

INVENTORY

PERPETUAL INVENTORY
A RUMINATIVE INSTALLATION
BY
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1. Rumination Mirror
2. Expired Symbols
3. Inventory

Inventory

Magnifying glass From the basement workshop of my paternal grandfather.

Elephant bank A gift that my aunt gave me shortly after I was born.

Cheese grater A gift, the only object from an unrequited love that I spent six years pursuing in my twenties.

A tin drum

Skateboard decks Every skateboard deck I have used and worn out, from 1991 to the present.

Clock movement From the first batch of clocks I made in 2019, a reproduction of a Willard Patent Timepiece, designed in 1802, colloquially known as a “Banjo Clock.”

Frottage Marcel Duchamp’s *Étant donnés: 1° la chute d’eau, 2° le gaz d’éclairage . . .* (Given: 1. The Waterfall, 2. The Illuminating Gas . . .), 1946-1966, Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Roll top desk Found on a Philadelphia curbside; rebuilt in 2013, used as my clock making workbench.

Clockmaker’s depthing tool A gift from David Lindow, who taught me clockmaking.

Banjo Clock plate jig Built by Gerhard Hartwig, who taught David Lindow clockmaking.

Banjo Clock parts I am the last remaining fabricator of Banjo Clock movements in the United States. They are mostly purchased by furniture makers who have built a clock case and want a traditional weight driven movement for it.

Clockmaking reference books

Maillardet Automaton Drawing A partial drawing, interrupted in progress, produced by Maillardet’s Draughtsman-Writer at the Franklin Institute. A gift from Andrew Baron.

#61 – #80 size drill bit index The first product I designed and manufactured.

Block plane, combination square, marking knife The three items most familiar to my hands, used for every woodworking job since 1999.

Tool cabinet and hand tools Not used for dimensioning lumber but for shaping, fitting, cutting joints and making finished surfaces.

Logbook of jobs completed 2005 – present. I have trouble finishing things and this is the book where I get to record a job when it is completed. Every single task for the project needs to be done and the piece ready to deliver before I let myself record it here. Writing in this book has become as satisfying as receiving the final payment on the job.

Job folders 2005 – present.

Wanamaker Organ elevation drawing Printed in cyanotype.

Drawing of pipe organ parts From Curt Mangel, who taught me organ building, and has been a second father to me. He is now retired.

Wooden crate From Sam Whiteraft, a friend and co-worker who collected and restored antique phonographs, mechanical musical instruments, 1920s automobiles, pipe organs, music boxes, pianos, and clocks and lived in the same house his entire life. He used this crate in the Wanamaker organ shop from 1995 to 2016 to hold up his hot plate and glue pot. I use it for the same purpose in my shop now.

Scott, measure 3 times An admonishment from Sam, which I amended to 31.

Unfinished sculptures 1999 – present.

Exhibition announcement cards 2008 – 2014.

Illuminated Structures Sculptures from 2008 – 2014 and the boxes they live in.

Glass cabinet From the Mutter Museum.

Sketchbooks and calendars

1994 – present. I use the same type of daily planner every year and keep simple notes on my activities. I have a ritual of sitting with coffee and transferring the birthdays, anniversaries, and dates page by page from the old to new calendar. It is like the year in review, day by day and always.

4” x 6” index cards List making is a constructive form of worry. Sometime around 2005 I began recording thoughts and ideas on index cards as often as in a sketchbook so they could be rearranged and categorized.

Spiral sketchbook In 2000, the building that housed my studio was converted to condos and I was forced to move. I rode my bike around the city searching for possible places to set up a new studio and used this sketchbook to record phone numbers and addresses.

Photograph of Bruno Schulz

Jar of phosphorescent paint Circa 1980. From my father. Printing images onto phosphorescent paint with camera flashes was the basis for most of my college work.

Hat, shirt, and briefcase They were my grandfather’s.

Scale From my childhood house.

Projection screen Used for the slide shows my grandfather would present.

Rental advertisement The painted sign that connected me with 319 N. 11th Street, the building and studio space where I have spent the last 23 years.

Painted parking sign for Frank C. Maurone & Co A novelty company that was located at 319 N. 11th St. The building also previously housed the operations of Ring Brothers Inc., toy wholesaler; Tak-a-Toy Co.; Grabosky Bros. Cigars; and the workshops of the Pennsylvania branch of the Shut-In Society.

