

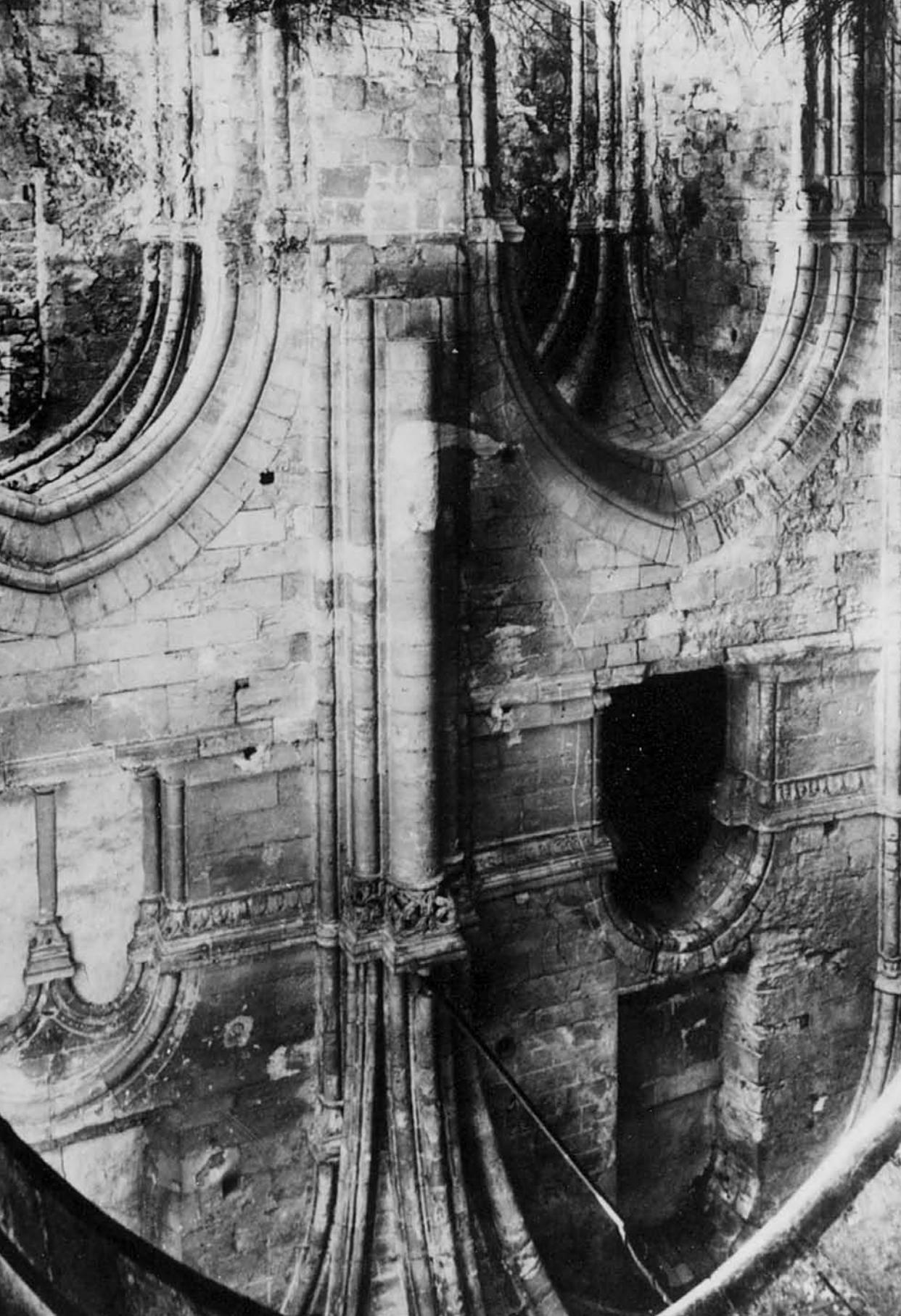
ROLAND

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ICA'S VISUAL ART PROGRAMME
ISSUE 3 / SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER 2009

FEATURING A GUIDE TO
ROSALIND NASHASHIBI

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Plus texts and other contributions by: Claire Denis, Anselm Franke,
Martin Herbert, Mark Leckey, G. Ch. Lichtenberg, Thomas Mann,
Jonas Mekas, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Marcel Proust



The ICA is proud to present the third issue of *ROLAND*, which has been produced to accompany our new exhibition, by the artist Rosalind Nashashibi. The first half of the magazine contains a guide to the exhibition and related events, while the second half has been edited in collaboration with the artist, and takes the form of a miscellany of texts by a range of authors and theorists, providing a wider context within which to understand Nashashibi's work.

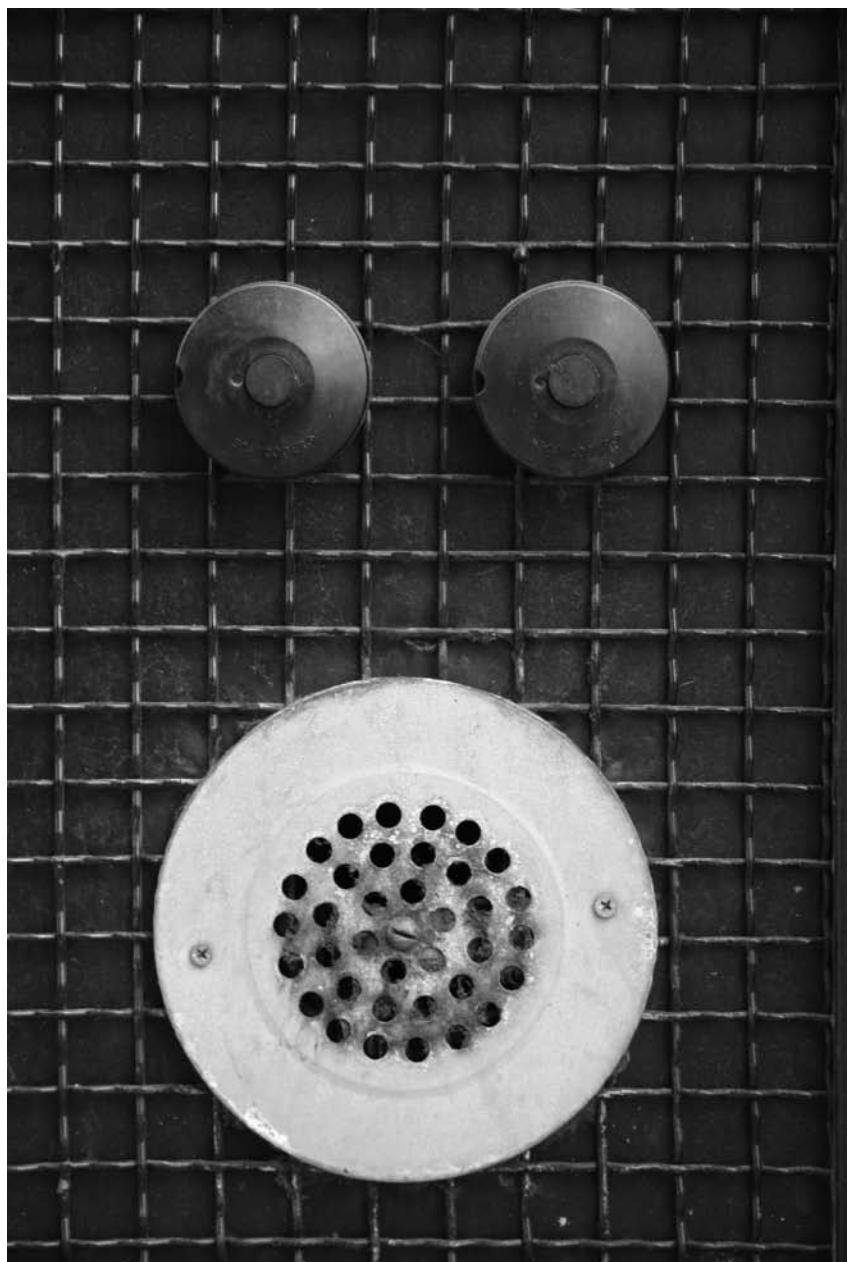
ROSALIND NASHASHIBI

This exhibition, organised by the ICA in collaboration with Bergen Kunsthall, is the most comprehensive presentation of Rosalind Nashashibi's work to date. The artist, who is based in London, was last shown at the ICA in 2003, when she was the award winner in *Beck's Futures*. The current exhibition concentrates on recent work, presenting a group of her 16mm films from the last four years, alongside examples of her photographic output.

If Nashashibi's early films were often understood as documentary or anthropological in nature, it is the cinematic aspect of her work that has become increasingly apparent. The artist's feel for the formal properties of 16mm film is evident in all of the pieces on show here, while some reveal her interest in cinematic history, and others display her increasing use of highly staged scenarios. Like the works of a cinematic *auteur*, Nashashibi's films also underscore the intuitive possibilities of the medium, its ability to make conceptual leaps through coincidence and association.

Another feature of Nashashibi's work that has become increasingly apparent is its engagement with performance and ritual. Many of the works on display here have involved elements of staging, and all of them are engaged with the place of personæ in human life, and how individuals and groups transform themselves through theatre. At stake here are issues of control, as people negotiate their place in society, and society attempts to control the individual. But Nashashibi is also aware of the transformative possibilities of ritual. To quote the title of one of her works, which itself cites Jung: "mythologising gives existence a glamour we wouldn't want to be without."

Mark Sladen
Director of Exhibitions, ICA



Eyeballing, 2005

LOWER GALLERY



In Rehearsal, 2009



In Rehearsal, 2009

The exhibition opens with a new series of photographic works by Nashashibi, entitled *In Rehearsal* (2009). This group of over a hundred images depicts a rehearsal in Berlin, of a work by Tilman Hecker composed from fragments of Mozart operas, and is accompanied by a sound recording of the same event. Although Nashashibi is best known for her films, her works on paper—which include collages as well as photographs—draw attention to ideas and images that recur within her practice. The notion of rehearsal is very important to the artist, who is interested in what is known in the theatrical world as ‘physicalisation’—whereby people are transformed into characters.

