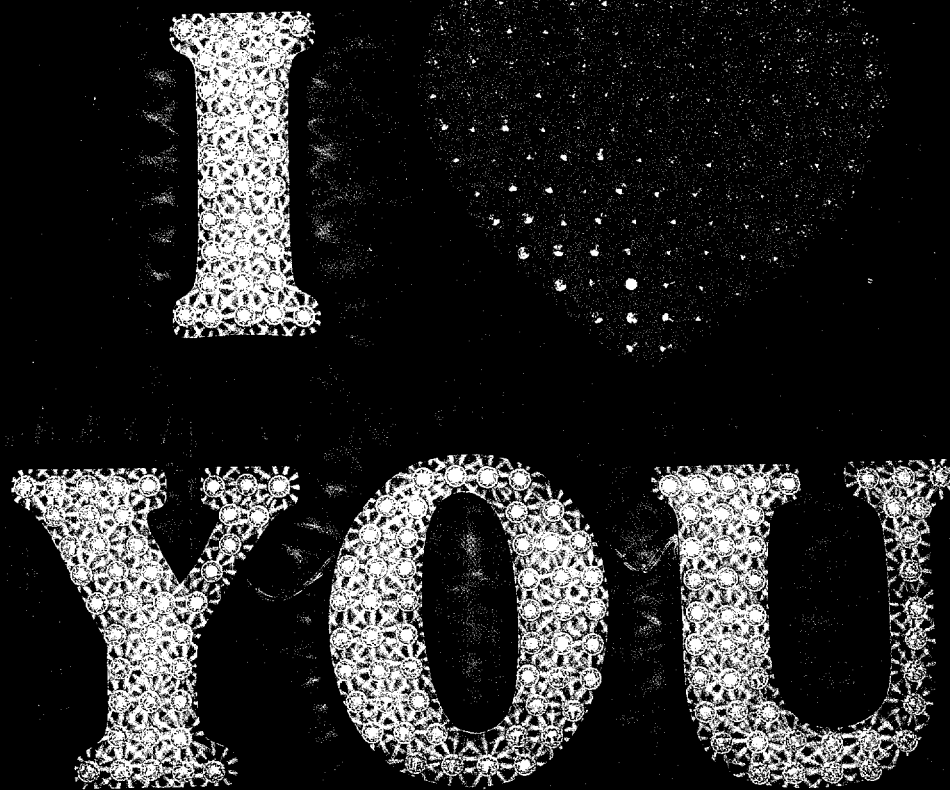
The
New
Mode

60
Fashion
Designers

The U.S.
Women's
Soccer
Team

Ben
Stiller

The Film's
60 Most
Important



I Love You, 2000. Foamex, aerosol paint, 298 x bulbs, fittings, coloured UFO reflector caps, electronic sequencer (transformer), 160 x 180 x 8 cm. Courtesy Modern Art, London, & Deitch Projects, New York.

THE ULTIMATE EVERYTHING. Glitzy glam trash, kinky neon, fucked up disco. Tim Noble and Sue Webster, wee baby artworld monsters, growing up in a vacant world of plastic desire. You can't touch their subject matter but you know it's there, all around us, shaping our thoughts and actions. The food you eat and the litter in the street. These by-products have daydreams, and nightmares. Objects are microcosms of their owners, so when exhibited en masse, intimate portraits are born. Reflecting the consumer's intention. Push the button to expose silhouettes of metropolitan vampires at rest or play, threatening shadows that torment us with the intriguing nature of painstaking construction. Mildly lewd or macabre images of the authors, inseparable companions, stain the surfaces of the dark rooms in which they become visible. Born out of obedient supermarket gluttony then mutated

Previous pages: left: *The New Barbarians, 1997/1999*. Glass reinforced plastic, translucent resin plyboard, fibreglass, figures: 54 x 33 x 28 inches, cover: dimensions variable. Right: *Interview, 1999*. Photomontage on magazine, 38 x 33 x 2,5 cm. Both images: Courtesy Modern Art, London.

into shabby narcissistic form a deux. These symbiotic musings on location through consumption and obsessive meticulousness rejoice in the potential of the mundane. "Some aspects of our work are very surface," concurs Tim "and we really like that. It seems to kick in later. This is what we're interested in. That maybe the viewer hadn't quite thought about what we were saying, or they didn't see it straight away."

With the smell of sugar and wonderland, twinkling blinking lights blind and amaze us like diamonds on the surface of a motorway. City of night, yeah. "Your worst nightmare of what art can be," says Sue. Magnified fair-ground luminosities that eschew content, zooming in on vacuous lowlife trailer trash notions of beauty. "Other people think its lowlife, but I think it's incredible, it's my culture," protests Sue. "You don't have to conform to what the regulations are. It's freedom isn't it, being an artist? People forget that."

The titles are just about as much explanation as the light works need, *Excessive, Sensual Indulgence*, or *The Sweet Smell of Excess*. "They're like signage or advertising, it's completely over the top, ridiculous you know. The

titles are part of that."

"We always wanted lights with movement, something transcending itself all the time. Always restless," adds Tim.

The work is not shocking or immediately amazing but vague and allusive, inspiring a direct association of memories we have or think we have, pushed along by a delirium of halogen. Transporting the viewer from one world of longing (the gallery) to another of futuristic kitsch nostalgia. But how can something that's stupid be clever? "In a way..." suggests Tim "calling the lights things like *Wow* overrides that kind of intellectual reading, people look for content, whatever you do." "We're incredibly interested in philosophy though, and we've read a lot of books..."