Novelties, darts, toys Found in the rafters and between floor boards at 319 N. 11th St.

Step stool

From my maternal grandmother’s house.

Rattlesnake tail Removed from its dangerous owner with a shovel by my maternal grandfather.

Glass and saucer From an abandoned Masonic temple in Binghamton, New York.

Feathers From Dot, my African Gray parrot and workshop companion, who I obtained in 2001 when I established my studio space.

Cardboard box and hay The food box of Alex Underfoot, my house rabbit, who was litter trained, lived loose in my room, and who, upon my return home from my grandmother’s funeral, I found had died.

Masonic top hat

Circa 1920.

Masonic apron From Harmony Lodge #52, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Book of accepted Masonic Lodges

1997.

Masonic Past Master’s Jewel

2000 – 2002, 2007, 2017, 2022 – 2023.

Masonic bible From 1922, embossed with my maternal great grandfather’s name.

Table saw The second semester of my senior year in college I dropped all my courses except my thesis class and used the remainder of the student loan to buy this table saw, the foundation of my work.

Photograph of steam locomotive Shot by my grandfather, printed and framed by my father.

“The White Dress” A short story by Felisberto Hernández, each paragraph transcribed onto a separate piece of paper and presented in an envelope, by Emily Morrow.

Frame for Dot’s Feathers Annette Saggiomo, 2018. Bobbin lace.

Untitled Leigh Werrell, 2015. Oil on panel.

Pine cones Collected from Woodland Cemetery in March, 2007, at midnight, under a total eclipse of the moon.

Self portrait Nakima Ollin, 2007. Egg tempera on panel.

Pine Cone Boxes Example of turned and carved mahogany boxes that I make for engagement rings.

Dowel pins From a redwood water tower I scavenged from an abandoned building in 2008.

Magnifying glass A birthday gift from someone I loved.

The Enchanted Hunter A framed magazine page of an embroidery of a striding figure that I would use to prop a bedroom window sash in 2015.

Photograph Taken by me, at age 5, of Franklin Ketler, my neighbor, the first person who taught me how to make things. While I was in college, he was sick and I did not visit him before he died.

The game of Bagatelle Franklin Ketler had a version that the neighborhood children would play. I found this one at a garage sale.

Oil portrait of Dot By Nakima Ollin, 2007.

Fragment of a model railroad bridge

Built by my grandfather. All that remains of the 2,000-square foot model railroad he spent thirty years building in the basement of his house.

Metal tool box Used to carry art supplies to class through grade school.

Testors enamel model paints From the Meils, childhood neighbors who introduced me to art, music and theater.

Embroidered birth announcement

Made for my mother by a college friend of hers.

Cabinet From the basement of 319 North 11th St. when it was a cigar factory. Made from scraps of beaded board by the carpenters who paneled the original basement.

Wooden ladder

From the Chorus division of the Wanamaker Organ.

Rag rug From the bedroom that was furnished for my birth.

Bookcase From my childhood home. The only thing remembered in my family about my maternal great uncle, who sold my newlywed parents a pair of bookcases for their first apartment. This is one of the pair.

Ceramic lamp From my paternal grandparent’s house.

Books and bookend From Gertrude Cremarious Kip, my grandmother.

Drawing of the Kip Family Crest Hendrick Hendricksen Kip (1600 – 1685) came from the Netherlands to New Amsterdam and this is the family crest. I don’t know who drew this one and I have never felt much connection to it. I am a twig on a dead branch of the 600-year-old tree.

Bronze dinner bell Brought from Iran by my grandfather.

United States puzzle map From my grandparents, who loved automobile travel.

Volcanic ash, rocks From the 1980 eruption of Mt. St. Helens, collected on their travels and given to me by my grandparents.

HO Scale model trains and railroad components Christmas gifts from my grandfather.

Iranian wool blanket

Blocks and marble From the Meil family.

The Runaway Bunny By Margaret Wise Brown (1942)

Elementary School artwork assignment

A timeline of index cards.

Childhood painting

Mouse A stuffed animal sewn by my paternal aunt and given to me at birth. My transitional object.