The second room of the exhibition features three films, all made since 2005 and all containing inter-related imagery. The earliest of these, *Eyeballing* (2005), is a pivotal film in Nashashibi’s practice, marking the start of a turn away from

the observational mode of her earlier output, and towards a more intuitive form of working. The ten-minute film juxtaposes scenes of New York policemen with the serendipitous ‘faces’ that Nashashibi’s camera finds in the physical fabric of their city. Sequences shot outside a police station in Lower Manhattan, where Nashashibi captures the officers off-duty, are inter-cut with static images of fire hydrants, shop windows and electric sockets, objects in which we detect the basic schematic of a face. The film plays on the creation and recognition of personae through uniforms and masks, its title hinting at the sometimes aggressive act of scrutinising others.

Another film exhibited here is *Bachelor Machines Part 2* (2007), a double-projection piece shown in a five-minute loop. The left screen features scenes taken from Alexander Kluge’s *Artists Under The Big Top: Perplexed* (1968), and is inter-cut with Nashashibi’s own re-enactments of Kluge’s film, em-

ploying the artist Thomas Bayrle and his wife Helke (the first time Nashashibi has staged scenes for the camera). At the same time, the right hand screen features scenes lifted from previous works by Nashashibi (including *Eyeballing*), many of which are shown out-of-focus. To this overlapping material is added a voiceover taken from a talk by Bayrle, in which he expounds a vision of a world in which Christian ritual leads inevitably to the industrial revolution, and to some kind of unspecified mechanical apocalypse.

Masculine communities, and the performance of masculinity, are explored in both *Eyeballing* and *Bachelor Machines Part 2*. In the title of the latter Nashashibi invokes the Duchampian notion of sexed and erotic mechanisms, and her work re-frames Bayrle’s account of the mechanics of power to include ideas of gender and desire.¹ It should be noted that Kluge’s film, on which Nashashibi’s work

draws, is the story of Leni, who struggles—against apparently insurmountable odds—to reinvent the circus that she inherits on the death of her father. The way in which Nashashibi uses her camera to co-opt existing narratives, weaving them into her own, suggests an identification with Leni, and an appreciation of the feminist critique of cinema as the ultimate ‘bachelor machine’.

The third work screened in this room is *Footnote* (2008). This one-minute film is another piece involving sequences staged by the Bayrles, but this time it is Helke Bayrle who takes centre stage. The latter is sitting up in bed, reading a magazine, and when her eyes drop to the bottom of the page—to read a footnote—the sequence is interrupted by the unexpected image of an ornamental garden frog. Like the transition from main text to footnote, this cut suggests a jump between different levels of reality—a recurring theme in Nashashibi’s work.

¹ Duchamp’s notion of the bachelor machine is manifest in his celebrated work *The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even* (1915–23). Nashashibi first used the phrase in the title of *Bachelor*

Machines Part 1 (2007), which is being screened in the cinema programme that accompanies this exhibition (see p. 12–13). The latter work was shot on board an all-male cargo ship.

CONCOURSE & UPPER GALLERIES

*The Prisoner*, 2008*The Prisoner*, 2008

The Concourse contains a sequence of four monumental black and white photographs, entitled *Abbeys* (2006), which are based on images found by the artist in an old photographic album. The series continues the anthropomorphic dynamic of *Eyeballing*, as Nashashibi has inverted each of the images in order to reveal rudimentary faces hidden in the recesses of these ecclesiastical buildings. The works are highly uncanny, as these ghostly portraits refuse to drop back into the architecture once they have been spied: an expression of the power of Nashashibi's seemingly casual authorship.

Nashashibi's exploration of vision and control continues in the Upper Gallery, where the first room contains *The Prisoner* (2008), a five-minute, double-projection film work. The camera follows a woman, played by the artist Anna Gaskell, around the brutalist architectural landscape of London's Southbank Centre. The two-screen display of *Bachelor Machines*

Part 2 is adapted here, but this time creates a more paranoid sense of repetition and doubling. The swelling sound of Rachmaninoff's *The Isle of the Dead* vies with the sound of the woman's clicking heels, as well as with the clattering noise of the projectors.

The Prisoner is based on a sequence from Chantal Akerman's film *La Captive* (2000), which employs the same Hitchcock-style score, and which itself borrows its scenario from the *The Prisoner* (1923), the fifth book in Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*. Threading a single loop of film through two adjacent projectors, Nashashibi creates a six-second time lag between the left and right screens, the delay becoming an expression of the physical distance which the filmstrip must cross between the two machines. The film is Nashashibi's comment on narratives of sexual compulsion and control, its disorientating visual and aural structure, and its use of our point of view

rather than that of an onscreen observer, creating a strange sense of proximity and complicity.

The Prisoner is an example of Nashashibi's move away from the static camera work that characterised her earlier pieces, and towards a more fully staged type of filmmaking. This path is followed further in the final work in the exhibition, *Jack Straw's Castle* (2009), which has been specially commissioned by the ICA and Bergen Kunsthall. Using footage taken in and around a public park in London, Nashashibi interlaces shots from real life—including sequences shot in a cruising area—with staged scenarios involving a cast of non-actors. The real life sequences are mainly from the daytime, whereas the dramatised elements take place at night.

The key protagonist in the staged sequences is played by the artist's mother, Pauline Nashashibi. Walking through the park at dusk, she is brought into a clearing in the woods occupied by a film crew,

*The Prisoner*, 2008

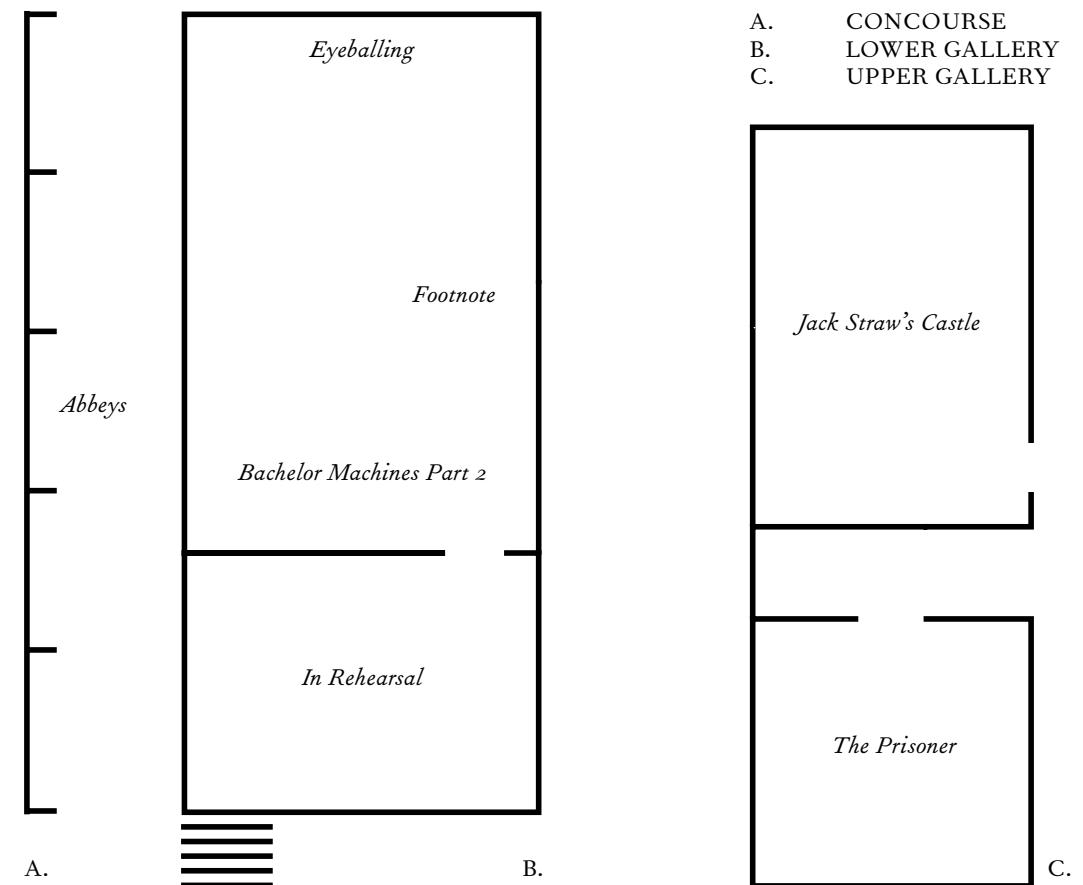
becoming an observer of—and participant in—their transformation of the forest into a highly artificial site. *Jack Straw's Castle* articulates the dream space of cinema, in which camera and desire conspire to bring about a metamorphosis. As Nashashibi has said about her filmic work, "The shoot is the magical part; it is a performance and a ritual during which I am attempting to connect with where I am and with what happens... An extra dimension that goes beyond recording truth happens through filming. The camera is a magical instrument rather than a truth-recording device."

