

LOCKY MORRIS & LIZ VITLIN
YOU SEE THE THING OF THE THING IS IS

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When I think of Liz and Locky I think of scanning.
I think of finding.
I think of collecting.
I think of looping.

I think of repetition, not to repeat oneself, but to contain oneself.

I think of the prefix “re-,” meaning again, back, or anew. It is added to verbs or nouns to indicate that an action is being repeated (e.g., redo) or to signify a return to a previous state or place (e.g., return, reclaim).

I think of routine as religion.

I think of the digital archive as a landscape, with an accompanying digital shovel.

I think of MiniDV tapes, sitting in boxes, waiting to be transferred.

I think of thumbnails, QuickTime players, loading, storage. I think of lists, lists of words, lists of images, lists of titles with machine-generated names including *DSC. IMG, 2122, 003234*. I think of provisional titles like *Bag Flip iPhone Landscape*.

I think video is the best way to extend a memory’s surface, although it would be much easier if the camera was built into our eyes.

I think of playing it cool, not fussing, not scaring off the idea. Letting the thing be fragile and skittish.

I think of the distance of memory. The distance is huge, expansive, things remembered become unrecognizable.

I think it's the distance between the thing and the interpretation of the thing that holds most significance.

I think of my parents, of how they shaped me and how they could only shape me to a certain point. I think of how I, in turn, changed them. I think of Thomas describing becoming a father as cataclysmic and Chris telling me that a child reorients every aspect of your life.

I think of Liz's father, a hardware engineer from the Soviet Union, making her a personalized computer when she was eight.

I think of Locky's father fashioning him a toy from a bicycle wheel and a length of wire pulled from a heap of scrap on Derry Quay as they passed by one day when he was six.

I think of Robert Walser in Herisau, walking out into the snow one last time. He died of a heart attack on Christmas Day in 1956. He was found by a group of children; it is morbid I know, but I think of the photograph of his body in the snow, with one hand on his chest and the other outstretched.

I think of the man who walked.

I think of litter, literally.

I think of Grasmere and of Dove cottage, and of a cat named Bumble walking the hills. It is my childhood, and I remember it through a mixture of digicam videos and point-and-shoot photos, but also my bodily memory.

I think of the revelation of boredom, not the revolution of boredom.

I think of everyday life, the practice of everyday life, and the potential reaffirmation of daily life that a gallery can help you formalize. The gallery acting as a fridge to keep the shifty thing alive still.

I think of foraging for fragile states of balance.

I think of boundaries, but not borders.

I think of inherited structures and daydream of how to leave them.

I think of inherited hands, smiles, eyes, sores.

I think of movement, being in movement, performative movement, dramatic movement, anatomical movement, comedic movement. I have been thinking about Peter Sellers.

I think of Monty Python's "Ministry of Silly Walks"—to mock is to undermine, to undermine is to destabilize, to destabilize is to trip this whole thing up.

I think peak southwesterly gusts are reliable choreographers.

I think dance first, think later.

I think of something flickering.

I think of struggle(s).

I think mimicking is a form of protection, performing something, but at a distance.

I think of Locky's spectrum of gesture, nudging to resolve. The untouched. The staging. The involved. Get out of the way! Do what you want! Try not to jinx things!

I think of objects, like children, on the loose, unburdened by looming societal responsibilities.

I think about the initiator. What is the initial prompt to create? Was it homework, was it boredom, was it innate creativity?

I think of the figure of the child, the ethic of consent, the consent of your younger self. The consent of digital permanence online.

I think you have to have eyes on the back of your head.

I think I am a slow producer.

I think legibility and absurdity can fight all they want but ultimately they make a great couple.

I think of rubbish running ragged round rocks.

I think of looking back but not really wanting to.

I think of conflict(s).

I think to say upon entering the bar, *Hats off I am coming*, while all their heads are already bare.

I think of the phasing that occurs between two asynchronous loops. Where a beginning is not locatable, where a transition is not locatable. Instead, freefall, limbo, purgatory.

I think a conversation is an evolving composition.

I think of Milford Graves, the polyrhythmic free inducer, playing four different rhythms at the same time.

I think of Walter Benn Michaels's *The Shape of the Signifier*. He references a sci-fi novel where the main character walks the shores of Mars. And as the water breaks on the shore, lines from William Wordsworth's poem begin to crystalize.

A slumber did my spirit seal;

I had no human fears.

She seemed a thing that could not feel

The touch of earthly year.

I think he can't read these messages on the shore, and so the beauty of Wordsworth's poem exists outside of perception. Michaels calls the words on the shore a natural accident as opposed to language, something intended to communicate. The shore rushes back.

No motion has she now, no force:

She neither hears nor sees;

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,

With rocks and stones and trees.

I think of the correspondence between Joseph Cornell and Mina Loy, a Transatlantic friendship.

