

landscapes, working with wood during pandemic isolation, or conversing with his daughter – interrupt and complicate the theoretical framework. These moments do not simply humanise the project but rather shift its register. The question becomes not only how mediation operates at a structural level, but how it is lived, felt and internalised.

This shift is particularly evident in the sequences involving Price’s teenage daughter. As they move through his archive together, temporal layers collapse. Past works are revisited from the vantage point of the present, while generational perspectives intersect. The artist’s recollections of his youth in 1990s New York, marked by specific subcultural anxieties and conditions, are placed alongside his daughter’s observations made in the equally mediated environment of her father’s studio. The effect is not one of contrast so much as resonance. ‘Millennials would love this,’ she quips, ‘they’re obsessed with taxonomy, they have a name for everything.’ Her understanding of different millennial and Gen-Z preoccupations invests the material with nascent transgenerational significance. Concerns recur, albeit refracted through changing technological and social contexts, suggesting a continuity that complicates any straightforward notion of historical progression.

Time, here, is not a neutral backdrop but an active component of the work. It is continually reconfigured through acts of recall, revision and juxtaposition. By foregrounding the conditions under which material is revisited, like reminding his daughter of her age at the time of a work’s production, Price emphasises the contingency of meaning. Artworks are not fixed entities but nodes in a network of interpretation; their significance shifting as they are re-encountered.

This logic extends to the work’s treatment of authorship and originality. Throughout *Redistribution*, acts of borrowing, copying and adaptation are not concealed but explicitly acknowledged. References to sources are incorporated into the fabric of the piece, whether canonical artworks or more obscure points of origin. By detailing the bootlegged versions of his own work with reverence rather than concern, conventional hierarchies of value are destabilised. The inclusion of figures such as Monique Peytral, responsible for the Lascaux cave reproductions, serves to complicate distinctions between original and replica, foregrounding the labour involved in preservation and transmission, while also pointedly asking why we don’t build a canon of history on the work of these artisans. What if, in fact, the mediating hand is the hand of history? Similarly, Price’s candid acknowledgment of his own acts of appropriation reframes copying as a generative practice rather than a derivative one.

The film’s continual expansion and refusal of closure risks self-indulgence, raising the question of whether recursion becomes a meaningful end to itself. This potential limitation is certainly integral to its operation, but our current cultural landscape is not particularly defined by nuanced updates or revisions anymore. *Redistribution* might claim to mirror the conditions it seeks to interrogate, yet amid the swarm of contemporary visual culture, across an incomprehensibly large network of platforms, voices and mediated encounters, we still insist on a definitive ‘thing’ and of absolutes; definition and expediency of the message remain the order of the day.

I’m left wondering if the most potent effect of Price’s film is its lack of finality. Less a failure to resolve than

a desire to impart a feeling of what happens when completion is perpetually deferred. From this vantage point, a nagging, perhaps morbid thought comes into view: there will, one day, be a final version. Will this last *Redistribution* negate the very impulse of the work? Will this singular and final version become the definitive work of Seth Price? The art world will undoubtedly be sure of it.

At least for now, *Redistribution* proposes a model of practice attuned to instability. It suggests that both art and subjectivity are constituted through processes of repetition, mediation and change, rather than existing as fixed, autonomous entities. The result is a project that does not simply map the present but inhabits its uncertainties. I think this matters. In a cultural landscape that increasingly demands clarity, resolution and fixed outcomes, Price offers a sustained meditation on how meaning persists and transforms over time, holding the viewer in a space of liberating indeterminacy.

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Lucía Pizzani, ‘Faunal Succession’,
installation view

Lucía Pizzani: Faunal Succession

Focal Point Gallery, Southend-on-Sea
25 March to 30 May

Sci-fi themes have, in the past decade or so, served as a productive avenue for artists to critique the present and propose alternative political imaginaries. What about, though, the future’s counterpart, the past? And not so much the past capturable by human memory and historical testimony, but the eons prior to the emergence of homo sapiens – the past of deep time? Can that distant, barely imaginable era figure other modes of sociality, even if that pre-human and perhaps pre-cultural context might render any such effort uncertain?

These questions are provoked by Lucía Pizzani’s exhibition in Southend. Chalky white walls – plaster has been skimmed over them – dominate the exhibition’s first space; spread around the walls and floor are ‘creaturely’ sculptural forms, some of which are made from locally sourced chalk in addition to rope, fired stoneware clay and found natural artefacts. If ‘creature’ is plausible as a designation, it is impossible to divine what kind of ‘creature’ each one might be. *Palos*, 2025, consists of three glazed worm- or slug-like forms climbing a wall; the large *Calamara alada*, 2025, is imbued with ambiguous qualities suggestive of moths or butterflies. Of course, linking any of Pizzani’s beings with real-life fauna isn’t necessary and any attempt will be confounded; better to imagine the manifold

creatures as evolutionarily earlier beings, as primordial versions of the entities we're familiar with. In that way, the passage back into deep time is instantiated.