BIOGRAPHY

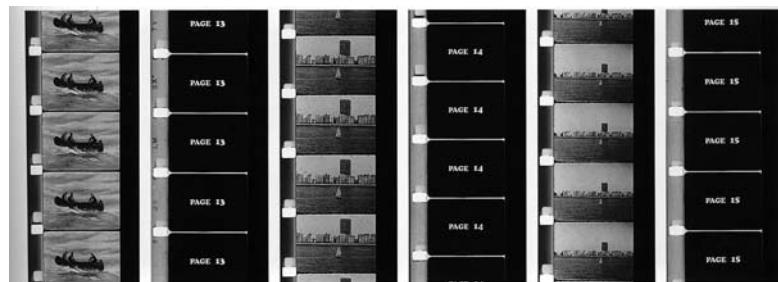
Rosalind Nashashibi was born in Croydon, London, in 1973. She graduated from Glasgow School of Art in 2000 and has had solo exhibitions at Presentation House, Vancouver (2008); Chisenhale Gallery, London (2007); Tate Britain, London (2004) and Fruit-market Gallery, Edinburgh (2003). Group exhibitions include: Manifesta 7, Trento (2008); *Scotland & Venice*, 52nd Venice Biennale (2007); *Pensée Sauvage — On Freedom*, Kunstverein, Frankfurt (2007); *British Art Show 6*, Baltic, Gateshead (2006); *Displaced*, Hammer Projects, UCLA Hammer Museum, Los Angeles (2003); *Beck's Futures*, ICA, London (2003, winner).

As well as working independently, Nashashibi also has a collaborative practice with the artist Lucy Skaer. Nashashibi/Skaer solo exhibitions include: Tate Britain, London (2008); CAC, Bretagny (2008); Spike Island, Bristol (2007). Group exhibitions include: 5th Berlin Biennale (2008); *You have not been honest*, Museo D'Arte Contemporanea Donnaregina, Naples (2007); *If I can't Dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution*, De Appel, Amsterdam (2006).

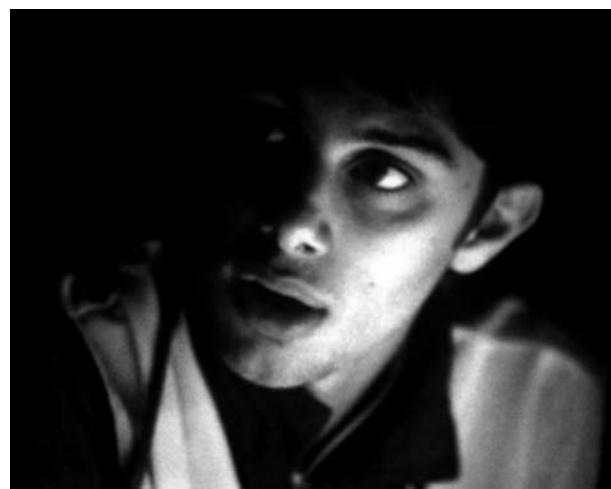
FLOORPLAN



EXHIBITION-RELATED EVENTS



Marcel Broodthaers, *Voyage on the North Sea*, 1974



Rosalind Nashashibi, *Bachelor Machines Part 1*, 2007

The events programme for the Rosalind Nashashibi exhibition includes a series of screenings in the ICA's cinemas, including works that have been influential on Nashashibi's practice.

For bookings, please call the ICA Box Office on 020 7930 3647.

ISLA LEAVER-YAP
THURS 17 SEPTEMBER 7PM
Meet in Lower Gallery / free

Exhibition Organiser at the ICA, Isla Leaver-Yap delivers a talk on the exhibition. This talk will be signed in British Sign Language by Richard Law.

VOYAGE ON THE NORTH SEA + BACHELOR MACHINES PART 1
SUN 20 SEPTEMBER 2PM
SUN 11 OCTOBER 2PM
Cinema 2 / £5

Voyage on the North Sea is a silent short film by the Belgian master of conceptual art, Marcel Broodthaers, and features simple depictions of ships. According to Nashashibi, the work "insists that you look repeatedly at the same clichéd images until they lose their ordinariness. The film is so simple, and yet it holds on

to its mystery." It is followed by Nashashibi's *Bachelor Machines Part 1*, a key work in the artist's oeuvre, set on an all-male cargo boat travelling from Naples to Sweden. [Marcel Broodthaers, Belgium 1974, 4 mins, U cert. Rosalind Nashashibi, UK 2007, 31 mins, U cert.]

ROSALIND NASHASHIBI IN CONVERSATION WITH OLIVIA PLENDER
SUN 27 SEPTEMBER 3PM
Nash Room / free / booking required

Rosalind Nashashibi will be in conversation with the artist Olivia Plender. The event will examine how Nashashibi's work has evolved over the past eight years, and will explore Nashashibi's use of symbols and signs in the films, photographs and collages featured in her ICA exhibition and also in her wider practice.

BEAU TRAVAIL
SUN 27 SEPTEMBER 2.30PM
MON 28 SEPTEMBER 6.30PM
Cinema 1 / £5
THURS 1 OCTOBER 8.30PM
Cinema 2 / £5

Claire Denis' masterful film explores the activities of a small company of French Foreign Legionaries, and the conflicts that arise within the group. "This film communicates predominantly through gestures and looks rather than through dialogue or plot," says Nashashibi, "and, like plays within plays, the final scene encapsulates the whole work in a single physical activity so satisfying and complete, it's stunning." [Claire Denis, France 1999, 93 mins, 15 cert.]

OEDIPUS REX
SUN 4 OCTOBER 2PM
Cinema 2 / free

One of Pier Paolo Pasolini's greatest works, this adaptation of Sophocles' version of the Oedipus myth takes the Italian Fascist era as its backdrop. "I had two objectives," Pasolini stated of the film, "first, to make a kind of completely metaphoric—and therefore mythicised—autobiography; and second to confront both the problems of psychoanalysis and the problem of the myth." [Pier Paolo Pasolini, Italy 1967, 104 mins, 15 cert.]

LA CAPTIVE
SUN 18 OCTOBER 2PM
Cinema 2 / £5

Chantal Akerman's *La Captive* is loosely based on the fifth volume of Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, and explores a young man's dangerously obsessive pursuit of his beloved. Akerman's existential classic is at once a romantic drama and a paranoid thriller, and sequences from it were used by Nashashibi as the basis of her film *The Prisoner*. [Chantal Akerman, France 2000, 118 mins, 15 cert.]

PUBLICATIONS

The following is a selection of the exhibition-related publications that are available in the ICA Bookshop.

ICA Members receive 10% off all books, ICA branded gifts and ICA films and DVDs.

www.ica.org.uk/bookshop

ROSALIND NASHASHIBI
ICA and Bergen Kunsthall, 2009
£14.95

The catalogue that accompanies the *Rosalind Nashashibi* exhibition covers the artist's films, photographs and collages since 2005. It features newly commissioned essays by the writers Dieter Roelstraete and Martin Herbert, as well as a series of texts by the artist that shed light on individual works. This handsome book, designed by Sara De Bondt, is the most comprehensive publication on Nashashibi's work to date, and suggests the web of ideas and images that stretches across her practice. Available from October 2009.

PROXIMITY MACHINE
Book Works, 2008
£12.95

This book presents a series of static 'films', made by Rosalind Nashashibi, from found and re-photographed images collated from a variety of sources. Edited into associative groupings, the series of short sequences construct fragments of narratives that allude to filmic language, writing, or chains of thought. The book is complemented by a text by Will Bradley.

TIME UNFOLDING
Picture This, 2008
£16.99

This DVD includes a selection of film and video works commissioned and produced by Picture This between 2000 and 2007, featuring the work of Rosalind Nashashibi, Michael Curran, Dryden art + power, Sarah Miles, Monika Oeschler, Harold Offeh, Emily Wardill and Dryden Goodwin. The DVD is accompanied by a 16-page booklet with text by Lucy Reynolds.

**YOU HAVE NOT BEEN HONEST:
CONTEMPORARY FILM AND VIDEO FROM THE UK**

British Council, 2007
£13.50

Published to coincide with the 2007 British Council exhibition curated by Colin Ledwith and Polly Staple. This catalogue serves as a survey of film and video work from the UK. The featured artists are: Pablo Bronstein, Duncan Campbell, Phil Collins, Luke Fowler, Ryan Gander, Roger Hiorns, Simon Martin, Nashashibi/Skaer, The Otolith Group, Margaret Salmon, Mark Aerial Waller and Cathy Wilkes.

**MEMORIES, DREAMS,
REFLECTIONS**

By Carl Jung
Fontana Press, 1995
£9.99

Jung writes about the manifestations of the unconscious on his own inner development, on the turning-points of his career and on his theoretic affirmations. This collection also contains the essay 'Life after Death' which is especially relevant to the development of Rosalind Nashashibi's artistic practice.

EDITIONS

**ROSALIND NASHASHIBI
LIMITED EDITION**

Rosalind Nashashibi has generously created a special limited edition to accompany her solo exhibition at the ICA. The edition is a single print, composed from a group of four images featured in the artist's photographic installation *In Rehearsal* (2009), shown for the first time at the ICA, which takes as its source an opera rehearsal. Nashashibi uses this site as a threshold for actors to embody the characters they play and the succession of these four images underlines Nashashibi's engagement with transformation, role-play and metamorphosis.

Works on paper—which include collage as well as photographs—are integral to Nashashibi's practice, and draw attention to ideas and images that recur within her work. Available exclusively at the ICA, this limited edition presents an exceptional opportunity to collect a new work by the artist.

We offer ICA Members and Patrons priority purchase and a 10% discount on this edition and 20% discount on all previous ICA limited editions. For more information or to order contact Vicky Steer, Editions Manager, on 020 7766 1425 or email vicky.steer@ica.org.uk

The ICA regularly publishes limited editions by artists involved in its exhibition programme—recent collaborations include Frances Stark, 2008 Turner Prize winner Mark Leckey, 2009 nominee Enrico David and 2009 Venice Biennale Golden Lion winner Roberto Cuoghi. To view all ICA editions visit www.ica.org.uk/editions

Proceeds from the sale of these editions provide vital support for the ICA, directly contributing towards the ICA's future exhibition programme.