I think a conversation is like a game of musical chairs with positions constantly shifting.

I think of Nancy Lupo's emails about Greenland, *dOCUMENTA (13)* emails, I think of Park McArthur's emails, I think of Guy Debord's letters to his rotating gang of situationists.

I think of Kenneth Koch's *In Bed*;

BEING IN BED
Belongs to everyone
Bed with Spain in it
Bed of art!

SNOW IN BED (LATER)
When it stopped snowing
We still hadn't gone to bed

AS WE LAY IN BED
We saw the stars starting to come together
As we lay in bed.

I think of Sara Deraedt's show at the Art Institute of Chicago, of ears, of Isa Genzken.

I think of Madonna.

I think of the magpie.

I think of languidly moving in an earnest way.

I think of talking to the wind, of King Crimson's song.

I think of the whispering wind at the door. When the wind is blowing cold across the moor.

I think wind could be a great mediator. Scents, sounds and branches move through it.

I think of 1 min, 20 seconds, 10 seconds, 1 second, .5 second sculptures.

I think Art Povera wasn't poor enough.

I think that we don't talk about how artists lie.

I think that language often carries cultural and conceptual baggage and crude expression is a necessary way to lighten the load.

I think you're going to want to get her a computer.

I think profile pictures need the flash on.

I think of being in a band.

I think of school.

I don't think too much about contemporary art.

I think of fantasy.

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Locky Morris & Liz Vitlin
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Met him pike hoses

1500 S Western Ave #407
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Met him pike hoses was founded by Julian Van Der Moere in 2025 and is located in Pilsen's Midland Building. Pronounced as either *metem-psychosis* /mə-tem(p)-si-'kō-səs/ or as *met him pike hoses* /met 'him 'pik 'hōzəz/, the name makes reference to a recurrence in James Joyce's *Ulysses*: a mispronounced word that comes to stand in for errant phrases or encounters, something muttered under one's breath or to be stumbled over in one's mind. The model for this space is anti-strategic, with an interest in general disjunction or with being out of time; presenting local artists, international artists, historical works, bootlegged works, anonymous works, non-art objects, performances, texts, films, etc.

This print was typeset by Lucas Reif in Matthieu Cortat's *Louize* (2011), a revival of Louis Perrin's *Augustaux* (1855). 100 copies were printed by Chicago Printworks.

LOCKY MORRIS was born in Derry City, where he continues to live and work. His early output explicitly addressed the conflict in the North of Ireland—most notably from a socially embedded perspective. Over the last few decades, he has developed another working vocabulary that moves fluidly between the personal, the public, and the political. While still informed by the complexities and intricacies of his immediate landscape, this work extends across video (often brief sequences created to be looped), sound, photography and gallery installation incorporating found sculptural assemblages. Morris's method, born in part out of a fascination with what confronts him in the routinely chaotic details of the everyday, is rich, inventive, and marked by a visual playfulness that feels distinctly his own. Frequently gleaning material from liminal spaces and found situations in his neighbourhood and nearby coastline, his lyrical, ad hoc, and improvisational approach seems, in part, to suggest another way of looking, responding, and interacting with the world. He has been posting to Instagram for almost a decade, seeing it as a parallel practice. He has exhibited both regionally and internationally since the mid-1980s

MARK O'GORMAN has been the inaugural curator and producer of visual art at The Complex, a multi-disciplinary arts centre in Dublin's north inner city, since 2018. The exhibition program focuses on commissioning site-specific work with a prolonged developmental process and conversational approach with artists, bringing carefully selected artists together in a considered dialogue. He consistently guest lectures at the National College of Art & Design, Technological University Dublin, and the Institute of Art, Design and Technology. He co-edited the exhibition publication *Vertices* with Paul McAree, published by Lismore Castle Arts, and his writing has appeared in *Paper Visual Art* and *The Visual Artists' News Sheet*.

LIZ VITLIN (b.1994 Cleveland) lives and works in Chicago. Her work has been featured in publications such as *Hyperallergic*, *Chicago Artist Writers*, and *Sixty Inches From Center*. Recent solo and duo exhibitions include *Liz's Childhood Computer: Elizabeth's Palace* at A.D. NYC; *keep your dreams burning (forever): Liz Vitlin and Anskar Beau* at etta, Düsseldorf; and *Liz's Childhood Computer: 2003–2005* at Prairie, Chicago. Recent group exhibitions include *Romance* (Pittsburgh, PA), *Twelve Ten Gallery* (Chicago, IL), and *Baader-Meinhof* (Omaha, NB). Vitlin is a founding member of the collaborative art and music project *Suicide Moi* alongside Julian Flavin and Isabelle Frances McGuire. Recent performances include *The Renaissance Society* (Chicago, IL), *Elastic Arts* (Chicago, IL), and *What Pipeline* (Detroit, MI). Vitlin is currently working on her first novel.



