

**Peter Fischli
Gili Tal**

Autumn on Everything

10 January - 8 February 2025

This exhibition has been conceived jointly by Gili Tal and Peter Fischli. Under the title “Autumn on Everything” both artists present a constellation of new works starting from two distinct floor pieces.

Peter Fischli
Vertigo Vinyl Floor Pattern (II), 2024
print on vinyl
dimensions variable
PFS/I 2024/05

Often, I found myself taking the same photos in different cities: moving through streets, parks, airports, hotel corridors, restaurants, subways, and other tunnels. Taking pictures of manholes on the sidewalk, fragmented pedestrians passing by, or images of a pretzel, a cappuccino-heart, a half-full cocktail glass or a splintered cell phone screen, captured in a moment of micro-attention. Taking images from three or four angles using the camera app, creating files that automatically store themselves by date and location. Then, I apply one of the phone’s three built-in black & white filters, adjust the contrast, and crop until I like them. Sometimes, I saw myself as an artist acting like a tourist, and sometimes as a tourist acting like an artist -stumbling through the so-called public space, looking either up or down, taking photographs of dogs -mostly attached to their leashes- or ensembles of tall buildings with tall trees - and seeing these images immediately reappear in grids on my phone -my phone that, anyway, feels like it belongs to the public space.

Later, I would select my favorites and start giving these photos titles, wavering between observation and interpretation but also deriving pleasure from internalizing the exterior, attributing language, and producing subjectivity. Mimicking the process of dream interpretation or simply naming the images to fix their existence, driven by the fear, or hope, that they mean nothing to me -that I’m touched, or alienated, from my observed surroundings, The Poodle-Cappuccino Matrix.

One could see these images as hybrids of stereotypes and archetypes -symbols and signs, full or empty, depending on our energy or mood to decode or interpret them. Look closely, they could have been taken anywhere? Back in the studio, I printed all images on photo paper, all square and in black and white, and created an interrupted pattern, repeating specific images so they would briefly appear as ornaments, providing a short moment of orientation. Later, I printed them on single vinyl tiles (80 x 80 cm), sometimes (70 x 70 cm). They get laid out on a floor of a gallery space, so viewers can walk them, as they might, too, stumble through a simulacrum of the city -partly resembling a questionable interior decoration- or as if they were walking on the image grid of my phone, filled with the same typology of images as other people’s photo album: food, dogs, cars, buildings, trees, babies, flowers.

Only when the photo-floor comes into touch with the so-called real world -when it is trodden on by shoes and paws, wheeled over by strollers, and when cut-out autumn leaves come to cover it- it feels that work is done.

Gili Tal
Autum on Everything, 2025
cutout inkjet prints on paper
dimensions variable
GT/I 2025/03

In their last iteration I at least traced the leaves' outlines and made them into vector drawings. Dragging them around on the computer screen and dropping them randomly made them look like they were being blown in the wind. The drawings later developed so that the leaves inhabited scenes depicting recognisably contemporary green-washed/green-conscious urban life. They were now mixed with other kinds of debris shed as an inevitable by-product of everyday life's remit to live and breath such as wrappers, cigarette butts or coffee cup lids, and deposited around new wooden-topped park benches, planters, metal bins and bike racks. Sometimes they swirled around lampposts in empty plazas. When these drawings were shown alongside oversized paintings of pixelated buses there was the feel of everything being thrown up in the air. The whole thing started from wandering around London, whose ongoing transformations include whole areas carpeted in factory-fresh paving shimmering off trippily in every direction. Sometimes intersected by fuzzy curvilinear forms in orange or pink on the horizon that may or may not be giant sofas, it can be jarring when you notice there are leaves around and that you're even outside.

Gili Tal
Kühlschrank, 2025
single door undercounter display fridge, paper, tape, aluminium, can, plastic bottles,
plastic wrap, glass bottle, coins, filter wrapper, key, cable tie, metal shelf fitting
86 x 60 x 49 cm
GT/S 2025/02

Treating the commercial fridges as nodes or interstices between levels of circulation (ours/capital's/our own within capital's), I've typically used them and their particular constellation of whatever limited contents to mimic aggressive retail strategies poised to convey 'bounty'. With their innate display proviso and the habituated readings that entails, they're a good testing ground for seeing how far that holds against the reality of the situation at hand, especially if it's a profound dearth. Strategies might include pushing products to the front of empty shelves, turning labels to face out, or thinking about the colour distribution of packaging to keep the eye stimulated and drawn away from certain areas. Lately they've been more focused on how this works when their internal space for exchange is hijacked for use by imagined staff on shift or the need for casual storage of more 'behind the scenes' items on the supposed premises the fridges inhabit, especially with the world of instant online deliveries. As this has escalated I've started to wonder if they're still fridges, and if the effort of concealing contempt has been consigned to the rubbish bin forever and if that's good or bad.

Peter Fischli
ohne Titel, 2025
wood, coated, color, glass, LED-lights, electric components, mirror, cable
50 x 37 x 13.5 cm
PFS/S 2025/01

This new kinetic sculpture signals a cold white light and a warm yellow light, timed to the interval of one minute.