ARTISTS' FILM CLUB



Caricature from French Revolutionary period, detail from Melanie Gilligan's installation during ICA residency, 2009

SHAHRYAR NASHAT
MONDAY 28 SEPTEMBER 7pm
Theatre / free / booking required

Shahryar Nashat makes videos and installations that interrogate dramatic structures, and give expression to the unconscious desires of their human subjects. His video works find sympathetic equivalence between theatrical spaces, props and actors, and use these elements to expose anxiety and nervousness among his protagonists. For Nashat, the body becomes a conflicted site for emotional transactions. Nashat will present a selection of his videos from the past five years for September's Artists' Film Club, and discuss his practice in conversation with Isla Leaver-Yap, ICA Exhibition Organiser. Nashat is based in Berlin, and recently exhibited at Kunsthalle St Gallen.

This event is supported by Pro Helvetia.

MELANIE GILLIGAN
MONDAY 26 OCTOBER 7pm
Theatre / free / booking required

Melanie Gilligan presents a new work commissioned by the ICA as part of its recent *Talk Show* season. Gilligan's work is grounded in writing, and often involves the performance of scripts by actors both live and on video. During her ICA residency she worked with an actress to simultaneously write, workshop and perform a new work, utilising both the public and private spaces of the institution. Gilligan's project was inspired by French political caricature dating from the French Revolution to the 1830s, which was both satirical and grotesque in its approach to political debate. Her new film takes this as a starting point to consider the contemporary political body. Gilligan is based in London and New York.

FUTURE PROJECTS

CALLING OUT OF CONTEXT

14—22 NOVEMBER 2009

Calling out of Context is a nine-day season of music and sound being held in the ICA's galleries and other spaces in November 2009. Through a series of performances, gigs and workshops, this unique season will take audiences on an incredible journey, proposing new ways to engage with the ideas and impulses behind contemporary music.

Calling out of Context includes over forty participants and groups, with daily live events that include improvisation, real-time experiments and the performance of existing compositions. The season brings together a combination of well-known and emergent practitioners, figures working across a variety of forms including classical, rock, jazz and electronic music, and whose innovative work often crosses the boundaries between these areas.

Taking its title from a song by legendary cross-genre musician and composer Arthur Russell, *Calling out of Context* draws on the pluralistic ethos of the music scene that thrived in downtown New York from the 1960s to the 1980s. All of the participants use music as a test site—an area within which to explore the formal characteristics of sound, and its potential to articulate and inspire ideas and actions.

FOR THE BLIND MAN IN THE DARK ROOM LOOKING FOR THE BLACK CAT THAT ISN'T THERE

3 DECEMBER 2009—31 JANUARY 2010

For the blind man in the dark room looking for the black cat that isn't there begins with the premise that art is not a code that needs cracking. Celebrating the experience of not-knowing and unlearning, the artists in this exhibition understand the world in speculative terms, eager to keep art separate from explanation. Embracing a spirit of curiosity, this show is dedicated to the playfulness of being in the dark.

Artists include: Dave Hullfish Bailey, Marcel Broodthaers, Sarah Crowner, Mariana Castillo Deball, Eric Duyckaerts, Ayse Erkmen, Hans-Peter Feldmann, Peter Fischli & David Weiss, Rachel Harrison, Benoît Maire & Falke Pisano, Giorgio Morandi, Matt Mullican, Bruno Munari, Nashashibi/Skaer, Jimmy Raskin, Frances Stark, Rosemarie Trockel, Patrick van Caeckenbergh and David William. Curated by Anthony Huberman.

For the blind man in the dark room looking for the black cat that isn't there is organised by the Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis. It will also be shown at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Detroit, De Appel Arts Centre, Amsterdam and Culturgest, Lisbon.



Falke Pisano and Benoît Maire, *Organon*, 2008
(*For the blind man in the dark room looking for the black cat that isn't there*, above right)

REPORT BACK

Liliane Lijn, *Power Game*, 1974Liliane Lijn, *Power Game*, 2009Anna Barham, *J*, Round Room, Port Eliot Festival, 2009

The summer was a busy period for the ICA's visual art programme. In June we launched a new monthly series of events entitled Artists' Film Club, in which artists screen and talk about their work. The series was launched by Norwegian artist Lars Laumann, who presented his film *Berlinmuren* (2008), which documents the real-life story of a woman who married the Berlin Wall. July's event featured the work of London-based artist Lois Rowe, who was in conversation with Anja Kirschner, and who presented *Orlando* (2008) and *Argument for Design* (2006), as well as works by George Barber, William Raban and Marine Hugonnier.

At the end of July, and as one of the adjunct events of our summer exhibition *Poor. Old. Tired. Horse.*, the ICA presented a performance by artist Anna Barham at the Port Eliot Festival in Cornwall.

Barham's performance, entitled *J* (2009), was related to the film she showed at the ICA, and involved the manipulation of large sculptural elements into the shape of letters and words. The artist performed with her partner Christian Mooney, and the event was staged in Port Eliot's beautiful Round Room, designed by Sir John Soane. Thank you to Natasha Plowright of the ICA for all the work she put in to organise this event.

Other adjunct events for *Poor. Old. Tired. Horse.* included Liliane's Lijn's *Power Game*. Originally staged by Lijn in 1974, *Power Game* takes the form of a highly theatrical, but unrehearsed, performance. The game involves a core group of twenty players who are chosen for their social or cultural significance, and who are invited to gamble with a deck of cards printed with 'power' words—and to pitch

their words against each other. For this evening the ICA's theatre became a casino, complete with cross-dressing croupiers and waiters (the agents of power are never what they seem). The players included Jake Arnott, Nasser Azam, Brian Butterworth, Ekow Eshun, Peter and Caroline Ffrench-Hodges, Julia Hobbsawm, Garrick Jones, Emma Justice, Hari Kunzru, Diane Laurillard, Michael Sandle, Emma and Neville Shulman, John Spurling and Vin and Omi, and we would like to thank them all for their enthusiasm and generosity. The event raised £674, which was divided between the ICA and the Tibet Relief Fund.

Finally, as we go to press we are preparing an installation by artist Stella Capes, who is exhibiting a multi-channel video installation in the ICA theatre from 26–31 August. Entitled *The Recital: Voices*

from *Five Films*, the work was produced as part of a residency at the ICA during the *Talk Show* season in May. The piece employs professional opera singers to reinterpret the screams of characters from five horror films. Shot as real-time takes running the length of the original film, the emphasis is on the 'live' performance of these isolated cries—the vocalists perform their 'translations' at the precise moment that the scream occurred in the original film. Through Capes' selection of moments of trauma that span cinematic history, this perverse act of translation conveys a social history of the horror movie, and of sources of fear.



The second half of the magazine includes a collage of texts, poems and images chosen with the help of Rosalind Nashashibi. It includes an excerpt from a new essay by Martin Herbert; a previously unpublished contribution by Mark Leckey; a piece by Jonas Mekas from 1971; a transcription from Claire Denis' *Beau Travail* (1999); an essay by Anselm Franke; poetry by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and texts by Thomas Mann and Marcel Proust.

IN THE SHADOW OF YOUNG GIRLS IN FLOWER

MARCEL PROUST

I knew that my gang of girls were already out there on the esplanade, but I could not see them as they walked past the uneven ranges of the sea, beyond which, perched amid its bluish peaks like an Italian hilltop village, the little town of Rivebelle appeared in an occasional sunny glimpse, vivid and detailed. I could not see the girls: but as the shouts of the newspaper-boys—"Those journalists," as Françoise called them—floated up to my belvedere, along with the cries of bathers and children at their play, punctuating the quiet breaking of the waves along the shore like the calls of the sea-birds, I could imagine their presence and hear their laughter, lapping like the laughter of Nereids among the gentle hush of tide-swell that rose to my ears. "We stopped to see whether you were going to come down," Albertine would say that evening, "but your shutters were still closed, even after the concert started." The concert always broke out at ten o'clock, under my windows.

If the tide was in, one's ear caught the smooth legato of a wave sliding in among the instruments, blending the tones of the violin into its own ripples of crystal and splashing its foam all over the broken echoes of underwater melodies. My things had not been laid out, and the impossibility of getting up and dressing began to make me lose patience. Then the clock struck twelve and at last Françoise came up.

THE GO-BETWEEN

MARTIN HERBERT

The soundtrack has two components: Rachmaninoff's *The Isle of the Dead* and the loud clicking of high heels. A pursuit is on. We follow a blonde woman out of the darkened car park, up the spiral stairs of London's South Bank Centre, past the Hayward Gallery, through the Queen Elizabeth Hall, along the riverside, past the second-hand book market. Three and a half minutes in, and again a minute later, she will stop, wait, and then keep walking. She knows. It's a game, somehow. A pursuit is on. After the 16mm filmstrip of Rosalind Nashashibi's five-minute film *The Prisoner* (2008) winds through one projector, it spools into another. Six or seven seconds after the imagery has flashed across one screen, it reappears on the other, implicitly chasing itself. The delay reflects the physical distance between two machines, two mechanisms performing their appointed roles.

The Prisoner loosely quotes a scene from Chantal Akerman's feature film *La Captive* (2000), in which, to the sound of Rachmaninoff, the leading female character is pursued across Paris by the leading male. Her high heels click. She drives, followed, to a hotel. She books a room and leaves, and when the young man arrives, he knows that she knows. Akerman's film, and thus to some degree Nashashibi's too, was based on the fifth volume of Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, that comprehensive anatomy of the ways in which the Parisian aristocracy acted around the turn of the last century, and why







they did so. Nashashibi the Proustian: this may seem an unlikely leap for those who, on the basis of early films such as *The States of Things* (2000), a three-minute study in hazy silvered monochrome of people rooting through clothes at a Glasgow jumble sale, pegged the artist as an anthropologist manqué tracing the grittily real via documentary.

