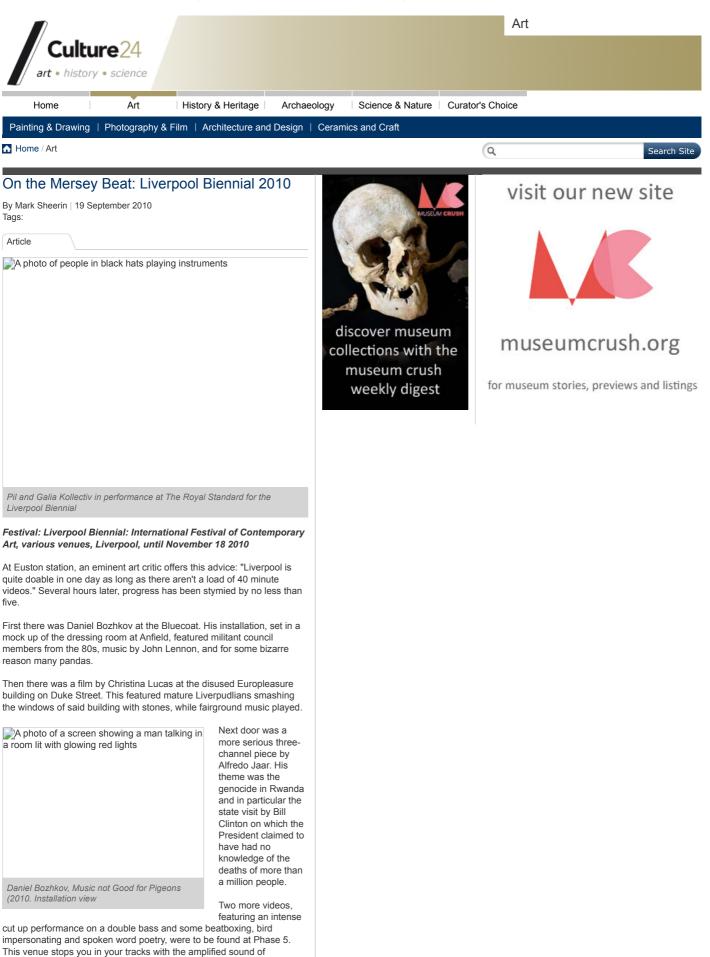
The Wayback Machine - https://web.archive.org/web/20210421021552/https://www.culture24.org.uk/art/ART308628



Curator Asher Remy-Toledo was putting up white plaques at the last minute and directing early visitors down some stairs to another sound installation by Ray Lee. In another part of the building artist Phil Jeck appeared to be feeding fish, but on closer inspection was floating 7"

construction and, once inside, it is not unlike a building site.

singles in the shallow pool of water. Giuseppe Stampone, meanwhile, had rigged up coffins to play the US National Anthem.

Other highlights were to be found at the Re:thinking Trade show in the former Rapid Hardware store. Here there was a room full of game equipment, flip flops and kids' furniture emblazoned with flags (Meschac Gaba) and a short film of a firework paid for by a	A photo of records on a table
bank loan (Karmelo	Phil Jeck, Pool of Voices. Installation view

Bermejo). It spelled out the word Recession. Also in the building was a neon-lit reading room devoted to Karl Marx (Alfredo Jaar, again).

Walking down Seel Street, a man with a waxed moustache slows down a fixed wheel bicycle to enquire if I am having fun, and adds: "There's a piece by Francis Yew at the end of this road. Look out for the chickens!" Sure enough, in a small gallery window there are live chickens, along with a photo reconstruction of the last supper, and a floor strewn with hay and fake bank notes.

A local youth, also drawn by the poultry, is rolling a cigarette and looking in the same window. He points out details of the installation and asks a question about the photo. "It's amazin' what they can do though, isn't it?" he says, then hits me up for 10p.

And in the Bluecoat there was a man in a baseball cap with a holdall full of paintings he did while on holiday in Wales. He is here to show them off to one of the gallery assistants. So there is no lack of enthusiasm for the Biennial among the people of this vibrant city.

But neither character makes it out to The Royal Standard later for a performance by the Pil and Galia Kollectiv. In the nearby garage of a friendly mechanic, four musicians wearing ironically futuristic outfits and play dirgy synth music. When they play a bastardised version of I Want To Hold Your Hand by The Beatles, it seemed just what you'd expect from Liverpool, and then again not.

Visit the **Biennial website** for the full programme.

Visit Mark Sheerin's Contemporary Art Blog and follow him on Twitter.

All tags

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Bluecoat

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