Chalk itself evinces that temporality. Dating to the Cretaceous period, chalk is the calcified remains of single-celled organisms living millions of years ago. Pizzani has not so much recreated those distant ancestors as reimagined them. Prehistory thus serves as a space for critical fabulation. To some extent, it is possible to apprehend the creatures as having either died many epochs ago, their forms reified into chalk, or as somehow alive still and that their chalk forms represent an evolutionary state. However one envisages their fate, their potential as resource enters into play. An inspiration for the exhibition is William Smith's 1815 geological map of England and Wales: not only is it a cartographic survey scientifically rendering geological formations, for Pizzani the map also prepares the ground for private profit through extractivist labour. The chalk creatures she makes have an eco-critical dimension, perhaps countering the drive of transforming life into exploitable resource.

Stepping into the second gallery is like finding oneself in another time zone, not so much in the typical sense of being in another geographical region where local time obeys the prescribed variance from Greenwich Mean Time, but more like having awoken in some other place separated by centuries rather than miles. A near-tropical orange glow suffuses the room while verdantly green ferns and fishbone cacti grow from terracotta vessels. A succession of voices can be heard, each one reflecting on water's centrality to life and the planet's ecosystem. Although nobody identifies themselves, the differences between the voices indicate a broad cross-section of society - different ages, genders, social backgrounds, home countries are all audible - coming together as a collective enterprise. On the windows are vinyl forms, collages reproduced from workshops held in the local school. Collectively and clearly they serve to not only bring people together but also to encourage opportunities for inter-generational co-production. Pizzani's 'solo' exhibition is, in fact, a cooperative enterprise with Jaime Gili, Cecilia Bonilla and different local groups all joining as collaborators. Prehistory thus becomes an opportunity for establishing an inclusive politics; for example, as part of the exhibition, Gili has collaborated with local children to create alternative maps responding to that of William Smith.

Because the atmosphere in the second gallery diverges sharply from the first, a compare-and-contrast dynamic occurs that can lead one to value the two spaces quite differently. For me, the first gallery lingers more in the mind. Although the second gallery is undoubtedly teeming with life, literally so with the plants, the fossilised entities in that first space paradoxically possess an abundance of energy. Pizzani's vibrant materialism is stronger in that first space, almost instilling life into beings that might be imagined as having died untold years earlier. Further adding to that are the traces impressed into the plaster surfaces that evidence past movement. While still wet, Pizzani has gouged the plaster and pushed her creatures into it, thus creating surfaces filled with incident. Pizzani thereby invites us to comprehend these chalk-made artworks as joining myriad other more-than-human beings and, as such, potentially join humans in an expanded political imaginary.

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Poppy Jones: Frozen Sun

Towner, Eastbourne, 23 March to 31 May

'This is the story of a man marked by an image from his childhood,' begins the voice-over of Chris Marker's 1962 film *La Jetée*. The film's protagonist, known only as The Man, harbours a perplexing memory from his early life: the observation deck at Paris's Orly airport, a beautiful woman's gaze and a man's death. 'On Sundays, parents bring their children to watch the planes,' the voice-over continues. 'Of this Sunday, the child of this story would remember the frozen sun, the scene at the end of the jetty. And a woman's face.'

La Jetée is a science fiction film about obsession, a longing to return to the past, and the futility of attempting to escape the present. Such is the potency of The Man's childhood memory, he is considered an ideal subject for experiments in time travel that will allow survivors of a nuclear war to find help from the societies of the past and future. Composed almost entirely of still images, Marker described *La Jetée* not as a film, but instead a *photo-roman*, like the sequential photo stories popular in mid 20th-century mass media. Marker saw little distinction between the cinematographic capacities of still photographs, arranged both in sequence and in experimental photo-texts, and moving images. In a rare interview, he once described his *Petite Planète* travel books as 'ersatz cinema', while the subtitle of his later book *Coréennes* is 'court métrage' - short film.

'Frozen Sun' is the title of Poppy Jones's first institutional solo exhibition, which takes over the spacious ground-floor gallery of Towner Eastbourne. This is the third in an annual cycle of solo shows curated by Noelle Collins: one by an artist based internationally, one based within the UK and one working locally to Towner. Jones is based in Eastbourne, producing her beguiling and ambiguous still lifes in her home studio using a process originally developed during the Covid lockdowns. Finding herself separated from her print studio, where she had been making multi-layered collage works through obscure lithographic methods, and being mother to a young son, Jones embraced a stripped-back, domestic approach that has nonetheless resulted in image-objects of great depth and richness.

On first encountering Jones's work, it can be difficult to understand what you are looking at. A wall text might suggest a painting: 'watercolour on suede'; and, indeed, Jones's depictions of clothing and footwear are reminiscent of Issy Wood's surrealist renderings of



Poppy Jones, *Liquid Objects*, 2023