What her productions over the subsequent decade have made clear, however, is that Nashashibi's core subjects are collective human behaviour, ad-hoc communities and the externalities that shape them both: trysts, feints and implicit rapprochements between the individual and the domineering social, between pursued and pursuer. Additionally, much of what she's aiming to record is submerged, being not what people do but what those actions mean. *The Prisoner* is in any case a set-up, a fiction. Its stylishly dressed central figure, the artist Anna Gaskell, is a friend of the filmmaker. But a cluster of strangers riffling through used clothes are, in Nashashibi's conception, acting too; and in so doing, like Gaskell on the South Bank, they both conform to an agreed script and make an escape.

In 2005 Nashashibi travelled to New York and shot *Eyeballing*, which in retrospect appears as a turning point or even a deliberate attempt to clarify her output. The ten-minute film interweaves two aspects: footage of NYPD officers on duty outside Lower Manhattan's First Precinct, and static shots of interior and exterior objects and spaces, framed so that *ersatz* faces manifest in them. Here, then, are New York's finest on display: hands on hips, decisively directing the public, never smiling even when interacting with each other. They emerge in their

For months on end, in Balbec, the place I had so yearned to visit because my imagination had lashed it with gales and shrouded it in fog, the summer weather had been so unvaryingly bright that whenever Françoise came in to open my window, my expectation, never wavering and never disappointed, had been to see the same expanse of sunlight folded into the angle of the outside wall, so unchanging in its colour as to be not so much a thrilling indicator of summer, but rather a drab enamel, inert and artificial. And as Françoise pulled her pins out of the transom and peeled off the extra layers of cloth, then drew back the curtains, the summer's day that she uncovered seemed as dead and immemorial as a mummy, magnificent and millennial, carefully divested by our old servant of all its wrappings and laid bare, embalmed in its vestments of gold.

Marcel Proust, *In the Shadow of Young Girls in Flower*, ed. Christopher Prendergast, translated by James Grieve, Penguin Books, 2002, p. 530–31, first published as *A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleur*, 1919.

matching black uniforms through big blue double doors on which a bright herald is painted, as if through a stage curtain. Meanwhile, under the auspices of Nashashibi's camera as she trains it on details of the city's architecture, a silent host of physiognomies arises, each with two eyes and a mouth: a plug socket, a toothbrush, a fire department standpipe with twin red handles and a nozzle beneath, two earrings and a string of pearls. Between these and the cops, Nashashibi makes her points.

Filming the police station under a pretext, in public—documenting the US police at work is illegal—she records a clandestine performance of sorts, a particular social group's consensual way of being. That group's job is to enforce authority: the collective, as much as it exerts pressure on the outside world to behave in a certain way, also imposes conformity on itself, and is reflective of a world where such pressures are pervasive. Nashashibi captures both this ambient pressure and its upshot; cause and effect at once.

The police semaphore power, confidence and control while instinctively performing the circumscribed role of guardians of the law: policing themselves. Analysing the performative quality of social interaction in his 1959 book *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, the American sociologist Erving Goffman wrote:

Sometimes the individual will act in a thoroughly calculating manner, expressing himself in a given way solely in order to give the kind of impression to others that is likely to evoke from them a specific response he is concerned to obtain. Sometimes the individual will be calculating in his activity but be relatively unaware that this is the case. Sometimes he will intentionally

and consciously express himself in a particular way, but chiefly because the tradition of his group or social status require this kind of expression.¹

A policeman, in the space of a few minutes outside the precinct, will shuffle between those roles. And yet, in Nashashibi's conception of the situation, performing a part is both a practical symptom and a kind of inner release. When we theatricalise our everyday lives, we escape on some physiological level from their mundanity and half-perceived constriction.

It's in this sense that one ought to consider Nashashibi's earlier, more apparently anthropological films: as explorations of informal, consensual social performance and self-organising as it inheres, and offers tiny miracles of comfort, in daily life—whether in the slow-motion sociability or atomised drift of bored, unemployed Mexicans in *Midwest* (2002), the old ladies in a Salvation Army café in *Blood and Fire* (2003), or, in *Hreash House* (2004), the intricate preparations for the feast of Eid-al-Fitr enacted by friends of Nashashibi's family in their Nazareth apartment. Each of these social groups has been coerced, through poverty or age or inherited religion, into sharing a stratum of society. Nashashibi's camera, led by her eye for life's rhythms and repetition, records her subjects' subtly dramatic and compensatory possession of the roles they barely chose for themselves. *Eyeballing*, meanwhile, through its use of the police, underscores the idea that we perform parts to make our lives bearable in relation to, and in reaction to, chains of command and uncertain footing. We are not ourselves, and this is not always a choice.

1. Erving Goffman, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Doubleday, New York, 1959, p. 6.

What, though, of that host of looming, half-hidden, inhuman faces, revealed only by the rectangle of Nashashibi's Bolex camera? Given the film's location and post-9/11 date, they might be seen as a reflection of paranoia, an envisioned organising group operating on the margins of visibility. But the context of Nashashibi's other films since *Eyeballing*, and the implication of preconscious flight into affected group behaviour that ghosts her earlier ones, suggests another reading. In 2007 she made *Proximity Machines*, another two-screen affair, comprising a pair of short films from 2004: *Juniper Set* and *Park Ambassador*. The latter frames a tubular, black-and-red-striped figure, a semi-abstract sculpture of sorts, against foliage. Its skinny arms are outstretched and, in the changeable light upon it, it seems almost alive. *Juniper Set*, meanwhile, flips between shots of two different seats on public transport. We can see, beside them, a portion of window, enough to know that the vehicles are moving in two different directions; the sense, then, is of moving towards and away from something, and the 'ambassador', with its welcoming arms, begins to look like an emissary pitched at a point of passage between realms. And so, particularly in this context, do the faces of *Eyeballing*: discreet envoys stitched into the fabric of a police-controlled city, again holding out the promise of imaginative escape.

BEAU TRAVAIL

CLAIRE DENIS

Maybe freedom begins with remorse.
 Maybe freedom begins with remorse.
 I heard that somewhere.
 My muscles are rusty.
 I'm rusty, eaten away by acid.
 Under the burning African sun,
 Cochinchina, Madagascar,
 a mighty phalanx
 hoisted up our banners.
 Its motto, "Honor and Valor" ...
 What counts above all
 is discipline in the Legion.
 Loving one's superior, obeying him,
 that's the essence of our tradition
 Training, guard duty, washing, ironing, time off—
 The routine.



BREAKING THE IMAGE, EXPANDING THE NARRATIVE

ANSELM FRANKE

The so-called critical potential of the space of art consists in its ability to present ‘something else’ to the imagination. The notion of the imagination as a space of possibility—a space of freedom—is defined by the same idea that also constitutes the concept of freedom, unreconstructed to this day, as asserted by artistic critique. From this perspective, the imagination is not, properly speaking, a space of possibility but rather the idea (or auratic phantasm) of such a space. Everything but freedom prevails in the imagination. For one cannot simply imagine everything to be ‘different’, just as the difference produced by the space of art only appears to be neutral. The imagination is not just a white cube that could be populated *ad libitum* with ‘something else’; rather, it is what holds the world together. It is, as it were, the imagistic glue between disparate elements and impressions.¹ The imagination is the ability to create connections. The ‘other’ that we incessantly encounter, in the form of new impressions of the world, calls the imagination into action, which assigns it its place in the symbolic order. In its unconditional affiliation with the symbolic order, the imagination is fundamentally bound to social scripts that are of decisive importance to cognition. That is to say, the imagination itself plays a mediating role between the collective

and the individual. This idea is expressed by the notion of ‘social imaginaries’. In this sense, the imaginary is comparable to a map consisting of social scripts.² The latter are structural principles, so to speak, of general conditions and of the social organisational backdrop. This step is of decisive importance: it means to regard the imagination not as an individual and isolated space, as expressed by the image of the white cube, but as that which organises the social backdrop. Since this backdrop almost always appears in everyday life as ‘given’, in its naturalised and virtually non-negotiable form, the labour of the imagination generally also takes place in the unconscious. It becomes active only during the obvious shift of the backdrop. A classic case of such an obvious shift of the backdrop took place, for instance, in travelling, something that, as one says, mobilises the imagination.

The idea of the imagination as a space of freedom is a phantasm whose power remains undiminished to this day. In reality, it does not describe a space of freedom; it has not even a notion of what that might be. It is a compensatory space filled with phantasms of freedom that are the symptoms of real unfreedom. It is in this sense conceived as a space in which everything becomes possible in thinking that is impossible in reality. This notion of the ‘freedom

of the imagination’ functions as the negation of unfreedom, as a compensatory phantasm.

The problem of the two, then, presents as a problem of synthesis or of double negation; as a question, that is, as to the possibility of producing ‘something else’ that draws not merely on the negation of what exists but transcends the opposition itself. The core terms and discursive weapons of artistic critique—though conceived as essentially real—are in reality completely bound to this gesture of rejection, for their entire imaginary content is negation. If the compensatory phantasmic spaces of freedom and of the imagination are such obstinate conceptions, the underlying problem is that the opposition on which they are based has itself dissolved. The concept feeds on a phantom tension. The shift of the concept does not appear in the concept itself. The concept produces a ‘scene’ of freedom, yet it cannot indicate that the scenery has changed; that the play, indeed, is a different one. The form of unfreedom ‘against’ which freedom constitutes itself no longer exists; at least no longer in the form that is so central for the conceptual content of the notion of freedom. This is what capitalism’s ‘embrace of artistic critique’ amounts to. Artistic critique’s victory was too fast. Yet what is this unfreedom, now a phantom, whose negation

constitutes the content of freedom and the imagination’s space of possibility? It is the phantom of the disciplinary society and its mechanism of drilling and curtailing in manifold ways the individual, which the concept of freedom cannot cease to challenge. A concept of freedom obtained from negation is tied to the conspicuity of unfreedom as well as to the immediate experience and evidence of curtailment and drill. With the transition from a society of discipline to a so-called society of control, in which the disciplinary functions have introjected, this conspicuity of unfreedom is no longer present. No one can state any longer why he or she is not free; everyone is to blame for their own unfreedom. Here, again, the above-mentioned effect emerges: the effect of disappearance of backdrop and general conditions in favour of a vague space of possibility in which the phantasmatic possibility of freedom replaces freedom itself.