I sit nodding at Sue but something in my gaze suddenly seems to inspire a blind fit of rage in the until now calm and sedate Tim Noble. He starts violently pounding the table that we are sitting round, his eyes filled with anger, focus on me. With a primitive territorial madness, he pushes the table over, sending wineglasses and bottles smashing to the floor. I'm shocked and terrified at this beast that has entered the room. Sue remains indifferent as

He starts violent anger, focus sending wine

Cheap and Nasty, 2000. 152 x 186 x 104 cm.

her furious lover swing arm and strikes me movement. In a low y w-o-m-a-n." Sue warrior, which serves contempt.

As terrifying as can't help thinking expressed in such something warm macho display and couples self-portraits that same such smile

The New Barbarians sional depiction of Neolithic feature Chisenhale in 1999 infinity curve that feet gallery served and gave the work This void of uncertainty added a layer man couple. As m tragicomic realization For no matter how these *simia dei* (D) spired, the fact remains



He starts violently pounding the table that we are sitting round, his eyes filled with anger, focus on me. With a primitive territorial madness, he pushes the table over, sending wineglasses and bottles smashing to the floor.

Cheap and Nasty, 2000. Trash, expanding foam, MDF, electronic mechanism, light projector, 152 x 186 x 104 cm. Courtesy Deitch Projects, New York.

ts with move-
g itself all the
n.
or immediately
, inspiring a di-
e have or think
or equilibrium
of halo-
rom one world
her of futuristic
omething that's
" suggests Tim
Wow overrides
ig, people look
"We're incred-
y though, and

er furious lover swings the full length of his
arm and strikes me to the floor in one violent
movement. In a low growl he snarls at me "m-
w-o-m-a-n." Sue embraces the victorious
warrior, which serves to appease his jealous
contempt.

As terrifying as the scene was, I somehow
can't help thinking how perfect love is when
expressed in such primitive terms. There was
something warming about Noble's base
macho display and Sue's proud solidarity. The
couples self-portraits as Neanderthals inspire
that same such smug emotion.

The New Barbarians, was a three dimensional
depiction of a small bald couple with
Neolithic features originally presented at
Chisenhale in 1999. A vast immaculate white
infinity curve that dominated the 2500 square
feet gallery served as a plinth for the creatures
and gave the work a Kubrickesque sci-fi feel.
This void of uncertainty in which the work ex-
isted added a layer of venerability to this cave-
man couple. As much diatribe as self-effacing
tragicomic realization directed at the viewer.
For no matter how much curiosity or repulsion
these *simia dei* (Devilish monkeys of God) in-
spired, the fact remained indelible, they were

something similar to us. Empathy was un-
avoidable. Sue explained the relationship be-
tween *The New Barbarians* and the new foun-
tain piece as she mopped the blood from my
brow. "The figures in the fountain, I hope will
remind people of Adam and Eve in the Garden
of Eden. In the Biblical sense, the first people
on earth. The Barbarians are the same thing in
the non-biblical sense. The Barbarians look
like the last people on earth as well. The fact
that they're bald, they look like holocaust vic-
tims who survived, but if you cover them in
hair, then they're the first people on earth."
"There is no answer though, it's supposed to be
left open." Calmly adds the man who less than
five minutes earlier would have had me dead.

Despite the *Barbarians'* nakedness the
realm of the erotic is peripheral to the sculp-
tures *raison d'être*, What's more important is
the position of the heads, and the direction of
the feet. The legs do the talking and the eyes
the walking. The tension of opposition that is
evident in the gazes of the *Barbarians*, which
glance pensively on his part, awestruck on
hers, is subtly overridden by the stance of the
legs which mirror each other exactly in a pact
of unconscious predestination.

What unites the work of Tim Noble and
Sue Webster, no matter what format it's pre-
sented in, is the sense of acceptance of main-
stream society's desires and their comprehen-
sible (beautiful) purposes. And if we choose to
look further, a questioning of the shared "ef-
fects" of these abstracted agents on individuals
living in a modern world full of rubbish. ■

Cedar Lewisohn is an artist and critic based in London.

Tim Noble was born in 1966 in Gloucester. Lives and
works in London. Sue Webster was born in 1967 in
Leicester. Lives and works in London.

Upcoming solo shows: Deitch Projects, New York; Deste
Foundation, Athens; Modern Art, London

Upcoming group shows: "Sex and the British," Thaddaeus
Ropac, Salzburg and Paris; "Magic, Loneliness & Trash,"
Museum of Modern Art, Buenos Aires; "Body & Exis-
tence," ARKEN Museum, Denmark.

Selected solo shows: 1999: Chisenhale, London; 1998:
Modern Art Inc., London; 1996: Independent Art Space,
London.

Selected group shows & events: 1998: "Supastore Supas-
tars," Tomato, London; "The Whole Year Inn," The
Agency, London; 1997: "Non Stop Body Rock," Transmis-
sion, Glasgow; "Turning the Tables," live DJ event, Chisen-
hale, London; 1996: "Glass shelf show, artists multiples,"
ICA, London; "New Contemporaries," Liverpool Tate,
Camden Arts, London; 1995: "Postscript," Lisson, Lon-
don; "Self Storage," Art Angel, Wembley, London; "Young
British Artists," EIGEN + ART at IAS, London.