If we attempt to restore to the disciplinary society, now a phantom, its body—that is, to reconnect it to the form of appearance of what it once was—we rediscover it inside the subject’s core. Self-determination and discipline now are the form of freedom, autonomy and creativity as they are practised. That is to say, what was once unfreedom, today is the core of freedom; of a freedom that is at once an imperative: you must be free! The autonomous and creative subject has thus become the stage for an incessantly repeated scene from the drama of negation: self-invention is staged as a comedy of liberation from a regime that no longer exists but is maintained by the hollowed act of negation. This resilient negation is, properly speaking, the mobil-

ised subject’s force of production. “Resistance against the dominant order is futile!” thus becomes “Resistance is productive!” The negation produces a tension that is discharged in a self-engendering synthetic act of permanent reinvention—one could also call it the production of a ‘minimum difference’. This tension is resolved in a synthetic act that quite literally invents ‘a world’. Synthesis and the minimum difference are active products of the imagination. One might thus rephrase the imperative, adapting it further, as an interiorised “Manage your resource, negation, which produces difference!” The imagination, then, consists in the labour of balancing this difference, and this attempt at balancing is precisely the productive act. In this sense, immaterial labour is the labour of imagination. Just as the imperative of the society of discipline was expressed in the institutionalisation of any and all forms of negation, it is now the commandment of self-management. The consequences of shift are immense, for it is an inversion of the inside to the outside, with far-reaching consequences for our understanding of the subject and the individual. The consequences of bad self-management are obvious. During the days of the disciplinary society, humans had to be drilled in order to make them capable of being members of a society that needed to guard its borders, constantly threatened by disorder (though in reality it was about the assertion of a specific form of sovereignty). There, terror is fundamental to the becoming of humans. The synthesis of the world is realised in the drilled bodies. The symptom of this drill was the neurosis, as the revolt of desire against prohibition. In the

1. This conception of the synthetic imagination corresponds by and large to Kant’s concept of the transcendental imagination. See Kant, *Critique of Pure Reason*, Cambridge UP, New York, 1998, first published 1781.

2. The concept of imaginaries was introduced by Cornelius Castoriadis (see *The Imaginary Institutions of Society*, MIT Press, Cambridge, 1995) and has recently been developed further by Charles Taylor, among others (see Charles Taylor, *Modern Social Imaginaries*, Duke UP, Durham, 2004). Castoriadis distinguishes between a ‘radical imaginary’ and a ‘social imaginary’. The former comprises freedom, the latter social rules and laws. However, the ‘radical imaginary’ is equally conceived as fundamentally socially determined, yet is more structurally open and represents the basis for the ‘social imaginaries’. Taylor, by contrast—and in this his concept comes closer to the present context—generally understands the ‘social imaginaries’, as opposed to the moral law, as social ‘background practices’ and a shared horizon of expectations. ‘Social imaginaries’ are thus an implicit knowledge (of social cohesion) whose realisation is essentially performative, a knowledge of ‘how to do things’.

Anselm Franke, ‘Breaking the Image, Expanding the Narrative,’ *Pensée Sauvage —On Freedom*, ed. Ursula Bickle Stiftung, Frankfurter Kunstverein, 2007, p. 113–18.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

THE RELIGION OF MY TIME

THOMAS MANN

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI

I: "So you would sell me time?"
 He: "Time? Simple time? No, my dear fere, that is not devyll's ware. For that we should not earn the reward, namely that the end belongs to us. What manner of time, that is the heart of the matter! Great time, mad time, quite bedivelled time, in which the fun waxes fast and furious, with heaven-high leaping and springing—and again, of course, a bit miserable, very miserable indeed, I not only admit that, I even emphasise it, with pride, for it is sitting and fit, such is artist-way and artist-nature. That, as is well known, is given at all times to excess on both sides and is in quite normal way a bit excessive. Alway the pendulum swings very wide to and fro between high spirits and melancholia, that is usual, is so to speak still according to moderate bourgeois Nueremberg way, in comparison with that which we purvey. For we purvey the uttermost in this direction; we purvey towering flights and illuminations, experiences of uprisings and unfetterings, of freedom, certainty, facility, feeling of power and triumph, that our man does not trust his wits—counting in besides the colossal admiration for the made thing, which could soon bring him to renounce every outside, foreign admiration—the

Two days of fever! Too much, so I can't endure the outside world anymore, even though it's somewhat refreshed by October's hot clouds, and so modern now I feel I'll never again understand it, in those two climbing the street down there, at the dawn of youth.

Unadorned, unknown, and yet their hair gleams with a joyful layer of brilliantine, stolen from older brothers' closets; and their wind-faded trousers are bleached by thousand-year-old city suns in Ostia's sunshine; and fine are their combs' labours stiffened on the part and the forelock's blond streaks.

At the corner of a building, they appear, erect though tired from climbing, then disappear, ankles the last, at the corner of another building. Now it seems like life had never been. Sun, sky's colour, the hostile sweetness which the air, darkened by reviving clouds, returns to everything: All of this is happening as though

in an earlier hour of my life; mysterious mornings of Bologna, Casarsa, aching, perfect as roses, here recur in light flashing in the humiliated eyes of a boy who knows only the art of losing himself, luminous in his shadowy tapestry. And I've never sinned; I'm pure like some old saint, but that's gained me nothing; the desperate gift of sex has gone up into smoke: I'm good like a madman. Destiny gave me the past, but it's only an emptiness ... disconsolate ... consoling. Leaning on the window sill, I observe those two lightly moving in the sun; and I feel like a boy who moans for what he hasn't had as well as what he'll never have ... And in that weeping, the world is solely odour: violets and meadows my mother knows, and in those springtimes odour trembling, here where tears are sweet, to become material for expression, nuance ... the familiar voice of that mad true language I had at birth in life is still.

Pier Paolo Pasolini, 'The Religion of My Time,' *Pier Paolo Pasolini: Poems*, translated by Norman MacAfee with Luciano Martinengo, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1996, p. 57–59.

thrills of self-veneration, yes, of exquisite horror of himself, in which he appears to himself like an inspired mouthpiece, as a god-like monster. And correspondingly deep, honourably deep, doth he sink in between-time, not only into void and desolation and unfruitful melancholy but also into pains and sickness—familiar incidentally, which had alway been there, which belong to his character, yet which are only most honourably enhanced by the illumination and the well-known 'sack of heyre'. Those are pains which a man gladly pays, with pleasure and pride, for what he has so much enjoyed, pains which he knows from the fairy-tale, the pains which the little sea-maid, as from sharp knives, had in her beautiful human legs she got herself instead of her tail. You know Andersen's Little Sea-maid? She would be a sweetheart for you! Just say the word and I will bring her to your couch."

Thomas Mann, *Doctor Faustus*, Vintage, 1999, p. 230, first published, 1947.

MOVIE JOURNAL

JONAS MEKAS

The other day I was talking with Peter Kubelka about the precision of his film language, “the articulation,” as he calls it; about his concern with split second sync sound-image events. He says what he is really interested in is what man was always interested in: the precise moment when the sun meets the night, and the thunder meets the silence—and the only medium that can really do it is cinema. “Cinema can make the sun rise twenty-four times a second. When you go to the oldest of cultures, you find that man always wanted to make lightning and thunder and silence.”

“When I went to Africa”—continued Peter Kubelka—“I found the ancestors of my film *Arnulf Rainer*. It was in a little village and they prepared for ecstasy. Ecstasy is not a myth; ecstasy can be made, constructed. The whole day long they were marching up and down in processions, singing litanies, and the rhythmic excitement was growing, and when the sun was preparing to set a certain nervousness came upon these people and suddenly there were many people with drums. During the whole day there wasn’t a sound of drum heard. But when the sun started to approach the horizon, then everybody stared at the horizon and one felt the excitement growing, and the very moment when the fall of the sun touched the horizon line, there was one beat of the drum. So this was the prehistoric sync event. It’s true, this is what they wanted to do. When I was a child, I had this sync wish, with light and sound.

“So, when the sun touched the ground,” said Peter, “the sync event happened, and then the

THE LONG TAIL

MARK LECKEY

These trembling fingers of uncertain matter rise from their fluidising bed with an apparent shared purpose ... The whole giving an impression of a kind of ... spontaneous generation, swarming together, finding momentary solidarity before oozing apart. With what seems like promiscuous intent ... they create a mountainous range of unknown pleasures. Oh my gosh! This is a strange new hybrid being ... A being of what though? Buttered rubber? Ectoplasmic cake mix?

... a voluptuous living custard.

Just as a cartoon character is made life-like by mechanical means, the combined efforts of the driver, the woofer, the tweeter that make up the loudspeaker are bringing the inanimate to life. The speaker is a transducer, a device that converts one form of energy into another. Youths, sitting in their bedrooms are no longer using these devices for listening to music. They are conducting these alchemical experiments on them instead. Music as an energising force is spent; its energies have all dissipated in the Tail, and those left disaffected are seeking somewhere else that can transmit their passions.

Another thing that strikes me about these lo-fi experiments is how, with their tumescent peaks and subsequent slumps, they appear to be mimicking the fluctuations of the Stock Market, or more specifically, mimicking the irrational exuberance that divines an economic meltdown

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—like the Internet itself is trying to act out some trauma recorded deep within its memory ... what Dianetics would call an *engram* ‘a definite and permanent trace left by a distressing psychic experience in the protoplasm of a tissue’.

Happening ten years time ago, right at the tail-end of the century, you had the Dot-Com bubble. This was when speculation in the value of the Internet became so over-inflated that the bubble *had* to burst. You had what’s called a ‘failure to monetise’—an inability to convert the Dot-Coms intangible stock into real, hard cash. The organisation of the world’s financial body had proved too sclerotic—all clogged up with fiscal *matter*—for the start-ups. What was needed was a more soluble medium of exchange; one that could move more fluidly through the network. A currency with real motility ...

Now, money is only a means of accumulating energy and so essentially this *energetic* material can be made of anything. *And* the Invisible Hand of Economics guides the hand of man, and Men understand the needs of other Men and it is Men who make these machines, engineer the technology, develop the programmes, and who realised that this network of interlinked computers, a distributive Bachelor Machine, could convert the energy of their libido into value, something that could be inexhaustibly exchanged and transacted, an endless flowing resource.

Masturbation has always been seen as wasteful expenditure, a non-productive and profligate pastime, but now profit is made from loss—just as gold can be magicked from base metal—the once shameful habit becomes a wholly positive charge. Previously seen as a dissipation of energies, it now blooms into a voluptuous dispersion.

All along the Tail are niches, nodes of exchange

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whole atmosphere changed. The other drummers came in. But until this moment the silence was growing, the sun touching the horizon line was the central point, and it was accompanied with sound. This was in the South Sudan, in the Nuer tribe, where they live in the late Stone Age.

“So you see, the early people wanted to make cinema, they wanted to manage these sync events. So now, with cinema, we can have a thunder and night come and disappear twenty-four times a second, something that the primitive man couldn’t do. He could have only one sync event a day. Our sync events, naturally, are not as beautiful as theirs. But we have speed, we can speed up our lives and sensitivities.

“Another ancestor of cinema that I found,” continued Peter, “was in a book I read recently, *Stonehenge Decoded*, a book written by an American scientist, an astronomer. He computed the whole thing of Stonehenge with astronomic possibilities and found that this whole thing—this is not what he says, but I say, deducing from the information he provides in the book—that Stonehenge was a cinema where they had cinematic events, where the people were standing and watching the priest—the filmmaker—who knew exactly where the sun would rise. He was the astronomer, the filmmaker, and he would wait, and then you’d look between two pillars and you’d see between them a pointed column (and they’d do it also with the moon). So these cinemas were the most beautiful cinemas one can imagine. But they were slow. They were pre-historic cinemas. We are not the inventors of cinema. And sure they had sound. I’m sure, when the sun appeared at Stonehenge, they’d have one precise sound event, as they had in Africa. So you see how old our art is? I believe that humans

of those times had the same intellectual needs we have.

"The art of cooking also works with sync events," Peter explained, "It allows you, for instance, to combine, when you cook, let's say, an oyster stew which is in fact live 'people' of the sea exposed to the fire which is mitigated by the mother milk of a cow, 'woman'; which meets also at the same time stone (which is salt), and the semen of a tropic plant (which is red pepper). So you see, this cooking brings in synchronism the elements of the world in which we live and by the process of eating enables us to enjoy the consciousness of human existence in the world—to enjoy that we are in this world and with one bite we synchronise the tastes of the beauties of Earth." Thus spoke Peter Kubelka, the other day.

Jonas Mekas, 'Movie Journal,' *The Village Voice*, 11 November 1971, p. 69.

amongst peers; peers trading with peers through their special interests, their shared passion—their *torrents*. In P2P a 'torrent' is a means of dividing a large file into parts so that the whole doesn't get congested in the bandwidth. So each peer shares a fraction of this file, this fraction is named a 'seed', and an aggregate of peers *seeding*—or connected to—the torrent is known as a 'swarm'. So collectively the swarm, held together by the torrent, shares in the file's dissemination.

Each according to his needs.

And as the torrent surges through the Tail it accumulates new seeds, swelling the swarm, whose combined power increases its speed. And as this network extends, the swarm begins to murmur—a constant mumuration—as each peer starts to resonate in sympathetic vibration. No longer the one but the many/taken by the torrent/embraced by the swarm/made manifest in its multitude/he is between like minds/swarming out and surrounding him/her here in this moment/this moment of shared mutualism/he surrenders/he surrenders to the attraction/he surrenders to the attraction of increased pleasure/an increased pleasure that is obtained/obtained by the removal of his shame/he is without inhibition/for he is of the swarm/he is the swarm/and the swarm is he.

And while he searches he is searched, and as many words as he says so many words he receives.

he sees his own actions reflected back at him ...

... in a Giant Compound eye.

Reverberating in the Swarm

Peers peering

Mumurating

in vibration with the hum ... with the
hmmmmmm, his

Mind going out into the Tail.

Like minds

Like minds, feed back

Minds eye

Minds eye beside himself in the swarm.

Peer to Peer

Lover 2 lover

Reverberator

Reverberator in the swarm.

Swarming

Sounding.

Surging out

PING—It all comes back to him

Way back

PANG—yearning out

Swim, swimming back

Back longing his way through the Tail

The Looooonggg fraternal Tail

Mind swimming out

In the Looooonggg fraternal Tail

His Tail.



Part-lecture, part-performance, *Mark Leckey in the Long Tail* (images p. 39) occurred in the ICA theatre on 31 January and 1 February, 2009. Its subject and title reference the term Chris Anderson used to describe how the Internet involves a

long tail of marginalised consumers who ultimately supersede the mainstream. Using rudimentary explanatory materials, Leckey explored the sexual, social and economic ramifications of the 'long tail' theory.

from his head. But Oedipus is already infuriated by his words; he jumps on him, and starts punching him. Of the two, he is the stronger fighter — he is more violent and brutal. The youth is soon on the ground, his mouth bleeding.

He writhes in the dust, twisting and turning on himself like a snake.

YOUTH: *Foundling!²⁵ Child of Fortune!²⁶ Adopted son of your mother and father.²⁷*

Is Oedipus deaf? Or does he no longer understand the meaning of words? He goes on laughing, in ecstasy over his victory, *as if he had heard nothing at all.*

Scene 12. The Corinthian royal palace. Interior. Day. (Stills on page 37)

Oedipus' face is lined with an infinite sadness.

He is sitting at the dinner table with his parents. Servants come and go with plates, and a musician is playing a strange instrument. It buzzes like a cicada, in a monotonous, barbarous, obsessive and crazy rhythm.

POPULAR MUSIC FROM THE BARD.

Oedipus is silent and gloomy.

First King Polybus, then Queen Merope, look at him anxiously, but say nothing.

Oedipus is not touching his food; he is surly, closed within himself, like an animal when it feels sick. He sighs.

QUEEN MEROPE: *Why won't you eat something, son? Are you feeling sick? Why so silent? Are you angry for some reason?*

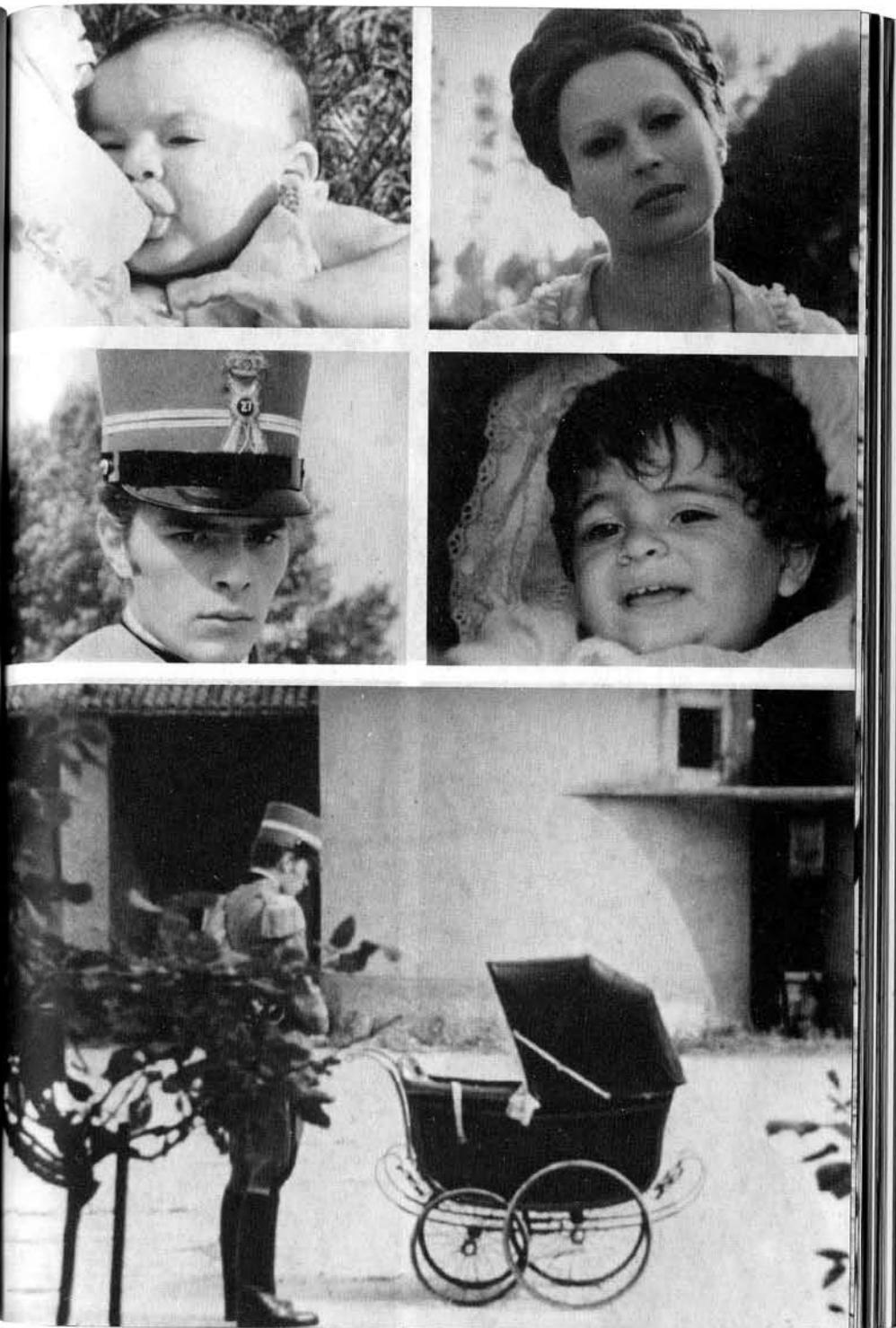
Oedipus, like a spoilt, overbearing child, snaps a surly, ill-tempered reply.

OEDIPUS: *That's enough! I've had enough! It must be the hundredth time you've asked me that question! I'm all right, there's nothing wrong with me. So shut up!*

King Polybus picks up the plate which happens to be nearest his hand, and throws it with barbarous violence at the musician.

KING POLYBUS: *Take your whining some place else, you ass! Do you want to drive us all mad?*

The musician dodges the missile, and at once stops playing his extraordinary instrument.





exception: the girl who is singing.

Oedipus gazes at his wife. But who is she, and what is her relationship to him? By now he must know, or if not, then he must at least have heard the words: Tiresias was more than enlightening. Even if he has closed his mind against it, yet something must have penetrated his unwillingness. Tiresias' words were clear, though spoken in anger: the word 'mother', at least, was mentioned. Can Oedipus not help but see his woman now with different eyes?

In her sweetness, in her white veils which blur her features, she moves about her womanly . . . her matronly . . . her maternal work: yes, maternal. Her every feature belongs to a mother; her gestures, her white but no longer fresh and youthful skin, and finally that mature negligence of hers in leaving her blouse unbuttoned . . . Oedipus, when his eyes light on her naked breasts, cannot contain himself, and strides over to her, silent, distraught, unrecognizable, like a hunter about to seize his prey . . . The maid's song dies in mid-air.

Scene 36. The royal palace: bedroom. Interior. Day.

The bed, in daylight: the great bed that used to belong to Oedipus' mother and father.

This is a quiet hour of the day: the mute suffering of the city weighs heavily in the palace air.

Oedipus and Jocasta come silently into their room.

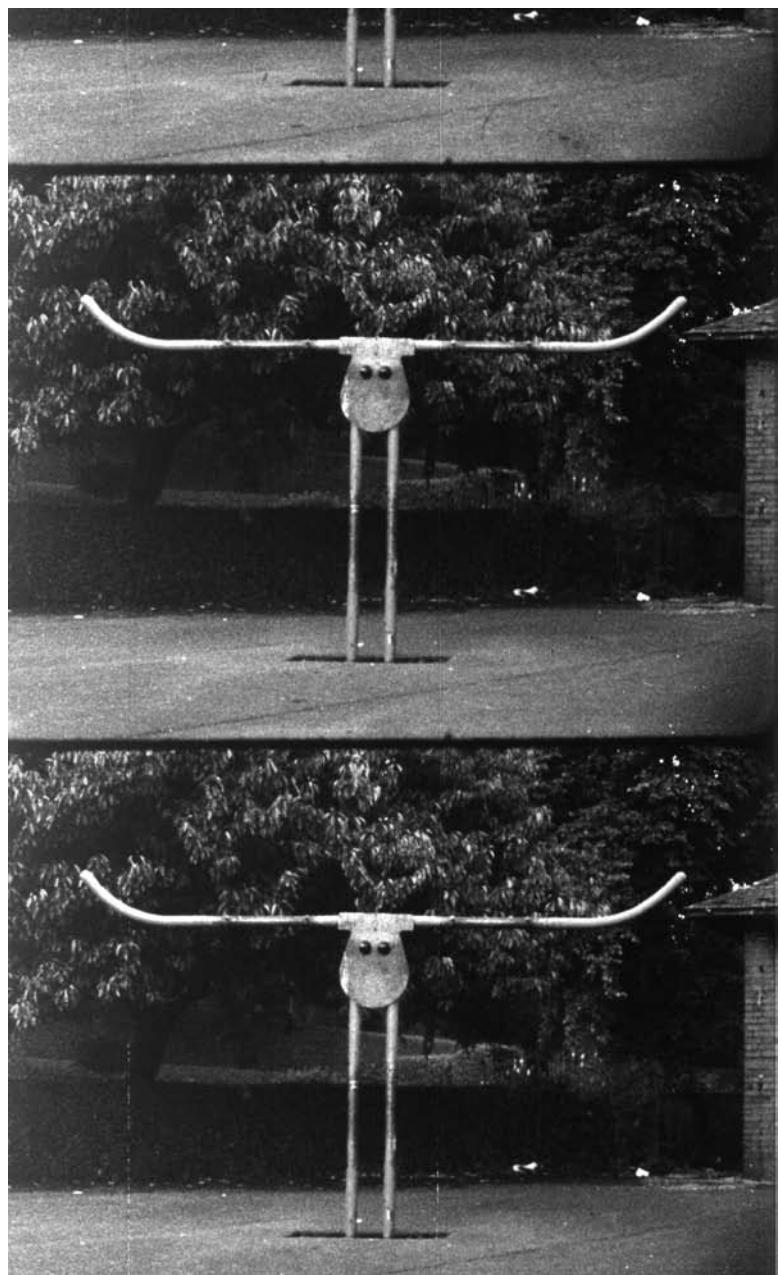
Jocasta is dazed; she says nothing.

Oedipus is mauling her, even before they are through the door: his violence is brutal and unexpected. It smacks of rape, and of the wild intoxication of accomplishing this act which is both degrading, and at the same time the most beautiful and vital act in the world.

He starts tearing off her clothes. But the cursed clasp remains obstinately pinned over her bosom. He forces it open, at the cost of jabbing his hand with the dagger-length pin. He bleeds, and licks his wound.

But now, instead of possessing her at once, he draws back, his eyes burning as they feed on her.

It is a timeless contemplation, one which violates and crushes both of them, an exultant shame, a sacrilegious meditation.

Rosalind Nashashibi, detail from *Park Ambassador*, 2004

LIST OF A COLLECTION OF INSTRUMENTS

to be sold by public auctions in the house of Sir H.S.
this coming week

G.CH. LICHTENBERG

An extremely curious item. A little machine wrought with indescribable art, to explicate the *concubinium* (probably meaning *connubium* or *commercium*) *anima et corporis* (of soul and body). The roller which sets everything in motion has three different positions for the three systems known: one for physical influence, one for occasional causes, and one for predestined harmony. The roller can, however, be put in two or three other positions, only they require a body and a soul, though, in case of need, one might do without the soul. The body of this precious machine is wrought in more than semi-transparent horn, about four or five inches in length. Its soul, no longer than a large ant, is completely of ivory, including its tiny wings, only its little left leg is slightly damaged. Movement is imparted to the machine not by a handle (that would break it), but by a pair of little vanes of a windmill made of the finest goldbeater's skin, blown on by a double endless bellows (*follies infinitus*) set at some distance from the machine and forming a part of it, whose vanes turn an endless screw (*cockles infinita*) which sets it all going.

G.Ch. Lichtenberg, 'List of a collection of instruments to be sold by public auctions in the house of Sir H.S. this coming week,' *Pocket Almanac of Goettingus*, 1798, cited in *Bachelor Machines*, ed. Harald Szeemann and Marc Le Bot, Alfieri, Venice, 1975, p. 18.

COLOPHON

Published on the occasion of
Rosalind Nashashibi
Organised by the ICA and Bergen
Kunsthall
Supported by The Henry Moore
Foundation

Institute of Contemporary Arts
10 September—1 November 2009

Exhibition Organiser:
Isla Leaver-Yap
Editor: Charlotte Bonham-Carter
Copy editor: Melissa Larner
Designers: Sarah Boris assisted by
Frederic Tacer
Printer: Principal Colour
Publisher: ICA, London

The ICA and Rosalind Nashashibi
would like to thank Nasser Azam
and Iwan and Manuela Wirth
for their generous support of the
Rosalind Nashashibi exhibition.

We would also like to thank
Susanna Beaumont, Sara De
Bondt, Marie-Puck Broodthaers,
Elaine Budin, Jennifer Burris,
Benjamin Cook, Emma Dalesman,
Tom Dingle, Michael Dyer,
Anselm Franke, Zoe Franklin,
Maria Gilissen, Tilman Hecker,
Lucy Harris, Martin Herbert,
Tejinder Jouhal, Suzie Lavelle,
Mark Leckey, David Leister, Pablo
Leon de la Barra, Helen Leworthy,
Antonello Manacorda, Francesco
Manacorda, Will Martin, Sean
Mone, Pauline Nashashibi, Diedre
O'Toole, Solveig Øvstebø,

Cover images and p. 23–26: production
stills from Rosalind Nashashibi, *Jack Straw's
Castle*, 2009. Photos by Will Martin.

B E R G E N
K U N S T H A L L

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Dieter Roelstraete, Romano Pena
Samboy, Brian Sholis, Lucy Skaer,
Chris Sheedy, Chris Svensson,
Monica Szewczyk and David
Waddington.

The design of ROLAND has been
adapted from an editorial system
originally created by Will Stuart,
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Commissioned works as follows:
Jack Straw's Castle, ICA, London
and Bergen Kunsthall; *The Prisoner*,
Manifesta 7, Trento; *Bachelor
Machines Part 1*, Picture This,
Bristol and Chisenhale, London.

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p. 2, 20 and 47: Rosalind Nashashibi,
from the series *Abbeys*, 2006. p. 40–43: Pier Paolo
Pasolini, *Oedipus Rex*, ed. Andrew Sinclair,
translated by John Mathews, Lorrimer
Publishing, 1984, p. 32 & 81, first published,
1971.

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